# We Are Here To Help

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## Summary

Not. Cannon. I have changed the sequences of many things. This is a request story for Tommyginger.

When Sansa Stark's world goes to hell, the most surprising person is there to lift her up. Oh yes, Cersei Lannister is more than happy to help Sansa into the arms of Qyburn.

At the new Tommen Baratheon Clinic for Mental and Physical Studies.

Of course, it is a little more STUDY then it is on health....
Sansa gave one last check into her mirror and smiled.

Perfect.

Her lips are bee stung glistening with a sugar and honey lip gloss.

Soft blue eyes are sympathetic in the light of coral and fall hues of powder tilted, applied, just so.

A form fitting sweater that highlights her neck and forearms in a way that pleases her.

The soft cold weight of her gold chain necklace and her matching bracelets soothe during stressful times.

Both sweater and knee length skirt are a lovely shade of pastel blue.

High heels, delicate ones matched her clothing.

Natural red thick hair, an envy of many done up in a complicated bun.

Wisps and tendrils curled down here and there, to tickle at her ears or playfully twirl about her neckline.

Sansa was ready to turn from the mirror and start her day.

A deep breath and a firm nod, she was ready for her first client of the morning.

When Sansa was younger she would never have dreamed of becoming something as boring as a therapist.

As a child she was in the belief of becoming a princess, a ballerina and possibly try to squeeze in becoming an astronaut.

In teenage years Sansa was busy being a cheerleader, an honor roll student and Homecoming Queen as well as Prom Queen.

Sansa was horrified at the college applications, she had no idea what she wanted to be or do.

She spiraled fast.
Her half brother Jon had stolen her joy of graduation by beating her for valedictorian of their class. Joff, her boyfriend throughout high school, a rich snooty abusive jerk, dumped her for some other rich fancy slut.

The family that was stern but at least cold comfort suddenly went to hell too.

Sansa never asked what her father did for a living, what he was teaching Robb to be a part of. She just enjoyed the comforts of a good home and tried to always stay out of trouble. Plowing through things she doesn't like, to reach the things she does enjoy. Learning math sucked, but watching cute boys that filled the class was fun if she finished her work early.

Her pleasant bubble broke all at once. Joff dumps her, hands full of college papers Sansa doesn't care about and the rest of her world dropped out from under her pedicured toes. Something had gone wrong, somewhere with someone, Sansa cannot understand any of it. Sansa was still holding the stupid college pamphlets as her mother's best friend told her that her family was over.

Her family had gone on some sort of trip while she was staying with the Lannisters. Arya, her younger sister had gone on a camping trip and Jon was visiting with their uncle. Numbly, Sansa listened as Petyr told her that her father was decapitated, her older brother stabbed in the heart. Petyr held her limp hand as he softly explained her mother's throat was sliced open and her little brothers were missing.

At the services that just seemed to happen around her, Sansa held tightly to Arya and Jon's hands. Petyr has been handling everything for them, it was easiest. Jon would fight with the man as Arya would silently seem to judge and condemn him. Sansa does not join the fights nor the stalking.

Food and drink seemed a waste of time. She fell into a deep depression without noticing it at all.
One day Sansa decided brushing her hair and showering was bothersome too.

It was when she stopped getting out of the bed at all when her siblings and Petyr intervened.

No matter the argument or the pleas of her concerned siblings could sway Sansa.

She did not need doctors, therapies or medications, thank you very much.

The siblings came to speak and Sansa ignored them until they stopped visiting her room at all.

Then a visit that Sansa did not expect, that made her sit up in her bed, patting at her knotted greasy hair.

Cersei Lannister, the rich, high society mother of Joff, Sansa's now ex boyfriend stood before her.

"Petyr sent for me, dear. It is a very good thing that he did! My goodness, look at you. When was the last time you moisturized? Washed your hair or...showered? I cannot even imagine the last time your armpits and legs saw a razor. The last time you ate an actual meal? I understand wanting to be slim, I do. But this is just plain silly, Sansa. No one is into corpses, at least no one you would ever wish to meet."

Sansa burned with embarrassment, pulling her blankets up higher.

"You were struck with a terrible tragedy, yes. But life does go on and this isn't at all what your family would want for you. A young woman, a clever pretty one that has a bit of money to help her along. Your parents were generous in their will to the three of you. Did you even know that, did you go to the reading of the wills at all? No. A pity."

Tears burned in Sansa's eyes and she shrugged.

"This cannot continue, young lady. Whatever was between you and my son does not concern me right now. Listen carefully to me, dear. Your brother Jon is leaving to join some group in the deep snows and ice. Unpleasant sounding to me, but there it is. Arya, that little...sweetheart, has taken off. She has run away with some friends and I have informed authorities but I am sure she is fine. Out there committing crimes happily. Are you making this empty house your tomb? You need purpose, you need to get back on your feet, Sansa. So I have decided to offer you the help you need and get you started again."

It took both Cersei and Petyr to shower and groom the protesting young woman.

Together they bundled her into a town car and ignored her questions and threats as they headed towards a winding road.

Sansa finally came enough out of her depression to see where she was and it clicked.

One of Cersei's pet charities was a small private hospital that was also a laboratory.
A learning center for mental and physical health, an oasis for patients in need.

Cersei herself takes a part in it's daily running and it was rumored the mad scientist Dr. Qyburn ran the place with an iron fist.

The whole hospital was named after Cersei's son Tommen, who committed suicide.

Sansa screamed as a very mountainous bald man with the most menacing look grabbed her and dragged her inside.

The gorilla didn't even give her time to speak or plead with Petyr or Cersei, who stayed in the lobby.

Tossed into a silver gleaming elevator, a giant finger stabbed at the button panel and Sansa stared at how large the finger was.

"Where are you taking me? I demand to know where I am going! Do you speak? What is your name? TALK TO ME!"

She found herself kneeling on the silver floor, arms painfully pulled behind her back.

A rumble above her from the huge man turning her arms into a pretzel.

"Clients that are hysterical will be restrained."

The elevators doors slid open and Sansa found herself staring at white sensible sneakers.

"I am Nurse Unella. Sansa Stark, I have your room all ready for you. Gregor, could you please escort this young woman for me?"

The cold impersonal voice that belonged to the sensible sneakers walked away as Sansa was hoisted up.

Gregor followed the nurse and Sansa felt her feet sliding across slick linoleum.

Now she saw the nurse beyond the sneakers as Sansa was shoved into a room.

The nurse had a very stoic face, her lips an unforgiving line, eyes looking for flaws.

"You are lucky. It is a private room and a lovely view out your window. You have to share your bathroom with the client in the next room. I am sure you will not encounter any issues. If you do have an issue please see me immediately and it will be resolved. I do not like problems on my floor, Ms. Stark. I am sure you can appreciate the need for rules to be strictly followed."

Sansa hugged herself as she stared wildly around the tiny all white room.

A bed, a chair, a small table and a dresser, all white.
"Why...I don't understand why I am here? Please, I just need to speak with-"

Unella took a step forward and Gregor loomed in the doorway still.

"Ms. Stark, you will speak with the doctor very soon. Until then, here is the information I can offer you. Due to your extreme mental impaired state, you have been committed by your concerned family friends to this facility. You are here to recieve assistance in your recovery. This shall be your room, the community areas are open to you as well. Here is your list of rules, your handbook to help explain how we work here. Myself and Gregor are available if you have questions concerning the rules or if you feel you need help. Always ask for help if you are feeling out of control or in a new or worsening pain. We need to monitor and assist you at all times, it helps us to treat you quicker and more efficiently when you are forthcoming."

Sansa was quite sure there was never a good enough reason to deliberately seek out the giant or the icy nurse but she nodded.

"Excellent. New clothing is provided, everything you need is provided. You will find day and night clothing in your dresser. Please put what you are wearing in this plastic bag and change into your day uniform. Lunch will be served in one hour. Use your time to read your handbook and I expect to see you at lunch."

The nurse gave a last look about the room and left, sliding past the looming man as if he wasn't even there.

Sansa noticed the hungry yet angry look that flashed in the bald man's eyes as he watched the nurse slide past him and shivered.

Without a glance or word, the giant left the room, leaving Sansa's door half shut.
Sansa was still sitting staring in dismay at her bright white sweatsuit when Gregor swung her door open.

"Five minutes. Dinner. You will eat."

She stared at him then nodded, standing up, trying to tie her hair into a ponytail.

Following the hulk down the corridor, Sansa started to hear signs of life for the first time.

Gregor grabbed Sansa by her shoulders to propel her into a cafeteria.

He pointed over her shoulder to the long hot table being filled and manned by a man with a cheerful smile.

"Get food. Sit. Eat."

Sansa gave another nod and walked towards the buffet table with a sinking stomach.

The gigantic clock on the wall told Sansa she made it to lunch three minutes before Unella's set time.

Only two others were in front of her, already choosing their food and she watched as more came filing in.

As Sansa went in front of the buffet table, the young man smiled at her.

"Hey there. You are new, huh? I'm Podrick, one of the staff here. I do a little of everything and nothing when I can get away with it. What's your name?"

Blinking, Sansa tried to concentrate on answering him while putting a bit of salad on a plate.

Perhaps she was a bit sick after all, she can't seem to remember simple functions!

"I'm Sansa. Nice to meet you."

"Yeah, not so nice to meet me in here though. Uh, not trying to tell you what to do, but Nurse Unella just came in and if she sees you with just that tiny bit of salad..."

Sansa ignored the urge to tell him to mind his business and went back to nodding.

A glance showed her that the ice nurse with her hair all slicked back and nearly hidden beneath a ridiculous out of date cap, was indeed watching her.

With a sigh, Sansa tossed a cheeseburger onto her plate then looked for a table.
There was an empty table near the back corner and Sansa headed for it.

Sitting down, Sansa moved the salad around, eating small bits and tearing up her burger while watching the others.

To her great dismay a greyish man sat down next to her.

Not a word nor look, as if she wasn't there, the man gently cleared his throat and arranged his napkin on his lap.

The man paused to study his tray as if it were a map of a battlefield.

A very serious look on his face, he first slowly and methodically stripped four oranges, separated the pieces.

He also arranged his salad in a way that both fascinated and irritated Sansa to watch.

Lettuce leaves in one row, cucumbers in another, then tomatoes and so on with one lone crouton bravely sitting on the edge of the plate and reason.

When he turned his attention to the lasagna, Sansa had to look away.

"His name is Stannis. Hi, I'm Lollys. Resident bitch of this fucked up ward. I hear your name is Sansa Stark and you have clinical depression."

Sansa looked up both startled and slightly intimidated as a pale faced, overly made up, purple frizzy haired woman plopped across from her.

The woman began to shovel the food into her mouth, macaroni and cheese with a cheeseburger.

A moment later a very thin and nervous looking man seemed to scuttle over and slid onto the bench next to Lollys.

Apparently this was a table is a popular one and Sansa thought about moving.

Narrowing her eyes, Sansa suddenly knew who this thin twitchy man was.

"Sansa? Damn, they got you too, huh? Shit."

Sansa sniffed and chased a tomato with her plastic fork.

Lollys leaned forward and grinned.

"You know Theon from the fancy rich section of town, I bet! Must be nice. Did you go to the same private school he did? I bet you did."

Theon gave a shrug when Sansa remained quiet.
"Yeah, we did and I was friends with her older brothers. Then...we had a sort of falling out and I started up with Ramsay..."

"And hence you are here now. Enough Theon, don't talk about Ramsay while I'm eating, while she is eating. You should eat, sweetie. Cuntella and Gregorstein are always on the look out."

Theon shoved a spoonful of Lollys's macaroni and cheese into his mouth before eating his own lasagna.

"At least they give us good food. Could be regular hospital food, that would be worse. Considering this place is worst for everything else, at least they feed us well."

Sansa did not respond to Lollys and nibbled at a small piece of the bun.

"Eat while I tell you about this place. Afterwards I will introduce you to everyone and show you the best ways to tolerate this shit hole."

Sansa found herself smiling slightly at this strange woman then felt a shadow land over her.

Theon lowered his head quickly and scraped the last bit of tomato sauce off his place and into his mouth.

Lollys pushed aside her mostly finished plate and grinned defiantly up at the giant looming over Sansa.

The nurse was suddenly there as if appearing out of thin air.

She looked at Sansa's mostly full plate with extreme displeasure then her icy eyes fell upon Sansa with dreadful judgement.

"It was explained to you that when meals are provided, you will eat them. If you do not wish to eat at the proper time with the other clients then you will be force fed. Perhaps by dinner you will be ready to eat on your own."

Before Sansa could react, Gregor had her in his arms and was carrying her down another hall.

Tossed hard into a surgical chair, restrained by her arms, chest, wrists and head.

A harsh light in her eyes and her screams reaching no interested ears.

The tube was lubricated well but it didn't ease the pain of it forced down her nose and throat.

Gregor and Unella both kept their silent placid faces but Sansa could see the sadist glee in their eyes.

Sansa had never considered herself a rule breaker before.
In school or at home, others rebelled or fumbled into mistakes but not her.
Sansa had always believed if she made authority figures happy they would let her be happy too.
In this place, Sansa was unable to comprehend how she was labeled rebellious.

After being force fed once, Sansa always made sure she ate.
In fact, she ate the exact amount deemed the limit to get past Unella, just like Lollys did.
That was the other thing, Lollys who was a rule breaker was her closest new friend.
She taught her how to carefully scan the rule book and find the small cheats in it.

Except things Sansa never even thought of got her into trouble.
Taking too long in the shower.
Bringing a marker into her room along with a piece of paper not checked off by a staff member.
Asking if she can make any phone calls.

Punishments ranged from room confinement to a freezing cold tub where Sansa was left until her chattering teeth bit her tongue enough for stitches.
Those were the disciplines that Unella approved of and used.
If it was the night staff, the punishments were lazier but just as effective.
A taser or billy club took care of any late hour complaints or issues.

Of course, if there was ever a truly big issue, the doctor could be called upon.
There wasn't a client or staff member that ever wished to disturb the doctor.
Doctor Qyburn had read Sansa's files out loud to her and both had raised eyebrows that she was considered a troublemaker.

"Well, we have every therapy available here for you. From medication to shock therapy, to the latest in laser treatments, we shall fix you! Think of the whole life you have ahead of you, dear girl! Cersei has such high hopes for you and I do too. This ill, this sad, you cannot see any potential but I promise you, it is there and we shall pull it out of you at all costs."

Sansa asked questions that Qyburn gave her answers to questions she didn't ask.
When she wanted to know why she needed specific medications, Qyburn assured her that even the worst of medication induced symptoms fade.
Inquiring about when she could make phone calls had Qyburn offering Sansa her choice of watermelon or grape flavored hard candies.

The worst part was the actual examination, the man's wrinkled powdery gloves crinkled as they touched her all over.

When Sansa disclosed this to Lollys, the woman shuddered then disagreed.

"That is bad but worse is when he starts any treatments or tests past just the pills. You haven't lived until you've had your head in one of Qyburn's vise-grips, let me tell you!"

A man with terrible case of skin rash on his arms, slid over from the other hall and sat against the opposite wall from the two ladies.

"The worst is the damned medications, in my opinion. I had mild psoriasis and a bad break up. Now look at me."

Theon slumped against the wall and lit a cigarette to share with Lollys.

Sansa rushed to open the barred window lest Unella or Gregor caught the scent of forbidden tobacco.

A shaking thin hand nearly burned through Lollys's eye as Theon tried to hand her the smoke.

"Theon! I don't want to be a human fucking ashtray, thanks."

Snorting nervously, Theon hugged himself and stared blankly out the window.

"Yeah, tell that to Qyburn. Bastard changed my pills again and now I can't stop shaking. Feel like a fucking nervous lap dog."

Jorah smirked and stole the cigarette from Lollys and dragged upon it deeply.

"Theon, you are a nervous lap dog. You were a trembling little bitch when you got here."

Sneering at Jorah, Theon took the cigarette from him and tilted his head out the window to take a few puffs.

"Jorah, you were a lap dog for longer than me. I mean, you ADMITTED to us in therapy circle that you were Dany's loyal bitch for most of her life, right? Though I still would argue the point of you being a pedophile deep down if Cuntella had let me continue speaking the other day. I mean, you started as that girl's bodyguard and her romantic stalker while she was still only thirteen, right?"

Lollys groaned as Jorah pushed his body forward from the wall and started towards Theon.

"I'd knock your teeth out or break your nose but Ramsay already did all those things. What else did you say he did to you during circle? I think today I'm going to bring it up. I'll say that you were having those nightmares again, so loud I couldn't sleep in my room across the hall because of it.
Do you think the nurse will even wait until the end of therapy to call the doctor down? Shock therapy express for you, asshole."

Theon shoved the cigarette at Sansa who clumsily took it.

Before the two men could reach each other, Lollys had scrambled up and stood between them.

"Hey! You want to make Cuntella or Gregorstein show up? Shut the fuck up and finish the smoke, idiots."

Whether the two men would have calmed down or not, Sansa will never know.

The nurse and the giant were standing at the end of the hallway, eyes upon the group.

Sansa thrust the burning cigarette to Lollys who pitched it out the window.

They all huddled together as the two came closer.

Unella pinned her icy eyes on each of them as she judged them aloud.

"Rules. They are important, ladies and gentlemen. Rules have been broken. Sansa is smoking, Jorah and Theon are fighting and Lollys, you are aware we do not allow personal physical contact."

Trying to defend herself was useless, Gregor swept them all ahead of them and like cattle they headed for slaughter together.

Gregor shoved them all into a previously locked room and judging by the groans of the others, Sansa knew it wasn't a good place to be.

"Nurse Unella went to fetch Dr. Qyburn. Sit and shut up. Now."

The pastel colored room looked soothing and the sofas and chairs were comfortable.

Soft lighting and a gleaming wooden desk with nothing upon it was in front of a lovely bay window.

Yet the faces of her companions told Sansa this was a dreadful room.

Sansa sat rigidly between Theon and Lollys with Jorah on a chair next to the large sofa.

Lollys leaned into Sansa's shoulder and whispered.

"This is an extra office they use to intimidate us privately. If you are in here, it means you are about to be royally fucked up or over. Normal punishments aren't usually declared from in here. This is where they tell you about a new test or shock treatment you will be trying. Or they ask
questions or ask you to sign papers. And if they don't like the way you respond, this room hides SO much blood, maybe some bodies too."

Theon muttered into Sansa's other ear.

"Worse is Unella is getting the doctor over infractions. This wasn't anything her and Gregor haven't punished us for before. Now they are getting the doctor? They were just waiting for a reason to get a group of us at once for some new experiment. Fuck. I can't take anymore shit in my head, I'll go truly insane for sure this time."

The door creaked open and an overweight older man that Sansa has seen during meals stood there, holding the door open.

"Hold the door?"

Gregor growled and shoved the man roughly back.

"No doors, Hodor! Bad!"

They heard the poor simple man cry out in pain as Gregor slapped his tearful face and slammed the door shut.

Lollys shook her head in sympathy and then glared at the giant.

"Poor fucking Hodor. No one knows what happened to him to make him this way. Just one day flipped out as his job as a door salesman. He just kept wanting to hold doors open for folks. Even if they didn't want him to."

Sansa stared at Theon then opened her mouth to ask more when Qyburn entered the room behind Nurse Unella.

There was no time to ponder about Hodor or this room, the doctor was here.
Troublemakers Tested

Qyburn sat behind at the desk, hands folded neatly upon the blotter.

Eyes burning off into the cosmos and a smile that was nearly pornographic yet prim in some indescribable awful way.

Nurse Unella stood behind him and to his right, hands folded upon her waist, stoic and disapproving.

Gregor stood against the closed door, his eyes half shut as if he were on break.

After a very awkward moment of the doctor daydreaming of a favorite girlfriend's autopsy while the patients fidgeted, he spoke.

"I am sorry to hear that this little group is having difficulties. I am often encouraging clients to try and make a social connection, to support each other. It wounds the staff here when we try so hard to provide a comforting environment and you deliberately use it against us. Smoking, being in personal contact, fighting? I cannot allow this mutiny to continue, ladies and gentlemen."

Theon moaned, Lollys sighed and muttered.

"Here it comes...Theon wins, it's experiment time. Sansa, how does your hair take to curls? Because you are about to get one hell of a perm from the shocks."

Unella suddenly went taller and more rigid while pointing directly at Lollys.

"SHAME! FOR SHAME! Do not interrupt the good doctor with your worthless humor!"

Gregor's sigh from behind them actually riffl ed over Jorah's bald head and he shuddered.

The doctor gave a tiny wince and a long suffering look up at the nurse.

"Thank you, Nurse Unella. I can handle it from here. Lollys has an impulse issue, we know that and we can look past it. Now, as I was saying...we certainly do not wish to stop your friendly support of each other but the rules must be followed. I am going to try a new test with the four of you. It shall perhaps calm down your tendencies towards rebellious activities."

Sansa could not understand why Qyburn would head into his closet until she was being herded towards it.

Not a closet, a private narrow hallway that led to stairs or an elevator.

Theon and Jorah started to protest getting into the elevator so Gregor pounded them into the stairs.

"Now, now, Gregor watch your temper please. Help the men into the elevator."
Sansa looked past the doctor to see Gregor lifting the two bloody men by their necks.

The nurse shoved the women into the elevator just as Gregor swung the men in.

Qyburn smiled benevolently at them all and pressed the button.

Sansa discovered a whole new world of torment in Qyburn's lab rooms.

Getting a shock treatment didn't curl her hair but it did cause her to smell nothing but pencil shavings for three weeks.

The deprivation tank was it's own special hell and Sansa hated the whispered voice piped in.

Qyburn told Sansa that there was no voice recorded or speaking into the tank but she didn't believe him.

Restrained on a narrow cot, so many needles and fluids dripping through tubes.

Countless hours blinded and burned by bright lights, half mindless, her head swimming with some new toxic liquids.

At one point, Sansa heard Theon sobbing and crying out that Reek was sorry, but that made no sense.

Lollys screamed curses from somewhere a few times and Sansa mimicked the scream when gloved hands came for her again.

She swore she heard voices. Talking above her, about her and even to her but the words couldn't be made out.

Sansa would try and respond, she could hear slurred sounds coming from herself but how could they hear her words if she couldn't make any?

Things were too hot, they were too cold and the feeding tube in her nose burned away the pencil shaving smell for a short time.

When Gregor lifted her into a wheelchair, Sansa stayed silent and compliant.

It was two days before Sansa fully discovered she was back on the regular hospital ward.

Nurse Unella made her wait three extra days before allowing Sansa to go back to eating on her own and leaving her room.

Sansa shakily went into the lunchroom, numbly thanking Hodor for holding the doors open for her.

Making her way to the buffet table, Sansa looked about for her friends.
Podrick smiled at Sansa with concerned, sympathetic eyes.

"Welcome back. Jorah and Theon are back up and about. Lollys spit at Nurse Unella and is still stuck in her room with her feeding tube. Don't worry, Qyburn will release Lollys soon if Unella doesn't let up on her own."

Nodding, Sansa smiled at Podrick then took her tray to the usual table.

Stannis gave her a quick nod and went back to the important business of sorting out his food.

Sansa weaved once or twice before she sat down, hating how fuzzy the medication makes her feel.

Jorah was slumped in his seat, his head nearly in his meatloaf and gravy.

"I feel like everything has the colors sucked out of it. Damn it. Everything is fucking black and white or grey. I want colors."

Theon kept tapping his fingers and toes, looking at everything wildly, muttering about his Master.

Trying to ignore the sight of Stannis dismantling an entire bowl of beef stew into an orderly rainbow, Sansa looked at the two men.

"Is Lollys really back on the floor with us? Is she safe?"

Sansa was surprised at the laughter from not just Jorah and Theon but from Stannis as well.

Stannis never looked up from his work but his voice gravely responded.

"Miss Stark, I can assure you that none of us here are safe. I did see the young female brought into her room last night by Polliver. How a thuggish cretin like him became staff I'll never understand. I cannot imagine he nor that other imbecile have any type of credentials or experience for this place."

Jorah looked over at Stannis with a blank expression.

"Stannis, do you really think Gregor Clegane has some form of experience to work here? I am not even positive that the nurse or doctor are actual professionals. This place is no regular hospital and you know it. We all know it."

Theon jerked and his half buttered roll went flying across the room.

The lovely roll landed perfectly and directly onto Gregor's shiny bald dome where it merrily bounced away to the floor.

Even Podrick was terrified as he stood behind the buffet table, beginning to pack up the rest of the food.

"Nice knowing you, Theon."
Jorah's voice was quite casual but he nervously kept his eyes on the slowly turning giant.

Gregor glared at Sansa, Jorah and Stannis then pinned his eyes on Theon who was already in tears.

"It was a reflex, he didn't mean do it!"

Sansa's words were ignored as Gregor thundered over and grabbed Theon by his scrawny neck.

Theon's legs kicked the food off the table as he was lifted above it.

With a jarring thud he was slammed up against the wall while Gregor continued to squeeze his throat.

Sansa and the others stood up but there was nothing they dared to do, what could they do?

"GREGOR! RELEASE THE CLIENT NOW! I SAID, NOW. BOY, DID YOU HEAR ME? RELEASE HIM!"

Nurse Unella stood only a foot away, tiny compared to him and yet formidable.

Gregor dropped Theon and turned to face the nurse, his face even darker than when he strangled the client.

"What. Did. You. Say?"

Sansa was sure that if Gregor stood over her that way, she would bend backwards until her spine broke in terror.

Yet Unella simply stared icily up at the angry giant and spoke calmly, coldly and with a definite, clear superiority.

"Rules are not only for clients. We do not punish clients for reactions due to medication and treatments. I will alert the accounts office to dock you three hours pay, Gregor. I will suggest to Dr. Qyburn about signing you up for one of the anger management courses."

Jorah used the same quiet voice as earlier to say it was not as nice knowing Unella before she died.

"Woman, never call me boy. Or I swear-"

"If you don't wish me to call you a boy then do not act like one. Fighting with a defenseless sick person is something a boy, a dumb mean spirited boy would do."

"Now, now, Gregor, lets not tease Nurse Unella. She takes things very seriously as you know. She is our only truly experienced nurse here, you know that. Why don't you help poor Theon into his room and I will check in on him in a moment."
Gregor looked at Qyburn who seemed to appear from nowhere then sneered at Unella as he stormed away.

Dragging a still coughing Theon along with him, Gregor gave Unella a dire glare that she staunchly ignored.

"You really shouldn't provoke the man, Unella. The day may come when you aren't under our protection or that Gregor is freed from his own contracts here. Also, I find it very silly that the person you must work so closely with everyday is someone you made into your enemy."

The others continued to eat, but Sansa was more interested in hearing the conversation behind them.

"I did not take this job to make friends, Dr. Qyburn. The man allows clients to provoke him to violence far too easily. He is a danger to them when they are so vulnerable. And I cannot accurately record the patients reactions when they might be tainted by fear or pain of a sadistic rule breaker. Yes, rule breaker. I have seen him smoke and drink. On the job which is always in my report and always ignored."

"Dearest Unella, we have had this discussion before. Letting a few things slide with both clients and staff can go a long way towards compliance which we need. I value your reports, of course I do and I would be blind without your observations. However, small things might need to be skipped over, ignored, in order for us to run our daily smooth program here."

Sansa sipped at her soup, wincing as it hit her sore throat and hated how it looked like chicken but tasted and smelled like pencil shavings.

It wasn't until Sansa was in the medication line after supper that she saw Lollys stumble down the hallway.

Lollys had frizzy purple strands falling into her sallow face.

"You look terrible, but I am so glad to see you."

"As if you look any better? Eh, Cuntella locked up all my make up and hair stuff when she left. She was pissed that Qyburn made her let me loose."

A hand yanked hard on Sansa's hair and she spun with a cry.

"Sweetheart, pay the fuck attention."

Sansa stared balefully at the handsome face ruined by a leering smirk and hard eyes of the man behind the medications counter.

The night nurse thrust a small paper cup of water at Sansa along with three small pills.

"I love watching a girl swallow. Good, now open your pretty mouth and let me see it's all gone. Lift your tongue, sweetheart, good girl. Now sashay your ass into another area."
Sansa glared at the jerk but then Lollys shoved her aside to peer in with a hateful grin at the man.

"Hey Raff! Gimmie my fucking pills, huh? I want something good today, none of that wacky shit Qyburn added to rewire my already fucked up head, okay? Tell you what, you give me something that will get me nice and high and I'll swallow it all down like a good girl for you. Yeah? Come on, the quicker you give me some good shit, I'll go away then you can get back to jerking off back there."

Lollys began to mimic a man making intense slow love to the half door and Raff backed up with disgust from her.

"Fucking skank junkie. Nothing you'll like in this batch, sorry. Qyburn is way into his new treatment program for you...holy shit, this one, this little blue one...it makes hair fall out and causes compulsive eating. Enjoy! Swallow it, bitch. Hey, does your hubby know how much swallowing you've done to get be that sick of a junkie? Huh?"

Undaunted, Lollys grinned at Raff before she swallowed down the pills.

"Former junkie if you please. Since I have been to this hellhole, I have been purged and cleansed of all narcotics. So I have been sober for almost a year now, thank you very fucking much. So hey, quick question, Raff. If you weren't acquitted of that rape last year, do you think you'd be on the other side of that door?"

Lollys grabbed Sansa and ran just as Raff leaned over to reach for her while growling.

Giggling, the two ran until they hit the crafts room.

Hodor was there to hold the door and Sansa politely thanked him.

Pleased, he nodded, smiled and wandered off.

"Do you think Raff will come for us or send Polliver?"

Shaking her head at Sansa, Lollys slid onto the large crafts table and stood upon it.

"Nah, not tonight. For the same reason that Cuntella had to release me and Gregorstein tossed Theon into his room without broken bones."

Lollys pushed open the window and lit a cigarette, sitting up in the embrasure.

"Cersei Lannister created this place, it's her twisted baby and she visits it like any good social mother does. A few times a month she breezes through to make sure that the clinic is all the way she likes. Well, something tells me that if her daddy weren't around this place would be allowed to do even worse to us. If there is one person Unella hates worse than us or Gregor, it would be Cersei. Anyway, tomorrow is Cersei's next visit to our happy ward. Wait till you see this circus!"
Sansa was sitting in a neon orange plastic chair along with the rest of the patients that showed early.

The chairs were formed into a square and in the center of that square stood Nurse Unella.

Next to the window streaming bright morning sun, Gregor stood, his face thunderous.

Looking nervous and out of place, Podrick fidgeted near the closed door of the commons room.

A heavyset young woman with pink childish ribbons in her hair held tightly to a baby doll across from Sansa.

Sadly, Sansa remember who Walda Frey was.

Her father was a rich disgusting lech with too many daughters and he basically sold her off to the equally rich Roose Bolton as a wife.

All Sansa had heard was that the girl suffered two miscarriages then landed here.

Next to the woman sat a squat heavyset man that kept staring at Sansa and licking his thick lips.

He sneered at her then pronounced loudly that she wasn't young enough and started to stare at Walda's doll while rubbing his hands.

"Touch my infant, Meryn, or touch yourself, just once and I'll have my husband skin you alive."

Meryn gnashed his teeth at Walda but her girlish but certain voice made him move his chair away from her slightly.

Sansa tried hard not to stare but the delicate, sobbing man next to her made it hard.

She was stunned to see Loras Tyrell, the brother of that scheming debutante that stole Joff from her.

"They got you too."

That was all he said to her as he silently cried and Sansa figured out that Loras wasn't even aware he was crying.

Relieved, Sansa saw Stannis march into the room and she waved him over rather frantically.

Lollys, Jorah and Theon all came in as a group at the very last second while Hodor held the door for them.

"All patients and day staff are present. Hodor, thank you for holding the door, please sit down."
Nurse Unella waited until all were seating and looking at her.

"Before we begin our daily therapy session, I need to remind you that we shall end our session a half hour early today."

According to Unella's face, this was as awful as being told the Rapture was coming and she forgot to buy tickets in advance.

"I believe that your mental health is of utmost importance and no therapies or medications be shirked for society visits. However, I also must follow rules I do not agree with, as do we all. So we all will be on our best behavior while Cersei is here and you will use arts, crafts and whatever frivolity the woman brings for you to waste time with today as therapy. I promise tomorrow we shall be back on our regular schedules."

Unella nodded stiffly and began the daily therapy session.

"Who would like to start today?"

Within moments everyone was nearly asleep as Stannis went into finite detail of the types of foods that are too messy to be served.

Then everyone was jolted wide awake as Loras decided to start flapping his hands as if to take flight.

Walda complained that Loras's flapping would bother her baby.

"I cant help it, you fat sow. And I'll drop kick that piece of creepy plastic if you don't leave me the fuck alone."

Nurse Unella chastised Loras for snapping rudely and that is when Meryn decided to start releasing and stroking the bulge between his legs.

Gregor noticed, arched one eyebrow then rumbled with sarcasm.

"Nurse, can I stop Meryn or would it be therapeutic to let him jizz on the back of your dress?"

Unella gasped and turned to face the pervert while Lollys started to laugh.

Gregor came over and plucked Meryn out of his seat.

"Holy shit, look, Meryn's still flogging furiously over Gregor's shoulder!"

Now they were all laughing at Lolly's declaration.

They could hear Meryn screeching about everyone being too old as he was taken away.
"Enough! You will remember that man has an emotional issue as each of you do!"

Lollys looked up at Unella and grinned.

"No, Meryn has-"

Gregor was back with Meryn around the same time that Unella managed to get control of the group therapy again.

Meryn looked pissed with large thick mittens taped to his hands and when Gregor shoved him into his seat, his wrists were restrained to the chair.

Sansa went back to dozing as they listened to Jorah drone on about how his precious Dany never loved him the way he loved her.

With utter sympathy, Hodor patted Jorah's shoulder and reassured him gently that he would hold the door for him.

As soon as the therapy group was over, Unella snapped everyone into action.

While the clients dressed and fixed their appearances, Unella did the same for the ward.

Podrick was worked into a frenzy until everything gleamed.

Unella unlocked the arts that were donated personally by Cersei and displayed out.

At the last second Gregor grabbed each client and shoved a small dissolving pill in their mouths.

"Wait, what is this?"

Gregor shoved the pill in Sansa's mouth and grumbled his reply as he moved on.

"Relaxant."

"My little doves!"

Like the others, Sansa stared up at Cersei with a drugged smile and vacant eyes.

It all felt like a dream, she could smell expensive perfume and saw pink silk cloth.

She saw Cersei and Qyburn, she saw the other patients all sitting in the arts room where they were all arranged like living furniture.

"Please? Wait...Cersei...I..."

Loras kept flapping his hands and calling to the woman in a soft voice but was ignored.
Sansa didn't bother trying to speak, she just stared numbly at the sewing in her hands trying to figure out when she started it.

The staff hovered but kept their distance as Cersei greeted her doves one by one.

Cersei patted Hodor's cheek when he gave her a picture of an open door held by one large hand and thanked him sweetly.

Lollys grinned at Cersei foolishly before speaking in a slurred voice.

"I am so jealous of how you look and smell, fancy lady. I want to say more but I don't want your goons to rip out my vocal chords. Why the fuck am I doing macrame?"

Leaning over Meryn for a moment, Cersei made a tsking sound and shook her head.

When the lovely society woman went over to Theon, he cowered low, whining.

This made Cersei coo at him and give the flinching cheek a quick tap as she went by.

Cersei did sit down to listen to Jorah sing a song of lost love while Podrick played an out of tune banjo.

She also sat with Walda, admiring her baby.

Qyburn instructed Podrick to play music on the ancient boombox while Cersei coaxed the others into dancing.

It took Gregor and Unella to get the others into a sort of rhythmic shoving against each other.

Cersei also read them some short stories from a book that was so boring, Sansa forgot the plot in ten seconds.

Cookies and pastries made by Cersei's own cook were passed around and they all mindlessly chewed.

Cersei was gone before the pill wore off and Sansa wondered if the woman knew how drugged they had been.

It scared Sansa to think the woman did know and just didn't care.
Lollys taught Sansa how to smoke a joint in a forbidden room while she explained it all to the coughing woman.

"See, whether its a mental place like this or a rehab what really is the worst is the fucking boredom. Therapy, pills and eating. Still leaves all that extra time to just live through. Hours and hours and days and nights."

Sansa has painted, knit, sewed and drew trees until she wished to never pick up a felt marker again.

It was pathetic how fast the entire floor ran to chase after Podrick into the common room when he brought his guitar to work.

Walda sang No Woman, No Cry in a way that made Meryn start to knead his knob against the plastic baby's bald head.

After punching Meryn out of his seat, Jorah requested You Were Always On My Mind.

The sing along lasted for forty minutes and during that time they were all engaged.

Every one of them sang, even stoic Stannis gave a stern tenor which truly enhanced Man In The Mirror.

Loras got animated and he danced out YMCA with Hodor.

Who hit every note somehow on every song with only saying "Hold the door."

Hours of white walls and white linoleum and plastic chairs.

Leaning, sitting, pacing, staring out barred windows.

So Sansa learned to smoke, to play cards, to learn small secrets and gossip.

She watched every movie and read every book or magazine.

Countless meals, pills, visits to the lab that are painful but forgotten by the time Sansa is back on the floor.

And Sansa knew these other patients better than she knew her own family.

No friend, relative or boyfriend ever knew her as well and she never knew them as well as she knew this group.

Therapy and countless hours of being in each others company, they talk, they listen, they scream, they fight and laugh or cry.
Under Unella's icy eyes, under Gregor's menacing ones and Podrick's uncomfortable ones, they confessed.

Stannis spoke in a very mannerly fashion about his affair with a cult priestess.

His voice never changed when he spoke of his wife committing suicide or of his daughter who is the reason he is here.

Jorah admitted that Dany was far too young for him, that his love for her wasn't her fault.

No one understood what Hodor said but his one sentence was said over and over with deep emotion that made the others want to hug him.

Sansa spoke of her grief over her family, how the loss of it on top of Joff's betrayal just seemed to sink her.

Unella gave Sansa a nod then stared at her, waiting for more.

It was hard for Sansa to express how she had no idea what to do once school had ended, how she saw that nothing looked interesting in her future.

Interestingly enough, it was Loras who held Sansa's shoulders as she cried and told them she had no direction.

So wrapped up in school, social life, Sansa had no idea who or what she is and it has frozen her in time.

The loss of Joff was a smoldering burn but the loss of her family was an endless hollow space in her head.

Sansa told them all of the mind numbing fear of being all alone and unwanted, unnoticed.

Walda spoke in a high pitched soft voice, like a little girl not wanting to wake her infant sibling.

She told them how her father liked to play with his daughters.

He called her his "rolly polly piglet that he liked to pork".

Roose might have bought her but he was her knight in shining armor.

It was all her fault that the babies kept dying in her stomach.

Her father used to hit her when she cried too much during sex.

When her stomach grew round, too round, he hit her plenty.

There was blood and a dead baby.
Roose was so kind about it but Walda hated not giving him a live baby.

It had become all Walda could think about until she finally tried to steal her sister's baby.

Her husband was so nice to send her to such a good facility.

Walda told them how Roose had brought her this baby and he always orders new baby clothes for it, no matter the cost.

Lollys spoke in a scratchy voice that was full of sarcastic humor and bitter regret.

She told of how her love of opiates eased her feeling of never quite belonging in her family, in her school, in the world.

Bronn was her dealer first but then he went clean just after they married, the damned traitor.

He still loved her, still wanted to be with her and didn't fight her family when they admitted her by force.

The hardest one to hear was Meryn.

He gnawed restlessly at his thick mittens, his thick wormy pink lips peeking out from a grayish brown scruff, he spoke.

Telling them of how he just had an appreciation for the younger set.

In a voice that sought sympathy, he told them how he lost his job as security guard because he was caught jerking off to fetuses in jars at the University he worked for.

Loras flapped with agitation as he spoke in a snooty but somehow lost voice.

He spoke of how it was embarrassing to his grandmother that he was gay.

That his family had arranged a marriage for him that he couldn't agree to.

Yes, he admits that sleeping with his sister's fiance was tasteless and mean but Margeary wasn't really in love with Renly like he was.

When Renly was in public, Loras was careful.

Margeary was only marrying him for his money and his politics, Loras wanted to just love Renly for who he was.

He doesn't know who murdered Renly, Loras never got a good look at the men that attacked them.

One minute he and Renly were having sex in the park bushes, the next moment someone was beating them with pipes.
Loras woke up in a hospital with a broken leg, a very angry family and a dead lover.

It made it all over the media and was one hell of a scandal to clean up.

Margeary was suddenly thrust at Joff and Loras was thrown into the clinic.

Loras confessed the one thing he truly regretted was seeing his sister forced into an abusive marriage because of his actions.

Sansa and Lollys put together a five hundred piece puzzle of a black circle in a white square.

When Cersei brought her chef for a cooking class, it was a stampede to learn how to make pate with crackers.

Sitting on a freezing cold roof they weren't supposed to climb to, Sansa learned that Theon lost more than a finger or two to Ramsay's anger.

He told her how when he tried to run away from his brutal lover, how Ramsay removed his testicle in his father's basement.

She learned that when Unella left work, the woman wore long grey dresses and favored pale lip gloss.

Sansa would watch the woman from the window, to see how she moved outside, if it was any different.

Lollys laughed when Sansa told her that the clothing might change but the demeanor seemed to be the same.

One night Polliver came in drunk and allowed them all to stay up late watching a marathon of The Fast and Furious.

Cersei floated into their world while Sansa was still twitching from another shock treatment.

She has brought colored mats with her and gave them all a nice yoga class.

They all came to the class in spite of their twitches, spasms and general quirks that made it nearly impossible to follow Cersei's example.

It was a pitiful sight as Theon contorted himself and got stuck.

Loras looked like an angry goose as he tried to put a leg over his head while flapping his hands uncontrollably.

Walda mainly sat on her mat and cooed to her doll.
Stannis made a good effort as did Jorah.

Lollys and Sansa came to the closest to doing the yoga exercises correctly, but Sansa kept drifting off as if her head would go to sleep.

After the yoga, Cersei beamed at them all and patted Hodor's arm as he politely and eagerly held the door open for her.

"I will be back tomorrow, little doves. Do you remember why I come tomorrow?"

Her voice was that of a preschool teacher that knows her time of responsibility over her charges was almost over.

Hodor yelled cheerfully to hold the door and Cersei nodded.

"That is right, dear! Tomorrow is Visitors Day! So everyone should take care with their grooming tomorrow. Just because you are not feeling your best and have to wear a sweatsuit doesn't mean you cannot look your best. See you tomorrow at ten, everyone."

Cersei swept to her freedom leaving behind a last smell of money and privilege.

Sansa looked at Lollys.

"Visitor day? We get to have visitors? No one told me when it was! I don't have access to a phone to ask for anyone!"

Nurse Unella stared at Sansa with impatience.

The woman was wearing her coat, holding her formidable black purse and waiting for the elevator.

"Ms. Stark, we did tell you about the monthly visits and it is in your handbook. You do have a visitor listed that is coming. I am about to leave and I am on a strict schedule. You may ask the night staff to check who is your visitor or wait until I return in the morning."

Gregor lingered nearby watching Sansa and he grumbled a warning.

"Too close to the elevator doors, Stark. Back it up."

Sansa did try to ask the night staff to check for her, she went to Polliver first.

The burly bald man just laughed at her then tapped his baton meaningfully before informing Sansa it was nearly bedtime and to move along.

Raff smirked and told Sansa he would be happy to look it up as long as she would suck his cock.

She went to bed wondering all night who her visitor would be and if they can help get her out of this place.
Visitors Day

Visitors day was new and therefore exciting to Sansa.

Anything that broke through the mundane daily routine was welcome.

The staff wasn't taking any chances and made sure that everyone had the grooming materials needed.

Hodor howled as Gregor shaved him and flossed the sobbing man's teeth until they bled.

Sansa and Lollys helped Walda make her banana curls and tied the ribbons just so.

They tamed the purple frizz on Lollys's head with Walda's special hair gel and forced it into a pretty bun.

Lollys put Sansa's hair into a neat french braid and all three dove into their make up cases under the watchful eye of Unella.

Raccoon eyes and blue lipstick completed Lollys, foundation, lip gloss and mascara for Sansa, rosy blush for Walda.

The men all had combed, tamed hair, clean shaven faces and each smelled of a different aftershave or cologne.

Cersei showed up and they all filed into the common room where the small tables were set up with two chairs at each.

There was a long table from the cafeteria that Podrick was manning full of cookies, pie, cake and punch for the visitors.

Each person picked a table and sat to wait for their visitor.

Sansa was never able to find out who her visitor was.

When Unella came in the morning, she checked.

The nurse said there was no name just a check mark under visitor and the date.

So Sansa sat calmly with her hands folded on the desk to prevent the trembling that started when Qyburn changed her medications yet again.

Qyburn was also there, in case any of the visitors have questions of him.

Sansa watched as he spoke with Cersei as they looked about the room at each of them.

Shivering, she looked away and caught a wink from Lollys.
"Wait till you meet my hubby, you'll love him. He's a sarcastic piece of shit but Bronn has a fucked up sort of charm. You'll see."

Hodor enthusiastically held the door for visitors as they filed in.

Sansa watched as a young teenage girl with half her face covered in a purple birthmark headed for Stannis.

He stood up and gave her a very hard but quick hug before they sat down across from each other. Clearing his throat, Stannis folded his hands neatly before him and spoke.

"Podrick has desserts if you would like something. I can get it for you."

A scruffy looking man sauntered in and Lollys stood up, squealing.

"Shame! Do not raise your voice. Another infraction and you lose your visit."

Unella glared with disapproval as Lollys threw herself into her husband, hugging him tightly. Before the nurse could end the visit due to hugging for too long, Cersei told her to calm down.

Sansa found the silent struggle between the two women interesting. But her friend was trying to introduce her to Bronn and Sansa's head felt fuzzy from the new medication this morning.

Bronn was nice but he instantly was teasing the women.

"Here I am busting my ass everyday while you ladies are getting your hair done and free meals. I'm thinking I need to develop an issue so I can come to a spa."

Snorting, Lollys leaned back in her chair while deliberately kicking Bronn.

"Oh yeah, some spa we have here. You should try out the hydrotherapy bath if you want that nice blue tinge to your skin. Or the best hair treatment ever, complete with electricity and sparks."

Sansa giggled and turned away to give them some privacy.

She did however hear Lollys ask Bronn if her family is ready to release her yet.

Narrowing her eyes, Sansa watched as a beautiful woman swept into the room in a flurry of fashion and taste.

Loras hugged his sister and held her hand as they sat down.
"You have no idea how much I have missed you, Marge! Please tell me you found a way to get me out of here! What about granny, did you speak with her, tell her how I will go to therapy every day if she wants? Hell, I'd go to a freaking conversion camp at this point."

Margeary leaned closer and squeezed her brother's hand but her pretty eyes were steel.

Sansa didn't mean to hear the whispering but she did.

"Listen to me. I need you to stay calm and sane, do you hear me? Do not let them break you. There is a plan, we are almost there, I just need you to stay strong a little longer. Can you do that for me, Loras? Granny knows how you are doing, what is being done, we know. We are taking care of things and while we do, this is the safest place for you. Trust me, brother. We always trust each other, right? Hmm?"

Loras gave a trembling smile and wiped away a tear, nodding.

"I trust you, always do. Its just awful here and I'm scared. The lab...you can't imagine what they do to us. We are test subjects, Marge."

Stannis was slowly dismantling the raisins from the oatmeal cookie as his daughter nibbled at a piece of cake.

"Are you still doing well with Davos Seaworthy? Have you had him check the tiles in the east wing hallway? Has the lawyer contacted you yet? Did the gardener shovel out the driveways correctly? Why isn't Davos contacting me?"

Sansa looked away from the pain in Shireen's eyes as she quietly mumbled answers to his questions.

"Davos went to court with me last week and became my legal guardian until you are released. He has fixed the tiles and the lawyer sent us the check for the utilities and expenses on time as always. Yes, the driveway is shoveled out properly. And Davos won't contact you until he is ready to, father. Let it go for now."

Walda cradled her doll but stood up to receive a small dry peck on her forehead when her husband came in.

Sansa knew Roose Bolton, he had worked for her father until his death.

Roose was a cold man that had a soft voice and a terrifying demeanor without doing a thing to prove it.

His son Ramsay had gone to the same private school as Sansa until he was expelled for nearly killing one of the many kids he was bullying.

Roose sat across from Walda and handed her a small box full of new baby clothing for her doll.

He gave the slightest ghost of a smile as his wife thanked him warmly and then snuggled her fake
infant.

They each had a piece of pie while Walda asked Roose how her step son was doing.

Shrugging slightly, Roose suggested they speak of more pleasant things.

Theon hugged his sister hard then sat down, holding her by the wrists.

"Please, I am begging you to get me out of here. He is getting closer by the minute, I know him and he told me that he wouldn't ever let me go! This place is killing me, the wait for him to yank me out or come in and destroy me right here, he will I know he will find a way to. Please, whether it's him or this place, I am not safe, I am going to die, please, Asha, get me out."

Asha frowned at her brother and spoke softly but firmly.

"Calm yourself down. His father is sitting a few feet from you and if you get hysterical, you think he won't know why? Stop acting like a foolish coward. I need you to act better so I can get you out. Every time I petition for your release, I get reports of you being worse. How can I get them to let you out if you keep flipping out? Look at you, shaking, crying like this. Theon, I want to help you, I really do, but you need to help yourself too."

Sansa winced as she heard Theon hiss while he clawed at his twisted hands.

"I can't help it. It's the fucking drugs and treatments and experiments, they do it on purpose. They use us and if we get too well, they fuck us up again. There isn't a way for me to change drug reactions or twitching from shock treatments. Soon I swear Qyburn will start drilling holes in our heads to take a peek. You have to get me out of here and take me back to Pyke, please!"

Gregor loomed over Theon, causing Asha to sneer at the giant.

"If you do not calm down, you go to your room."

Jorah sat quietly and without moving but for a facial twitch from the new recent testing.

His nails were manicured, his teeth bleached and sparse hair glistened with oil, the scent of Old Spice hovering about him.

Waiting with gifts for a visitor that was not coming.

He sat among drawings of Dany, a pair of pink socks he made for her and a terrifying rag doll with bulging eyes made of black play-dough.

Meryn was hunched over in his own seat, his eyes scanning the room busily.

His eyes latched onto Margeary's chest briefly while she leaned over to kiss her brother's head.

"I need to leave. I love you and trust me. Okay? Now go to your room and stay calm. It will be over very soon."
Loras nodded and watched tearfully as his sister left.

Before Sansa could wonder over that, her own visitor finally arrived.

Petyr slid into the seat after kissing Sansa's cheek.

He held her hand that he pulled from the table and petted it while smiling at her.

Sansa couldn't understand and the pills, oh she hated this drugged up feeling!

"Why...where are my...Arya? Jon? Or my uncle?"

Petyr shook his head and forced his features into sympathy as his soft voice swirled around her head.

"I am so sorry, Sansa. There has been no word from any of your relatives. Your brothers are still missing, Jon and Arya are also still missing. So is your uncle. Authorities are looking, dear. I have been caring for your estates and businesses until a Stark feels ready to return to it. Darling, I am glad to see you getting the help you needed. I have been so worried for you."

She couldn't catch it all and Petyr spoke of her living with him once she felt well enough to leave.

"No...I have...when I leave I will go home. My home. Stark home."

Petyr patted her hand again.

"Dear, don't you remember? I sold your house and put the money in escrow for you and your kin. You would have to stay with me, where else would you go? You look confused, Sansa. You signed the papers yourself, you signed off for me to sell the home."

That was wrong and Sansa told him so but Petyr was adamant.

"Sansa, I had Nurse Unella bring you the papers to sign. If you would like on my next visit I will bring you the paper to see it for yourself."

Before she could question further, something happened.

A dignified yet upset man in a three piece suit came in and quickly spoke to Cersei, who turned pale.

Sansa wondered why Kevan Lannister, Cersei's uncle was here.

Petyr looked up and seemed interested as well.

Soon as Kevan spoke, Cersei shoved him aside and ran out without a word to anyone.

Both Kevan and Qyburn followed after her.
Quickly, both Roose and Petyr made their goodbyes and flew out the door as well.

Hodor held the door for them all and everyone else stared, wondering what happened.

Everyone but Meryn, he was grunting and filling his hand under the table.

Gregor saw it and roared, coming forth which gave everyone something else to watch.
In spite of whispers and the night staff coming in early, the clients did not know what had happened until the twilight hours.

Slithering, only wearing socks on their feet for maximum silence, each person found their way towards the babbling, high as kites night staff.

Hodor was the only one that Raff and Polliver could see as he was the one to hold the door into the laundry room.

The day and night staff have been instructed to allow Hodor to hold doors all he liked as long as he closed them when told to.

It was clear that Hodor couldn't speak of anything, he did not read or write nor could he comprehend sign language.

So the staff felt safe to say and do whatever they wished in front of him and basically ignored him.

Only once did the night bullies choose to mess with Hodor and they learned to never, ever do that again.

Sansa heard from Meryn that it was a glorious night indeed.

"Oh yeah, it was like nothing I had ever fucking seen before. Jorah was here for that, I think and maybe Stannis. The assholes wouldn't let the retard open any doors, just for laughs. Hodor roared like a frigging beast and charged them. He was amazing, I mean, he crushed Mr. Handsome's nose into a whole new position. Had to get plastic surgery! Ha! And the other one, good ole Polly's arm will never be the same after the way Hodor tried to tear it off. Tell you though, when the emergency service showed up, Hodor cheerfully held the door for them. Can I touch your tits now? Oh come on! Bitch."

Stannis and Jorah had confirmed Meryn's story during a tense supper.

They noticed that Gregor seemed to be using his cell phone way more than usual without Unella saying a word.

She paced the cafeteria then when her own phone rang, nearly dropped it to the floor before racing out of the room to answer it.

Loras burst into tears loudly which caused Theon to do the same.

Stannis dropped a pea back into the vegetable soup he has been laboring with and gave a curse.

"Something is fucking going down and it's setting everyone off."
Lollys didn't sound reassuring in anyway.

After they all ate, they went about slinking around, pretending to do puzzles, reading or zoned out against the walls.

The tension was so high it nearly crackled as the night staff raced in early.

For some strange reason everyone had suddenly decided to sit against the door of Unella's office, including Podrick.

Raff and Polliver stopped, stared then listened.

They leaned against the door after silently shoving some of the patients over.

All of them strained to hear the raging storm behind the door.

The room contained three distinct voices, but not all the words being said.

Gregor's roar was pretty clear and they all leaped as one when his words smashed through the air.

"I OBEY THE PERSON WHO GIVES ME THE FUCKING PAYCHECK! AND I KEEP MY LOYALTIES! DON'T YOU DARE EVER JUDGE ME, YOU MISERABLE BITCH. I DON'T GIVE A FUCK THAT YOU ARE FULL OF SPECIALTIES AND HONORABLE PAPERS STUFFED UP YOUR TIGHT FUCKING ASS! YOU ARE NOT MY BOSS AND YOU DO NOT PAY ME. SO SHUT THE FUCK UP! FOR ONCE, WOMAN, JUST SHUT UP!"

With a face full of awe and wonder, Raff whispered.

"That is the most I have ever heard Gregor say all at once."

Polliver nodded as did the patients and they listened eagerly for more.

"Easy, Gregor, calm yourself down. Listen to me, both of you. We are all paid by Cersei, yes, but her money is controlled by her father still. If she doesn't...if she doesn't rally forth then it would be Tywin Lannister paying us until she is better. Do you understand? If I cannot get her back on her feet, then it will be Tywin who controls this clinic. He does not share our views and thing might have to change for a bit. We must be able to take on this task if need be. No matter what it takes, I need, we all need Cersei back on her feet and in control. Perhaps full control."

"Doctor Qyburn, I have no problem complying with any leadership change that is made. Perhaps Tywin will have new ideas, we do not know. I do agree that if Cersei is in the condition reported that we should of course assist her. However, my issue is your goals and rules seem to conflict with our new employer's goal and rules. Tywin called me personally as I've told you. I am a great fan of your work, Doctor, but I cannot go against the proper rules. I may have despised Cersei Lannister but I followed every one of her dictates to the letter. I will do the same for Tywin Lannister. If you or this giant ogre want to play your games, I will not take part in it. I will treat Cersei according to the rules and the wishes of her father, my employer. Is that clear enough, gentlemen?"
A grumble from Gregor that was full of disgust and then Qyburn's voice, smooth and venomous.

"Nurse Unella, I am not suggesting you do anything other than follow your rules. I was simply pointing out the importance of getting Cersei the help she needs. We all have the same goal, to get her well enough to run this clinic. Tywin is not trained to understand what goes on here, his decisions will be based upon what he has seen or read about mental health. In here, we know what Cersei could benefit from better than he will. You know this, you have complained of meddling ignorant family members yourself! Remember how upset you feel after dealing with blocking all those family and friends of our patients? We should see Tywin as a grieving family member that doesn't understand and should be placated. While we do what Cersei truly needs and get her on her feet twice as fast as his older, longer methods."

Meryn had been leaning against the door, both Raff and Polliver leaning over him with their ears nearly pressed to the wood.

The others were nearly on top of the three.

When the door suddenly whipped open, the reaction was quite chaotic.

Nurse Unella's face had gone from furiously stoic to confused, to revolted, to shock.

The others all tried to scurry off, Loras flapping crazily as he knocked over twitching Theon.

Lollys, Sansa and Jorah raced off, holding each other for support, since all had symptoms of dizziness.

They bounced off walls the whole way to their rooms.

Stannis stood up awkwardly and began to check to see if the ceilings were still there.

Walda reassured them all that her baby wasn't crying anymore and waddled off.

Podrick began to mop the floor with an intense need to remove any grime that ever existed.

Raff and Polliver were on either side of the crouching pervert and fell inside the room with a crash.

Meryn had gasped in surprise when the door opened suddenly and his rock hard penis in his hand exploded.

Unella watched as Meryn's rigid flesh sent a stream onto her sensible shoe.

Hodor gave an apologetic look to the nurse and he gently but firmly shut the door in her face.

They all hid until Qyburn, Gregor, Podrick and Unella left the floor for the night before slinking forth.
Raff wasn't telling them anything but he rushed through giving their medications, not harassing anyone.

Even Polliver wasn't as much of an asshole as usual tonight.

He only messed with Stannis, knocking all the different colored beads from the craft room on the floor in front of him.

After they all went to bed early, the two idiots took their hidden joint to the commons room.

Hodor stood there getting slightly high and deliberately leaning to keep the door slightly open for the other creeping clients.

"Raff, I am telling you, this is going to get so fucked up. I mean, she is our boss and Gregor would fucking kill us if we piss her off. But if we want to keep our jobs we have to listen to this dried up corpse in a suit. I fucking hate that ice cunt but Unella gets it. We are fucked in every direction with this."

"Dude, just take damned hit and relax, would you? It won't be for long, that high society bitch is strong. Too mean to just surrender, no matter what. I mean, her kid just died, another dead son, of course she isn't doing well. And to have it be a murder, to have Joff die in her arms like that? So she is a little messed up. Qyburn will fix it, Cuntella can bitch and the Mountain will protect his pretty bank account and she will rise all new and shiny."

Polliver cocked his head and hollered.

"Meryn, I can hear your panting, you sick fucker. I know you are all there. You have until I reach the door to get the fuck back in your rooms. I am doing a full sweep and my baton is swinging."

Almost everyone made it back to their rooms before Polliver came down the halls.

Walda and Theon managed to each get a whack and Hodor got several as he lumbered slowly to his room.

Luckily the orderly was too stoned to really be bothered and the whacks were lighter than usual.

Sansa laid in bed and wondered how she felt about hearing Joff was murdered.

She also wondered if Margeary did it or helped her grandmother do it.

The next day would bring more information surely and Sansa drifted off to a deep medicated sleep.
Crashing Through That Glass One Way Or The Other

Anything new is exciting.

Knowing that the woman who runs the facility is about to join them as a patient is HUGE.

Sansa and the others got to their breakfast as quickly as they could.

Nurse Unella and Gregor looked more tense than ever before.

"The doctor will be doing rounds later than usual today. We shall be delaying circle until after lunch due to a new client coming in. As you already heard last night, our own Cersei Lannister is in need of our services. You will all remain in your rooms after breakfast until we have her admitted and settled in to avoid any problems. Eat and return to your rooms, please."

As soon as Unella announced the lock down, they stopped and ate slower to her dismay.

The nurse hurried them along and Gregor stood over Stannis, breathing menacingly upon the man's grey head.

Ignoring the giant, Stannis continued to separate, organize and eat his tomato, spinach, cheese and mushroom omelet.

Unella just managed to shove the others towards the rooms when Hodor pitched a fit.

"HOLD THE DOOR! HOLD THE DOOR! HOLD THE DOOR!"

Unella had gotten the large man to his own door before he figured out he was also to stay and not hold the door for others.

Hodor knew it was Cersei coming, the lovely goddess that smells good and always smiles sweetly at him.

And others too, men that wore suits and never smiled but would sharply nod sometimes.

"I am sorry, Hodor. This one time I must tell you to stay here in your room for your own safety. Now, why don't you hold your own door until we get Cersei all settled in?"

All agreed that it was the nicest and most reasonable they have ever seen Unella be, but her try at a smile was making them all cringe.

Hodor stared flatly at the woman then methodically ripped every door off each of the patients rooms.

Lollys exploded into laughter which triggered off everyone else into hoots, clapping and cheering Hodor on.
"WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON IN HERE?"

Gregor saw doors flying and stormed through the wood until he reached Hodor.

"BAD!"

Everyone protested when Gregor's fist hit the side of Hodor's head, knocking the man into the wall.

While Hodor sobbed, holding his head, Gregor grabbed his arm and dragged him.

One room at the very end of the hallway still had a door and Gregor stood Hodor in front of it.

"This is Cersei's room. Hold her fucking door open until we get her in it."

Hodor calmed and nodded, rubbing his head.

Gregor turned and glared at the others.

"Get in rooms or you can get into casts."

Unella stood still as patients leaped past her and over doors to scramble into their rooms.

Meryn tried to follow Walda into her room but she hit him with her plastic baby.

Gregor grabbed the lech by his neck and tossed him into his room.

"Unella! Do you think you could fucking handle something? Do you think maybe you could get Meryn into his fucking mittens while I pick up the fucking doors?"

The flustered nurse flew into Meryn's room and began to wrestle him into his mittens.

"Do not swear at me. I didn't know Hodor would react so badly, I thought he would hold his own door."

Tossing doors loudly into a pile to lean against a wall, Gregor turned to stare at the woman.

"You liar. That is a direct fucking lie. You know the retard's file backwards and forwards. You know what he did to Polliver and Raff when they fucked with him. You are nervous about today and you slipped up."

Unella shoved the frowning, mitten-biting man and stepped into the hallway, hands formed into tight fists.

Gregor and Unella didn't even seem to be aware of a head poking out of every room to watch them.
The man was colossal compared to this woman who was going right up to his chest.

Her head was high to see his face and her icy grey eyes challenged and clashed with his beady, predator orbs.

Unella's voice was steady, it was hard, cold and utterly designed to demean and destroy.

"Do not use profanity towards me. Or at all during work hours. Do not use the word retard, it is offensive. You are right, I was flustered and I do know Hodor's file backwards and forwards. I know yours too. I know every shameful thing and I know why you are working here. You shouldn't be here, Mr. Clegane. You should be in a maximum security prison serving your time, your life sentence. I know why you are so loyal to that woman. Cersei is not an employer to you, no, she is your God. She leaves a trail of money and blood for you and you follow it like a hungry, half feral beast. She is a patient now and her father is in charge. That is not my fault so do not take your anger out on me."

All held their breath as Gregor seemed to grow taller, broader and veins stood out as his skin reddened in rage.

"I am no one's bitch. Someday, you and I are going to have an accounting. You'll see a god, alright, I'll send you to one."

Unella scoffed and dared to turn her back on the man to walk away, tossing a sentence over her shoulder.

"I do not believe in any god, I believe in rules and hard work. Swear again and I will write you up."

Gregor looked as if he might go after her and snap her neck but he stayed still for another moment, collecting himself.

"Fuck you. Write that up you fucking ice cunt."

Unella stiffened then headed towards the nurses station.

"I am writing you up. Doctor Qyburn will be speaking with you over it, I am sure."

A phone rang and then Unella yelled out.

"They are on their way up now!"

"Stay in these rooms or I'll pop your heads off like daisies."

Gregor thundered past as he growled out his warning.

Keeping their heads just out of head popping reach, they nearly went blind straining to see.

Sansa was dumbstruck at the sight that came off the elevator and towards the hall.
Tywin and Kevan Lannister were literally dragging Cersei, who was kicking and screaming threats the whole way.

Mascara ran down her face in thick streaks, there was blood on her perfect teeth and lips, her hair looked as if it was in a wind-tunnel.

"Holy shit, look at the blood on her mouth! Did she turn cannibal? Sansa, did you ever see our dear lady ever look so bad before? Welcome to rock bottom, bitch."

Sansa smiled at Lollys from her doorway but secretly felt bad for Cersei.

Qyburn appeared from his office as Gregor and Unella approached the struggling, spitting woman.

The blood on Cersei's mouth was explained by the bloody bite mark on Kevan's wrist.

"Release her, I will take her."

The two men nodded and let go, shoving Cersei towards Gregor.

In spite of her struggles, he easily but gently lifted her into his arms.

"I hate you both! Hear me, Father? Uncle? I hate you! You will not steal everything from me and my poor children! You cannot just lock me away forever! You cannot do this to me! I will kill you, do you hear me? I'll find a way out and so help me, you will pay!"

Tywin suddenly lost his control and barked harshly at his crazed, vengeful daughter.

"YOU HAVE DONE QUITE ENOUGH AND WE ARE ALL PAYING FOR THAT! I AM SORRY THAT JOFF DIED! BUT YOU RAISED HIM TO ACT THE WAY HE DID! DID YOU REALLY THINK SOMEONE WOULDN'T FINALLY PUT DOWN THAT MAD DOG? BUT TO TRY AND MURDER OLENNA AND MARGEARY AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES? TRULY? YOU ARE HERE UNTIL THIS ALL BLOWS OVER. YOU ARE HERE UNTIL I DEAL WITH THE TYRELL WOMEN AND THE MEDIA FORGETS THEM AND WHAT YOU TRIED TO DO!"

Gregor cradled Cersei in his arms as if she were a sleepy child and it seemed to calm her.

"I hate you. I will not forgive this or you, Uncle. Both of you can go to hell."

Qyburn intervened, stepping between the angry men and the grieving, angry woman.

"Gregor, Unella. Please get our new client settled in her room while I speak with the gentlemen."

Unella nodded and Gregor carried Cersei, pulling a coat over her face so she didn't see all the faces staring at her with fascination.

The doctor pulled the men into his office and Hodor happily waited until Cersei was in her room, then he shut the door.
Cersei didn't emerge from her room for three days.

Each of the patients found reason to always linger near her closed door for anymore drama.

Sometimes staff went into the room and if was anyone but Gregor or Qyburn, there was screaming threats and crashing.

Much to Unella's extreme frustration and the patients muttering, Podrick brought a tray of food every meal for Cersei rather than the nurse with a feeding tube.
They were all sitting with their breakfast when Cersei entered the room for the first time.

Even Stannis, who was extremely busy trying to separate a vegetarian quiche, kept one eye on the fallen queen.

Cersei had her hair in a messy braid, her skin was pale and crows feet tracked across skin that has not seen make up nor expensive face masks in days.

Medications were happening if not any lab testing, judging by the way Cersei held herself and walked as if on a tight rope.

Slowly, Cersei got some food and put it on a tray.

She made her way to a table and sat down carefully, as if she were made of glass.

Her dull eyes looked up at the gasp from the person across from her.

Those drugged eyeballs perked up a bit when they saw Loras.

With a growing hateful smirk and a slurred voice, Cersei spoke to him.

"Your grandmother and sister are evil murdering whores. Well, one is a whore, the other is a hag. And what are you, Loras? Are you evil like them or just their little pansy bait for rich politicians that are secretly gay? You aren't ever leaving here, you know that right? They dumped you here so their little dainty embarrassment will be out of the way. You think they are ever coming back for you, maybe they might find another use for you? It won't happen. I am going to kill them both in the most horrific ways I can think of. Maybe I will kill you too, but I think it might be more satisfying to watch you rot in here forever. Your looks are failing already...what will you look like in another ten, twenty or thirty years of this place?"

Loras had gone from upset to a sudden shock as Sansa could see him remember this woman was stuck here too.

"You aren't looking that good yourself, dear. And how are you killing anyone when you are locked on the same ward as me?"

Cersei was both shocked and angry.

"How dare you speak to me like that?"

Loras picked up his tray and smirked at Cersei then flapped goodbye.

Unella was standing next to her in the next moment, staring sternly at Cersei's tray.
"Eat your food, Cersei. Breakfast is over in ten minutes."

Cersei stood up and smashed her tray against a wall.

"Go to your room immediately. You have lost the halls and cafeteria for the rest of the day."

"Go fuck yourself, Unella. I'll go where I want and do what I want. I made this place, I can go where I want in it."

Gregor looked like he was chewing on dry aspirin and a few steel nails as he carried a hissing, spitting Cersei back to her room.

During the day, Lollys managed to get a peek while staff went in and out of Cersei's room.

She reported that Cersei was restrained and raging.

They all watched as Qyburn rushed into the hallway and burst into the room.

Just as Qyburn finished with Cersei and came out of the room, the elevator opened and the doctor groaned.

Tywin Lannister didn't look at the patients but he did give Hodor a sharp nod at the door.

Unella, Qyburn and Gregor went into the nurse's office with the man.

A bit later they came out and then the most interesting tour happened.

As the business man began to take a sharp elder eye to every area of their floor, the staff followed to answer questions as needed.

Unella had a notebook and a pen to take notes if need be.

The patients followed, in spite of both the nurse and Gregor giving them menacing looks.

Staying just out of the way, they watched Qyburn and the others get an acidic lecture on wasted finances.

That evening right after supper, Unella ushered them all into the tv room.

"Tonight we will have a marathon movie night. There will be a staff meeting and I need you to all exhibit your best behavior. I shall let you all choose the movies for yourselves. Podrick was kind enough to provide some drinks and snacks for you. They are on the side table."

Hodor closed the door after Unella left.

Jorah and Theon both dove into the movies, with Stannis and Walda leaning over to give commentary.
Lollys and Sansa both pressed their faces against the glass window into the hallway to see the staff.

"Even Polliver and Raff are being dragged in. There is Tywin and Kevan too! Damn it, after they go into the meeting room, let's sneak out."

Grinning at the redhead, Lolly's punched her arm.

"Well, lookie here at this, Sansa becoming a rebel, turning into a little ginger bad ass, are we? Told you this place changes you."

"I am not watching the Godfather series again! We sat through that last month, Stannis. I also have to sit through How It's Made, twice everyday because of you! I know how argyle socks and golf balls are made, I have no use for this information!"

Loras glared at Stannis and refused to let the staunch man even hold the movies.

"I am not sitting through Interview With A Vampire with you and Walda, you can forget about watching Twilight! I hate sexy vampires and I hate glittering vampires. They are un-dead, they don't have any reason to copulate and how could they possibly glitter?"

Theon grabbed The Lord Of The Rings series and leaped over the others to put it on.

Just as Theon reached the DVD player, Hodor gently lifted him, patted the curly hair and dumped him on a sofa.

They all watched as Hodor picked a movie and turned it on.

He sat next to the dumped Theon and happily slung his arm over the slighter man, humming the beginning of Mamma Mia.

Loras brightened and Stannis peered confused at the musical.

Walda started singing along, bouncing her baby.

Lollys groaned and Sansa hid her face in her palms for a moment.

Jorah looked horrified and drank the punch at the side table as if it contained alcohol.

Meryn sat alone on a chair closest to the screen and ignored the warnings from the others not to dare ejaculate upon the DVD player.

The music drove Sansa, Lollys and Jorah out of the room, to slink towards the meeting room.

They couldn't hear anything but then the door opened and Podrick came out.

He looked grim and started to pack up his stuff.

Emerging from their hiding places, they went up to him.
"Podrick, what happened in there? What's wrong, are you okay?"

He gave a small smile at Sansa's concern.

"I'm fine, just fired. Well, they will give me a compensation check and I already have a new position. Tywin Lannister said his son Tyrion needed a personal assistant. It will be more money and a better job, no biggie. But...things are about to change for everyone here. Tywin just put Unella in charge of everything. Gregor and his boys are furious about it and Qyburn looks ready to kill. Tywin is making them cut their budget almost in half. Gotta go, meeting this Tyrion early in the morning, I hope he is not as scary as Tywin and Cersei are."

Sansa patted Podrick's hand briefly and smiled at him.

"I know all the Lannisters. Tyrion is the best of them, truly. He drinks a lot and gets into some trouble with girls...but he is the nicest and smartest of them all in some ways. Maybe it's because of his dwarfism, but his family generally hates him. But Tyrion rises above it, you'll see for yourself."

Podrick looked surprised then interested.

"A dwarf? Huh. A rich, clever, overly sexed, alcoholic drunk, can't imagine being his personal assistant could ever get boring. Tell the others I said goodbye and good luck."

Jorah watched Podrick leave and he leaned against the wall.

"Cuntella was put in charge and Tywin cut the floor's budget in half. So our mad scientist can't afford new shiny toys to torture us with. It's like being saved from a crash by cannibals."

The next morning, Cersei returned to the public areas.

Speaking to no one, she got her breakfast and sat down by herself.

Stannis was pleased with the new food if no one else was.

His boiled egg, a cup of canned, sliced peaches and a plain bagel pleased him immensely.

Since Podrick was gone, Unella had set out their breakfast on her own.

They had a small kitchen that was used mainly for snacks and Cersei's cooking classes.

Tywin was right, it was wasteful to have catered food brought in when they had a working kitchen.

Unella was pleased with her skills and understanding of nutrition.

The patients had boiled eggs, peaches, multigrain toast or bagels with fake jam.
Unella ignored the grumbling but simmered that these ingrates didn't care that she had to get up two hours early to feed them.

With a grim smirk, Unella knew just how to fix the food issue.

Along with some other issues in a way that will be financially good and good for these clients as well.
Lunch was tuna on the toasted bread rejected from the morning and small bowls of grapes. With no other options, they ate it, all trying to decide what supper was going to be.

"Cat food on rejected bread crusts."

Loras shuddered at Lollys and gagged.

Cersei slowly wandered the three hallways and rooms that were unlocked.

Gregor had put the doors back on the patient's rooms, but they only locked from the outside.

After investigating and having a little fun, Cersei wandered towards the other clients.

Sansa smiled at her but Cersei just glanced down at the silly drawing of a unicorn and moved on.

Walda was taking a small break while her baby was napping, to read a book.

Loras narrowed his eyes at Cersei but remained silent, working on a bead necklace.

Shivering at the thought of using the cheap crafts she bought this place, she walked towards the games area.

Stannis and Theon were deeply involved in a chess game that involved exclamations and reprimands.

Jorah was sitting upon a couch with Lollys watching a soap opera and they were critiquing it to shreds.

Sitting in an overstuffed plastic armchair, Cersei stared at the figures on the screen.

Hot, moist breath landed upon her leg and without looking down, she spoke.

"Meryn, if you masturbate near me or touch me with any vile part of you, including your breath, I am going to have Gregor castrate you. Not Qyburn. Gregor. He will rip it off your body with his bare hands and leaving the bloody spraying holes for Qyburn to fix."

Lollys and Jorah watched with great amusement as Meryn scurried off, holding himself, swearing softly.

"Geez, with balls like that, we should extend you an invitation to the popular kids table."

Cersei gave a sweet smile to Lollys and spoke with a honeyed tone.

"Oh, does that table include you and Sansa?"
Nodding, Lollys smiled back.

"Then you can keep your invitation, Lollys. I am a bit of a loner. I lead, I don't mix into the crowd. Just because Sana is always at the fringe of crowd, it's not the same as being in front of it. Don't think that by being friends with her it will get you anywhere. Her power is gone, her family is gone. All she has left is a family friend and myself to care for her."

Lollys stopped smiling and Jorah leaned back on the couch but moved closer to the purple haired woman to show solidarity.

"Cersei, you aren't leading anything right now. You are right here with the rest of us rabble. How does it feel? Your own family threw you over and into your very own created hell hole. Just because the doctor hasn't tested on you yet doesn't mean it isn't coming. You will be just as fucked up and trapped as we are. You ARE already fucked up though, otherwise you wouldn't be in here."

Standing up, Cersei went to slap the woman but Lollys stood to meet her with a wide lunatic grin.

"Are you sure, are you that sure you can take me, bitch? Because I have beaten tough men into the ground when I need something from them. So go on, give me that slap. Then I am going to make sure no one ever thinks you are pretty again. I will pound that classic face into a whole new shape."

Jorah stood and everyone's attention was on the showdown.

Pushing forward, Sansa tried to touch Lollys's shoulder.

"SHAME!"

"This is how you use your personal therapy and rest time? By fighting and threatening each other? There is no fighting allowed at any point. No physical contact of any kind. Both of you will come with me, now."

Lollys cursed but followed, receiving a sympathetic hug from Sansa on her way by.

After a moment, Cersei followed as well but stopped to throw the chess board across the room, the checkers falling everywhere.

Stannis cried out in true despair and Theon snarled for Cersei to go fuck herself.

Sansa slid along the wall and peeked out the door.

Within moments she was almost beheaded by the crush of bodies forcing her head into the metal doorway.

"Perhaps the two of you need a better punishment than confinement to your rooms. You cannot seem to manage yourselves so let me give you both something constructive to do."

To their horror, Unella dropped gloves, a bucket, sponges and soap in front of them.
"I will not. I am not cleaning staff, I am a patient, a client. This is abusive and I will report you to Qyburn."

Unella stared at Cersei then spoke clearly, knowing all of the patients were listening.

"Your father has given me the run and rule of this ward, not the doctor. And he has given me leave to change things however needed to lower our costs and make things work smoother, better. This is not punishment, really. It's therapy for you, Cersei. A little hard work and humility is always good for the soul and mind. Now, scrub this hallway and if you do not do a good job of it, you have two more hallways to this ward."

Lollys saw the look in the nurse's eye and from experience she knew when to surrender.

With a scowl, Lollys drew on the gloves and went to fill the bucket with water.

However, she kept her back and head arched so she could still see the two women staring each other down.

"I don't give a fuck what my father has said or done. I own this ward, I pay you and I am your employer. I am not going to follow your rules or take your stupid punishments. I am not going to cry or confess or scrub floors and there is no chance in hell that I am going to have therapy circles with you."

Nurse Unella drew to her full height and sternly studied Cersei’s features as if she were a new but repulsive alien form.

Sansa popped out of the bodies and onto the hall floor, gasping, holding her bruised neck.

The others seemed to all get stuck in the door and it would spit them out one by one.

No one could bear to miss this show down.

Meryn was under a table, watching while furiously flogging himself.

Gregor leaned against the hallway wall, watching with intense eyes at the snarling bitches.

Cersei lifted her chin and rolled her shoulder slightly as Unella's mouth opened.

"Your father owns your money, your bank, your little companies, he owns this clinic and he pays me. As I obeyed you to the letter, I shall obey his rules. I despised you and your high society fake interest, your wasting patient time with dumb things. This was your dollhouse and these sick people were the dolls. Guess what, dear? You are in the dollhouse. So get your bucket and gloves then get to scrubbing, doll."

Lollys dropped her bucket, mouth open, uncaring that the water was spilling all around her feet, suds everywhere.
Cersei slapped Nurse Unella with every bit of fury and grief her entire body had.

Unella's face flew to the side and she made a grimace.

Her broad, hard calloused hand slammed into Cersei's delicate bone structure and bruised her right cheekbone.

Gregor was between them then, holding each woman in his hands.

Meryn moaned in release, the others all crept closer to see if the giant would kill the women.

"Let me go, Gregor. Right now. Remember that I am your superior, she is the out of control client."

Unella's sharp voice made the man snarl in her face, but he released her.

"You are fighting the patient, I thought I should intervene. Should I call Qyburn and have him look at the bruise you've given Cersei?"

Eyes narrowing at the thinly veiled threat, Unella sneered up at him.

"I needed a quick way to snap her out of it. Qyburn has no interest in bruises. No one does. Thank you for defusing the situation, Gregor."

Unella looked at Cersei, still held by a large hand on her shoulder.

"As I said, you will scrub this hallway. Now."

"As I said, fuck off."

A scream ripped through the air, a scream never heard in these halls before, high pitched and anguished.

Unella snarled for Gregor bring Cersei to her room and she ran to Walda's room.

Poor Walda had become concerned the yelling would wake the baby and went to check on it.

Not only was the cradle empty but every single baby item was destroyed or missing.

The room was covered in disgusting child porn featuring infants and toddlers.

Gregor had to restrain the hysterical woman while Unella searched the other rooms.

The patients followed and the destruction was enough to ensue chaos.

Gregor couldn't restrain everyone all at once nor could Unella sedate them all quickly.
And Unella knew exactly who to blame for this fuckery, the bitch smirking at her from her room.

The plastic baby was of course found in Meryn's room, at least it's torso was.

Meryn complained when it was removed from him.

Then he figured out his entire hidden stash of porn was missing and started raging in his doorway at everyone.

Stannis stood staring at his one picture of his daughter and wife, now ripped into a thousand pieces he cannot put back together.

Lollys started kicking walls and screaming that she would murder a cunt when she discovered every letter or picture of Bronn was destroyed.

Loras screeched when he saw the small things he received from his sister and grandmother destroyed.

It was the framed picture that he had of Renly, his only one that did him in.

The sight of the clawed up face without eyes, it started those tears again.

This time the tears didn't stop and Loras didn't start up, he wasn't moving or speaking.

Sansa shrugged off her destroyed make up and hair items, Petyr didn't let her have any family mementos.

She stood in the doorway and instead felt terrible pain for the others.

Theon was hyperventilating, trembling as he stared with numb horror at his walls.

In thick make up that belonged to Lollys and Sansa, the walls declared that Ramsay loves Reek.

Sansa had heard of Ramsay's pet name for Theon, how he was tortured into accepting it, believing it.

They all heard it in therapy many times, but only Cersei heard it in therapy for the first time yesterday morning.

Numbly, Sansa turned to look at the smirking woman leaning in her doorway fully enjoying her show.

"I used to admire you. What an idiot I was. Why would I ever want to be something as low and cruel as you?"
Cersei smirked at Sansa.

"You simpering foolish girl. Finally you start to grow up and take off your rose colored glasses. Finally you start to see past your fairy tale world. Too late to become morally aware now, Sansa. Petyr is fucking me over and I have no further use for you. I'm going to murder Petyr and you can rot in here along with Loras. Now shut up, I'm trying to enjoy this, it's dreadfully boring in here usually."

Lollys found herself in restraints along with Walda as she tried to rush at Cersei.

Jorah stood in his room, staring at the destroyed picture he had hidden of Dany, his stance was similar to Loras's.

It took until supper for Unella to restore some semblance of order and schedule.

Only Sansa, Lollys and Hodor made it for dinner.

Hodor was the only person whom Cersei had not messed with.

Walda and Theon had to be brought to the lab with Qyburn.

Loras and Jorah had to be fed by tube as they wouldn't respond to anyone.

Stannis had tried to make it for supper but lost his control at the sight of chicken noodle soup and peanut butter sandwiches.

Rarely has Unella shown pity and offered mercy for it but she led Stannis back to his room.

She brought him a box of crackers she found in the pantry along with canned peaches.

Gregor brought Cersei a tray of supper in her room and Unella said nothing.

When Raff and Polliver arrived, Gregor and Unella looked ready to fall over.

Unella explained the day and evening as clinically and straight as she could but she saw the men have trouble with their expressions.

"Walda and Theon will not return from the lab until tomorrow morning. Keep a careful eye upon Loras and Jorah, make sure they do not slip into an actual catatonic state. If you feel any concern, Raff, call the doctor, then myself. Have a good evening, gentlemen."

As soon as Gregor got into his car and drove off, Unella climbed out of the bushes and headed back into the clinic.
Raff was passing out night medications and Polliver had just brought Cersei hers.

He had locked Cersei in her room, deciding it was best not to allow the woman out among the others.

All the clients were given an extra sedative to calm them all down.

Both Polliver and Raff were shocked and confused to see Unella come marching back in.

"What's wrong?"

Ignoring Raff's question, Unella put her purse back down and took her coat off.

"Everything is calm, is fine. We locked Cersei in her room and the others just took their pills."

Unella nodded and held out her hand to Polliver.

"Give me the key for her room, now. Do not call Gregor, do not call Dr. Qyburn and remember that I am your boss, not them. You will attend and assist me with some therapy for Cersei. If you cannot follow my orders then resign and leave the building."

Blinking, Polliver stammered but handed over the key ring.

Raff looked like he would rather quit but didn't quite dare to.

"Fine. But you know we are friends with Gregor and we support Cersei as long as he does. We will only do what we must and not a bit more and if it involves hurting her, forget it. We need these jobs, I am four fucking classes away from graduation and becoming just as fancy as you. Can't mess it up now. So yes, boss, what do you want us to do, but it's Gregor you'll have to deal with tomorrow over whatever this is."

Unella backed the handsome frat-boy into the wall and spoke with cold contempt.

"Your parents paid for you to go to medical school. You drank, partied and raped your way through school. You could have been a doctor, a surgeon if you had just studied. That shabby excuse for a school you go to now, they lie if they tell you that your papers could ever mean you equal to me in nursing. You are the last person to be in charge of a mentally unstable person. So yes, if you'd like to keep your desperately needed job, you will keep your mouth shut and follow my orders. The only reason you got this position was due to Gregor asking Cersei for it. No respectable place would take you with your grades and that tag of repeat sexual offender upon you."

Raff clenched his teeth and fists but didn't respond while Polliver just stood there, dumbfounded.
Unella stormed down the hall with the keys clenched in her hand.

Lollys, Sansa and Hodor just happened to be in the hall, leaning there, watching with dull, sedated interest.

Meryn came out of his room and sat on the floor.

Unlocking the door, Unella went into Cersei’s room and smiled grimly at her.

"I warned you. This isn't your dollhouse anymore. I hope you had a great enjoyment of your sadistic games today. Did you? I am sure that you did. Your power is over, these little games you play to hurt others is over. My dollhouse, my dolls and my rules. Gentlemen, please escort Cersei into the common room."

Reluctantly, Polliver and Raff took Cersei's arms and dragged her down the hall as gently as they could.

Cersei was walking with dignity and kept barking at the men to release her arms and let her walk alone.

"They walk you because I told them to. It's called following orders, Cersei, you will learn all about that."

Unella didn't care that the patients were following her to the common room.

This was a good lesson for all of them in a way, so let them watch.

Even Stannis, Loras and Jorah have emerged for this, the driving need to see vengeance upon Cersei.

"Put Cersei in a chair and restrain her there, please."

The men looked up at Unella and she glared at them.

"Put the patient in a chair and restrain her to it. Now."

Cursing, Polliver got the padded leather cuffs for ankles and wrists while Raff dealt with Cersei.

"How dare you! Unella, you go too far! Do not! Raff, get off me, I won't sit, stop! NO!"

It took both men to restrain Cersei to the chair and they winced at her hissed threats.

"I don't want to do this, I don't have a choice!"

Cersei glared at Polliver and then spit in his face, then tried to bite Raff.

Unella grimly warned Cersei that they could get a muzzle if needed.
After Cersei was restrained, the two men backed away and Unella nodded at them.

"Thank you, gentlemen. I can handle it from here and I will call you if I need you."

"Uh, maybe one of us should stay?"

Unella stared through Raff's head and into the cosmos.

Shivering, Raff grabbed Polliver's arm and they left the room.

Hodor held the door for them and shut it when they left.

All of the patients but Walda and Theon were in the room.

Unella walked to stand before Cersei, who was struggling, her hair flying everywhere.

"Gregor will kill you for me. He will crush your bones, slowly and you'll scream while I watch."

"You are nothing but another patient. You are no different, you have no status here. You do not rule, you do not order or recieve special treatment anymore. You keep thinking you are better than the other patients, it was funny to destroy their items. They are your special projects that you can play with until they break. Not anymore. You are the special project now. I plan on making you the new lab tester as soon as possible. I am sure Qyburn can be convinced by Tywin if not by me."

Lollys cackled softly and even Stannis seemed pleased by this on his stoic face.

Unella looked over at the others and waved them forward.

"You may sit in the chairs. You deserve to watch some of Cersei's therapies. And let this also serve as an example of what length I am willing to go to give each of you the exact treatments you need and deserve."

They each slid into a seat, eager to watch the bitch's downfall but nervous of this new version of Unella.

The woman looked taller, fuller and for some reason in that grey dress, she looked like one of those stone goddess statues.

"Let's work on your vanity, maybe help you feel more like those of us on lesser levels than your used to. How about a hair cut, dolly? Yes, good, let us start with that."

Cersei screamed and swore as Unella got a pair of scissors and began to cut the golden locks away.

Raff peeked in but Hodor shut the door in his face and leaned against it.

The way Cersei kept whipping her head around, Unella was going to scalp her.

Already Unella has accidentally stabbed her in the head and almost took out an eye.
"Stay still, woman! It's a hair cut not a damned lobotomy!"

Yet Cersei was too enraged to calm herself and tried to headbutt Unella, almost knocking the chair over.

Lollys stood up and without a word, grabbed Cersei’s head, steadying it.

"You filthy little gutter rat! Get off me, let go of my head before I get lice from you!"

Cheerfully, Sansa leaned forward to offer reassurance.

"Don't worry! Lice are easy to remove from really short hair."

Everyone laughed but Cersei and Unella.

The nurse was intent upon her work and her ruthless eyes held a gleam of true joy.

A few gouges on the scalp that Unella quickly attended to and it was done.

Loras scrambled to grab a mirror and let Cersei see her new style.

Bloodstained blonde hair stuck out unevenly all over her scalp, the world's worst crew cut.

Cersei’s feet were hidden under long blonde tresses and the woman cursed them all.

"Everyone of you are guilty in my abuse. You will all pay, one way or another, I promise you. I swear it and a-"

The entire room, except for Hodor and Unella recited that a Lannister always pays their debts, then laughed.

"That's fine. Laugh, enjoy this. You will all see, when my wrath comes down on each of you, you'll know it. And you'll beg my forgiveness to make your hell end. Or maybe I will have you truly ended."

"Cersei, you still have a floor to mop."

Cersei stared up at Unella in true amused surprise.

"Bitch, it takes more than a bad haircut and a little scalping to make me mop your fucking floors. I don't care if you leave me here all night in this chair or give me a bad manicure. Go fuck yourself. If you were smart, you'd be running for your life right now. Once Gregor sees this, once my family hears of this-"

Unella turned away and looked at Lollys.

"Please ready the mop bucket in the hallway for Cersei."
Hodor held the door open for Lollys to leave but shut it before Polliver or Raff could get a good look inside.

Unella had Meryn and Jorah release Cersei from her restraints.

The woman came up swinging but was taken down by the most unexpected source.

Walda hit Cersei's face with a chubby fist full of fury for her lost baby.

Unella grimly looked at the angry patients with satisfaction.

"Drag her to the hallway, please."

Cersei fought but was easily taken by the group into the hallway.

Hodor simply held the door but looked down as if ashamed at everyone's behavior as they went by.

Cersei was shoved in front of the bucket and handed gloves by Lollys.

The gloves were smacked hard into Lollys's face followed by a glob of mucus.

"Ugh, you cunt!"

Lollys rubbed at her face as Unella kicked Cersei's legs out from under her.

Cersei was on her knees in front of the bucket, her forehead whacking into the hard plastic bucket.

Before she could rise Unella's strong hands pushed her face into the soapy water.

She heard Raff and Polliver protesting, she heard Hodor sobbing, but the others all cheering.

If this doesn't kill her, Cersei will have one hell of a list of promises to keep.

Unella dunked the woman at least four times before Cersei gave in.

Everyone watched with a cold hard satisfaction as the bully was bullied and mopped the floor.

Raff and Polliver stood with Hodor, trying to calm the crying, moaning giant.

They were thinking of a giant too, one that will make them cry and moan when he hears what they stood by and watched.
The Rise Of Nurse Unella

Every client on the floor was up earlier than usual.
They were up early enough to watch Unella go into the kitchen and begin to boil the eggs.
Without a word, Lollys started the toast and Sansa set out the jam, plates and silverware.

Hodor held the swinging door as she went in and out of the room.
Stannis made sure chairs were set correctly, exactly.
Loras retrieved the napkins and cups.
Meryn pulled out the milk and found an ancient box of cereal that Unella made him throw away.

Jorah opened the cans of peaches and poured them into little bowls.
Polliver and Raff both found reasons to be there, perhaps to inspect the work of the others.
Cersei emerged from her room but to stand in front of the elevators doors, waiting for Gregor.
Until Unella called out to her.

"No idle hands, Cersei. Either return to your room until it is time to eat or help out. Shell these eggs."

No one admitted that they were all watching that elevator door.
They all knew they might see murder before their very eyes.
Yet Unella's confident demeanor and new attitude made them all wonder if she might win this round after all.

Cersei gave Unella a smirk and then went into the kitchen.

"Sure, Nurse Unella. No problem at all."

Her broken fingernails and bleach rash caused her to hiss and fumble with the cooling eggs as she shelled them.

"Run the eggs under the cool water, Cersei. During medication line later, remind me to give you a cream for those hands."

Lollys grinned openly at Cersei but the elevator doors slid open and all attention was riveted to
Gregor's arrival.

Gregor stepped onto the floor and instantly he sensed how wrong things seemed.

It might have been a sixth sense or an instinct.

Or it could have been the pale faces of Raff and Polliver, who looked like they were little boys with upset tummies.

Perhaps the fact that everyone was awake an hour early, helping out willingly and all now staring at him.

Mostly it was probably seeing Cersei look like a fucked up version of G.I. Jane after the beating scene.

The clients literally dove and rolled, as did Polliver and Raff to get out of the way, as Gregor thundered forward like the Incredible Hulk.

"WHAT THE FUCK?"

Cersei gave a hateful smirk to Unella as the nurse straightened up and walked to meet the man halfway.

"The patient is fine. You of all people should understand the need for tough love in therapy, Gregor. So many of our patients have been a recipient to your tough love therapies here. I gave it a try and combined it with my own unique ways. Cersei has been treated for minor wounds by both myself and Raff. On the other hand, the patient is now calm and responsive to orders. Which is exactly what I reported to both Dr.Qyburn and Tywin himself an hour ago."

Gregor loomed over Unella, breathing like a bull, veins popping, muscles flexing in rage as if he were a wrestle trying to intimidate his opponent for the cameras.

Lollys whispered to Sansa from where they crouched under the pantry counter.

"We should be all betting on this fight. I mean, Gregorstein vs. Cuntella is our biggest event of this year except for Society Bitch vs. Cuntella. Why aren't we running a fight club here?"

Gregor's ham sized hands clenched open and shut as if already feeling Unella's neck in their grasp.

"Your protector is in here under my care. If you commit murder, if you even break one of my bones, who will keep you from prison or execution? Can you be sure that Tywin would use his money or hers for your defense?"

"Lady, at the very fucking least you deserve a good fucking punch to your mouth."

"Really? Do it and I'll fire you. Then Cersei has no protection and you have no job, no one at all with a giving wallet."
Everyone held their breath as Gregor's hands came up and headed slowly for Unella's throat.

She stood still and stared into the man's beady eyes.

Gregor's hands shook as they were inches from her neck and then he turned away to smash a hole into the wall with his fist.

Unella said nothing as she went back to fixing breakfast but Sansa noticed her hands were slightly shaking.

They ate silently, Cersei sat alone, closest to the hallway door.

She consoled herself by hearing Gregor injure the two useless staff members that allowed Unella to treat Cersei the way she did.

Cersei made sure that Gregor would tell the boys why they were being hurt and that they owed her.

Raff and Polliver left with injuries and a clear understanding that they owed Cersei some favors.

Unella called for a patient meeting and stood before them.

"To cut costs, we have decided to let go of most of our janitorial staff and as you know we have no more catered meals. As a good part of therapy, we shall take on these things ourselves. It is your home and your meals, surely you should be responsible for some of that. A goal, a focus and hard work will help you all immensely. I shall hand out a list of the chores and everyone's schedule."

Qyburn came by with Walda and Theon who would remain in their rooms for another day or two.

He wasn't happy with Cersei's wounds nor Unella's methods.

Gregor bent his ear sideways over it and Qyburn had Cersei scream into his other ear as he tended to her.

He gave them both an apologetic shrug and he swept out his hands in a helpless gesture.

"There isn't anything I can do at the moment. Your father knows exactly what is happening, Unella informs him. If I try to go against your father or Unella, I could lose the lab, you could lose me completely. I am doing all I can to create a backup for us all, if we need to we should be able to flee this place. But these things take time."

Cersei and Gregor weren't happy with this response but Qyburn shrugged again.

"If Tywin comes in here right now, do you know what he will see? He will briefly question his daughter's awful haircut, her few cuts and bruises. Then he will see that all the patients are cleaning, cooking, doing laundry and are quiet, orderly. He will see that Unella has kept her word of a stricter ward, on keeping a lower, better budget. That is all he will see and care about. We have
no way to publicly challenge Unella right now. Not in a way that will be heard or cared about."

Cersei smirked and looked up at Gregor sweetly, her voice sharp and silky.

"That is alright. We know how to work within a system, don't we? The night staff and Gregor can assist me in finding creative ways to help bring both Cuntella and my father down. And I want these fucking zoo exhibits to all pay as well. Leave that nice doorman alone, however. The poor imbecile is helpless and sweet. Always has a picture and a smile when he holds the door for me. He cried when they hurt me, you know. Poor senseless thing. Gregor, that Hodor is under my protection, be nice to him. When I am out of here, I think I might pull Hodor out. He can work for me as my doorman, have a tiny place of his own at my building."

The giant sighed and nodded.

Cersei turned to Qyburn with ice in her eyes.

"We will expect your assistance as needed."

"My dear, you have always had my support and loyalty. That would never waver or change. And I will help in anyway that I can."

Qyburn watched as Cersei planned and her eyes grew clearer with each wicked idea she voiced.

"My dear, I do believe your therapy answer is right in front of you. The need for revenge is steadying you and mentally restoring you. How amazing, I must add this into my journal later."

More might have been said but a sharp knock upon the door interrupted them.

"Just a quick reminder, doctor? The patients all must attend group therapy unless in an official appointment or emergency treatment. You have no scheduled time with Cersei today until four this afternoon. Cersei, you have ten minutes to be on time for group."

Qyburn was speechless with insult and Cersei desperately wanted to drink Unella's blood after ripping her throat out.

Unella shut the door and walked away, ignoring hearing the door open then shut again behind her.

Sansa was right there, inspecting the walls to make sure they still existed.

Unella heard Gregor grumble out at Sansa while still following her.

"Stark, you nosy bitch, go fuck off somewhere before I fuck you up."

Taking the bait, Unella snapped over her shoulder to the obnoxious man.

"No swearing!"

There was a gasp from Sansa and before Unella could turn, Gregor had her.
He shoved Unella into a closet and followed her inside.

After slamming the door shut, he fumbled to find the light.

Unella stifled a cry, feeling Gregor take up all the small space and she ran her hands across the shelves fast.

The light came on, blinding her and then Gregor had his large hand upon her throat, slamming her hard into the shelves.

Crying out in pain, seeing stars briefly, Unella clutched something in her hand, raising it.

Gregor glanced at her hand and started to laugh.

"You have a marker. What are you going to do, write that I'm shameful on my forehead? I could crush you, bitch. With one fucking hand I could strangle you to death or with a single twitch I could break your little neck."

"You can. And where will that leave you? Going to prison and this time without any help getting out. I know you and Cersei think she will get out of here soon. But her father is healthy, strong and not particularly interested in labs or his daughter's pet projects. This place will close without me and she will be shut in a much worse place by her father then. And where does that leave you and Qyburn?"

Sneering, Gregor tightened his hold upon Unella's neck and bent to stick his face into hers.

"Oh, don't worry, I know we need you right now. I am aware I can't hurt you yet. I know I must obey you right now. We all will just like good doobies. But you will fall and when you do, I want you to understand that I will be there to catch you and crush you lower. It's all you, all your turn right now, so enjoy the taste of power and revenge. Take it all in."

Unella has never backed down in her life and even this barbarian and his threats will not stop her.

"I am taking it all in. I am also actually trying to heal our patients rather than just use them as lab rats now. As I am ordered to do. That includes healing Cersei. So if you will let me get back to my job, Gregor, the quicker I can heal your goddess."

Gregor growled in her face, gnashing his teeth as if he longed to eat her features off.

"Cersei is not my goddess. You have no idea what she is to me, cunt. Do you have any idea what I am going to be for you someday?"

"Let me guess, my worst nightmare? The boogeyman coming to kill me? Bring it, Gregor. I am not afraid to die, I believe in doing what we can until we rot away. So if it is my time to go after I have achieved my goals here, so be it. Go ahead and snap my neck or crush my skull when I am done."

Gregor grinned slowly as if a horrid idea has occurred to him and he leaned closer, pressing her into the shelves.
Wincing, Unella tried to breathe while still maintaining eye contact.

"I'm going to make you believe in a god, Unella."

He stood away and opened the closet door.

"I am writing you up for swearing."

"Course you are, bitch. You are three minutes late for your therapy group, Nurse, better hurry."

Unella tried to catch her breath and ignore her back and neck ache as she rushed past Gregor, checking her watch.
Once everyone was seated at therapy, Unella asked if anyone would like to start them off.

Instantly Hodor's arm raised and Unella nodded, looking somewhat despondent.

Only Cersei looked attentively at the large upset man who sobbed and spoke at length of holding the door.

Unella tried to cut him off at three minutes but Cersei intervened sweetly. "Just because you cannot understand the poor man doesn't mean he doesn't deserve your attention. Everyone else would get to speak for much longer. Isn't it therapeutic for Hodor to feel heard and valued?"

Everyone including Unella leaned back and internally died for twenty minutes.

Cersei kept patting Hodor's shoulder and encouraging him to let it all out.

Finally the man blew his nose into a tissue and quieted down.

"Thank you, Hodor, for your input. I am sorry that you felt so sad about what happened yesterday. I regret that force does have to be used on the rare occasion. Who is next?"

Lollys grinned and leaned forward.

"Can I say that I don't feel for once that you were too harsh. I am not ready to exchange recipes or shit with you, but I am willing to do chores if Cersei is doing them too. It's worth a little scrubbing and mucking if I have the joy of seeing the queen do it."

Lollys looked at Cersei with a very dramatic thumbs up and reassuring booming voice.

"I for one, love that haircut by the way, sweetie! I say you can rock Carol Brady, don't let anyone tell you different."

Unella allowed Lollys to finish but then firmly said that the therapy circle was for only constructive words.

Stannis was next and he went on at great length to speak of how he could help with chores provided things do not mix.

Meryn wanted to know who was replacing the lovely porn since Cersei stole it and Unella has since destroyed it.

Sansa and Jorah said nothing at all and Unella let it go as they usually do speak.
"Cersei, I think it's time that you added something, don't you?"

Looking up at Unella, eyes flashing dangerously, Cersei smirked, sitting straighter in her chair.

"I would just love to share with all of you. Let's see, I am here because my father is a rather egocentric, crusty old fuck who only loves his family name, reputation, money and power. I embarrassed the family and that is not forgivable in his eyes. This is my punishment until father decides to forgive me. It didn't matter that I was wild with grief for my poor murdered boy. Not the little one that jumped out of a window when I wasn't there to stop him. No, this was my older son that was poisoned and died in my arms. How many of you have held a child you created and raised as they choked and died in great agony? How many of you felt that kind of horrid helplessness? Who can relate with me? You are right, Unella, I feel so much better reliving those moments. Thank you."

Hodor sobbed again and patted Cersei’s hand awkwardly.

After therapy, chores were begun and Stannis found himself in the kitchen with Lollys to make lunch.

"Lollys, you are the only one I know can cook. After you make lunch, I would like you to create a menu. I will go over what we can get at the grocery store to accommodate it. In the meantime, be creative if you can. Stannis, see if the kitchen duty works out for you. We will switch you if it doesn't go well."

Lollys and Stannis took stock of the kitchen and pantry.

To Stannis's delight, the kitchen worked out wonderful for him.

He arranged spices, pots, pans, dishes and loved his system created for the dishwasher.

Stannis loved to slice and chop things into piles, lines and battalions for Lollys to put together.

He always turned away before she combined anything.

With sheer delight, Stannis assisted Lollys in putting together a grocery list and menu.

Cersei found herself scrubbing the floors again but took comfort in seeing Sansa doing the same.

Jorah washed all the windows then cleaned the arts and craft room and Meryn bitched mightily as he cleaned the bathrooms.

However, he left several presents of semen in the ladies room that Unella sent him right back in to clean once discovered.

Hodor took care of trash and cleaned the commons room.

Loras organized and cleaned the cafeteria and the tv room.
They all took turns doing laundry and setting up, plus cleaning up after meals.

It was discovered that Theon and Jorah had some handyman skills that were immediately put to use.

Sansa began to learn how to cook so Lollys had a back up.

Walda took longer than Theon to come around but she was eventually up and about.

She automatically chose to take on dusting and vacuuming.

Tywin came through at the end of the month and heartily approved of what he saw both in person and on the books.

Unella had managed to not only keep within budget but even had a little extra left over, Tywin was impressed.

The patients were fed, medicated, cared for in all basic needs, yet they were not only receiving therapy but they worked for all they had.

He did stop before his daughter briefly and made a comment that he liked her new hairstyle, it was neat and clean.

"You are calm, you are being useful and according to Nurse Unella, you are fully taking part in your therapy and care here. I am almost pleased with you for once. Let's keep it that way and maybe you will leave here before your hair grows too long again."

Sansa was nearby pretending to read and saw the brief flash in Cersei's eyes of pure rage and hurt.

Whether Tywin saw it or not, she didn't know but he walked away from his daughter without even saying goodbye.

Lollys was sitting next to Sansa pretending to nap and whispered.

"Man, daddy just gave a sick burn. No wonder why Cersei can take so much thrown at her and come up snarling. Holy shit."

Cersei narrowed her eyes and smirked at Lollys.

"Does it feel nice to see someone actually have it worse than you? Or is it just nice to have company at rock bottom? Must get lonely always being there."

Lollys burst out laughing and nudged Sansa.

"Did you hear that? Cersei thinks she has it worse than me. Who gives you the right to judge each person's mental health issues and weigh them accordingly?"

Cersei gave a look of intense curiosity and sympathy as she tilted her head to speak earnestly to Lollys.
"Does your darling husband truly know everything you've done for drugs? Did he pimp you out or make you do dirty things for him or others when he was your dealer? Does he understand what you might still do? How far do you think you might sink next time? How long would it be before Bronn gave up on you?"

Sansa jumped up before Lollys could and faced Cersei, smiling politely, cheerily.

"Wow, those are some great questions! Maybe you should bring them up to her during therapy group tomorrow? Lollys, I think we have somewhere else to be."

Cersei watched as Sansa dragged off Lollys, who allowed it, but gave two middle fingers to her nemesis until they were out of sight.

Unella was thrilled, things were going smoothly.

Tywin was pleased and even mentioned a possible promotion or raise in her future.

All the patients were taking part in the chores and therapy without complaint, except for Meryn, he complained plenty, but that didn't count.

Even Cersei was obeying and taking part in both chores and therapy.

The staff might not like Unella or the changes, but they were doing their jobs.

Unella longed to replace them but Tywin felt as long as they did the basics of their work it would suffice.

She should have seen it coming.

Things were going too well and Unella knew the others would try something.

The sabotage started within a week after Tywin's glowing report.

First the clients would suddenly go missing, usually when they were supposed to be in therapy or chores.

Qyburn would steal them fast for shocks or other treatments.

One minute Lollys would be making a chicken pot pie, the next she was screaming as her brain sizzled in the lab.

Medications were switched by the doctor and the side effects were worse than usual.

Jorah got a rash so bad his entire arm was covered and needed to be wrapped with special ointments.
Sansa ended up with a drooling problem that created repulsive blisters on her chin and she had to keep a cloth at her mouth most of the time.

Loras not only began to flap again to his extreme upset but it was so bad this time he couldn't feed himself or help with chores at all.

As soon as Unella would find medications to slip them that would ease their symptoms, Qyburn would switch to another drug or client.

The rest of the staff got involved as well and Cersei watched gleefully as Unella went crazy trying to keep damage control.

Sansa and Lollys were doing laundry after supper during shift change, having no idea that the fuckery was about to begin.

They were washing everyone's bed sheets, the windows wide open so they could smoke a cigarette and blow smoke out of the bars into the night.

"Okay, lookee here, the bitch's sheets are silk and scented. Oops, I accidentally washed them in with the regular stuff, oh well, guess it's gonna be silk with a starchy feel to it. I mean, Meryn's sheets are in here, we have to wash it with as much chemical as possible."

Giggling, Sansa watched as Lollys gleefully added extra harsh soap to Meryn and Cersei's sheets.

"I'm having my first drool and rash free day, so do as you will!"

The door swung open and shut without a sound and they didn't see the men until it was too late.

"Oh dear, Polliver, our naughty little girls are smoking! Now, I am trying to recall Nurse Unella's rules on smoking. Do you remember the rule on it, buddy?"

Nodding, an ugly scowling grin grew upon the orderly's face.

"Yes, I do remember, Nurse Raff. Smoking is not allowed. At all."

Raff's hand grasped Sansa's wrist tightly as she went to pitch the cigarette out the window.

His other hand grabbed her braid at its roots and anchored her head.

The glowing embers came close slowly towards Sansa's face.

"Now why would a pretty thing like you want to smoke? It ruins your skin, your teeth and makes your breath smell terrible. And really, all an empty headed, aimless, useless thing like you really has is looks, why fade them early?"

Sansa whispered a fast apology as the warmth of the lit end traveled up her cheek then began to singe her eyelashes.

"Please! Sorry, I'm sorry!"
Lollys tried to protest but Polliver slammed the baton into her stomach, knocking her to her knees to gag.

As soon as Sansa yelled out her apology in a desperate voice, Raff dropped the cigarette and stepped on it.

The hand in Sansa's hair tightened and Raff smiled as the girl cried out, tears ran down her porcelain cheeks.

Raff leaned in, his body grinding against hers and he whispered, his voice commanding yet smooth like a lover's.

"I could have burnt your lovely eye out. What are you besides a pretty thing with a swollen lips any guy would want wrapped around their cock? Hmmm? You don't want to play with me? Aww...tell you what. You give me one kiss, I'll let you go, I promise."

"One kiss and you will let me go?"

Raff nodded and Sansa took a deep breath, leaning forward slightly her lips touched his fast.

A booing sound from Polliver and Lollys regained her breath to yell out.

"Nasty! Sansa, we will have use the laundry soap on your lips now!"

Rolling his eyes, Raff sneered at Lollys.

"Don't worry, we'll get to you in a minute, skank."

"Oh great! Thanks. Because I was feeling a bit left out, you know."

Sansa heard another "oomph" sound from Lollys as Polliver's baton caught her solar plexus.

Raff pressed Sansa hard into the wall and forced her head forward with her braid turned leash.

"A real kiss if you want me to let you go, Sansa."

Sansa consoled herself that at least Raff was handsome on the outside and it wasn't Polliver.

She kissed him, her mouth partly open and his tongue thrust into her mouth.

After a moment, Raff pulled back then seemed to consider something.

He spit on the ground, wiped his lips and grimaced, looking over at Polliver.

"Her mouth tastes like a fucking ashtray. Pretty on the outside but disgusting on the inside. How disappointing. Sansa. Truly, you really are good for nothing at all. You aren't even worth RAPING, girl."

Lollys cackled as she climbed back to her feet again.

"Hear that, Sansa? Not even worth a good rape. You must feel so disappointed."
Pushing away from Sansa, releasing the punishing hold on her thick red braid, Raff sauntered towards Lollys.

"Our pretty, boring little good doll Sansa didn't become naughty until she met you, Lollys. You are a terrible influence. I bet you are the one who taught her to smoke. And who stole that cigarette since I highly doubt Sansa has that mindset to steal things. Rich pretty socialites don't steal or prostitute themselves for drugs of any kind. It takes a junkie skank like you to have that reptilian mind set."

Lollys smiled and pushed back her frizzy purple hair to look Raff in the eye.

"Naw, that reptilian mind set can't just be a junkie skank thing...cause you and numbnuts here have that same criminal mindset."

Raff smiled gently and Polliver laughed.

Then the handsome nurse sat upon a washing machine as Polliver slammed Lollys over a dryer.

Her head and chest slammed hard on the hard, thrumming steel, her stomach pressing hard into the side, Polliver's weight holding her down from behind.

"Shit! No! Fuck you both! Fuck you!"

Sansa tried to run forward, she will try to defend her friend with her bare hands if need be.

Raff kicked his leg out and caught her left breast fully with his steel toed sneaker.

She staggered into a chair and leaned over, holding her fully squashed breast, panting in pain.

Even as Sansa writhed in the feeling of having her breast flattened, she wondered how he special ordered steel toe sensible white nursing shoes.

Polliver pushed himself against Lollys to pin her fully, then grabbed her hands.

Humming a jaunty tune, the sadistic man broke small bones, taking his time at it.

Lollys screamed and tried to pull away to no avail.

First Polliver broke both her middle fingers.

"Can you guess who this message is from, huh?"

Lollys shrieked her answer, sweat pouring and pain hoarse in her voice.

"Yes, fucking bad hair Carol fucking Brady, you fucking ape! You fucking cocksucking, motherfucking, squealing bag of dick tips!"

Polliver just smiled and complimented Lollys's unique cursing as he grabbed her thumb and nearly twisted it off.
"One last thumb to go and we are done! There!"

The crack was louder than her scream and Sansa wept for her friend as she cradled her own aching breast.

Polliver walked away whistling as Lollys cradled her hand, staring at her twisted, broken fingers and thumbs.

With an over-dramatic flair and oozing fake sympathy, Raff looked over at Lollys, at her hand.

He smirked and ran his hands through the frizzy hair as Lollys shook in agony.

"Ohhh, that looks really bad. Really painful too. If it gets too much, if the pain gets too much and you need a little edge taken off...you come see me and we can work something out. Have a good evening, girls."

Raff left with Polliver and Sansa rushed to find ice.

Lollys sunk down to the ground and held her hands close to her chest, grimacing, sweating.

"Well, fuck me. Bitch got me after all."
Sansa slid her hand along the wall and slowly walked the hallway.

She was as tired as Lollys was but her friend had needed her so she stayed awake.

Not that she could have slept much anyway, her breast was killing her.

It was nearly as black as her friend's fingers and thumb.

Theon had taken them up onto the roof where Lollys could put her hand directly in the dirty snow.

Sansa had him turn away while she packed some upon her chest.

He also brought them the joint he managed to cage off his sister during their last visit.

It helped both girls as much as the snow did but it wore off within a few hours.

The others slept and the girls paced the hallways, keeping away from the night staff in the nursing station.

By the time Unella showed, Lollys was in a very bad way.

Unella sent her off to Qyburn without a word.

She put ice packs on Sansa's chest and gave her a pill to reduce swelling and pain.

As Raff and Polliver went to leave, Unella blocked them.

"What happened to the girls? Why were they left untreated for so long?"

Both shrugged and their faces shined with innocent confusion.

"They never complained of any injuries to us, sorry."

Unella turned to Sansa and snapped at her.

"What happened? To you and to Lollys last night?"

Sansa looked at her while the two men waited, staring at the redhead.

"A door."

The nurse stared at Sansa, blinking.

"A door?"
"Yes. A door, we had trouble with it. Lollys broke her fingers in it and I hurt my chest in it."

"You expect me to believe that a door broke two middle fingers and two thumbs on Lollys. And that same door also bruised your breast?"

Raff winked at Sansa as he and Polliver headed into the elevator.

She glared back and resisted the urge to stick out her tongue or her own middle fingers.

Sansa was sleep-cooking some scrambled eggs for breakfast.

Stannis was toasting bread, everyone at their morning chores but Lollys who was not returned yet.

"Why? Why didn't you tell me the truth? I would have grounds to fire them. I would protect you and Lollys from this treatment."

Sansa whirled around to look at the nurse, who was lingering in the doorway.

"You can't protect me. No one can protect anyone. Here or in the world outside. If the men had done anything to us and were fired for it, they would find a way. Easily, through Gregor or Cersei and you know that. I won't sweeten your revenge for you at our expense. This was a personal matter and we can handle it ourselves."

Unella shook her head and walked away, biting her lip slightly.

Breakfast was a silent affair and was almost over when Lollys was guided back in by Gregor.

The giant had attended Qyburn with Lollys, leaving Unella to guide the floor by herself.

So it was no surprise that Lollys looked worse when she was plopped into her chair.

Sansa leaned in and peered at her friend's red swollen eyes, dulled with pain.

"You look worse, not better. Did they break anything else or do tests that burn or sizzle again?"

Lollys shook her head while staring at her splinted fingers and thickly wrapped thumbs.

"Nope, the good doctor put both my fingers and my thumbs back to rights. And I screamed the whole fucking time while Gregorstien held me and breathed tuna down my neck. The good doctor told me it would be harmful to my addictive personality to give me even a shot of numbing agents. No, he went straight to his work, taking his fucking time to set each damned little bone. He smiled the whole time like he wanted to play with ALL my bones. I swear to god, Sansa, before I get out of here, I'm gonna get that blonde honey cunt back for this."

By circle time, Lollys was sweating, shaking and was curled into her chair, hands stuck out.

Unella came up to her with a small bowl of applesauce.

She directed Sansa to feed it to her.
"You had no breakfast and must eat to keep up your strength."

Lollys grimaced at the thought of food but nodded.

One bite into it, Lollys winced but gave Unella a look of thanks as she ate it faster.

Theon was sitting next to Sansa and leaned over her to whisper to Lollys.

"She put something good in there for you? Let me have just one bite, payback for the joints, all free ones that I have shared?"

"Fuck off. I know what each pill tastes like and it's only a bit of codeine and acetaminophen. And I need it for broken damned bones."

With a pout, Theon moved off Sansa, who was shoving at him.

Cersei noticed as well and her eyes narrowed briefly, both at Lollys and at Unella.

Walda spoke first, cuddling a rag doll that Unella found at a charity bank nearby.

It was stained and smelled bad even after two washes but it was something until Roose got her a new doll.

"I am really upset...I...it wasn't just....a doll to me!"

Fat tears rolled down her fat face and Walda's voice sounded lost.

"If anyone finds...the rest...please tell me."

Stannis cleared his throat and announced he preferred working with Lollys in the kitchens.

"It is nothing personal, young lady, Ms. Stark. I have grown a system with Lollys that I do not have the patience to teach you. I would prefer another position until Lolly's is able to cook again."

"Who else would like to assist Sansa in the kitchens?"

Meryn offered and Sansa shuddered.

"There is no way I will eat anything that man touched with his hands."

Everyone agreed with Jorah's declaration.

"Then Jorah, you may do it instead. There settled. Stannis you will take on the chores Jorah had."

Cersei came over at lunch to smirk at Lollys.

"Oh your poor hands! It must hurt awfully bad. And how are you going to eat? Would you like me to ask if Unella can feed you? Or Gregor? Perhaps it would be easier to use a feeding tube?"
Lollys grinned as she fumbled with her sandwich and took a huge bite.

Making sure to talk through the half chewed sandwich in her mouth, Lollys responded.

"They do hurt like a bastard, yeah. I'm good though. Might eat a little messy but hey, no chores for a few weeks for me till I heal. Thanks for that, darling. Now that you had your fun, why don't you back the fuck away, eh? The smell of your fancy perfume is getting in the way of this delicious grilled cheese."

Face tightening with disgust and irritation, Cersei looked like a spitting cat, hands curling into claws.

"You are such a nasty, stupid thing. I keep forgetting you are so self destructive. Let me help you with that. I doubt it would take more than a little push, really."

"Listen, cunt-for-brains, I can take pain. I am a nasty whore junkie, just like you said. Do you think I haven't been in pain before? Think I haven't taken a beat down or two before? Bring it, bitch. I will keep coming back, that is problem, you see. I am that destructive when provoked. I won't ever stop coming right back to grin at you. And if you decide that is an invitation to have Gregor eat my lips off so be it. I will find another way to let you know how I feel. If you have me killed, I will find a way to fucking haunt you."

Sansa tensed as Cersei looked as if she might leap at Lollys, who was hungry for it.

Then the woman seemed to collect herself and smiled warmly.

Her voice dripped thick with honey flavored sweetness.

It made Sansa think of glass shards in apple pie.

"You are a strong woman who has seen and done so much in your young years. I agree that you have endured great pain through your own faults. But I disagree that you will last through this as easily as before. You see, before when you got broken bones, you always had a way to get a little something for it. It should be fun to watch. Your slide further down into the gutter. And it will happen because you always fall back into your patterns, don't you? No, I won't ask anyone to touch your lips. I want to be able to hear every word when you come begging me to end it."

Sansa wanted desperately to throw her pudding in the woman's face as Lollys paled further.

She couldn't bring herself to do that, but she did the next best thing.

"Please forgive Lollys for making her perfume joke. We all know your perfume was taken away by Unella. It's just that she is very sensitive to smells and since you get so overheated when upset...well, I could lend you a stronger deodorant, if you'd like?"

Cersei stared at Sansa with wrath and then calmly walked away.

"Nice going, gingersnap. She will get you for that, you know. You'll join me on her shit list now. Last night might have been the only payback but not now. But thank you for defending my honor. I can't believe you just told the queen she smells bad!"
Lollys and Sansa laughed but they were worried. More than worried.

The day wore on and time warred with them.

Time for chores, time to eat, time to read, craft, stare at bad soap operas on the ancient tv, write or watch a fly circle the room.

Sansa had just started to take the onions and peppers Jorah chopped to sauté when the screams ripped through the floor.

Jorah and Sansa ran out into the hallway along with others, Unella in the lead.

They all watched in horror and confusion as Meryn staggered out of his room.

He seemed to be wrestling with a baby doll head that was firmly covering his penis.

Walda took one look and began to shriek then fainted.

Hodor covered his eyes, shaking his head.

"Oh, hold the door!"

Meryn roared at them all to help him, that it was stuck and cutting through him.

After the frozen numbness, came the reactions of Loras and Theon cackling crazily along with Lollys.

"Well, now I have to rip my own eyes out."

Sansa and Jorah stared at each other then at Stannis in agreement.

Snickering, Theon couldn't help himself.

"Meryn, why are you so upset? You are finally getting head from a baby."

Groaning ensued and Theon winced when a well deserved slap hit his head from Jorah.

Nurse Unella and Gregor were unable to get the head off Meryn and had to send him up to Qyburn.

He did not come back by supper and Walda reported with great glee that she heard Unella tell Raff all about it.

"I pretended to be nursing my rag baby so I could listen on her daily report exchange when Mr. Handsome came on shift. Sadly, Meryn wasn't castrated. The cuts were from his freaking out, there was glue filled inside. It was a really strong glue and Meryn was skinned when Qyburn removed all of it. He needs some grafting."

Walda was shining with vengeance served and ate with gusto.

"I'm still telling Roose. I want that man to meet my husband personally if he ever leaves this place."

Almost as if knowing it was coming, Stannis had a tissue ready when Walda burst into tears.
The emotional storm only lasted a moment, then Walda finished her meal, almost defiantly.

Time dragged until the evening medication time was called and they all got into line. Lollys went up to the window after Cersei and Hodor did, the rest behind her. Raff leaned on the counter and smirked, shrugging.

"Sorry, Lollys. I have nothing for you tonight. Sorry."

"What? That isn't possible."

"Doctor left me no orders for medication for you. How do your hands feel by the way?"

Lollys stared at Raff and tried not to freak out.

"My normal medication. My regular medication, I get that. Even if Qyburn changes it, I always have medications. And you know there are two I always get, even when he does make changes. I need my medication, Raff. Come on. You got me, alright? I hurt, I was treated to Qyburn's kind fixing, what more do you want? Please. Just give me my medication."

Raff had a black eye and a split lip from Gregor and it spoiled his angelic looks. Yet he leered and brushed back his hair as if he still looked model perfect then schooled his features into sympathy.

"Gee, I really wish I could. Your usual mood stabilizer and the Valium, right? No can do. Doctor went home for the night and he left no orders for medications for you. Worst thing about being an addictive personality. Even if the drugs can't get you high, you still long for them, fear losing them. Sucks. Really wish I could help you out. Tell you what. You come see me after I am all done and maybe we can work something out. At least for your pain levels."

Lollys seemed to waver and tears filled her eyes briefly.

"Fuck you!"

"Exactly. If you did that, it would be worth a shot of morphine. Or a blow job, but a really good, deep throat full slut kind of one."

"You know we all can hear this, see this, right? You can't do that to her!"

Polliver wandered over and his baton caught Sansa in her back.

"Shut the fuck up. No one wants to hear you."

Raff grinned as Sansa arched in pain then was thrown forward by Polliver.

Lollys moved aside, panting and Sansa found herself facing Raff.

"New medication for you tonight, dear. Enjoy."
Sansa tried to ignore the terrible fire in her back and stared at the two little yellow pills.

"Wh...what are these?"

Polliver tapped his baton lightly upon her ass.

"Take them, you are holding up the line."

Sansa frowned but swallowed the pills and opened her mouth for Raff to check.

Pacing back and forth while the others took their medications, Lollys kept her temper, her cool.

Then suddenly rushed for Cersei, roaring like a deranged person.

"I WILL EAT YOUR FUCKING CUNT FACE OFF AND END IT FOR US BOTH! HOW DOES THAT SOUND, YOU FUCKING HIGH CLASS PIECE OF GLITTERY GOLD SHIT! GIVE ME BACK MY MEDICATION OR I WILL FUCKING END YOU!"

"Lollys! Stop!"

Ignoring Sansa's shocked yell, Lollys barreled into the smirking woman, who met her with claws.

She got in two deep scratches before Lollys took her down and bit onto her nose.

Polliver hit Lollys in the ribs and she fell off the woman.

He followed up with a tremendous slam of shoe down upon Lollys's right hand.

The crack was deafening and Lollys screeched then passed out.

Sansa noted that Qyburn was able to show quickly to examine Cersei's nose but he was still unable to offer medication for Lollys.

Lollys who was still laying upon the tiles, squirming in wordless agony and ignored by the staff.

Hodor carried her to her room and that is when Loras approached Sansa.

"Uh, you okay?"

"Huh? Yeah, just worried for Lollys and wishing she'd bit Cersei's nose off."

Loras nodded but seemed concerned.

"Oh, alright then. Because you normally don't pull your hair out in chunks like that."

When Sansa noticed the red mix of hair and blood falling upon her arms, she screamed.

And screamed more when Loras seemed to melt into the floor.

It took Polliver and Raff to put Sansa into a straitjacket.
They didn't bother to toss her into her room, Cersei seemed to enjoy watching the girl writhe and scream in terror as she tripped into the cosmos.

Cersei walked over to Sansa and touched the oozing red bald spots until Sansa whipped her head away, screeching.

"Can you hear me in your delusional state, dear? Sansa, let me know if you understand my words?"

Every word said echoed painfully on a discordant note inside her skull and Sansa nodded.

"Good. Excellent, dear. You won't probably remember anything beyond nightmares by tomorrow. But I want you to know this at least for right now. I want you to know what really happened to your little siblings. Your brother Jon was stabbed to death in some frozen alleyway. That little brat sister of yours? Stabbed then drowned in a canal. Little Rickon, your baby brother? Shot with an arrow of all things. Can you imagine that? But it killed him. I have some good news though, your brother Bran isn't dead. No, he is in a coma, on life support. If he ever came out of the coma, he would be paralyzed. Your whole family is truly gone to you, Sansa. You are alone in this world. Petyr is all you have left and he will be gone soon too."

Cersei left Sana to scream and wail, thrashing, slamming her head into the wall.

She let Raff rush past her to stop Sansa from bashing her brains out and headed towards Lollys's room.

After staying long enough to hear Lollys crying in sheer agony, Cersei went to her own bedroom.

She masturbated to the sounds of agony and torment outside her door then slept peacefully through the long night.
The First Rule Of Fight Club Is...

Unella was a tense as a bowstring by the next visitors day.

She wanted to wear armor over her nurse uniform against the rush of angry relatives that she is sure will question her.

And if Tywin stops by to see his daughter or the clinic, even armor might not be enough.

Costs were still down, healthy food served and the clients still cared for the basic cleanliness and maintenance of the clinic.

On the other hand, the patients themselves have never been so unhealthy.

Not due to Unella's therapies or chores but Cersei's orchestra of terror.

The patients would rally forth against her and the battles ensued.

The nurse couldn't comprehend how Cersei could command the entire staff but she did.

And the patients rallied against her and the staff or tried to.

Cersei threw up for two straight days after someone put hand sanitize lotion in her bowl of chili.

Since the empty bottle found belonged to Stannis, it made sense that Unella came to work to find the stoic man holding a broken arm.

It became routine to come off the elevator in the morning to find an injured or deranged person sitting there.

Loras with fractured ribs, Theon drooling and shivering, unable to speak curled under his bed.

Once she came in to find Meryn being mercilessly beaten by Walda, who was wielding Sansa's wooden flat hairbrush.

Apparently, the rag doll somehow found it's way into Meryn's room and though he cannot touch himself, he was trying when Walda caught him.

Glass shards somehow appeared in a piece of apple pie that Sansa and Jorah served.

All but Cersei took a piece and she made sure to accidentally knock Hodor's to the floor.

Several mouth cuts were tended and the patients winced while eating for a few meals.

The largest worry was Lollys and Sansa.
Unella tried to warn them away from their battle with Cersei to no avail.

But it was getting dangerous.

Lollys suffered a broken hand along with her fingers and thumbs.

Then four broken toes on her left foot and then a fractured rib.

She looked like a jumpy cage fighter that lost every fight.

Unella knew at night they allowed no pain relief only more pain.

She was shocked when Qyburn took all medication away from Lollys during the day as well, but all Unella could do was hide it in applesauce.

That lasted three days until Gregor confronted her for it.

"I know that you are a specialized nurse but I didn't know you could prescribe medicine. Hand me the applesauce or I tell Qyburn. You will lose your position. And what position does that leave you in when you leave here?"

Unella stared at Gregor's beady sadistic eyes then thrust the bowl at him.

"Fine. Here. I want you to understand what you are doing. Look at these clients! Even Cersei has injuries because of this ridiculous war you have allowed her to have. Is her petty revenge worth all this pain? If the relatives visit and see this, what will happen? If we get closed due to abuse, we all lose our jobs. And these patients go somewhere else, including Cersei."

Gregor leaned closer, forcing Unella to either back up or strain her neck to see his face.

"What's wrong, Unella? Is it harder than you thought it would be? Lonely at the top? I am sure you will come up with something by visitors day."

Lollys suffered and Sansa was suffering Cersei's wrath almost as often.

Where Lollys had no medication, Sansa's kept changing and causing worse side effects.

Jorah watched as Sansa took her own hand and placed it on top of the hot stove, giggling.

Unella did something that she never thought she would do in a million, trillion years.

She instructed the girl to pocket the pills in her cheeks then flush them later on.

However, at night, Raff gave Sansa other concoctions, sending the girl into panics, depressions or simply into a nightmare fueled delusion.

Circle therapy was no longer therapeutic, it was more of a gladiator sport now.

Walda and Meryn have become mortal enemies.

The others squared off against Cersei.
Only Hodor was truly participating and would go on at great length with tears in his eyes, hands gesturing to sweep about to show his emotions.

Most of the patients were hostile again towards Unella.

When patients were constantly injured or medication takes them down, others must take on their chores along with their own.

They saw she could not stop their abuses and in fact, was the cause of it.

Cersei had paid them each back in revenge, it kept up because of the revenge towards the nurse now.

It was only personal between Lollys and Cersei at this point.

All others were pawns in the game of the nurse and the queen.

This pissed them off and hostility came off them in waves.

On visitors day, Tywin did not show up much to Unella's relief.

Kevan Lannister did instead and that might have been worse.

He sat and stared at his niece with her uneven shaggy short hair and fading bruises.

Cersei played it to the hilt.

"Dear uncle, I...I am ashamed of what I did and said to you. To bite you like an animal, it is unforgivable. I apologize. It took me some time to see that I allow grief and sadness to turn into anger. The doctor and nurse have helped me learn that. They have taught me humility...I have even learned how to mop floors and clean toilets."

Narrowing his eyes, Kevan questioned her sternly but with some concern.

"You do physical labor for therapy? And what happened to your long hair? And the bruising? Is this all part of therapy as well?"

Cersei humbly lowered her eyes and nervously played with her hands while giving a tiny nod as if scared to admit it.

He cast his eyes over the other patients sitting at their own tables and they all looked either injured or mentally worse in some way.

Shocked, Kevan looked down to see Cersei's worn hand gently upon his own.

"Please, don't cause trouble over it. I am fine, we are all fine. Thankful for this therapy even. I...I am learning what it is like to be a real person. I needed to feel, to see what the bottom is like. Now I am learning to climb back up. With a new understanding of the pain I have caused others. Uncle, there is so much I must atone for. Just making one charity clinic, it wasn't really for anyone but me and my poor lost baby. I am going to create a soup kitchen, I am going to throw myself into meaningful work. Perhaps society life was too much for me, the way a drug addict cannot touch a drug, maybe I should stay away from the spotlight. This place and Unella have inspired me. I am
thinking, I could give all money to charity and live a frugal life without a name. Unella has taught me to only wish for simple small things. Like a visit from a relative. Or a piece of desert if the patients cooking can use the stove that day. Sometimes we can't if the cook is having trouble functioning that day."

Kevan pursed his lips and glared over towards where Unella was waiting, her face impassive.

"My dear, you do not need to live in the slums, give up your name or your money! I am impressed that you have become more clear and humble. I do appreciate your apology and it is accepted. I am going to speak with your father about you coming home soon. I think you are ready to continue therapy on an out patient basis. I am willing to allow you to stay with me if you wish, rather than your fathers home. That way you are monitored. Of course, it is all up to your father but he might agree to it now that his mood is a tad sweeter."

Cersei tried to contain her joy then she tilted her head.

"Oh? Something made father have a good mood? That is unusual, what made him so happy?"

Kevan gave his niece a piercing look, as he knew of the rumors that haunted Cersei through the years.

"Your brother Jaime has finally come home. He finished his last tour and has been honorably discharged from the military. I must warn you, he was injured during a conflict. He lost his right hand."

Cersei clutched the table, trying to keep control.

"Is...is he alright? Why...can he come see me? Please?"

Shaking his head, Kevan patted Cersei's hand and it took all she had not to bite through his wrist.

"Jaime is fine now and he does miss you terribly. Your father thinks he needs time to adjust to being home and you need time to get well. It's best to stay apart for now. I could however try to speak with Tywin about letting Jaime call or write you."

Keeping her sneer as a sad smile, Cersei nodded.

"Thank you, Uncle. I never saw how much you do care for us all. You took the time to visit me when no one else can or will. I now see how much you have always been there. I'm sorry it took me so long to see that."

Kevan gruffly told his niece that he will see about getting her father to see sense.

Bronn stared at Lollys and shook his head.

"What the fuck? Are the patients cage fighting for back-alley bets or what? God, Lollys, sweetheart, how bad is the pain?"

Lollys looked Bronn in the eyes, gave him a crooked smile and lied.

"Not bad at all. Just got in some scraps."

"You fucking liar and you can't con a con man, asshole. The truth, now."
Sighing and trying not to cry, Lollys leaned forward, so her purple hair would hide them.

It was fading and limp, Bronn started to play with the strands.

"I brought you some more dye. I feel like I should have brought you some weapons instead. Please, what the hell is going on?"

"I pissed off Cersei. And Unella isn't too great with dealing with her staff. That's all. It will end, I will be fine."

"Want me to end it? Fuck this, look at you. You need to get out of here. I am your husband, dammit! I can make your family let me release you. If I have to take them to court, I will. The next time you see me, it will be to get your ass out of there before they kill you. Hear me? I love you and I won't let anyone destroy you. Hang in there for me."

Lollys smiled and put her forehead against Bronn's.

She was in so much pain that she constantly sweat and Bronn took the chance to tease her about it.

Walda cried and told Roose in a little girl's lost voice of Meryn's crimes against her precious baby.

Roose patted her hand and nodded, listening attentively.

Lucky for him, Meryn was not in the room.

He had no visitors and was busy trying to eat the mittens off his hands in his bedroom.

"I promise you dear, he shall pay for his crimes. I brought you a new doll, Walda. I am sure you will love it as much as the last one."

She squealed in delight at the new doll so well crafted in rubber, it looked eerily like a real infant.

"There is a cradle, stroller and diapers of course in a box for you in your room. Along with a nice selection of clothing. Now, my lovely wife, I want you to whisper in my ear. I want to hear all the gossip, if you please."

Walda carefully put the swaddled doll on the table and and leaned over.

Asha slid some joints into Theon's palm and they went away.

"I gave you extra, make them last. I don't understand why you need so much this time around."

Theon shrugged and muttered.

"It's not all for me. There are some others here who are really hurting and they aren't allowed any pain relief."

"Whatever. Trade it for all I care. You look like shit. Again. Listen, Theon, I have to tell you something. Father has died. Uncle Euron came home and father was found laying under the bridge the next day. I might not be around for awhile, I have to deal with this. I know you want out of here but this is the safest place for you right now. You understand how dangerous our uncle is, right? You remember?"
Theon shook his head and twitched.

The medication changes have left him paranoid, depressed and twitchy.

"Did...did Uncle Euron kill father? He will kill you too! You need to let me out of here so I can help you!"

Snorting, Asha gave her little brother a look of disgust mixed with a helpless love.

"Help me? Theon, you can't even help yourself! Look at you! Covered in bruises, huge eyes darting around and twitching just like you always are at some point. How does that help me against our uncle? I'm sorry, Theon but you are staying here. I will visit you when I can, alright? Use the time I am gone to really try and pull yourself together, okay?"

Theon stared at his sister helplessly and nodded, his hands wringing together in worry and frustration.

"Be careful, Asha. I do remember exactly what Uncle Euron is like. Don't let him get you alone, please. He will kill you if he gets the chance too."

Asha looked grim and considering for a moment then seemed to fight with herself.

"This is hard to say but...I always wondered if...you ended up with Ramsay because of what Uncle Euron..."

"Don't! Don't say that, please. It's not like that. I was in love with Ramsay, he wasn't like that until I was already in love with him!"

Gregor wandered over and Asha quickly soothed her brother.

Petyr sat and stared at Sansa.

Her red hair was a mess and the bald patches were still healing.

The pretty blue eyes were clouded and hazy, Sansa was sitting as if a single touch would send her falling to the floor.

"My dear, you are not looking well at all. Please explain your hair to me."

Sansa yawned then glanced at Petyr.

"I ripped it out."

"You what? Why would do such a thing?"

"Seemed like a thing to do at the time, I guess. Are you getting me out of here? No? Then what do we have to discuss?"

Petyr blinked and his eyes narrowed upon Sansa like a falcon that just spied it's prey.

"That is very rude of you. This is not like your behavior in the least. Now, you will tell me why you are acting this way. Since I am the only person who can release you from this place someday, you might wish to answer me."
Sansa tried hard to swim past the medications.

"It is pointless for me to try and charm you or appease you. You aren't going to let me out of this hell hole. Cersei says she plans to kill you. And know what? I believe her. You'll be dead and I will rot here. Cersei is going to drive us to the brink until we break, until Unella breaks. Then she will be free and turn her attention to taking you down. If she hasn't already put her plans into action to kill you. I am speaking to a dead man, really. So maybe I should say I am sorry for being rude to you. After all, I don't want my last words to you to be mean. Then again, once Qyburn and Cersei finish with me, my brain will be so scrambled, I won't remember you anymore."

Petyr sat frozen as Sansa stood up and unsteadily walked away.

Loras sat alone waiting, but no one came.

He ended up playing a card game with Jorah as they lingered, just in case a visitor did show for them.

The grim visitations had one bright spot to it.

Cersei smiled as her one good deed among the bad shined forth.

Hodor had burst into tears and did a little jig with his stumbling giant girth as an elderly woman was wheeled in.

Cersei had Gregor find Hodor's mother in a state nursing home facility and had the woman brought over.

A nurse wheeled the woman to a table and Hodor fell to his knees before her to set his large head into his mother's lap.

Cersei actually found herself wiping away a tear when a frail hand petted Hodor's curly white hair.

"This is the nicest thing you might have ever done, Cersei."

She peered up at Unella and gave her an angelic look.

"I have a love for big, loyal dogs."

They all watched as Hodor served his mother and fed her cake, patted her mouth with a napkin.

He brought a worn book out of his room of fairy tales and in a worn voice, his mother read to him for a small time.

Hodor held her hand the entire time she read and closed his eyes, his mouth silently saying the words with her.

While the large man connected with the mother he hasn't seen in seven years, Unella felt warmth, a spark of hope.

In spite of all the problems, there was always a way through it.
That night Theon's room was tossed and his joints were taken by Polliver.

Polliver used his taser on the twitchy man twice before searching out Lollys.

The group was trying to stick together, hoping for power within a crowd.

Lollys was squeezed between Jorah, Loras and Sansa as they were doing a rather large puzzle.

Her hair has been restored to a brilliant purple and she was smiling in spite of her sweating and gritted teeth.

Whistling, Polliver walked about the room then flipped Lollys's chair over.

"Oh geez, sorry about that. And that."

His steel toe sneaker caught the woman in her back and Lollys cried out.

"Fuck! Dammit! Not even one night off for me, huh? Not even waiting till the others go to be anymore. Cersei must really suck your cocks good."

"You just can't shut your mouth, can you? Can't stop asking for it."

Polliver went to swing his baton down onto Lollys but to his surprise, he was attacked.

Jorah, Loras and Sansa began to throw paintbrushes, markers and clay at Polliver.

It was a valiant effort and Polliver did turn his attention away from Lollys.

Raff joined him and all three were struck with both the taser and baton.

An hour later Lollys was in her room, pacing, sweating, hurting, her bones ached, her head ached and her skin crawled.

The door opened and when she saw Polliver, she started to laugh in a jagged way.

"Don't worry, I'll let you pick which way I hurt you. You can have a broken bone, some nails removed or a burn. Take your time, I'll just wait while you decide."

Raff leaned in briefly and smirked.

"Need any help with restraints for this patient? Aww...Lollys. You look fucking terrible. Are you sure you aren't ready to see me yet, dear?"

Lollys shook hard, every part of her, every atom that made her screamed to surrender, give in and get what she needs.

"I just really want to know, guys. Does Cersei swallow your balls too or just swish her tongue over them? How deep does she suck your cocks for you both to be her mindless puppets?"

They came for her and Lollys cackled before they made her scream.
Human Insects

Hodor was not only holding the door but a hoarse, cursing Lollys.
The corridor was crowded with the clients all hovering around the woman.
Unella smelt burn flesh and her stomach dropped as she rushed forward.
She took one look and screamed for the bastards who did this to call Qyburn.

Sansa bit her nails until her flesh bled and watched as her friend was wheeled away.

All their doors had been locked after they were beat into their rooms the night before.
They could hear Lollys scream worse than ever before and Sansa had pounded on her locked door.
After quite some time they heard Lollys go silent mid scream and the men laughed.
Then they heard sobbing and terrible moaning and the click of the doors unlocking.

Gagging on the stench of burning flesh, Sansa rushed to Lollys, laying on her bed, squirming, whining.
Jorah, Theon, Loras, Walda and Stannis were right behind her.
"Oh no...get cold towels, hurry!"
Lollys was naked spread out on the bed but no one cared.
What drew the eye wasn't her private parts, only her right inner thigh that was still sizzling.
WHORE was crudely burned into her thigh.

They scrambled to help her in any way they could.
Loras and Sansa pressed wet towels upon the burn.
Hodor poured freezing cold water over it.
Walda kept gently swiping a wet cloth all over Lollys's face and singing a lullaby.
Stannis flew to find any form of ointment he could.
Theon climbed out to the roof and got some snow to pack upon the burn.
Jorah punched Meryn when the man tried to stand at the end of the bed and gingerly jerk off.
When Lollys returned to the floor just before circle, it was clear that she received no reprieve from the deep burns beyond antibiotic cream.

The word shimmered deep, red and awful on her leg.

She cut the whole pant leg off her sweatsuit since nothing could touch her burns.

Cersei couldn't help herself and giggled as Lollys waddled in if she wore a diaper full of shit.

Unella told Lollys to rest, to perhaps stay in her room.

But Lollys had to prove her point, had to stand her ground.

"Don't want to miss circle, but I might stand today."

Every word was through gritted teeth, her face was drawn and grey, tears falling despite her trying to suppress them.

During circle, Theon decided to start.

He was curled up in a chair near the stiffly standing Lollys and he started to shake, tears in his eyes.

"I want to say that what happened to Lollys was really fucking shitty. Whoever did it should know that they are evil. They should know how it feels before they order something done. I do know how that feels and this is triggering the living fuck out of me. I am so pissed, so angry. Look! I want you to see!"

Theon jumped up, ignoring Gregor who came closer with warning in his eyes

He ripped his shirt off and pointed out the numerous cigarette burns.

Sansa winced at some of the x brands she saw upon his shoulders, back and chest.

That was in between the scars of whips and blades.

Cersei smirked, trying to hide it under her hand but Theon saw it.

"Do you like that? Huh? Did I give you some more ideas for Lollys, you sociopath? You should really meet my ex-boyfriend. You two would be perfect for each other. Is hurting Lollys giving you something to masturbate to at night? Your room is next to mine, I can hear you. Why don't you just think of your brother like you usually do? With one hand and a hook it should be kinkier than ever."

Judging by the proud woman's eyes, Theon would pay dearly for the blush she felt across her face.

Lollys laughed along with the others but hers was jagged and forced.

Gregor growled for Theon to put his shirt back on and Unella asked for someone else to speak.
By late afternoon, Lollys couldn't stop moaning and Theon got some snow to pack on her thigh.

"Well, at least your fingers and thumbs are almost healed, so that is something?"

Lollys laughed shakily as Sansa sat on the edge of the bed carefully.

"Yeah, they are generous enough to switch it up and let some shit heal first. Shit...Theon, pack the rest of that snow on it. Hurry, it hurts so fucking bad. It's worse than the broken bones, hands down. Holy fuck."

Theon nodded in empathy as he hurried to press the last of the snow onto the burn.

"I know. It's like never ending lava burning through you and the rest of you shivers, so cold. I truly feel for you, hon. I really, really, do."

Lollys gave Sansa a rather desperate grin and spoke in a very strained voice.

"Don't worry so much. Look at you, gingersnap. You are spending everyday suffering a hangover from the rave the night before. Except it's a rave run by the Joker and you are the party favor. And Theon, you just put yourself right back in target range too."

"Fuck her. Fuck her and fuck them all. We can stick together, we can fight them as a group."

Giving a supportive pat to Lollys's shoulder, Theon was earnest.

"I know how bad it is, how much this hurts. And listen, if you can't take it...if you give in, we will still support you, be there and get you on your feet no matter what. I swear it."

"It won't come to that. You are so strong, Lollys."

"Yeah, thanks ginge, but I don't feel very strong right now. But at least my hair looks really good."

That night was movie night and all were herded into the tv room like unwilling, aching cattle.

Polliver picked the movie and he had personally brought his own favorites for them.

"Anyone caught being disrespectful by not watching the movie will be disciplined."

With true joy, Polliver put on Human Centipede, happily informing the audience that he also brought the sequels.

It was noticed that Cersei and Hodor were not forced to watch the film.

That instead, Raff had slipped the woman a phone and Hodor guarded the room she used to call her brother in.

Raff and Polliver sat upon the side table that usually held snacks and drinks on a movie night.

They fully enjoyed the reactions of the captive audience to the very gory and explicit horror movie.

"This simply cannot happen, it isn't even logical."
Walda agreed with Stannis then added she might be ill if this goes where she thinks it does.

It did and Walda did indeed throw up in the wastebasket.

Theon was shaking and whimpering, Loras was green.

Jorah and Sansa tried to keep making fun of the smaller details of the film.

Stannis began to get furious over the shoddy science and shook his fist, cursing the director.

The most fun person to watch of all was Meryn.

He kept trying to masturbate as his eyes bulged at the screenplay of delights but his mittens and his painful tender skin kept getting in his way.

Panting, slobbering and sobbing, he kept pumping into the air while chewing at his mittens.

Lollys did not join in the verbal protesting, she stared unseeing at the screen.

Biting her lip to keep from screaming, she shivered in cold as her leg burned and her healing bones ached.

Cersei started yelling from a distance at her brother and Polliver turned the television sound up.

"Oh yeah, that really helped. Gristle ripping in hi def is much better."

Stannis muttered as Walda threw up yet again and finally Polliver kicked her and the bucket out of the room.

Sansa was starting to feel the effects of whatever Raff gave her for pills tonight while watching the movie and kept checking on a slithering shadow.

Lollys was sweating and Sansa was afraid she would lose all her water and die.

"I can try to plug your pores before you leak out."

Lollys looked amused at Sansa's helpful but confusing suggestion.

"Ah, gingersnap has left our planet again and is tripping the Light Raff-tastic. Great, two down."

Suddenly, Sansa found the movie hysterical and couldn't stop laughing at it.

Lollys and the others all stared at her.

"Uh, why is her mouth open like that? What is she pointing at on the screen? Is she shaking or seizing?"

Polliver chuckled and answered Loras.

"Little Lady Stark is watching a romantic comedy. Too bad for the rest of you, now watch the screen instead of her or I'll start making human insects."
Stannis stared back at the screen disgruntled after giving a rather jealous look to Sansa.

"Wish I could watch what she's watching."

A thin white stream splattered across the screen as Meryn screamed in orgasmic triumph.

Thus ending movie night early.

This meant the patients were all herded back towards their rooms at the same time that Cersei came flying out of the office she used for her call.

She was in a high mix of both rage and elation.

Running up to Loras, she grabbed his delicate face and laughed fully into it like a wicked witch.

Her features were drawn with the pain of her brother's refusal to see her until they both were better and happiness over vanquishing an enemy.

"Loras, I wanted you to hear it from me. Though I expect you will receive a call from your grandmother tomorrow morning. There was a terrible explosion today. Your sister got in her car, that nice new one she didn't drive here to see you with all this time? That one. It blew sky high and so did your sister."

Loras pulled away from Cersei and wildly started to shriek and shake his head.

Cersei watched with satisfaction as Polliver sighed and restrained the man, dragging him off to his room.

"What a terrible thing to do."

She glanced at Stannis and shrugged.

"Go to bed or your daughter's new Lexus might have a similar problem, Stannis."

He stared at Cersei in horrified shock.

"Woman, you have no honor at all."

With a nod at the others, Stannis turned and walked to his room like a dignified retired general.

Sansa slid along the wall, holding on and trying to swim through the multicolored fish in her head.

"Is...is it true? Or were you teasing Larry...no, Lolly...Loras! Is Mary...Mar...Maggie, dead?"

Cersei smiled at Sansa.

"Having trouble, little dove? Yes, it's true."

Jorah grabbed Sansa and nodded for Theon to grab Lollys.
"Come on, let's go sit in my room and chat until bedtime."

Polliver had just come out of Loras's room along with Raff who had sedated the man.

"Nope. Not tonight. Have your pow wow another time, children. We are doing nighty-night early."
Raff and Polliver pulled out batons at the muttered protests.
Theon and Jorah went quiet and tried to pull the ladies towards the bedrooms.
"Still a negative. Everyone but the three ladies."

Sansa saw things move slowly, rippling as if underwater and she slumped on the floor, leaning her head against the wall.
She watched everyone leave the hall but Lollys and Cersei.

When Lollys spoke, it came from a thousand miles away.

"Are you staying for the torture this evening? I'm surprised you didn't ask for someone to make you popcorn. Or bring you some wine."
Cersei laughed and Sansa watched it fall from the poisonous lips like tiny shards of glass.

"Tonight I am too wound up too sleep or do anything else in this hellhole. Might as well enjoy your torments of the evening. In fact, boys, I have a request this evening."

Sansa tried to reach out to stop the two men from heading for Lollys but her hand dissolved away.
Lollys began to struggle as Polliver yanked her into a rough bear hug.

"What shall it be this evening?"
Cersei gave a sweet smile that Sansa watched tiny worms drop from.
Her words echoed in Sansa's head and Raff stopped dead, staring at Cersei, as did Polliver.

"What, what did you say?"
Sansa wasn't sure if she or one of the men asked the question but someone did.

"I said, I want her eye removed. Raff, you are a nurse so you can have the honors."
Lollys gave a shout of disbelieving laughter.

"Holy fuck, you've finally started getting to the nitty gritty, huh? Gonna make me a pirate now?"
Raff turned to face Cersei and shook his head.
"I'm sorry, I can't do that. I can blacken her eyes, hell, I can pull out her eyelashes. But I can't blind her or remove her eye. Qyburn and Gregor set limits, remember? If we go too far, we all will get in trouble. I am so close to my graduation, can't risk it. And we can't sink the doctor, right?"

Sansa would have breathed a sigh of relief at his refusal if not for Cersei.

The woman stood up and grew four more feet tall in anger which made Sansa scream into the galaxy where no one heard her.

"I don't give a fuck. I am telling you, no, never mind. I order you both to restrain her while I scratch her eyes out myself."

Lollys hooted with laughter.

"You idiots forgot she is a patient too, right? Bitch is gonna scratch my eyes out and you two get to pay for it! Almost worth going blind over."

"Shut the fuck up!"

Sansa saw Polliver's hand go across Lollys's head.

Raff blocked Cersei from Lollys and spoke fast.

"Even if you call Gregor or Qyburn right now they will tell you the same thing. Call them if you wish, I will give you my phone. I'm sorry, Cersei."

Sansa watched as Raff and Polliver continued to try and redirect Cersei.

Finally a compromise seemed to be struck.

"Listen to me, Cersei, I swear it will be more satisfying, much more destructive. You want her to scream in real agony, this is the way, not with physical pain. Just watch, okay? I promise you'll like what you see."

Sansa began to crawl towards them as if to halt whatever plans Raff had but the floor stretched further away.

At first she didn't quite understand why the sight of a needle made Lollys scream so loudly, whipping her head back and forth.

They have become used to needles, much bigger ones than what Raff held.

"Sorry, I don't have time to wait for pills to kick in for you, dear. You are getting the best though, I promise. Little junkie skank, I have saved this for you. I was hoping you would beg me for it after we hurt you so much, but I forgot how stupid and stubborn you are. So let's end the stalemate before Cersei blinds you or worse, hmmm? Aww...don't fight so much, you'll like it once it's in your body and you know it. Just some high grade shit you could never afford on the street, Lollys. Way more addictive too but the high will blow your mind. Ready?"

Lollys turned into a madwoman and Sansa kept trying to crawl forward while Cersei laughed and laughed.
Polliver had to tackle Lollys to the floor and use all his weight on her while Raff plunged the needle into her neck.

Sansa tried to lunge forward but fell through the floor as Lollys melted into the opiate.
Unella came to work and found zombies wandering the hallways.

Sansa and Lolly looked as if they just got back from a four day bender.

Walda and Meryn were engaged in a staring contest of hate.

The others all were wandering about except Stannis who set out peaches in bowls and toast for breakfast alone.

Theon and Jorah were in Loras's room trying to console him.

Still, Unella was grateful that it wasn't any worse.

The call from Loras Tyrell's grandmother came before she could ask why he was so upset.

This sent him into hysterics that had Gregor taking him up to Qyburn's lab.

Unella reminded herself that it still wasn't that bad.

As Gregor came back on the floor, the elevator on the opposite end opened up.

To Unella's delight, Tywin Lannister stepped in.

Of course, who else had a key-card besides staff but the owner?

Her stomach turned to acid and her bowels felt watery.

For some reason all her life, Unella felt sick when she was at her happiest as if to pay for the sin of joy.

The ward was a mess from the night before still.

Most of the patients were too zoned or injured or traumatized to do any real work these past few weeks and it showed.

Lollys was clearly abused and both her and Sansa had clearly been on drugs, the wrong kind.

Almost every patient bore some sign of abuse, most of them were also way less stable than before.

Only Cersei seemed shocked as when her father's fury that stormed him forward didn't take him to Unella but to her.

His hand cracked across her face so hard that Cersei nearly fell over.

Gregor steadied her from behind then moved further back as the whole room watched in tense
Tywin didn't care who was watching, he had eyes only for his daughter.

His eyes blazed with such wrath that Hodor burst into tears that he tried to smother behind his hands.

A finger pointed into Cersei's face and Tywin roared at her.

"HOW DARE YOU? YOU STUPID LITTLE FOOL! DID YOU THINK YOU WERE CLEVER? TELLING YOUR UNCLE SWEET HUMBLE LIES WHILE YOU SEND OTHERS TO COMMIT YOUR DAMNED CRIMES! DO YOU THINK PRISON WOULD BE NICER THAN HERE? WAS THAT IT? EVERY CHANCE I GIVE YOU, EVEN YOUR DRUNK MUTANT BROTHER CAN MANAGE TO KEEP OUT OF JAIL AND THE NUTHOUSE!"

Cersei forced herself to stare at her father and snarl.

"I don't know what you are talking about, father."

"Oh no? No? We employ the same people, dear, I know their signatures. I almost had the Tyrells in my damned pocket, I told you I would handle it and you couldn't just be patient. I was days, DAYS from owning their companies, everything! Now, I have an old rich and LOUD elderly woman screaming that you have killed her granddaughter and have kidnapped her grandson! She is not loud to the media yet, but my stockholders hear her clearly, so do her lawyers and ours! And so might the police if any evidence every outweighs the money I offer!"

Tywin gave a quick look at the other patients and at the disorderly, messy area.

"Do you see all of this? I know you have caused it. I know you played your little games with the staff to help you. Petyr, Roose and Unella paid our family a visit last night with tape footage taken out of this clever torture chamber you've created! All about the abuses they have seen and heard about. You are done with your games, daughter. And consider this your prison because it might save you from the real one. And you actually warned Loras of killing his sister, everyone at that funeral heard you. CONSIDER YOURSELF LUCKY I LET YOU ROT HERE AND HOPE THAT I CAN KEEP YOU OUT OF PRISON!"

Tywin went up to Unella, his eyes still blazing.

"If you have anymore trouble with MY staff or my daughter, you will tell me. Do not ever let something get this far again. I am not pleased. Fix it."

Cersei screamed and threw herself at her father as he went to leave.

Gregor grabbed her at the last second and held her as Tywin turned to look at Gregor.

"Do not forget who you work for. It is not my daughter, it is me and you will follow my orders and Unella's. So will your cronies or all of you will be out on your asses. You are just lucky I do not
have time to find actual qualified workers right now or you'd already be in the gutters. Or prisons where you belong."

Jorah was standing behind Sansa so only the other patients heard him.

"Well, Tywin is dead next."

They silently agreed as they watched Gregor and Cersei seethe with hate as the elderly man left.

With malice, Unella told Cersei she could calm herself and do chores or be restrained in her room.

Cersei tried to rush the nurse and Unella ordered Gregor to put the woman into the restraints.

Gregor had to comply then watched in frustration as Unella used the feeding tube for lunch and dinner.

When Cersei screamed herself hoarse, trying to spit at the nurse, she found herself forced into a tub of ice.

All the patients savored the sweet justice of it all as they slowly attempted their chores.

Not Hodor, he was huddled in his room, upset by the lady being so angry.

And as much as Lollys might have loving the karma striking Cersei, she was having her own issues.

Sansa noticed how jumpy, twitchy and snappy her friend was today.

"Maybe they will leave us alone now?"

"Don't count on it. Look, I can't help cravings okay? And right now, even though I know terrible fucking things happened last night, my mind, my body, all of me wants to feel that high again. And if it's offered, Sansa, it's killing me. I might say yes, I might fucking beg for it, eat out fucking Cersei if I have to for it. Understand? So I am kind of trying to hold myself together. Praying for the strength not to throw myself into Gregor's path and tell him to fuck off so he will squash me and end it. I love you, gingerbread, I do, but if you don't stop talking to me for a bit, I will tell Meryn you have a thing for him."

Unella didn't get Cersei to calm herself until that evening.

Sansa could have told her it wasn't her methods that made Cersei stop.

It was Gregor going into the bedroom to grumble that "It would happen tonight."

Whatever it was made Cersei calm down enough for Unella to release her from confinement.

When Sansa reported that to the others in the crafts room they all agreed another revenge was about to hit tonight.
Loras had come back calmer if flapping more but he looked at them all grimly.

"We can't do this anymore. We can't or someone won't live long. Truly. Look at Lollys, she is nearly done in. And Sansa can't even pick up a book without floating away. Who's next? I mean, the cunt killed my sister, when does it end? Do we really think it's over? Of course not and we have to stand up for whatever is happening to whoever tonight. No matter what, no matter who. Hear me, Meryn? Walda? It's all of us."

Jorah took note of the fact that Gregor took extra time to speak with the night staff while Unella wasn't looking.

Walda got the closest as she song softly to her baby and strolled by several times, seeming to notice nothing but her doll.

She reported that she heard Gregor say the cameras would be disabled for a few hours.

Stannis had decided he needed air and climbed upon the roof to play sentry.

He saw the man pass Gregor and recieve something, then head inside.

Running down to the floor, Stannis noticed Cersie and Hodor sitting together in the crafts room.

Polliver and Raff had locked them in, now the terror twins were nowhere to be seen.

The others noticed this just as the elevator began to bong at them of an impending arrival.

They all stood at the ready, all of them in a line, ready to attack, to defend.

Cersei had her nose pressed against the window of the crafts room, a wicked smirk on her face.

The doors slid open and Theon screamed high pitched then ran for his life.

"Oh hello dear. Look, Meryn, it's my stepson Ramsay, he must be here to flay you for hurting my babies!"

Just in case that was true, Meryn ran off the same direction Theon took off in.

Ramsay stepped inside with a clearly demented grin, his eyes brilliant spinning sapphires and his blade dancing on his fingers.

"Ah, stepmother! I would dearly love to help you with any problems you have but you see...my little skittish pet just screamed in joy to see me but ran off as usual. I need to hunt him down and speak with him. Also, I don't really care about your baby fixations, tell father of it."
Walda gave a dirty look to Ramsay but simply walked away dignified.

All the others seemed to have run off as well and Ramsay grinned.

He started forward just as Walda shut out all the lights and called out lightly to him.

"Ramsay, this has been our home for some time now. We know it like the back of our hand, do you? It is our home and you were not invited into it. Please leave or we shall treat you like any home invader."

"I will leave, Walda, as soon as you give me Reek back."

"I'm sorry, dear. Reek is not here. And Theon has worked very hard to get well, it would be a shame to ruin it. Run along now. Go home, son."

"I am not your son. I was never your son or I would be a dead shriveled thing rotting in the ground like your other children, you fat useless hog."

"That was very mean and hurtful, Ramsay. Your father would never have taught you to be so spiteful. That poor saintly man has suffered you so long, it boggles the mind. A shame, an awful shame. Perhaps you could use a spot of therapy yourself, young man."

"I'm going to slice your throat for you, or maybe remove your uterus so you don't have to worry about making babies ever again. Would you like that, you insane piglet?"

"Are you then? I thought you wanted to hunt down your pet? Make up your mind, dear. Do you want to leave and come back when you are sure of what you wish to do?"

Ramsay gave a jagged laugh and then there was a silence.

"Very good, stepmother. Keep me distracted so I don't notice-"

A whoosh of air and a metal clang, Jorah cursing and Ramsay laughing.

The back up generators kicked on in time for Walda to see a shadowy Jorah fall to the ground, bleeding.

Ramsay spun and peered at Walda, grinning.

He waved cheerily and hollered to her as he headed off to search for his pet.

"All set here, stepmother Hog. I'll be back to butcher you as soon as I find my Reek."

With a sigh, Walda called out,


Turning fast, Walda almost fell over Meryn.
"Where you hiding behind me all this time? Forget it. Listen to me carefully, Meryn. Use your top head just this once, please. Remember when Polliver got beaten by Gregor for losing his keys some time back? Well, he didn't lose them, I took them. My baby would not stop crying and they jingled. We need to get into the nursing station. We need to help Jorah if he is alive and we need to help stop Ramsay. You cannot run off or jack off, you have to assist me."

Meryn shook his head and spat on the floor, hunching his shoulders defensively.

"Why the hell should I risk my life for any of you? That Ramsay is a mad dog! I have heard things about him! Look what he just did to Jorah! Not one of you even like me, why should I risk that for you? Fuck off, woman, do it yourself!"

Walda wanted to beat him but she started to unlock the nursing door.

Letting out a sigh, she called out,

"It's going to be a sad day for you."

"What is?"

"Well, when Ramsay gets caught, he will most likely have all his crimes found out. And he has done more than just the hunting you have probably heard of. He is also a sexual predator, a pervert of terrible things. And he will put your perversions to shame. Considering what he has done, they will stick him in here with us. With you. Compared to him, you aren't so bad. Just a mere out of control wanker then. We may not like you, but we had always considered you the king of perversions. At least you had that crown. Looks like it will become Ramsay's if he wins."

Walda rushed into the unlocked nurse's station and hurried to fill a bucket with what she needs. Meryn followed her in and asked what kind of things Ramsay has done.

Thrusting the bucket into his arms, Walda continued to search for items.

"Well, he has raped males and females hunted or trapped them."

"So have I! What ages?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"All. Any. That never mattered to Ramsay. If it was born or nearly about to die or anywhere in between, it was fair game."

Meryn followed her over to Jorah as she checked his pulse.

He assisted her in patching the injured man and dragging him to his room.

"Ramsay also used his dogs."

"To rape others with his dogs? I have made a puppy play with-"
"I do NOT want to hear. And yes, Ramsay used his dogs to rape others. When he wasn't raping the
dogs."

"WHAT?"

"Help me and stop babbling, will you? We stop Ramsay and you can interrogate him and swap
stories all you'd like. Do you want to defend your title as greatest pervert or not? Shut up and let's
go."

Frowning mightily, Meryn followed Walda carefully into the hallway the others took off down.

He held his questions and Walda's bucket but flinched at the fighting and hollering he heard.

Only his growing erection, curiosity and jealousy of anyone daring to be more perverted, drove him
onward.
Hunting Lunatics

Theon cowered and sobbed into his shaking hands, utterly unhinged.

He hid in a supply closet, curled into a ball, a coward, a weakling, what Ramsay was looking for.

It was at the very end of the hallway, he cornered himself in panic as he always does.

As Ramsay has conditioned him to do.

Ramsay was an expert at training and Theon was a slow leaner but Reek was a quicker one.

Reek learned that Ramsay gets amused by his panic and bolting but taught him to always go to ground and hide.

That way he stays complacent and in one place until his Master can find him.

Sansa and Lollys found him quickly enough, that means Ramsay will find him even faster.

A small part of him was sickeningly relieved.

After all, it was a horrific gnawing fear everyday to wait for this moment to finally happen.

"Don't freak out, Theon, we are all here to help you. Remember the plan? Whoever it was, we would stop them. Protect each other from being a target. It will be okay, calm down."

Theon didn't seem reassured by Sansa at all and he leaped, screeching when the lights had gone out.

"Hush. Hey, chill, dude. Ramsay is still way out there talking to Walda. Then he has everyone else to get through to find you. Right? Hey, I see those eyes, stop it. You are not that creation of Ramsay's, you are Theon. Theon and no one else."

Large eyes stared up at Lollys and Theon nodded, sitting up as the generator lights kicked on.

They heard Ramsay begin to come into the hallway, his blade scraping along the wall in a maddening way.

"Was that the best you all had? Damn. Not sure if your buddy is dead yet, but there is a shit ton of blood, little mice! You might want to go help him out. You really don't want to take me on, trust me. Ask your friend laying on the floor in a pool of red."

Sansa gasped, Lollys shivered and Theon whined, curling into a ball again.

"That voice, I remember that from school before he was expelled!"
In her half dream-state, Sansa could actually envision and hear Ramsay at the school talent show when they were still only in their early teens.

"Ramsay did a talent show once at school. He can throw his voice, change it around, draw you to him or scare you away. It was neat then, it is unsettling now. Or am I the only one hearing his voice? Hard to tell sometimes."

Theon wiped his nose and eyes with a trembling hand and nodded.

"You are really hearing Ramsay's voice, Sansa. Yeah, he uses his voice not just for me...he uses it on hunts on his victims all the time. You can't tell where he is coming from so you panic. He drives you right where he wants you...then uses his voice to get you down...then it's the blade or worse!"

Lollys cracked her neck and shivered in cold sweat, chewing at her inner cheek.


They listened as Ramsay began to try and coax his pet out as he walked to search each room carefully.

The back up lights only made the hallways visible, the rooms remained shadow cloaked.

"Game is over, Reek! Time to end play time, sweet pet and come to your Master. Time to go home now. If you come out to me now, I will forgive you. I am angry, yes, I am going to punish you but then I will forgive you."

Theon whined and Sansa held him tightly as he held his own mouth shut.

The silky gentle persuasive voice came from everywhere.

"Are you too scared to come to me? Did you go hide, are you curled in a corner shaking like a scared puppy, waiting for me to find you? That is okay, you were trained to do that. I will accept your hiding in one place and staying to wait for me to collect you as surrender, Reek."

"You just wait like a good boy and Master will get you, take you home just like always. Forever, remember that? I would have killed your sister for sticking you in here if it weren't for father. He wouldn't let me. But now that your uncle is chasing her down to kill her, I don't need to worry about her meddling in our affairs anymore. Father will let me take you back home, I know he will. Whimper for me, Reek, help me find my lost little puppy."

"Reeky, Reeky, Reek! Weak, meek, sleek and sneak. Sneaky Reeky, give your loving Master a shout out or I'll make you scream."

Ramsay entered the dark television room and that is when a graying man with one arm in a sling started to savagely hit him with a bedpan.

The lights suddenly came back on and it briefly blinded Stannis.
Long enough for Ramsay to rush him, knock the man to the ground and before his blade could slice, he felt a pain across his back.

Grunting in irritation, Ramsay settled for a quick stab into the older man's leg to keep him down.

Ramsay flew up and confronted his new attacker, then started to laugh.

He leaned so far forward and then back that for a moment, Ramsay looked like the plastic man.

Still chuckling, he shook his head, shark smile at the ready and his voice had a relaxed thick honey drawl to it over a thousand killer bees.

"Well, if it isn't fancy little Loras, as I live and breathe! I remember our school days, you skipping down the hallways in your finery. Nose turned up, such a snooty, pretty little dainty thing that liked other skipping boys. Look at you now, disheveled, shaking, so much thinner and yet, you still could be a fucking male model. Honey, what do you think you are going to do with that pool cue?"

Loras had his chin up, his legs open and he was holding the long cue as if about to offer a performance.

"Sweet thing, are you imagining that you are a ninja? Or are you trying to show me a therapeutic dance you've created?"

A smirk and Loras spoke as if he were indeed that snooty, skipping boy again.

"I was in Flag Guard, bitch."

Loras spun and the cue whacked Ramsay hard enough to break his nose.

A graceful arc with some fancy footwork and the cue caught Ramsay on his hand, knocking the blade away.

Three march steps led to another hard crack on Ramsay's ribs and Loras gave a fierce war cry.

The next lunge was off and Ramsay grabbed hold of the thin wood, yanking hard.

Loras was pulled forward and found his own nose crunching into Ramsay's hard fist.

Sansa had been peeking in the doorway and flew when she saw Ramsay get the upper hand.

She couldn't physically fight Ramsay but there was Lollys still.

True, she was injured, but she knew how to fight, Sansa heard about Lollys and Bronn's days of fighting for money.

Lollys's thumbs, fingers and toes were healing, the burn was still tender.

"Okay, Loras injured Ramsay and disarmed him, but tides are turning on him. He needs help. You are up, Lollys!"
"Aww, fuck. I don't even have any fight music ready. Fuck."

Theon whimpered and covered his head, overwhelmed, he could hear Loras screaming now.

Lollys was sweaty, shaky, twitchy, she hurt, she burned and she froze.

"I don't know how well I'll do, gingersnap. We might be fucked, just giving fair warning."

Sansa grabbed Lollys and gave her a quick shake.

"No. Do not think like that! You have survived outside, all those horrible times, right? You survived Gregor, Unella, Qyburn, Cersei and the night staff! One ventriloquist is going to take the great purple headed Lollys down!"

Pulling away from Sansa, Lolly shuddered and scratched at her arms briefly.

"Honey, I am really strung out right now, don't fuck with me. I feel like shit, my bones and my burn hurt. My mind and body hurt. And even though there is a fucking lunatic running through the place attacking other lunatics, all my mind is thinking about is getting to Raff to beg for more happy medication. So forgive me but I'm a little unsure I'm in top fighting condition."

Sansa took a deep breath and tried a different tact.

"Well, the only reason Raff isn't here is because Ramsay is. Ramsay is what is blocking you from what you need, what you want. Once he is taken down, the night staff will return. Then you can see Raff."

"Don't judge me, ginger. I need it."

"Not judging you, Lollys. Just saying as long as Ramsay is in your way, Raff won't show up to give you anything."

"Fuck. I hate you, ginger."

Walda and Meryn have managed to sneak to the doorway of the tv room.

They waited until Ramsay was fighting with Loras to fly past him behind the couch.

To keep the lech bolstered, Walda kept whispering into his waxy, thick ear of Ramsay's conquests in perversion.

"Ramsay once made Theon wear a diaper and eat only baby food for a month. There was scat play and Ramsay fed him with a bottle."

"Once I caught him taking that poor boy right on the adult size rocking horse. I almost dropped my groceries and never went to that grocery store again!"

"Ramsay dressed as a clown and stole an ice cream truck one summer. He gave an entire schoolyard of preschoolers meth laced ice cream. Then chased them through the woods while they screamed. I heard him tell his friends of it and he mentioned that there are about four children that
were molested by a clown named Major Jingle Jam."

Ramsay pinned Loras to the wall and was choking him.

"You are such a pretty delicate framed thing. Hmm..should I kill you or let you live? Maybe I should choke you out and take you out along with my Reek. He could use a playmate. Oh, the fun we could have."

Loras tried to pry the tight hands away and was turning purple as Ramsay watched, getting off on the man's struggles.

In desperation, Walda whispered to Meryn,

"Ramsay has three jars of human fetuses that he stares at while he rapes his pets."

It was more than Meryn could take.

He burst out like an outraged troll, penis chubby, firmly pointing at Ramsay through the hole in his pants.

Slamming into Ramsay's back, Meryn started to ram his fists into the man, roaring in jealousy and suppressed lust.

Ramsay cursed and released Loras to shove backwards into Meryn.

Loras sunk to the floor and tried to remember what air was like.

Meryn fell onto his ass and Ramsay was over him, kicking his kidneys into his larynx.

Then Ramsay kicked between Meryn's legs and the man yodeled.

Loras took great whooping breaths in between coughing, trying so hard to get to his feet.

Smiling at the pathetic attempts, he stomped on Meryn's stomach to hear him gag.

"Are you all done, gentlemen? Yes?"

Ramsay stepped past Stannis who was laying down, trying to staunch blood in his leg, Meryn, who was curled on himself weeping.

Loras managed to sit up but didn't attempt to stop Ramsay as he walked past him.

"Don't worry, sweetie, I think I'm coming back for you. But my little Reek is special, he comes first."

Loras cringed away and that made Ramsay chuckle as he picked up his blade and headed for the door.
Then Ramsay saw a blur of pale skin, purple hair flying and eyes of a very dangerous, desperate junkie.

No time to prepare, the blade meant nothing to this Ramsay-seeking missile.

Fast reflexes saved him from being mowed down and he slashed as the girl kept coming for him.

Shallow cuts on her arms, slicing through her shirt and the woman didn't seem to care.

Lollys punched and kicked until Ramsay was as bloody as she was.

When she backed up breezily as the blade cut deep upon her stomach, Ramsay surveyed her.

"What the living fuck are you? Supercunt to the rescue? Holy hell, who has been playing with you? Look at those hands, the lovely brand. Ah, I see your name is Whore. It does seem to match. Alright then, Superwhore, let's have some fun then."

Lollys growled and tried her damnedest to drop kick Ramsay into another lifetime as he tried to disembowel her.

Rushing into the room, Sansa yelled for the men to get up and help.

Walda stood up and ran over to Sansa, thrusting something in her hand.

"You are more agile than me. Plus Ramsay seems slightly irritated with me today."

Sansa held the syringe full of sedative gingerly and got closer.

"Loras, Meryn! Get up and help her! Now!"

Walda's voice spurred the two men back to their feet and over to the fighting lunatics.

Lollys managed to knock Ramsay onto his ass and stomped his wrist, breaking it.

The blade clattered down and Walda grabbed it, moving out of the way just in time.

All three of them, Loras, Meryn and Lollys all landed on Ramsay like a deranged monkey pile.

"Now! Hurry!"

Sansa flew forward and waited for a squirming body part to appear that was Ramsay's.

She plunged the needle deep into Ramsay's right ass cheek as he hollered.

The three patients stayed on the cursing man until he started to snore.

Sansa sat on the floor with the others.

"Great, we got him. Now what? Night staff will return soon and find a way different scenario than
they are expecting,"

Walda watched as Theon peered into the room and burst into tears.

"Is he? Did you hurt him? Oh no, I mean....he will be so pissed when he wakes up."
Welda and Sansa patched Stannis's leg the best they could.

Jorah limped in and assisted Loras and Meryn with putting Ramsay into a straitjacket as well as ankle restraints.

Theon kept as far as possible while keeping his eyes on his angry sleeping Master.

Both Jorah and Stannis were still bleeding but it was sluggish.

Loras and Lollys were battered but not badly.

Sansa smiled at Walda and thanked her.

"That sedative was such a great idea! And smart to bring bandages too!"

Lollys cocked her head and stared with bulging eyes.

"Where did you get the sedative?"

"Oh, the nursing station. I used the keys I stole from Polliver a few months back."

"YOU HAVE KEYS? WE HAVE KEYS!"

"NURSES STATION IS OPEN? YOU HAVE KEYS?"

Both Lollys and Sansa hollered at the same time causing Walda to jump a little as the rest of group started to get excited.

"Dear me! Yes, I have keys. Good thing too."

Loras grabbed the keys from Walda with shaking hands and they all ran.

They ran so fast they skidded when they turned the corner.

Sansa, Jorah, Loras, Theon, Walda, Meryn, Stannis all ran to the steel back door and Lollys dove with glee into the nurses station.

Loras managed to get the key into the door but it wouldn't turn.

Jorah knocked him backwards into the others and he turned the key with tears in his eyes.

It opened with a heavy creak and they all cried out as they nearly killed Jorah to leave the floor.

Jorah had to hold the railing tightly as they streamed past him then he thundered behind them.
Lollys cackled like a crazed lunatic as she pawed through the medications.

Filling her pants and sweatshirt with patches, pill bottles, things falling everywhere, smashing under her feet.

She opened one bottle and crushed three pills in her teeth then added two more.

"I can always get clean again, Bronn will understand. Yeah. Okay, time to blow this fucking joint."

Except when Lollys left the nurse station, the opiates began to make the world crystal clear and she had a brilliant idea.

Cersei and Hodor were watching with intense, shocked eyes as Lollys dragged restrained and drugged Ramsay to the wall across from the elevator.

Lollys grinned like a fool at Cersei.

"Kiss my ass, cunt. Nice try though, really good one. Bye, bitch."

Lollys ran off and Cersei slammed her fists against the door she TOLD the night staff to lock for her own safety.

Sansa was nearly at the bottom of the layers upon layers of stairwell when she stopped dead.

It caused a minor collision and Stannis swore as his leg bled harder.

"Where is Lollys? Oh no, oh no, I can't leave her. I have to go back-"

"You can't go back, we don't have a lot of time, Sansa."

She was about to argue with Loras when she heard a distant yell from above.

"Just grabbing some party favors I am sure I am owed! On my way, keep going, set the way, I shall follow ye, bitches!"

Theon snickered and Sansa rolled her eyes.

Stannis spoke in a somber tone.

"That young woman is high as a kite."

"Bet your sweet grandpa boxers, I am!"

"I do NOT wear grandpa anything!"

The argument lasted as they all continued to descend as quickly as tired, injured and drugged patients could.

Sansa was shaking and Loras held her as they reached the final step.
A large steel blue door and it was locked.

Loras found the right key on the fourth try and Sansa burst into tears as the door pulled open.

Freezing air never felt so amazing and none of them cared that their slippers sank into snow and sharp gravel.

"Hush now, everyone. Move fast but stay quiet."

They listened to Jorah and let him take the lead.

None of them knew where they were upon the hospital clinic estate and they were surrounded by a chain link fence as far as the cinder block building wall went.

Following the wall, they moved with effort, shivering as the cold ate at their unprotected bodies.

Blinding lights were shining down on them and they hoped that no cameras were recording them.

Two figures suddenly appeared around the corner and stopped dead.

"I don't remember any field trips planned tonight, do you, Raff?"

"Nope but I do wonder where our guest is."

Polliver advanced along with Raff and this time they didn't pull out batons or a taser.

Sansa gasped as they backed up and found themselves staring down the barrels of handguns.

"Now, out here we can follow all sorts of different rules. So...I am giving you little shits one chance only to run your asses back up onto our floor as fast as you can. Or I start shooting. I will give you to the count of five to run. One. Three."

It burned Sansa to hear the two men laugh as the patients scrambled to run back into the building.

They tried every door on their way up the stairs at first but Polliver and Raff were thundering up behind them.

So they stopped trying to fumble keys and locks and concentrated on getting to their floor.

Lollys had just turned a corner when the group stampeded up to her then past her.

"What the fuck? I thought we wanted to leave?"

Sansa panted and yanked on her friend's arm.

"We did. We can't. Raff. Polliver. Back. Guns. Up, go!"
Running downstairs, as tired, injured patients who don't see a lot of exercise was hard enough.

Running up the stairs in the same condition became nearly impossible.

Easily enough Raff and Polliver caught up to them all.

They were crawling at a near snail's pace and the men put away their guns for their other weapons.

The patients were forced to hobble, if not run up the stairs like driven beasts, being whacked by batons.

"Go! Keep moving! You want to run, want more exercise, then go, run now! Fuckers, move it! Faster!"

Crawling, the patients got onto the floor and lay there, panting, heaving.

Raff hurried to get to the nursing station.

He feared Walda might have a heart attack or the bleeders might bleed out.

Raff stood there, nearly frozen in shock not sure what to deal with first.

The destroyed nursing station or Ramsay Bolton on the floor in a straitjacket.

Or maybe Cersei slamming enraged at the locked door of the crafts room.

For one wild moment, Raff almost ran back out the way he herded the others in.

Far, far away.

Then Polliver herded the crawling, complaining patients into the hall.

It made Raff feel a tad better to see the same thoughts on Polliver's face.

Raff ran through the nursing station to get what he needed and ran back to the patients.

Polliver released Cersei who flew out like a hissing spitting cat.

She ran to start clawing at Lollys but Polliver moved her back.

"We don't have time for that, Cersei! What about fucking Ramsay, huh? Does it look like he got away with Theon after causing some damage? Instead we have him in a fucking straitjacket on our floor! Now what?"

"Do not speak to me like that!"
Raff finishing making sure Walda's pulse was normalizing then he moved to Stannis and Jorah.

"I won't go down for you, Cersei! You need to call Gregor and fix this! Fuck, I'm calling him myself!"

"No need to bother Gregor at this hour or anyone else. You have guns, correct? Take him out to some swamp and put a bullet in his head."

The entire room stared at Cersei and Theon spoke in a wavering, terrified voice.

"You better pray that Ramsay didn't hear you say that."

Walda looked at Cersei with serious promise on her face.

"If you kill Ramsay, Roose will skin you living. There will be nowhere on this world you could hide."

Raff started to stitch Stannis's leg while the man winced.

"Hate to agree with the patients, but they are right. I won't have any hand in killing a Bolton. I say that Polliver calls Gregor."

Cersei swatted at the phone in Polliver's hand.

"NO! What about Qyburn? Call him! He can do a brainwash on him!"

Polliver and Raff shared a look.

"Cersei, your father gave Qyburn a forced vacation as of last night. Unella has some Dr. Sparrow now and he isn't anything like our doctor."

Lollys laughed and Polliver had to keep Cersei from her.

Raff shoved Stannis out of his way and went to Jorah.

Glaring at the others, Polliver snarled out for them to begin cleaning all mess on the floor.

"You will stay up all fucking night if need be. I want the blood washed up, everything wrecked best be fixed! Move it!"

Lollys tried to move quickly but Polliver could both hear and see her bounty bulked under her clothing.

"HOLD IT, SKANK! NOT YOU! COME HERE NOW!"

Lollys shuffled slowly over and whined.
"Come on, give me a break. Don't you want me to get started on the clean up?"

Polliver roughly yanked Lollys to him and quickly removed all the medication she stole.

He gave her three hard whacks with his baton before shoving her after the others.

Raff hurried to put Walda, Stannis and Jorah into their beds and restraints upon them.

Cersei was staring down at Ramsay and Polliver was screaming at the patients to move faster.

Raff didn't want to call Gregor as the man will want to know how the fuck the patients made it outside.

A curve of lips and suddenly Cersei's eyes lit up.

"It isn't the best or idea plan, but it is a plan at least."

She spoke and the night staff were dubious but it was all they had.
Ramsay sat and glared at Cersei.

The woman sat next to the restrained man and smiled.

"You need to think past your immediate predicament and upset. You want your pet? Well, he is in here. You want revenge against those nutcases that took you down? Well, they are all in here. With us. Commit yourself voluntarily and I will help you. Raff, Polliver and Gregor will help you. I will see to it that you have extra privacy to be with Theon. We all enjoy the continual torment of the others and will be thrilled to have your assistance."

"Where is he, where is my boy?"

"The poor thing was distraught to help clean and Raff sedated him, put him in bed, locked his door. Imagine his surprise to find you still here in the morning at breakfast?"

Ramsay seemed to consider it and then smirked at Cersei.

"I voluntarily commit myself, you let me get revenge on those assholes. You let me keep my boy. No one experiments on me or my pet."

Cersei nodded.

"That won't be any problem. The new doctor will find me quite the good influence upon him. Everyone here is under my thumb but the day nurse. I wish to bring her down, perhaps you will enjoy helping me with that."

"Sounds like my kind of fun. Okay, give me my hand and the pen. I will agree."

Raff and Polliver shook their heads in disbelief as Ramsay gave them all an angelic smile.

"That crazy bitch just threw a T-Rex into a chicken coop. Gregor is going to kill us. We really should have just called him."

Pollier sucked on his teeth and added,

"And today we meet this new replacement doctor. Unella recommended him so he should be a real stick in the ass."

Groaning, Raff hit his forehead.

"Unella is going to kill us before Gregor does. The fucking medications! Lollys ate or broke a shit ton and I know you frisked her but she hid more from you. I am missing more than I can just write off. I'm gonna kill that junkie whore, I swear to god."

Polliver shrugged.
"It's your own fault, you set her off onto it in the first place. You knew the risks and hell, you SAW me toss her room twice then you tossed it yourself. I mean, all that is left in there is her damned mattress! And you cavity searched her so hard it looked like you were trying to climb through the other end!"

"I don't care, that woman has them! I know that cunt would stuff them in a rotting corpse if she had to. She probably shoved them into Ramsay while he was sedated, planning to cut him open for them later! I should have searched the other bedrooms, the other patients! Fuck!"

Raff took a deep breath as Polliver rolled his eyes and they called Gregor after all.

Unella was in a nightmare landscape, a little girl, running, running but giant feet slammed down inches from her, thundering.

She sat up straight, sweating in her flannel nightgown, hearing thunder cracking.

No, it wasn't thunder above her, it was thundering inside.

At her apartment door and Gregor was roaring.

Girding herself for the time she knew might come, Unella headed for her bathrobe then the door.

Ripping the door open, putting her hands in her pockets, stoic face.

"I hope you know there will be witnesses! You must have woken half the building."

"I woke everyone but you! I have been calling and texting you for an hour! I was going to rip your door off the hinges in another five minutes! You need to get dressed and get to the clinic."

Unella looked surprised and Gregor sneered.

"If I was here to kill you, I wouldn't be knocking, woman. I see the little gun in your pocket. Get dressed, I will wait. We need to get to the clinic."

"What happened, who died?"

"No one is dead yet. But I am thinking of some ass kicking to pass out. We have a problem or two, hurry!"

Hodor opened all the patient doors and took off all restraints silently then left.

Each person crept out to see the most interesting sight.

Raff and Polliver were hiding behind Cersei, who was hiding behind Ramsay.

Unella and Gregor were a grim wall of fury, surveying the sociopath, the nursing station and broken furniture.
"You expect me to believe this story? Ramsay Bolton just happens to throw himself at the clinic. You let him in, he signs then goes on a rage and drugs magically went missing while you wrestled him down."

Gregor glared at the nodding group but Cersei looked at Unella.

"No, we don't expect you to believe it. But we are going to have to make sure our new doctor believes it. We have narcotics missing, other medications crushed, things destroyed. And do you want to be the one to explain why you let a mentally ill man get turned away, a Bolton, at that? Ramsay has committed enough deranged crimes and if any ever come to light, or he commits a new one, it will land on us. I am sure that is exactly what will happen if you shove him out."

Unella pursed her lips and shot Cersei a look of blank hate.

"Of course you were the ringleader. How many of the patients were injured? Did you touch Theon, Ramsay? Do you understand why I think this would be the wrong place for you? I don't doubt you need help, I doubt any help will happen for you or Theon in the same location."

But Unella was worried, the new doctor, he wouldn't understand any of this.

Gregor pulled the nurse aside and they argued quietly.

After a few moments, Unella yanked a key card out of her purse and thrust it at Gregor.

"The medications room in the lab, it should have enough to replace what is missing. Take the men to deal with it. I am going to process the new client. Who shall have the room on the other side of Meryn's bathroom. Seems appropriate."

Gregor made sure to have Raff find every single medication and Polliver stacked them all neatly.

Then Gregor took advantage of having use of the lab to give each of the idiots an impromptu shock treatment.

Unella processed Ramsay, she grimly watched as Cersei struggled to lift and move all the broken furniture to the very back storage closet.

Ramsay showered and changed while Unella tried to question the patients.

All of them had interesting answers.

"Meryn, what happened here last night?"

"Do you know that Ramsay is a criminal, a sick person? He doesn't belong in here."

"Loras, how did you get these bruises?"

"I was practicing my flag drills."

"Sansa, did you see anyone inside the nursing station?"
"Yes, Raff. Sometimes Polliver too."

"Stannis, how did you get stabbed?"

"Jorah challenged me to a duel. A true gentleman must accept."

"Walda, Polliver took keys and a blade from you. Where did you get them?"

"I should have been allowed to keep them as compensation for my dead baby."

"Lollys, do you have those drugs?"

"On my person? No. Raff gave me a full fucking finger puppet last night to check. In my room? Nope, Polliver went through it like a hurricane."

"Theon, can you tell me if Ramsay tried to hurt you last night?"

Unella allowed Theon a drink of water after he finished vomiting.

The clients sat for breakfast just as Ramsay jumped into the room with his arms spread.

Wearing the white sweatsuit and with a wide grin, he bellowed.

"Good morning, crazies! Welcome me to your fucked up family bush!"

Ramsay grinned wider at the sight of Theon quietly slithering to the floor from his chair, in a dead faint.

Dr. Hugh Sparrow was a tall narrow man.

He stood before them all in the circle therapy room.

His smile was benevolent and sunshine beamed from his large brown eyes.

"Sweet lord, where the hell did Unella find this nutcase?"

Sansa hushed Lollys who was magically stoned again and giggling at the praying mantis hippy in front of them.

"I was flattered and honored that Tywin Lannister invited me here. I was even more excited to hear it was Nurse Unella that recommended me. It had been years since I taught classes. It was impressive to hear and see how Unella has used my teachings through the years. I am a big believer in patients helping themselves. Humbleness, honesty, hard work and courage, painful work within ourselves can heal us. I am so pleased to see how you all care for your own floor and food. I only hope to add to what Unella has begun. I will work with your regular doctor when he returns, of course. I am sure we shall get along in spite of differences in teaching. Now, I have spent the morning reviewing all your files. I would like to sit in on your usual therapy circle, just to get a feel of how you all work together."

"Oh god that took up almost the whole time anyway! Can we just all sing a happy song and go
then?"

"Lollys! That was very rude. Apologize."

Unella glared at the clearly high woman but the doctor just smiled warmly.

"That is quite alright, Unella. I know this one is Lollys. She has impulse control problems, among other more serious ones. Young woman, you seem impaired. You seem over-medicated. That would be a grave strike against the staff, dear. Do you feel concerned enough that you wish to take a drug test immediately? Or do you wish to stay in the circle?"

Lollys paled and shook her head fast, lowering her eyes.

Dr. Sparrow smiled and cast his eyes about the room as he sat down to observe.
"Ramsay! We do not allow personal contact and you are making Theon cry. Release him and let him sit in his own seat, please."

"But nurse, I have not seen my boyfriend in so long and this circle is the first time I had a chance to be near him. Theon is crying because he misses me just as much!"

Ramsay's blue eyes were sincere and the face so earnest but fear shined from Theon's eyes even as he nodded in agreement.

Unella glared and Ramsay sighed, releasing Theon who scrambled for his own seat.

He sat between Loras and Lollys as all eyes fixed with hostility upon Ramsay.

The doctor scribbled a note onto his clipboard and kept watching.

Cersei gave a gentle clearing of her throat and leaned forward.

"I would like to begin today, if you don't mind, Nurse Unella. I think it was awfully brave of Ramsay to admit himself, to see his own needs and reach out for help with them. Most of us were put here. Also, there is nothing wrong with a love that transcends even from outside into this place. I fully support Ramsay and Theon's relationship. I think it's a lovely thing."

"Thank you very much, Cersei. How kind of you!"

Ramsay smiled at Cersei then at everyone else.

"I feel very welcome here. There is so much I need to work on and I won't leave until I feel done."

Lollys snorted and Loras stuck his tongue out at Ramsay.

Another scratch of the pen on the clipboard as Dr. Sparrow looked briefly at Lollys.

"Cersei, you would love their relationship. You are the queen of fucked up relationships. Though you might want to consider it a good thing that your one arm lover brother doesn't visit. I mean, no beauty treatments, no fresh air, no spa...it shows, sweetie. You might want to beg some moisturizer off Sansa or something. Don't worry, you don't look a day over forty-something."

Ramsay laughed and Cersei narrowed her eyes at him.

"That man doesn't belong here! I want him out of here! Out, I say! He is not one of us!"

All snickered as Meryn stood up and shook his fist.

"What's the matter, Meryn? Afraid your pervert status is being challenged?"

"Hush, Jorah. Don't encourage him, dammit! The last thing we need is a pervert war!"
Stannis looked properly horrified as he lectured Jorah.

Unella was scandalized but Dr. Sparrow simply scribbled upon his papers.

"Does anyone have anything constructive to add today?"

Hodor went on at length and the doctor seemed fascinated by it.

Walda spoke next.

"I want to say that Meryn and I have mended our bridges. We are no longer at war but I still despise him. Also, regardless of why he is here, Ramsay is my stepson and I welcome him."

"Why thank you very much, stepmother."

Ramsay glowed with affection and Meryn growled deeply at the man.

"Don't let him have any kitchen duties! He will fuck the food!"

Thus ended circle therapy for the day.

Lollys was thrilled to be back in the kitchen and Stannis joined her, broken arm or not.

He arched a brow as she grabbed a pepper and easily opened it, along glued edges.

She sniffed a line from the different combination of pills crushed in there and quickly glued it shut to hide it back in a vegetable drawer.

"How many places have you stashed drugs?"

Shrugging at Stannis and grinning at his disgruntlement.

"A girl needs her secrets, my fine Sir!"

Despite chores, despite everyone trying to keep Theon away, Ramsay hunted him down.

However, in spite of evading the staff and clients, Ramsay discovered he had one thorn in his side. Ramsay had cornered his skittish pet in the bathroom and Theon was shivering, crying.

"What is your name? The real one, tell me and I won't start our reunion with hurting you."

Theon tried to pant out an answer but Ramsay tilted his head, putting a finger on the trembling lips of his pet.

Ramsay heard extra panting and he moved to rip the shower curtain aside.

There was Meryn, flogging his healing but still tender flesh, his face contorted in rage.
"What the fuck are you doing?"
A thin stream hit Ramsay in the leg as Meryn growled at him.
Theon flew out the door that Hodor held open for him.
Hodor shut it fast and both scurried away.

Dr. Sparrow wandered the clinic for a bit longer, speaking to the staff, to the patients.
Sometimes just watching them.
He went to the lab and spent some time seeing what Qyburn had been using for treatments.
Gregor brought the patients up one by one for an examination.
Judging by the tense bodies, Dr. Sparrow knew that Qyburn had been taking liberties.
Too much experimentation and not enough actual work or healing.

He set them each at ease with gentle conversation as he gave them each a physical.
All the questions were boring and routine concerning physical and mental health.
Dr. Sparrow drew blood and sent them each off without a single invasive or painful test.
He wrote out new medication orders for each.
Leaning back in the seat, Dr. Sparrow thought about all he saw today and the plans he will enact out.
It was good that Unella and Tywin called him, they certainly needed him, judging by what he saw.

Cersei's visit had been most illuminating.
In a modest soft voice, she confessed to the good doctor about her concerns of the others.
"Lollys and Sansa, they are nice normally. Truly, they are good women, it's just...they have been finding a way to find drugs, the things they have done for them. I have proof, sadly. I hoped to never use it except to shame them into changing their ways."
Cersei it seemed had a concern about each person and Dr. Sparrow wrote it all down.

During supper, Unella was thankful that the doctor had left for the day.
Ramsay had forced Theon to sit with him.
Meryn jumped up and began to attempt to jerk off into Ramsay's mashed potatoes.
"Why? What the hell is your issue with me? I am trying hard not to torture and kill you. I am in therapy after all."

With a roar, Gregor flung Meryn into his room and wrestled the mittens back on him.

Ramsay spent the rest of the night chasing down Theon.
It was a hide and seek that grew increasingly frustrating.

Patients took turns removing Meryn’s restraints and helping to hide Theon from Ramsay.

No matter, Ramsay was an excellent hunter and he always caught his prey.

He found Theon hiding in a large dryer.

Squeezed into a heating duct.

Under Walda's bed, behind Hodor, under the tables, on the roof and in the storage closets.

Each time Ramsay found Theon he was interrupted by one of the others giving Theon another chance to run.

It took Polliver to catch Theon and lock him into Ramsay's room.

All of them listened to Theon beg and scream, helpless to do anything.

Except Cersei, she was on the phone trying to speak to Jaime.

When she headed to bed later she was furious and hurt that her brother was being so selfish.

Lollys came from nowhere to slam the woman into the wall.

"If Theon suffers any further because of your sadistic games, if any of us do, you might find yourself the next one in a coffin."

Cersei laughed and shoved Lollys off her as Polliver came by.

"You should worry less about the others and more about yourself. Junkies always forget what they do and you never know when that might come to bite you in the ass, Lollys."

Lollys couldn't ask what the fuck Cersei was talking about as Polliver was using his baton to help Lollys get to bed.
Hard Cold Therapeutic Methods

Dr. Sparrow decided to start with a little hardcore family therapy to get the blood flowing.
Lollys and Sansa were surprised to see Bronn and Petyr sitting in doctor's office.
The doctor folded his thin long fingers on the desk and gave them all a sympathetic smile.

"Ladies, I hope you will understand that I do this with no joy but with a great need to help you both. Gentlemen, both these woman tested positive for narcotics they did not receieve from our staff. Lollys has a mix of several opiates in her system and Sansa has been taking hallucinogenics. According to staff and patients alike, both women have been this way for some time."

Bronn sighed and gave Lollys a hurt, frustrated look.

"Again, sweetie? How many times do we have to go through this? Getting sick of it, Lollys. I was trying to get you out and you do this? At least you were still here when you relapsed."

Lollys couldn't explain if she tried so she didn't, just muttered she was sorry.

Petyr glared at the doctor, not Sansa.

"That isn't right. Sansa has never had a drug issue in her life. If she has been taking anything, she was forced to."

Sansa nodded frantically, she dared not point out anyone but she couldn't let Petyr think she was an addict.

He was her only hope of ever leaving this place and she grabbed his hand tightly.

Dr. Sparrow gave Petyr an understanding nod.

"I am aware of that. And I expect disbelief from you and the resignation we see from Lollys's husband. So I have proof to offer both of you as to how serious this truly is. Please, forgive me, I cannot tell you who the others in the clip are, nor can I tell you when this happened. But it is clear they are in this facility. And it is clear what is happening."

He turned his laptop so they could all see and clicked it on.

Petyr and Bronn stared, wordless in horror.

Sansa whimpered and tears fell as she watched herself wrap her lips around Raff's cock.

Huge drugged eyes and needing help to move, but it was her.
The man's face did not show clearly unlike hers, but Sansa knew it was Raff.

When the next cock she sucked was Polliver's, she leaned over and threw up in the wastebasket.

Worse were the images of Lollys.

Purple hair flew as she enthusiastically rode Raff like she was riding a bucking bronco.

A stoned smile on her face and Lollys took Polliver's cock in her mouth without complaint a few frames later.

She was clearly fucked up but also was clearly enjoying the sex too.

There was no sound to the clip but Sansa knew Cersei had been talking during it.

She vaguely recalled it as she saw it, that night that they stuck Lollys with that first drug.

But Sansa had no voice to say anything with.

Bronn exploded from his chair and shoved Lollys away when she reached for him.

"No! I'm done! You...fucking whore! It's my fault, I know! I got you hooked, I taught you every dirty trick and I pimped you out. But I can't spend my whole life paying for it and waiting for you to get better. I'm done. I'm asking my lawyer to stop working on your release, you need this place. I'm going to ask him to settle our divorce instead."

"Please, Bronn! Wait, I love you! I didn't know, I didn't even know! Please, Bronn! Talk to me!"

Lollys chased after her husband when he stormed out.

Petyr removed his hand from Sansa's grip and his eyes were ice, his mouth set firmly.

"Please, Petyr, I swear...I didn't even know it happened! I was raped, I was coerced, I didn't even remember until now! Cersei made them, she was there, I remember she was there that night that Lollys and I were both drugged together."

Dr. Sparrow leaned forward, pinning Sansa with a birdlike black stare of flat inquisition.

"Do you recall that night? And you specifically remember Cersei? Who else do you recall seeing? Who are the two men, please? All who were there committed a crime. They will be forced to be publicly punished for it."

Sansa shivered and dropped her eyes in despair.

Already mentioning Cersei was a bad enough mistake.
"I...I might be wrong about anyone being there at all. I was too messed up. I don't know who the men were. I...I am so sorry, Petyr. Please don't give up on me. I would do anything for you, Petyr. I would! Please, don't leave me in here forever."

Her voice was repentance and shame, tears fell and Sansa gracefully slid to the floor to kneel at her beloved uncle's feet.

She put her head down upon his knees and begged prettily for forgiveness.

Petyr stroked her scalp and told her he would not abandon her.

His voice was smooth, it was loving and Sansa knew he was feeling betrayed.

Terror filled her and her sobs became real.

Cersei had watched with true giddy malice as Bronn flew past with Lollys begging, sobbing after him.

The elevator doors slid shut taking Lollys's husband away for the last time.

Lollys screamed and punched the wall.

"What's wrong, dear? Did hubby find out what a true junkie whore you are?"

With every intention of murdering her, Lollys jumped at Cersei.

Gregor restrained her and Lollys thrashed in mindless red fury that took away her senses.

The last thing Lollys could hear clearly was Cersei laughing.

Lollys became aware that she was really, really cold.

She had no idea how long she has been strapped down into the ice filled tub but her teeth are chattering.

The room was dark and only when Lollys forced her teeth to stop chattering did she hear others.

More chattering of teeth and someone else moaning softly.

"Holy shit, are all the tubs full in here? Roll call of the frozen fucking crazy crew."

"I'm here, on the end, last tub."

"Aww, gingersnap. Did Petyr freak out on you? Did you lose him like I lost my Bronn?"

"I made a spectacle of myself. I groveled and begged and sobbed. Sickeningly enough, it wasn't all acting. Petyr is all I have. He is the only way I will ever leave this place! Petyr said I was forgiven
but he is so pissed, Lollys! He will punish me and find a way to go after Cersei. I slipped and said she was there but then I changed what I said. Petyr will go after Cersei, who will then come after me and it goes round and around. Lollys, I...I was raped. I mean, it was rape, right? I wasn't able to say yes or no. I...that is why I am in here, I flipped out about being violated."

A long deep sigh and then a voice both didn't wish to hear from.

"Don't stop...keep talking, please. I..I want to help...I want to hear it...please?"
"Meryn, you sick pervert, how can you possibly get anything up in an ice tub?"
"You would be surprised. Tell me again about Cersei watching you get raped."
"Sick bastard! Why the hell are you in here anyway?"
"I fucked the meatloaf that Unella made for supper tonight. It was still cold and sitting on the table. That disgusting Ramsay was there, trying to hurt our poor Theon. It made me angry and...."
"And you fucked a meatloaf."

Lollys started to laugh in spite of freezing and her mind racing with despair, her heart breaking.

"That is why I am in here as well."
Sansa gave a shout of surprise.

"Stannis?"
A grave but wavering, freezing voice came from the middle near Lollys.

"Yes. I was setting the table and then Meryn...I was already nervous about the meatloaf...all mixed like that...but then when he....so I got mad."
Meryn snorted.

"Got mad? That is how you want to put it? You chased after Gregor to try and reach me! You had a vegetable peeler, waving it at me!"

"I am no longer sure who our worst enemy is anymore. There are too many of them now."
Lollys grinned at Stannis and his lamenting.

"Let's see...Cuntella, Gregorstien, Queen of Madness, Mr. Handsome, SuperBully, The Mad Scientist and now we have the Ventriloquist Hunter and Predator Sparrow. Right now, I am voting with murdering both Cersei and the Sparrow. Then we can take down the others, one by one. Who's with me?"
The others all laughed then went back to chattering.

"No answer is still an answer."
Sansa snorted and told Lollys to shut up so she could freeze to death in relative peace.
Plain Brown Birdie Of Prey

The Sparrow did not discriminate.

All faced his therapeutic methods, harsh and invasive as they might be.

And he created enemies of them all.

The therapy session between Walda, Ramsay and Roose nearly ended in violence.

Dr. Sparrow invited Theon's Uncle Euron to a therapy session since Asha was missing.

These two visits happened right after one another.

Which explains why Walda, Ramsay and Theon found themselves stuck in tubs of ice.

The doctor felt this would give them time to calm down and safely open a dialogue with each other.

He was right about the dialogue but probably not the content of it.

"Walda, you fat fucking step-hog! We are stuck in here forever now because of you! And I NEVER signed a paper turning all my control over to my father! How dare you back his baldfaced fucking lie like that!"

"Ramsay, your father deserves my support in all things. If you ever marry, you will understand the importance of always backing your spouse no matter what."

"He is never letting us get out. Do you see that yet, you stupid woman?"

"You are being over-dramatic, dear. Roose knows everything that is going on in here. I tell him. He will handle it and we shall leave here when he feels we are ready."

"Great. So he knows what is going on and yet, never once tried to pull you out? Do you get that? Huh? He dumped your crazy, infant obsessed ass here to rot. Now he got rid of his problem son too. Fucked, we are fucked."

A sad sobbing floated through the room.

Ramsay's lips curved into an evil smile in the dark room as he waited, allowing Theon to fear, to think it through.

"Ra..Ramsay?"

"Yes, pet?"

"The doctor...he made me sit with my uncle. He's back, Euron is back and I think he killed my sister! He has full control now! He can...he threatened to pull me out of here and take me home
The smirk left Ramsay's face and his sharp teeth and eyes gleamed in the gloom of the cold tub.

"I promise you, pet, that NO ONE is taking you away from me. I will kill your molester uncle if I have to. Cersei thinks she is so fucking brilliant. She thinks I didn't hear her tell the two idiots to kill me. That cunt offers me my pet, then forces me to commit myself. Now she wants to play by taking my pet away? I am going to show her my games, see how she likes those."

Walda cleared her throat and spoke, her teeth chattering.

"Ramsay? Theon? I heard Cersei tell the Sparrow every bit of dirt on everyone in here. She thinks he is in her pocket but I think she is wrong. I don't think you will have to play any games with her, stepson. I think the Sparrow is going to get her too. He seems very equal opportunity when it comes to his therapy strategies."

Theon's voice was thready but coherent.

"We can't wait and hope for the doctor to do it. We need to take her down and the doctor too. There are too many dangerous predators here. We need to get rid of a few of them."

"Not your Master, though. I am one dangerous predator you adore, right? Pet? Reek?"

"My name is Theon."

"Your name is Reek."

Walda moaned.

"Boys, please. My baby needs to rest and my bedroom door is open. If you fight it will wake him up."

Ramsay cursed for quite some time.

Dr. Sparrow decided his family therapy went so well, he should bring his experience to the regular therapy group.

Unella found herself gently pushed out of her own power, slowly the doctor took everything over.

She stood near Gregor who was silently gloating as the Doctor led the hostile patients into intensive therapy.

Only Cersei looked happy, sitting next to a pensive looking Hodor, Ramsay on her other side.

The doctor beamed at them all and then verbally began to slit their throats and psyches.
In ten minutes time, he had Meryn sobbing into his mittens.

Meryn was forced into admitting that he had a serious repulsive problem due to a terrible incident as a very young child.

Being raped by a mime that his grandmother sold him to during one of her benders was a hideous memory Meryn can't get rid of.

The mime told his grandmother that the boy wasn't quite young enough but he would do.

They traveled with the freak show for a year and a half before Meryn's grandmother divorced the head gimp.

When Meryn was taught by the mime to orgasm, he never looked back.

Until now.

Stannis confessed how he was relieved when his wife committed suicide.

How he never loved her, only married her because she was pregnant.

He sounded lost as the doctor encouraged him to speak more about his daughter and his mistress.

Stannis broke and cried when he said he was aware that his crazy mistress wanted to burn his daughter and wife to death.

Jorah knew his obsession with Dany was not returned.

He was calm as he recited his usual lament of the girl.

Only after the doctor reasoned with him did Jorah finally accept the truth.

He was obsessed with a woman who feared and despised him, if she thought of him at all.

The doctor helped Loras see that he had been abandoned.

That he was considered an embarrassment.

Also, Loras was made to reexamine his own possible fault in Renly's public downfall and death as well as his sister's.

He joined the group of desolate sobbing men and Dr. Sparrow smiled at how well things were going.

Dr. Sparrow smiled at the ladies next and Lollys sneered back at him.

"Well, we do not have much time left today. Let's take one more person and the rest we can work
on tomorrow. Yes? Wonderful. Lollys, you have remained quiet through this whole session. Usually you have so many comments to make. I am glad to see you taking things more seriously. Are you running low on your stolen drug supply yet? I will help you through the detoxing, young lady but it's best to wait until you are ready for it."

"I will tell you what I think, doctor. I think I would rather have Qyburn give me a fucking lobotomy than have your therapy."

"Still hostile. You must be running low on your supply, you look very tense and twitchy. Sweating too."

"Fuck you. Fuck off, fuck thyself, birdie."

Cersei made a tsking sound and smiled at Lollys in a manner indicating sainthood.

"Poor Lollys. You must forgive her, Doctor Sparrow. She just lost her husband and is grieving. Plus I am pretty sure that Lollys is out of the stash she hid. Luckily, Lollys is used to both rejection and withdrawal pain. She will be just fine, just like Lollys always says, she will bounce back!"

Lollys bared her teeth at Cersei then her half drugged, half wired eyes gleamed bitterly.

"Cersei, I always wondered something? Which did Jaime learn to ride first? A bike or you?"

With a quick snarl worthy of a lion, Cersei struck with her reply.

"Jealous, darling? Don't be. From what I hear, no one can ride a man a well as you."

Lollys moved as if to get up but caught Gregor's warning look.

She slumped into her seat and stared hard at Cersei but remained silent.

Only Unella's sharp eyes caught the look in the doctor's eyes as he watched Cersei.

"It is nice to see you taking such an interest in your fellow patients, dear. Well, we have a few moments left, let's talk with you, Cersei."

Sitting straighter and folding her hands neatly in her lap, Cersei responded.

"I am working on changing my anger into the grief it truly is. I should not strike out at others when I hurt, but it seems I do. So I have apologized to my uncle the last time I saw him. Since then I have mainly been trying to learn to be a calmer, charitable and peaceful person."

Jorah coughed and it sounded like the word bullshit.

Doctor Sparrow folded his own hands and his nose seemed to dip forward briefly like a beak seeking a worm.

"I see. Perhaps you should reexamine your emotions. Dig a little deeper. Your anger turns to grief,
but is it really that? Or is it guilt, shame, some part of you that sees how you take fault in the death of both your sons."

Cersei froze in time.

Her lips seemed to breathe out snow and her ice have shattered into dangerous depths of black ice.

With a voice as soft as the silk sheets on her bed, she spoke.

"What did you say? How dare you."

The room was silent, eyes on the doctor and Cersei.

"I tried to reach your family for a session. Interestingly enough, your father, your uncle and your brothers have all declined. Why would an entire family feel the need to distance from you? What has angered or upset them so badly about you, Cersei? Have you thought of that? Have you given a thought to how those deaths impacted others in your family? Have you even thought about your sons except in a way that highlights only your own misery for others to sympathize with?"

"You have no right to judge me. I do not have to listen to this or answer to you, Doctor. Do not ever speak of my family or my sons to me! What kind of doctor would say such things to a grieving mother who lost her children? You are a monster."

Doctor Sparrow stood up as Cersie did and he walked closer to her, his voice ruthless.

"You had part in the death of your children. And that is only the beginning of your issues. So we will deal with that first."

"Do not say that! I would NEVER have done anything to hurt them! I loved my boys! Shut your sick mouth! I am leaving, going to my room!"

"No. You will not run from this. You will stay her and face it, Cersei. Gregor, please block the door."

Lollys had her mouth dropped open and Sansa wished for popcorn badly.

Unella was dying of cramps as she sang a jubilant song in her head.

Theon was so enraptured he didn't even notice that Ramsay pulled him onto his lap.

Meryn was so thrilled to see Cersei get hers that he didn't notice Ramsay's antics.
Cersei paced but there was nowhere to go.

Hodor whined because he could not hold the door for his upset pretty lady.

Gregor had no choice but to stand in front of the door and keep an eye on Cersei.

He prayed he would not have to restrain her or put her into the ice tubs or worse.

Unella prayed for all those things to happen and more, so much more.

The patients were all untied in a deep and enduring state of need to watch this queen fall.

Dr. Sparrow fixed his eyes upon the angry woman and tracked her as she moved.

His voice swooped through the air and pecked through Cersei bit by painful bloody bit.

"Where were you when your youngest son jumped from the roof of your home? He was very young to commit suicide. Tommen had problems, children without problems don't kill themselves."

"Shut up! You weren't there, how would you know? I had to provide for our family! My husband was a fat drunk and someone had to keep us going! I made sure my boys had everything they needed or could want!"

"You were busy with your society work, with your power struggles and you left your son with nannies, teachers and a driver. He had only one friend, the teachers sent notices of his declining grades. You noticed none of it. Did it run through your mind later, what you might have missed? If only you were around enough to see a sign, perhaps he would still be alive?"

Cersei breathed in ragged grief and rage.

"I will end you. You fucking pretentious bastard, I will see you dead. I will dance on your grave if you say another word to me."

"Will you? How? You have no power here anymore. I have stripped you of it and that should feel lighter on your shoulders. How about your other son? The one who tortured small animals as a child and was expelled from three schools for his cruel actions. If I recall, Sansa dated your son for quite some time."

Sansa was quick to open her mouth with a sweet but firm tone.

"Joff used to beat me. I hid the bruises well but you knew the whole time. You saw him drag me across your patio by my hair once then kick me in the ribs. You knew and ignored it. He killed a prostitute and you cleaned it up for him. You loved him so much that he was allowed no limits at
all. He probably started to beat Margeary and Olenna killed him for it."

"Shut up, you stupid simpering foolish idiot! I warned Joff about both of you! That murdering cunt and you! You never pleased him or he wouldn't have treated you badly! You provoked him! And if Joff did anything to a whore it was his uncle's fault! That sick little brother of mine gave Joff a whore for his birthday, not me! I never condoned that!"

Dr. Sparrow spread his hands and gave Cersei a pitying look.

"Can you not see how you blame everyone else for your problems? Joff was your problem to handle, you were his mother. Instead of redirecting Joff’s violent urges or getting him therapy, you encouraged his sickness. Your son, your responsibility and you failed him. You failed your sons."

Cersei spun around and screamed in the thin but formidable man's face.

"I DID NOT! I NEVER FAILED THEM! I LOVED THEM! I ADORED THEM, I PROTECTED AND SHELTERED THEM AND TOLD THEM THEY WERE DESTINED FOR GREAT THINGS! DON'T EVER BLAME MY ANGELS OR ME!"

The doctor never flinched even as her spittle lightly sprinkled his face.

His voice was soft after the deranged roaring but his voice hit like a cannon ball.

"You are lying to us and yourself. And you know it. Yes, you loved them but your version of love killed them just the same."

Cersei turned away from the doctor before she gave in to the urge to gouge his eyes out.

In her face was Unella, full of a sick glory and satisfaction that made Cersei truly feel insane.

"Get the fuck out of my way, Cuntella!"

"What did you call me? Filthy language will be cause for discipline later today. You will face this therapy from the doctor first. Shameful behavior will not excuse you from facing your own issues."

Cersei hissed and tried to spin to find another way past the two.

All of the patients were on their feet now and looked hungry for her blood.

And all of them except Hodor were blocking her.

"MOVE! IS THIS MORE OF YOUR PETTY REVENGE? DIDN'T YOU LEARN YET THAT I ALWAYS STRIKE BACK? GET OUT OF MY WAY! DO YOU LIKE THE WAY THEY TREAT US? DO YOU LIKE YOUR OWN BITS OF THEIR THERAPY! WHY AREN'T YOU WITH ME AGAINST THEM?"
Lollys shook her head in fake dismay and spoke slowly, clearly.

"Oh sweet summer child, don't you know that we only want to help you as much as you have helped us? Doctor Sparrow and Unella have just brought a bit of rainbows and unicorns to our world. It's more than we could have hoped for. It's almost worth losing my husband and sobriety for."

"Just admit your part in your sons deaths, Cersei. Confess the guilt and see how much better you'll feel."

Cersei spun to glare at the doctor and any pretense she had offered him before has scalded away in her rage.

"Go to hell! I will not participate! I was a good mother! I was a caring, loving mother and you can all go to hell!"

Stannis came a bit closer and strongly disagreed.

"My daughter went to school with Tommen! She had told us at dinner many times that year about how depressed he looked. How different he seemed and she worried about it. He left a note for her. Not for you, for her! He wrote that you were never there, he wrote that he wasn't sure you loved him, only Joff. I can ask her if you can see the letter if you'd like, Cersei?"

Next was Loras with his eyes and voice bright with spite.

"My sister argued for weeks, starved herself to keep our father from throwing her at your son. He did anyway, even my grandmother didn't want the match! They knew, we knew what he was like, we heard the rumors. Everyone, everyone knew that Joff was a sociopath! We went to school with him! Everyone knew how the rabbits at school died. Everyone saw him bully and hurt others just for kicks. He was cruel just like you taught him to be. And it killed him."

Cersei's face twisted and her hands formed claws.

"Shut up! Shut the fuck up!"

Ramsay smirked and his voice seemed to circle her maddeningly.

"You know about my hunts, Cersei. Well, one time I let your son come on a hunt. After all, I admired his levels of sadism and cruelty even if he was a pompous little elitist. He was like a rabid dog. Joff enjoyed shooting arrows into my father's maid and he fucked her harder than any of us. I taught him how to skin a bitch and he just came all over her leg as she died screaming. Like, worse than Meryn. As in, a virgin boy that sees his first naked girl. I mean, he wasn't even touching himself and-"

He mimicked what it looked like on a horrified Theon.

"STOP IT!"

Cersei whacked him then tried to shove her way past them all.

"Admit it. Admit your part in your sons deaths and we can end this."
Grabbing her own head, Cersei screamed as she drowned in their hostility, their words.

"I LOVED THEM! I LOVED THEM! TOMMEN NEVER TOLD ME! I WISH HE DID! I WISH I HAD MORE TIME TO SEE HIM, TO TALK TO HIM, I LOVED HIM! AND JOFF! OF COURSE A MOTHER PROTECTS HER SON! AND IF I FAILED HIM IT WAS BECAUSE SOMEONE WANTED TO KILL MY PRECIOUS BABY!"

The doctor came forth and smiled.

"That is a very good start, Cersei. Good. At least you can admit some fault. We can work on more another time. Goodness, it is almost lunch."

Cersei had just managed to get past the others into the hallway.

She needed to go and splash cold water on her face, calm down before lunch.

Determined not to let these assholes see her crack.

Blocking her way was fucking Unella again and Cersei nearly dove at her.

"Cersei, this is irregular, but I am allowing it. Your brother Jaime is here to see you briefly."

Tears came to her eyes and sweet warmth pulsed through her, easing her aching heart.

She ran past Unella to the lobby as Jaime came off the elevator.

Cersei leaped into his arms, ignoring how he seemed to stiffen slightly.

"Oh, thank you for finally coming! You have no idea how much I needed this, needed you. I don't care if you only have one hand, I don't care about anything but-"

Jaime shoved Cersei back gently and he spoke in an awkward and sorrowful tone.

"That isn't why I am here, sister. Stop, listen. Tyrion murdered father and disappeared. Father is dead and Uncle Kevan is in charge now. I...wanted you hear about father from me rather than him, I guess. I have to go, help with services. You aren't invited, you aren't well enough and frankly...I think it's a good idea you stay here and pull yourself together."

Cersei very calmly stared at Jaime while trying to asses what he has said.

Then she began to laugh, tears streamed but it was full belly laughter, eyes rolling, clasping her stomach with her hands.

"Well, at least that is one death that you can't lay at my door, Unella! Hear that, doctor? I had nothing to do with the gruesome little dwarf killing my father! One death off my soul, right?"
Jaime backed away and left fast when Gregor and Unella had to restrain his hyena howling sister.

Unella put Cersei in an ice bath and she had the whole dark room to herself to laugh, rage and sob.

When Cersei was quiet for some time, Unella came back in to stand over the shivering woman.

"I am leaving for the night. You seem calmer, do you feel ready to go get some late supper and have movie night with the others?"

Cersei smiled dreamily in spite of her chattering teeth.

"I want you to know that I have spent my time in here devising wonderfully painful ways to kill Dr. Sparrow. I have also fantasized of the agony of each person here. And you, Gregor has his own set of savage ideas for you and I am going to give you to him. I want to watch you break down to nothing."

Nodding, Unella started to leave the room.

"I will tell Raff to check on you in an hour or so, Cersei. Good night."

Lollys slid up to the med counter and stared in pleadingly at Raff.

He ignored her for awhile then sighed.

"What do you want, skank? It's movie night, go watch your damned movie."

"It's a stupid movie. Ramsay picked Babe just to taunt Walda. And watching Meryn jack off to a speaking pig is too disturbing for my fragile mental health."

"Go away."

"Raff, please. I need it, you started my fucking obnoxious junkie skank ways again, right? You owe me."

"I don't owe you shit. Fuck off, bitch. Go watch your pig movie."

"You drugged me, fucked me and filmed me then made me lose my husband. Yet instead of kicking your ass or killing you, I am asking you to please just hook me up. Please, don't make me beg. I'll use my mouth, I'll make you happy, just help me out, huh?"

Raff finally looked up with a hateful smirk upon his face.

"I want you to beg me for it."

"Fuck. Fine. Please, Raff, I am friggin dying here and pleading, begging you to help me, give me something! I will suck your hairy root, gargle your balls and fuck you dry. Just please give me something!"

Sounding both sarcastic and earnest at the same time, Lollys was giving Raff puppy dog eyes and he nodded.
"I want you to say you'll be my whore. Say that you want to be my good little whore."

Lollys wanted to rip Raff’s head off and shit down his neck but she spoke in a strained voice.

"I want to be your good little whore! I'll be your nasty little clinic whore if you'll just please give me what I need! Raff, please. Come on."

"You will do anything I want and you'll even blow or fuck Polliver if I say so."

"Yes, yes. Fine. Give me what I need and I will dress as a cheerleader and let you play with my pom poms! I will wear a strap on and slow fuck Polliver while singing Bruce Springsteen while waving a sparkler and sporting a top hat! Short of playing in poopy or playing with Meryn, I will do it, just hook me up, please. Your whore is begging you, Raff!"

Laughing, Raff got up and prepared a syringe while Lollys pretended she didn't feel at least a small iota of shame.
Unella strode fast through the halls, snapping at the patients as she went by them.

"Jorah and Stannis! Put out that cigarette and shut the window or it's room restriction!"

"Ramsay! Stop whatever it is you are doing to make Theon cry like that! In fact, I want you to scrub the floors, Ramsay. Now."

"Sansa and Lollys, keep those cooked foods in the kitchen until it's time to eat!"

"If you want to breastfeed your baby doll in peace, Walda then I suggest using your room. Stop hitting Meryn and go to your room!"

"Loras, nice work! That is so lovely. May I borrow this to show the others? Yes? Thank you."

"Cersei, please set the tables for lunch. You have no place at a staff meeting, stop being nosy."

Hodor held every door and Unella gave him a small tight lipped smile in response.

The last door he held, Unella shut behind her.

She stood there, facing Gregor, Raff and Polliver, her own hostile staff.

Gregor was sitting in her desk chair, his bully boy sat on the desk and the arrogant one was lounging upon her small couch.

Unella stood tall and clasped her hands tightly on her stomach, speaking firm and clear.

"Thank you, Raff and Polliver for coming in, I am sure you would rather be sleeping. I have received some...disturbing news and frankly, I need your help and you are going to need mine."

Gregor arched an eyebrow and leaned back, making her chair creak in alarm.

"How could the great Nurse Unella have any need for help? You are on top, the glory on high! We lost. Cersei lost. I can admit losses. Tywin is dead, Cersei is fucked and you won. Goodie for you. But why the hell would we ever help you?"

Unella took a deep breath.

"Qyburn was just sent a letter from Kevan Lannister. He was fired, told his items from the lab would be sent to him. Dr. Sparrow is our only physician now. And Kevan also spoke at length to me, no, at me, he spoke at me on the phone last night. He mentioned that this whole place was a pet project that Tywin gave Cersei to keep her busy and looking good. Kevan mentioned that he is going to look at each area of the clinic and start shutting them down if need be. He said he was offered a reasonable price to sell this building to a mall builder. Kevan said he might just ship all
the patients off to the state hospital and let us all go. I persuaded him to please come speak with us first, to see our floor and how we have changed, how we have helped our patients so much. The only reason Kevan hasn't sold this place is because his niece is in here. But I don't think that will be enough soon."

Raff swore.

"So I graduate and get my diploma and already I'll have lost my job. Great. Fucking great. Tell you what, I'm pulling that whore out with me then. I can at least pimp her out and get a little money until I get a new position."

Unella looked at Raff with disgust and Gregor cleared his throat.

"We need to call the nuthouse to the therapy circle. Before Sparrow gets here. It will take everyone to convince Kevan to keep us open. And who has more creative suggestions than the crazies?"

Unella shook her head and Gregor stood up stretching.

"No! Cersei only wants revenge and her money back, her control and-

Gregor stood over Unella in a heartbeat and one large hand grabbed her chin, tilting it upwards.

Unella snarled and her eyes blazed.

"Get your hand off me!"

"Shut up and listen. Cersei does want revenge and control of her money back and that is why she will help. We are all self serving, Unella, even you, perfect, Jane Austen scented you. No one here likes anyone else but we will form whatever alliance needed to serve our own needs. Call the patients together."

Ripping her chin out of his grip, Unella gritted her teeth but nodded.

"Thank you for understanding and assisting."

Her voice sounded like the words hurt as they came out and it made Gregor smirk.

"For now, I will follow your orders and offer my help to keep us all going. Just don't forget, things will switch around again."

The patients have routines, both of their personal choice and chosen for them.

Rules, times to do things, time not to do things and time takes forever.

That is why they all responded to an impromptu meeting the way they did.

It took the whole staff to get them into the room once the meeting was announced.
Walda had to find and pay an imaginary sitter to watch her baby as he wasn’t feeling very well.

Stannis had an explosion of temper as he was still trying to set silverware into the dishwasher.

Theon had gone into hiding and Ramsay excused himself from the meeting as he was trying to find his pet.

Sansa and Lollys had just begun a game of high stakes Monopoly.

Polliver and Raff used batons, Unella used stern lectures and warnings to herd the reluctant clients.

Gregor simply lifted arguing patients up and threw them into the room.

Theon was found hiding under the podium in the room they were using and tossed towards a mollified Ramsay.

Meryn scuttled to a seat between Theon and Ramsay, glaring at them.

Theon seemed relieved but Ramsay whispered threats of castration to Meryn.

Cersei walked into the room like a wraith and took a seat.

She has not taken well to being taken down.

Staring out windows, ignoring others rather than causing chaos, it worried them all.

Was the woman finally surrendering or was she hiding, planning something terrible?

No one knew and found that soured the enjoyment of her continual debasement from Dr. Sparrow.

Her eyes politely watching Unella and the other staff but with flat dull boredom.

Until Unella started to speak, then Cersei’s eyes seemed to spark to life a little bit.

After hearing the news of Qyburn, she was fully paying attention.

How dare her uncle fire Cersei’s most brilliant confidant and a scientist at that?

Then came the moment a woman like Cersei needs, hungers for.

Cersei fed deeply upon Unella’s quiet, stoic desperation in which she explained they all needed to help her.

It was a small mealy meal but it was enough for Cersei’s small black heart to beat slightly, filling her with a bit of motivation.

"I know my uncle very well. He will love our new doctor. He will love Unella turning her patients into janitorial staff. He will enjoy seeing your slim budget. And where you will lose him is profit. We need to show him how he or the family receives some form of profit. It showed a good image
of me while I was heading it. Now, the owner of the nuthouse is living in her own creation. Gossip like that does not make my Uncle Kevan happy and there is no profit to it. Gain us a better image and a profit if you want my uncle to keep us open."

Unella nodded and held up the lovely project Loras made.

"I agree with you, Cersei. We need to make a profit and a better image. This can be a start perhaps? And ideas are welcome, there are no bad ideas. Everyone's input is equally valid."

The lovely dress held in Unella's hands took the breath of Sansa and Cersei away.

"Holy shit! You made that, Loras? That is like, high class couture stuff! I couldn't afford that if I saved for a year. Yet, lookie at ginger and the queen, lusting after that dress. Their daddies would be able to let them afford that dress on just a weekly allowance. Ugh, why am I your friend, gingersnap."

Ignoring Lollys, Sansa and Cersei walked over to inspect the dress.

"We can create things like this to sell or auction off. Cersei, just because you are in here doesn't mean you cannot create functions for it. All we need is to convince the doctor to sign off on it. Lollys and Sansa can cook, bake and maybe it's time to give the media a new image of us?"

Cersei smirked and her eyes were full of swimming shark ideas.

"This place is famous for it's residents. Think of the scandalous clients you have here. Me, Theon Greyjoy, Ramsay Bolton, Loras Tyrell, Sansa Stark and Stannis Baratheon. All public figures, all rich and all high society. What if they saw us again? Repentant, struggling but cheerful with our lot in life. Dedicated to our own mental health through works, remember? If the Sparrow and Unella preach it, we should do it. Uncle Kevan would love to see us all toiling away like that. Humble and politely subservient to the masses."

Gregor gave Cersei an approving look and even the night staff started to offer suggestions.

Walda silently observed Lollys steal Raff's phone while she herself was stealing Polliver's.

Both women managed to sneak out while everyone was planning.
Cersei stood before her Uncle Kevan and Dr. Sparrow.

Her face was clean of all make up and her eyes stayed low.

Voice was strong, clear but it was missing it's luster, its poisonous lure.

"I wasn't there for Tommen, my sweet innocent boy needed his mother and I was too busy launching myself into society. My other son had my full attention but I never sought him help for his problems. I hid them and he died because of it. I am guilty, I am shamed and I must find a way to live with it. Dr. Sparrow and Unella have begun to help me reach past my anger and spite. This isn't a game or a joke or a plan to get me out of here or cause chaos, Uncle. I do not ask to leave, I ask to stay here where I can be helped. Let us show you that we can truly be useful to ourselves and society. Let us try, please?"

Cersei sang the accolades of the good doctor and of the helpful nurse.

Her uncle was suspicious but mollified.

Dr. Sparrow was both impressed and self congratulatory when he saw how hard the clients wanted to help themselves and their facility.

Unella and Cersei were given free reign for their "projects" however they would not be given any money or assistance from Kevan.

It was a nice surprise when Roose Bolton donated the materials to create a nice garden.

A bigger surprise was when Petyr Baelish sent a modest donation to fund baked goods plus a bit more.

The greatest shocker was when boxes showed full of materials for clothing making and other arts from Olenna Tyrell.

Only Walda and Lollys were not surprised but all were excited to begin.

Since Cersei had been admitted, the outer grounds have been unattended.

Gregor and Unella had the night staff join them for the patients first taste of outdoors, just in case.

When they all first burst through the door, staggering like albino lab rats freed for the first time, Polliver and Raff laughed.

"They were faster the last time. Look at them, I told you, chickens and a T-Rex."

With their freshly washed white gym suits, it did look that way.
Only Ramsay has been in such a short time that the outdoors didn't seem that exciting.

The others were flinging themselves around, sniffing deeply and Ramsay was scouting the perimeter, keeping a watchful eye upon Theon.

It was a full ten minutes before Unella could get them all to pay attention.

Another four minutes for Polliver to get Meryn to stop fucking the chain link fence.

Cersei and Sansa stared at the drab faded cinder block building with peeling white paint edgings.
Lollys grimaced as she half floated forward, her dose from Raff singing through her body.
"Bleak. This is the FRONT? Might as well add a scary clown holding a sign for free abortions."

Cersei silently agreed but sneered at her.
"Yes, thank you for that interesting critique. Why don't you go rinse Raff's sperm out of your mouth while the ladies work, dear?"

Shrugging, Lollys drawled her words, watching them float away.

"You should try it sometime. It's a breakfast with sugar but no calories. Perfect for the figure. The facility food starts to get to your body as I am sure you can see every time you shower and try to see your feet. Fat gets hard to remove after forty, doesn't it?"

Sansa shoved her friend.
"Be helpful or leave."
Lollys rolled her eyes but she felt too good to get upset or really antagonize.
"Okay. I used to be an art major. I can fix this all up, easy peasy."

Loras and Lollys took charge of the building makeover with glee.
Both had different artistic visions and fought the entire time they took off the paint.
Which meant they sucked in lead paint chips along with air.
Gregor whacked them both as they nearly wheezed to death.
He tied rags around their faces and they looked like the world's worst bank robbers.
"You need to stop breathing in lead, morons. You can't afford to get any more stupid."
Cersei and Sansa had an easier time designing the garden together.

Stannis, Walda and Theon were all assisting as the garden work crew.

That left Jorah, Ramsay and Meryn to do the basic yard work and heavy lifting.

They dedicated time everyday until the projects began to show true fruit.

Lollys came by the garden one day and threw a bag of different types of seeds to Sansa and Cersei.

"Some veggies and other crap. We look even more self sufficient if we grow our own food, not just order it at a store. Wish we could get some cows and chickens. Hmmm. Bet Ramsay would be thrilled to run the slaughterhouse."

Sansa arched her brow.

"Where did you get these from?"

"A girl has her secrets. Oh shit...Gregor just saw me and is on his way. Not scheduled to be out here yet...gotta run."

Sansa narrowed her eyes as Lollys bolted towards the door as Gregor roared at her.

Cersei looked at the seeds and lightly commented,

"That is the problem with junkies. They are resourceful, fun and mysterious seeming, always exciting or creative, great to be around....then one day, it turns. You found out that your own stolen money bought the favors or the person you thought you knew turns out to be a facade."

Sansa's own drug issue had magically ended the day Dr. Sparrow changed her medications list.

She had suffered a week of migraines, shivers, nightmares and what she had thought was the flu.

Until the doctor had given her a sedative and explained she was detoxing.

Sansa knew whatever Lollys was on, the detoxing would be even worse.

Still, it was a better idea than what Lollys was doing now.

She chastised herself for judging her friend and concentrated on where to plant the vegetables.

As the work both inside and outside showed results, they all worked faster with more energy.

Stannis discovered he loved assisting Loras with creating his dresses.

Things had to be measured, cut and laid out, this was the most calm Stannis has ever been.
Sansa was wonderful at intricate threads and Cersei was good with adornments.

It was discovered that Ramsay, Theon and Hodor all knew how to craft with wood.
Theon made a small lovely replica of a pirate ship.
Ramsay made a medium sized flayed man upon a cross.
Hodor made two ornate but sturdy wooden doors that were regular size and worked.
Jorah knew how to work and retool leather.
He created a vest and two belts with dragon designs on them.

Walda and Meryn had no idea what to try.
They were reluctant partners in the non craft or talent category but that did not stop them.

Unella gave them a book and supplies to make candles.
Meryn fucked any wax that was just soft enough and warm enough for him to try out.
Walda tried to scent one of their candles and the entire ward was gagging.
As Lollys described it, the smell was half jock locker room after a cheerleader gang bang and half fat man on a beach having gas after eating an Italian sub.
They had to sleep outside in the chill spring air while the floor aired out.

Gregor suggested they try to make jewellery.
It lasted one hour before Walda was in tears and fury as she dropped yet another string of teeny beads.
Meryn was making a lovely bedazzled cock-ring.
They were awarded the job of assistant to all the others.

Lollys and Sansa tore through recipes and then baked themselves into a coma.
Cersei was given a lovely stationary set that Walda happened to have stashed away.
She wrote contacts that she knew would be hungry for the gossip of fallen society queen.
With a smirk and the sweet feeling of plotting again, even something as innocent as this, just got her juices going.
The staff tried to create a website and the patients over their shoulders groaned.

After much arguing, Theon and Sansa took over with Loras assisting here and there.

Cersei and Unella added their input as needed.

They put each item next to a biography of the patients that created it.

Making sure that the famous names within the ward were on the website did the trick.

Within hours the site was flooded.

A day later reporters from local stations as well as some gossip media sites all were making appointments.

Soon pictures of the patients, the ward and the good doctor were everywhere.

White sweatsuit, short hair and no makeup, Cersei boldly smiled humbly into the camera.

She told a heartbreaking story of a socialite who loved her sons but did not see the trouble until too late.

A mother who was so broken with shame, guilt and grief that she lost her mind and attacked an innocent person, accusing them.

Of course, breaking down in tears, Cersei would say that she even felt guilty that Margeary died so soon afterwards.

Pictures of a lovely but drawn looking Sansa working in a garden or baking or sewing.

Loras holding up his magnificent dresses, Ramsay hugging Theon while they watched Stannis and Jorah play chess.

Walda walking her doll in it's stroller through the yard while Lollys and Meryn seemed to be playing tackle tag just behind her.

Hodor holding doors smiling cheerfully and another with Cersei sharing a small cake with him.

Items sold for more than they imagined and everyone wanted to know more of this mental facility.

Their popularity boomed and on occasion folks tried to call to patients though the gate for pictures or reports.

They all glowed in their success and Unella told them Kevan was coming to speak with everyone.
The doctor was launched by the popularity as well and took this as a wonderful sign.

He was being noticed for his own therapies and bringing in extra income, Kevan would congratulate him.

Perhaps even offer a bit more budget?

Dr. Sparrow ran off to work on his book and Unella pretended she wasn't a bit pensive about the meeting.
Everyone was on edge.

Kevan had texted Unella that it would be evening before he would make it over.

When she told everyone, they groaned and Meryn cursed.

Because Kevan was coming, he had to wear his mittens.

He started to yell that they needed to be removed until later.

Theon leaped as Ramsay's butter-knife accidentally nicked his finger.

Stannis was busy trying to separate the onions from the home fries.

"Why are we all so worried, anyway? We have exceeded our own expectations."

Cersei smiled and nodded.

"Stannis is right. Let's all enjoy breakfast."

Lollys made a gagging sound as she threw herself hot and sweaty from cooking, into a chair next to the woman.

She landed so hard, she knocked Sansa on one side and Cersei on the other.

"Gawd, you acting all nice and composed is way less fun then your real self."

Sansa sighed and threw Lollys's purple hair out of her mouth.

Cersei sniffed and made a tiny pout of revulsion as her icy eyes surveyed Lollys.

"You remembered to get stoned but forgot to shower? And you cook our food. That is disgusting. Raff isn't even on until night, how do you get high all day? Do you have more suppliers?"

Lollys crunched through a piece of bacon from Cersei's plate and winked at her playfully.

"A girl has her secrets, you know that, dear."

Sansa sighed loudly and muttered,

"A girl better stop using our kitchen for some of those secrets."

"Does everyone have a stick up their ass this morning? Wow. You two are no fun anymore. Ginger and Queen have no use for skanks. Gotcha."

Saying nothing, Sansa watched as Lollys danced away to help Meryn remove his mittens.
Approvingly, Cersei sipped at her coffee and spoke in a confidential tone.

"You are smart to distance yourself from her and her activities. When she becomes caught, if there was another to get the blame, you'd be pointed at. Or is she became desperate enough, she would find a way to use you."

Sansa gave a tiny nod and played with her food, only taking a bite when Unella came by.

"She was different when I first started here. I hate that Mr. Handsome encourages it for his own sick fun. I mean, I understand that night it was both of us. You were getting your revenge. So be it. It happened and I got the lesson. So did Lollys. But it set something off in her..."

Cersei was thrilled that Sansa came so close to admitting defeat and gave her a quick pat on the hand.

"Perhaps she will stop and return to herself."

She didn't add when pigs fly, instead encouraged Sansa to try and eat more.

Dr. Sparrow was nearly bursting with excitement as the patients filed in as well as the day and night staff.

Polliver and Raff have been called in during the day enough that they were complaining of lack of sleep and overtime pay.

Gregor had leaned over them and growled with true menace.

"I only call you in when the chickens work outside or for meetings. Today was the doctor's orders to have everyone here when Kevan showed. Had I known earlier the old fuck wasn't showing until tonight I would have called you. Sparrow saw you and said for you to join the circle. Deal with it. And pay? Pay? This shit is to KEEP the job you have, remember?"

Gregor leaned so far over the two men that they nearly fell over to escape the spittle and gnashing teeth.

"And don't think I don't for a second I don't know the other little profits and side benefits you get from this place. So you will shut your mouths and pretend you aren't the scumbags you are. Now listen to the good doctor help the crazies and maybe you'll learn something."

Unella stood near the left side of the circle, Gregor to the right, Dr. Sparrow standing in the center of the chairs.

Lollys had burst into laughter and commented it looked less like therapy circle and more like a preschool game.

This earned her a quick whack with Polliver's baton as the half asleep man pointed her to a seat.

Ramsay was clenching Theon's elbow as the man tried to bolt and steered them towards the chairs.
Cersei and Sansa sat together, Stannis and Jorah sat down, Loras slouched in a chair, yawning. There was a brief scuffle as Meryn demanded to be allowed to sit between Theon and Ramsay. Walda gave a pitying look at them while she sat down next to poor Theon who was on the edge of his seat. Meryn received two whacks from Raff and a growled warning about wearing mittens all day. He sat down next to Ramsay and glared at the bad tempered nurse. Hodor shut the door once everyone was inside and leaned against it.

Once they were seated, Dr. Sparrow smiled and looked over at Hodor. "Please, join us, Hodor. Look, there is a seat right here for you." The doctor swept his hand towards the empty seat next to Lollys. Hodor looked unsure but then smiled and nodded. "Hold the door." The large man lumbered over to the chair and sat down, looking up at the doctor attentively. "Thank you, Hodor." The man smiled and nodded.

At first, the doctor went over the work they all have been doing and commended them for it. He went on at some length about how everything they are doing will help them and how they still need to remember to work on themselves. Lollys was drooling, asleep against Hodor's arm until Unella twisted her ear like a radio dial. Most of the patients were unable or didn't feel like paying attention.

Cersei and Sansa looked at the doctor with glazed eyes and smiles that were camouflage for their daydreaming. Ramsay tried to run his hand up Theon's leg and Meryn tried to run his penis up Ramsay's leg. Walda was thinking of her napping baby and Loras was figuring out a problem with the latest dress idea. Unella and Gregor were worrying over the Kevan meeting as were Cersei and Sansa. Jorah and Stannis were quietly snoring, heads down as if reflecting.
"Today I would like to try something a little different. Usually someone volunteers to speak and we assist them from there. Today I would like to choose who we work with. I have noticed that though everyone contributes, some are allowed to ease on by. They aren't forced into seeing their true issues. I want you all to know that even sympathy can hurt someone in the wrong circumstances. So today we are starting with Hodor."

Now heads came up a bit and eyes blinked, clearing.

Hodor looked pensive but happy to help and nodded, giving a firm thumbs up.

"Is there anything you want to say? To start with? What is on your mind, Hodor? I truly wish to know."

Hodor started to respond and all sunk back into their thoughts, chairs and eyes glazed.

"No. Stop. Either use words or don't speak, please."

Everyone sat up faster and stared in disbelief at the doctor.

"Hold the door?"

"No. Why don't you take a moment and think on how to use words. I read your file, Hodor and was fascinated by you. Truly, you are one of the nicest men in the world. You are always willing to help anyone, always holding the doors, helping out your new friend Cersei. And the files indicate this was always the case. Always a very nice, warm, charitable person."

Unella was tense but interested, would the doctor find a way to get Hodor to speak?

What a thing to witness and she was breathless as the man smiled kindly at Hodor.

Hodor blushed and a bashful smile spread across his face.

"Yes, a nice person, though and through. An average person but a good one. You got average grades, had a few friends, played football quietly and turned down a scholarship to care for your sick father. You wouldn't leave your mother alone with such a burden. So you never left home. Your father died and you helped your mother move. A nice apartment and you became a door salesman. You were good at it and you were good at living a clean life. You helped at a soup kitchen, took your mother to church on sundays and volunteered at a youth drama group."

Hodor nodded and sang a bit of Phantom of the Opera in a on pitch voice but it was the same three words.

"Yes, you had some parts in the show itself, didn't you? You had a good orderly life and you loved your mother so much. You were very close."

Hodor gave another smile and another thumbs up.

Everyone smiled and even Ramsay and Meryn were paying attention.

Dr. Sparrow came closer and hunched down a bit to look Hodor in the face.

His eyes were still kind but there was piercing stare to them as if he would find that worm hiding in
Hodor's head.

"You had words then, didn't you? You sang them, prayed them and spoke them. Then one night, you didn't anymore. Do you remember why? I am going to help you share it with the group. You can speak whenever the words come, if you do."

Hodor began to whine and shake his hand, wring his hands.

Lollys frowned and began to pat the shaking man's broad back.

The others fidgeted a bit, not liking to see Hodor so upset.

Cersei seemed the most distressed and tried to think of a way to get the doctor to leave poor Hodor alone.

Ruthlessly, his words deliberate, clear and full of some awful compassion, Dr. Sparrow pecked at the patient.

"You spent months working with the children on a favorite play of yours. They were nearly there, almost perfect and it's all that was on your mind. You rushed home to change your clothes and didn't think. You heard the man scream for you to hold the door and it was a reflex to do so. You saw how angry he was, you knew he no longer lived there. Not for months. You knew he was married to a nice lady with bruises and father of three kids. One of those kids was in your play, he was still at the youth center with all the other actors, luckily."

Hodor was crying now and shaking his head, rocking back and forth.

Lollys snarled at the doctor.

"Leave him alone! What the fuck is wrong with you? He can't talk, stop torturing him!"

For the first time, Cersei was happy to hear Lollys try and mess things up.

Raff grabbed Lollys's hair and yanked it backwards hard, told her softly to shut the fuck up.

To Cersei's dismay, Lollys shut up, deciding not to possibly lose her nightly supply by annoying Raff.

The doctor continued.

"Hodor, I am trying to help you. Listen, unless you have the words to tell it yourself. The other two children were upstairs with their mother. You knew that she had kicked her husband out for hurting them all. You know because you had called the ambulance the last night he lived with them. The night that he broke her arm and beat the children so badly. You knew all this but you let the man in the door because you were in a rush. You wanted to work on your musical. You went to your apartment, fed your sickly mother and showered. Then you were in your bathrobe, right? According to the police reports you were still in your bathrobe when you heard it, right?"

Hodor wailed and pulled his clothing and panted, words forming then dying.

"You heard the screaming of those children, the mother, the rage of the father. You heard it and you ran to their door, pounding on it. You yelled to your mother to call the police but it was too
late. You broke the door down and all those bodies."

The man threw his grizzly head back and the sound that poured out of Hodor's mouth was haunting, so grief stricken, it hurt all it touched.

Cersei blinked away tears and with true honest feeling pleaded.

"Stop. Please, leave him be. Please."

Dr. Sparrow was on his own ego, surging with his plans of healing and kept going.

"Hodor, you saw what that man did. He had smashed his wife's head open with a hammer. The boys, the seven year old was stabbed, eight times, if I remember. Do you remember? Was it eight? Could you tell? But the smallest one, the three year old, he was still alive. You tried to carry him, to hold and console, help him. He died in your arms, all broken from a hammer and stabbed. I wonder if the man hated him the most, you wondered that. You said that to the police afterwards. And it was after they discovered that the man was still there, hiding in a closet. What was it he said to you, something that made you just stop speaking. Stop caring for your mother, stop going to work or volunteering? What did he say to you as they took him away in cuffs, bloody and laughing? Can you tell us what he said, Hodor?"

Everyone was protesting now as Hodor was curling into himself, shaking his head, hands rubbing hard on his face.

"He said, that sick deadly husband laughed and he said to you, hey man, thanks for holding the door."

Hodor screamed and jumped up, his chair thrown backwards.

He grabbed the doctor and tossed him aside like a rag doll and charged around the room.

Gregor stayed close along with the night staff, but did not touch the large upset man.

Hodor headed for the door and the doctor stood back up and spoke.

"No. You cannot leave this room. You will face your guilt, your blame in the deaths and you will speak of it. Then you will feel-

Louder than the protests of the others, louder than anything ever said, Hodor's words slammed through everyone like a twister full of paring knives.

"I GAVE THEM POPSICLES ON HOT DAYS! I HELPED THE MOTHER GET HER LAWYER! I LOVED MY MOTHER AND SHE BROKE HER HIP ON THE WAY TO PHONE. I HURT MY MOTHER AND I KILLED ANOTHER MOTHER AND TWO BOYS THAT LIKED BANANA POPSICLES AND I AM SO SORRY!"

Hodor ran, knocking Polliver into a wall and he crashed through the door.
Everyone chased after him but no one, not a one of them could reach him in time, though time seemed so slow as it happened.

When Hodor threw the doctor he also took something.

He slammed himself into a wall and stared wildly at them all, holding something silver flashing in his large fist.

Stretching his arm out then his fist with the flashy silver pen slammed hard into his left eye.

His trunk-like legs seemed to spasm and do a jittery dance as he screamed, took two steps and fell down.
Unella and Raff worked on Hodor, Gregor running to bring supplies.

Polliver kept the others back but Cersei shoved past him anyways.

She knelt next to Hodor's feet and held onto a big ankle, not caring about the rushing above her or the streaks of blood soaking into her jogging pants.

The doctor just stood there, blinking as if confused about what had happened.

Lollys ran and shoved him, screaming into his face.

"HELP THEM! YOU ARE A DOCTOR, DO SOMETHING! HELP HIM!"

The doctor shook his head rapidly and stammered,

"I..I can't fix that. We need to call emergency services."

Cersei looked up at the doctor with such a bitter hatred the man flinched from it.

"We can't. My uncle is coming and he can't know anything is wrong."

Unella looked up wearily.

"He isn't dead, Cersei. He is alive still and suffering. I can't fix this on my own and Raff can't either. We have to do something."

Gregor shared a look with Cersei and got his phone.

"I know someone who can help Hodor. Polliver, go unlock the lab and turn the lights back on up there."

Unella and Raff managed to stabilize Hodor while waiting.

Cersei made sure that Gregor and Polliver put the man on a stretcher with utmost care.

Dr. Sparrow seemed to come to life as he saw Raff prepare to put morphine into an IV he set for Hodor.

"I gave no order for medications. I...I should go over it with you until whoever you called shows."

Raff glared at the doctor then looked at Unella in question.

"Thank you, doctor. But I will give the orders for now until the replacement shows. Do it, Raff."
"This isn't what...we should be calling the authorities and Kevan Lannister."

Everyone looked at the doctor with utter loathing except for Ramsay.

He was looking at him with awe, even he has never talked someone into jamming a pen into their eye.

"We already went through that. We can't. Besides think of your sterling new reputation, it would be over if anyone knew of this."

Dr. Sparrow seemed to accept that and sat down heavily.

The elevator doors slid open and Lollys cackled.

"Qyburn, you old Frankenstein! I have never been so happy to see you!"

Grinning briefly at Lollys, his eyes scanning her own drugged ones, he shook his head.

Qyburn rushed over to examine Hodor.

Cersei leaned closer, biting on a nail.

"Do you think you can help fix him? Can you help him? Will he die?"

"Maybe but I am not really sure yet. Gregor, help me get him upstairs."

Dr. Sparrow seemed to stir from deep within himself once more.

"Wait! You cannot allow this man to work on Hodor! Kevan warned me of him and I saw what was in that lab! He cannot go in there, he can't be in here at all! Do not let him touch that patient! I am calling for help, I have had enough of this!"

Before any of the staff could halt the outraged doctor, the patients did.

He squawked as they all landed on him as one.

Cersei was busy trying to get past Unella to follow them upstairs to the lab.

"Stay here! Help figure out what to do with Doctor Sparrow short of killing the man! I must go assist them, you don't know how to do fix Hodor. You do know how to fix appearances though. So figure out how to hide the doctor and get the blood off the floors!"

Unella took off towards the lab and Cersei turned to look back at the others.

The patients were beating the hell out of the doctor while Raff and Polliver just watched.

"STOP! He is too well known for us to just kill here. Restrain him in an ice bath with a muzzle and
lock the door. We can deal with him after my uncle leaves."

It took Polliver and Raff to use force to keep the others from nearly killing the man as they did as Cersei said.

Then they cleaned up the blood, threw away medical trash and readied themselves for the meeting.

Tears happened but all eyes were dry as the meeting time drew close.

Unella and Gregor returned but with little news.

"Hodor is still alive and Qyburn is doing all he can. But the pen did go into his brain, there might be only so much the doctor can do."

Cersei looked at Unella.

"If anyone is able to fix Hodor, to keep him alive, it's Qyburn."

Kevan arrived twenty minutes late but found a clean, calm ward full of staff and patients.

He did not even notice the missing Hodor but did notice the missing doctor.

Unella explained that the doctor had left early, saying he did not feel well.

She tried to call him but there has been no response.

They all noticed that Kevan did not come wearing a smile.

Unella and Cersei went up to him but he brushed them aside.

Kevan had little patience for reunions and muttered as much, deliberately giving his own niece a hard eye.

The man sat down and heard out Unella and Cersei on the success of their projects.

Kevan allowed them to speak until they had finished their piece.

Then he told them he was pleased and impressed at how much they managed to take in.

At how they turned it all around so quickly and how well the patients seemed to be doing.

"However, I just can't see wasting our family name and money on this place. Therefore, earlier today I sold this clinic to another who was more interested in seeing this place thrive than myself."

Cersei’s face dropped and the whole place seemed to gasp in shock.

"Who bought it? Who is willing to keep us open that bought the clinic?"
Kevan smiled at Cersei's question.

"Petyr Baelish."

Petyr did not enjoy big meetings nor fancy introductions.

He preferred to meet and introduce himself in more personal settings.

Qyburn was bent over Hodor's pulsing bit of brain when Petyr entered from the shadows.

"Ah, hello there. I would shake your hand but, well, as you can see...."

"Quite alright. I am impressed by your lab and have heard a great deal about your works. Controversial but impressive. I would like to let you have this lab back, your former position back. However, I would have to be certain of your loyalty. I am not asking you to stop your friendship with Cersei, but I would have some concerns. She loves gossip and I am afraid I don't like sharing my gossip with her. At least not unless I am sharing it with her directly. I would never ask you to hurt her but I would ask that you do not speak to her of your work up here nor of my interests in it. If your work here is as good as you claim then I would be willing to expand your lab and budget. If I have your loyalty."

Hodor's arm suddenly rattled against the steel table and Qyburn's latex hand caressed the flesh.

The surgical light shined in the doctor's eyes and he smiled at Petyr.

"I know a man that would love to know your name and face."

Raff dropped the pills he was counting and Polliver sat up from his nap, blinking at the shadow.

"Huh? Mr. Baelish?"

"Oh please, call me Petyr. I am not one of those stuffy old men that want their social asses kissed. No, I am a little more realistic than that. Now as I was saying, Raff. Just a mere few blocks from here, there is a man who would love to know your name and face. You see, Bronn didn't take well to his divorce from Lollys. Not well at all. He sits in a bar, a drunkard with a gun, waiting to explode a bullet or two into a face. Bronn feels that since he only drinks now and no longer pimps that he is still above Lollys's behavior. He yells to anyone that listens about what he would do if he could find the man responsible for turning his ex wife back onto drugs and whoring. Your face is quite good looking and memorable. Even with just a description or image without a name, I bet he would find you soon enough."

Raff paled and swayed for a second.

"Please, I won't do it ever again. Or I will resign and leave, if you want. Don't tell him, I'll never go near her again and I can move far away."

Petyr leaned upon the medication counter and tilted his head.
"Now why would I want you to do any of those things? If you leave then I have to find a whole new night nurse to train and then blackmail. It's easier to have you already here. And a stoned Lollys is much more compliant than a sober one. If she feels she might lose her supply, she will do as she is told. In fact, make sure she is always well supplied. I do not care what games you boys play with her or the other patients here. As long as you follow my my rule. Do not play your games if they will annoy me or cause me any issues. For example, drugging, molesting and filming Sansa Stark both annoyed me and caused me issues. If Sansa ever suffers something like that again, Bronn will discover Raff's face and name. Then Raff will be gunned down without warning. Most likely in the face, perhaps the balls too."

Petyr looked over at Polliver.

"You will be arrested within hours for the murder of your coworker. Your fingerprints will be found on the murder weapon and I will see to it that everyone backs up the issues you were having with Raff. You will go away for life if you are lucky. Now, let us discuss the subject of loyalty."

Both men were pale and shaking when Petyr left them.

Cersei woke up to find Petyr sitting in a chair beside her bed.

"I'm sorry if I woke you, Cersei. I know that ladies need their beauty sleep but we need to talk, don't we? You tortured my ward. You told her that you would have me killed. I feel we are off to a terrible start and with you in such a vulnerable state, in such a place like this..."

"So I give you my loyalty and you give me my life. Is that the gist of it? My uncle already fucked me over along with the rest of my family. I have nothing, I am fully aware of it, Petyr. You don't need to rub it in. Fine. I don't wish for torture or death. So what do you want from me?"

"I always knew I could count on you to be pragmatic, dear."

Gregor was sitting in an apartment, chilly and damp, staving it off with hot coffee.

"I heard you come in. Already dusted a chair off for you. There is extra coffee in the pot if you want it."

Petyr looked around then poured himself a cup, sitting on the chair provided.

"I prefer to speak to your face, not your back, Gregor."

With a grunt, the giant man turned from the window to face Petyr.

"Please don't give me a long fancy speech. Just get to the point. Am I fired, working for you or about to receive a death threat?"

Petyr smirked and sipped his bitter brew.

"You will work for me. And give your loyalty to me. Regardless of your relationship with Cersei."

"I won't let you hurt or kill her."
"Of course not. I expect no less from you. I don't plan to do any of those things to her, if I did, you would have to be dead first. I don't want her dead, I have already spoken with her and she is throwing her lot in with me. I have also spoken with Qyburn and the twin terrors, they are all on board. I want to know if you are."

Gregor swallowed the last of his coffee and seemed to think on it.

"What about Unella? Are you keeping her, have you spoken with her?"

Petyr smirked a bit more at that.

"I have not spoken with her yet. Since she is our only option for a qualified day nurse, I had planned to keep her. As far as I know, she is hoping to keep this job. Of course, the day may come when I replace her or she rebells against my morals instead of her own. That day might come and if it does, I am well aware of your interests. And I am always happy to oblige my employees whenever I feel it is deserved."

When Petyr left, Gregor went back to staring out of the window of the empty apartment.

He stared across into Unella's bedroom window but the lights were out.
Nurse Unella was having the strangest morning.

She had gotten ready for work without incident but when she went outside, her tires were slashed upon her used grey sedan.

Cursing, Unella had headed for the bus stop but humiliatingly enough, Gregor drove past her.

He stopped and Unella had no choice but to be polite and take the ride.

She thought of asking him if he lived nearby.

Gregor cleared his throat as if to speak.

They rode in total silence.

Now she stared at the empty ice tub and blinked.

"Gregor, do you have any idea where Dr. Sparrow went?"

"How the fuck would I know?"

"Do not swear at me."

"What will you do? Write me up to Petyr? Or Qyburn?"

Unella snorted but stormed away.

Petyr waved her into the small office he was using on this floor for when he came in.

"Please, have a seat. I have heard wonderful things about you, Unella. In fact, I only see two major slip ups in your time here. One was recommending that crackpot Sparrow and the other was not protecting or treating Sansa Stark to a good standard that I would expect from a nurse such as yourself. Dr. Sparrow is no longer your concern and I am willing to accept a mistake now and then."

Unella nodded sharply and spoke.

"I accept my guilt for Dr. Sparrow and for Hodor. I will not take blame for what happened to your ward. I begged her to tell me who drugged her, who might be bothering her. She never would say. The only things I have done to her was feeding tubes, restraints, ice tubs and I had no control over what doctors did to her."

Petyr narrowed his eyes and briefly tapped the blotter upon the desk.

"You didn't suspect? It wasn't as if Sansa would have had a way to reach such drugs on her own and you knew who came and went from this floor."
Unella seemed to struggle with herself then her shoulders went down briefly.

"Fine. Yes, I suspected the night staff and I even accused and threatened them. It did no good and speaking to Qyburn didn't help either. Cersei wanted revenge and was getting it. I could punish her all I wished but I couldn't control the staff."

Petyr leaned forward and smirked slightly.

"You couldn't control your own staff. A staff that was handed to you. Even when Cersei lost power and Tywin handed you the keys to your own little kingdom, you couldn't hold it. Is that what you are telling me? Is that your guilt, Unella?"

The woman's stoic face turned red but her eyes remained ice cold, her voice calm.

"Yes. I lost control or maybe never fully had it. Cersei had the loyalty of the men, the patients despised me almost as much as they hated her. I had hoped Dr. Sparrow would help me gain control as well as help us keep this place open. I apologize for what happened to Sansa and I would do my best to see it never happens again."

"Good. I am glad that we can get all that unpleasantness out of the way. Now let us discuss the changes to be made around here."

Sansa sat against the wall and bit at her fingernails till a hand knocked her finger away.

Lollys slid down next to her and gave a crooked grin.

"Don't pick up Cersei's bad habits, you have enough of your own. Look, your sweet Uncle Petey is going to forgive you. He is just busy plotting and planning and scaring the fuck out of staff and hiding frozen birdies."

"I know, I know but...he didn't say hello or even look at me or call to tell me he was buying this building! I mean, he used to be so much closer and now what if he doesn't forgive me? What if he looks at me like Tywin looked at Cersei? Or like Kevan looked at her?"

Snickering, Lollys hugged her worried friend.

"Gingersnap, trust me, the man never blamed you to start with. Remember how Bronn acted? That is the action of a man who feels his girl truly fucked him over. Petyr accused everyone but you. Then he bought the damned fucking building, Sansa. What does that really tell you? How much safer could you be under the very roof he now owns? Huh? Folks don't do that for those that they hate. That they haven't forgiven. So calm down. There ya go, breathe."

Sansa smiled weakly at Lollys but she did feel a bit better.

"Sometimes you are a great friend, other times you can be such an asshole."

"You are welcome. Look, Unella just came out and she looks like she has swallowed some serious barbwire shit from the greatest bowel depths of a hell hound. Okay, here is your chance. Go on."

Petyr heard the hesitant, almost timid knock at the door and smiled fondly.

He remembered when Ned and Cat would go away, the children would stay with Uncle Petyr and
his now deceased insane wife.

When Petyr married Lysa, he did so simply to stay near his Cat, Sansa's mother.

The fact that his new wife was rich and crazy helped ease the complications of married life.

His step son was truly a fucked up little thing thanks to his mother.

Lysa lost her mind when her first husband died, seeing conspiracies everywhere.

Petyr never felt so much joy as he did the night he murdered Lysa after whispering he was the one who killed her first husband.

It was a relief to toss the boy into a boarding school for the mentally ill several states away.

He made sure to visit periodically and sent anything the boy ever requested to keep the simpleton's trust.

Lysa's money paid for most of the small legal and illegal businesses Petyr ran.

The last of the Stark money bought this clinic and Petyr has already sold off the estate and all businesses within but for a few.

All these years, Petyr had to adore Sansa from the guise of an uncle.

He had to adore Cat from the guise of a brother in law.

When Lysa died he remained the Uncle Petyr that watched the children on holidays and vacations for the tired parents.

Though his love slowly turned from Cat to her daughter, Petyr never once attempted to molest Sansa.

He installed cameras in her bedroom and bathroom, cameras were all over his house.

And during one vacation that he stayed at the Starks home, he made sure cameras were installed in their abode as well.

From afar he admired how hard Sansa tried to find her place in the world.

He watched her have tea parties with teddy bears, sleepovers with friends and try on her first bra then go running for her first box of pads.

Petyr endured watching Sansa fall in naive love with that sociopath of Cersei's.

He rejoiced silently when it ended even though he was giving her grieving news of her family at the time.
Petyr was giddy to be fully in charge of Sansa but he had made the mistake of assuming the clinic was safe for her.

Once Bran has died, he can bring her home.

Until then, if it took owning the clinic to keep the girl safe, so be it.

"Come in."

"Uncle Petyr? I...was hoping to speak with you. I wanted to thank you for buying our clinic, for keeping it open. I...want to apologize again for ever upsetting you. I have been trying very hard to keep out of trouble. To help keep this place going and doing my therapy. I just want you to forgive me."

Tears filled her eyes and Petyr stood up, he glided over to embrace her warmly.

"I do forgive you. You are not to blame for what those men did to you. However, I have heard that you tend to bring some pain upon yourself when provoked. Or when Lollys rubs off on you a bit too much. And that is what I forgive. At least you are back to life as opposed to that zombie I saw here before. I will be around more often to keep a better eye upon you. I am going to renovate the first two floors so that you can get more production out of your dresses, woodcrafts and things. I will use the top floor for my own use and Qyburn shall have a full lab. And once I feel you are ready for it, I shall take you out of here and home with me. Trust me, Sansa. I only want what is best for you."

Things changed and things stayed the same in equal portions.

Chores and meals and projects did not change.

However two floors dedicated to creating sell-able projects were made and referred to as the sweatshops they really were.

Unella ruled therapy again, her rules and methods continued.

Gregor followed her orders and used force when he felt like it, swearing to set the woman off.

Raff and Polliver changed nothing except if they were asked to come in early to oversee outside patients, they no longer complained of it.

The bonuses received for it were large enough to shut their yawning mouths.

One day Lollys was running up the hallway, heading towards the elevator with a ragged pass.

She was late for outside time and was blasted out of mind, ideas spinning in her head for the new artwork she wished to add to the building.

Skidding to a halt, Lollys almost ran over Petyr.

"Woah, sorry, Petyr. Just running late...uh, excuse me."
Petyr blocked her and stared her down.

Lollys gave a sideways grin and shook her head, staring right back.

"Naw, you know that doesn't work on me. Don't bother with the antics, I don't have time for it. You are making me miss my creative spark and my one taste of spring air today. What is it?"

"I want to thank you for being so informative. The phone call on Sansa's behalf was very sweet of you. She considers you her friend. I hope she really is your friend and not someone for you to use."

Lollys walked closer, staring Petyr in the eye and though she was high, there was no hesitation in her voice.

"Sansa is the only person in this whole fucking place who truly doesn't belong here. She is a lamb in a lion's den but she is learning, don't you think she isn't. I called you because I care about her if no one else does. But you care, right? I can't protect her anymore than I have. I couldn't stop the staff and Cersei from their attacks on her but I tried to shield her the best I could. Oh, don't bother to tell me you are kindly uncle. I can see it and she does too. All Sansa wants is to leave this place, find shelter and figure out what to do with her life. And I am sure you have some great ideas on that topic. I won't fuck Sansa over and I won't give you my loyalty because it belongs to that gingersnap. Got it?"

Petyr grabbed Lollys by the throat and held her there.

Lollys didn't move but simply grinned at him.

"You should be a little more careful. A little more respectful. I wouldn't ask your loyalty, dear. You are not only a patient but a junkie. You can't be trusted and you would break anyone's loyalty for a fix. I want you to understand this clearly. I own Raff now. Which means I own your supply. And that is the only thing you truly would do anything for. Just keep that in mind. Have a nice day, Lollys."
Ramsay was bored.

In spite of chasing down and retraining his pet.

Even though he worked as hard as everyone else and spent extra time in the workshop.

He not only created items for selling but his own personal things.

A new harness, a swing, a muzzle and very special outfit for his boy.

Jorah wasn’t happy to share his leather area with Ramsay but he shuddered at the items created and walked away.

Unella once walked into Ramsay's room early morning and found Theon dangling above the bed, naked and trussed up nicely.

She snapped for him to take Theon down immediately and gave Ramsay extra chores for the day.

Ramsay was thrilled to see that no one cared to interfere in his relationship.

Well, the patients sought to interrupt it, but he is used to that.

He enjoys hunting Theon down and his pet has given up the true fight.

Every night, his pet sleeps with him, on his own, Theon will come to him now.

Even though he hurts his pet out of need, lust, boredom and just because it was fun, Theon still loves Ramsay.

And he knows it.

Euron suddenly coming back into power and threatening to remove Theon, it helped immensely.

Theon was only scared of one other person besides Ramsay and that was his uncle.

It panicked Theon right into Ramsay's arms again.

Theon still runs, hides and begs not to be hurt, to be allowed to keep his name, at least in this place.

So Ramsay gave his pet a generous deal.

Theon may keep his name unless they are privately in Ramsay's room or if he gets in trouble.
"You may make your little escapes, I enjoy them, you know that. But Reek, just remember that there is an invisible leash upon you. Don't yank it too far, or I'll strangle you with it. Hear me, dear?"

Theon cradled his bloody bandaged arm and dragged deeply upon the cigarette.

Jorah eyed the wound as he took a drag of a joint.

"Where..where did you get that?"

Raising an eyebrow, Jorah stared flatly at Theon.

"Ramsay pays me with them for use of my leather workshop. Want some?"

"I should have guessed. Yeah...please. Man, it sucks so bad. Can I trade something for one of the joints he sells you? I can take on a chore for you or something?"

Jorah allowed Theon to take the joint and smoke it but he shook his head.

"I have a feeling that I might have an accident if I did that. Not sure how Ramsay would feel if I became your supplier. But I'll share whenever I'm smoking."

"Fuck. This place was bad enough before. I mean, Ramsay is worse than ever except he doesn't remove body parts anymore. And he is getting bored, Jorah. Then he won't just fuck with me anymore."

Ramsay was bored.

Theon tried to eat his chicken but peas kept pelting him.

Stannis was sitting next to Theon and was grimly attempting to fight order into a coleslaw.

A pea landed into the mess and the stiff gentleman threw his entire tray at Ramsay's head.

With a fierce grin, Ramsay wiped the mess off his face and pelted Stannis full in the face with mashed potatoes.

Lollys gave a war cry and Cersei received a shower of carrots in her hair.

Cersei slowly stood up and lifted up the entire remnants of the roasted chicken and chucked it at Lollys's head.

Sansa tossed a salad at Walda, who promptly dumped an entire gravy boat over Meryn's head.

Loras and Theon were crawling under tables and were suddenly pelted by biscuits.

They returned fire with a bowl of coleslaw, decorating everyone in the green, orange and white mess.
It was on and the battle destroyed the room.

Gregor whacked everyone without missing a beat, even Cersei got a good crack on her thighs. They cleaned the mess under Unella's angry eye. Ramsay whistled happily the entire time.

During therapy one day, Ramsay volunteered Theon's sad history, including his fears that Euron might have molested his boyfriend. Causing Theon to break down badly enough to need an ice bath.

Another time he decided to offer up his opinions upon Walda and he waved goodbye cheerfully as she was sent off into an ice pack. It was worth the lost tooth Walda had given him with her new doll. What the hell was the head of that thing made of anyway?

Ramsay hurt his pet, trained his pet, played with him. He fucked with the others and he worked. And there was still too much time in this place. Knowing he was no longer here under his own control was gnawing at him. Feeling caged wasn't for him, Ramsay didn't like to be bored.

And he turned his eye upon Loras. That dainty fragile faggy little socialite fashion fuck that dared to actually beat him with a fucking DANCE of all things!

He was interesting and Ramsay decided to play with a new toy. Ramsay watched the man's schedule and managed to filch a copy of Loras's bedroom key.

It was too easy to just open Loras's door at night and rape him. No, Ramsay liked a bit of a challenge. The key was just in case he needed it for later games.
Loras was working alone late night.

Polliver had escorted him down to the workshop.

At night the patients were not allowed to go only use the workshops if they had a pass plus an escort.

During the day hours the patients only needed a pass to go where they wished but at night a staff member had to be present.

So Pollvier took Loras to the clothing workshop then he wandered off to find a quiet place to take out his flask and use his phone to watch some new high quality porn someone sent him.

Ramsay waited and watched until Polliver was unbuckling his belt, staring at the cell while sucking down his flask.

Then he slid into the shadows of the clothing workshop.

Loras had pins in his mouth, his face set in firm lines, he was pinning up a dress upon a mannequin.

He was stretching and winding himself around the dress, concentrating hard.

Admiring the almost feline lines of the man's movements and limbs, Ramsay stalked him.

At the last second, inches from touching that longish hair in needs of a style and cut, Loras spun around.

"You scared the shit out of me! What do you want, Ramsay? I'm really busy. I hope you have a pass. Polliver is down here somewhere, he'll whack the hell out of you if you don't have a pass."

Ramsay smirked, he saw the babbled muttering from pin glittering lips and the sharp indignation was a cover for those scared eyes.

Feeling himself getting bigger in every way, eyes intent upon his prey, Ramsay began to circle Loras and the dummy.

"Polliver is drinking and whacking his own baton off to some porn in a storage room. It's at the other end of this hallway."

"Ramsay, I don't have time for your games. I have a deadline to meet."

"Geez, I'm really really awfully fucking sorry, Loras. Am I bothering you? Does my presence bother you? Am I halting your creative flow? See, now I find that interesting because I feel that my creative flow is just starting. Isn't that interesting?"

Loras tracked Ramsay with his body but his eyes were darting around.

He tensed and continued the dance of going around the stupid mannequin then found himself suddenly face to face with Ramsay.
Loras spat the needles in his mouth hard at Ramsay's eyes.

Ramsay staggered back and held his eyes, one of the needles slightly nicked the corner of his left eye.

It was just enough time for Loras to run for a pair of clothing shears.

"I love it when the prey tries to fight back. My pet likes the hiding game, but I am fine with the ones that like to put up a fight. Mixes it up for me."

Loras stayed out of reach and watched as Ramsay paced around, keeping himself in the way of Loras reaching the door.

"I am not your prey or anyone's prey. Go away. I swear I will cut you if I have to, Ramsay."

"Loras, you are most certainly prey and I am your predator. You are like a fancy little mongoose that got lost. You are a smart enough, cute enough creature that the occasional snake that takes you on ends up regretting it. But I am not a snake, I am something much worse."

Loras rushed Ramsay and sliced but never touched flesh.

Ramsay had the man down over a sewing table and muzzled him with some pretty lace.

He considered tying Loras's arms down to a table leg but then had a better idea.

After smashing Loras's head once or twice against the table, Ramsay moved the long lovely right arm across the table.

He slid Loras's slender hand under one of the sewing machines.

Loras screamed into the gag and slammed against Ramsay's body as the machine chattered to life.

Once Loras's hand was securely sewn down, Ramsay took their sweatpants down too.

He reached up and used the blood and snot from Loras's wounded nose for lubricant.

Loras screamed in pain, disgust, outrage and helplessness as Ramsay rode him like a bucking bronco.

The worst part of it all though was the whole time Ramsay was raping him, he sang.

Ramsay had a good singing voice and sang a perfect rendition of Express Yourself by Madonna.

When Polliver returned to the workshop, he dropped his flask in shock.

Loras was dressed in his own creation, tied to the mannequin.
Ramsay broke into Meryn's room and found the child porn that the man has drawn for himself.

He masturbated upon them until they were nearly unrecognizable.

Then he took a lengthy pee all over the room, the bed and the walls.

Meryn went berserk and had to take a nice ice bath.

The entire room had to be cleaned and the mattress replaced.

Walda attempted to chastise Ramsay for his recent behavior and made herself a target.

Her doll went missing and she tore apart the whole floor, sobbing and wailing.

Unella had to sedate the woman and confine her to the bedroom with restraints.

Everyone searched for the doll and Gregor himself tossed Ramsay's room.

Cersei found the doll planted in the garden and returned it.

It's head was fine but dirty, however the body had been violated in ways they could barely understand.

They all tried to find ways to clean it, fix it but it was nearly impossible.

Walda held the destroyed doll and wept.

She confided to Cersei,

"I will call Roose. I will tell him that Ramsay killed my baby. Then he will be sorry."

Lollys, Jorah and Stannis had enough.

The bullying was one thing but Loras was traumatized.

He had to be fed by tube twice before he emerged from his room after the attack.

They kept him within their protective circle as much as they could.

Theon was also kept within the circle when they could.

But they all knew Theon was too scared and still messed up by Ramsay to not go to him when called.

They had no intention of allowing Ramsay to do the same thing to Loras.

When Ramsay swerved his way through the dinner line, they surrounded Loras, who cowered slightly.
Lollys bared her teeth in Ramsay's face, blocking him from seeing his latest prey.

"End of the line. No cutting. Leave Loras the fuck alone, you had your fun. Back off."

"Ah, it's Whore. Just reaching past for a fork, that is all. I will speak with Loras later, no problem."

"Listen to me, Ventriloquist Sociopath, the Great White Hunter of The Other Pink Meat, you are done with Loras. I can't help save Theon but I can save Loras. We are not letting you near him. Bye bye now."

It became a new game and everyone in one way or another became involved.

Loras learned Ramsay's schedule to do some anti-stalking.

Theon taught him the good hiding places that Ramsay has not yet found.

Lollys, Stannis and Jorah spent as much time as they could keeping an eye on Loras.

Cersei and Sansa took turns making sure that Loras always had one of them in the workshop.

Ramsay let himself into Loras's room and hid under the bed.

When Loras came in and went into the shower, Ramsay waited until the boy was nicely soaped up before attacking.

He waterboarded the fancy, spitting, struggling man as he raped him.

At least that time he wasn't singing, no, he was reciting an essay instead.

Loras sobbed and choked while Ramsay whispered a story about "Johnny panic" while he bottomed out balls deep into the resisting man.

Dresses were coming to a slow, aching halt.

Loras was twitching, always looking over his shoulder and shaking too much to hold a needle much less cloth.

Sansa and Cersei did as much as they could but they didn't have his talent or flair.

They made some dresses of their own and they sold but not as well.

Petyr looked at the profit going down in the clothing workshop on a graph sheet and narrowed his eyes.

He stared at Unella.

"Why?"

"It's Loras. He can't work on the dresses right now, he can barely do his chores or make it to
therapy. Ramsay has been at him and is trying to make a new project. I had hoped allowing him his freedom with Theon would keep him calm. Ramsay has been aggressive and irritating to everyone, causing some behavior issues and trauma. He does not react correctly to my usual methods. Even a nose tube does not bother the man. He doesn't fear Gregor's fist, Raff's taser or Polliver's baton. He takes his punishment then goes back to his hunting and taunting games."

"He is costing me profit. Leave Ramsay to me, I shall handle it. Thank you for bringing it to my attention."

Petyr sat back and considered how to handle Ramsay.

It was clear that it was time to put a leash on the mad dog before he eats through all the profits.
Odd Creatures

Cersei and Sansa had become the faces of the mentally ill trying to rise within themselves and help their own facility.

The place looked much friendlier with Loras and Lollys's work on the building.

Loras added a violet edging to the arch and Lollys spray painted inspirational versions of themselves holding hands.

The garden was colorful and the bushes trimmed into animal shapes.

Interviews were given by Cersei, Sansa, Loras and Walda.

Theon and Stannis couldn't bring themselves to do it.

Well, Theon wanted to but he wasn't sure how Ramsay would react so he didn't dare.

Ramsay, Lollys, Jorah and Meryn were not even a question.

Of course the popularity and interest brought donations.

They received supplies for work, for art, books, games and a new television.

New sneakers and new sweat suits, hair supplies and jackets for when winter came.

Computers that Peytr instantly confiscated, leaving only one that staff allows patients to use with supervision.

An Xbox to play games and the ability to stream movies.

This opened a whole new world for some of them.

They had to add a gaming night to the schedule to keep the peace.

Gourmet foods were donated as well as fresh fruits and vegetables not grown in their garden.

This opened a whole new world for Sansa and Lollys and the cooking got more creative.

Now that Loras was magically now being left alone by Ramsay, he was back to his creative ways.

He was sparkling in front of the cameras, openly discussing the grief and guilt he felt over Renly's death and his sister's.

The dresses were being sold at a rapid pace.

A woman who admired his dresses and bought three of them, also owned an animal shelter.
She decided to donate therapy animals.

Unella was horrified but Petyr had Loras with him to give a graceful thank you.

Within two minutes the cage of rabbits was missing and Unella was sure they won't be found alive.

Ramsay picked up a tiny little mutt that looked utterly harmless and grinned at Theon.

"We shall call him Mr. Wiggles."

Meryn leered at the dogs and cats but Unella cautioned him to pick something much smaller.

He was unhappy but he leered and asked for the ferret.

"Gonna call him Fetch."

Cersei saw a one eyed hairless cat that was hissing, spitting and she smiled.

"I love her. Her name is going to be Lioness."

Sansa cuddled a little fluffy dog.

"Oh, she is adorable. A little lady. That's what I will call her, Lady!"

Stannis saw a small bulldog that stood sentry and gave it a small pat.

Nodding, he watched it sit against his leg.

"Sentry. My new dog. Wait until you meet Shireen."

Walda considered all the creatures and settled upon a very large, overweight rat that had sad eyes.

"Oh, sweet little baby, look at you! You need my love and attention, don't you? Come to Mama, Horace."

Loras hated animals except for horses but smiled warmly and picked an adorable bird singing softly.

As soon as the woman left, he released the bird on the roof.

Lollys chose a snake she called Kali and Theon got a small beta fish in a full pretty tank full of tunnels and toys.

Jorah declined a pet and Unella kept repeating that keeping animals was only on a trial basis.
Petyr feared a zoo and he was right to do so.

The ferret stole everything not nailed down and nested most of it in Cersei's room.

However, being a ferret it was equal opportunity which meant Meryn found Cersei's lacy undies in his room.

He also discovered Fetch had a nest in his underwear drawer.

Meryn gained several knives of Ramsay's, a joint of Jorah's, Unella's bookmarks and some books, Sansa's bra and Polliver's cell phone.

It was decided the ferret had to go when Petyr found it in his office, stealing a picture of Sansa he kept hidden in a locked briefcase.

Polliver couldn't understand how he lost his phone or why he had a bill of eight hundred dollars worth of porn.

When he figured it out, Gregor had to keep him from killing Meryn.

Cersei's cat hated humans and animals alike.

Any creature that ran across it became fair game as did everyone's ankles.

It ate Theon's fish and tried to attack Walda's rat several times.

Petyr decided the cat would also be given away after he leaned down to pick a small piece of lint off his shoe and nearly lost an eye.

Sansa's dog was sweet and bounced after her everywhere, yapping in a way that cheered her and drove the rest of them apeshit.

Walda begged a favor from Loras and dressed her rat in little baby clothes and a bonnet, complete with tiny booties.

Horace would lie for hours in a carriage or in the pudgy arms, napping as Walda sang to it.

She overfed it and that seemed to be enough for the rat.

It would sometimes run about her room but it never left it unless Walda had it dressed and in her arms or carriage.

Ramsay's dog was well trained and only had one teensy problem.

One day Mr. Wiggles was tiny and the next he seemed to beginning growing into a mutant creature
with too many teeth.

It looked uncomfortably like a wolf that mated with wolfhound.

Even though it never attacked a single person, it had a look to it that said it was dying to taste them all.

Stannis's dog was happy to stand or walk or sit whenever Stannis did.

He didn't care how much play or exercise he had, he didn't care how much petting he received.

What seemed to matter to Sentry is that Stannis's routine stayed the same.

The rabbits began to pop up slowly.

Loras found a flayed fur of one of them in his workshop on top of an expensive now ruined new material.

Sansa found the stripped rabbit hanging in her shower.

Lollys found her snake eating one of them even though he had no way of opening his own cage to invite a rabbit in.

Meryn got a hold of one and did acts to it that were heinous.

Gregor caught him, killed the rabbit and beat Meryn into the floor until the man sobbed like a baby.

One was found half eaten in Ramsay's room, his dog with a bloody muzzle.

The last two were found in the garden but no one could catch them.

Soon enough they were multiplying and traps had to be set to stop the influx of rabbits from eating the whole vegetable garden.

Loras never knew what made Ramsay stop raping, attacking him, but he was grateful that he began to only receive the same bullying as everyone else.

He had no idea that Petyr had visited the sociopath late night while the man was without a pass using the leather shop.

Ramsay was humming, making matching collars for his dog and pet.

Petyr crept up and was circling the man, admiring the leather work that brought him money.

"You are very good, Petyr. But no one can sneak up on me besides my father. What could possibly bring you down to the sweatshops, good Sir?"
"I came to see you. I like your work, here and with the wood shop. Your work brings in about the same income that Theon's woodwork does. My income, my real profit from you and Walda comes from your father, of course. He pays quite well to keep both of you in some comfort here. Now as for Theon...his uncle doesn't pay the bill on time and he does it reluctantly. No extras, just the barest amount for a bed here. However, Euron owns his deceased brothers pharmaceutical company now. Qyburn would love me to broker a deal with Euron's company. And I will tell you, the man really would like his nephew back home. He has hinted to working with us on a deal in exchange for the release of Theon."

Ramsay stared at Petyr and snarled softly.

"What is it you want from me?"

"Leave Loras alone. His creativity brings me a good profit, I use it to fund Qyburn's needs for now. Treat Loras like the others, do not try and make a pet out of him. Or perhaps you are bored with Theon? If that is the case it is easy for me to return him to his uncle and treat Qyburn to his deal. I gave Qyburn a present or two but I sense he is hungry for more."

"No more fucking up Loras. Fine. Do not threaten my pet again. Give me a day pass and I will make sure that the only Greyjoy left to inherit the company is Theon."

"I believe that you could do that, Ramsay. Perhaps the day will come where I will let you do that. Once I see Loras bringing me profit we will talk again."

Dr.Qyburn has resumed his original duties but with some changes.

Though he still offers physical assistance when needed, most of the patients daily physical care falls to Unella.

Qyburn works with Unella to some extent upon medication decisions for each and both ignore certain things.

Unella ignores any new drug that the doctor wishes to try and they both ignore Lollys's increased drug addiction.

The patients are back to visiting the lab upstairs for tests or experiments.

However, it was no longer invasive nor caused such extreme side effects.

Qyburn chuckled when he told the patients he is able to work out the wrinkles before giving them the tests or medications.

They all shiver a bit at this as they all know who the real testers are.

Out of everyone, Sansa was the least bullied and the most pampered patient now.

So she was surprised when the day came that Qyburn called her to the lab for some testing.

Sansa nearly hid behind Gregor as she entered the lab, heart fluttering madly.
Others that have already gone up before her have whispered, gossiped about what they saw.

Sansa wasn't sure she was up to the horrors of the newly restored lab.

An undead Hodor and a mutant freak test creature that was once a doctor gibbering in chains or something.

Except Hodor was alive, his eye socket was bandaged but his other eye had awareness at least slightly.

Then Sansa saw that he didn't know who she was and said nothing at all, not even about holding a door.

Hodor was holding a block and trying to fit it into a square hole.

He was intent upon it but didn't seem to care that he was having trouble, it was robotic responses only.

Qyburn was in another part of the lab and called to Gregor that he could leave Sansa there.

The giant left and Sansa timidly wandered about the shiny equipment, the terrifying strange items.

She thought she heard a moan and started to edge towards a curtained area.

A slithering sound and a soft whisper, so soft it might not have been real.

"Help me. Kill me."

"Ah, Sansa! There you are, dear. You are looking better each time I see you. Wonderful, simply wonderful. I have given Petyr an excellent report on you. Now, you are up to a good strength and I would like to try something with you. It is non invasive and will not hurt you in the least. There is nothing to fear, I promise. Your uncle himself has approved this test."

Sansa allowed Qyburn to hook her up to an IV and run a medication that made her warm and sleepy, then numbed her, drained her.

Everything was far away, as if she were looking through a black hole at another dimension.

Words were hard to understand and Sansa saw Qyburn attach electrodes to her head and chest.

Sansa was there and she wasn't there.

She heard and didn't hear.

Memories of her uncle, happy ones, sad times when he comforted her.

Different thoughts of Petyr, ones she never had before, did she?
Sansa fell through the black hole and landed under Petyr.

Hands on her body, his raspy whisper in her ear and then more.

She cried out and moaned in both lust and despair.

Sansa wanted this, didn't want this and was it real?

Shuddering to the most intense orgasm she ever had, Sansa fell out of the whole galaxy.

When she came back to herself, she was alone, Qyburn tending to something else.

She hid the mess of her own wet dream from the doctor when he came to see her.

As Sansa fled the lab, flushed and embarrassed, the curtain fluttered briefly.

Yellowed, thin foot twitching and something slithered.

Exposed brain and eyes full of cataracts, the mouth opened to beg and Sansa ran away.
It was gaming night which meant the sounds in the community room were deafening.

Stannis was using the PC that was donated while Jorah used the older one and they were playing a game they were obsessed with.

Using colored blocks they created worlds, castles, farms and even armies.

They were working together until they helped each other finish creating this world.

Then they planned to attack each other and looked forward to it with great glee.

Both were yelling about differing beliefs on a creation.

Meryn and Ramsay were using the Xbox, playing Grand Theft Auto.

They were doing every violent, insane act they could each think of trying to outdo each other.

Much cursing and taunting ensued.

Cersei sat in a corner chair with her earphones on and her mp3 player in her hand, eyes half shut.

Lollys, Theon and Loras all lay in a heap on the couch.

The three of them had all gone to the roof first and got high.

It mixed wonderfully with Lollys"s new dose from Raff this evening and she was warm and feeling very sharing.

Theon was worried about Euron and went on at length to them about it.

Lollys stretched out her legs, her feet nearly in Loras's face, her thighs across Theon.

"Hey, I met him, your uncle! I never forgot it. Scariest fucking thing of my life. So this was years back, I think it was right after Bronn introduced me into his business dealings. A group of us, sixteen to eighteen years old most of us, I was in the middle about seventeen. Yeah, seventeen. So...what was saying? Oh yeah, so Bronn takes us to this creepy bar with pirate shit everywhere on the walls. Captain One Eye and his silent men were there. I was so pissed at Bronn because there is a reason some folks are willing to pay so much extra, ya know?"

She didn't notice that Loras and Theon were staring at her with horror.

Nor did Lollys notice that all talking or yelling has ended.
Didn't have purple hair then. No, it was still a pink color, I think. Anyway, so there I am in this leather corset and shorts that are killing me they are so tight. Lucky me, Euron chooses three of us. He made us drink this disgusting blue drink and then the fucking cosmos exploded. This wasn't a good drunk or a good high.

Lollys shuddered in memory.

"It was like a fucking nightmare and I had no idea what was real and what wasn't. I swear I watched him hang me in chains then torture and murder those two girls. I swore that is what I saw. Then he came for me and I went crazy. He released me from the damned chains and I tried my damnedest to kill him. He gave me weapons to use or I stole them, don't really remember. We fought until I couldn't anymore. I can't tell you if he raped me or if I asked him to fuck me. I don't know if I surrendered or if he forced me. I left with whip and blade cuts so deep they needed stitches. I was banged up everywhere and so fucking sore in every hole I had. Those two girls weren't dead but they did end up in the hospital for days. Euron told Bronn I was the best he has had in a while. He tried to buy me. Bronn said no. Then he tried to rent me again but I swore I would leave Bronn if he made me go near him again. So my asshole boyfriend withheld until I agreed. I saw Euron for three nights every month for a year and it landed me in a hospital half the time. I was never so happy when he just went poof and was gone."

Stannis and Jorah along with Theon and Loras all looked sick.

Meryn groaned while Ramsay grunted and both filled their hands.

Cersei got up and left the room after giving Ramsay and Meryn a look of revulsion.

Petyr heard the knock at his door and called for the person to enter.

"Yes, Cersei?"

"I saw you were working in here late and since I am trying to do my part for team Petyr...Lollys just told the most interesting story."

A few nights later while Lollys was helping Sansa groom her dog, Polliver called to her.

"Hey, skank! Petyr wants to see you. Let's go."

"Aww...the fuck, I haven't done anything wrong. Been a damned angel if I do say so myself."

"Two seconds to start floating your ass this way or I'm going to come down on it." Lollys sighed and wiped her hands, giving Sansa a look of apology.

Polliver shoved Lollys into a chair in front of Petyr's desk.

He shut the door and stood to the right side of Lollys.

Raff was sitting in the room too.
Lollys rolled her eyes and grinned crookedly at Petyr.

"Really? Want to add restraints to my wrists just in case? Or is Mr. Handsome and Pollyboy just enough enforcement and intimidation for me?"

Petyr shook his head at Lollys and smirked.

Polliver whacked her head and Raff snapped for her to mind herself.

"Quite alright, Raff. She just can't shut her mouth, it's fine. No, dear, that isn't why they are in here. I have no fear of you acting out but I hate repeating things if I can help it. You have no need of being defensive, dear. You are in not a bit of trouble. I was told you had the most interesting tale to tell on gaming night. I would like you to repeat it please."

It took Lollys a moment to switch gears and then she tried to remember what stories she might have mentioned that night.

"You were in the gaming room and you were speaking with Loras and Theon. You spoke of meeting Euron Greyjoy."

Lollys stared at Petyr as he prompted her and then it finally clicked.

"Please tell me about it, Lollys."

Shrugging, she retold the story and this time answered questions as well.

"Thank you dear. Now be silent for a moment, please."

Sighing, Lollys leaned back and shut her eyes and mouth, drifting away.

"Raff, you always wanted to be a big time pimp, didn't you? Here's your practice test. I am sure Euron would love to meet an old friend. I will drop a word or two and he should be getting in touch, hearing an old favorite's name. After all, he has just returned and probably could use an old memories night. It would be reasonable for him to assume that she is a high class escort by now. Euron has no idea that Lollys is a patient here or has any connections to us."

Lollys opened her eyes fast and nearly leaped out of the chair.

"Whoa, what? I am a patient, I don't have a lot of rights to call upon but I can count on this one. I have the right not to be whored out to former sociopath clients while I am IN A FUCKING NUT HOUSE!"

Polliver's fist caught her in the back as she stood up and it knocked her forward into Petyr's desk.

"I won't do it. Fuck you. Go on, beat me, put me in traction if it makes you feel better."

Petyr gazed at Lollys's crazed eyes, completely unimpressed.

"You will do it. You'll go with your two guards to meet with Euron. And you'll be happy to see him, to do whatever he wishes. Don't worry, you won't be the only one taking the brief outdoors
field trip. You might get a little roughed up from your former client but he won't get too far. Ramsay will be helping with Euron's happy ending, not you."

"I don't care if Gregor was standing over Euron with a list of rules while Unella stood there hollering "Shame!", I am not going near Euron and I'll be damned if you OR Mr. Handsome are pimping me out!"

"You will do whatever I want you to do. You will follow Raff and Polliver's instructions as well. Why do you think that is? Do you know how hard detoxing will be off your new drugs? Even Qyburn might not be able to assist you. In fact, I think I will have them just leave you shitting yourself, screaming as the pain makes you try and eat your own wrists to die. Not so much as a single aspirin or antacid. Sound like something you'd like to go through? Look at how you shake just thinking of it."

Lollys wiped her tears away as she stared at Petyr with an awful wild look in her eye.

"I hate you. All three of you. More than Unella, more than I hate Gregor or Cersei. You three are the ones I think about killing the most. I wonder if that makes any difference to you. That someday I might snap and fucking murder any of you. I would kill any of you in a heartbeat, I hate you, all of you."

Petyr smirked and then gave a tiny nod to her.

"You can hate us and we all thank you kindly for your warning of our impending doom. So which is it, Lollys? A detox beginning as of tonight or can I count on you to do as your asked to?"

Anger shined off her, indignation and Lollys's voice was full of a sickening self pity along with a burning rage.

Then her smile was wider than ever and her eyes were full of a stoned lazy joy as she spread out her arms.

"Whore on duty, it is, I guess. Anything else before I go, Exalted Sirs?"

"Excellent. Now get out and tell Ramsay Bolton that I wish to see him."

Some of the patients were not sleeping during the late night hours.

Ramsay was cuddling a trembling Theon and whispering of how he was going to get rid of Euron.

That the only man his pet should ever fear again was him.

He wove a tale of getting his father to release them so they could start their life together, forever.

Lollys was being taken by Raff up against the wall in the gaming room after being given another injection.

She was panting, whining and encouraging him as he took her, laughing softly.

"You hate me, huh? Gonna kill me? Yeah? Gonna fuck me to death, little whore? I do hate to share
you with someone outside our little circle though. I hope Euron doesn't break you before Ramsay gets there. I wonder if Petyr will find others for you to entertain? Hey, do you hate me, want to kill me?"

Growling, Lollys darted her head forward and bit hard into Raff's shoulder until it bled. "Ah, fuck!"

Raff stopped taunting and slammed her hard into the wall. Lollys lost herself to the sensations, whispering for Raff to take her harder, rougher, reveling at the taste of his blood in her mouth. When she tensed with orgasm, Lollys screamed. "I hate you! I want to kill you!"

Raff shuddered with his own release even as he started to laugh at her again.

Sansa bolted up in her bed, drenched with sweat, panting, whining. She clawed for the light and to shove away the blankets. Her nightmares were fading but not enough, she looked again at her hands. Stained crimson still, just like in the nightmare. Drenched with her family's blood. She was their killer. Lurching to vomit in the toilet, Sansa sobbed.

Images in her head of chasing down her sister, she could feel the cold water as she knelt on Arya's back, feeling her struggle. Her hands stained crimson as Rickon begged her not to keep hurting him, but she stabbed and it was so easy. Quick shock upon her mother's face, upon her father's face, his grief and pleading, wanting to help her. A memory flashed of Petyr holding her as she screamed at her bloody hands. Telling her he would hide it, protect her, that she was just ill and needed some help.

Lollys staggered into the kitchen in the early morning heat and started to cook. Blearily she started to curse and mutter at the lack of a gingersnap helper.
Unella came by and asked where Sansa was.

"Don't know. Maybe sleeping in or having some girl time with Cersei."

Unella found Sansa sitting in her bathtub, washing her hands frantically over and over.

When she touched her shoulder, Sansa started to scream.

Floating in an ice bath along with a sedative from Unella, she finally found some peaceful sleep.

When Gregor released her two hours later, Sansa could only vaguely recall why she had been so upset.

A nagging small darkness in her head told her to keep checking her hands for blood.

Unella was having a crisis.

She was finally given a command that was truly killing her to obey.

Gregor was enjoying every second of it and it just made Unella more determined to get through it.

He had drawled out the words and watched every tiny reaction of his nemesis.

"Petyr said to give Lollys a full physical. Do whatever is needed to heal any bruises, scratches, anything on her. No causing any blemishes to her white junkie flesh until after her outdoor pass is used. He wants her in top shape and well medicated. Cersei will take care of the actual make over and clothing for her time out. Petyr has decided to use her other talents. Same goes for Ramsay, but he will probably skip the make over. Both will be going on an outdoor excursion with Raff and Polliver."

"What? Of everyone in here, the two most likely to never come back are the two he wants to release? Why? That is crazy. Lollys and Ramsay are going to run off to hunt the second they are able to. Lollys will hunt her drugs and Ramsay will hunt humans. Who knows what could happen and that is-"

"Petyr ordered it. Our boss, your employer. Are you going to tell Petyr you cannot follow his orders? That you are going to resign? Please, do it."

Unella tried to murder Gregor with her eyes as he tried to strangle her with his first actual smile.

"Don't be silly, Gregor. Of course I am capable of following orders and I will do it. But I want my objection to it on record in case it all goes to hell. Which I sense it will."

Gregor started to walk away a tad disappointed but he shot over his shoulder.

"No swearing, Unella."

Unella had a momentary vision of grabbing a hold of Meryn jacking off nearby, just grabbing the man and using him to beat Gregor to death.
Hyenas Slipping Through Bars

Cersei was in her glory as she made up Lollys as a high class whore.
She had even created a dress, an entire look, on paper ahead of time.
Sansa, Walda and Loras all watched, assisting and adding comments.

There were secrets on a mental ward but they were only secrets to outsiders.
Everyone knew what was going to happen and the gossip has been rampant.

Lollys was in sheer torment and she fought Cersei at every step.
Her teeth were harnessed in whiting strips so she couldn't even respond to the woman's taunts.
Fake nails were added, her eyelashes were yanked forward with Cersei's little silver torture device.

"Instead of rabid raccoon, we are going to try for a smoky eye."
Growling, Lollys watched as Sansa came at her with a hair straightener.
"I'm sorry, hon. But we have to tame this frizzy mess."

Cersei argued to change the hair color and Lollys nearly destroyed the room.
Unella and Gregor were staying late to cover for the night staff while they were out with Lollys and Ramsay.
They came into the room just as Lollys was attempting to give Cersei a whole different kind of make over.

Unella stormed up to Lollys and did the most stunning thing.
Grabbing Lollys's hands tightly, Unella looked her in the smoky eye.

"Listen to me. You don't have to go through with this. I will stand with you if you stop right now. I will take you to your room and I swear you can get through a detox. You have done it before, you can do it again. Come with me this minute, please. Lollys, it's still up to you, you haven't left yet. You can say no, you can stop it, just come with me to your room. I know you are better than this, more than this."

Very softly Sansa said she would support Lollys through the detox if she chose it.
Gregor watched, his head tilted, interested to see this new development in Unella.

He knew she would be near to cracking at this adventure.

If Unella interfered and Lollys did go to detox instead, Petyr would be furious.

Lollys ripped her hands out of Unella's grasp.

"I don't want to do this, I have to. I just don't want her changing my freaking hair color!"

Unella pursed her lips and shook her head.

"Lollys, for once don't hurt yourself. Just this one time think past the addiction and do the right thing. Please, you know this will be so unhealthy, so dangerous for you."

A ragged laugh tore out of Lollys as Sansa began to straighten her purple hair.

"Unella, if I could think past the addiction, if I could make good decisions, I wouldn't be in this fucking madhouse. Just let it go, Unella. I appreciate that you want to help me but you can't. At least not with this."

Ramsay was dressed all in black and readying his weapons.

Theon, Meryn, Jorah and Stannis all watched him.

Sitting in the wood shop, smoking a joint and listening to Ramsay's different ideas on how to best kill Euron.

Theon was a wreck, his hands shaking as he took the joint and dragged deeply.

If Ramsay failed, if Ramsay died and Euron came for him, it was all too much for his nerves.

Sentry and Mr. Wiggles were receiving a mild high and slumped against each other, snoozing.

Raff and Polliver made Ramsay show them every weapon and tell him every idea he had.

Petyr has taken them all through the plans over and over until they could all recite it.

He walked into the clothing workshop to check on Lollys's makeover.

"Very nice work, Cersei. Perhaps someday this talent might be your true calling. After all, there will be an outpatient job assistance program here someday. My dear Lollys, you look very different, very mysterious, almost ethereal, I love it. I am sure Euron will be impressed."

Cersei smirked and surveyed her creation.
"From whore to high class escort. Truly, you are rising in the world, Lollys. Try not to get the dress too dirty in case we need it again."

"Gee, thanks for the advice, Cersei. I hope your face doesn't get in the way of my fist in case the media needs it again."

Petyr cleared his throat and turned Lollys towards the full length mirror.

"Take a look, Lollys. So you can feel your character better."

Lollys sighed, glanced at the mirror and did a double take.

It wasn't her, this wasn't a strung out, punkish, thuggish, frizzy hair lunatic with big fried eyes.

This was a woman, a sensual interesting dark eyed woman that wanted to fuck you while ripping your head off and eating it.

Her purple hair shimmered as it hung long over her shoulders and her huge eyes were softened by the colors subduing them.

A dress made of buttery soft leather that went to her knees, a deep black with a short matching leather jacket.

Tooled with tiny silver spikes upon the shoulders, the wrists and waist.

A pair of heels with tiny chains upon them and a bit of silver jewelry completed the look.

Surveying the girl in the mirror, Lollys silently wished she really was this other person.

The night air caressed Lollys and Ramsay with a summer breeze that felt lazy but welcoming.

Polliver waved his baton in their faces, snarling with menace.

"Try anything, anything at all and I swear you'll regret it. We have our guns on us and I won't hesitate to put a bullet through a kneecap of a runner, hear me, you two?"

Both nodded but their faces shining with innocence worried the men.

They walked calmly between Raff and Polliver to the parking lot and were shoved into the back of Raff's car.

The freed inmates watched the country go by and turn into the city.

Ramsay looked over at Lollys and grinned.

"Hey, want a weapon, just in case you need it?"

"Naw, I'm good. See, Euron is very much like you. He has two types, male or female doesn't matter. He likes the crying shivering ones like your pet and he likes fighting, crazy ones like me.
Euron will let me have weapons if I want them while we play. It's part of the game. Just make sure you get in there before he disarms me. He is going to make me drink that poison first and I will be out of my head. Oh shit, Raff! Does Petyr recall that fucking part? The man will give me his drink and I will go loopy. How the hell are you getting me out of there if I am crawling on the ceiling because I think I am fucking Spider Man!

Raff sighed and rolled his eyes, calling to the backseat.

"Don't worry about it, Whore. I am a nurse, idiot. I have stuff with me, I'll counteract it. And don't worry, I have batons, a taser, a gun or hey, I can just wave a syringe at you, you'll come crawling and panting to me."

Ramsay watched how Lollys narrowed her eyes upon Raff's golden head with such loathing, it made him grin.

Raff was not dressed in his usual scrubs.

He was in a designer suit that Petyr had Loras tailor for him.

Hair was flowing and perfect, his shoes shined and top of line.

As they entered the exclusive club that pulsed red lights at them, women stared at him.

Lollys leaned closer to taunt him.

"Look at all this pussy just lusting for your fashionable, handsome ass. Too bad you want have time to play with them. I find it amazing, I really do. You are so damned good looking, you could just be a gigolo and make something of yourself...instead, here you are pretending to be a high level pimp. And all you really are is a nurse that is really a failed surgeon and a rapist as well as a low, real low level drug dealer."

Raff smiled warmly at her as they passed a group of glittery dancing bodies.

He put an arm around her shoulders and whispered sweetly into her ear.

"When this is over, later tonight you are going to pay for every word you say to me. Every. Fucking. Word."

Lollys began to dance, gyrating against Raff and spoke in a flirtatious voice.

"Sweetbread, those are empty threats. After I see Euron for awhile, there isn't anything you can do that would bother me."

Raff grabbed her hand and spun her gracefully towards the staircase for private rooms.

His voice was hate sex, it was pulsing, it made Lollys gasp as it always does, how she hates that.

"I swear to you, my perfect little whore, that I am going to bother you tonight. I promise it. And if
you don't behave well for Euron, I'm going to cut your dose in half tonight."

They walked up the stairs and Lollys winced as he ground the bones of her healing hand in his own.

"Please, stop it! I'll need that hand for tonight! I'll behave, I'm going to be the exact thing that Euron expects. Touchy tonight, aren't we?"

Raff steered her into a small dimly lit room that held only a few scattered tables with people at them.

The music was muted here and waiters lingered silently, respectfully.

It took no effort to find Euron, his charm, his patch only brought attention to him.

Raff shook the man's hand and they exchanged pleasantries.

Lollys had to admit, he was still charming, still handsome and roguish.

Even wearing an expensive casual suit, he still seemed to be a pirate to her.

He had the same tousled dirty blond curls that Theon had and the one eye twinkled with the same mischief.

She recalled how fun Euron could be, until he brought out the blue drinks, that is.

Raff was horrified when Lollys sauntered over to Euron with her crooked grin.

"Hey, Captain One Eye! I thought you were dead! Glad to see you aren't rotting somewhere. You never gave me that candy you promised me."

Euron guffawed and hugged Lollys tightly, lifting her briefly before putting her back on her feet to spin her around.

"My little spitfire! You grew up on me! Lovely, it is exactly you, that purple hair is perfectly you! I was so happy to hear your name, that you were still around! I tell you, I didn't care that your price was so much higher than before. It's worth it to see you again."

He invited them to sit and tried to offer his personal blue drink to Raff but Lollys interrupted.

"Naughty pirate, I see what you are trying to do. Of course, I would pay the kind of money that folds to see you drug and rape Raff. It is tempting but then the price shoots way higher for you, Euron."

Euron laughed as Raff's eyes promised untold agonies for Lollys later on.
"Oh, you have not changed a bit, have you, sweetheart. Your gentleman looks like you might be in for a spot of trouble later. Just like with Bronn. Silly girl, you always must provoke your handlers."

Something flashed through Lollys's eyes and her voice was steel and quick.

"Raff is no gentleman and he is nothing like Bronn."

Tensing, Raff saw that look in Euron's eyes, it was a similar look to what Lollys gets when she is about to poke at someone for fun.

He tried to warn Lollys with his eyes not to take any bait, to remain calm but she was ignoring him.

"Granted, this handler is much better looking, richer and more connected. But love, it is the same. Actually, Bronn was worse if you think of it. You were only a little teenager still when he farmed you out. And just like with Raff here, you provoke them, disobey until they go off on you. I remember Bronn strapping the living hell out of you and locking you in a trunk for stealing forty bucks from him and telling a customer you didn't like to fuck off at that party once-"

Flinching, Lollys turned cold and rigid, snarling up at Euron's delighted, sadistic face.

"Talking about my ex pimp is a real turn off, Euron. I work best when I don't get turned off and bored. I want a drink, please, one that isn't blue and then I want us to play. I want to kick your fucking ass for trying to provoke me, Captain One Eye. Get me a margarita, I want to pretend I'm on vacation."

Euron laughed more and ordered them each a drink while Raff eyed Lollys warily.

While they had their drinks, Euron decided to fuck with Raff.

"Are you sure, sweetheart, that you don't want me to drug your handler? We could do things to him that I know you would love. Raff is really handsome and I go both ways...I can afford to pay a bit extra for a chance to play with him."

Lollys giggled and leaned against Euron, her eyes flashing at Raff, fully enjoying his discomfort.

"I really do want to do that. So much. But he sets the price and the visits, not me. So it is up to him how much his rape would be worth. How much would you charge for your own drug trip and rape, Raff?"

Raff kept a playful smirk upon his face but his eyes burned through them both.

"I am priceless. Sorry, Euron, I'm afraid only Lollys is available to you this evening."

Shrugging, Euron snuggled closer to Lollys and he whispered,

"We should go into a more private room now. Your handler is very tense and moody. Bronn was at
least a fun fellow."

Lollys grimaced and tried not to flinch.

"Don't call him my handler. No one handles me, Euron. Just use his name or call him a douche bag."

Euron laughed as Raff glared and crossed his arms.

"Sweetheart, he's going to kill you if you don't watch your mouth, just a little. Don't mention Bronn and don't call Raff your handler. Lots of rules to you now, Lollys. What is wrong with handler? It sounds better than pimp, right? How about we call it the truth? He is sort of your owner, isn't he? You give yourself, your whole body to a man to do with what he wants, for your drugs, for what you need to survive. You just are doing that at a higher level. You shouldn't have so much trouble seeing that."

Mentally, Raff groaned as Lollys got that wild look in her eyes.

"No one owns me, no one handles me. Save the provoking for when we are in the bedroom, Captain One Eye."

Raff watched as Lollys led Euron off towards a bedroom as they whispered little taunts at each other.

He got up after a few minutes and wandered until he was leaning against the locked door of the bedroom they were in.

There was a small amount more of laughter and playful teasing, taunting.

Euron offered his blue drink and then Raff heard something new.

He heard Euron offer Lollys an apparent range of weaponry he brought.

"Let the fight begin! Come on, sweetie! See if you can take down your pirate."

He stood straight listening intensely with both concern and interest as it sounded like a fight club in there.

Lollys screamed and Euron laughed wildly as Raff winced at the sounds of a whip cutting into flesh.

Then he heard the man cry out and Lollys panting, swearing at him asking him if he would like some salt for his wounds.

"Oh baby, I am so glad you haven't changed. I'm going to take your blades and those steel knuckles from you. You are going on the chains and hooked by your flesh tonight. I want to fuck you while your skin tries to hold you up."
"No fucking way, asshole. I will fuck you up and make you into a decoration in your own chains."

Euron gave a true laugh of joy and then Raff heard the sounds of a heated battle.

Polliver showed up a moment later and nodded at Raff.

"He is all set and should be in there in a moment. How's it going? Is Whore behaving or in crazy cunt mode?"

"A mix of both. She and I will have a reckoning tonight though. Right now, all I hope is Ramsay gets in there before Euron hangs her by her skin to rape her."

"What? Holy shit, are they...is that a fight in there? Is she resisting him or is it part of the game? Tell me she isn't in there kicking his ass instead of bouncing on his pirate cock."

"It's what he likes. Make sure to frisk her for weapons when this is over. I wouldn't put it past her to steal a few of them if she can."

Just as it sounded like Lollys has indeed lost the fight and was about to become a human sex swing, they heard chaos.
Unleashed Wild Things

Ramsay waited in the window he has already unlocked earlier.

He admired Lollys's pluck as she fought Euron like a badass.

Her brass knuckles flashed along with her quick blade and she was a punchy fighter.

The long braided whip was a thing of art as Euron made it dance and move.

Damon, a friend of his famous for his whipping skills would be so jealous.

Euron was only wearing black underwear, his muscled body covered in cuts, slashes and bruises.

His nose and mouth bled and he was smiling in true joy, his erection poking out of the black cloth.

Lollys had long bloody lashes, some bleeding only a bit, others deep and spreading swirls and curtains of her blood across her flesh.

She had only a lacy black bra and matching thong, bare feet, purple hair mixed with crimson blood from slashes in her scalp and one on her face.

The chains and hooks swaying near them seemed quite enticing.

Ramsay rubbed himself and forced his will away from wanting to wait and see Euron hang and fuck Lollys.

Focusing his predator eyes upon his prey, he waited silently for that critical moment.

That split second when Euron will be so distracted in his game that he won't focus upon anything else.

So Ramsay enjoyed the fight but waited and pounced at exactly the right time.

The moment when Euron caught the whip between Lollys's legs and she went down screaming.

Lollys was already under the effects of the drink and combined with her new drug supply running through her, she was utterly wild.

There was no plan anymore, no act and she just knew fear, pain, panic and she also had this strange urge to FUCKING KILL ANYTHING THAT FUCKS WITH HER.

Even as she screamed, Lollys tried to crawl forward, to ignore the blood seeping between her legs.

Euron flipped her and was over her, he forced the knife out of her hand while laughing at her.

Lollys snarled and tried to lean up and eat his face, snapping at his nose.
"Little bitch, still trying aren't you? I'm going to hang you now and rape you. You always wondered, always would ask me and you never remember, girl. I always beat you down, force you, it is true screaming mad rape and look how wild you are. Sweet stupid savage girl, you are so much fun. I love to hurt you, come on, keep fighting, that's it. Go on, you feral bitch."

Ramsay went up behind Euron as he was forcing Lollys back down, biting hard on her neck to make her scream.

One quick stab into a kidney then a brisk stab into a lung before Euron managed to kneel up, roaring.

Lollys instantly took advantage of this to send her still steel covered knuckles into Euron's nose, crunching it soundly.

Scuttling in a nightmarish drugged panic to get away now, Lollys was trying to move out of striking range, growling at them both now.

Euron let her go in favor of attacking the man stabbing him.

"Ramsay fucking Bolton. I am not surprised, but damn, to use a whore to get me? How is my nephew by the way? Ready to come home? After I kill you, get a hospital run and a surgery or two, I can get my loving nephew home to help with my recovery. Won't that be nice?"

His voice was hoarse and he was turning pale, staggering now but he was up and moving.

Euron grabbed the blade Lollys had used and smiled a bloody smile at Ramsay.

"Kill you, skin and fuck her then get my nephew. It was worth the higher price."

Ramsay crouched and they had matching crocodile smiles and Lollys for a minute saw them as crocodiles.

Oh, fucked up, way too fucked up to help, Lollys thought dizzily as she slid along the wall, aware she hurt, aware there was blood.

Lollys was firm that there was blood and it was Euron and Ramsay in the room with her.

Now if she could only remember why this was happening and who's blood this was that would be great.

Euron was turning grey and Ramsay smiled at him charitably.

"You really aren't looking very well. If you plan to get saved by a doctor, you'd better kill me in a hurry. I don't think you'll have time to fit Lollys or Theon into any plans."

A cruel smile curved Euron's blue lips and he beckoned to Ramsay.

"You just give it a good old college try, son. When I fuck Theon again, do you think he will scream
your name for help or mine as he orgasms?"

Ramsay's face contorted in fury as he attacked and Euron was ready for it.
Lollys slid along the wall and watched everything in flashes.
Blades, blood and then Euron got a handful of Ramsay's hair, slamming his face into the wall.

Wincing for him, Lollys sucked in her breath at the bloody face then she saw his hand, the flash of
the blade, an under swing.
The blade sunk deep into Euron's stomach but the man just roared and tossed Ramsay like a sack of flour.
He landed in a heap causing Lollys to giggle as the slowing, bloody and dying Euron headed for Ramsay with his own blade.

Lollys found herself crawling and decided to go with it having no idea why.
She wandered away from her head for a moment then concentrated on the heavy thing she carried.
Euron was sitting on Ramsay trying to slice his throat.
Ramsay was keeping his hands firmly upon Euron's.
The blade was sinking just into the flesh when Lollys hollered.

"Hey, Captain One Eye, you fucking pervert from hell! Fuck you!"
Euron looked up as Lollys swung the sword with all her might and it sunk halfway into his neck.
"FUCK! He was supposed to be MY KILL!"
Ramsay shoved the dead man off himself and gave Lollys the finger.

Lollys panted with the exertion but managed out,
"You...were about to die, asshole. Should kill you too. Let me catch my breath, then I will kill you."
Ramsay snorted and Lollys staggered into a wall before giggling.
"Really? I doubt it. You are blasted out of your head and can barely stand. I have something to go do. Why don't you let the boys in and I'll see you in a while."
"No! No fair! Why do you get to escape and I stay behind?"
"Not really escaping dear. Same as you, I have to go back one way or another. They have my Theon and your drugs, they know we have to come back. So why not take advantage of the small time I do have and get a little problem or two handled?"

Nodding, Lollys started to follow him out the window.

"Listen, we both cannot go to the same place, Whore. I am sort of on a private mission. You are really fucked up, you might want to let the boys take you home."

They heard the door open and Ramsay cursed, taking off.

Lollys giggled then ran down the fire escape, taking a different direction than Ramsay.

Not on purpose, simply because her screwed up mind decided running through an alleyway without clothing was a grand idea.

Ramsay watched her running and laughed his head off, thinking of the trouble the two idiots would get in.

The bitch not only was messed up, half dressed and bloody but the woman grabbed the sword on her way out.

He walked through the parking lot and headed for the drearier looking hills.

Polliver and Raff stared at the bloody corpse and the destroyed room.

The empty destroyed room.

For one fearful second, Raff did check the ceiling while Polliver looked under the bed, the closet and the bathroom in hopes.

Groaning, Raff eyed the leather dress and jacket while his coworker sighed at the sight of an empty scabbard.

Petyr was paying someone well to make sure no prints were left in the room to point to anyone so the men took off out the window for their runaways.

Halfway down the fire escape, Polliver caught sight of a flash of silver in an alleyway nearby.

"I see her! Whore has the fucking sword, she forgot her clothing but remembered the weapon. Good to see her priorities are still working."

Polliver ran straight for the alleyways, climbing fences while Raff took a longer route to reach the end of the alleyway that Lollys was heading for.

Lollys was halfway down the alleyway that Raff was currently heading for and she was sailing a
ship of blankness.

She didn't even hear Polliver climbing and crashing, heading towards her.

Not at first because she heard and saw nothing in the real world, the sword swinging carelessly in her hands.

Then her bare foot came down hard on a large shard of glass and it hurt enough to make her aware of a few things.

She wasn't dressed, she was lost, she held a sword and Lollys was hurting, sweating and confused.

A quick flash that she had been with Euron, fighting, that is when she heard the pirate crashing after her.

Spinning with a panicked scream, Lollys brandished the sword at Polliver, who skidded to a halt.

"Wait! Hey! Lollys, it's just me! Just Polliver, you can calm down, I'm here to help you. Why don't you let me hold the sword and help you get back to the clinic?"

Lollys stared at Polliver with eyes that burned through any logic and she yelled at him in a panicked accusatory voice.

"I have no clothes! I am lost! I have a sword! I want my medicine and I want to go HOME! You can't make me do anything else or I swear I'll cut your head off too!"

"Okay, okay, you win. I will lend you my coat and take you home. Then at the clinic we can get your medicine, sound good? You need to put down that sword for us to leave though. Can you put it down for me?"

Lollys shook her head with defiance as her voice agreed to put it down.

Polliver sighed and looked relieved to see Raff coming from the other direction.

Raff called out in his softest, sweetest voice to Lollys.

"Do you want your medication before we leave for home, Lollys? I have it right here, look, see?"

He held up the syringe and smiled reassuringly at her.

"I will give it to you then take you back to the clinic, all safe and sound but you need to put down the sword. Come on, honey, don't you want me to take care of you?"

Lollys looked between Polliver and Raff but her eyes kept darting to the drug in that waving hand.

She threw the sword to Polliver and rushed over to Raff.

"Good girl. Here you are, sweetie."
Raff's voice was soothing as he pulled her closer and a prick was felt in her neck.

Lollys BURNED and she screamed, writhing as Raff's voice became a hiss.

"Stupid little bitch. Did you think I would reward you for trying to run away? That was to counteract the shit Euron gave you. I want you nice and aware later on."

And yet, even as Lollys sobbed with the burning and was vomiting as she was being dragged along, she still managed to get out a few fuck you's.

Lollys had no idea what time it was when she woke up to icy water in her face.

She felt like death and started to moan, sliding across her bathroom tiles, recognizing the crack in the one closest to the toilet.

Heaving herself up, she gagged into the bowl but nothing came up.

Pulling with every aching muscle, with every shaking sweaty piece of her crying in agony, Lollys sat up against the toilet.

She could feel the sickening pull of new stitches straining everywhere upon her.

Raff was sitting on the edge of the bathtub and he splashed more freezing water from the full tub at her.

"How are we, dear? Welcome back. Are you back this time? Good. Let's get you a little more awake though."

Tossing her into the tub of freezing water and dunking her a few times did the trick.

Lollys was thrown back onto the hard tiles to shiver and drip, coughing, sobbing.

"Ah...please...Raff...it's been too long and Euron...he...please?"

"Now you want to beg me and grovel nicely for me? After acting like a cunt, after running your mouth in front of Euron, stealing a sword and running off? Do you think you deserve to receive any relief from me?"

"The...sword and running wasn't my fault, it was the drink! You know that! I ran with a sword? I'm sorry I ran my mouth I remember that and I am so sorry. Please, I really am just please give me my dose. Please? I can make up for causing trouble, please?"

Smirking, Raff stood up and kicked her in the stomach hard.

"You are fucking pathetic. What a wreckage, no wonder Bronn got clean. He must have had a sober moment and saw you like this...like what you truly are and he had a wake up call. Too bad you never saw yourself like this, then again, I doubt it would matter. Fine, I'm going to give you your medication. In fact, I am going to even give you a little extra. So I can do this."
Lollys was tied to her bed with restraints and even a head brace was used.

Raff reminded Lollys of every word she said that bothered him as he prepared her drug in several different syringes with thinner, longer needles than usual.

"There is a small portion of your dose in each of these. By the time I finish all of these, it will be your usual plus a bit more."

He proceeded to inject her using the corners of both her eyes, using four needles, tender spots inside of her mouth with two more and then he went between her legs with the last three injections.

Even after the drug started to kick in, Lollys was screaming and crying in pain and twitching at Raff's every move.

Petyr, Gregor and Unella heard out the night staff about Ramsay missing and Lollys almost managing the same.

"It's alright. We have Ramsay's favorite toy, he won't go far and will return soon enough. Unlike Lollys, Ramsay knows how to hide and make his kills in private. He won't be caught and won't come back until he is ready to. We suspected that might happen. I am just thankful that you stopped Lollys before she ran half naked into the public streets with Euron's sword. Then all three of you would be in trouble with me."

The two men had shivered at that but simply nodded and Polliver suddenly thought of a million things he needed to see to in the clinic elsewhere.

Raff was already halfway down the hall and Petyr smirked.

He left the building as Unella started having a quiet nervous breakdown while Gregor waited to drive her home.

Somehow, Unella's car also had a dead engine and smashed windows.

As much as she hated it, she had been allowing Gregor to drive her and he makes it worse by refusing to take any gas money for it.

How was she supposed to go home and sleep knowing one of her patients are creating possible homicides all night?

"Unella, there is nothing we can do and I'm fucking tired. Let's go. Have your panic in the car and at your apartment, alright? I'm leaving, get the hell in the elevator."

"Do not tell me what to do, Gregor. I cannot believe no one else is worried but me."

The fact that Unella was dead tired and half out of her mind with worry was evident in that she allowed Gregor to steer her into the elevator and into his car without a complaint.

She went into her apartment and lay on the bed fully dressed, ready to worry all night.
Roose was in a good dream, he was dreaming of visiting his wife and son at the clinic.

He was sitting at a table with Walda and Ramsay and they were telling him how sorry they were for ever existing.

Standing up, he walks past them and begins to skin that purple hair whore while raping her as she dies.

Then he woke up to find Ramsay in his bed with a blade at his throat.

Ramsay's erection poked into his buttocks and his voice was harsh in Roose's ear.

"Do you remember how many times I felt this, I woke up this way as a boy? How many times you would do it when you had no time to find a whore? Theon's uncle did the same thing. I got rid of one child molester tonight, I figure might as well go for two, father."

"Ra-"

Theon was sobbing, hearing Lollys being tortured in her room, worrying about Ramsay.

He couldn't decide if he should be happy that Ramsay was gone or happy that Euron died.

When Ramsay came into his room, Theon ran to him and hugged tightly.

Tonight Theon decided he was going to be relieved that Ramsay was fine.

"I was scared...where were you?"

"Getting rid of some bad influences in our lives. Were you really worried for me? I'm flattered, Reek."

"I hate that pet name."

"I know, stupid pet. That's why I love it so much."
Sansa had the radio going, dancing to the beat when something shambled into the kitchen.

"Lollys! Your eyes, oh god, Unella, help, please! No, idiot, you can't work like that. You can't see or walk without help, poor Lollys, what did you let them do to you this time?"

Unella took one look at Lollys and pursed her lips, gently taking the protesting woman to an examination room.

"Sorry, Sansa, you will have to take breakfast shift on your own today."

Unella checked over the stitches that Qyburn gave Lollys the night before.

She rinsed out Lollys's blackened, swollen eyes with star bursts filling them and chastised her.

Unella winced at two missing toenails freshly removed the night before and bandaged them.

Surveying the total amount of stitches, bruises, cuts, irritations and more.

"Look at this mess. Was it worth it for the drugs? To let Euron and Raff do this to you? You don't seem to be enjoying a happy high time right now."

Lollys has been gritting her teeth, whining in pain.

"One day, either the drugs or the men are going to kill you. It could be sooner than you think and twice as violent as what you've already suffered. If you detox, it's over."

"Are you kidding me, woman? If I detox they either find another way to use me or they'll decide I'm useless. Then I'm most likely going to be dead."

"Don't call me woman. It's rude. If you got clean and used your brain you would find easier ways to be profitable not useless. Doesn't it bother you that they have labeled you a whore? Do you enjoy Raff's company? Did last night really not give you a different perspective?"

Rusty laughter filled the room.

"I learned a few valuable lessons. Ramsay is an ungrateful twerp. Be more careful with my words when dealing with douche bags and no more messing with pirates. Raff ain't so bad, not compared to some others."

Unella twitched back and Lollys grinned in spite of her pain, sitting up and giving in to the urge to burn all and any fucking bridges to charity.

"Like Gregor. Now there is a man who saw your stone goddess ass on Tinder and swiped mutilate-fuck-kill! And look who is lecturing who by the way? I mean, the missing birdie, FrakenHodor, the shit with Ramsay and Cersei...and there is no fucking way in hell that you didn't know what was going down last night. You were here, you begged me not to go. But did you lock me in my
room or take a stand against my being whored out or Ramsay killing someone? No, you stayed silent, just like you do with everything when it might mean your job. It isn't integrity, humility or any other bullshit you sell yourself, it's all self interest. So don't go telling me how to take the moral road when you can't even stay on it yourself."

Unella stood up and slapped Lollys with all her might.

The wounded woman fell over on the cot and started to laugh.

"Holy fuck, can you pack a wallop."

"Do not swear. Get out of my sight. Room restriction as of now for trying to escape."

"For how long?"

"Until I feel like it. Get out."

Lollys felt a shadow over her and murmured,

"Sunbathing. Fuck off. Whoever you are, you are not sun. Be gone."

"You are being hunted by a frothing-at-the-mouth-kind-of-pissed Unella. Gregor said anyone who sees you is to remind you that this is the fourth time you have left restriction in one day. That if he peeks in your room and you aren't there one more time that you might as well run away for real. Because he plans on ending you."

"Better hurry then. So you let me get back to my tanning so I can be done and hurry on back in."

Sansa gave Lollys a look of helpless irritated amusement and settled herself on the rooftop with her injured, suntanning friend.

"How the hell did you even get up here? You can barely open your eyes at all."

"Got a boost up from Jorah on his way down a while back. I hear things are fucking nuts in there. Rather avoid it."

"You could avoid it by being in your locked bedroom and keep yourself out of more trouble for once."

"Now what fun would that be? Pacing my room all day forsaking my own sunbathing time for boring safety?"

Lollys's ears perked up as did her nose and she smiled.

"Ah, gingersnap! My little sweet faker of goodness and honey! Share that joint with your bestest of buds, your ho before the bro! Did you bargain from Jorah or go straight to the source and steal it from Ramsay himself?"
"I'm crazy not stupid. I traded Jorah his own personal velvet cake for one. I needed to get away from it all. I mean, no one was surprised or upset when we heard that Euron Greyjoy was mysteriously murdered last night. Hell, Theon turned on the music and led a conga line while Ramsay gave details to Meryn to whack off to."

"Sorry I missed out on that sight. Ick."

"I wanted to blind myself, I assure you. But then that nearly Gregor sized friend of Ramsay's, that Damon fellow showed up. He told Ramsay and Walda that Dreadfort burned down last night with Roose in it. That is when shit got insane."

"Pass me that joint, ah, shit, my mouth hurts almost badly enough for me not to smoke. Fuck that, I'm smoking anyway. So did you just swear? You swore and got a joint and came on the roof by yourself? It must have really gone tits up in there. Let me guess, Ramsay led a conga line to celebrate his father's death while fucking Theon the whole time. Walda ate Jorah's cake in grief too, right?"

"No. Walda was holding her baby rat Horace when Damon gave them the news right there in the lobby. She crushed Horace slowly to death while Damon told them and then she tried to murder Ramsay. Not attack him, not try to hurt him, she full out tried to end his life."

Snickering, Lollys handed the joint back to Sansa, who grimaced at the blood on it.

"I could have told Ramsay last night that fucking with Walda's precious hubby would be his doom. That woman is way craftier than anyone thinks. What did she do?"

"Walda stole Gregor's baton, whacked Ramsay's head so he fell then she proceeded to strangle him with Unella's belt. She somehow stole the belt off the nurse, I mean, not expected, you know? And she managed to knock Ramsay out before they got her off him. Walda is currently upstairs riding the Qyburn Lightening Express while Theon packs ice on Ramsay's throat."

"I sense a long running death feud beginning. Good, we needed a new exciting death feud around here. I say we have once a week stone circle death matches. We can get some betting action, cut Petyr in on a deal. Speaking of deals, Ginger, what is YOUR deal?"

Sansa hurried to put out the joint and pretended to be unaware of what Lollys meant.

"Huh? I don't have any deals. I have to get started on supper prep before I get hunted down by Unella and Gregor. You should get back to your room now. I can help you there."

"Avoidance will get you nowhere with me unless there is drugs, cash or some really mind blowing sex for distraction. You have nothing more than a joint, no cash you can reach and you are not my type and I hurt too much for sex anyway. So spill the beans, ginge. You are screaming at night in your sleep, you wash your hands and check them so much, I am starting to check my own. Any day I expect to see you sitting next to Stannis sorting out your colored foods. What is eating at you?"

Sansa sat back down, looking over the crumbling edge at the parking lot below.

"I...I keep getting these memories. Not sure if they are real or not, I can't tell anymore. They feel real, they seem real but I can't imagine doing these things. How could I have slept with my own uncle and enjoyed it then forgot it? If I killed my family, wouldn't I have remembered rage, hurt or
something along with it? I don't feel that. But...then again, I don't feel grief or sadness or anything for them. I remember being sad when I found out. I remember crying, not eating, getting depressed and wishing to be numb. Now I am numb and I can't remember if I am this awful monster or not."

"I admit that I think there is a bit of a manipulator or something dark in there. In you. Sure, but you didn't have hot and heavy incest with your uncle then butcher your entire family, Sansa. First off, that doesn't sound like things you can truly forget or not feel. Take it from someone who forgets an amazing amount of things, Sansa, something will not leave fully. Pieces of memory along with the feelings will never go away. You have the pieces but not the feelings to it. Also, we have been together in here for almost a full year and have told each other so many things. You never before questioned hurting your family and you never told me you wanted to or did fuck your beloved uncle. That would have come up. Or that you despised or resented your family enough to kill them. How about that you can't physically fight for shit? Even at your craziest, you only yank hair and dig out eyeballs. How would you have stabbed a man as large and strong as your father or older brother? Your sister was a fighter, how did you get her down, stab and drown her? Your brothers were runners, you had told me that. How did you catch them? You had such love and respect for your mother, according to YOU. How would you have looked her in the eye then murdered her?"

Sansa burst into tears.

"But the blood on my hands..."

"There is no blood on your hands, there never was. If you truly wanted to kill someone, Sansa, you would use poison or hire someone like me to do it for you. It makes no sense. You could not have murdered your family. You did not murder them."

"And Petyr? I enjoy the memories when I have them, they are all safe or good or...enjoyable in a way I wish it weren't."

Lollys burst into hacking laughter and carefully got to her feet, dragging her towel up and over her head.

"Ah, sweet stupid naive gingerbread girl, can't you see when an evil villain is wooing you? Uncle Petey has a very non uncle like eye when he sees you. He wants you to return his affection the same way. You want to see the red hands from your family's blood? Check out his hands, the same ones he would like to use to make you orgasm for real. Petey and the mad scientist are having a go at you, love. It's up to you whether you want to believe their fuckery or not. You know deep down it's fuckery, don't you? Now help me down onto the floor and into my room before Cuntella or Gregorstien see me."

Walda returned to the ward but not to her old self.

She did not hold dolls or animals, she had lost her fixation with babies.

Instead Walda had a new project that had nothing motherly to it.

First Ramsay found his dog dead from rat poison in some raw ground meat.

The next night Ramsay ended up in the infirmary all night, stomach twisted in cramps which led to
hours upon the toilet.

Unella had to give him an IV for hydration and Raff proved to be the worst nurse ever that night in Ramsay's eyes.

He came in and stuck a diaper on him, moved the nurse's button out of reach and turned off the lights and television.

Ramsay hired Meryn to taste all his food and drink from that point on.

The cost was that Meryn could watch Ramsay's playtimes with Theon.

Theon was displeased and no longer speaking to Ramsay except when he had to.

If Ramsay thought his stepmother would tire out he was wrong.

Theon was in the bedroom, just out of the shower when he started screaming.

Unella and Ramsay rushed in but there was no blood, only hair, all over Theon's hands and the floor.

Someone had switched his shampoo bottles with hair remover.

A quick search determined the same had been done to Ramsay's bottles.

Walda was sitting quietly in the rocking chair looking out the window of the game room.

She was ready when Ramsay stormed in and leaned over her with menace.

"Leave Theon alone! You want to try and kill me, step-hog? Fine, you have at it but leave my pet alone or I'll fucking gut you."

Only Ramsay's reflexes allowed him to move in time.

Still, he winced as he grabbed his punctured side, growling at Walda.

She held the bloody knitting needle and stared without expression at Ramsay.

"I had hoped my trick with those rabbits would have gotten you kicked out of here. I had begged Roose to make you leave, to be more careful. I pleaded with him to kill you, I admit to that. He always refused, he was a saint, Ramsay. A saint and you were his demon spawn. I wanted so badly to give him a good child, a strong, smart son worthy of his name. You took away the last and only good thing I have ever had. So you are going to lose every good thing you have and you will die. I already got one of your pets. Theon is a timid,jumpy thing, likes to hide. You taught him to be like that and I intend to ease his suffering in a permanent way. The hair remover was just some fun for you. You like games, right, Ramsay?"

Gregor sighed and took Walda to an ice bath and snapped for Ramsay to see Unella for his wound.
"Walda is going to keep this up until she kills them. She needs to go to Qyburn. Let him fry her brain a little more, a good twitch and she can be a breathing doll."

Unella gave a dirty look to Gregor and stiffly gathered her items, ignoring the chaos she heard brewing out of the office.

"We can't render problem patients comatose just to save ourselves extra work, Gregor. But it can't become a problem that gets noticed by Petyr. We have to be diligent, keep them apart. I can offer some more intensive private therapy time with Walda and speak with Qyburn about giving her a higher dose of mood stabilizer."

Snorting, the large man held the door while Unella carried her purse and files.

"Petyr is going to notice bodies. The woman took your belt off without you noticing and my baton. I told you about her little confession with the rabbits. The woman is not going to stop, therapy and pills or not."

Cersei was standing in the hallway in front of the nurses station, screaming into Lollys's face.

"You thieving whore! Do you know how much that chocolate cost me to have sent here? And I know you stole my robe, my Jaime gave it to me! I will rip your fucking eyes out and make you eat them, give it back!"

Lollys snarled into Cersei's angry features and bit her words off one by one.

"I ate your chocolates while I was on restriction. They were delicious. But I don't have your fucking robe! Why would I want your silly silky dainty incest robe from a one handed-"

Sansa managed to scramble out of the way just in time as the two women clashed.

They went through the room like two hissing spitting alley cats, a twister of purple hair fury and blond vengeance.

Stannis and Theon were barreled through, their puzzle they were carefully carrying, scattering everywhere.

"This took a month to put together! We were going to glue it and hang it up!"

Stannis couldn't get past cursing and waving his fists.

Unella went to intervene and Gregor steered her towards the elevator.

"Night staff will handle it. We aren't getting paid to bother at night. Let's go."

Twisting to get out of his grip, Unella glared up at him.

"I hate it when you try and force me to move. Do not do that and do not touch me at all. It's inappropriate."
Polliver and Raff came from different directions but with the same intent.

Lollys and Cersei made it to the gaming room door where they were trying to bash each other's heads in.

The batons came swinging and they separated, bloody and panting, claws ready for more.

"It's not my fucking fault, this cunt came at me! I don't have her fucking robe!"

"I don't give a shit what your problem is! Did I ask you? Huh?"

"Make that bitch give me my robe, she stole it! I will kill her if I have to! Polliver, do your job and make her give it back! I am giving you an-"

"Shut the fuck up! Bitch, I do not work for you anymore, do NOT tell me what to do!"

"What? How dare you! Don't you-OW!"

"Ha! How's it feel, queenie?"

"Whore, shut your mouth. Do you have her robe in your room or anywhere? Don't lie to me."

"No, Raff, I don't have her damned robe. Check if you don't believe me but I'm not lying this time."

"Go to your room. Now."

Lollys gave them all burning looks but stormed off without another word to her bedroom.

A few moments later the mystery of the robe was solved.

It was firmly twisted around Theon's neck and hoisted over Ramsay's complicated harness swing. Ramsay was holding up his pet's limp body and screaming.

Cersei took her robe back while Raff gave Theon mouth to mouth and rushed him up to Qyburn.

As soon as Raff took Theon away, Polliver was ready, waiting.

Ramsay came flying around the corner, murder on his face and Walda only one room away.

The enraged man slammed full force into the baton and went down flat on his back.

Whistling, Polliver leaned down and while Ramsay was still learning how to breathe again, he used the taser.

Then he got Ramsay all nice and snug in a straitjacket.
"I'll see if you are calmer in a bit then we'll put you to bed with some restraints and a nice sedative. Tonight, you can be the one struggling in bondage, just think of it as offering your pain for your pet. See you later, alligator."

Polliver stepped past the writhing, angry man and whistled his way down the hall.

He peeked into the gaming room and saw Walda sitting in her usual spot, looking out the dark window.

"Bedtime for you early tonight, darling. Can't have you trying to kill poor helpless Ramsay. He is on a time out in the hallway with a hug me jacket and you will be tempted to pop his head off. So bed with restraints tonight, Walda. Let's go."

Without a word, Walda stood and went with Polliver to her room.

They passed Ramsay who was rolling around the hall floor, cursing and screeching in helpless fury.

Walda winked at the man and slept easily in her restraints, hearing Ramsay slam himself against her door, screaming.

Unella hung up the phone and put her hands in her hair.

Raff called to tell her of Theon's accident, which they all knew was no accident.

Luckily, the patient is stable and should be fine by the next day.

This was only the start, what can she do?

There is no proof that Walda is doing these things, even they it was quite clearly her.

How can she punish a woman for crimes she cannot prove?

So Unella has been pouring through Walda's files, hoping for inspiration.

For a way to speak with her, to reach through the anger and grief, to find Walda's reason and logic again.

Unella wondered if she should go through Ramsay's files, maybe she could try to deal with him first?

If she got him to apologize and speak with Walda supervised?

Unella burst up from her chair and paced restlessly while she waited for water to boil in her kettle.

She made a cup of chamomile tea and started to go through Ramsay's files.

It was anything but helpful or restful and she shoved them away.
Downing the cooling tea as if it were liquor, Unella headed for her small bedroom.

Maybe while she slept an idea will occur to her and she put on her nightgown after shutting the curtains.

Some strange tenant has moved into the building across from her.

Unella cannot see who the figure in the window is, but it bothers her deeply.

The person could be looking at the stars, cannot possibly see her any better than she can see the figure.

Yet, it scared Unella a bit and she took more care to shut her curtains at night.

Unella did dream but not the kind she was hoping for.

She dreamed she was a stone goddess but it wasn't worship she received.

As she stood frozen, unable to move, Lollys, Sansa and Cersei laughed at her and threw things.

Meryn started to masturbate on her stone legs and Ramsay urinated on her stone feet.

Then Gregor slowly came forward with an immense hammer.

He swung and Unella shattered into a million pieces.
Taking My Cookies And Going Home

Qyburn began spending time with Stannis and Jorah in the lab.
Sansa was still brought up at least twice a week.

However, now every time Sansa starts to doubt what is real, she asks Lollys for perspective and it helps.

Stannis and Jorah don't act much different and don't complain of any painful testings.
Sansa asked and it sounded like the same things done to her there.
She warned them about her memories and how she isn't sure if they are false.

Stannis snorted and said he would know if he were brainwashed.
Jorah looked up at Lollys walking by and hollered,
"Lollys, am I still the same to you?"
"A pathetic friend zoned middle age man that will probably commit suicide the day he reads his beloved marries someone?"
"See? When I no longer am that, then worry about my being brainwashed."
Sentry seemed to huff in agreement and ambled alongside Stannis as they headed for the workshops.

Ramsay was already down there and screaming too.
Somehow his finger got caught in a spinning blade and he needed help.
Sansa staunched the blood and walked him back upstairs.
"They could at least let us use the fucking elevators if they want us to run around working for them!"
Keeping a tight grip on the bloody cloth over his stump, Sansa smiled at Ramsay's rage.

"Walda won't stop. You better find a way to deal with her otherwise you might lose more fingers. In a way, you might want to see this as a good lesson. Now you know how others feel when you hunt them."
Ramsay smirked at Sansa then shoved her against the staircase railing hard.
"I could hunt you instead?"
Laughing, Sansa shook her head.

"That would be a bad idea, Ramsay. First you have to get through Lollys."

He made a face.

"She might be a feral whore but I can take her."

"Then you have to get past Petyr."

Ramsay pushed away from her, annoyed that she ruined his distraction from blood and pain.

"Good point. Are you fucking him yet? He might stop messing with your head and let you leave here if you just give in. Why not spread your pretty legs for him then knock him off after marriage? Borrow a little poison from Walda or Cersei maybe? I can tell you if any one else here had that chance, they would take it. Hell, I would fuck Petyr if it would get me free."

Sansa smirked.

"True. The problem is, Petyr would know if I was acting my affection for him if I tried to sleep with him. Petyr knows that I don't move fast when it comes to relationships. It took me two years to finally go out with Joff then I only had sex with him INTENTIONALLY after a year or so."

Ramsay snorted laughter.

"Bet Joff was fucking you long before your intentional date. Eh, no offense, but you bore the shit out of me, Sansa. I mean, you are pretty and all but...since I can't hunt, rape or skin you...just keep pressure on the finger stump and get me to-Hey! Where are you going? You can't just leave a wounded man! Bitch!"

Cersei finished a worrisome phone call and thanked Gregor for allowing her the use of his cell.

He was still loyal, still her friend, even if he no longer tells Cersei what goes on with Petyr or Qyburn.

However Gregor treats her more like a patient now, just one that gets small favors and Cersei hates it.

The shock when he would whack her or toss her into an ice bath as quick as any other patient!

She is used to it now and understands that Gregor has no real option.

And Cersei understands that if it ever switches for her, he will be there.

In a strange way, it warms Cersei to know that even here at her bottom, Gregor is here for her, even in a limited capacity.

It pained her to have to keep her own thoughts private and not include him in her transgressions as
Cersei sacrificed her pride instead and did her own dirty work for once.

Taking a deep breath and putting a smile on her face, Cersei headed for Lollys.

It was outdoors relaxation time for all them and they milled in the summer sun.

They were granted shorts and t-shirts for when outdoors, still white of course.

Indoors, visitors tended to freeze regardless of weather.

Lollys was sitting in a tree at the very edge of the back fence, trying to reach a hanging apple.

"Hey there, have a moment to speak with me?"

"Welp, right now I am very, extremely busy with trying to reach this fucking apple and not fall. Gimme a second. Unless you'd like to climb on up?"

Cersei arched a brow and tilted her head, a small smile playing upon her lips, hiding the snarl.

"No thank you. I stopped pretending to be a monkey when I was around eight. I'll wait for you to fall and break something, then chat with you."

"Ha! See! You tried so hard to be nice but you just can't do it. I love that about you, Cersei. I actually, truly do. One second. That amusement earned you a sudden opening in my appointment book."

Jumping down, Lollys grinned at her nemesis.

"What can I do you for?"

"You have escaped from a prison, from three detox clinics and this place several times. I have an emergency, I simply must go deal with it. They will never issue me a day pass to go. I hope you understand that it is truly urgent, otherwise, why would I ever ask you for anything? But I am. Please, tell me how to get in and out of here like you do."

Cersei spoke in a clipped desperate voice and her eyes shone with suppressed bitter tears.

Pushing her sweaty purple locks out of her face, Lollys looked at Cersei with grave honesty.

"I won't help you escape. I believe you that it is urgent, whatever it is. I really do and even in my shriveled, twisting junkie heart, I feel bad for you. But when those of us who know how to sneak in and out do so, we always come back. We each have something here that draws us back. You don't
have that, Cersei. If I help you leave, you won't ever come back. At least not as a patient. Maybe in a tank or with a herd of lawyers for a hostile takeover. Don't bother lying, we both know you won't be back."

Cersei glared at Lollys.

"What does that matter to you what I do? I will give you anything I can, Lollys, I swear it. Just get me out of here, please! If I am on the outside, I have so many connections for you! Money, jewels, a good lawyer and a fancy detox? You name it."

Sighing, Lollys started to walk and Cersei followed her, seething.

"Listen, it's not because I hate you. But you won't come back and Petyr will be fucking furious. And who is the one that always gets the blame first? Me. Petyr does not want to lose your money or your fancy name. In here he can control you and your brothers and uncle don't even notice. Out there, you are his enemy again and he doesn't seem to like that idea. If I cross Petyr he is either going to have me tortured and killed or take away all my drugs. I'd rather he killed me. I won't take away one of Petyr's shiny toys. Hell, think about it. If I could safely let someone really escape, don't you think it would have been Sansa?"

"It's just all about your fucking drugs, isn't it? He might take away your precious drugs so you can't help me. Do you hear yourself?"

"I am exactly what you said I am, dear. A junkie whore, a faithless piece of trash that cannot be trusted. Sorry, did you expect me to risk my drugs and life for you?"

Cersei stormed away trying to contain her rage.

Her feet carried her forth towards the gardens and she saw Walda standing among the lilac bushes.

The bees buzzed about her and she didn't seem to care, just lightly touching the lilacs.

Cersei recalled a few things and headed towards her.

"Roose loved these. We had them everywhere at Dreadfort once I restored the gardens."

Cersei remembered going to the Dreadfort a few times as a child during some holiday events.

As a kid she thought the place was haunted, it was chilly, damp and dreary, with no flowers of any kind, just weeds.

"They are lovely, a fitting tribute for Roose. I am so sorry for your loss, Walda."

"No, you aren't. But thank you all the same for the polite courtesy."

Cersei nodded then tried a different approach.

"Walda, I would like to propose something. I need a talent of yours and you need a talent of mine.
You are good at finding things, such as keys. And I am good at making vengeful things happen. I have an emergency that is outside and must leave. You could assist me with that. Now, you wish to make Ramsay suffer before you kill him. And hurting Theon is helping, but you cannot manage to truly kill him. I think it's because you simply don't want to. In spite of your need to destroy your vile stepson, you cannot truly hate his victim. So I will take Theon out with me and I assure you, now that Euron is dead and Theon is head of the Greyjoys, he will also not be returning. Ramsay will be unable to reach him but will know that his pet is free and has power. What could be worse to him?"

Walda stood still and watched a lazy bee swing past her face and it promptly stung Cersei's waving hand.

Meryn and Ramsay were watching a torture porn for their choice on movie night.
Polliver loves these movies and forces everyone into the room as usual.
Except for those with passes to be elsewhere.
Theon had a pass and was downstairs sanding down an ornate ship that has been special ordered.
Halfway through the movie, Walda was excused as she was puking in a wastebasket.
She staggered past Polliver and took his keys.

Cersei had deliberately asked Qyburn for an evening appointment for stomach troubles.
She came down from her appointment and passed by Walda.
Only Raff was not in the community room, he was in the nursing station taking inventory.
He never saw Walda head to her room after whispering to Cersei.
Raff didn't see Cersei slip away.

Theon was so twitchy and jumpy recently.
Since he came back down from the lab, he was turning paranoid.
It simply wasn't fair to have Euron die and Walda become his new attacker, top of dealing with Ramsay!
He leaped a mile when Cersei approached.

"What if I made you an amazing one time only offer?"
Theon's eyes bugged out of his head as Cersei dangled the keys.
"Sweetie, listen very carefully. I got these from Walda. She said if you leave with me and you
never come back, she won't try to hurt or kill you anymore. And you will finally be free of Ramsay. We need to leave right now. I am a little pressed for time."

"Walda said that? You swear it? Ramsay...he will be so pissed at me. He will make me come back or he will hunt me down and flay me."

"Petyr controls him now. He cannot afford to let Ramsay do that to you once you are in control of Greyjoy Pharmaceuticals. Instead, Petyr will be trying to make a deal with you...think on it. Power will keep you safe, your name and I can help, I can point out the best lawyers and more. We need to leave now. Please, Theon, don't be like Lollys and stay until they kill you. Lollys is the clinic whore and you are the sociopath's pet. Is that how you want to be known? Or as Mr. Theon Greyjoy, the owner of a huge company that Petyr lusts to work with or buy. Think about that, Theon and take my hand. Or let Ramsay torture you until Walda murders you."

Unella was out of milk and since it was so warm and lovely out, she walked to the store.

On her way back she decided to treat herself to a plain vanilla frozen yogurt.

When she returned home, Unella put the milk away, humming to herself.

Going into her bedroom, she was reaching the clasp on her bra, when she froze.

Something was wrong, was off and it sent thin finger size chills over her scalp then slid down her spine.

Going silent, Unella looked at her book on the dresser.

She had left it on the bed, she knew it.

Moving stiffly, Unella headed for her safety box and handgun.

Quickly opening her lock to the box, Unella discovered her gun was missing.

In terror now, Unella slid along the wall and then flew out of her apartment.

Standing on the corner, Unella turned red and with great shame and bitter regret, she mad e a phone call.

Gregor showed up about ten minutes later and he wore a shit-eating grin that made Unella want to run him over with his own car.

He went past her without a word and up the stairs, Unella hurrying after him.

Gregor checked through her entire apartment thoroughly.

"Empty. No one is here. Nothing else was stolen from the looks of things. Just your gun."

"Damn it. Probably that creepy neighbor across the way. I have to call the police, report my stolen
Gregor's face seemed to go through many emotions that Unella did not comprehend.

"You have a creepy neighbor?"

"Yes, he stares into my bedroom window sometimes. That sort of a person would steal a gun, wouldn't they? Oh dear. It's already getting late and we have work in the morning. Would you please stay just until the police show? I...hate to admit it, but I am truly a little nervous."

He had no idea how to keep Unella from calling the police.

Gregor wished he had waited before stealing her handgun but the urge was too strong to resist when he saw her going out.

Then both their cell phones rang at the same time.

Gregor's problem was averted as a much bigger problem was being told to them.
Polliver didn't notice anyone missing until it was bedtime and he did the usual count.

He did it twice and then called to Raff.

Ramsay was between terrified and angry, he had never once gone to bed without Theon being there.

He searched every hiding space, even went to the stupid roof hideout.

Soon the entire floor was up and searching everywhere for Cersei and Theon.

Once it was truly determined that they were gone, nowhere inside or outside on the estate, it became serious.

Polliver herded them all into the common room and told them that no one was allowed to leave except for a bathroom trip.

Ramsay was pacing, he tried raging and he was warned by a growling Raff.

"If you freak out, you'll get the ice tub. Then you hear nothing, you"ll have even less control than now. Shut the fuck up and let me make my calls! We will find them."

Raff and Polliver locked the patients into the room and called Petyr, Unella and Gregor.

Petyr got there first and the look on his face made both men flinch and back up a bit.

Hissing every word, Petyr asked exactly what happened, when was the last time they were each seen and where?

After he interrogated the bullies into victims, Petyr snapped out,

"Where are the rest of them?"

"Right there in the common room, we locked them in."

Petyr sneered at the two idiots.

"Who do we know that could possibly sneak in and out of here with relative ease? Who are the runners, gentlemen? Who likes to get a taste of something outdoors and might be willing to help facilitate an escape for favors?"

Polliver thought fast and blurted out,

"Ramsay Bolton! Remember when he didn't come back that night? He can get in and out whenever he wants to."
Petyr looked like he wanted to pluck Polliver's eyeballs out of his head and eat them but he hissed instead.

"Yes, Ramsay. He is one of our runners. But you said Theon is gone, correct? And you also mentioned that Ramsay tore apart the entire place trying to find him? Why would he ever wish to be separated from his pet? If you recall, Polliver, Ramsay signed himself INSIDE our facility to be CLOSER to Theon."

Polliver shuffled his feet, as the shiny dome on his head blushed gently like a simpering virgin.

Raff paled as Petyr turned to look at him expectantly.

"The other runner is who, Raff?"

The door burst open and Petyr marched in with Raff and Polliver behind him.

"Lollys! Come here now!"

Rolling her eyes, Lollys grinned at Loras, Sansa and Stannis.

"Ha! Told you they would fucking blame me! You each owe me now! Extra deserts for me, bitches."

Lollys stood up, stretching and only then did she see the blank anger upon Petyr's face.

Petyr marched up to her and grabbed her by the chin.

He forced her head up and stared into her eyes as if to pull out the parts he wanted from her mind.

His voice reminded Lollys of her snake and his grip was iron and painful.

"Lollys, did you help them? Where did they go? Tell me immediately or I swear the punishment will be so much worse than I am already planning."

"I swear, it wasn't me! I didn't help anyone leave. Why is it always me you all go for? I mean, really? Am I some sort of Super Skank that can fly in and out with patients and probably fuck a few pirates for profit on the side? I never helped Cersei or Theon escape. I fucking TOLD Cersei that I wouldn't help her!"

Lollys whimpered when Petyr's eyes blazed and he gripped her throat instead of her chin.

"What? You told Cersei that you wouldn't help her? So...you do know about the escape. Start talking, you are seconds from the worst and possibly last moments of your life."

She quickly told Petyr of the entire encounter and his hand became slightly relaxed upon her throat.

"Why didn't you tell anyone about this?"
"I am not the friggin thought police! I mean, we all talk about escape, suicide, homicide and more. If I reported every single instance of someone wishing to leave here then I'd just be standing at your office all day and night! How would I know that Cersei had another way out? Or that she would steal a souvenir on the way?"

Petyr's eyes narrowed and his voice was a slithering dreadful thing that wrapped around her spine tightly.

"Ah, I see..so you decided what was important or not. Tell me, what exalted halls of learning did you attend to learn how to make informed decisions? Oh wait, that is right, you dropped out of school in the ninth grade. Well, maybe it was your years of experience making good decisions that made you decide what was important. Let's see, you know how to fight, to fuck and to destroy yourself with drugs. Please, point out to me where in all this is your excellent decision making skills?"

He threw her by her throat and Lollys fell down, skidding a little as he kept coming towards her.

Everyone was watching, tense and staying out of Petyr's path.

Lollys was crying and panting as she kept scooting back on her ass.

"You are nothing more than a junkie and a whore. You are uneducated, poor, homeless, hopelessly addicted to drugs and destruction. You are pitiful, pathetic and disgusting, Lollys. What in all that made you ever think you could be someone to make decisions on what is important?"

The purple head lowered as Lollys sobbed in shame and self pity.

"I'm sorry, Petyr. I was wrong, I made a mistake, I should have told you."

"Yes, you should have. You can spend three days in solitary with only water. Solids will only make you vomit and shit more since you also will be without any medication."

Lollys turned pure white and swayed as if she were about to faint.

Raff swallowed nervously then spoke up.

"Uh, Petyr, if you detox her that way, it might kill her. The stuff she is on is too potent and she takes too much for the shock on her system."

Petyr smirked down at the desperate woman without any mercy whatsoever.

"Then it does. If it doesn't, I doubt we shall have to worry about Lollys daring to make decisions again. If you survive the three days, you may have your drugs back."

Lollys started to shake her head wildly her arms up, pleading, eyes huge and rolling wet.

"NO! Please, Petyr! I am sorry, look, I am on my knees in front of everyone, begging forgiveness! Please, don't do this! It's not fair! I didn't help them escape!"
Petyr didn't care and he raised his chin higher.

Polliver moved forward as if to grab Lollys and she screeched in panic.

She crawled fast over to Raff and clung to his legs.

Her ragged nails dug into his flesh through the pants and he winced.

Lollys had a grip born of terror and it felt like a boa constrictor on his leg.

"Please, Raff! Please, tell him! Tell him that I am good, I do what I am told! It was a small mistake, just a small one! Please, I need someone to help me! Raff, please, I will do anything, don't let this happen, please! I have done everything all of you wanted me to do! Please, Raff, just this once step up! Dammit, it might kill me! I'm sorry, I am, please, I didn't mean to, don't make me! PLEASE!"

Raff was looking down at the hysterical Lollys with a mixture of pity, disgust, bitterness and a twisted sadistic yearning.

Recently he had fantasied while in the shower or in bed at home of forcing her to slither to him, shaking, just on that taut beginning of withdrawal.

He imagined the things he would make Lollys say or do while she was begging him.

The gratitude in her eyes as he slid the needle into her, anywhere on her, no matter how scary or painful.

This however was nothing like his fantasy and he was frozen.

A nauseating empathy for the suffering woman desperate for his help when he cannot give it, tainted the whole thing.

Polliver had come up from behind and was about to use his taser when a voice cut through the hysterical babbling begging.

"STOP!"

Everyone turned to see Unella striding forward, Gregor nearby, leaning on the wall.

Gregor's eyes were hard and glittering, only watching his prey, hoping this might be her breaking moment.

No one had noticed them come in or had any idea how long they might have been there.

Giving Raff a look of utter disdain as if he were a cockroach that crawled out of a piece of old shit, Unella passed him to face Petyr.
"I will offer the patient help if no one else will. As Lollys's official physical examiner, nurse and therapist, I must object. If you detox her so severely that she dies, Raff and I both lose our licenses. Please, Petyr, I am not asking you to change your punishment except to allow us to keep her alive. If you wish for her to suffer, I can assure you that she will. No matter what we offer her to keep her out of dangerous health issues, the withdrawal will be quite awful. And if you wish to add extra to it in exchange, then instead of confining her, allow the others to see how it affects her. So they all, including Lollys, understand not to cross you again. By the end of the three days, Lollys will grovel for another chance."

Petyr and Unella stared at each other, no one moved, Gregor was ready to pounce if the chance was finally here and Meryn was on the verge of an orgasm.

A quick nod and it was over.

He moved past Unella and looked at Lollys, still clutching Raff's leg.

"Come here. Now."

Lollys shivered, unwinding herself and she scooted over, hugging herself, looking down at Petyr's designer shoes.

"Three days. Under the supervision of Unella and Raff. No drugs to relieve your painful withdrawal, only what you need to keep alive. Stand up and look at me."

She staggered to her feet, tears falling, breath hitching, her eyes went up but the fight wasn't there, it was despair and sheer mindless black hole terror.

Petyr smiled to see it and then grabbed her throat again.

"If you ever dare to DECIDE things again, whore, it will be the very last time. I will detox you personally, leaving you in your shit and vomit and piss as you claw the walls and have seizures until one of two things happen. Either you will die of it or you will actually climb your way out of hell into sobriety. Once you are no longer in the torment and you have that first glimmer of real hope, I will slit your throat. Do you understand me? Am I clear enough for you, Lollys?"

"Yes, Petyr. Yes, it won't ever happen again."

"No, it won't. You are going to learn from this painful punishment, aren't you? You will learn your place. You are an uneducated junkie whore with a talent for fighting. And that is all you are. You will do as you are told from now on. Don't bother with anymore pleading, save your groveling for the third day when I demand your apology before I end your punishment."

He threw Lollys to Polliver who restrained her in his arms, she struggled briefly then sagged, crying and whining.

"I did it."
The words were so quiet that at first no one heard them.

"I did it."

Now Petyr and the others turned as Walda waddled a bit closer.

"What did you say, Walda?"

"Sorry, Petyr. I will speak a little louder. I said, I did it. I gave Cersei the extra set of keys that Polliver keeps in his pocket."

Petyr stared at Walda as if she just appeared from a whole different alien world.

"You? You did this? Why?"

"In exchange, Cersei got rid of Theon for me so Ramsay can hurt. Theon is being groomed by her to take over his pharmaceutical company legacy...then he can speak with you about a deal, Petyr. And Ramsay, Theon will become Cersei's pet now. She will steer and guide and rule him and his inheritance. He will make something of his life and forget you. Once you are dead, it will make it even easier for him to pretend you never even existed."

Ramsay growled and might have rushed her except Petyr was there first.

He hit her so hard that Walda went limp on the floor, her head bleeding sluggishly after it hit with a hollow thwacking sound.

Sansa screamed into her hands and Loras cried.

Petyr left the woman there and stormed over to stand glaring at the shocked faces of Unella, Raff and Lollys.

"Three days for the whore. Gregor, get this traitor off the floor and up to Qyburn."

Lollys raged in her room after six hours of missing her normal dose.

Then she lay on her bed, crying, writhing, unable to sleep, trying to come up with anything, something, a way to get through it.

There had to be a scheme left, a trick, a hiding place for emergencies she might not remember.

Sweating, moaning, Lollys threw off the covers and shivered as her skin burned and tingled.

Someone slipped into her room and she groaned.

A hand covered her mouth firmly and she heard a whisper to hush, stay still.

The sweet prick of a needle and it wasn't a full or even half dose, but it was just enough for Lollys to cry tears of gratitude.
Her body reacted to it hungrily and she felt the worst of the pain fade, enough to feel able to sleep.

Lollys drifted off while thinking that in spite of Raff being a total fucking cowardly douche nugget, at least he took care of his whores when he could.

Cersei easily slipped into her uncle's home.

She spent so many years in and out of the old family house that it's like the back of her hand, like her own house had been.

As badly as Cersei wanted to see her brother, this came first.

She knew her uncle's schedule far better than she knew Jaime's now.

Uncle Kevan has not changed his beliefs, traditions or manner of living once since Cersei was a child.

However, the brothers she had pegged, the ones she knew so well, they have changed.

The detested cowardly stunted creature dared to murder their father.

He had changed and that angered Cersei.

How dare Tyrion be the one to kill their hated father?

On the other hand, she was grateful that someone had done it.

Jaime changed too, it shocked her worse than Tyrion.

How dare he forget his sister and take up with some female ogre?

A weight lifter of all things?

Cersei managed to get Gregor to show her pictures of the woman on his phone.

The woman looked so far from what Cersei did that she honestly wondered if Jaime were playing some joke on her.

When Kevan came home from his old man hunter club or whatever it was, Cersei was ready.

He went into his house, put away his coat then got his usual whiskey from a side bar.

Kevan drank it as he went upstairs and changed into a pair of silk boxing shorts.

The summer night was oppressive and Kevan did not use silly expensive things like air conditioners.
Cersei slipped out from behind the curtains of his balcony and stepped into his room.

"Hello, Uncle Kevan. Can we chat?"

He stared up in shock then ran to yank the duvet covers over his boxers.

"How and why are you here? Turn away, have decency for yourself and your uncle!"

"Prude. Just as shocked as the day you caught Jaime eating me out during Thanksgiving dinner when I was sixteen. I remember you left when you told father and he didn't believe you. Except, he did you know. After you and the others all left, he beat us within an inch of our lives."

"Apparently he didn't beat you enough. Look at you now. Do I need to call Petyr or is he aware of your nighttime excursions?"

She watched without alarm as her uncle tried to locate his phone within the clothing he had taken off.

Then he started to cough and kneel on the rug, trying to breathe.

Walking closer, Cersei looked down at him with interest.

"How could you let Jaime have a relationship with that woman? That beastly thing?"

Kevan had difficulty but he replied, turning blueish and still searching rather frantically now for his cell.

"Nice woman. Better, healthier for him than you. I encouraged it. Cersei, what did you do? Leave Jaime and Tyrion alone. What did...you do? To me?"

"How dare you interfere in my relationships? Dare to keep me locked away and encourage Jaime to marry some ogre? Allow Tyrion to escape justice for patricide? Walda Bolton lent me some lovely things. A key, a hostage and some poison. Since you didn't see a key or a hostage floating in your whiskey, I wonder..."

Cersei watched as her uncle clawed at his throat, frothed, twisted and reached for her before dying.

Jaime couldn't sleep, he was nervous about his wedding, about his sister and so many other things.

He felt no real shock when Cersei knocked on his door, just resignation and scabs ripping off old wounds.

"I figured you would escape when you found out I was getting married. You need to keep your voice low, my fiancé is asleep upstairs, Cersei."

Snarling, Cersei pushed her way into her brother's new apartment and looked disdainfully at the combined taste of those with no taste.
Within an hour of arguing heatedly, Cersei finally managed to get what she wanted.

She loved her brother in a way that grows when he loves her, worships her.

It was clear that he was losing that, distance was not making the heart grow fonder, it grew as cold as Jaime's steel hand.

However, she knew him, knew every button to push and soon enough he was fucking her on the living room couch.

A tacky plaid thing, but Cersei rode Jaime on it regardless as he whispered for her to stop, no to keep going, that it was wrong but felt good.

Cersei smiled when Breinne came halfway down the stairs and watched them with sleepy, hurt and stony eyes.

Riding on a peak of pleasure, Cersei cried out and yelled for Jaime to orgasm with her.

Breinne stood tall and proud while they writhed to a finish.

"Under the circumstances, I think I will let you cancel the wedding arrangements. It was your money paying for it anyway. Goodbye, Jaime."

Cersei slowly dressed, thrumming with satisfaction as Jaime tried to fumble about, chasing after his now lost love.

Theon shook and curled up in the arm chair, sipping at a stiff drink.

He was in his father's home, his uncle and sister's home.

But they were all dead and it was too large, cold and had too many memories for it to be home to Theon anymore.

Cersei was coming back for him tomorrow she said.

This cousin of hers, this Lancel was going to stay with him to help.

Lancel was pretty and seemed as if he could be dangerous under the right circumstances.

But up against Ramsay, he would die, who wouldn't die at something like Ramsay's hands?

Theon knew he was going to be in so much trouble for running away.

A tiny voice kept telling him that this time might be different.
What if he could be in power, be free of Ramsay and his own terrible fears?

And Theon wondered how soon it will be before he regrets trying another bid for power and freedom.

Ramsay was begging Petyr for a chance to retrieve his pet.

"All I have to do is say his name, see him and I swear he will follow me home. He is loyal unlike that cunt, he is stupid and scared, he doesn't know what he is doing and he might blindly trust Cersei not to hurt him! I can just get him and be back before breakfast starts! Please, Petyr, let me save my boy! Listen, I know what you want, okay? You can have the fucking Bolton inheritance and I'll make Theon sign that stupid company to you! Just give me this one chance, please?"

Gregor lingered behind Ramsay to restrain and drag him off to a restrained sleepy time in an ice bath if need be.

But Petyr narrowed his eyes and seemed to consider the proposal.

"I want all of it, Ramsay. Yours and his, everything. It all becomes mine and both of you will remain here until I have decided a use for you both outside of this place. In exchange I will give you this one night to retrieve your pet. Do not deal with Cersei if you can help it, leave her alone. Just get your pet and come back, no blood baths. If you can do that, I will agree. Gregor will be dealing with Cersei, won't you?"

Gregor looked like he wanted to eat Petyr but he grudgingly nodded.

Ramsay thanked Petyr profusely as he rushed to change clothes and grab his new blades he has created in the workshops.

Unella stood stiffly in the nursing station, trying to write up a list of what Lollys will need.

Blood pressure checks every twenty minutes, medication for keeping her pressure from bottoming out.

Petyr leaned into the medication window and spoke softly, making her freeze.

"You challenged me tonight. You fixed it, you gave me a solution I could accept. Very smart, Unella."

Unella forced her head up and she clashed eyeballs with Petyr.

"What will happen to Walda?"

"None of your concern anymore. Just like Hodor and Dr. Sparrow. Do you have a problem with that, Unella?"

It nearly killed her to shake her head and go back to her medication orders.
"Good. You were very close to the line tonight, Unella. Tread carefully. Gregor is on duty tonight, the buses are closed at this hour. You can simply stay on until morning then do your regular shift. Not a problem for you, is it?"

"Of course not, Petyr. I should be here in case Lollys needs me anyway. She is going to be in awful shape."

"I certainly hope so. Good night, Unella. I must go get some sleep, I shall see you when I am refreshed in a few hours."
The moon stared over all with its lunatic face and the hurt, lonely, crazy, scared and monstrous yearned towards it mindlessly.

It was hot, stifling outside with only a small cool breeze to taunt anyone that moved in the summer night during witching hours.

Inside the clinic, it was freezing, the air conditioners blowing away any real thought or belief that summer or seasons actually existed.

Unella and Raff sat together creating the next day's medications and treatments for all.

They mostly discussed the treatment for Lollys.

Never making eye contact and referring to her as the "withdrawal patient" got them through it.

It was in silence that Polliver packed all of Walda's items and files concerning her.

Patients were squirming, some were awake, in silent screaming misery and others were dreaming nightmares that other nightmares dream.

But all were quiet.

It wasn't quiet at Jaime Lannister's residence.

Cersei wandered into his kitchen and to her delight found some wine.

She listened to the screaming and crashing upstairs, smiling, humming a ditty that she heard from Walda countless times.

Pouring wine into a glass that held some sort of Star Wars thing upon it, Cersei shuddered a little.

The wine was cheap, it was pink, not red but it will do for now.

Swallowing deeply, Cersei drained the glass and got another.

Now she looked about the kitchen and smiled cheerfully at the items on the counter.

Hearing Breinne screaming that she was calling Petyr as soon as she left, Cersei slipped out the back door.

Jaime's car ran like a dream and his wallet was nice and full.

She ditched the car in a construction sight after deliberately crashing it into a huge pile of dirt.
Happily, Cersei took the wallet and headed for a small motel.

Wearing Jaime's very expensive sunglasses, Cersei checked into a room under an alias.

With only her over stuffed old purse from the Lannister home, Cersei went into a room.

She emptied the items out of the purse and surveyed it briefly.

Tywin kept each of his children's rooms the same when they left home so they could come back if need be.

If called or ordered to, in truth.

Cersei grabbed a few items of clothing from her old room before she killed her uncle.

They should still fit since Cersei has not gained much since her incarceration in that hellhole.

Holding the clothing up against herself in the cheap, smudged mirror, Cersei laughed to herself.

These pretty items do not match the shaggy short hair and tight, brittlely handsome face.

Dropping the clothing back onto the bed, Cersei tried to force the ancient motel air conditioner to give more than a brief freezing gust into hot air.

Giving up, she went to take a very long shower until she used up the entire little bar of motel brand soap.

She had showered at her father's house but the heat kept making her sweat.

Also, she kept trying to wash off the entire experience of the clinic and it come creeping back onto her bothered skin.

Freezing cold air surrounded Stannis's bed but he was hot, burning hot, sparks hitting, sizzling upon his flesh.

If there is one thing, one solid thing in this world for Stannis it is that he loves his daughter.

She is duty, love and purpose to him, a beloved daughter he sought to protect.

Yet here he stood, watching her burn, she screamed and melted.

His heart shrieked in agony but he stood still, even as his hands stunk of gasoline.

Twice now Stannis has betrayed her.
First, he almost allowed his mistress to burn her and now, he does it himself.

The worst kind of father, the worst kind of person, he should kill himself.

Sentry whined uneasily and curled tighter under Stannis's cold bed.

Sansa was also burning hot, raging heat pouring through her.

There was no freezing stale air, just heat, lust and need.

Her hand was between her legs, pushed inside her pajama bottoms and she was grinding, groaning loudly.

Petyr was everywhere, his hands and his voice, sucking her in, down further into the dream.

Qyburn's eyes were full of a terrible compassion and his smile was a cold, lunatic parody.

Walda whined, unable to move, unable to speak or feel her body, but her mind....the terror flooded her with adrenaline that had nowhere to go.

"Do not worry, my dear lady, I am going help you. I will be with you every step of the way, I promise. You aren't impaired like Hodor was nor are you being punished like that fake doctor. No, not at all, rest your mind on that account, Mrs. Bolton. Unlike Petyr, there is no malice in my heart towards you. But you are such a viable source and the other option is that Petyr has Gregor slowly crush you to death. What a very undignified way to go, dear. I won't have it. You are such a nice woman, always polite and kind to me. So I am taking away your sorrow over those babies, taking away your grief for Roose and your vengeance for Ramsay. I am going to make you not feel bad anymore. Hush, don't panic, hush...see? See? There...isn't that better?"

His fingers finished the intricate work and he moved away from the surgeon's light to see Walda's face again.

The heavy fleshed face was slack, the eyes dull and a bit of drool came from the drooping mouth.

"Perfect. Nothing bothers you now, does it, dear? No? Good. Now, I have this wonderful new idea that Petyr would like us to try. I am so happy you are willing to assist me, Walda. And later, you can reunite with Hodor. He loves to be with others but sadly, that sparrow is not good company at all. You will be much better company."

When Cersei dried off and went into the bedroom, Gregor was sitting on the bed, dipping it alarmingly.

"No. I won't go back. Turn away while I dress if you don't mind."

Gregor looked away but he pulled out his cell phone and pushed something.

While Cersei dressed, the cell played the messages.
A frantic Jaime begging Gregor to come get his insane sister before she did something dangerous.

Then she heard the worst thing of all and stared wildly at the phone.

Gregor played it again so Cersei could let it sink in.

"Listen, Gregor, Cersei doesn't know yet, I couldn't tell her on the phone and when she was here...I didn't get a chance! She doesn't know Tyrion was exonerated for our father's death and that he is in charge now! Kevan signed it all over to Tyrion just before he retired last month! I took my portion and was staying on my own! Cersei needs to be picked up before Tyrion hears she is roaming around! All those years of Cersei tormenting him, I don't know how Tyrion will react! Please, for her own sake, can you find her? Don't tell Petyr if you can manage it, Gregor, I know you are her friend! You can help her get back safely!"

Gregor turned around and mumbled calmly.

"I am your friend. The only one you really have. And I can get you back safely."

Cersei snarled and finished buttoning her blouse.

She looked like a mother that stole her daughter's tight jeans and prettiest blouse for picture day.

"I'll kill Tyrion just like I did to Kevan. Jaime wants out, he can be out. Brienne just tossed his ass and with no one but me..."

"You are dreaming. You won't get near Tyrion, he is too clever for that. Notice he wasn't at the family home even though he owns it now? Tyrion knows how to evade his enemies, thanks to you and your father. We don't know how he will react if he finds out you are on the run. And you are on the run now. Jaime wants nothing to do with you. His concern for you is only that of a brother for a sister, in a platonic way. Not a V.C. Andrews way."

Cersei snorted and paced back and forth, not wanting to hear, head spinning.

"Petyr is displeased and Walda has already gone the way of the Sparrow for her part. Lollys is suffering withdrawal just for not telling anyone that you spoke of escape. If you come back willingly, I have secured his promise that you will be given a much lighter punishment. One that will come from Unella or myself if I can convince her."

A bitter laugh and Cersei's eyes flashed with trapped fear as she ran her hands through her hair, already sweat forming on her scalp.

"Oh, how fucking generous of him! Fuck Petyr! Fuck Unella and fuck all of them and that place!"

Cersei rushed over and grabbed one of Gregor's immense hands, a frantic moonlight glare to her eyes.

"Just like the old days! Let's go together and kill Tyrion! We can take over, as partners if you'd like! Please, you are my friend, the only one and it's always been that way! We can do it together, I
know we can. With my brains and your brawn, it will be easy and it will be fun! I have money, ideas."

Gregor sighed and pulled the woman into his hard steel arms for a quick hug that squeezed her words away.

He kept squeezing as Cersei started to struggle, to gasp.

"I am your true friend. Things aren't like they used to be, Cersei. We cannot have that adventure. What I want is right at the clinic and what you need is the clinic. Let's not provoke Petyr or Tyrion, let's get you safe. As your friend, I am telling you that this has to end because I won't let anyone kill you or torture you. This is the best way, Cersei. I'm sorry, its for your own good."

Cersei went limp and Gregor checked to see that her breathing was stable before putting her in his trunk.

As he drove towards the clinic, Gregor silently cursed Petyr and Cersei alike.

All this time, all this waiting, it wasn't fair.

Both of them dangling the bait above his head but never delivering.

Sansa was laying in her bed staring at her comforter.

The one she sewed herself in senior year and was so proud of.

Her hand stroked it and she frowned at it.

There was a plastic tube snaking down and Sansa didn't understand why that would be.

A flash of blond, black, purple hair, eyes, all kinds of eyes and voices but her own eyes just couldn't get past a sort of fog.

"I hate you. I fucking hate killing kids and you know that! I fucking HATE IT!"

"Did I ask what you liked? Did I ask if you wanted to do something?"

Sansa heard a hard slap and the abrasive voice cry out in pain.

"Now, I will ask you again and this time I want the right answer. Are they all dead?"

"Yeah. All but that one that jumped. That poor kid though...that girl, I fucking hate you for that one. Look over at your blond bitch, she just loves it. Want the details you malicious cunt? That girl fought hard and she almost got away three times. So fuck you too. I hope you get fucked over, I hope I get to be there. Hell, I hope he sends me for you someday."

Sansa tried hard to speak, to move, to SEE but she couldn't.
Everything was familiar and nothing was right.

"Did you get the head for me? I wanted Arya's head, did you get it?"

"Fuck you! I fucking-"

"You hate me, I know, you hate everyone. Did you get me the head?"

She heard a thump, it sounded WRONG and Sansa heard a laughter that she knew and she screamed.

Lollys stared out her window and watched the moon, giggling and sobbing.

She saw the car and hollered with feverish hateful gibbering glee.

Running, she flung her door open and ran down the hall, sweat droplets flinging off her onto Meryn.

It only seemed to entice him to keep on masturbating.

Skidding into the hallway before the elevator, Lollys waited.

Gregor came in through the sliding doors with a groggy and pissed off Cersei.

Lollys pointed a shaking finger at her and cackled like a hyena.

"Welcome home, cunt! The queen has returned to her castle forever! How's it feel to be fucked over all the time? How do you like the constant fucking pull of that leash? HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?"

Cersei tried to lunge while cursing and Gregor growled at them both while lifting the blond in his arms to carry her off.

Unella and Raff came running.

"Raff, handle Lollys. Unella, an ice bath or restraints and sedative for Cersei?"

Jorah sobbed, he shook and stared at the blood on his hands.

He loved Dany so much, he just wanted her to be silent, to listen to let him...

But he saw her with that baby and that man and he felt so betrayed.

How could have brought himself to slaughter a baby, a man he did not even know and his own love?

He cried as he ached, his lungs ached as he ran for the waiting, calling shadows.

Ramsay took his time twisting Lancel's head around like a puppet.
As predicted, Theon was hiding in the house somewhere.

He probably took off around the same time Ramsay killed the security outside, his pet has a sixth sense for his Master.

"Sweet pet, where are you? Master loves our games but we must hurry now and you are already in a bit of trouble with me, aren't you? Naughty boy, letting that bitch lure you out without me. Come here to me, Reek. Come apologize for being a bad puppy and let's go home."

Theon was hiding under the kitchen sink and he knew Ramsay would find him soon enough.

While Ramsay looked elsewhere he could try for the back door and run for it.

And Ramsay would still find him, just more annoyed of course.

Hearing Ramsay speak of home somehow made Theon feel like whining, he felt lost, cold.

He crawled out of his hiding space and waited on the kitchen floor for Ramsay to find him.

Ramsay entered the kitchen and stopped at seeing his pet, a smile grew on his face.

"Ah, Reek! Good boy! Alright, naughty thing, I think it's time we take off and seek our own fortunes, don't you? Fuck this mess, right? We are out of here. We are going to a nice quiet motel somewhere first so I can punish and play with you. Then let's see how Petyr finds MY brand of justice, see if he likes being fucked with."

Theon said nothing as Ramsay pulled him up and they went out the back door.

Ramsay started to run with Theon and a block later, he stole a car.

He started to drive then stopped and swore.

Theon just sighed and shook his head, sobbing.

"No, fuck that. Fuck this, they promised they wouldn't do it! NO!"

Ramsay snarled and drove a different way then slammed on the brakes a while later.

He slammed his fists over and over into the dashboard, the steering wheel.

Theon cringed against the passenger door, crying silently, waiting for the storm to end.

Ramsay finally slumped back and gave a small laugh.

Theon looked up and spoke tiredly.

"They got you too."

Peering out at the clinic parking lot in the beginning of morning light, Ramsay smirked bitterly.
"Yeah, I guess they fucking did. At least I get you out of it. Let's go get breakfast then I'm still going to punish you."
Petyr was refreshed and feeling quite well as he got to work.

He received the text that Cersei was back.

As he pulled into the parking lot he watched Ramsay and Theon stagger up towards the back entrance.

"Gentlemen! Might as well wait and I'll come up with you. That way you can use the elevator. Theon looks quite peaked."

Ramsay glared and Theon cowered but they waited for him to enter the gates.

They all silently went through the back door and past the stairs to the elevator.

Petyr swiped his key card and ushered them inside the steel cube.

"Ramsay, I understand you might be upset with Theon but he did run away from MY clinic. So he will suffer a punishment of MY choice, not yours. And if you dare to fight me on it, I will double the punishment. You will be in my office later on to sign papers and Theon may sign his when he is forgiven."

Theon whimpered and hugged Ramsay tightly from behind so he can avoid Petyr's eyes.

"Please...not the lab! Please? I'm sorry I ran, I am really sorry, I am a runner, it's in my fucking files you know! I'm sorry, please! Not the lab, not Qyburn!"

Even Ramsay's eyes were pleading and Petyr smirked.

"I will let your Master choose for you, boy. Theon can receive a lab visit or a medication change from Qyburn. Either one will continue for a week. Decide."

The elevator doors opened and they stepped onto the ward while Theon wept.

"Please, Master, I can't go back up there, please!"

"Medication! I decided for him. Alright? When did you become so bullying to a helpless pet? You are just plain mean, Petyr. By the way, speaking of mean, can we discuss your fucking plans with my fucking HEAD? Can we talk about my fucking homing beacon?"

Petyr moved fast and Ramsay found himself squishing Reek into the wall with his back.

Ramsay was shocked that he backed up at all, that he was afraid for a brief moment.

"No. We won't discuss it until I am ready to, Ramsay. Did you notice something else while you
were outside? Did you notice that you didn't dare run or fight or challenge me while we were outside? You could have done any of those things. No, you waited for me like a well trained bitch that needed to be let inside. It was only when we came onto the floor that you suddenly grew balls again. Because on the crazy ward it's safe to act that way. It's safe to act rude and confrontational here but it's never safe to do it to me. I advise you to shut your mouth until I ask to hear it."

Ramsay stood there stunned as Petyr pulled Theon away and shoved him towards a half asleep Polliver.

"Here is another of our runaways. Make sure Qyburn sees him for a medication change by breakfast the latest."

Nodding slowly, Polliver held Theon's shoulder and took him away with all the speed of a sloth that was having a lazy day.

Petyr gave them a mild look of disgust and kept moving as Ramsay stood there trying to process what has happened.

Sansa was cooking breakfast when Petyr stopped into the kitchen.

She blushed then nearly dropped the spatula as he smirked and came in.

"Oh! Sorry...I am very tired this morning. I had a rough night."

Petyr nodded and stroked her cheek lightly as she gave the tiniest gasp of fright.

"Since when are you scared of me, Sansa? I am simply concerned for you."

Sansa bravely looked up into his eyes and spoke softly.

"I wasn't afraid of you until last night. You were terrible to Lollys and even worse to Walda, your temper frightened me. I don't ever want to make you angry with me."

Petyr smiled and put his hands gently upon her shoulders.

"I had a feeling you would be feeling a little scared, that is why I came in here to see you. I am sorry you had to see my temper like that and I assure you that it is rare that things rattle me that much. Walda had to be dealt with harshly, there was no other choice, Sansa. She was not useful and she was dangerous. As for Lollys, sometimes there are people that only learn if you truly force them to suffer. Roose and I were in agreement on that particular philosophy. And others here need to see what happens when I am displeased."

Sansa nodded.

"And how should this make me less afraid? What happens if I displease you?"
Petyr shook his head and chuckled, patting her cheek as she blushed and shivered.

"Dearest girl, you would never act like those that displeased me last night. Besides, I think you understand my feelings enough to know I wouldn't hurt you that way. After all, if I were to show you my wrath, you would have seen it right after I was shown that clip of you with those men. And yet, I didn't punish you at all, did I? No, I did what I could to protect you instead."

The warning was laced into the warm seductive rasp of his voice and Sansa shivered again, peering up at him.

"I...I never want to upset you. I'm doing my best to do as I'm told, I am doing all I can to prove myself to you. And now..."

Petyr noticed with joy how she seemed embarrassed and heated, how she seemed unable to help herself.

"Now what, dear?"

"I...have been having, well, dreams. And now I can't stop thinking of them and...if I tell you and it upsets you..."

Sansa felt shock and horror at herself and her words sounded almost forced but her body seemed to yearn towards him.

"Do you want something, love? You can tell me anything and I won't be upset with you. But I think I know already, it's alright, sweet girl, I feel the same."

He slid a hand down her neck and across her chest, making Sansa moan, shuddering while she shook her head.

"Is this what you need, what you want from me, honey? Just let me know and we can go to your room. Is it what you want, Sansa?"

Sansa panted, his words made it worse, her nipples were stiff and she felt soaked between her legs suddenly.

None of it was right and she nearly screamed when Petyr's hand slipped into her waistband and went between her legs.

"You are so wet for me, Sansa. Just say it, just tell me and I will make you feel so good. It's okay, honey, just tell me."

Sansa went nearly mindless as his hand rubbed firmly against her swollen flesh.

"STARK! WAKE UP AND STOP BURNING BREAKFAST!"
Sansa jumped up and stared at Gregor blearily then smelled the burning eggs.

"Sorry, I'll make more!"

She shook off the fog and threw out the smoking batch of scrambled eggs and wondered what the hell was wrong with her?

Everyone at the breakfast table was silent, withdrawn and slumped over their food.

For once, Unella did not go after anyone for not eating much.

She was just as tired as was the whole staff except for Petyr.

As a form of punishment, Petyr not only made Unella and Gregor stay up all night, but today they were accompanied by the night staff whom also has not slept.

Raff was asleep in the nursing station and Polliver was snoozing on the gaming room couch.

Stannis kept asking if anyone else smelled gasoline.

Lollys looked terrible and stunk with sweat that poured off her as she shook like a wet dog.

Her hand was unable to hold a fork and she didn't bother after a few botched bites of food.

Cersei snapped at Lollys, saying she shouldn't come to meals stinking.

"I can't fucking shower while I fucking detox you fucking cunt it would feel like knives on my skin shut up bitch."

Each word was fired out like a bullet as if Lollys was reciting a script.

Her teeth were clenched and in spite of her obvious pain, she looked ready to rumble.

Unella came over as Cersei opened her mouth.

"Since you are clearly done eating, Cersei, you may leave the table. I have spoken with Gregor and we have come to an agreement upon your punishment for running."

Lollys grinned and clapped only to get a swat in the head from the nurse.

Petyr appeared and rapped on the gaming room window to wake Polliver up.

"Everyone! Please recall that today was still listed as a visitor day! So...clean up this place and yourselves. Unella, Theon and Cersei may delay their punishment until after any guests that show are gone."
Lollys looked over at Petyr with hope and he frowned at her.

"Not you. Clean yourself up the best you can. There is no chance you will have any visitors."

Everyone was sluggish but all pitched in to clean for the visitors.

Petyr took great joy in informing Cersei that her brother has decided to come for a visit.

"Jaime is coming? I knew he would! Once that bitch was gone!"

"No, dear. Tyrion wants a word. Jaime found your uncle's body last night. Between the death and Jaime's broken heart, Tyrion has suddenly decided to make time for you. Don't you feel honored? Actually, I am not sure if he is coming to see me or you. He may just wish to see me and assure himself that you will rot in here forever."

Stannis kept insisting that Shireen wouldn't be coming and that he smelled gasoline.

However, he did dress after cleaning with the others and sat at a small table that will remain empty.

All of them but Lollys sat at a little table, dressed the best they could manage with how they felt.

Jorah dozed, Meryn masturbated, Loras sketched a new idea and Stannis sniffed gasoline.

Sansa put out cookies and punch, trying to not yawn.

Ramsay and Theon sat at the same table, heads down on the table, snoring.

The elevator doors slid open and it was only the beginning of the hell about to descend upon Petyr's lovely day.

A young teenage girl came in with an older grizzled man who looked very uncomfortable.

His disturbance got worse when Stannis looked up and burst into loud tears.

"Oh god! I thought you were dead! I thought I killed you! I'm so sorry! I was so wrong! Please forgive me! Oh god, you aren't dead!"

Stannis lurched up and grabbed his shocked daughter, hugging her sobbing.

It took a few minutes to get him to calm enough to even notice his old friend.

They all sat but Stannis couldn't stop crying or shaking, staring at his daughter.

He kept asking if they smelled gasoline.
That woke the others up briefly but then they started to doze again.

Meryn finished his business and also fell asleep.

The elevator opened and revealed an elderly refined woman.

Loras squealed in disbelief and Cersei growled.

Olenna Tyrell glared at the woman as she went by towards Loras.

"You deserve jail, you vile woman. This...you are lucky, so lucky. Ah, Loras, hug your grandmother and stop that sobbing."

Loras hugged her and led her to the table.

Sansa brought over a cup of tea for Olenna and punch for Loras.

"Ah, Sansa, I am sorry to see you in this place. What happened to your family is terrible. Perhaps your brother will wake and tell us what really happened. As if we all don't know already who is killing everyone in this town."

Loras looked horrified and hissed at his grandmother to watch her tongue.

With a tight smile, Sansa replied politely.

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Tyrell. Enjoy your visit with Loras."

Ramsay groaned and started to bug the hell out of Unella, asking over and over if he and Theon could go to bed.

She refused to take the bait and instead went to scare Raff and Polliver into wakefulness.

Stannis kept hold of his daughter's hands just a bit too tightly.

Davos tried to speak with him but Stannis didn't seem very coherent.

Lollys kept trying to hide in her room but Gregor forced her out.

"Petyr said you aren't allowed to just hide for three days. Detox or not, move."

She spent a good amount of time in the bathroom sick as a dog but then had to slink about the hallways.

If she stayed anywhere too long, that giant came along and moved her.
She was currently standing in the gaming room with her forehead against the wall.  
Polliver was nearby, napping on the couch.  
He did not put Lollys in that position, she put herself there. 
The wall was cold, the room was quiet and she could see out the glass picture window to see if Gregor was around. 

Elevator doors opened and one last guest appeared. 
Cersei sat frozen with hatred, dread and fear as her worst enemy sauntered in. 
Lollys looked up and moaned before vomiting all over herself and Polliver. 

"Dammit, stupid fucking bitch!"
Polliver screamed in disgust as he and Lollys were covered in vomit. 
His fist caught her in the chin and sent her down to the ground into her own puke. 

Tyrion and Podrick ignored the chaos behind the glass window, but Bronn didn't. 
"Tyrion, I know I am your new bodyguard but that is my last wife and I need to deal with that cunt that just struck her. Don't die until I return."
Bرون took off at a dead run into the gaming room before Polliver could do more than swear. 
In spite of Polliver's experience with fighting and batons, Bronn was disarming and beating him to the floor in seconds. 

"Shit! Fuck! Bronn! No, stop! You'll kill him! Bronn, please! Petyr is here, stop it! Please! Just get out of here, it's not a big deal, it didn't even hurt, I puked on him, he reacted!"
Lollys tried to crawl closer and reached out a hand that was covered in blood and vomit. 
Bرون let the bloody moaning man alone and looked down at Lollys with revulsion and hopeless painful loss. 

"Look at you now. God, I mean...how could you let it go this far? How could they do this to you? That's it, you are leaving. I am done, I got out and I should have taken you out with me. I never should have let them keep you, come on, let's go. I will get you clean, get you somewhere safe and then you can take off, okay? But this...I can't leave you like this. I know, alright. Stop trying to protest, I KNOW! I talked to your family and they told me the truth when I told them our divorce was final. They told me the truth, so don't bother. Come on, I won't leave you here."
"Bronn, you moron, get out and shut up before you get killed! You are drunk, aren't you? Thought so, how long will you keep your new job drunk? I'm not leaving."

"My employer drinks more than I do. I am drunk and I am taking you out of here so you can finally be free for the first time in your pitiful life."

"Thanks, cocksucker. Fuck off now. Gotta clean vomit off me and the floor. Then I'd like to be way out of range when Polliver gets to his feet, if you don't mind."

"If he is stupid enough to stand and go near you, I'll rip his arms off and switch them with his legs. Look, I got out, I am with Tyrion now. I have a little money and can help you get started on a new life. It's the least I can do, right? Let's go."

Petyr kicked the gaming room door shut as he walked by it to greet Tyrion.

The others in the room went between watching both dramas at once.

Raff had seen Bronn and dove into the nursing station to get his gun just in case.

Cersei looked at Tyrion without an iota of a smile or greeting.

He did the same back then looked at Petyr and shook his hand.

"We can sit in my office and discuss things if you wish, Tyrion? Your sister can join us or not as you wish."

Tyrion nodded then peered over to see Bronn arguing with Lollys, decided to ignore it.

"Yes, I am going to speak with my sister for one moment first if you don't mind. Then my assistant will join me in your office. I would say my bodyguard as well but he seems a tad busy."

Petyr smiled.

"Well, Bronn might have some bit of closure to work out with his ex wife. I'm surprised you picked him up for work, he isn't reliable."

Tyrion shrugged.

"I am most comfortable around flawed people, I guess."

Tyrion stood to look at his sister in the eye while she sat frozen, just staring at him.

"You have lost. Let that sink in. It's over. Father and Uncle Kevan are gone. Jaime has gone with Brienne far away to see if they can fix things. He won't be back and I will never tell you where he is. Any mail you send him will come to me. Any calls you make to him will only go to me. I am going to make sure Petyr understands if you ever leave this place again without your appropriate mental health escorts, I will pull you from his care. I will find a place that will care for you quite well and forget what your name is. A place so far away you can't even pronounce it's name. Do
you hear me, big sister? My loving sibling?"

Snarling, Cersei tried to kill her brother with her eyes.

"Yes, I hear you. You win, I lose. You stole our father and our brother as well as all the fortune. Jaime gets a bodybuilder for a consolation prize and I get life in a nut-house run by those crazier than the inmates. Wonderful. Fuck off."

Petyr clucked disapprovingly at Cersei and invited Tyrion to his office.

Tyrion walked away, but Podrick just stood there reading something on his cell phone with rapt attention.

"Hey, you are on my time, not yours. Do you think you might pull from your memes or whatever it is to follow and do your job, Podrick?"

Blushing, Podrick looked up but blurted out,

"Sorry, but it's blowing up all over the news! That celebrity lady, the rich one that always crusades against human trafficking and stuff, she's dead! Her whole family was slaughtered! Husband and baby too!"

Jorah stared at Podrick and then started to shriek.
A Nice Visit

All watched as Jorah screamed as Gregor came up from behind and looked as if he were giving his bro a sad bear hug.

Only Jorah's sudden near to popping eyeballs told them any different.

Unella snapped for Raff to wake up and bring her a sedative.

Stannis was very shaky still but he was trying his best to find order.

"Please excuse Jorah. I do believe the woman that Podrick said died was someone Jorah knew. Have I introduced you to my dog Sentry?"

He swept his arm down in a jagged way to his snoozing bulldog.

Shireen and Davos looked at the dog but seemed more interested in Stannis's arm.

"Father? I was here last time you had a broken arm. It was a very severe break, I recall. Here you are, perfectly fine. You should still be in at least a sling or soft cast."

Stannis looked at her as if she were crazy.

"That was so long ago, Shireen. Bones don't take a whole year to mend, dear."

Davos and Shireen shared a glance then looked back at Stannis.

"Mate, this is my first time visiting you here. But Shireen was here only three weeks ago to see you. And she told me how badly your arm was broken."

"Why would you both try and make me confused? I'm having enough trouble...I keep smelling gasoline and dreaming that I killed you."

Unella looked over at the worried visitors but saw Petyr take Tyrion and Podrick into his office.

No help was available and she was going to have to answer questions again.

Gregor had his hands full with Jorah who was still screaming in spite of the sedative.

Except now he sounded like a town whistle that was losing it's will to be a whistle.

"Put him in an ice bath."

Polliver crawled onto the couch and ripped off his shirt throwing it at Lollys.
"Fuck this, fuck both of you. I'm taking my fucking nap and I don't care if you kill each other. Just don't let her puke on me anymore."

Lollys sneered at Polliver and tossed his shirt back at him.

As the shirt flew through the air a sudden white fuzz arched and stole the ruined cloth.

Lady, Sansa's dog had been sleeping under the couch but now decided to join the game of toss.

Bronn gagged as the dog sat upon the shirt and daintily began to lap at the vomit on the floor.

"Oh gross. I can't take this place anymore. Come on, Lollys, I'll get you to a nice safe place, okay?"

Polliver laughed, spraying blood from his split lip and pulled the blanket over himself.

"Shut the fuck up or I'll kick your ass again!"

"The only reason you kicked my ass is because I am so fucking tired!"

Lollys rolled her eyes and Bronn gave a shout of laughter.

"You could have been wide awake and on steroids and I would still kick your ass!"

"Okay, I'm going to let you two sort this ass kicking stuff out and go quietly detox or bite my wrists open. See ya around, fellas."

But the door was closed and Bronn stood in front of it with a mutinous expression.

"Great. Guess I'll just suffer right here with company that I don't want. Awesome. Lady, you are my only ally here."

Lady chuffed but continued to eat the tasty floor remnants but Lollys decided it was agreement.

She slid to the floor next to the dog and tried to figure out how to get some relief somewhere.

Olenna watched Jorah get taken away with narrowed eyes.

Loras tried to speak of light things, to show her his recent sketches but Olenna wasn't distracted.

"I have decided it's time for you to come home, dear. This place is getting a terrible reputation underneath the sterling new paint job. No one will say it beyond a whisper yet but I will. Too many are dying and I won't have it be the death of our family line. As soon as the dwarf finishes watching Petyr juggle for him, I am signing you out of here. There is nothing from here to pack, I would burn anything that came out of here with you."

He nearly dropped his paper cup of punch and his eyes darted around to see who can hear his grandmother.
"Please, calm down! I am happy here, I want to stay here, I am doing so well! But...I feel that I really need the therapy...I do! Please, let's just have a nice visit, ok?"

Olenna shook her head firmly and her crusty voice got slightly louder.

"Ridiculous! You cannot possibly want to be here! They have spooked you into saying that! Your denials have no more substance than a puppet's words! You cannot want to stay and work in sweatshops, mop floors and wear these tacky sweat suits. Are you all athletes? Running the Crazy-A-thon?"

Loras put his head into his hands and knew he would be smelling gasoline next, fuck.

Cersei was enjoying the show and Olenna pointed her cane at her.

"What's wrong, is our visit better than yours? Oh yes, that's right. Tyrion did visit you, long enough to give you a verbal smack down and now he is with your new owner, discussing your future kenneling needs. How did you wind up inside your own creation? Someday I will need to ask you the full story, when I am bored and decide to care about an old scandal. Now Loras, as soon as Petyr is done, I am getting your release secured."

Polliver started to snore and Bronn continued to try and coax Lollys to leave with him.

"Well, let's see. Are you taking me somewhere I can score? No? Then fuck off before I kill and smoke you."

"Don't be a bitch about this, huh? I'm trying to do the right thing by you."

Lollys slammed her feet hard into the vomit puddle, spraying herself, Lady and Bronn with it.

"Stop fucking saying that! You always say that! Even when you were doing wrong by me you would say you were trying to do the right thing by me. You are no knight and you have no white horse! You didn't ruin me and you can't save me, so please, I am kindly asking you to go fuck off somewhere."

"I helped make you this way! Even knowing the truth of...you...I still helped make you this way! I lured you out of your mother's house...I got you hooked, talked you into whoring..."

Lollys chuckled and added,

"Are you sure about that? Has the outpatient program made you forget some things, Bronn? You do remember that part, right? You are just an outpatient, just a longer leash, sweetheart. Now, go away, please."

Bonn chose to ignore her disturbing and yet true words and move to another subject.

He pointed over at Polliver and accused,

"Is this that cunt from the little porn clip that quack showed us? Is this my new replacement, huh? This sad piece of shit?"
"That's just disgusting of you! I've only fooled him when I was so fooled up I thought he was Deadpool without his mask on."

Even as he kept snoring, Polliver's middle finger rose into the air as if to offer it's opinion to them both.

Davos said he thought they might wish to speak with Petyr as well.

Stannis suddenly turned pale and stammered, his fingers tapping erratically upon the table.

"Please don't. Do not concern yourselves. I feel fine, why should that be a problem? It's good that I heal fast. What is wrong with that? Do you smell gasoline?"

Shireen caught the eye of the nurse and started to beckon her over.

Bronn sneered and looked out the picture window, seeing Raff and his eyes narrowed.

"Him. The pretty one. I know it's him. I understand wanting to sleep with someone closer to your own age after being with an older man. But that douche bag, really? I mean, he leaves a slime trail when he walks!"

"Yeah, well at least he doesn't keep trying to tell me he's going to do right by me. He doesn't try and save me. I love to fuck him because hate sex is fun and so is getting my fix."

Bronn snarled and threw a bunch of games off a shelf at her.

"Oh yeah? Well, you don't look like you got your fix then! And no one would fuck you sitting in a pile of vomit with puke and blood all over your shirt! Nice to see him taking good care of his whore!"

Lollys gave screech of frustration and ripped her shirt off, throwing it at Bronn.

This cause Lady to enjoy another leap and a new shirt as well.

Lollys sat with just her bra and wet hair to cover her, pants soggy with vomit and was so miserable.

"Please, I am begging you to just leave me alone. Call me a whore, a junkie disgusting dirty whore and call me ex wife then call me no more. Fuck off."

"What is the point of your suffering this time, Lollys? A test or a punishment? Or just for someone's fun this time? Let's just leave, alright? Don't make me force you."

Polliver sat up, moaning and shaking his head.

"Don't do this, man. I am so fucking tired, we all are. Hell, look, even I feel bad for the skank this time. And Raff would hook her up if he had permission to. You were here, right? Yeah? Don't you
remember how it goes here? So give us a break, right? Lollys only has three days to get through, you start causing shit, it will piss Petyr off and he will go right for her. You want her to hurt worse? You know how this all goes. You are lucky, you are outpatient, don't fuck it up."

Bronn slammed his fist into the wall and Lollys sighed, pulling herself to her feet.

"Are you trying to get yourself put back in here or just plain killed? Please, stop. Please! Just go home, okay? Get out of here before you piss someone off besides me!"

Olenna stamped her cane and looked around irritably.

"Loras, stop crying, what is wrong with you? Look at this place! The purple woman is vomiting and yelling at Tyrion's new man and the stupid orderly just sleeps? It is clear that screaming man was taken away to some torture, I heard something about an ice bath! That cannot be healthy for his heart or skin. And the giant that used to chase Cersei now chases lunatics! Stannis is falling apart over there, he is smelling gasoline and now I keep sniffing for it! This place drives one insane, I think. It's time for you to leave and resume your work for me. I will just hire you a therapist at home if need be. You there! Yes, you! What are you, a statue of a nurse or an actual nurse? I wish to speak with Petyr and I would like you to process my grandson for his release."

Loras moaned and began to plead in a high pitched voice, throwing his arms around.

"No, grandmother, please! I want to stay here, this is a great place, it's helpful, just go home! Please, don't say anything else, stop your damned mouth words!"

Unella came over and Loras nearly fainted.

"I can certainly arrange a meeting for you with Petyr, Mrs. Tyrell. But I cannot process any release papers for Loras without permission from his doctor and from Petyr. I am sorry. Loras, please take deep breaths in through your nose then gently blow it out of your mouth until you calm down."

Raff gave Shireen a look that made her melt and made Davos snarl.

"How is the visit going, Stannis? You still smelling gasoline, buddy? Poor guy had a very bad nightmare last night about burnings. He will see the doctor today and maybe get a small change in his medications if need be."

Davos cleared his throat and asked Raff about Stannis's arm, plus his confusion on time.

"Oh yes, that. He was originally seen by a nurse who made the wrong diagnosis. Our doctor examined his arm and it was simply a dislocation. Those heal much faster. As for Stannis being a bit confused on visits, timing, that is just part of not feeling well. Inside the clinic time runs differently than outside. Even when I come and go from here it can be disorienting for a few hours."

Shireen might be melting from the nurse's handsome face and secret promises voice but this was her father and she had a duty to his care.

"I'm sorry but, truly, since the last few months, he has begun to change for the worse. I think I would like to speak with his doctor. Can you arrange that?"
Bonn paced for a moment but he was so fast that Lady thought it was a game.

She leaped gracefully and cheerfully around him as he tried to think.

Polliver's head drooped and his eyes were half shut, his mouth hanging open.

Leaning against the wall, Lollys debated on trying to shove Polliver off the couch or go curl up on the pool table.

In one sudden decisive move, Bonn reached out and grabbed one vomit streaked arm, pulling Lollys towards him.

"Bonn! Stop it! You can't!"

Ignoring her warnings, Bonn pulled her up and over her shoulder, heading for the door.

Lady leaped higher in joy and kept nipping at the long purple stiff locks that swayed enticingly down Bonn's back.

Polliver gave a loud groan and forced himself to get off the couch.

"Dammit, can't let me just have a fucking nap, could you? Do we have to fucking do this? Huh? Asshat, you can't take her out of here and you know it. Why are you being such a stubborn prick? You divorced her, you don't want or need her, leave her alone."

Bonn snorted as he opened the door into the hallway.

"What the hell can you do to stop me, dickhead? I already beat your ass once, want another beating?"

Lollys huffed then puked down Bonn's back.

"You better put me down before that happens again. I can't really control body functions right now. Bonn, knock it off. For real, I fucking mean it!"

"No. I'm done. I'm not an outpatient anymore, I work for Tyrion and he has nothing to do with this bullshit. I am taking you out and you can go find your own real life."

"Wow, Lollys, you really pick them. This one is fucking stupid. I mean I have heard of denial but this is just lovely."

Polliver's laughter made Lollys curse and Bonn kept walking with the orderly following behind him.

Raff took out his cell phone and called up to Dr. Qyburn about Shireen's wish to meet him.
Stannis started to twitch and kept saying it wasn't needed.

Then they all caught sight of Bronn with a puking purple sickly creature over his shoulder and a half asleep Polliver staggering after them.

Unella pressed her lips tightly, Raff turned pale and Meryn grabbed a hold of his cock, seeing the lack of shirts upon Lollys and Polliver.

Bronn looked at Raff as if he would murder him and headed towards him.

The door to Petyr's office opened and Tyrion came out along with Podrick.

They headed towards Cersei as Petyr shut his office door before heading in the same direction.

None of them looked particularly surprised or happy to see Bronn hefting Lollys while threatening Raff.

Tyrion sighed and called out,

"Bronn, I am about to conclude my visit here and I would like it if you would do the same. I am going to say goodbye to my sister and you are going to say goodbye to your ex wife."

Podrick looked doubtful that Bronn was in agreement with Tyrion's statement but he followed his employer over to Cersei's table.

She sat there smiling with malice at the panicking Loras and with true joy at the very sick Lollys.

Tyrion sat down and Cersei's smile wiped away, her eyes turned to stone.

"Let me guess. You asked him to have the doctor give me a full lobotomy. Or told him to make sure I received a good shock treatment every few days until I become a nice vacant doll. Am I close?"

"No. Though I really did think of it. Last night after I cleaned more of YOUR messes, I got shit faced and really fantasized about it. Hell, in my fantasy I even got to pull the lever to fry your brain myself. You are an awful sister, a cruel person but you are my sister. I guess father really drilled that family duty shit into our heads. This morning as I got ready for this meeting, I was torn. I want to hurt you, as much as you want to hurt me. I won't lie to you about that. But I remembered something from our childhood. In spite of having humiliated and tormented me yourself, there was a time when you saw me being beaten by some older kids. They were trying to force me to eat frozen dog shit. You were walking with Gregor and your gaggle of mean girls. With a single look to me then Gregor and those boys were bloody on the ground seconds later, Gregor making them eat the dog shit. You hated me, you would hurt me...but because I was your brother, your family, you protected me from others."

Cersei squirmed briefly then just raised her chin, silent.

"So...no frozen dog shit for you, Cersei. I am still keeping rights over you, but your own accounts that were funded by this place, I have given those to Petyr to pay for your lifestyle to remain happy
and modestly better than most in here will be. You may order what you'd like, you can have fun with your media time, your gardens and your newfound interest in making dress embellishments. The hair is most interesting, I kind of like it. It suits you better, somehow it's more honest. I will receive monthly reports from Petyr on your health, comfort and behavior. Petyr said there was an outpatient program that he is sure you will eventually be ready for. Hopefully, I'll be ready for that when it happens. If you do need anything you cannot obtain or you are in danger, you have permission to call me. I made sure of that.”

Cersei stared with loathing and helpless tears filled her eyes.

"Am I to thank you? I wouldn't call you if I was dying and you were the only person with my cure. Enjoy the power trip, little brother. I truly hope I reach that outpatient program. You might just be the first person I come to visit."

Tyrion smirked and gave a chuckle, standing up to leave.

"See? There you go. Threatening the one person who has control over you. Self destructive and vindictive, you haven't changed a bit. Just the hair and the sweats."

"You don't have control over me. You have control over the money and estates. Not over me. Hang around here long enough and you won't have control over yourself. In fact, I have to admit, I would dearly love to see that."

Sighing, Tyrion tried to signal to Podrick who was watching the battle a few feet away.

"I don't even understand what that means, sis. I do have control over you whether you like it or not. Behave, dear. I'll come visit when I get a chance."

"I will wait with bated breath. Fuck you, Tyrion."

Bronn swore bitterly at Raff and threatened his life in creative ways.

Lady leaped around him, yipping, nipping at the clumps of purple hair as Lollys struggled to get off Bronn's shoulder.

Polliver was weaving back and forth, too tired to care at all, just following behind the chaos.

With a look of growing thunder that was transformed into gentle but firm concern, Petyr came over, sniffing in disgust at the wafting vomit and sweat.

"Excuse me? I need you to put down that patient, Bronn. Lollys isn't feeling well and needs to see the nurse, perhaps go lay down until she feels better. Please set her down, now."

"You made her this sick! You did this to her! I am removing her from this place, from your care. You bastard, I KNOW! Do you hear me, I KNOW THE TRUTH!"

Petyr's face hardened slightly and Lollys whispered for Bronn to stop before he gets killed.
"If you know the truth as you say, then you understand that she cannot leave. So put her down, please. Or are you having difficulties again? Your drinking, this erratic behavior while technically working? This is unstable behavior, I am sure Qyburn would agree. Perhaps you'd like to see him?"

Bronn went rigid but the fear in his eyes became hidden under a wild rage.

"I will never stay in this place again. If you try and keep me it's kidnapping in front of all these witnesses. You can't have me. I work for Tyrion Lannister and I live my own life, you will never get me back. And you don't deserve Lollys, I'm going to let her have a chance, a real one, not the fake shit you gave her!"

Everyone was indeed watching now.

Sansa kept softly calling to her dog, but the stupid fluffy ball of joy was bouncing around them like a dot above a bouncy kid's song.

Sentry left his nervous master to sniff and lick at the next round of vomit from Lollys.

Raff shook his head and snapped at Bronn.

"This is stupid! Put her down, she could choke on her vomit! Let me tend to her, would you! You might hate me but I am a nurse and she is really sick."

Gregor came from around the corner and Unella gave a silent sigh of relief.

Surely he would intimidate Bronn into releasing Lollys.

Unella watched numbly as Olenna stomped her cane down onto Gregor's foot as she rudely cut past him to reach Petyr.

"Petyr! I care little for this drama, but I care greatly about discharging my grandson from this place!"

Loras chased after his grandmother, wringing his hands, ghostly in his fear of impending doom.

"Please, grandmother, listen to me! I like it here, I want to stay, I am an adult and can choose to stay here! Please, go home before-just go home, please!"

Ramsay grinned and Theon bit his finger stump in worry while Meryn turned nearly purple as he stroked away with more force.

"Should have asked Sansa to make popcorn for this shit."

"Master, Lollys looks really bad and poor Loras will get in trouble if his grandmother doesn't shut up. And Jorah! Stannis...I mean, don't you care? Us, this morning?"

Ramsay leaned close and pinched his pet's right nipple under the shirt until Reek whined.

"Good boy. Now listen, let Master do the thinking, you just enjoy your stupid worrying. I wonder if any visitors will be seeing our lab today?"
Theon shuddered as Ramsay laughed.

Stannis slammed his fists onto his table and made a loud, clear announcement.

"This has all become very disorderly! I want to go to my room now and clear my head! I need to open a window and get some air, it stinks of gasoline!"

Polliver looked ready to cry but he grasped Stannis's shoulder.

"Okay, Stannis. Let's go to your room."

Shireen and Davos hugged him but were now looking at Petyr as well.

Stannis accepted the brief touching but he moved faster than Polliver did to leave.

Petyr was listening to Olenna rant of wanting to release her grandson which of course he would never allow.

Loras was having a nervous breakdown over it and now he saw Stannis's daughter and friend heading his way.

Tyrion was trying to argue with Bronn and Raff was trying to get him to put Lollys down.

That damned white dog kept bouncing and Petyr wanted to catch it during a high bounce and rip it in two.

Stannis's damned bulldog started licking a drop of vomit that sprayed onto Petyr's shoe.

He had to resist the urge to kick the bulldog into the next building.

Gregor surveyed the chaos and grumbled,

"Always hated visitors day."
"Can I ask you some questions, Sir? Like why my father smells gasoline and cannot remember that I was here three weeks ago!"

"Shireen, Davos, I can assure you that Stannis is just a little rattled from a bad dream. As for time conflicts, please see Unella, she keeps excellent records on all coming and going from our clinic. And I believe that the doctor has already been alerted that you wished to speak with him."

"Petyr, you will not ignore me for the pretty young thing and it's grizzly bear! You will assist me in discharging my grandson, attend me, Sir! Do NOT make me hit you with my ring hand or my best cane!"

Loras screeched like a schoolgirl being pinched on the bottom by a very inappropriate math teacher, making all jump.

No longer looking very graceful, he tried to throw himself in front of his grandmother, to plead hysterically at Petyr.

"Please! She doesn't know what she is saying! I...I told her how much I want to stay, she just is old, please, Petyr, don't...."

Arching an eyebrow, Petyr spoke in a soft voice that was so cold that even Cersei shivered.

"Don't? Don't what, Loras? Do you want to finish that sentence? Hmm? I do not like hysteria, save it for the staff, not me. Now, do you want to finish your sentence?"

Shaking his head fast, Loras kept his mouth shut, lowering his eyes, twisting his hands together.

"Good. Now move aside so that I may speak with your grandmother."

Loras whimpered slightly but he slipped to his grandmother's side and prayed she won't end up in the lab or as ashes somewhere.

Petyr looked at Olenna but kept the corner of his gaze on Bronn.

"Mrs. Tyrell, would you please wait in my office for me to speak with you privately? I can have Loras take you in there. I need to regain control in here as you can see."

Olenna gave a sigh and nodded.

"I will give you ten minutes to meet with me in your office, then I get my lawyers."

Petyr's eyes flashed quickly and Loras moaned.

"Of course, Mrs. Tyrell. Ten minutes is all I need to fix things out here, thank you. Loras, the door
is unlocked, you may wait with your grandmother."

Loras tried hard to find the courage to just physically force his grandmother out of the clinic.

Petyr's eyes were hard on him and Loras swallowed painfully.

"This way, grandmother."

At least it wasn't the labs he was steering her towards.

Lollys was seeing stars, black dots and she was pretty sure there was a mini yeti trying to eat her.

She opened her mouth to tell them of it and couldn't talk beyond the multicolored hot rainbow that even Stannis couldn't have sorted out.

Then she whooped in a breath and decided she was done with this bullshit.

Bonn screamed and dropped her, calling her a bitch.

Standing up slowly, weaving, Lollys spoke through chattering teeth.

"Old wounds still hurt when bitten. Remember when I stabbed you there? Please, go home, okay? Get out of here. I don't want to be the last face you see, Bonn. Get the fuck away and work your nice new safe job. Please, for old times sake, would you fuck off?"

Bonn turned to face Petyr and his face contorted.

"HOW CAN YOU DO THAT TO HER? HOW CAN YOU DO ANY OF THIS SHIT? They told me...I almost threw up...how could you? I'm taking her. Do you hear me? Or I am going to the media with all of it. She leaves with me now and you don't hunt her down this time! You let her go! You don't need her, you can have a thousand other puppets! She isn't your test subject, she isn't your weapon, she isn't yours, you don't own her! She is leaving."

Lollys slumped and muttered something, coughed then yelled it.

"Bonn, get the fuck out now! Run, right now, I want you to get out of here! NOW!"

The look on Petyr's face was of a storm about to rain hell upon all when another voice was heard.

"Ah, Bonn. It's so nice to see outpatients come for a visit. How lovely."

Lollys gave a tiny whine, Petyr smirked and Bonn turned almost green, as if it were Pennywise the clown instead of Qyburn.

"Stay away from me! I just want to take Lollys and leave!"

Qyburn gave Bonn a gentle look of confusion.

"But dear boy, surely you can see how sick our Lollys is. As her doctor I could never allow her to leave in such a condition. She should be in bed with a nurse attending her, not fighting with you.
Please, see reason and let Raff take Lollys to her room."

Raff inched closer and reached out a hand to wrap around Lollys’s wrist to pull her towards him.

A gun came from nowhere and Bronn was aiming at Raff's face.

"Touch her and I shred your handsome looks away."

Backing up, Raff spread his hands out.

"Okay, I won't touch her. But look at her, she needs help fast. Her blood pressure is bottoming out." Bronn grabbed Lollys by her arm and pulled her towards the elevator.

Lollys growled and tried to pull away but just threw up and skidded along the tiles.

Petyr turned and sighed at Qyburn.

"This is regrettable."

Lollys made a hitching sound, then another and fell to the floor.

Bonn watched in horror as she began to seize.

Raff flew forward no longer caring about the gun and he knelt next to Loras, yelling to Unella.

Qyburn leaned closer to Petyr.

"It looks like Lollys's own illness took care of that one. Bronn is very upset and confused. Very rattled. He isn't doing well anymore in his outpatient status."

Bonn watched helplessly along with everyone else as the nurses took Lollys away on a stretcher after her seizures.

He stared at Petyr in such a rage that even Gregor was concerned slightly.

When Bronn screamed, each word reverberated through the walls in sheer rage and injustice, as well as in content.

"YOU ARE THE WORST PERSON IN THE WORLD! WORSE THAN EVEN QYBURN! YOU ARE THE WORST FATHER IN THE WHOLE WORLD! IF YOUR DAUGHTER HAD ANY MIND LEFT THAT WAS HERS, SHE WOULD CUT YOUR THROAT!"

Olenna blinked from the office doorway and Loras wrung his hands harder.

Everyone was dead silent for a moment as Bronn stormed into the elevator to leave.

Tyrion sighed and beckoned Podrick as they joined Bronn.
As the elevator doors slid shut they heard Tyrion begin to lecture Bronn on bad behavior during work hours.

Loras tried to pull his grandmother towards a chair but she was interested in the drama.

She did however take note that Petyr had two more minutes before she called her lawyers.

Petyr looked at the eyes all upon him and spread out his arms with a dark, helpless charm.

"Well, what shall I say to that? Fine, it is not a huge secret that I might have a child is it? Yes, I have a daughter and she is here. I can admit to scandals just as easily as the rest of you must do. My bastard daughter got addicted to drugs, became a whore and is being treated here. Its not a huge deal. Now, Qyburn, I do believe that Shireen and Davos here have some questions for you concerning Stannis. I must go see Mrs. Tyrell."

All eyes tracked Petyr as he headed to his office with only a minute to spare.

Cersei and Ramsay both looked after him that at each other, considering.

Theon shared a look with them as well and they all had to agree.

"If Petyr really is Lollys's father, then yeah, I think he might actually win worst father award."

Sansa came over at Cersei's announcement and nodded.

"How could he put her through all that if she was though? To have her go see Euron and the stuff with Raff...then to be so cruel and make her so sick,could a father really do that?"

She was startled when Theon, Ramsay and Cersei all gave a fierce yes.

Only when she saw that Petyr was coming towards his office, did Olenna allow Loras to guide her towards a seat.

"Have a care, boy! My hips are fragile!"

Loras was more throwing his grandmother into a chair then escorting her in his anxiety.

"Please, grandmother, be careful what you say to Petyr! Please, I'm asking you to just ask about my health and then leave. Stop asking for me to leave, it isn't going to happen. I like it here, I want to stay and they want me to stay. So let it go. Alright? Please, grandma?"

"Loras, what has gotten into you? I mean, gay and frilly, silly glad boys dancing around is one thing, but this cowardly, shaking act is disgusting. I simply will not tolerate it. What would your sister have thought of you acting this way? You need to get out of here. I admit it was a mistake to put you in here. I will rectify that today."

Petyr entered the office and shut the door softly then padded behind his desk and sat down.
Loras reacted as if Petyr had come bursting through the dry wall, yelled "Yabba Dabba Doo!" and ate the desk.

"Gods! Loras, sit down before you give yourself or me cardiac arrest!"

Olenna pulled her grandson into the seat next to her as she chastised him.

"Sit straight! Sit still! Stop moving your hands! Are you five? Sit like a normal person!"

Loras was now practically climbing the chair.

In a very calm voice, Petyr leaned over the blotter and spoke.

"In my experience, yelling at someone suffering extreme anxiety does not help but makes it worse."

"My grandson was not here for anxiety reasons! He is gaining problems not losing them. He has never acted this timid or jumpy in his life. I want to discharge him."

Petyr leaned back in his chair and played with a silver pen.

"I cannot do that, Olenna. You can clearly see that Loras is still not well. He needs our assistance. If you wish to speak with the doctor, that is fine but I am sure he will agree with me."

Olenna stood up and stared at Petyr with battle in her eyes.

"Then I shall call upon my lawyers. You have no legal right to keep him here. He is not a danger to himself or anyone else. Therefore, he can leave and seek assistance anywhere else. I have rights, he has rights and you will not block us from those rights, Petyr. I don't care what little games you, that crackpot doctor and that rich bitch make, my grandson and I want no part of it! Come Loras, we shall stand in the hallway while I call my lawyers."

Loras was yanking on his lank but still lovely hair and moaning, eyes darting around.

Huffing at him with impatience, Olenna went into the hallway with her phone.

Petyr walked over to Loras who slid out of the chair and was rocking back and forth on the rug.

"Calm yourself. Acting like this only makes Olenna sure you need to leave here."

"Please...she is all I have left. I won't leave, I have been loyal, I do my part, please..."

"You have been here long enough to know how things work. How things have to happen sometimes."

Loras burst into tears and nodded.

"Can it...can it be painless? Please...please not me? Can someone else do it? The memories, nightmares...the smells...can it be someone else? I still dream of my...my...sister...ahh...I've been good, I never ask for anything. I never fight about going to the lab or the medications. Please? Just
a drop of mercy, just one?"

Petyr crouched down and gently touched Loras's chin.

The tearful eyes looked into Petyr's and the words were whisper soft.

"I have no mercy to give."

Loras cried harder and Petyr smirked, standing back up, straightening his pants and cuffs.

"However, I am a practical man. You have been loyal, behaved for the most part and you do not trouble others. This is enough for a small reward. It will be fast and painless and not you. Now, go stand with her and let her rant on her phone until she tires and leaves."

"Yes, Petyr. Thank you."

Unella stared down at Lollys and spoke to her.

"Do not pull out this IV or you will severely regret it. You are very dehydrated and if you want to stop vomiting you'll lay here and let this medication work."

"Raff, what the living hell are you doing to me?"

"It's an adult diaper, soon as that medication works, you are going to get the runs. Don't want you yanking your IV around to get to the bathroom."

"I hate you."

"I don't care."

"I'm turning off your lights and shutting your door. Stay down, try to relax. I added a very mild sedative to help relax your stomach muscles. If you can stay calm you might manage to take a nap. I shall retrieve you at supper time. By then you might feel better and even have some broth."

Lollys didn't thank Unella and she wanted to murder Raff for the diaper.

Qyburn spoke with Davos and Shireen.

He reassured them that Stannis's arm had not been as injured as they had thought.

Both felt completely assured that something was wrong but they had no grounds for it.

Shireen went to see Unella over the timing conflict.

The nurse went into her records, showing all the registries that countless visitors have signed.

Shireen stared in disbelief and Unella also showed her the computer log as well as the registry on the first floor.
"How...I swore I came to see him just three weeks ago!"

"I'm sorry, Shireen. But it says on each of these it has been three months since you've visited us."

Davos shrugged.

"Three weeks ago you said to me you were going to visit your father on your way to your vacation. I assumed you did."

"I did! I know I did. I think. Now I'm confused."

They left feeling worse than when they came.

Davos regretted giving in to Shireen's wish for him to see Stannis.

On the other hand, he was concerned for his friends, something was very wrong here.

Petyr walked down the hall and over to Ramsay, who was sitting with Theon on his lap, muttering to him.

Whatever he was saying, it was making Theon squirm as if it sounded good but his eyes told another story.

Ramsay looked up and Theon looked down.

"Would you like to earn some more favor? I have need of your skills. Theon, please go take Loras up to the roof and smoke a joint with him. Don't worry, we are all aware of it and no one cares. Go now and don't let Loras say no. Ramsay, after the boys have gone, please escort Olenna on a tour of the workshops."

Ramsay grinned while Theon looked sad but slipped off to do as told.

Petyr walked over as Theon was pulling at Loras.

Loras was sobbing but he obeyed, kissing his grandmother one last time on the cheek.

"Good grief! Loras, why are you acting like this? Its terrible. Fine, go with your little friend to calm down, I'll be here when you are composed."

Petyr smiled at Olenna and made a gesture of conciliation.

"I am sorry the reception for cell phones is so bad here. I have had time to think it over, however. You are correct, by law you are allowed to take him. As much as I feel Loras belongs with us, I can't afford the scandal. Not yet, I am too new as a clinic director. I shall allow him to leave with you however, I ask that you both sign a confidentiality clause before he leaves and I am keeping the initial deposit from his admittance since he is leaving against medical advice."

Olenna nodded sharply.
"Fine. I expected a little thievery on your part."

"Unella must process the papers so there is a small wait. This is the time the patients rest or meditate while others prepare the supper. Ramsay is going to give you a tour of the workshops so you may be assured your grandson was not in a sweatshop. By the time you return, Loras and the paperwork should be ready."

Ramsay escorted Olenna with a shark smile but a polite manner, barely able to contain himself from doing a little jig.

To Sansa's extreme annoyance, Lady bounced right after them and when she tried to go after her, Gregor hollered.

"Stark! Not your workshop time! Get your ass in the kitchen and get supper started!"

"But, my dog!"

"You cooking it for the dinner? No? Then get the fuck in the kitchen. Move!"

With a pout, Sansa stomped towards the kitchen, looking worrily in the direction her dog bounced away in.

Raff came around the corner to go start setting up the medication count and Polliver grabbed him.

Slamming up against the wall, Polliver stuck his worried face in Raff's.

"Is that fucking true? Is the skank his daughter? Oh gods, you've been fucking and supplying the boss's daughter! Do you think he will have Gregor squash you?"

"You are a frigging idiot. You fucked her once too, you know and you've broken her damned bones. He TOLD us to take her to Euron, remember? He knew what we had done, he was upset over Sansa, not Lollys. How can it really be his daughter? Can't be. Get off me, I have work to do. You should try it sometime. Work."

He shoved Polliver back and then they both froze at the sight of Petyr.

Both of them stood there, looking anywhere but at their employer.

Polliver eyes were keenly scanning around in case patients were afoot with mischief.

Raff made sure that no one was crawling upon the ceiling or walls.

Taking a step closer, Petyr spoke, looking intently at his two twin morons.

"I do not enjoy being called a liar by my very own staff. It is quite rude of you. Lollys is my daughter. Sansa is not. They each serve a different purpose for me and their treatment is not the same. Lollys needs a handler and since the difficulties with Bronn, well, she needs a replacement. Raff, you decided to start her back on drugs and whoring, so you can be her handler. She enjoys you and listens to you more than the others. I don't want to hear your excuses, I don't care what Cersei ordered. You two set her back on a path of self destruction, you will deal with it and control
it. And if Lollys ever comes to harm beyond Qyburn's repairing skills, you two will pay dearly for it."

Petyr pierced Raff with his glare.

"Mostly you. You, I would take my time killing."

Theon handed Loras the joint and watched as the crying man took a deep drag and held it.

"Dude, I feel for you so much, you know I do. I'm your friend. But you have to try and get it together. If you have one more outburst around Petyr tonight, he might not be so patient next time. He really hates it when we act nuts around him."

They both laughed.

"Yeah, he picked a bad fucking place to work then. How am I just going to be all calm and normal? He is going to kill my grandmother, she will be dead by the time I go in. That is the only reason he sent us up here to smoke and you know that! I am getting high and Petyr is--"

Theon clamped his hand over Loras's mouth and took a drag before saying anything.

"Be careful what you say, even up here, man. Get us a free ticket to the lab, don't wanna ride the Qyburn Carnival of Medical Horrors tonight."

Loras licked Theon's hand and it moved away as Theon gagged and wiped his hand off.

"And I am the paranoid one? Who the hell is up here to hear anything I say, Theon?"

"Mind if I join you two?"

They both leaped and grabbed onto each other like girls.

Stannis didn't seem to notice and sat down next to them.

"May I have some of the grass-weeds?"

The two stared at each other and then at Stannis, unable to stop giggling now.

"The what? Yeah, sure, here, Stan the Man, you go for it. You had a rough fucking day too, huh?"

Theon handed it over and instructed the stoic man on how to smoke it.

Loras giggled at Stannis coughing and waving it away.

"Oh, that is awful! Ugh, the taste, the smell. So strong. Yes. Better now. It's a better smell and I feel a bit calmer now. Much better than the sedatives Unella offers. Too bad they don't use that stuff on the floor."

They all laughed at that, even Stannis.
"Wouldn't that be something? Oh god, if we shut the windows, could we goldfish the staff?"

Theon and Loras kept laughing, they kept discussing how the weed would affect each of the staff.

Stannis stood up, calm, reflective and walked to the edge of the roof and looked down.

"Hey, watcha doing? Playing Super Stannis? Fly off to stoically save someone from mixed foods? Move back, that fencing at that end isn't secure enough to catch you if you trip."

Stannis didn't look back at Theon but he did reply.

"I keep dreaming of burning up my daughter. My Shireen. And I saw Jorah's face...I heard Podrick say about Dany being dead, her whole family. Jorah doesn't have ESP. I am going to keep dreaming and believing that I killed my daughter. Because one day I really will. I understand that much now. I won't kill my own daughter. I didn't let my mistress do it and I won't do it. I won't kill Shireen. Both of you have been nice to know, good bye."

To the horror of the stoned men, Stannis jumped and the weak fence gave way.

Lollys lay there, thankful that Unella had come in given her a diaper change.

As humiliating as being changed was, it was worse to sit in her own waste.

The IV helped her stop vomiting and she no longer feels dizzy or faint.

It did nothing for the skin crawling off her body, for her raving mind or the nearly indescribable pain of withdrawal.

She screamed twice and kicked her feet, her legs they craved movement even as the rest of Lollys screamed for stillness.

The door opened and two figures entered.

Lollys tried to speak and her voice was that of a dying vulture.

"Is that you, Unella? Releasing me so I can stare at dinner while Cersei screams at my stink?"

Petyr sat on the edge of her bed and Lollys looked away.

She noticed Raff shutting the door and leaning against the wall, looking at his own feet.

Lollys forced a smirk onto her face and looked at Petyr.

"The actual torture isn't enough? Now you want to sit here and watch me go through it? Just wait a minute till I fill my diaper again, it's a real fun time."

Petyr gave a sigh and stroked her sweaty face.

"Why do you provoke me so much? You do it then blame me for your consequences. Any other
father would give up on you long before this, yet I never do. I will never give up on you. That should relieve you, dear. Now...let us discuss why I am here to see you."

Lollys already knew and she shook her head wildly.

"No! It's not fair, not me! I didn't make Bronn come here and act like that! Why should I be punished for his actions!"

Petyr tilted his head and stared at her.

"You picked him. You started up with him to be rebellious and because of you I had to drag him into the clinic. You chose to marry him. You chose drugs and sex over him and here he is back causing trouble. Now he threatens media. I cannot have it. He is technically your problem. Your mess."

Lollys cried then started to laugh.

"How? Look at me, I can't even control my own SHITTING unless I get off the medicine bag. Then if I do, I might go back to not being able to stop spraying vomit. What would you like me to do? Drown him in my noxious fluids?"

Petyr beckoned Raff forward and took something from him.

Lollys looked from the syringe to her father's eyes.

In a frightened lost voice that no one else has ever heard, Lollys pleaded.

"Please, no. Don't do this to me. Don't make me be the one to do it."

"I will not force you, Lollys. But you have to make a clear choice for me and I want to hear you say it out loud. You may finish your three days of detox or you may go back to your drugs immediately, then go kill your ex husband. Either way you knew it was going to be a punishment that hurts. It is your choice, daughter. What do you want to do? Which is more important to you? Consider that Bronn will die regardless of what you choose."

Lollys groaned and thrashed about for a minute, then sagged.

"I would send Gregor to take care of him. And you can wear diapers for three days while you claw the walls and your own eyes."

"I hate you, daddy. Give me the fucking drugs, Bronn at least deserves to die with some decency."

"Good girl. You will go late tonight with Raff and Polliver. Let this kick in and then clean yourself up properly for supper. I know you hate me, but I do not hate you."

"You love me, huh? If you do at all, then you love me the way Sansa loves Lady or the way Cersei loves Gregor."

Petyr kissed her forehead as he slid the needle into her neck.
"At least it's a form of love at all."

Ramsay carefully helped Olenna off the elevator onto a different floor that was dimly lit.

"Watch your step, please. I will get the lights."

"I'm not made of glass, young man. Fine, hurry up. Not made of glass but I am unable to see in the dark."

Ramsay turned on the lights and indicated where Loras's workshop was.

Peering into the large room, Olenna saw a world of cloth, expensive tailoring items and more. The dresses hanging on and off mannequins were stunning and even Olenna could see that.

"I must say he does have an amazing talent. I will certainly encourage Loras to continue it."

Ramsay let Olenna move forward to examine one of the dresses as he pulled his favorite razor out.

The ball of fur began to leap about and Ramsay hid the razor quickly as Olenna turned with an irritated gasp.

"Oh god! I forgot that this thing came with us! What is that? Is it a live cotton ball? Did Qyburn create a weapon of mass annoyance? Shoo! Shoo! Why does it make that sound when I flap at it? Is it happy, scared or hurt? How do you tell?"

"It's Sansa's dog. A therapy dog. I had a really good one but it died. This thing drives us all crazy, well, crazier, I guess. I long to flay it alive. But it would be rude and that would annoy Petyr."

"Well, at the very least, you should shave it and accidentally remove it's tongue."

Ramsay agreed and Olenna turned back towards the dresses.

Eagerly, he pulled his blade forward and Olenna turned fast, too fast.

She held a gun, a little lady like gold thing and it was pointed at his heart.

"Ramsay dear, you don't get to be as old as me and in as much power as me without learning a trick or two. I am very glad that Petyr didn't force Loras to do it. It would have broken my heart to kill him. I don't particularly feel bad about killing you. I have heard the rumors about your hunting and I tend to believe them."

He spread his arms out and dropped the razor, smiling with charm just spilling from his eyes.

Olenna gave a laugh.

"Oh dear, look at that. You look so boyish and innocent. I wouldn't be surprised if a unicorn came
by and offered you a ride. Nice try, sonny. Why should I believe you won't attack me or try to kill me the second you have a chance? You wouldn't dare go back to Petyr and say you failed. I don't know how it's done but I know you are all programmed. Whether you are aware of it or not. Are you aware of it?"

Ramsay shrugged.

"I figured it out pretty quickly. I don't care much. I signed myself in here on purpose."

"Why would you ever do that?"

"Because Cersei stole my pet! My Theon was taken here by his possessive sister. And no matter what I offered they wouldn't let him out! I love him and he loves me. I have to be with him one way or another. Don't you understand? Once, way back, when you rode around on your dinosaur looking to hunt down mammoth, didn't you ever meet a man or woman that you loved? That you just had to have?"

Olenna thought for a second and nodded slightly.

"I had a fur coat I felt way about once. Your chatter is entertaining, your insults childish but fun, however, I need to kill you, escape this place then find a way to rescue my grandson. And take down Petyr and Qyburn. I'm simply quite busy."

Ramsay nodded.

"I do understand that."

He might have died in that moment except the ball of fluff came over and after a brief sniff, lifted a tiny leg and peed on Olenna's ankle.

Ramsay's leg came fast and as Olenna fired, he kicked the gun out of her hand, breaking her wrist.

A flash of pain as the bullet ripped up into his shoulder and he fell back, cursing.

He saw Olenna scramble to reach the gun and he grabbed her ankle, yanking her hard.

She came down and whacked her forehead, leaving a splash of blood on the hard floor.

"Oh, you little shithead!"

Ramsay laughed at the curse even as he started to climb over her body, reaching for the dropped razor.

"Me or the dog?"

Olenna kept stretching for the gun, fingertips almost there, ignoring Ramsay's weight.

"Both of you!"

"Ah, thank you for clarifying that."
Ramsay reached the razor and his fingers pulled into his palm where it fit nicely.

He was sideways on Olenna, pinning her but crab walked to try and reach her neck.

Olenna was nearly touching the gun, a little further, just a tiny bit and-

The fluffy ball leaped upon the gun then it made a yipping sound of joy as it saw the loose bobbing bun on the elderly woman's head.

It leaped and began to bite and shake the thick gray hair.

Ramsay started to laugh and Olenna tried to punch the quick moving thing in frustration.

"Oh, you demonic snowball from hell! Go away! Shoo!"

A flash of light and Olenna sagged as a pool of blood began under her.

Ramsay stood up and grabbed his bloody shoulder, hissing.

The stupid dog yanked further on the hair bun, skidded in the pool of blood and fell with a small splash.

With a grimace at the stupid dog, Ramsay picked up the gun before the idiot thing blew itself to bits by accident.

"Tough old bird taken down by a moronic lap dog and a rabid mutt. A shame."

Sansa put the lasagna into the oven and walked over towards the pantry area.

Everything was quiet, no one was in the area but Sansa wanted privacy if anyone came by.

She couldn't get the stupid daydreams out of her head and her body reacted strongly to them.

So she hid in the pantry, her head at the small window, her body hidden by a narrow shelf.

The window didn't bother her, it was high enough from the people below that no one could see her.

She reached down to put her hand inside her pants and underwear.

Sansa bit her lip to stay quiet and moved against her hand, one finger slipping inside of her.

The visions of Petyr taking her, licking, touching, pressing her against the wall and pushing inside of her.

Bucking her hips, Sansa felt the swell of pleasure rush higher and just as she attained an orgasm, she saw Stannis looking at her.
It was only for a second, he was plunging downward past her but his eyes met hers for that brief second before he disappeared forever.
Tea Party Time

Never before had the supper for patients been so depressing.
No one spoke, no one ate, Meryn didn't even have the urge to masturbate.
Lollys burst into the room and slid into her seat.
"Lasagna, yes!!"

They all stared at her, clean, healthier looking, sassy and stoned out of her mind.
"How...."
"Petyr gave me another option. Give me the lasagna, I'm starving! Hey, where's Stannis, he will go crazy trying to separate this!"
Theon and Loras burst into tears, Cersei shook her head, smirking and Sansa glared at Lollys.
"That was cruel, not funny. How could you?"
"What did I say? Why are they sobbing like that? You all act like someone died."

Ramsay came into the room and a blood drenched Lady with him.
She shook rapidly and red droplets flew everywhere, including into Cersei's portion of lasagna.
"Sorry, she decided to play with Olenna during a rather unfortunate time."

Ramsay watched with delight as Sansa shrieked and Loras ran away to his room sobbing.
Sansa grabbed her dog and ran to wash her.
Theon glared at Ramsay then stood up.
"I'm going to comfort Loras. That was awful of you. And just after we witness Stannis committing suicide...I just can't talk to you right now."

Ramsay spread out his arms and gave an innocent look to Theon.
"What? I can't control what that damned dog does. And I made it really fast just like I promised."
Theon stormed off while Ramsay chuckled.

Lollys was staring around at them all.
"Wait, slow down! What the fuck have I missed here?"

Cersei was busy throwing away her bloody food and Ramsay went to go shower, too happy to care about a dreary suicide.

Meryn shrugged and ate along with Lollys.

"Well, Ramsay was sent to kill Loras's grandmother in here somewhere. And Theon took Loras to get high while Ramsay did it. Stannis went up and jumped off the roof. Saying about not going to kill his daughter, not going to burn her. Saying he didn't want to end up like Jorah."

Still eating, Lollys nodded.

"He was braver than any of us here in a way. And luckier. He truly got out."

Meryn gave a snort.

"Yeah. Fuck that outpatient shit, Stannis went straight for the permanent collar free plan."

Both were silent for a moment in honor of the man they now envied a little.

"Can I touch your tits?"

"Can I touch your pancreas?"

Sansa washed Lady twice before she was totally white again.

Her mind swirled with too many thoughts and longed to shut down for a rest.

She shuddered thinking of what Stannis must have seen, must have thought just before the end.

A person slipped in through the doorway and Sansa stood up fast, feeling jumpy, nervous.

Unella shut the door and came closer, causing Sansa to force herself not to back up.

"In a little while, the night staff will be leaving with Lollys again. Considering the excitement of the day, most will go to bed early or linger in private corners to get high and gossip. Petyr is leaving, Gregor is going to be mostly sleeping. I would like to speak with you then. Would you meet me in the nurses office in an hour?"

Sansa tilted her head.

"How do you know Gregor will be sleeping?"

"Because I've drugged his coffee. Listen, we are in danger I think it's time we became allies and not enemies, don't you? I am willing to admit that I can see things have gone too far. I was blinded by the likes of Qyburn, Sparrow...I could tolerate working under Cersei, but Petyr...it's a blood bath now. He is causing deaths right inside the clinic itself! And you are in his sights, Sansa. You must see that. Look what he has done to Lollys and that is someone that is his own blood. What will he do to you over time? We have to help each other."
Sansa continued to dry her dog but then she looked up at Unella.

"I will meet with you. But only after I know that Petyr had left and Gregor is asleep."

Qyburn hummed a little ditty from his childhood as he double checked his phone and the door locks one final time.

Things had calmed downstairs, no one needed him so far though he would remain in his lab on call this evening.

This didn't bother him like it bothered the clinic floor staff, he didn't sleep much.

Also, he lived in the back of his lab, a small studio apartment tucked away.

Petyr gave him the whole floor and Qyburn expanded into it with pure glee.

Though Petyr was turning out to be a little bloodier than Cersei, Qyburn liked working for him better.

He was given so much more free reign and his lab properly cared for this time.

Cersei wanted her revenges, she wanted her project and had treated Qyburn with lavish money to fund only her specific needs.

She never really understood the scope of his work like Petyr does.

The man sees the potential and yes, he wants it for his own greedy purposes, why else fund such a dangerous project?

Qyburn sighed and stretched then smiled.

"Coming! Coming! Tonight is a special night, do you remember, children? I promised it was our Tea Time Night? Remember?"

He hurried to change into his sweater and decided to throw caution to the wind and even wear his khaki pants.

Putting on the kettle, Qyburn set out the special little tea cups and tiny matching plates.

Colorful birthday napkins, silly hats, he hummed as he set it all out.

It was time soon for the guests to tea and Qyburn clapped softly with delight.

He went into a little room that held something whimpering and flinging itself away from the kindly voiced doctor.

"Tea time! Wait until I undo the chains before trying to get up. I know, I know you are excited to make it for tea time."
The scarecrow thin man cried out and tried to shamble forth but Qyburn caught hold of him easily.

"Now, now. Careful, you are too weak, you might break a bone. Let me help you walk to the table. Look at all the lovely things I have for us! Biscuits, little finger sandwiches and of course, our tea. You may have as much as you'd like. Don't cry, I know you are afraid that someone will eat all the ham sandwiches before you can, silly goose. No one will be that rude, I promise. Here, sit down. No, no, I'll fix your restraints on your ankles and chest by myself, no need to help. There, all set."

Qyburn gave a benevolent smile and pinched the rosy cheek.

"Lovely as ever! You were right, the pink lipstick looks much better on you. Now, if you feel we have primped and pampered you enough, dear, it is tea time. We are rude to keep others waiting. Tut tut to us, right? Oh, your hat! Goodness me, sorry, darling. Here you are, take my arm, I shall be your gallant escort."

Silently, an arm slipped through his and a pudgy hand wrapped fingers around Qyburn's arm.

"Excellent! Let's go, dear. I know you want your tea nice and hot so let's hurry."

As the doctor was escorting the lovely lady to the table, he ran into his last tea guest.

"Ah, there you are, my fine man! You even remembered your top hat! You do have your suit-coat on backwards, but an A for effort! Let me seat dearest Walda and I shall come help you."

Walda sat obediently, staring at a teacup, her messy ribbons too large and flopping down towards her shoulders.

She made no notice of the thin, twitching man restrained in a chair close enough to touch.

Hodor smiled at Qyburn as he helped him fix the coat.

Qyburn was impressed with how well and quickly Hodor had been restoring to health.

The man seems to have no memories at all and is happy to follow Qyburn's orders.

They all sat and Qyburn beamed at all of them.

He told them amusing stories of his days as a student years back.

Hodor helped pass out the teacups after Qyburn filled them.

Qyburn made sure that the thin man ate all of the ham sandwiches to make him stop crying about it.

Walda sipped the tea when the cup was placed in her hands.

And ate when a sandwich or biscuit was put into her hand.
Lollys was tightly lacing her combat boots while Ramsay drove her crazy playing with her weapons.

He wanted to discuss preferred kill methods and she did not.

Sansa wandered in and sat down on the edge of Lollys's bed.

Ramsay wrestled Lollys momentarily when he tried to steal one her blades.

After he stormed out calling Lollys a spoiled sport, she looked at Sansa.

"What? What is that look for, gingersnap? Huh? Being judgmental again? How's that working out for you?"

"I'm not judging you, trying to understand you, me and this entire place. I keep seeing folks die or disappear around me. Nothing makes sense and who are you? Is it true? Are you really Petyr's daughter? I mean, I have known him my whole life and he never once mentioned having a child."

"Course not. Petyr doesn't like embarrassments or mistakes. He hides them, buries them deep away. I was lucky and not just buried deep in the dirt from fetus stage."

Lollys started to braid her hair back tightly and looked away.

"Okay, look, it isn't even a fun story. Apparently, according to dear old daddy, he really enjoyed redheads. Certain high class redheads mostly, you get me? I mean, father likes redheads enough that I have been dying my hair since I could. So way back in Petyr's younger years, his own wild youth, there was a party and two redheads. A batshit one and another. The other spurned daddy dearest and he got drunk with the batshit one and had a little consolation sex. I was the consolation prize. Except batshit was engaged already to someone just as rich as her. I guess batshit went REALLY batshit when abortion was mentioned. So my batshit redheaded mommy hid away, had a little batshit redheaded baby and dearest daddy took me away. He tossed me at some family that needed a little extra cash and that was that."

Sansa stared at Lollys and said numbly,

"Redheads? Did he ever give you names? Who? What is your mother's name, do you know?"

"Nope. It took me forever just to pull that much from Petyr. I never heard from batshit, not once. Petyr though, he showed up every now and then to check in on me. I knew from a young age who he was. My father and this was the family that he hired to raise me. I didn't take well to it. I rebelled a bit, ran away, fucked up at school, the usual. Father paid for any troubles or damages I would cause. He would beat me or lecture me and I would stop for maybe a month or so. Petyr started taking me to see Qyburn back when I was ten. I saw him in a different clinic on both in and out patient until I was fifteen and ran off with Bronn. You sort of know shit from there."

"When did you learn to kill? I mean, Lollys, you do things most can't do. You aren't much older than me, right? I mean, you might have a natural talent, yeah, but...who taught you how to do all these things? Ramsay had Roose to teach him...who taught you? Was it Bronn? Was it Petyr? Qyburn?"

Lollys looked out the door at the night staff who were waiting for her then back at Sansa, smirking.
"Who taught you how to be able to easily steal things off others like you have done? Who has suddenly awakened lusts you never had? You don't know, do you? Well, same here. I just can, I just am. Best to not ask questions like that around here, gingersnap. Not healthy. Have to go. This will suck really bad. I still feel for Bronn a bit...but Petyr makes sure all his punishments hurt one way or another. Fuck, I hate this shit."

Qyburn helped Walda a bit with her tea.

She was drooling it down her chin and though her fingers twitched, she did not pick up her napkin.

"It is quite alright dear, I will assist you. Do not worry, be calm, Walda. You are doing so well, you are! Soon you will be moving around and thinking again. Just like Hodor. Not ever like Dirty Sparrow man. Even though we invited him to tea, it isn't because we like him, it's because it's the polite thing to do. Hodor, have another cookie if you'd like. Good. Now Walda, all clean, see?"

He settled back into his chair and sipped at his own tea.

"Now, where was I in our stories? Oh yes, this horrid city I lived in, closed minded folk and their Universities! Elite, rich and empty headed, no ambition! It is all for the glory of tenure or publication! Who needs it? Bah! As if Tywin or Roose were getting anything from their classes with me! No, I can tell you with all assurance that they were not. I was kind not to fail them for their lack of vision, terrible students! They took my class only for credits and I had to accept that because I needed that damned job to keep that pathetic little lab! I could hear them laughing, making fun of me! As if I weren't in the pub, the same pub too! Mocked me, mocked my theories. Well, they are in practice now and I know two men that aren't laughing now!"

Hodor reached over and patted Qyburn's hand.

With a quick blink, Qyburn took a deep breath and calmed himself.

"Excuse me for that outburst, please. The past can sting...luckily it is no longer a cross for you to bear, but I still see the past. How about a better story?"

Polliver started to snore and Raff kicked him in the shin.

"Fucking cocksucker. Too tired for this shit. Don't need me on this one, you have Super Skank."

Lollys hawked and spit onto Polliver's shoe and leaped up onto the balcony.

"Dammit! Thanks asshole!"

Raff hissed then started to climb after Lollys, he isn't as graceful but he makes it over the railing.

"Wait! We said we would wait and see if he leaves first. Rather not mess with Tyrion, ya know? It would be awful awkward with Podrick, I mean he was staff."

Lollys grabbed Raff by his wrist and swung him quickly towards the window and pressed into his back, grinding and whispering.
"See in there, sweetheart? Do you see Bronn sharing that bottle of wine with Tyrion? Do you see how they have their feet up and waving their arms around? He isn't leaving until at least tomorrow. He knows someone will come tonight, Bronn knows Petyr would be twisted enough to send me. He wants to make it miserable for me. Asshole. Fucking douche bag. Motherfucker."

"Can you not growl those words at your ex while rubbing against me like that? God, you can't make up your mind on any emotions can you?"

"Anger and hate turn me on, if I thought we had time, I'd just fuck you right here."

Raff spun around, leering and began to feel her up but Lollys shoved him away, even though lust practically poured off her.

"We don't have the time, Raff. Maybe afterwards. But first I need to get in there and kill Bron."

Groaning in frustration, Raff shoved Lollys up against the balcony railing and leaned her back over it.

"I could make you fuck me anyway."

"Not unless you are giving me another dose for it, honey. Otherwise, you can wait until it's on my terms."

"Wanna bet on that, little whore? Didn't we already do this dance? Hmm? Aren't you already my good little whore that promises to do anything I wanted?"

"Yes. For my doses and because you are fun to have sex with. Sorry you didn't understand that part of it. You aren't giving me another dose, no nookie. I have to work and you are in my way, Raff. You aren't trained as much as I am yet, might want to move out of my way. Actually, considering how long I think I have been training for now...you'll never reach my level. Hey, how about that? I can be above others in something?"

"I don't know what the living fuck you are babbling about. You are way too high already judging by your words. But we do have time and I want you right now, not later. Well maybe later too. Stop being a bitch and pull down those leggings."

Lollys grabbed Raff, wrapping herself around him with her legs and squeezed.

Her top half sprung up and she grinned at him as her fingers found a spot on his neck and pressed deeply.

Raff went slowly to the ground in silent frozen agony, Lollys riding him down.

Standing back up, she watched Raff write for a moment before recovering.

"I said later on. Now either help me or go watch Polliver sleep. Daddy wants princess home on time or he will turn us all into smashed pumpkins."
Raff rubbed his neck as he got to his feet and snarled. "So easily we forget our lessons and our place. No problem, we can fix that."

Lollys turned back and gestured that she couldn't hear him.

He waved her forward and followed, determined to best that uppity bitch later.

She was really in a mood tonight.

Raff wondered if it was the high of the drug, the impending kill or the freedom of her father revealed to all, that did it.

Theon and Loras stayed in Loras's bedroom, talking and hugging.

Loras hated animals but decided to care for Sentry and the dog lay splayed on the throw rug Olenna had sent awhile back.

Cersei was in her room with the door shut, sulking.

Gregor was snoring loudly in the therapy room on the couch.

Ramsay and Meryn were gaming, cursing each other and being disgustingly perverted.

Lady came into the room and began to sniff around then settled on licking Ramsay's ear.

Meryn got a terrible smile on his face and looked at Lady.

Ramsay looked at Meryn, at Lady, at Meryn and then started laughing.

Qyburn told his friends and icky bird guest another story. "There was little girl with long golden hair. She was fancy and uppity and empty headed but yearned for power and revenge just like her father and grandfather and so on. This girl was so very pretty and wore the best and fanciest of dresses. She was very pretty, but very mean. She teased, bullied, cheated and lied to get her way. Soon the children either joined with her or were afraid of her. Not all, some kids decided to fight her for the power of the school, of the neighborhood. That is when the pretty girl got a new friend. A very large boy, he was angry and liked to hurt others. He liked the pretty girl, he liked being in the warmth of her power, her money. This boy hurt anyone who disagreed with his new pretty friend and together they ruled the streets and school. Then the girl got too mean, a prank that went too far and the loyal boy took the blame so the pretty girl wouldn't be in trouble. That poor big boy was arrested for the girl blowing off a boy's ear with a firecracker. The boy that the girl hurt? The one who lost his ear and almost his eye? It was the big boy's own brother. That is how tight the bond was with the large boy and the pretty girl."

Qyburn stopped to eat a biscuit and enjoyed watching how Hodor leaned forward to hear more.
Walda was looking almost at him but her head was tilted as if to hear him better and the bird didn't count.

He sipped his tea and continued.

"This very troubled young boy ended up in a youth rehabilitation center. Now I had just been fired from the University not long before and this was my first day at the youth center. The same day as this poor young boy! What providence! He was my first patient and still to this day I recall how well I worked with him! The boy wanted to leave the center and get back to his pretty friend. So he was willing to allow me to work however I wished as I promised him it was the quickest ticket home. The hold on him was tentative for quite some time. But he was my first real test subject, one I had with me at all times! I made him my assistant so it wouldn't look strange. After all, I know that spending that much time with a young boy would look inappropriate! But I assure you my motives were always very pure. The real test was when I released the boy back to his home. I waited in knots, I tell you! I took to drinking scotch at night to sleep! But the boy had dreams, he had ideas and the pretty girl liked them. They got in more trouble and this time there was no way for the boy to take all the blame. They were my first court appointed patients! It was perfect! The boy to this very day is a loyal companion to the pretty girl. And the boy is mine. The girl is mine."

Qyburn smiled.

"They are all mine, really."
That Razor Thin Line

Unella walked past Sansa briskly, beckoning.

She followed the woman down the hall and through a door normally locked.

They went to the area just before the loading dock and Sansa enjoyed the small breeze that came in through the half open steel doors.

"This area has no cameras, no bugs as far as I've been able to tell. As long as you don't leave this building or the fenced area around it, we are in no trouble. As head nurse I can choose to take a patient for an escorted walk around the grounds for therapeutic purposes. So if anyone does come by, that is what we are doing. A nice therapeutic walk to calm you down."

Sansa sat on a large crate, folding her hands.

"Alright, this is a secure area for us to speak plainly. Then do so. Because you are looking nervous and that makes me nervous, Nurse Unella."

Nodding, Unella stood next to Sansa and spoke softly but urgently.

"I assume by now you understand how dangerous this place is for any of us. I need to ask you a question before I can tell you anything. Your dreams and nightmares, are they of killing or stalking anyone? Or another form of obsession or image you never considered before?"

Sansa turned burning red and cleared her throat, looking at her hands.

"I have become obsessed with the idea of having...relations with Petyr. And I dreamed that I murdered my family."

Unella gave a small sigh of relief.

"I can tell you with all assurance that you did not kill your family. That was Qyburn's programming to confuse you into a guilt you shouldn't have. Into thinking you are dangerous and crazy. You had nothing to do with those deaths. And Petyr is wooing you in his own disgusting manner with some help from our good doctor."

Sansa shivered and wiped away a tear.

"I am glad I didn't kill my family. I can't remember their faces or voices but I see blood and limp bodies...why? I was there, wasn't I?"

"You don't want details, trust me. Yes, you were there at your home when the attack on your siblings happened, but they fought or ran out of the house. You only saw...pieces. At least that is what I was told of it."

With eyes that hid hard anger under a soft look, Sansa asked the dreaded questions.
"Who did it? Who did Petyr have kill my family? I know Petyr arranged it or Cersei. Right?"

"It was Petyr who wanted your parents and eldest brother dead along with Cersei. She apparently thought it would please her father. It was Cersei who ordered the others killed. I heard that your younger sister bit and kicked her and well, you know Cersei and revenge."

"Who did the killing?"

Unella shook her head, lips pressed firmly.

"It would serve no good to you to go down this road. They are all about vengeance here and look how well that has gone? Here is why I won't tell you. Did you see Jorah today? No, he is still in his room grieving that he murdered his own obsessive crush and her family. Stannis killed himself rather than have to murder his daughter. Do you want to be like that? Have dreams then act them out whether you truly wish to or not? Never knowing who you might have hurt? Or like Lollys, having to always be aware that she must kill or do terrible things whether she likes it or not?"

Unella leaned closer and her voice became whisper soft.

"I can get you out. I can't save anyone else, they are too programmed now. But you haven't been tampered with much, you can still run and not find yourself staring at the parking lot. Qyburn tests and works on everyone, that is how he meets you. He meets everyone when they are at their weakest and he takes you...Petyr and Cersei keep thinking they each had control, neither of them have anymore control than Qyburn gives them."

"Even the staff is controlled?"

"Raff came to us as a youth offender and he had just committed another rape at his medical school. Where Qyburn was a doctor and treated him, introduced him to Gregor. Polliver was a terrible bully and a worse thief who robbed a gas station with some buddies. He beat the attendant nearly to death. In prison, Polliver was given the option to allow experiments done in exchange for earlier release. He agreed and upon release, guess who he was met by? Gregor and Raff. All of them were employed by Qyburn for this clinic. Podrick, our former food server and aide? He is going to school to be a social worker and saw Qyburn as a therapist during his stressful testing times. Then he was employed too."

Sansa narrowed her eyes at Unella.

"If all the staff is brainwashed at least a bit, what about you? How do you know that if you run you won't find yourself right back here? Qyburn might have done it without you noticing, like the others."

"He did. I was brainwashed, almost fully gone. Then I met someone...he deprogrammed me. I have been trying very hard to keep this secret and it gets harder every day. All the switches in owners, all the bloodshed and Hodor, Stannis. I can't take anymore. I'm leaving before I crack and we all know everyone here would love that. It would be like a wounded gazelle surrounded by jackals. With a mountain ready to fall on the bones, fur and bits of meat."

Sansa grimaced at the gory image in her head but it was true.

Cersei and Gregor will rip her to shreds while the rest cheer.
"Alright. And how would I ever get out of here and get deprogrammed?"

"I'm working that part out now. I need you to not rebel, to not make waves but do not give in. The drugs, the lab, I can't stop any of it. But don't believe the dreams, don't believe the urges. They are false, they are not who you are. They are created for you by those who wish to use you. Like a puppet. Next week, Qyburn is going to a convention. I happen to know that Petyr has several appointments during the early evening next week. Once he leaves, he tends to stay gone. It will be one of those nights. Can you hold onto this and not tell? Not give in and do something because Lollys or Cersei set you off? Not believe what the drugs and dreams tell you? Can you be brave enough to try and escape?"

"Yes. I want to get out before I lose anymore of myself. I will watch for your signal."

Tyrion and Bronn continued to drink and Podrick continued to not drink.

Only one out of the three were content with this.

"Podrick! Would you just fucking have a drink, man? Just one, loosen you up a little! You haven't joined into this conversation once."

Sighing, Podrick said the same damned thing he has been saying for hours on end.

Might as well yell it out the window and get a better response.

"I don't drink, it doesn't sit well with me. I have nothing to add. I told you what I thought. Get yourself out of town as quick as you can and when you reach the city...keep going until you find new climates. Rather than put Tyrion in possible danger by staying here."

Tyrion rolled his eyes and Bronn swigged while glaring at Podrick.

"I highly doubt that Petyr is sending an ill ex wife to kill Bronn. Did you see how very sick she was? What will she do, crawl here and drown you by vomit?"

Scoffing, Bronn muttered,

"Nah, all it takes is a little magic juice and she would be fine and dandy. If Petyr really wanted to make his point to us both, he would send her. Just or almost nearly as painful as the detoxing. He'd offer it to her I bet. Just to show her how sick in the head she is, he would offer Lollys drugs for my corpse. I kind of hope he sends that handsome little douche bag instead though. I'd love to skin that fucker alive."

Staring at Bronn and Podrick with blatant disbelief, he threw his arms out.

"Why would Petyr go through the trouble of sending some assassin to kill you over a little dust up with the ex? And it really isn't a big deal that the man has a kid or two wandering around somewhere. So she is crazy...course she would be. Look who her father is."

"Exactly. And look what he has done to her. You don't know half of what goes on there....I'm
telling you, someone is coming to kill me. I'm pretty fucking sure it'll be Lollys too. So she can fucking wait until I'm good and ready for it. Right now, I'm getting shitfaced. She can sit out there all fucking night as far as I'm concerned."

Podrick stared flatly at Bronn and Tyrion raised an eyebrow.

"So...instead of saving your life by running away, you would deliberately stay and risk death just to annoy your ex wife? Do I have that right? Whether I believe you two or not, that is insane. Have another drink and stop thinking. It seems to only injure your brain."

Bronn took the drink but answered enthusiastically.

"Yes! If it means making Lollys irritated then yes! She chose drugs rather than me!"

Tilting his head, Tyrion poured more wine and asked,

"Ex wife, right? Why would she choose her ex husband rather than suffer as badly as I saw? Hell, I would throw anyone over if that was me."

"To kill me. To KILL the man she loved all those years, a man she married!"

Tyrion snorted and spilled a little wine as he jerked forward as if on a string.

"The man who lured a fifteen year old girl into his bed and onto the streets? The man who hooked her on drugs in the first place? The man who married her, then months later allowed her to be locked up without questions, without a fight. Then left her there for all this time? Ha!"

"Fuck yourself, little man. I want you to fuck off and then when you've fucked off as far as you can go, you can fuck on back to go fuck off again."

Podrick slumped onto a sofa, it was going to be a long night.

Lollys listened and scowled while Raff was silently laughing and pointing at her.

She smoothed out her leather gloves and decided upon several painful degrading ways to kill Bronn.

They were inside the hallway to the den and Polliver has already knocked out and restrained the one roaming estate security guard.

He has finally caught up with them but he isn't listening or getting himself ready, no, he was asleep.

Seeing a pretty divan in the hallway was all the incentive the tired man needed.

She could try and make it quick, just a bullet through the brain or a slice in the throat.

Lollys knew Bronn would never forgive her if she chickened out by making it sneaky and fast.
Of course, he would be dead but Lollys still felt he wouldn't forgive such an insult.

That is why she not only brought her gun and knives but her brass knuckles and favorite studded baseball bat.

If Bronn wants to leave this world the way he came in, bloody and screaming then Lollys plans to oblige him.

Qyburn passed a cookie to Walda and watched proudly as she brought it to her mouth.

"Excellent! You are getting well so fast, it's lovely to see. Now, where was I? Oh yes. Then there was that pompous jackass-please excuse my language, dear but, it's true. Mace Tyrell is a terrible foolish person! And he dared to shut down my first clinic saying I was a madman. The man walks his dog and sees a few cadavers on the odd night or two and goes crazy! He called the authorities on me and I had to hire more lawyers. Luckily, after a few "family" sessions with Cersei and Tywin Lannister at their home, I had all the lawyers I needed. And they paid for it, the stupid rich idiots. Tywin even let me meet the brothers and have them join a session or two. That idiot who thought he was so above me helped his own death! Such an arrogant stiff upper crust piece of-oh, my! My language, dear me, I fear I may have just had a little too much tea. Forgive me, Walda. Hodor. I hope I have not scandalized you. Thank you for understanding."

Hodor nodded and patted Qyburn's shoulder and Walda drooled a bit of cookie.

After cleaning Walda's face, he continued in a calmer state.

"Cersei was a long term therapy patient on and off. She sent her boys to me. Petyr came for a few family sessions with Lollys and I had him. When Margeary Tyrell briefly was suffering from anxiety due to social pressures, she got a small addiction to speed. Luckily, Petyr was socially friendly with the Tyrell's at the time and suggested me. I helped her and gave her the truth about what her finance and brother were doing under the right circumstances. Funny that she never, ever believed her own dreams. She blissfully wielded a bat to kill her fiancé and batter her brother then forgot it ever happened. Threw away the bat, the mask and the clothing, the shoes and that was that. It was much more enjoyable and brought more results with Loras. He is tormented by having killed his own sister and he is fully aware of what he has done. The silly boy begged Petyr not to have to kill his grandmother. Sadly, Petyr gave it to another. It would have been interesting to know if Loras would have done it. If he could have brought himself to murder her in the state he was in. Something to think about, no?"

The stupid nasty bad bird whined and Qyburn sighed.

"It is rude to interrupt but I will indulge you. We are simply out of ham sandwiches. How about some more tea?"

Another higher, more pleading urgent cry and Qyburn smiled.

"Yes, of course you can have a cookie with your tea. What kind of beast am I to deny you cookies?"

Bronn was feeling the effects of the third bottle of wine and going on a tangent.
Tyrion kept yelling or cursing at him to either leave or pick a new subject.

Lollys was getting increasingly irritated and Raff slipped his hand into her hair and massaged her scalp while hushing her.

She couldn't decide if she wanted to melt into the gesture or bite his hand off.

"Hey, look! Okay, fine, she was a little young but not that young! And I was younger, I mean still in my twenties, right?"

"Oh yeah, that makes it sound so much better. Never defend me to anyone, please."

Bronn sneered at Tyrion.

"Asshole. And...and...she...she used me! It was all her fault, all of it!"

Lollys and Tyrion went to strict attention at that one.

Tyrion echoed Lollys's thought.

"Really? How so?"

"HER father, fucking her fucking father was PETYR! She knew, and QYBURN, THE CLINIC! She knew and bam, I end up there and now here I am! Just like her crazy ass fucking real mother and PETYR, Lollys is evil, just like her father and crazy like her mother. Course she will come and try to end me, all I ever did was love her."

That was all Lollys could take and she called in the room, before entering, swinging her bat playfully around her.

"Hey, speaking of my real batshit mommy, did fake family ever tell you her name?"

Tyrion sagged drunkenly and his cup tipped, spilling expensive wine onto a more expensive rug.

"Holy shit. They were right. Here you are. Well then, alright, Bronn, pass me one of your tinfoil hats."

"Ah HA! What did I fucking tell ya! And here she is all bright shiny drug happy with pretty doll murder eyes! Hey, here's a quick thought. Has Petyr thought about the fact that I might kill you? Huh? I mean, you are doing this for daddy's bad girl punishment instead of having more candy taken away, right? So, he doesn't care if I severely injure you or maybe even fucking kill you. And you are okay with that too. Yeah? Has any of that sunk in?"

Lollys chuckled and looked at Bronn almost fondly.

"Oh sweetheart. You won't be able to kill me. You can kick my ass for a bit, maybe break something...but that is when you are sober and mean. But now you are drunk and clumsy."
"Won't matter. You should know that. Did you bring your handler with you? The pretty boy?"

Raff stepped into the room a bit reluctantly, his gun pointed at Bronn.

"There you are! You look like what happens when Tinkerbell takes a shit, a glittery shit stain. I am so glad you came, I can't wait to get my hands on you."

"I prefer to just shoot people. I let Lollys do the heavy wet work, after all, it's no longer only men's work, you know."

 Bronn growled at Raff but kept his distance, eying the gun.

"So, I asked you a question. Did fake fam-fam decide to tell you who my mother was?"

"Does it really fucking matter that much? I mean, you want information from me as you get ready to murder me? Fuck you!"

"You tell me or I will let Raff shoot you."

 Bronn looked Lollys dead in all four eyes as he weaved a bit.

"You wouldn't dare do such a thing. We made promises, dammit! You know how I want to die if I have to die."

"Then tell me. Remember, I am a junkie whore skank with no loyalty. So tell me or I let him shoot you."

"Bitch. I can't believe I loved you. Fine. Your mother is dead now anyway. Her name was Lysa. All I know is that she was rich and she was crazy. And dead."

Tyrion dropped the wine glass itself and sputtered,

"Lysa? As in Lysa Tully-Arryn-Baelish! Cat Stark's sister? But...Lysa married Petyr one year or so before her death! When Jon Arryn died, she locked herself and her son away, only letting Petyr in. They married as soon as it was decent enough to do so. Oh dear. A soap opera complete with an assassin and connections. Podrick, be a dear and bring me another glass and more wine, perhaps a Valium as well."

Podrick sighed and did as he was asked, keeping an eye on Lollys and Bronn.

Raff exchanged a quick word as he went by.

"If she does it here in front of him...you know where you and he need to go."

"Yes, I know. But it's not fair, he has already done his kill and just accepted it. He causes no trouble to anyone, he shouldn't have to go there."

Narrowing his eyes, Raff growled.
"I don't make the rules, I just make sure they are done. If you have a problem with it, take it up with Qyburn or Petyr. Go ahead, call one of them, see how that works for you. Tell them you think it's unfair. I dare you."

Podrick swallowed and lowered his eyes after a moment.

As he walked away to bring Tyrion a clean glass and new bottle, he presented his middle finger to Raff.

Sitting back down on the couch, Podrick pretended to go back to sleep and truly wished he could.

Tyrion gave a shout of laughter and pointed at Lollys.

"That means you are Sansa Stark's half cousin! Lysa was her mother's sister! If the Starks were still alive or Lysa herself, it might have been a scandal. Oh well."

Lollys looked at Tyrion and grinned.

"Cool, always wanted a cousin. Anyway, Bronn I would really love to speak with you outside or in private somewhere? Nice seeing you, Podrick, Tyrion."

"Nope. I am finishing this wine."

"Fine, finish your glass. I can wait."

"No, I am finishing as much as I can. It is wine of a far better quality than I've ever had. So if it's my possible last drink, it will be an extremely large and tasty drink."

"I can't wait that long, Bronn. Come on, don't do this in front of Tyrion. Don't be so fucking petty about it. Get up, be a man."

"Tell you what, ex wifey, I will get up and go outside with you. IF you get the pretty boy to fight me first."

Lollys gave her crooked grin and put her hand on her hip.

"Now, ex husband, why would I do that? I like him with his handsome face and unbroken bones. And we wouldn't want him to drop any of my drugs while fighting now would we?"

Bronn gave Lollys such a look of blank disgust and hatred that even Raff flinched a bit.

"Thank you for making this so much easier for me by reminding me why I left you."

"Anytime, honey. Now let's head outside and not mess up Tyrion's house, yeah?"

"Fuck you, cunt. I'm drinking and you can go fuck off somewhere until I decide I'm ready."

"Nope. No can do. On a curfew and normally I like to yank on Petyr's hold as much as I can, but I
pissed him off. Can't risk jerking daddy's chain."

Raff came forward a bit, smirking, walking around Lollys in a way that made Bronn growl.

"Come outside and I'll play a little too. Without my gun. Though I do think I should tell you one thing before you and I tangle. Lollys didn't seek me out for drugs or sex. No, you see Polliver and I spent quite some time breaking her fingers and toes and burning the word whore into her thigh. And then one day I took a needle, plunged it into her neck and watched her fall back down the rabbit hole. And then I fucked her senseless. After that it was the drugs and hate kink, so don't get too jealous, okay?"

His sneer and confession made Tyrion not feel as upset that Bronn leaped to attack.

True, he was sure his house was about to be destroyed but he longed to see this smug douche get a fist to the face.

Then Tyrion remembered it was going to be a fight to the death and tried to sober up enough to raise alarm.

With a roar of rage, Bronn charged at Raff, who smirked and threw himself out of the way just in time.

Lollys swung the bat hard and caught Bronn right in the ribs.

He cursed and fell down but rolled as Lollys brought the bat down, missing him by inches.

Podrick sighed and tried to grab Tyrion, who was fumbling for his phone then yelled.

"Oh wait! Where the hell is Bob the security guy! You call him and I'll call emergency!"

"Yeah, your Bob is sleeping in your hallway downstairs. Polliver who put him out is asleep in your upstairs hallway."

Raff gave an apologetic shrug.

Bonn kicked Lollys's legs out and landed on her fists, flying.

One fist smashing into each of his ears made him roar and fall back a bit.

Grasping the bat, Lollys gave a strong but awkward swing, it wasn't a very injuring blow, but enough to knock him off balance.

She thrust a fist into his cracked ribs hard and Bronn cursed, rolled off her.

He stood up awkwardly crouching, staggering only slightly, sobering in the pain and adrenaline as he pulled out a bowie knife.
Sansa whistled softly as she crawled through the workshops looking for Lady.

Since Gregor was the only one around and he is sleeping, she feels safe enough to wander about.

She couldn't find Lady anywhere and finally she went to the half closed door where Gregor was sleeping.

Trying to work up the courage to peek in, Sansa heard something.

A little yip sound and it came from the gaming/tv room.

Sansa had not tried that door since it was closed.

Now she tiptoed over and heard another definitive yip, it was most certainly Lady in there.

She swung the door open and her jaw dropped before her face turned red in outraged embarrassed horror.

Sansa was not a particularly loud person nor was she a violent one.

Seeing Meryn laying upon the floor with his nipples and lower regions covered in peanut butter and Lady having an enthusiastic snack, it was beyond her.

With a roar worthy of Gregor himself, she swept forward and grabbed her dog with one hand, then the other sought out the nearest weapon.

Gregor opened his eyes at the sound of Ramsay bellowing laughter, Meryn screaming, the fucking dog yipping and Sansa bellowing like a demented lunatic.

He got up, stretched and went to pop heads off like daises, feeling refreshed and with a suppressed cheer not usually felt.

Unella was rushing from the nursing station but covered her mouth and fell back.

Gregor looked over her and he just hollered,

"WHAT THE FUCKING HELL AM I SEEING?"

Unella for once not only didn't censure the swearing but agreed with the sentiment.

For all the world it looked like Sansa was bedazzling a peanut butter and rhinestone encrusted Meryn against his will.

Her dog was squeezed half to death in her arm, yipping and kicking, it's entire snout covered in peanut butter.

Ramsay was on the floor, tears rolling as he held his stomach, braying laughter uncontrollably.
Gregor grabbed Sansa by her neck and pulled her away from Meryn.

He flung her towards the door.

"Take your fucking powder puff and go to bed."

Kicking Ramsay in the thigh almost hard enough for him to stop laughing, Gregor growled.

"You, get your loony fucking ass out of here. Don't you have a Theon to rape or something? Get!"

Pointing with revulsion at Meryn, who's pudgy naked body was sparkling in smudges and swirls of peanut butter, Gregor hollered.

"GET YOURSELF CLEANED UP, FLUFFER NUTTER FAIRY FUCK THEN GET YOUR PERVERTED ASS IN BED!"

Sansa stormed, sobbing with indignation down the hall to her room and slammed the door.

She started a bath for her poor dog and wondered how she was smuggling Lady out of this horrid place.

Ramsay was laughing so hard he held the walls for support as he went towards his room.

Hearing Meryn scream that he was really hurt and that the jewels won't come off just made it worse.

Ramsay laughed so hard and loud that even Theon, Loras and Jorah on the roof could hear him.

They shook their heads and decided whatever it was wasn't important enough to bother with.

In Stannis's honor they managed to steal a birthday candle and let it burn while they spoke of him and smoked two joints.

Unella had Meryn in the small medical room, chastising him as she carefully removed his bedazzles.

Gregor walked by and then swept up the cackling Ramsay on the floor near his bedroom.

He tossed the hysterical man into an ice bath, shut off the lights and shut the door.

The three other idiots were still out on the roof and Sansa was in her room caring for her dog.

Gregor went to Cersei's room and knocked on the door.

"Come in."

He entered and shut the door behind him then gave the slightest and cruelest of smiles, his eyes
filled with a strange dark joy.

"She is finally slipping. Unella is going to try and make a run for it."

Cersei gave Gregor a smile before looking down at her nails again.
She gave a smooth stroke of burnt crimson upon her thumb nail.
"I am happy for you, Gregor. You have waited so long, been so patient."

Gregor waited a moment and confided,
"She is talking Sansa into going with her."

Cersei looked up, hand frozen in mid stroke upon her forefinger nail.
A small smile played upon her lips and her eyes darkened in a similar fashion as Gregor's.
"I am happy for me now too."
Tyrion fumbled with his phone that Podrick had somehow accidentally shoved in his own pocket.

He was drunk, shaken and keeping a fascinated eye on the two fighting.

Podrick gently tried to take the phone away again and Tyrion's finger slipped onto his Spotify application.

The room filled with the sounds of the song Kung Fu Fighting.

"Tyrion, stop, you can't call anyone. Look, let's let them have their private moment and go for a nice walk?"

"Are you crazy? They are not having a private moment, they are actively seeking to kill each other in my home!"

He winced as Bronn took a good wallop from the bat to his chest.

Then he flinched and hissed as Lollys took a boot to the face.

"Listen, if you leave with me right now...I'll drink with you at any bar you want. Tonight only, one time offer. By the time we get back they will all be gone and any damage fixed. It's your only chance to see me drink and disgrace myself!"

"This is too tempting. That offer but then part of me wants to watch this bizarre death match but.....no, let's go."

Tyrion might be drunk but he isn't stupid.

He knows by the look in Raff's eyes, by how nervous Podrick was that if he stayed something bad would happen to him after.

Podrick looked so relieved as he dragged Tyrion out of the house that it was hard not to laugh at him.

Tyrion was teasing Podrick about how he might disgrace himself drinking as they made it into the driveway, when two shadows flew at them.

Podrick attempted to fight them, trying to shield Tryion but he fell down at Tyrion's feet, throat cut and eyes glazed.

Then a bag was thrown over Tyrion and he found himself being carried off like a bag of squirming groceries.

As soon as Tyrion was no longer in the room and Lollys stopped laughing at the Kung Fu fighting
music, they got down to the real business.

The business of killing each other.

Lollys's eyes lost any pretense at warmth and her joking tone turned steel.

"For every time you beat me."

She was a whirling virago and Raff retreated to the doorway for safety as he watched in admiration.

Bronn's knife caught her in the arms, a slice on her back and his boot tried to go through her chest.

None of it seemed noticed except to make her moon lunatic cold grin grow bigger.

Bronn was bloody, one arm broken, ribs smashed and he was snarling, a wounded animal driven to try and kill.

"For making me a whore."

Polliver came to stand next to Raff, yawning and blinking sleepily.

His eyes widened as he watched the two bloody contestants as Lollys began to set to work breaking Bronn's body.

The bat came hard and fast then it came for Bronn's hip.

In a desperate attempt, Bronn took the hit, forced himself past the agony and loud thunderous crack of his hip and threw himself at her.

The blade in his hand should have gone straight through her eye as he smashed her into the wall.

It was almost there, lightly caressing her eyelashes and Bronn stared at her in horror.

With one hand on his wrist, Lollys had his strike frozen and she just grimaced but held it with more ease than she should have.

Bronn wanted to ask what the fuck was she really when Lollys spoke first.

"For getting me hooked on drugs."

Lollys gave a gigantic push forward and rushed Bronn halfway across the room before letting inertia toss him to the ground.

She retrieved her bat and Bronn couldn't crawl fast enough with a broken hip.

With a scream, she brought her bat down on his head three times until he stopped moving.

Then Lollys took out her own knife and slit the throat she had to locate among the gore.
Didn't want to accidentally leave him alive and suffering, that would be cruel.

Raff and Polliver left the exits unlocked, calling the cleaning service number Petyr gave them.
They understood the clean up only comes in after they are gone, they are invisible.
Lollys cleaned up in the bathroom and came back out with a few new bandages on.
She bypassed the men and went right out the window, leaving Raff and Polliver to curse and chase after her.

In spite of her injuries she was flying and it took them a bit to catch up.
Raff was pissed, he figured out that she stole the extra syringe he brought with him and must have used it in the bathroom.
He was going to use that against her later for her attitude.
Polliver was pissed because he was still dead tired and wanted this night to end.

Without pausing once, Lollys flew around the city, deliberately tiring the men out.
She allowed herself to go where ever her feet felt like going, she climbed and crawled everywhere without a real destination.
Then when she had left Polliver and Raff behind by a few miles, Lollys headed for the bridge near the clinic.
It was a high arc over rushing waters and large jagged rocks and she climbed up onto the flimsy bars over the bridge.
Standing shakily, Lollys flung her arms out, looked at the moon and screamed as loud as she could.

Gregor watched as Unella started to doze out in the nurses station.
The sun was starting to rise before Polliver and Raff staggered in.
He raised an eyebrow at them as he watched them drag Lollys between them.
The woman was nearly out cold, eyes half shut, drooling and a soft snore coming from slack lips.

"Had to chase her all over the city then she climbed the damned fucking bridge wires like she was a motherfucking extra from the Planet of the Apes movie! Used the tranquilizer gun on her. Now Raff is all pissed because he doesn't get to hate and hurt fuck her!"

Gregor stared at Polliver and the man's angry expression changed as he remembered to he was speaking.
"Uh..I mean..sorry, uh, Lollys did take care of Bronn first. And she isn't injured too badly, a few cuts and bruises."

Gregor switched to stare at Raff.

"Take her to her bedroom. Examine and treat her for any wounds. Then both of you can take today's morning shift. Unella and I have been up all night doing your job. So today we are going to come in late after we get some sleep. Be back around eleven."

Both men looked ready to cry in frustration but dared to do no more than stiffly nod.

Unella sat in the passenger seat of Gregor's car and tried hard to stay awake.

The sun was reaching out slowly fading away the gloom and birds were chirping, a squirrel darted into the road.

Gregor swerved slightly and ran over the squirrel just as Unella started to drift off to sleep.

He thought about how close it was now, how close it was for him now.

Of course, Unella was right next to him, he could stop the car and hurt her, rape her, kill her and who could stop him?

But that was too simple and easy, no, Unella herself needs to jump into his waiting hands.

He wants her to always know that she walked right into her own doom.

It was a lesson he has learned from watching Cersei, how to be patient and savor a downfall, to truly enjoy a vengeance.

So he would drive her home, to the apartment that he knows almost as well as Unella.

He peruses it a few times a week, moving small things to drive her nuts, to take away any weapons she keeps trying to add.

Gregor usually returns after his searches of her apartment after a call from her, terrified and confused.

He will search her home, find nothing, berate her for it and leave.

Small changes that wouldn't be noticed, Gregor did.

He knew her menstrual cycle, he knew she enjoyed old books and her favorite poet was some asswipe named Lord Bryon.

So when Unella had a new book on her dresser, Gregor instantly knew something was happening.

It was a book on reprogramming the mind.
Of course, Unella had shelves of books, both her relaxed reading and books relating to her career.

But this book was sitting on her reading dresser and it was new, shiny still.

Also there was another small change in the nurse's routines.

In the early evenings on most nights, Unella would go to the tea shop a few blocks over after visiting the bookstore nearby.

She would have tea, a small piece of pie and read her book.

Now Unella goes to the bookstore then visits a new place that opened very recently, a modest ice cream shop.

Getting a small bowl of vanilla ice cream, Unella sits, reads her book and enjoys her treat.

Then uses the ladies room before leaving.

Gregor wonders who she meets in the lavatory after her ice cream.

Gregor watches Unella always but now his eyes were even sharper upon her.

So when the nurse headed for the coffee pot, he saw out of the corner of his eye, the nimble fast fingers dosing the rich brown liquid.

He pretended to have two cups then laid on the couch and since he really was tired, he took a mild doze.

When Unella and Sansa headed towards the dock area, he followed.

After they had finished their discussion and headed up the stairs, he took the elevator and lay back on the couch.

Now he drops the tired nurse off at her apartment building and watches her stagger out.

He smirked and headed to the place he rented across from her.

Going to bed for a few hours, Gregor decided to wait before telling the doctor or Petyr what he heard.

After being forced to work that long without sleep, Gregor figures Petyr can fucking wait.

Without sparing a thought for the even more sleep deprived night staff still at the clinic, Gregor fell asleep.

Sansa watched Unella out of the corner of her eye every day, waiting for the signal.
She was engaged in a battle with Meryn.

Ever since that disgusting night, the man has tried to keep wooing her dog.

He leaves biscuits in a trail on the floor, he feeds it table-scraps and Lady thinks he is a friend.

Sansa smokes joints with Theon, Jorah and Loras.

She alternates between fighting and chatting with Cersei and Lollys.

Tries to stay on the staff's invisible side and doesn't object to any medications or testings like a good patient.

Forces herself to not feel shame when her daydreams of Petyr make her orgasm.

Keeps reminding herself it is not real when she wakes up feeling blood on her hands from her siblings.

And watches for Unella's signal.

Petyr and Qyburn agreed with Gregor that it was best to allow Unella her attempt.

They needed to find this splinter group that knew and opposed them.

Unella would lead them straight to these meddlers.

Whoever they are, it is most likely who also kidnapped Tyrion Lannister and murdered their poor Podrick.

Qyburn was quite upset over Podrick's death where Petyr was livid over Tyrion's sudden disappearance.

However, Petyr's true anger was due to hearing that Sansa was taking part in this.

She would dare to defy what she is beginning to feel and be, she would dare to desert Petyr after all he has done for her?

Petyr and Qyburn made it clear that Sansa would not be hurt in her retrieval once this escape attempt was made and the meddlers captured.

"Bring them here alive if you can, Gregor. I want them in my lab to question these irritating little birds and make them pay for hurting my subject!"

Gregor nodded.

"If I can, I will. But I promise to bring back Sansa and Unella alive. Just remember what I was promised."
"Oh yes, of course, good man! Petyr has made sure that Raff is qualified enough to take over Unella's duties if need be during the day now. And I am sure the men would enjoy a change of pace. To see the sun more often through our windows. After you bring them back, Unella is yours to do with as you will."

The same as Sansa, each day Gregor waited for Unella's signal.
It would be a fair assessment to make that Gregor does not have an easy time with most women.

In fact, his entire life through the only woman he has managed to like is Cersei Lannister.

And he liked her in the most platonic of ways.

He still remembers seeing her on the streets that day, her long lovely hair all over the place.

She was a mean girl, dressed all rich and fancy from that exclusive area on the other side of town.

Being beaten by a group of her former victims, this girl showed no fear, no remorse and pain only seemed to spur her on.

Gregor helped Cersei and suddenly found himself the recipient of a whole new look.

She looked at him with respect, admiration and a kindred darkness.

He was invited nearly everywhere she went and her friends learned to tolerate his existence.

Most females looked at him with fear tinged awe and got out of his way fast.

He was used to this and if it was lonely to be feared, it didn't overly bother him any.

A few braver women enjoyed having sex with very large, very dangerous men and on rare occasion, Gregor would enjoy this.

However Gregor never felt he was missing out on relationships.

He never pined for love or even companionship in a romantic form.

This was not to say that Gregor didn't have needs like any other man, but his were filled in a darker way.

Like his twin idiots, Gregor enjoys a good bit of savage attack and rape every now and then.

Unlike his merry morons, Gregor likes to torture and murder them as well.

Or at least he did, until fucking Unella, the stone goddess with iron eyes came rushing in like the anti-viagra of his nightmares.

Gregor was not a genius, he wasn't even a very intelligent man under most standards.
But he was cunning, sly and had a good mind for a human predator.

He was never once under any delusions about what Qyburn was doing to him, to his friend.

It was never a bother to Qyburn that Gregor went out, stalked and attacked women.

Then Unella was introduced to him and it was Gregor's doom from that moment on.

Unella interviewed Gregor several times, helped with the experiments.

She was the one who came up with a program for Qyburn to try on Gregor.

It was to see if they could suppress his urges to hunt down women.

Gregor already despised Unella upon first sight, this just doubled his murderous contempt for her.

From the moment she looked up at him when Qyburn introduced them, Unella was unimpressed.

This wasn't possible in Gregor's world.

Females looked at him with fear, awe, or even revulsion that was fine, but they saw him and had been impressed in one way or another.

Unella simply measured him, found him lacking.

Unimpressed in every possible way.

This alone made Gregor not only want to set her on fire but he had an urge to eat her eyeballs.

Instead he went willingly with Qyburn to the tests, to try her theory out with the most insulting mocking manner towards her.

Gregor wasn't sure if it was the testing that worked or if it was Unella alone that did it.

He preferred to believe it wasn't the tests she created as Qyburn said if it worked he wouldn't remember any of it.

Yet he did remember it, all of it, the drugs raging in his system, the flashes in his mind as the bolts hit him and more.

He was urged to try and hunt as soon as possible by Qyburn and he did.

Gregor was able to stalk but unable to attack any female no matter who or where.

What makes Gregor think it isn't the testing is that every time he tries to attack a woman, all he can
see is Unella's eyes.

Her unimpressed, as if he isn't there at all, steely eyes measuring him.

To add insult to injury, Qyburn started to mess with Unella's head not long afterwards.

She forgot that she met Gregor, that she helped torment, test and ultimately destroy his deadly rampages against females.

Unella had looked at Gregor when she thought she was meeting him for the first time as a new employee of Qyburn's.

And her eyes still measured him, found him just as lacking and were unimpressed.

No woman dared to look at him, challenge or speak to him the way Unella did.

No woman ever held his attention, ever made him obey orders like she did.

No woman ever made him feel small and possibly not there, not HIM.

Except Unella.

Fucking Unella.

All his hunting skills and obsessions had turned to his nemesis.

He is sure the way back to his former self and enjoyments is to destroy Unella.

Once she looks at him with eyes full of nothing but him, once she grovels at his feet in terror, Gregor will be vindicated and restored.

He has followed, stalked and taunted her for so long now, it was almost like being in a relationship.

Gregor was quite ready to take their relationship to the next level and was nearly delirious with joy when Unella finally made her move.

Sansa was outside gardening with Cersei and Jorah when Unella asked her to help with something in the shed.

She went into the shed and Unella directed her to move some mulch then whispered to Sansa fast.

"Tonight. After eight you will meet me in the docking area."
Ten minutes later, Lollys stretched and walked away from the back of the shed.

Going upstairs, she knocked on Petyr's door.

"Enter."

"Tonight at eight she will meet Unella in the docking area. A question for you."

"What?"

"If you ended up being with my mother in the end...why didn't you both want to take me in after you married?"

Petyr looked up at Lollys in true surprise then gestured to her.

"Because...why would we have wanted you?"

Lollys seemed to have a moment of silent consideration then nodded.

"Fair enough."

"Shut the door on your way out and be ready on time. Gregor doesn't like to be kept waiting, you know that. Send Ramsay in to me."

Lollys shut the door, told Ramsay to go see Petyr then went to go get ready.

She saw Cersei looking so fucking smug and trying to hide her malicious joy over what was coming.

Walking to pass her heading towards her room, Lollys couldn't help it and treated Cersei to her best hay-maker.

Hearing Cersei thud to the ground with a smile, she walked past a shocked but thrilled Loras as she headed into her room.

Ramsay followed Lollys into the night air and they headed for the forest nearby.

"Are you sure we have to meet with Gregor on time? I mean, I can hot wire us a car and-"

"Let me advise you not to fuck too much with the Mountain."

"Why not?"

But Lollys was already gone and Ramsay had to hurry to keep up.

It had been some time since he has had a chance to run and it took a minute to build up.
Sadly, by the time he caught up to Lollys, she was already at Gregor's car.

The large man had binoculars and was watching Unella bring Sansa down the loading dock.

"No one injures Sansa or Unella unless there is no choice. And Qyburn wants at least a few alive if we can manage it."

"Gotcha. Does that mean I can skin or rape at least one of the others?"

"No. Stay focused."

"What if I just-"

"Lollys, explain to this rabid meat sack what happens the one time you didn't obey me on a job?"

"He broke my clavicle and my jaw."

"Gotcha."

"They are getting in the back of a van. Get in the car, morons."

Sansa did not see anyone, just the dark back of a van.

She wiped away a few tears, not just of fright but of sadness for deserting her dog.

There was simply no safe way and so she left Lady in Lollys's room with a note to care for and protect the dog from Meryn.

Unella spoke to someone quietly, they only murmured back.

Just when Sansa was about to ask how long they would be driving for, the van stopped.

"For your protection and theirs, I am putting a black cloth bag over your head, Sansa. Do not panic, it's just until we get inside."

The bag was hot and smelly but Sansa let it over her head then allowed Unella to guide her out of the van and up, up until they reached stairs.

Sansa counted seven stairs up then another twenty until a door opened and shut.

She squinted in the sudden light of a squalid living room.

Looking around, Sansa stared wildly at short man she knew and a very large one that she did not.

Tyrion smiled and took her hand as she gulped air and stared some more.

"That is how I felt too. Take a minute and let me introduce you to give you a second to adjust."
Unella hurried to bring Sansa a cup of cold water and muttered they couldn't stay in this area too long.

Clearing his throat, Tyrion smiled and swept out his hand.

"This is Sandor, Gregor's brother. Don't mind the half melted face, he won't eat you as long as they feed him on occasion. Or so I have been told. These others are only here to help escort us to a new location where the rest are. All of them with someone hurt by the clinic. This is Locke, he was Roose's friend, this is Ygritte, your brother Jon's girlfriend. You know Asha Greyjoy and Davos from the clinic visits. We are waiting for Jaime Lannister, he is getting us another van."

Sansa blinked at Tyrion.

"Cersei thought he left with his betrothed to patch things up."

"I lied. I needed her to think he was out of her reach so she wouldn't keep us in her sights. She hates me too much to bother spying on me but Jaime is another matter."

Sandor muttered that it was taking Jaime too long and he went to check out back.

Jaime pulled around the old farmhouse and parked in the far yard out back.

He got out of the newly stolen van and shut the driver's side door.

A bat crashed into the side of his head and he fell into the dirt, trying to do more than spasm.

Lollys looked down at him as she raised the bat high.

"Cersei doesn't get to have you."

And brought the bat down hard into what used to be a blond skull.

She ran to the back of the farmhouse and hearing someone coming, pressed into the shadows.

As Sandor came out, Lollys slipped in and locked the back door behind her.

Lollys was in a large kitchen that had two hallways.

One led into a living room where she could see the small group milling.

The other led into a darker hallway that had a few doors and a staircase.

With a grin, Lollys ducked into the empty darker hallway upon hearing one of them direct Sansa there to find a bathroom.
Sansa hurried through the kitchen into the smaller hall and felt herself held tight.

A hand was across her mouth and Lollys's voice in her ear.

"Hush and stay still. I can only save one person and I like you best. When I let go of you, run into the bathroom and lock the door behind you. There is a window in there, it's right over a bush with thorns. It will hurt like a fucking bitch but don't let that stop you. Your big friend is already outside, I locked him out back. Any second, Gregor and Ramsay will be in here and then I can't help you. If I see you after this, if they see me with you, I have to drag you back to the clinic. Hear me?"

A crash came from a living room window at the same time a larger crash as the front door was kicked in.

Lollys gave Sansa a push towards the bathroom and ran out with her bat already swinging.

Sansa did as she was told and when she ran into Sandor out back as he was trying to get in the back door, she was full of thorns.

Unella saw Ramsay crash through the window and grabbed onto Tyrion.

She saw the door burst open and Gregor step through and started to run, dragging the little man with her.

They scrabbled at the back door trying to unlock it as Ygritte stood at their backs, holding a gun.

Lollys poked her head around a corner and yelled,

"Peek A Boo!"

Ygritte fired and the head pulled back fast.

"Well, that was quite rude."

Unella almost had the door unlocked when there was a bullet fired into the plaster right above her fingers.

"Uh, uh, Bad nursie. Naughty nurse, naughty nurse, no more keys to doors for you. Don't make me have to hurt you before getting you back to the clinic. Gregor is going to hurt you enough, I think. Why add to it? Little man, that goes for you too. Leave the fucking door alone, yeah?"

Ygritte fired and this time Lollys cursed as she pulled back.

"I have had it with your sour attitude and I don't particularly like your hair color."

A hole appeared in Ygritte's eye as she slammed into the wall and slid down it.
"You two, I said let's move away from the door."

With an excellent excuse to not be doing anything else, Lollys kept her gun on the two captives.

They listened to the sounds of Gregor tossing heavy furniture at human targets and Ramsay slicing at flesh.

Guns had gone off a few times and Lollys smiled with false hope at Tyrion and Unella.

"Gregor and Ramsay aren't using guns, so maybe they'll get shot?"

Screaming and gristly sounds came next and then another shot.

Ramsay cursed and screamed out,

"Why is is always my fucking shoulder that gets injured?"

A few moments later a bloodstained Ramsay wandered about calling Sansa's name.

Gregor thundered out Unella's name in such a menacing triumphant roar that even Lollys wanted to hide.

He stormed into the kitchen and his beady eyes were frantic until they landed on his prey.

A large smirk crept onto his broad face and he watched her pale face, watched her try not to shake and fail.

"I can't find the bitch!"

Gregor growled at Ramsay's whine and he began to rip the house apart looking for Sansa.

"There was a big guy I locked outside earlier, maybe he knows where she is? I only saw him and the one handed man out back. I killed Captain Hook but slipped inside when Bigfoot Jr. ran out."

Gregor stared at Lollys then swore, kicking open the back door and striding out.

Jaime's body was there, but the van was gone.

Gregor swore and punched Ramsay hard in his injured shoulder out of frustration.

"Bring these two back to the clinic, girl. Ramsay and I will see if we can track them. I know who has Sansa, my fucking stupid ass little brother."

Lollys handcuffed both Tyrion and Unella under Gregor's watchful eye.

He tossed them both into the trunk of a car he sent Ramsay to steal fast.
"I have called ahead to Petyr, he will meet you at the clinic. Park at the loading docks."

Lollys nodded and drove towards the clinic without hesitation.

There was no way for her to save these two without getting caught so she drove home.
Wrong Turns On Right Roads

Lollys careened at top speed into the loading dock and aimed for the men, smiling the whole way.

Polliver cursed and ran, Raff backed up slightly but Petyr just stood there, waiting.

Lollys hit the brakes and stopped just a bare inch from her father.

Petyr waited until Lollys got out of the car before slapping her hard enough to grunt as her head whipped to the side.

Polliver and Raff got Unella and Tyrion out of the trunk, but Petyr stared only at his daughter.

"Explain to me where Sansa is. Where are the survivors of this little group?"

Lollys bared her teeth and snarled defiantly.

"Sansa ran off with Gregor's little brother to meet more of the rebels. Ramsay and Gregor are after them now. I can't be held responsible for no survivors, daddy dearest. I only killed Jaime Lannister and some back-alley bitch then kept guard over Unella and Tyrion. The other deaths are on Ventriloquist Hunter and Gregorstein. Super Skank did her part and now I am done with it. I am getting my fix and going to get some rest after a nice hot shower."

Petyr grabbed her by the half undone braid as Lollys tried to walk away from him.

"Who was there? Who did they kill?"

"Asha Greyjoy, Davos, some guy that looked like a damned goat. Can I go now?"

Gregor waited, tapping his foot while Ramsay decided to drift the fucking car down the dirt driveway towards him.

He stared at the restored muscle car and then sighed, squeezing himself into the passenger side.

"You are a fucking idiot. You better drive fast and well or I swear I will pick up this little toy car and beat you with it. Sandor is going to head for the bridge. Cut him off."

Ramsay floored it and aggressively drove through smaller shortcuts towards the main bridge road.

He played chicken with a milk truck then caused a scooter to crash into a ditch.

Gregor didn't put on a seatbelt, he just held the dashboard and tried to hope for a seat ejection button if needed.
A very steep little hill appeared and Ramsay pressed his foot through the gas pedal, seeming to stand on it.

Gregor closed his eyes and muttered, oh fuck me.

There was a end to the up which led immediately to an even steeper down.

The car took air and came down hard, Ramsay swerving into the road with a laugh.

Gregor left dents in the shape of each of his fingers and thumbs in the dashboard.

Ramsay gave a hoot of joy as Sandor managed to swerve just in time and blast past them.

"DON'T CHEER YOU GIBBERING BAG OF DILDOS! GO AFTER THEM!"

Gregor wanted to strangle Ramsay, skin him, eat him and smack his head so hard that the brains splattered onto the windshield.

Ramsay took no insult but did fly to play bumper cars with Sandor.

They could just see the bridge up ahead and Ramsay was about to come up onto the side of the van to force them over.

A growing, roaring sound was coming and Gregor looked to the left, towards another little, more gentle hill that dumped onto the main road.

With widening eyes, he and Ramsay watched the sensible gray sedan careen towards them, directly at their left side.

The well dressed pompous but always awkwardly cheerful Mace Tyrell was grinning manically, clutching the steering wheel.

He was a man who has lost everything and hasn't a fuck left to give.

Gregor wished for an ejection button more than ever.

There was no way to get out of the way fast enough.

Ramsay and Gregor leaped from the car and Gregor felt the burn of steel as Mace's car scraped his leg on it's way by.

Rolling, Ramsay missed seeing the actual impact of the cars.

He did however, get to see Gregor yank an injured Mance out of the twisted wreckage of the melded cars.
Ramsay watched carefully as the enraged giant tore the man apart.

In order to give Loras a full detailed report, of course.

The van that held Sandor and Sansa went over the bridge and were gone.

When Unella and Tyrion were dragged inside the clinic and onto the floor, all were waiting for them.

Qyburn stood there calmly, hands folded.

Cersei stood just behind him, with the most eager and twisted evil look upon her face.

Meryn, Jorah, Theon and Loras all were leaning against walls, watching.

"Oh, little brother, welcome to your new home!"

Tyrion looked up at Cersei and gave a small hateful smirk.

"Ah, dearest older sister! That lovely black eye really completes your looks."

Cersei sneered at him but Qyburn cut in before the siblings could fight more.

"Raff and Polliver, please process Tyrion as you would any other patient. I will see him for his examination in my lab in a while."

"Uh, we don't have any sweat-suits in his size."

Petyr glared at Polliver.

"Then I guess while Raff processes him, you can go to Tyrion's home and find sweats or the closest thing to it and shoes that fit him."

Cersei waved cheerfully as Tyrion was dragged off.

Then her brother yelled something over his shoulder that soured her triumphant sweet revenge in a heartbeat.

"By the way, I lied to you! Jaime was part of the resistance, he wanted to save me and foolishly, he was hoping to save you! Lollys bashed his head in! Aren't you glad you sent them after us now? Was it worth catching me to lose him forever?"

Taking a seat, Cersei shook her head over and over as her heart turned to ash, words failing, trying to deny it's possible truth.
Qyburn and Petyr stared at Unella, who in spite of her fear, stood tall and calm before them.

"Fascinating. Dear, I would love to know how you beat the programming I put in your head."

Looking Qyburn in the eye, Unella responded, trying to keep her voice level and firm as always.

"Doctor, I enjoyed working for you and learning from you. But you have allowed madmen to run this place, the bloodshed increases, bodies pile and how soon before we are shut down and moved again? I cannot keep doing it. And this repulsive man is using Sansa's mind simply to seduce her, to make himself a sex doll for all she will be able to agree to it! This is not what you started down the road of science for, Sir!"

The doctor nodded and sighed, seeming to think for a moment on decisions.

"Well, I will be honest with you, Unella, I do understand your concerns and reasoning. You had voiced strong opinions on things in the past and when I could, I have heeded your words. However, you never did comprehend that in order for my work to continue, sometimes I must compromise to receive the funds I deserve."

Qyburn looked at the stoic woman, even know in her dire circumstances and he shook his head.

"You will be switching roles, I'm afraid. Consider yourself a patient, Unella. I will not allow your death nor will I keep you in the lab. I still value you too much for total destruction, Unella. You are an excellent nurse and you will be again. After some reeducation, we shall reinstate you. I should warn you, Unella, both Petyr and Cersei have promised you to Gregor. I will keep him from killing you...but the man is a loyal one and I can't deny him at least some of his due."

Unella looked at Qyburn then at Petyr.

"Why? I don't understand why Gregor even wants to bother with me at all? Because I refused to fear him?"

Lollys chose that moment to pop into the room, still towel drying her hair, Lady bouncing around her, happy to be released.

"Why, Unella? Because you are you."

Cersei gave a roar of demented rage and rushed at Lollys with clear intent of murder.

Sansa rode mostly in silence with Sandor, every now and then scanning to see if there was any pursuit.

They drove until Sansa saw three different cities go by and then Sandor parked at a wharf.

"Ready for a quick boat ride?"
Sansa wrinkled her nose as she gingerly climbed aboard a trash barge.

Luckily, it wasn't for long, just until they floated out past a little fishing boat that was manned by one person.

Sandor helped Sansa board the tiny boat and she nearly had to sit in his lap.

She stared at the rather fierce hardened looking man and he merely nodded at her.

"Sansa, you can call this wonders of fun delights, Vic. He is Theon's uncle. And I would like you to try and stay quiet while I explain to him that his niece is now dead."

"My brothers dead, my niece dead and they hold my nephew hostage. This will not stand. Do not worry, young lady. I intend to see justice done."

It wasn't until morning that they went to land and drove to a cabin on top of a private hillside.

Sansa was tired but interested in meeting Benric who was apparently a scientist like Qyburn, who specialized in reprogramming.

She also shook hands with Shireen before Sandor took her aside to tell her of Davos's death.

Ready to fall over, the others were barely noticed until Sansa saw a wheelchair rolling forward.

"Hey, Sansa. Don't cry like that, it's embarrassing. Glad to see you though, really good to see you."

Sansa didn't think about sleep, she was too busy hugging Bran.
Sansa sipped at broth that some girl that kept hanging off her brother gave her.

It took some time for her to calm enough to be coherent, to think or really meet anyone else.

Finally, Sansa looked at her younger brother who was paralyzed from the waist down but otherwise seems smarter than ever.

"Tell me what happened. Please. I...I remember our parents were dead, Petyr told me and then...it's all blurs, I think Arya and Jon came in many times. You and Rickon were dead already I was told. That you and Rickon were missing then found dead later...by then I was at the clinic."

Beric and Bran shared a small glance and for some reason it bothered Sansa deeply.

"Sansa, you were being drugged and messed with long before you got to that clinic. While you were still staying with the Lannisters, our parents and Robb went off to a meeting and never came home. Jon was at home caring for me, Arya and Rickon when Petyr showed up. He told us the news that they were murdered and we were simply all too stunned to think or do anything. Petyr said he was sending a car for you but when you got here, it was between the arms of a really large man and Cersei. Your face was all slack and you didn't even speak to us! Not even to Jon who tried to shake you and yell in your face!"

Bran took a sip of water from the girl and then continued.

"Petyr and Cersei kept us from visiting your locked room much, but Jon and Arya kept finding ways in. You never responded to them. Jon would argue with Petyr and Arya actually attacked Cersei. Then we discussed kidnapping you and all running to Uncle Edmure. I think they heard us because the next day the purple hair girl showed. We heard her yell that she hated Cersei and Petyr, that she didn't like to kill kids."

Sansa was not as shocked as she thought she would be hearing it was Lollys being described as her siblings' killer.

"Jon grabbed us all and told us to run. Gregor was blocking the way to the first floor, to the doors so we ran up the stairs. The woman came with a bat and started to fight with Jon. Arya pushed us forward and into our parents room. She said we had to separate, I had to go out the balcony, to use my climbing skills."

Bran stopped for a moment and seemed to struggle with emotion, with tears.

"Arya yelled for Rickon to zig zag through the woods, for me to climb and she was going to head for the canal. That the woman can't kill all of us if we all went different directions. She took our brother out the secret emergency passage in our parents room and I climbed. Then I was being chased by a bloody purple hair girl who climbed as well as I did. Maybe better. Her eyes were so crazy, tears like she was sad for killing me and yet part of her really seemed to need to do it. She had a knife between her teeth and came at me so fast! I freaked and slipped. I was told when I woke up that only you and I survived. Meera and Jojen stole me from the hospital and brought me here before Qyburn could reach me."
The hovering girl, Meera was her name, gave Bran more water now that he was done speaking.

After a moment, Sansa spoke.

"I know who the purple hair killer is. My good friend Lollys from the clinic. Or at least I thought she was my friend, just a crazy one."

Bran, Meera and her hippy brother Jojen stared at Sansa oddly.

"What? What did I say? Of course I will get some revenge upon Lollys for it. Hell, I can get Cersei to help me! Oh...I..."

Shaking her head, Sansa hugged herself tightly, she wasn't at the clinic anymore.

"It's like my feelings are sucked away. It's like the clinic is all I can think of, as if I am there. I can see it, everything about it vividly but I can't remember what my family looks like. Bran, I know I sound so cold and horrible, don't I?"

Bran gave her a small sad smile that made Sansa feel impatient for some reason.

"It isn't your fault and once you are deprogrammed it won't happen. You'll feel again. You will remember the family. And then you can join the fight to destroy them."

Sansa nodded and finished her soup.

"What about Loras Tyrell and Theon Greyjoy? They aren't truly taken over yet. They understand what is happening there and they obey out of fear only. Can we save them? And Unella...probably too late for her now. But not Tyrion. We can save him too, right?"

"We will save and reprogram as many as we can. You are the first real extraction from that place and our contact got taken. It will take some time to get anyone else out. Easier to begin an attack then save who is left at this point. Less danger for us all."

Sansa stared with hostility at Meera.

"I wasn't asking you."

Her skin crawled, she felt impatient and wanted to....wanted to go home.

Without consulting the rest of her, Sansa's feet got up and she started to run for the door.

The hard faced man dressed as an old time ship captain blocked the exit and gravely spoke.

"I am very sorry, Ms. Stark. You are more programmed than we thought. You cannot leave."

She stared at the man trying very hard not to try and shove his pipe down his throat.
"Get out of my way. I have the right to leave. Are you kidnapping me?"

A voice came from behind and Sansa spun to look at Beric.

"I am sure it's going to feel like we are kidnapping you. My apologies, the impulse to return to the clinic must be very strong, but you must resist it. Unella thought you hadn't been programmed that far yet. You must keep trying to remember we are only here to help you. We are just trying to help you, not hurt you or keep you a prisoner. But being deprogrammed won't be fun or easy, you have to try and focus on working with us, not against us."

With a numb sort of shock, Sansa watched as she grabbed the blade out of Vic's belt and tried to stab him.

There was a dark delight to it and at the same time a feeling of loss, yet a rush, a dark surge of lust, of power.

Without any difficulty, Vic blocked her then twisted her arms behind her back as Sansa screamed.

"Bran! Make them let me go! Fuck off, let me go, I want to go back, I need to go home! I NEED TO GO HOME! PETYR NEEDS ME, LADY NEEDS ME! I NEED TO GO!"

Sansa was only able to see her brother's face for a moment, pale and sad, as she was dragged off and restrained in a bed.

She started to laugh then because it was so fucking funny when you thought about it.

No matter where she landed, she ended up restrained and mind fucked.

Petry watched in annoyance as Lollys threw her hands to the sides, grinning as Cersei began to strangle her.

Lollys's face started to change colors and she still didn't break the hold that Petyr knew she could do easily.

She began to sag, her eyes rolled back and Petyr tapped his foot impatiently then with some concern.

Raff and Polliver were dealing with Tyrion and Unella, Qyburn was readying the list for their first medications.

Snarling, Petyr wrestled Cersei off Lollys then slammed her into a wall, hard.

"Get off me! I'm going to fucking kill her, Petyr! It's my right, it's my due, that cunt killed my brother Jaime!"

"If she killed your other brother, you would have done a fucking dance. You don't blame the gun
for where the bullet lands after you've fired it, Cersei. You wanted no one but her to kill the Starks and you insisted I should send Lollys with Ramsay and Gregor this time. If you don't like the way she kills, don't request her to be your weapon."

"She did it to hurt me! The bitch did it on purpose and you wouldn't let me get my revenge? I will kill her. Even if I have to wait to poison her food or shove her over the stairwell railing. I'm going to murder her."

Cersei froze with shock as Petyr's graceful hands closed around her throat tightly and he sneered into her face.

"I have two Lannisters and I really only need one. Tread carefully. I think it's time you remembered what your place is here. You are a patient, just a sick woman that needs our help. I am not your friend, you are not my adviser or my employer. And if I feel you are dangerous enough to kill my daughter, I might send you upstairs on a permanent basis. Do you hear me?"

Petyr squeezed until Cersei gasped out that she heard him then he let her go to slide down the wall, coughing.

"Keep your mouth shut and your hands to yourself or go to your room, Cersei."

Walking over to Lollys who was getting water for her sore throat, Petyr yanked her arm to make her face him.

"That was not funny. It took years to program you to never kill yourself, now I have to program you not to let another kill you? Do I need to do that, Lollys?"

Shaking her head, Lollys paled a bit and lowered her eyes.

"No. I'm sorry. I figured she would only be able to knock me out. I'll be more careful around her."

"See to it. And let me know if she does make a serious attempt upon your life. Cersei will learn to obey my orders or else."

By the time Lollys had prepared tuna sandwiches, fruit salad and yogurt for lunch, Unella and Tyrion had been processed.

Tyrion was wearing a black nylon sweat suit from his home as if he needed anything further to stick out.

Unella was in the same white sweat suit as the other patients which seemed strange to see.

Both of them had been seen by Qyburn and Raff has given them each medications.

Unella's usually slicked back blondish hair hung limply, slightly longer than Cersei's and her eyes were dull.
She sat heavily at a table next to Tyrion who was also looking a tad off and his hands trembled.

"Did Qyburn give you something for the alcoholism?"

Moving his head as if underwater, Tyrion looked at Unella.

"Yes. It doesn't feel nearly as fun as my wine. I imagine regardless of what I'm given that I am in for some bad weeks."

Petyr was pacing as they all ate.

Qyburn had gone upstairs to ready the lab for his first visit with Tyrion after lunchtime.

Raff and Polliver were in the nursing station, discussing the new daily schedules.

A cell phone beeped and Petyr dug his out and then rushed to stand in front of the elevator.

They all looked up and saw Gregor and Ramsay come in, clothing shredded, bloody but not too injured.

Ramsay held his bleeding shoulder and Gregor had a slight limp.

Unella froze in fear and Tyrion held her hand in sympathy.

While he was changing after being forcibly showered, Tyrion heard Raff and Polliver discussing Gregor's terrible obsession with the poor nurse.

Petyr stared flatly at the two men and his right cheek twitched slightly.

Lollys looked like a deer that senses danger and when Petyr spoke in the softest most reasonable tone ever, she went under the table.

Loras, Theon and Jorah looked then decided to follow her, if whatever it was that was coming scared Lollys, it was clearly bad.

Cersei continued to calmly eat her sandwich and Meryn was busy luring Lady into the gaming room with pieces of hot dog.

"Where is Sansa Stark, gentlemen?"

Lollys began to crawl towards the gaming room and the three men hurried after her.

Meryn scowled and scooped the dog up, running into the gaming room and he shut the door.

Cursing, Lollys heard the repulsive man put a chair against the doorknob to keep them out.

Lollys and the men ended up huddled against the wall but at least they were out of harm's way.
Calmly, Gregor explained every detail of what had happened.

"So, Sansa Stark was kidnapped by your own little brother and taken over the bridge and out of my reach. To a resistance group that will deprogram her, is that right, Unella?"

Startled, Unella looked up and that is when Gregor's eyes met hers.

She put her chin up and gave steel, gave ice and no measure of worth found as she stared at both Petyr and Gregor.

"That is correct. That is how they were able to help me. It was awful, I felt kidnapped, I was so desperate to come back here, it was sickening. Worse that it was done without my knowing it! That I never knew Qyburn had worked on me at all. Beric helped me, he used drugs and whatever methods he had at his disposal until I was clear. He will do the same for Sansa."

Petyr nodded and he stood in front of Gregor, forcing him to stop staring at Unella and look down upon him instead.

"You allowed Unella to slip past you and get reprogrammed. And that is pretty impressive considering how closely you have stalked her. Now you have allowed Sansa to slip past you to become reprogrammed. Not very focused recently, are you? And Ramsay, what of you? The great human hunter? You couldn't catch one little redheaded girl for me? Perhaps you have lost focus too. Both of you have been suffering under the strain of your obsessions, haven't you? Obsession can be dangerous, they can get you into trouble. So let me help you. I am going to remove your obsessions for you."

Ramsay and Gregor looked nervous and angry while Theon shivered and Lollys patted his hand and shushed him.

Petyr beckoned towards Polliver and Raff who were watching nearby.

"Please bring Theon here to me."

Theon moaned when Polliver came over and yanked him up by his leather collar.

He was dragged forward and stood between Raff and Polliver, cringing, looking at the ground, twisting his hands.

Petyr traced the leather collar around Theon's neck.

"Did you make this for your pet? It is nice, really detailed work."

Theon whined and Ramsay tensed as Petyr removed the collar and threw it at Ramsay's feet.

"He won't need that anymore. He is mine now. I need a personal assistant and Theon is it. You will treat him as any other patient until I say otherwise. The staff will be instructed to deal with you as harshly as they choose if you try to play with your former pet."
Ramsay growled and took two unsteady, angry steps forward, his fists tight.

"You can't do that! He is mine! No one will touch him or take him from me! That was part of the fucking DEAL!"

Petyr smirked and caressed Theon's curls while the boy cringed away.

"That was the deal you made with Cersei. Her power is over, her word means nothing to me. You deal only with me. You take orders from me. And you failed me. If you wish for your pet back, then remember how much I wish for Sansa back. I can do whatever I wish. Would you prefer that I send him to Qyburn? Do you think Theon would fare better as Qyburn's pet? Hmm? If you fail me again, Theon WILL be Qyburn's pet, his new lab rat. Be grateful that I am making him my assistant instead."

Ramsay chewed on his own frustration and rage then sputtered, unable to do more than curse.

He sensed the dangerous edge Petyr was on, he has been there himself.

If Ramsay challenges him, Theon will be attending tea parties from hell.

He reached past the clinic time, through the past and dredged up his charm.

"I am sorry, Petyr. Please don't hurt Theon because of my mistake. I'll get Sansa back for you. I can find her."

Petyr coldly pushed Theon behind him and went up to Ramsay's face.

"Good. That is the attitude you should have. Eager to oblige me. When you have safely found and retrieved Sansa, I will return your pet. How he is treated by myself and the staff, will depend on your own behaviors. Now, go clean yourself up and then see Raff for your bullet wound."

Ramsay nodded and forced himself to stagger out of the hall and towards his bedroom, clenching his teeth.

Petyr turned to stare at Gregor.

"Clearly you have had too much of a strain put on you. So as of now, you are on night shift. The patients will be asleep most of the night and that way you can just follow simple instructions about simple things. I am sure you will get along well with the new night nurse. I told you that I would honor the same agreement you had with Cersei. However, I see now that by encouraging your demented urges, I destroyed my own best employees. That is a pity and something I cannot afford. Unella is a patient now and you will treat her as such. Perhaps when you have retrieved Sansa, I will reconsider."

Gregor towered over the slight man and gave a fearsome growl.

"You don't get to worm out of things like that. I'll do your fucking night shift tap dance if you want, that's fine. But I have waited far too long, fucked around by you and Cersei, dangling the prize over
my fucking head! No more. I tried my damnedest to get back your fucking little girlfriend! And I will continue to do so but I get my prize, you hear me? You don't get to play with fucking me over on a deal. I'm not a patient."

"You could be. You could be a patient again, Gregor. Do you doubt it? I can have Unella reprogrammed and you can be at her mercy as a patient again. If you harbor any hopes at all of my allowing you the revenge you seek, then you'd better start understanding how things work now."

Gregor tilted his head as if Petyr were an alien that just popped up from the tiles and waved at him.

"Have you gone power mad, Petyr? I would like to see you or these two idiots attempt to take me down. Which one of you are going to restrain me, put me in a sweat suit and force me into order? Huh? Do not fuck with me, Petyr. I'll take your piss poor new shift on. I am going to find your Sansa. And I'm going to do whatever the fuck I want with Unella whenever the fuck I feel like it. Now we are clear as crystal. Right?"

No one even saw Petyr move, except Lollys, who winced but grinned at the same time.

The crack was loud and Gregor suddenly flung his head back, hollering in pain.

He held his hand over the blood coming from his ear.

Petyr left Gregor to hold his right ear that no longer had an earlobe and he moved to point the gun directly at Unella.

"If I shot her dead right now, would that fix your obsession or just make you long for a never-ending closure?"

Gregor held his ear but growled at Petyr.

"Don't. You made your fucking point."

"Did I? Then why do I feel you are only placating me? That the second my back is turned you will just do as you wish anyway. It won't serve. Perhaps she should stay in the lab while I wait for Sansa to return? Which is worse, having Unella's brain possibly fried to destruction before you can reach her or just putting a bullet through her brain?"

Unella didn't dare to breathe or move as Gregor and Petyr stared at each other, as the barrel of the gun was right in her face.
Royal Madness

All eyes were locked upon the Petyr and Gregor standoff.

Lollys heard the click of a door and Meryn came out of the gaming room still pulling up his sweatpants.

Lady flounced out with the most audacious leering look.

Whispering, Lollys leaned over to pet the dog.

"You slut."

She swore the dog winked at her as it followed after Meryn.

Everyone gave him looks of disgust as he sat with them next to the wall.

Lady curled up next to him, offering her belly to rub.

Jorah quietly told him,

"I think Unella is about to die and Gregor or Petyr might die too. If we are lucky."

Qyburn appeared and walked past all of them, not one of them making a sound as he did.

Walking to stand between Petyr and Gregor, he gently but firmly spoke.

He had a look of amused concern on his face, a gentle look that didn't reach his eyes.

"Oh dear...Petyr, I would be quite upset if you murdered my best nurse and new patient. I think I should make something clear. Unella and Gregor both are mine. My employees, my subjects and I have kindly loaned them to you. I have taken care to not destroy any of your things, I would expect the same back from you. Now if Gregor has trespassed then by all means, discipline away. However, regardless of any deals you or Cersei might have made with Gregor, the decision was always and only mine. I have decided to allow Gregor the freedom he wishes, with some conditions attached. I wish to study how this obsessive behavior plays out once Gregor has attained his goals. He may not maim, kill nor injure Unella enough that she can no longer function as a patient. So please move your gun away from my subject."

Petyr was beyond words, he did indeed move the gun, oh yes, his temper, it was ready to explode.

Lollys groaned and crouched very low, tensing, she hated, hated, hated when he got like this, bad things happen, always.

He lowered the gun with great difficulty, sneering, eyes glittering hard at Qyburn.

"This is my kingdom, Doctor. Your lab is your kingdom, perhaps you are getting the two confused."
Qyburn gave a small laugh and waved a hand quickly at Petyr as if he were a small boy saying something too silly.

"Oh no, no. I'm so sorry that you misunderstood things. You see, you can be the grand king of your little kingdom here, I do not mind that. Play around with your toys as you will, Your Highness. But I am the wizard of this kingdom and everyone knows it's magic that either saves or destroys kingdoms. Now I happen to agree with you on your harsh discipline to Ramsay and to Gregor. I simply ask that you respect my tests and experiments."

Without another word, Qyburn turned and began to walk away.

Petyr's face contorted with rage and he flew after the slow moving elderly man.

He reached out, perhaps it was to grab the frail shoulder or to wrench off his head, but he never managed to touch Qyburn at all.

Meryn was suddenly slamming Petyr against the wall, he was gnashing his teeth, foaming at the mouth.

His thick meaty hands were wrapped around Petyr's throat and tightening fast.


Petyr stood there in shock, gasping for air and trying to center, to calm himself, to find a shred of dignity.

Qyburn gave another polite smile to Petyr.

"Go rule your kingdom, Petyr. Unless you'd like to come upstairs and have some tea with me?"

The old man walked away to dead silence.

After Qyburn went out the door, Meryn sat back down as if nothing had happen at all.

Gregor and Unella stared at each other.

She had the same look as always, damn her.

Petyr slowly walked forth and snapped at Gregor,

"You are relived of duties until tonight! Go home."

He kept his eyes on Unella who did pale slightly.

"Tonight. I'll see you then."

She lifted her chin and hid her trembling hands, saying nothing.

"Get out!"
Not wanting to set Petyr onto another tangent, Gregor left.

"Sansa."
"No."
"Sansa, name your family for me. All of them."
"Fuck you."
"Sansa, name your family and I'll untie you from the chair."
"Ned, Cat, Robb, Jon...Arya...Bran and...the other one."
"Sansa, what is your youngest brother's name?"
"Untie me! This is stupid and pointless. Why does it matter what a dead boy's name is?"

The voice was persistent and oh, how Sansa hated it, hated him, hated his helpers, her kidnappers, tormentors!

"It matters because he is your little brother and you should know his name."
Beric, Thoras and Vic paced around her, taking turns to torment her.

The lights would be so bright and the words, questions and it hurts deep down worse than the pills they give her.

"What is your little brother's name, Sansa?"
"Fuck you. It's Rick...Ricky."
"No, that is wrong. Try again. You were very close."
"Rick...Rickon! Now untie me!"

So they release her and she throws things, tries to run when she can and they bring a chain.

Her ankle has a cuff that has a chain and leads to a bedpost.

"The clinic never chained me! Petyr, even Cersei never did this to me! Please, just let me go. I don't want to belong to your cult, Bran must get a discount to bring in a relative. I don't want to be a cultist, okay? Please, its just a miscommunication. Let me leave and I'll never tell anyone."

"We are not a cult, Sansa. We are trying to help you. I am sorry for the chain but you keep trying to
leave. You aren't free of Qyburn's influence yet. If I let you go, why would you want to run back to the clinic? Think on that, Sansa. Why go back to Petyr? You wanted to escape for a reason. Do you remember the reasons?"

"I changed my mind! I need help, mental health help that they give me and I see that now. I am suffering, please, I need to go where I can be truly helped."

"You need to give me a solid reason why you want to go back. Is it to be with Petyr, is that what you want to do? Do you want to run to his arms and be his? Or go back to Qyburn's lab?"

"No! Yes, I mean, stop confusing me, damn you! I need water! I need to think and I need fresh air!"

And there was darkness and light and questions and pills and nightmares.

Sansa heard the sound, that awful sound and she had seen Cersie lift...the slack mouth, the marbled eyes, the messed up hair.

She came tearing out of the nightmare, screaming into the night until Thoros ran in.

"What did you see?"

"No."

"What did you see, Sansa?"

"I need water first."

"What did you see, then the water."

"It was a nightmare not real."

"What did you see?"

Another time Sansa was sitting on the small chair, wearing her nightgown and chain while Vic was in her room.

He allowed her to have the window open while they took a small break and she was enjoying the night air.

The heat hit her out of nowhere, pulsing between her legs, making her want to squirm.

She tried to let the air cool her flushed face but the breeze was almost as warm.

Suppressing a moan, Sansa tried not to think of Petyr, of his hands, of using her own hands.

She unwound from the chair and began to stalk towards Vic, unaware of the predatory look upon her face.

Vic looked at her with some alarm and discomfort.
"Ahem. Sansa, we have no need for any personal contact. I need you to respect my personal space as I respect yours."

Before Vic could stand or do more than throw his arms wide out and bite back a scream, Sansa was on him.

She straddled his legs and felt the rayon from his pants scratch gently at her bare legs as her nightgown rode up.

Her fingers ran across the lapels of his navy blue coat and lips parted slightly, Sansa moved in for either a kiss or a kill, she wasn't really sure.

"Young lady! This is not appropriate! This, you will remove yourself from my body immediately!"

With a tiny giggle, Sansa gyrated against a small, almost unwilling slight hardness.

"Ms. Stark! I do not invite this! No means no! Evacuate yourself from my personal space!"

Sansa licked the salty sea and Old Spice tinge on his neck and grazed with her teeth when he bit back a scream for help.

"I'll suck you, I will fuck you, I will do anything, I want to, please. In exchange...just let me go after...hmm?"

"No. No. I will not allow you to prostitute or cheapen yourself. You have disgraced and degraded yourself but you are not doing this on purpose. I remember that, do you? Ms. Stark, you need to remove your body from mine this moment. You will not seduce me, you will not convince me to let you leave this room."

Licking her lips, Sansa was thinking of just biting out his jugular or masturbating against his knee while Vic screamed.

Thoros came in and put her back in bed with restraints for the night instead.

She writhed and cried for hours after Vic ran out of the room and Thoros locked her door.

"Why are you here?"

"So you can torture me."

"That isn't true and you know it. Why are you here?"

"Fuck you."

"Why are you here?"

"Bran put me here, you kidnapped me."
"Try again, Sansa. Why are you here?"

"Because...I am brainwashed. You are trying to change that."

"Good, that is right.

"You think I want it changed...maybe I don't. I think I like it after all."

"No, that is the programming talking."

"Are you so sure of that?"

Theon and Loras were first in line for evening medications.

Petyr would be introducing two new staff members for the night shift and Gregor would be there too.

They weren't there yet and Raff was behind the medication counter, smirking at them all.

Polliver stood next to the line of patients and tapped his baton into his palm.

Theon and Loras took their medications and then Cersei was at the window.

She had waited until the others formed a line then cut right in front of her brother.

Leaning into the window, Cersei gave the handsome young man a seductive smirk that once worked on her cousin.

Raff looked horrified and Polliver outright laughed.

Snorting, Lollys leaned forward from behind Tyrion.

"Hey, I'm already shagging that one. Take Polliver. Or give Unella a break and take Gregor if you are really desperate, feeling that over forty itch."

From behind Jorah came Meryn's decree.

"Too old."

Raff put Cersei's medication in front of her with a thud.

"Here are your medications, Cougar. Swallow, show me then fuck off."

Cersei turned red and stormed off seething, causing the rest to chuckle.
Tyrion was now before the counter but he could not reach it.

Polliver and Raff laughed rudely and Raff leaned out the window.

"Hey there, little guy! Want your nighty night pills? Come on up and get them."

Tyrion sighed and stared at Polliver and Raff.

"Very funny. I need a stool or ladder unless you are willing to hand them down to me."

Polliver shrugged.

"Nope, sorry. Can't help you out there, buddy. Rules and all, we want patients to be independent whenever possible. After all, I won't always be right here to help you."

Tyrion shook his head.

"Then I don't take the medications and you can tell Petyr why."

Lollys groaned as Polliver gave Tyrion a healthy whack in the side.

"Watch your fucking attitude. You will not leave the line until you take your medications."

Jorah muttered, Unella strode forth from the back of the line and grabbed Tyrion's medications, handing them to the harassed man.

Polliver turned red and gave Unella two whacks on the back which she took with a mere grunt.

"Bitch. End of line for spoiling our fun."

Cersei watched both Tyrion's bullying and Unella's abuse with great glee before heading for the tv room.

Not that she felt like watching anything but it had the largest glass window to see the elevators from.

She wants to see the new staff members before they see her.

It is an old ingrained habit that she felt compelled to indulge.

The first one out of the elevator was Gregor.

Unella had finally received her own medications and had been following Jorah and Loras rather blindly.

She froze when she saw the large man who gave her the cruelest and tiniest of smiles.

Her own self surged with indignation with familiar shielding and Unella's steel crashed back into his own predator orbs.
Gregor walked closer, hands at his sides, he wasn't anywhere ready to hurt Unella yet.

No, he would sign in, start the evening, meet the new staff and wait until it got calm, quiet.

Then he was going to make things get very, very loud.

So Unella didn't try to flee or defend herself, just looked back up at him.

He scanned her face and shook his head.

"Even now, you still give me that fucking look. You still just have that damned face, those eyes."

Unella was scared, oh yes, but she wouldn't give this man or any of them that satisfaction.

"This is my face. I have always had these eyes. My look hasn't changed in years, Gregor. If it bothers you so much, I would suggest you stop looking at it."

Theon and Loras flinched at that and Lollys grinned.

Jorah whispered that Unella would be dead by morning and Meryn nodded.

Tyrion was huddled with them, he just didn't wish to be alone or near his sister.

He was grateful that the doctor has seemed to forgotten him.

"I take it this is a long standing feud between them?"

Lollys looked at Tryion and gave a small laugh.

"You could say that. Since I've ever met them at least...and I have known them longer than anyone else here besides my father and Qyburn. They have always hated each other...every time."

Tyrion arched his brow and the others all turned to stare at Lollys.

"Every time? What does that mean?"

Lollys shrugged then just said.

"You think Qyburn never thinks to erase things and try new things instead? Those two have heads like a cassette tape played over and over until it's so frayed, you can barely play it anymore."

Tyrion looked at her with horror then nodded.
"Wonderful. I don't suppose any of you know any good escape routes?"

Jorah looked at Tyrion with a serious face.

"I sure do. Right up on the roof, loose fencing...just leap right off. It worked for Stannis. He escaped."

"Didn't he commit suicide, splattered?"

They all nodded.

Tyrion got the point and shut up.

They all turned back to watch Gregor and Unella continue their staring contest.

Raff and Polliver wandered over and they all huddled together, staring at the staff, keeping one eye on the silent battle.

"Christ, Raff, it's a herd of morons. I hope your new night staff is just as kind and loving to you as we are, chickens."

Lollys snorted, Jorah sneezed the word bullshit and Loras sneered.

"Don't you plan to stay and see how the Gregorstien and Cuntella battle goes?"

Raff rolled his eyes at Lollys.

"Unlike you freaks, Polliver and I have real lives out of this hellhole. We can get the details in the morning and watch it on the cameras later."

Theon piped up, not noticing that Ramsay was heading towards them all, released from his room finally.

"I say we take bets! I think Unella might stand a chance."

Now Polliver had interest, as did Ramsay who came over.

"Nope. Go sit in the gaming room with the cougar if you want company, Ramsay. Get away, fuck off or you get an ice bath before I leave."

Growling at Polliver, Ramsay stormed over to the gaming room and nearly ripped the door off opening it, then slammed it shut.

Cersei had been intently watching Unella and Gregor, she glanced over to see the pissed off Ramsay.

He stood next to her, staring out at the two staring, challenging adversaries.
"The two most dangerous and powerful names in this whole damned place have been ostracized. We will have to work together to rectify that."

Ramsay grinned at her calm but heat filled voice.

"The Cougar and the Ventriloquist Hunter against the whole clinic?"

"Do not ever call me that again. Yes, us against the clinic."

"Petyr dared to steal my pet. He has to pay for that. So be it, us against the clinic."

Raff pulled Lollys out of the huddle and took her towards the empty crafts room where there was only one blinded window.

He shut the door behind them and pressed her against the wall.

"I wish I had time tonight to fuck you, but as soon as I meet the new staff, I'm out of here. So for now on, we shall play during the day...I am giving you your dose now...and I left you one in your mattress for later."

Lollys shuddered as Raff slid the needle into her neck while he kissed her deeply.

She wrapped herself around him and he laughed.

"Not tonight, eager girl. Tomorrow I'll come into your bedroom and play with you."

Pouting, Lollys got off him and watched Raff leave the room, smirking at her desperation.

After a moment, the rush of the drug was more than enough ecstasy through her body and Lollys no longer cared.

She floated out to sit with the others in the hall in front of the gaming room to watch the new staff enter.

Petyr had come out of his office and Qyburn just showed up in his usual creepy way.

Tyrion tried to hide behind Jorah and Meryn but this excited Lady who yipped to get his attention.

Qyburn stopped next to the patients and leaned down, speaking softly.

"Dear Mr. Lannister, please do not think me rude. As soon as I see to our new staff introductions I promise to escort you to my lab."

Tyrion tried to smile and nod but couldn't do it nor could he shut his mouth.

"Really, take all the time in the world. You don't have to get to me for some time if you don't want. I'm healthy, well, I don't really need an examination."
"Don't be so nervous. You'll be back here on the floor before you know it."

Tyrion didn't look relieved at all as Qyburn walked away towards the elevator.

The elevator doors opened and two stern looking people entered.

Petyr clapped his hands gently for attention as he stood next to the two new staff members, shaking their hands.

"Everyone, staff and patients, please! I would like to introduce you all to our new night staff nurse, Barbry Dustin."

They looked in despair at the new nurse and Theon lamented,

"We go from bad to worse! That woman eats anger for breakfast, look at her! She makes Cersei look like a happy go lucky housewife! Did her whole family die in a war? Did she maybe kill her whole family for chewing too loud or beating her or something? I mean, I can't tell but that is what my dad looked like when he was defeated. Bitter, angry old coot....and here is a female version of it. Great."

The new nurse had steel gray hair that was in a very tight bun that announced the world can fuck itself.

Her eyes were piercing, near black in color and also repeated the sentiment of the hairstyle.

She was not stuck in a traditional dress and hat as Unella had favored however.

Just like the rest of the staff, she wore scrubs.

They were crimson red as if to explain that if you get close, your blood could meld into her fabric and no one would know.

Her lipstick was the same color and slashed harshly across thin unforgiving lips.

"And this is Alliser Thorne. He is our new counselor here. He will mainly work with you during the day. Supervising your workshop and outdoor times, helping you to work on your personal goals and assisting with your overall help in physical and mental stimulation."

Lollys muttered,

"Translation, Petyr got us a slave-driver. He must be wearing a whip somewhere on him. I want to steal it before Ramsay does."

The man looked as if he had not only seen war, he helped end it by just driving a tank through blazing fields into glory.

Alliser scanned all of them with hard eyes set into a face of carved granite.

Holding himself tall, he reminded Loras of a bullying gym teacher he had in high school that made kids run until they passed out.
Petyr made Raff and Polliver wait to speak with Alliser since he will be on day shift with him.
Polliver offered to take him for coffee for more discussion upon it as he was desperate to leave.
Alliser took him up on it and followed the whippersnapper to a local shop.

Petyr and Qyburn gave Barbry a tour of all the clinic floors, including the workshops.
They did not visit the lab as the nurse would not have any need to enter it.
Raff explained the nursing station area, the medications room and the patients needs in general.
He left as soon as the woman seemed to be out of questions.

Much to his dismay, Tyrion was approached by Qyburn.
"Time to go to the lab. Would you like to take the elevator with me or shall I bring Gregor to assist you?"

Tyrion heard the warning and slumped his shoulders.
"I will go in the elevator with you. Please don't have me handcuffed or carried to enhance the experience. Are there going to be bone saws and dissection tools waiting for me?"

Qyburn chuckled as he put his hand on Tyrion's shoulder leading him into the elevator.
"There are those items in my lab, but not for you."

Tyrion didn't feel reassured.

He stepped into a freezing cold white and blue world full of medical and technical horrors.
Before he could truly view any of them properly, Qyburn shoved him behind a curtained area into a blue tiled hallway.
A giant zombie came forward to eat him and Tyrion screamed.
"WAIT! I HAVEN'T FINISHED MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT!"

"This is Hodor, he is quite friendly and my helper up here. That is Walda, she is learning to do things too. Here is the exam room, see not a surgery room at all. Now just undress and lay on this bed for me. Then we shall chat while I decide how to proceed with you. It took some convincing to get Petyr to allow me to do your interrogation as opposed to him. As nerve-wracking as you may find my lab, I think you would like that man's methods even less."
Tyrion slowly changed into the thin cotton smock he was handed and it pooled just past his feet.
He felt stupid, lifting his smock, to try and climb up the stool provided onto the bed.
Hodor hovered and Qyburn came far too close.
"Let's do the questioning while I examine you."

Petyr had made sure Barbry was comfortable with the routine before heading towards his office.
He snapped for Theon to follow and smirked as the man jumped then followed, wringing his hands.
Theon calmed down enough to actually listen once Petyr started instructing him on what his new duties would be.

It turned out Theon was very good with filing, using a computer for accounting and had an orderly mind deep in there.
He was also responsible for the basic cleaning of the room, making sure Petyr's side bar was always full.
As Theon was taking a few notes as Petyr began rambling rules on confidentiality, keeping the door closed and more, the desk phone rang.

Petyr answered it and his face darkened.
"Thank you, Qyburn. I appreciate that you shared with me the information."
Theon shrank back at the thunder building on Petyr's face.
"You are done in here for tonight. You will attend me when I come in tomorrow. Tell Lollys to see me immediately."

Sansa looked at the scratched up wallpaper, the destroyed supper against a wall.
Covered in sweat and soup, she howled at the ceiling and bounced on the bare stained mattress.
Her mind was ripping in half, it hurt, they lied, it's always lies to say it won't hurt when it does.

Sansa knows who her family is.
She knows those responsible for their deaths.
Sansa wants to kill them all.
She wants to run back and be with them.

And kill them.

And be with them.

She wanted to be with...Pete?

To kill...that blond cunt...and hurt...purple hair...Laura...no...there was Ned, Cat, Jon, Bob, Ally, Robin and her other brother.

That sniveling fucking bastard beloved brother who wants to save, kill her, help her, remember that, fuck memories at all.

Sansa heard the light click on and she sat up screaming, gibbering, urine splashing down as she sank, sank, tore apart.

"I was right, I told you! I think Qyburn added a fucking kill switch in there and you pressed it!"
The place was quiet, the new nurse was speaking with Gregor on how they will proceed during their shifts.

Gregor stared down at the gargoyle and thought this must be part of Petyr's fucking punishment too.

With a voice harsh from years of shouting, snarling, smoking and heavy drinking, Barbry instructed, not spoke, to Gregor.

He didn't see fear in her eyes or awe but Gregor didn't particularly want to.

Her eyes only reflected back her own sour lemon tinted world.

Cersei and Ramsay sat on the couch in the gaming room making plans while keeping an eye out for drama to enjoy.

Unella sat alone in her room and tried to meditate to calm herself, to plan.

The rest all sat together in the cafeteria area and made bets on the upcoming Unella and Gregor battle.

Theon walked over and sat down.

"Lollys, Petyr wants to see you. Hey! I wanna bet too! I came up with the idea!"

Lollys sighed and headed towards Petyr's office.

He will be in a pissy mood because he was put in his place earlier and she expects it to be taken out on her.

Not unusual and she braced herself, grinning crookedly as she entered the room and shut the door.

"Yes, Petyr? What can I do for you?"

Then he turned and she saw his face, her stomach cramped and she whimpered slightly.

"Come here. Come to see daddy, dearest daughter."

It was dark, all dark but Sansa could hear them, she lay in her bed looking at the ceiling, hearing
them.

Her father was Ned Stark.

"I don't care if he is your old friend or not! I don't like the way he looks at you or at Sansa! I don't want you letting him take her out anymore!"

"Hire another babysitter! Why is it always your crazy sister or your pervert friend you call? Or hey, maybe don't go out drinking or socializing a charity tonight?"

Her mother was Cat Stark.

"Sansa, can you tell me the truth? Did...did Uncle Petyr touch you? Then honey, why did you come home crying? Robb said you were crying and your dress was buttoned wrong. Please, tell me, honey."

Petyr Baelish was her mothers friend first and Aunt Lysa's new husband later.

"Sweet girl, it's just a little secret. Doesn't it feel good? Don't cry, look Qyburn has a lollipop for you."

A dingy waiting area somewhere and another little girl sitting next to her.

The other girl was a little older and looked a bit ragged.

Her face was young but a bit hard and she had bruises on bare legs under too tight shorts.

"Why do you have pink hair?"

"He hates it. He likes red hair better. Under the pink is red hair just like yours."

"Oh. Who is he? Your dad or something?"

The girl laughed and grinned.

"Yeah, my dad. He loves redheads. I guess I can tell you, I don't think you will be able to remember anyway soon. My dad is your beloved Uncle Petyr. I would dye my hair if I were you."

Lollys was already crying, inching forward, trembling and she looked at the mirror that Petyr had pulled from the closet.

A full length mirror and she has no doubt what is coming now.

Petyr would try everything from strapping to starving Lollys when she was young and gave so much trouble the family wanted to be rid of her.

Qyburn gave him a better option on some disciplines that are effective but do not have to always cause physical pain or suffering.

This was the worst one of all, used rarely and only when Petyr wants to truly cause her agony.
"Please, daddy? Please, don't."

Petyr gave her a silky voice but his eyes were merciless.

"Qyburn questioned Tyrion in the lab, sweet girl. Tyrion told him Sansa went into a hallway...a hallway you were in when Tyrion first saw you."

"There were three doors in the hallway, I didn't have time to check them all."

"Weak excuse and one so poor that I am ashamed of you for attempting it. You saw her and let her go. Why? Where you mad at me, Lollys? Are you jealous of daddy giving Sansa attention instead of you?"

It was already too late and Lollys knew it so she let her mouth open.

"I told you I would give her my loyalty. I did. That once. I feel guilt for killing her siblings."

"Poor stupid girl, its me that has your loyalty...you forgot again. Sometimes you forget things...stupid, drugged up whores do forget so many things. Daddy is going to remind you."

Lollys shivered as her father pulled her to him and then in front of him, facing the mirror.

"Let's begin."

Gregor discovered many things, more than he ever wanted to know.

He found out that Barbry had a bad divorce that left her with an asthmatic cat and a diabetic roommate in a trailer.

The roommate was stealing things and was a harlot that owned a healthy Persian cat that hated the asthmatic cat.

Barbry pulled out a small bottle and Gregor relaxed.

"Why don't you get comfortable in here? You can drink or smoke, I don't care what you do. I have something to do. It's urgent."

He escaped as the nurse muttered and lit a cigarette after dismantling the fire alarm on the wall.

It was at a near run that Gregor thundered to Unella's room and ripped open the door.

She wasn't there, not under the bed, in the bathroom or in the small closet.

Gregor gave a tiny curve of his lips.

Okay, Unella wanted to hide out of fear or fight out of panic?
That was fine, Gregor was ready to see those emotions on her face.

Then he wanted to cause even more emotion.

So. Much. More.

Gregor began to methodically go through every room, every space Unella could hide in.

The stupid chickens all watched and muttered to themselves.

Even if they knew where Unella was they wouldn't tell him.

He went to check the storage area and then the only other places Unella would have been able to reach would be the workshops.

As he went to turn the light on in the storage area, he felt a sudden terrible pain lance across his face.

He stumbled back, holding his bloody nose as Unella dropped the broom handle and raced past him.

The patients all cheered loudly and clapped urging the woman to run.

Gregor wanted to beat all of them but he kept his eye on his target.

Unella was flying down the hallways towards the ice bath room.

Gregor remembered there was a bit of broken wall just past there that the patients used to climb up onto the roof.

He gained speed and so did Unella.

Lollys was fully sobbing like a little girl, ashamed and red faced, repentant and reduced.

An age old punishment since she was ten, even knowing that Qyburn and her father made her feel this way, that the feelings weren't real, they were feeling quite horribly real.

It would happen at Qyburn's office in the bathroom where the door had a long mirror.

A few times it happened in fake family's home when father was called because of her behavior.

Petyr made sure she had a full length mirror installed in her bedroom and the family wouldn't check, wouldn't care.

It happened once when he caught her at a club with Bronn, in the dirty restroom of a gas station nearby where Petyr dragged her.

A smudged cracked sink mirror had to make do that time.
Petyr stood behind her as he always did and he watched her reflection with her.

In a calm but steely voice, he whispered.

"Bad girl. Such a bad naughty thing. A filthy terrible thing. Show me. Show me what you are, daughter."

"Please, please don't make me! I'm sorry, I am so sorry and I'll behave, I'll do better, please..."

"Raise your shirt and lower your pants. Now. Show me."

With a wail of shame and smothering fear, Lollys lifted her shirt above her breasts and pulled her pants to her knees.

"Look at you. My daughter. Displaying yourself for your father to see. And you like it. Don't you? Spread your legs. Show me what you are. Tell me what you are."

"A whore. A bad thing. I'm sorry, please no more, I can't. Please? Daddy-"

But Petyr's fingers began to play at her stiffened nipples and his other hand went between her legs.

And it was conditioning, it wasn't her fault and Lollys knew that but it was and it was good and shame and-

Petyr stared grimly into the mirror as his daughter whined, sobbed, pleaded and was wet, swollen, rubbing on his hand.

"Only a whore feels this type of extreme lust and excitement over their father. Only a sick, naughty whore would try and make their father fuck them. Is that what you need, Lollys? For daddy to fuck you? I thought you told me once years ago you were glad I switched my attentions to Sansa. Do you recall that? I do. It hurt my feelings that my whore of a daughter would say such a mean thing. Now you regret it and want daddy to play with his whore again? Would you rather daddy not play with Sansa anymore?"

Lollys shook her head wildly and screeched pleadingly.

"No! Daddy, please! I will bring Sansa back for you to play with! Not with me, I...I am sorry, please don't. Please? I want you to have Sansa, I do."

Sansa walked with ghosts and heard them speaking.

Her mother's face drawn with worry, irritation and awkwardness as Petyr held Sansa's shoulder too tightly.

"I am sorry to cancel so late on you, Petyr. Ned doesn't...he just doesn't think that Sansa should spend so much time with you at her age. I mean, she has a nice date with a boy tonight. Her father arranged it with his father, Joff Lannister might be from a detestable family...but maybe he is nothing like his mother. Either way, Petyr...I really am sorry."
Joff tried to have sex with her and he was surprised.

"I thought you said you were a virgin? You know way more than any virgin I've ever met."

Robb in her face, not letting her leave even though Joff was beeping like crazy outside.

"Hey! What the hell is going on with you? I mean, you got a bruise on your back the size of Joff's fist! Then when you aren't with him, I always find you somewhere around Petyr or in therapy with that creepy doctor! I mean, talk to me, you look miserable all the time. Please, I know mom and dad are busy, but I am right here! Talk to me, let me help you."

Jeyne Poole, her best friend, they did everything together as little girls.

Tea parties with bears, swimming, biking, playing with dolls, drooling over boy bands and watching scary movies while holding pillows.

Sleepovers, make up, romance movies and novels they shared and cried over.

Sansa could only watch as Jeyne showed up early one night.

They were going to have a sleepover and Uncle Petyr was babysitting because everyone had somewhere to go.

She watched as Jeyne bounded up the stairs and burst into Sansa's bedroom.

Big Sansa saw the fourteen year old Sansa with her nightgown pulled up and Petyr was touching her in front of her mirror.

Jeyne looked, Petyr turned and Sansa cried.

Her friend ran, Petyr chased her and Sansa never saw Jeyne again.

No one did.

Well, hikers found her body a few months later in a sewage pipe, naked and molested.

Petyr thrust his fingers inside her and Lollys cried out, writhing in lust and shame.

He brought her to the edge, over and over, relentlessly.

"Whore. What a filthy daughter I have. Forcing your father to see to your sexual needs. Do you want your daddy to fuck you, sweet girl? Hmm?"

Lollys shook her head, kept begging for it to end but her body was deciding for her, overriding the torment.

"I'm a whore. I'm sorry, daddy, I'm sorry that I am a bad, naughty filthy whore but please, fuck me! Please don't, I don't want to...but please....daddy, I need it!"

Lollys heard the unzipping of Petyr's pants and she sobbed loudly.
He never did more than pull himself out of his pants, his whore daughter wasn't worth more than that.

One quick thrust and Lollys was mindless, urging him, panting even as she wept.

"Look at yourself! Watch yourself, look at how shameful you are, how disgusting! You need and beg your own daddy to please you. You were born crazy and a whore, just like your mother was. The whore tricked me into fucking her and she was crazy enough to give birth to you. Now I am saddled with a dirty whore girl who needs a good fucking from HER FATHER TO REMEMBER HOW TO BEHAVE! TO BE LOYAL!"

The roaring was accompanied by hard, rough thrusts that made Lollys cry out in a combination of pain and pleasure.

Petyr shoved Lollys so she had to hold both palms against the mirror as he held her hips fucking into her savagely.

His fingers held so deeply a grip on her waist that they sunk into the flesh, bruising it.

A hiss into Lollys's ear as she whined and took every inch of her father, yearning it, loving it, hating it, so disgusted, so sick.

"Look at your face. You are just a whore, nothing, insignificant. Panting like some sick bitch, so desperate for your own desires that you would accept even your own father's cock. See how much you love this? Even as a little girl you always wanted to fuck daddy. Other little girls wanted to grow up to be ballerinas and rock stars, you wanted to be a whore. And you are the most needy, pathetic whore I have ever known. I tried to fix you so many times but this is just what you need sometimes. So take it, daddy will give his little whore what she needs. Then you can concentrate to get my Sansa back."

Petyr stiffened over her, shuddering as he was taken by an orgasm.

Lollys surged against him hard, riding his stiff pulsing cock and screamed out,

"Daddy, please! Please, let me!"

He gave another hard thrust as he was finishing and spoke in a taunting horrid voice.

"You have to say the words, you know what to say."

Lollys cried out but she stared at herself while she spoke, desperate and unable to stop herself.

"Daddy, please let your little girl cum! I'm a whore and I need daddy to fix me! Please, please let me!"

"Good little whore. Go on and finish."

Lollys screamed as she pumped sharply on Petyr's hardness before it softened.

He grabbed her hair and forced her head up as he pulled her back a little.
She was still on him, he was still in her, but she was standing, pressed against him.

Petyr brought one hand forward to play between her legs.

Lollys had an orgasm riding her father's hand and cock, screaming that she was his filthy whore and hated him.

"Now...bring Sansa home to me. Or I will assume you need more of daddy's attention."

"I swear I will bring her home, I will be good. I'll behave, please no more, daddy, please!"

"Who is your loyalty to, daughter?"

"To you, daddy. Only to you."

Gregor saw Unella go for the broken wall and slip into it.

He growled in frustration, he could not fit in there, if she got up to the roof, she could hide there all night.

Leaping forward, his hand caught an ankle just as Unella started to climb the makeshift ladder the patients used.

Unella screamed in frustration and pain as Gregor dragged her back into the hallway by her ankle, nearly dislocating her leg.

"Now bitch, let's talk about gods."
Unella started to back up down the hallway in a strange crab walk.

Gregor was stomping towards her, almost stepping on her, enjoying the chase.

"I told you I don't believe in gods!"

"You will. I promise you will. I'm your god now, bitch."

The chickens had flocked closer to watch and Theon nearly got run over by Unella.

Loras pulled him aside just in time as Unella barreled past them, desperately to keep ahead of those stomping boots.

Her eyes were drawn to those work boots and she couldn't shut her mouth.

Unella couldn't help it, so deeply ingrained.

"You are wearing work boots today? This isn't a construction job, just because you are night shift doesn't mean you don't dress professionally."

Gregor stopped for a second and stared at her, just stared, a vein starting to pulse in his forehead.

He dimly heard Jorah say,

"Ha, I'm gonna win, he is gonna kill her."

Unella saw what she had done but there was no fixing it, she isn't someone who knows how to pretend.

So she looked up at Gregor and prepared for the end.

"Go on. Kick me to death or rip off my limbs. Do it. Then go put back on your damned nursing shoes!"

"Aw, fuck, she's going to be dead, Theon. We just both took on Jorah's freaking chores. And lost any choice on movie night for months! Shit!"

Gregor threw back his head and clenched his fists.

The word started as a slow dreadful howl that then became a roar.

'CHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIICKEEEEEENS!'

Unella put her hands on her ears and watched as the flock of patients flew to the other side of the room.
They tried to get into the gaming room but Ramsay had blocked the door.

He and Cersei were pressed against the glass, their faces nearly orgasmic with malice towards the nurse.

Loras, Theon and Jorah huddled together against the wall near Meryn and Lady who had already been using that spot.

Lady gave a small yip and Meryn said stiffly to the three men,

"Do you mind?"

They ignored him and continued to watch the drama.

Gregor took a deep breath and rotated his neck then his shoulders.

He looked down at those firm, resolute, steely eyes and gave Unella a smirk.

"Oh no. I won't make it that easy for you, Unella. Let's start with this..."

He slammed his boot down upon Unella's foot, breaking her toes, making her scream briefly.

"Don't ever fucking tell me what to do again. Ever. Hear me, cunt?"

Unella dragged her foot away and then started to back up again.

Gregor stormed after her and roared again.

"Do you fucking understand? Answer me!"

She looked up at him and bared her teeth at him as she kept scuttling backwards.

"I hear you. I understand you. You don't need to shout it at me."

Gregor stopped again and then gave her face a kick that knocked her flat, her mouth bloody.

She flipped over, spit a tooth out and started to crawl away.

Ramsay giggled and Cersei shook her head.

"It's like...she's trying to make it worse for herself. She just can't help it, it's the puritan version of Lollys in a way."

Cersei suddenly gave a tiny clap and said,

"Oh look! Here comes our new night nurse, oh how fun!"
Ramsay narrowed his eyes then laughed.

"She is weaving...and there is a cigarette hanging from her mouth! Nurse Hachet-face is shit faced! This should be interesting."

Barbry stared at Gregor, Unella and then she seemed to fixate on the floor.

With the cigarette dangling from her mouth and smoke stinging one red uncaring eye, the woman spoke.

"There is blood and a tooth on the floor! That is not acceptable levels of cleanliness! I understand that the patients are responsible for the basic janitorial needs of this place! Well, why the fuck are you all playing your damned strange therapy game while there is organic matter on the floor! Clean it immediately! Or I'm going to start causing some pain around here!"

Gregor seemed stunned for a moment.

Unella had stopped crawling and even looked up at the nurse.

Her eyes widened at so many infractions at once and almost opened her mouth, almost but managed to shut it.

Gregor gave a tiny smile and then kicked Unella hard in the ass, knocking her to skid on her face.

"You heard the nurse! Get this floor cleaned up, clean up your mess!"

Unella nodded and tried to stand but her crushed toes hurt too much.

"Are you fucking stupid? If you can't walk, then crawl! How simple is that to think of? I forgot, you are a chicken now and chickens are fucking stupid. Crawl and get the bucket now! Hurry up! Move!"

Gregor followed behind the crawling, suffering nurse barking out orders like a drill sergeant on cocaine.

"This is your new chore, bitch. I want this floor scrubbed by you on your knees, every morning, afternoon and evening. MOVE!"

They all watched as she dragged a metal bucket then filled it with water, soap and a large sponge.

Cersei was giddy when Gregor decided to use his foot to dunk Unella's head over and over into the soapy water.

Sansa went deep inside herself after doing something the voice in her head said to do.

The doctor had a kind, calm voice and it helped stop her panic, her distress.
She had gone underneath the bed when no one was in the room.

Ripping through the cloth, Sansa worked at the loosest metal spring she found.

Every time she was alone, she worked it loose.

She had stopped speaking, responding to them.

They didn't know that she was pulling a piece of metal free or hiding it.

Sansa felt awfully clever about it, the doctor voice had even made note of it to her.

After freeing and hiding the sharp metal spring, Sansa stopped living at all.

Breathing shallowly, she looked and spoke to no one, Sansa was fed, watered and cleaned as if she were furniture.

They called to her and even tried minor painful stimuli to get her to respond.

Nothing.

Sansa couldn't have responded if she wanted to, she was deep down inside, just able to see out through a pinprick.

Qyburn's voice reassured her this was safe, it was best, it was the right way to escape.

She waited deep in herself and waited for the right moment.

And thought of things.

Cersei and Petyr killed her family, one for revenge, the other to have her as a demented prize.

Petyr has been molesting her, having her brainwashed....for years.

Lollys killed her siblings and is her own cousin, allowed her to escape out of guilt.

Sansa will get revenge...but first she must get home and she misses the clinic home more than ever before.

Qyburn's voice soothes her as she waits and plans.

It assures her that someone is coming to help, that he is sending help, she just must wait for the right time.

Sansa keeps thinking, what the soft voice urges her to do.

Kill Petyr.

Kill Cersei.
Lollys is the one Sansa is conflicted about, the soft doctor voice seems conflicted too.

Some revenge must be done, it is required for her honor, for family.

Tyrion was able to move around a lot more than most.

Being of a smaller size, Tyrion slid out of most of the restraints.

Qyburn chuckled over this and had Hodor assist with holding Tyrion if need be.

Since he was a dwarf, Tyrion is no stranger to doctors or surgery labs.

However this was an entirely different experience for him.

Even with such innocent items as a blood pressure cuff or a stethoscope, Qyburn made any tool in his hands seem menacing.

In a soft, pleasant voice, Qyburn asked about the resistance, who was in it, what happened with Sansa Stark, with Unella.

Tyrion was too freaked out to lie or evade and simply answered all the questions.

He was horrified when Qyburn said he needed to EXTRACT samples of stool, urine and blood.

A quick pinch of a needle and Tyrion began to not feel so scared, he was floating away to nothingness.

No, not nothing, he was falling, falling and now he was walking, walking, ready to meet his father.

Tyrion tried to remind himself it was the past, he was being mind fucked, resist it, he couldn't.

He was forced to watch as he walked down the hall to the bathroom.

Kicking it open and extending his arms to kill his father with a hand gun.

No, it was a rifle.

Wait, that is just silly, Tyrion doesn't think he has ever held one.

A crossbow, he saw the arrow pierce his father's chest, but...wait...

Then Qyburn's voice laced with a rather sadistic but playful amusement.

"Do you see what I can do, Tyrion? Which memory would you rather have? You dreamed of his death then you forgot, utterly forgot that you did it, police believed you, even professional shark detectives, lawyers and doctors were all over you, there was honest nothing. Yet, right afterwards the memory of it came back. You felt nothing, you didn't question it. You just moved on with your
life like it had been a bad dream, nothing more. Out of your whole family, you are the toughest nut to crack. I had them all and you were the one I saw the least and wished to see the most. I do not wish to scramble your brains, Tyrion. I don't want to make you into a whole new person. Or decide to un-make you. I only do that when someone is beyond being reasonable or too injured for full restoration. I think you are a very reasonable man, Tyrion. You were not an actual part of this group. They did kidnap you then inform you of their works and our secrets. We cannot let you leave until we have your full loyalty and a little more leash. However, I do see out patient therapy in your near future. If you can be reasonable, of course."

Tyrion tried to answer and his words seem to come from a great distance from him.

"I am reasonable."

"Good. We are going to another room now. Hodor will wheel your bed, just relax."

He watched the curtains go by and it got whiter, colder then a room with shelves, large jars holding things.

"That! That is! Oh no, oh! Oh god, oh god, oh god. Holy shit, were they considered unreasonable?"

Shuddering, Tyrion hugged himself, the sights of human heads in jars startling him out of the drug a little.

Ned, Cat, Arya, Jon, Rickon and Robb's heads were there, as was Tywin's and Kevan's, even Stannis Baratheon's head floated.

There were more but Tyrion turned away.

Then it was a room with no heads but something that shocked and crackled through Tyrion's brain matter.

Lollys staggered out of Petyr's office, thick black eyeliner tears dripping down a pale face with startled eyes, purple hair looking as if it lost a fight with a beaver.

She ignored the huddled group nearby and headed into the hall to get to her bedroom and her shower.

There were huge puddles of water on the floor and Unella scrubbing, Gregor leaning over her, screaming, shoving at her to move faster.

As she skirted past this, Gregor kicked the bucket, yet again to cause a small wave.

Skidding in the soapy water, Lollys grabbed the first thing available for balance.

It happen to be a stingy small breast encased in a waffle pattern, capsule shaped, well foamed bra cup.
Barbry gasped and her drunken eyes lit upon Lollys with disgust and indignation.

"SEXUAL MOLESTATION OF THE NIGHT NURSE WILL NOT HAPPEN HERE, BABY! I DON'T CARE WHAT THE USUAL HAZING RITUALS ARE BUT I WON'T PUT UP WITH IT! IF YOU THINK SENDING A SCARY CLOWN WHORE TO GRAB A FEW FEELS WILL MAKE ME LEAVE A GOOD PAYING GIG YOU HAVE ANOTHER MOTHERLOVINGFUCKIN THING COMING! I WILL LAY A SMACKDOWN SO HARD ON EVERY FUCKING ONE OF YOU LITTLE SIDESHOW MENTAL FREAKS THAT YOU'LL NEVER FORGET!"

Lollys let go of her but half of her wanted to poke this with a stick and the other half wanted to shower and get fucked up.

"Sorry for the titty feel. No more hazing from the whore clown, I swear."

Giving a large insincere smile, Lollys ran off to her room, ignoring the woman still swearing and muttering.

Lollys washed herself twice before she shot up.

As the lovely feelings washed away the bad ones, she changed, but not into the sweat suit or her pajamas.

Gathering her weaponry, Lollys slipped out one of the locked exits with the key given to her by Petyr.

By the time that Petyr left and was pulling out of the parking lot to go home, Lollys was already past the gates.

She had to get Sansa back, unharmed.

But first she needed to make sure she was fully stocked.

With an evil grin, Lollys headed towards Raff's apartment.
It took some time for Unella to manage to wash the floors and dry the waves. Her hands were shriveled from the water and irritated by the harsh soap in it. She was soaked from head to toe, her toes throbbed, her head and everywhere she has been struck hurts.

Half deaf from Gregor's roaring and half drowned, Unella still gave him the same steely eye look.

Unella understood if she acted as scared as she felt, showed how much hurt she felt, it might make it easier.

Or at least quicker so that her torture can end and the gorilla will go away.

It's not something she could do if she wanted to, it just wasn't in Unella to surrender.

Gregor wasn't appeased by the hard labor though he seemed to fully enjoy putting her through it. She could still hear the idiot patients betting and arguing about her demise. And Unella could see Cersei nearly panting in the window of the gaming room with that little monster next to her.

"Look at how soaked and filthy you are now. Are you fucking empty headed? Do you plan to stay that way? Shower and change, stupid, now. Move, to your room! Crawl, faster! Move it!"

Unella started to crawl towards her room with Gregor right behind her just barely landing on her toes with each step.

She wasn't stupid at all and knew that so much worse will happen once they are out of the drunk eyes of the totally incompetent nurse.

Barbry watched with no particular interest as Gregor chased after the crawling patient and as the three male patients ran after them, followed by the two from the gaming room.

She took another swig of her drink then went to light a cigarette.

Her eye caught something still back in that hall near the gaming room and she roared forth.

"HEY! YOU LITTLE SICK FUCK! DON'T YOU GO HAVING SEX IN THE HALLWAY! YOU WANNA DO THAT, USE YOUR DAMNED BEDROOM! HAVE YOU NOT A SHRED OF DECENCY LEFT IN YOUR BODY? GO, GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!"
Disgusted, Barbry watched Meryn and Lady run into his bedroom.

Shaking her head, Barbry settled down with a gossip magazine, her phone games, drinking and smoking.

She ignored the chaos outside of the nurses' office and wondered how her life got so bad she had to work at such a freak show as this.

Unella crawled into her room with Gregor right on her heels.

He slammed the door shut behind him so hard that it bounced back and was a few inches open.

Gregor and Unella did not notice, if they had they would have seen the strangest sight.

First Loras slid tightly against the wall and poked his head in, eyes nearly popping out of his head.

Next came Theon's head, he was laying to his other side and he stared in as well.

Jorah climbed half on Theon and half on Loras, resting his chin upon a mix of gold and brown curls.

Ramsay landed hard upon Loras and rested his chin, then winced when Cersei simply stepped up on all of them, landing on Ramsay's back to see in.

"Get out of those clothes, now! Hurry it up! MOVE!"

Unella bit her lip but she began to peel off the soggy clothing.

She pulled off the wet pants and the leer on Gregor's face was too much for her.

Yanking the pants off, she waited until Gregor leaned down and then she whacked him with the soaked cotton with full force.

While Gregor pulled the wet pants off his face, Unella scurried fast under the bed.

She knew he was too large to really reach her.

With a roar Gregor lifted the heavy hospital bed and put it against the wall as Unella gave a startled scream.

Trying a new direction, Unella decided to head for the bathroom.

The stupid chicken was heading where he wanted her to go anyway, so Gregor just followed her.

Once Unella crossed the doorway into the bathroom, Gregor planted a boot in her back.
She went flat with a grunt and he growled.

"You can't shower with underwear on."

One large paw ripped the industrial no nonsense cotton/rayon mix to shred easily.

Unella tried to scuttle away, to cover herself after and he grabbed her by her hair.

Dragging her, Gregor went to the bathtub, turned on the water, tested it then flipped it to shower.

She screeched as he yanked her upright by the roots of her hair and she hopped on one foot.

His arm swept under her legs and swung her into the tub.

She screamed when her broken toes connected with the hard porcelain tub and she quickly lifted her foot.

Gregor laughed and yanked her wrists up by one large fist, holding her upright, nearly dangling.

The other hand soaped up a washcloth and he scrubbed her as if he wanted to clean what was under the flesh.

Unella cried out and writhed but there was nowhere to go.

After he felt she was sufficiently soaped, Gregor nearly drowned her by shoving her face directly under the spray.

As Unella coughed and choked, trying to avoid the worst of the harsh spray, Gregor rinsed the cloth.

Then used it to remove every possible bit of soap from every single part of her body.

When Gregor turned off the water, Unella was coughing and whooping for breath.

The large arm swept under her legs again and she was swung out of the tub.

This time Unella tried to remember to only put one foot down.

Gregor still had her wrists so it kept her from skidding too hard when her foot came down

However, she almost had too dislocated shoulders when she lost her balance.

He grabbed a towel and dried her with fast quick strokes, leaving her damp and shivering.

Leaning very close to her, his voice, his words, his awful breath and Unella wanted to kill him.

"I think you already know what is coming next, right?"
Unella couldn't help it, she just couldn't.

"You put the bed against the wall. It's probably broken as well now."

Gregor laughed, even as the vein in his head pulsed, even as he turned redder.

"You really cannot help it, can you? You just cannot shut your fucking mouth not even to save your own life."

"I don't want to die, of course I don't. And I don't want you to beat me, humiliate, torture or rape me. Is that what you need to hear?"

"No, don't worry. I am going to show you exactly what I want to hear. You'll make all the right sounds soon enough."

He allowed her to fall to the floor and he headed towards the bed, flipping it back down.

"There? Now the bed is all set. Feel better now? Good."

He grabbed her hair and yanked her to him then tossed her flat on her back just before the bed.

One boot landed firmly upon her chest and Unella stayed still, staring at the bed nearly above her then at Gregor.

He was removing his scrubs, when his pants came down, she looked away fast.

Surely she saw that wrong and it can't be that big, it isn't right.

The man being that big usually meant a smaller penis but no, this didn't seem the case.

She swore not to break, will not break nor beg nor cry if she can help it.

Gregor dropped down so hard and fast, just catching himself above her by his palms smacking on the floor, either side of her head.

It made Unella made a shocked, squeaking sound of terror.

He smiled widely, it was a good start.

Unella kept looking away up at the bed but Gregor's hand plastered itself on her sore scalp and forced her to face him.

"No avoidance, Unella. It's unhealthy not to face your fears straight on."

She glared at the taunting round gleeful face and pursed her sore bloodied lips.

"There is nothing healthy about being raped, Gregor. Did you really expect me to welcoming or impressed in some way by this? Rape is just another way of-"
Gregor tore into her body without preparation, without warning.

Unella screamed and Gregor grimaced.

It was the equivalent of a warthog attempting to force its way into a dry rat made tunnel.

He was causing himself pain and pulled out to Unella's relief.

She curled up tightly as he growled in frustration.

His beady eyes landed on the small bottle of skin lotion on her dresser that they always hand out at the clinic.

A smirk curved his lips and he stuck a finger in Unella's face.

"If you try and crawl away, I'm going to break the rest of your toes, slowly, one by one. Then I'll make you pick a foot for me to break too."

Unella nodded and remained curled as Gregor ran to grab the cream.

He returned with it and smeared it on himself liberally as Unella desperately stared at the bed.

Unella was yanked back into her original position upon her back.

Gregor landed between her legs and then he thrust a finger the size of a sausage into her, covered in the lotion.

Unella tried to keep her cry behind her lips as she stiffened, hands becoming fists.

Two fingers and Unella studied every detail of the bed.

Gregor thrust himself inside of her as he growled for her to look at him.

Unella did and she screamed, which pleased him but displeased her.

He was tearing through her and Unella pounded her fists against his large chest as he laughed at her.

"Stop! You are ripping me apart, you'll kill me! You are too large, it won't fit! Stop it!"

Gregor only thrust harder and fully enjoyed her hollering but he wanted her to plead, not demand.

"I don't care if it rips you apart, bitch. Your days of telling me what to do are over, remember? I give you orders now."

Unella screamed then tried so hard to not give in to fear and pain.
She reached one arm towards the bed, hoping the grunting monster panting upon her won't notice.

When she had first come to her room, she managed to sneak a small blade in and hide it under the bed, in the bottom of the mattress near the end of the bed.

Almost there, she can see the glint of it, ignore the pain, the sickening sweat dripping on her from the beast.

Gregor stopped moving and grabbed her wrist, spraining it.

His voice cut through her cries,

"Leave your little blade alone. I'll take it later. Try it again and I will break your wrist."

Unella screamed when Gregor began to rape her more savagely then before and she feared he would crush her womb and pelvis.

He had pulled her legs up against his chest and was nearly bending her over herself as he wanted to see her face so closely.

Unella tried to hide her pain, her horror but she sobbed, screamed and finally, began to beg.

"Please, please! Stop, I can't, you are killing me! Please!"

This sent Gregor shuddering over her, his sweat pouring on her flesh and his pulsing flesh inside of her sending a sickening warmth too deeply in her.

He rested on her for a moment then pulled out, grinning at the blood on his cock.

"I told you that you'd cry and beg for me, scream for me. Good girl."

The condescending voice was more than Unella could take along with how much pain she was in.

Her voice was low, hoarse and full of loathing.

"You are a disgusting creature and that is what I thought before and I still think it."

Gregor kicked her twice until she screamed and curled into a ball.

Then he flipped the mattresses off the bed to reach the blade and take it.

"Weapons aren't allowed. For that, I think you will spend some time in the ice bath. Until I decide to be a disgusting creature and rape you again."

Gregor gave her a cheery grin as fixed his scrubs.

The second he lifted the bloody woman into his arms to toss into an ice bath, the chickens scattered, nearly killing Loras and Theon at the bottom.
Unella tried not to speak at all even as the shock of ice hit her body but as her teeth chattered, she spoke.

"I could hemorrhage if you tore too much. Call the doctor."

Gregor took one of the rarely used muzzled and tightly secured it around Unella's irritating mouth.

After he left the room, he did call Qyburn, just in case.

The doctor came back down with Tyrion, who looked rather blank, blinking rapidly.

"Please go to your room, you need to rest. Gregor shall escort you, assist you as needed. Gregor, help Tyrion as nicely as you can, he has been a great sport. I will check out poor Unella. You must learn to control yourself, you must keep your size in mind at all times."

A freezing Unella was wrapped in a blanket and wheeled on a gurney by Qyburn himself to go upstairs.

"No...no...not...not that...please..."

"Calm yourself my dear. I simply do not wish to be down there and would prefer to stitch you in the private surgery. With Gregor raging around like a gorilla and that horrid new woman I was forced to hire."

Unella screamed at the pain of a speculum interested into her raw insides.

"I know you must be shocked at the poor standards of the new night nurse. But I want a person I don't need to fiddle with. This bitter old thing has no other job options, she was suspended for drinking and allowing a special needs child to die in a school gym pool. So where else will have her and I offer a pay rate considerably above any that she would deserve. It will keep her in her trailer with as much alcohol and cigarettes as she would like. So we tolerate her but when she does work, she actually does know her craft. The same with Alliser, our new day counselor. Fired from being a gym teacher for harsh practices with the boys. He got a job working at one of those extreme tough love programs. He ended up on trial with two other men for the death of a student. Cleared of charges but Alliser couldn't get a job due to the publicity. We are a godsend and like Barbry, he doesn't care what goes on that doesn't directly involve him. He is warned and paid quite enough for that."

The stitches were an awful pain that Unella tried to endure and her voice was a near scream.

"You messed up by letting Petyr have this place. He is so greedy he gives no money to hire good staff but gives only to the lab in order to lure a young lady. Doctor, how did it get this far? We were doing so well, doing such good work, making progress....what happened?"

"Things did get a little more out of control then I expected. But do not fear, I am putting it all back in order now. Soon Tyrion will be ready for an out patient program and he shall be our new funder. And even the issue of our little escapee is handled, or being handled. I am so sorry you find
yourself in this position, Unella but you did bring it about. I warned you about taunting him. And you knew better than to try and escape, much less take another with you! So I am afraid I must let this play out for your punishment. You will be a patient and no one will protect you from Gregor unless it's at risk of your dismemberment or death. When I feel you are ready, I will allow you to become our nurse here again."

Cersei was heated from what she saw and grabbed Ramsay, the only half fuckable thing in the whole place.

Normally Ramsay would have declined but he was not allowed anywhere near his Theon and he was warned off of Loras.

So he found himself in Cersei’s room and she was a woman who liked things rough.

He discovered this when he was tied, spread eagle to the bed and Cersei rode him facing away from him.

Cersei had two orgasms and Ramsay managed one before she was done.

She strangled him near the end and that did it.

However, Ramsay wasn't sure how he felt about being the bottom and prayed to get his pet back soon.
Raff was not having a very good night.

He had so been looking forward to this evening.

A friend of his set him up with this rich, good looking chick.

She was even better looking in a tight dress and he knew it would be worth every hard earned penny he was spending on her tonight.

Unintentionally, Raff was really affected by Lolly’s comment about being a gigolo to make more money.

However, he didn’t want to sink that low, but there were plenty of women who needed husbands.

Women that don’t even have to live very long if it comes to that.

This girl seemed to really be into him, she liked what she saw and clutched at him at every opportunity.

They went to dinner at a fancy restaurant then to an exclusive dance club.

Raff had a pounding headache from the lights and pounding music and his stomach was growling.

The food was so expensive that when she ordered lobster, Raff had to order a salad and claim he wasn’t all that hungry.

Also, Raff could live without her speaking. Ever.

She never shut up, not once and he nearly sobbed in relief when she coughed on some food.

It was the first blissful moment of quiet he had all night.

If she at least spoke of something interesting, Raff listens to Polliver for hours when they are stoned.

But Polliver tells jokes and stories that are violent or pornish or humorous.

This girl is an accountant and gardens as well as enjoys sailing.

Raff has nothing in common, nothing to discuss so he just goes straight to seduction.

Now he is at home and urging her to get comfortable.

He hurries to pour drinks, take something for his head and put something in her wine.
Not because he feels she won't fuck him but because he didn't think he could have sex with her if she kept talking.

She trilled to him that she needed to powder her nose.

Wincing at her voice, but thrilled that this could bring a moment of silence, Raff told her directions to it.

The woman entered the bathroom and screamed at the top of her lungs.

Raff came running and he stood there stunned, just not even understanding what was going on.

Lollys lay in his tub, her hands and feet were tied somehow and she was pleading at the woman.
"Please! Are you her? The next one? He said he would let me go when he found the next girl!"
The woman screamed again causing Raff to stagger backwards, holding his head.
"Fuck! Do you HAVE to scream like that?"

It was not the best thing to say and she shrieked while running to grab her purse.

Raff chased after her trying to explain that he didn't understand how that woman got in his tub.

Another shriek and he was pummeled with her purse as she ran out the door.

He could hear Lollys laughing her ass off.

Lollys came out of the bathroom, winding her rope back up and still laughing.

He glared at her and bared his teeth, then pointed at her.

"NO! NOT IN MY HOME, NOT IN MY PERSONAL LIFE! WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU HERE?"

Lollys grinned.

"You should be fucking grateful you still get to have a personal life. Petyr is sending me on an adventure, I need to be stocked up for it."

Raff stared and then threw the glasses of wine at her as Lollys moved out of the way.

"Fuck you! I am not giving you shit! Get the fuck out right now or I swear I will beat the hell out of you! Then how quick are you getting your mission done? What...what the FUCK ARE YOU DOING?"

Lollys continued to toss the place and when Raff started towards her, she pointed her gun at him.
"I said I need to stock up. Since you aren't in a good mood, I'll just find your stash myself. I assume you have more than one so I guess since I'm on a time crunch, whatever I find first, I'll take."

Raff stayed still and splayed his arms out then put on his charming smirk he saves for Lollys.

"Sweetheart, you know I'm a nurse. I can't let you just take drugs without supervision. Plus I know I left you an extra dose and I can see you've taken it. Unless Petyr is sending you on a very long mission, you don't really need more. But I will give you one more dose if you put that gun away. I'm sorry I yelled at you, but you startled me and played a very bad trick on my date."

"Not falling for it. You want to monitor what I take, then you'll have to come with me, handler. Otherwise I'm ripping your shit up until I find what I need."

Raff cursed long and loud.

A few minutes later Raff brought out a small black backpack and pulled out one single dose.

"For now. I will decide when you get anymore. Hear me?"

Lollys nodded, her gun put away and she walked over to him.

He grabbed her hair and anchored her so he could slide the needle into her neck.

"There, feel better, whore? Good. Now, you owe me something since you lost my date."

He backhanded her and fucked her on the floor, hurting her on purpose and yet she keened with enjoyment.

"Hey Raff, do you hate me now? Huh? Do you hate me, wanna kill me?"

Her taunting was enough for him to growl and wrap his hands around her throat.

"Yeah, I hate you and want to kill you. Shut the fuck up, whore. I don't need to hear anymore words."

Lollys turned nearly purple as Raff's hands tightened. He didn't release his grip on her neck until they both had an orgasm.

Alliser had black coffee and rhubarb pie.

Polliver had a latte and chocolate mint cheesecake.

At first it was fine, they stuck to work only, specific schedules and such.

Alliser took careful notes in a small notebook and wrote in short hand that confused Polliver half to death.
Polliver told Alliser how he and Raff usually run things, how certain things they are strict on, other things they let slide.

This was the beginning of the man's nostril hairs quivering which Polliver noted with disgusted fascination.

"It sounds like you aren't committed to their total overall health, sounds like you are too lazy and this affects your patients! They are like babies, too ill to know what is good for them. They need to be taught how to live again, they need to be sound in body to work on their minds! None of this huggy-kissy bullshit on my watch, I'll tell you that! We are going to have to sit down, you, me and that nurse and discuss this."

"These aren't your average patients, Alliser. Some of them if triggered can rip your balls off and feed them to you. We allow them a certain amount of free reign in order to keep them calm. It's a give and take that keeps order, is all."

The older man scoffed and threw his napkin upon the half eaten pie in disgust at this pale soft looking young man barely out of diapers.

"I was in the wars, man! I have faced women that put bombs on their babies and threw them at us! I saw men explode, men I knew! I was held a prisoner once. A prisoner of war, stuck in a hole, beaten with bamboo sticks and given poisoned water and rotted fruit! I lived, I squirted blood and shit as I ran, crawled, naked to shovel us out. I had to kill boys younger than you to save myself and my men! And you think a few loonies can scare me off?" 

Polliver sighed and shook his head, there was no way to make this man understand not to rock the boat.

He smiled broadly and leaned back, folding his hands.

"Okay, let's do it this way. You can make whatever extra little changes you want. But here are the basic rules that don't change. We do nothing that causes Petyr to lose profit. We do nothing that negatively affects the patients in Qyburn's eyes. And Raff and I have our own schedules and rapport with the patients, we won't change that for you. You do your thing, we do ours. None of us fuck with the doctor or the director. Easy peasy."

Those nostril hairs were quivering madly now and Polliver swore that he just saw the gray tufts in the man's ears join the dance.

"That will not work for me at all. I understand to not interfere with the upper staff, of course, it is a given. However, without the support of all the day staff, the patients will have a confused mindset. Let the night staff coddle them but during the day they must have a positive, energetic force to keep them going."

Polliver sighed and finished his latte, he was getting a headache.

"Alliser, the patients need stability and if Raff and I change our attitudes and actions now, it will freak them out. You are new, the night nurse is new, that is stressful enough for them. We have had a suicide, an escape and frankly, they are stressed out. They need less change not more. You
do what you want, Raff and I aren't changing."

The hairs went wild and Polliver found himself the recipient of a tirade.

It involved everything wrong with his generation, with kids in general, with humans in general and then it delved into gruesome war stories again.

Polliver found himself dozing out while the man raged on, waving a fist on occasion.

His phone rang, startling them both.

"It's Petyr. I have to take this, Alliser."

"Of course, it's work."

When Polliver ended the call he was cursing and frowning.

"Is something wrong?"

Polliver rubbed his face hard.

"Nah, Raff the day nurse won't be in and Petyr is too cheap to get a replacement. Night nurse will stay for morning meds then it will be the doctor who will come down and take care of the medical stuff. But now I'm saddled with Raff's other work. And since the two patients we have that cook are not available, I have to show early and figure out their breakfast. I can't even make a pop tart. They have cereal, they can have cereal."

"Polliver, I would be happy to help you out. Let me do the breakfast and you can tell me what else you would need extra help with as the day goes on."

"That would be awesome! I hate going in early. Yeah, the kitchen is fully stocked with food, just need to throw stuff together."

"I can bring anything that I feel they might need and not have in the kitchen."

Polliver raised a brow at that but dared not ask, not when someone else was willing to do it.

Soft music pulsed and an overwhelming smell of jasmine, sandalwood and canine filled the room.

Meryn used his thick stubby well oiled fingers to press into tense muscles on Lady's body.

She wagged her tail slowly and lay limp, eyes dazed and happy.

His door burst open and Gregor pointed at him.
"You, pervert. Qyburn wants to see you. Now. The dog can stay with Theon until you return."

Meryn wrinkled his face and hugged the dog tightly.

"But I haven't done anything wrong."

Sniffing, Meryn brought Lady to Theon's room, who was half asleep.

Qyburn smiled widely at Meryn.

"Oh, look at your face, my boy! Don't look like that, you aren't here for a punishment or a secret test, I promise you! I just wish to ask you to do me a little favor. I need you to help Lollys and Raff. They are going to save our dearest Sansa. A distraction will be needed at the very least. And I truly would love to have one of those members in my lab. Injured but not dead is fine. Do you mind helping? I never try to ask you unless it's an emergency. You know I compensate for such things."

Meryn's eyes widened and a terrible leer grew on his face.

"You mean...like before? When I helped you?"

A quick nod.

"Yes. One hour in the jar room. If you are successful."

When Barbry got the call from Petyr she was mostly drunk.

"I am so sorry, it is a terribly late time to ask, but could you please stay and cover the morning medications? You may leave directly after. Our day nurse has an emergency. Luckily, the doctor doesn't mind covering the rest of the days medical needs but he cannot do morning. I will pay you time and a half for your extra hours, of course."

She could only managed to squawk out,

"Time and a half?"

Quickly calculating how many extra scratch tickets, microwave dinners and bottles of liquor this will buy her, Barbry was almost shocked off her stool at Petyr's response.

"You drive a hard bargain, Barbry. Very well then, I will double your pay during the extra hours you stay. Is that agreeable to you?"

She didn't hear the sarcasm or patronizing tone to his voice, only the dollars.

"Fine. I will stay."

Barbry was already planning to go out to that new garish looking Chinese restaurant that smells too
good to use cats.

Hell, if there is enough left over, she has had her eye on this deep fryer on sale at the discount used goods store.

Why pay others for fries, mozzarella sticks and wings when she could do it her damned self?

This was a great job after all.

Sansa saw the shadow go by the window, two of them.

A quick hint of purple in the moonlight and Sansa knew it was nearly time.

She nearly smiled at the fact that it was Lollys sent to retrieve her.

Lollys was useful.

Despicable, but useful, Sansa agreed with the doctor on that.

The size of the person with her told Sansa it was Raff.

But still, something in her said to wait, something, someone else is coming.

Then came a tiny thud at her window and Sansa looked over.

It was Meryn and he nodded at her, it was time.

Sansa opened her mouth as wide as it would go then bit down hard on her tongue.

Not enough to sever it but enough that it bled profusely, dribbling over her lips and chin.

Screaming, a dreadful wail and thrashing that brought Thoros running.

She has not been chained or restrained since the thought she was mostly catatonic.

It makes it easier, when he leans over Sansa, she slides the steel into his left eye.

While he screamed and thrashed, she leaped off the bed and went for the window.

A huge explosion in another part of the house and a scream of fire.

More crashing and Sansa broke her window, climbing out of it.

Just as she heard Vic run into the room and holler in despair.

Ignoring the streams of blood from the jagged glass, Sansa ran away from the house.
Homecomings And New Beginnings

Meryn lobbed his cocktails and giggled, racing in with his machete.
Raff preferred both using his gun and waiting to allow others to rush first.
That means he waited and followed in Meryn's path.
Lollys had disappeared the second they reached the little farmhouse.

He shot some man that had his own fucking sword for lords sake, he and Meryn hacking at each other.
Meryn had the audacity to swear at Raff angrily saying he was an asshole to steal his kill.
That is when he saw a curly haired woman with her own large knife and Meryn went after her.
Shrugging, Raff left the pervert to his knife fight and chased after a boy that seemed to have another on his back.

He felt a small pain in his leg and turned to see some sailor prick with a rifle.
Raff returned fire and got the bastard in the shoulder.
Screeching, a bullet lodged in the wall next to Raff's head and he shook his fist at the sailor.
"Asshole! You almost shot my head!"
"That is the point, sonny!"

Meryn came out of his own fight holding a bloodstained blade to the curly haired woman's throat.
"Shoot my nurse again and I'll kill your too old girl!"
Vic grumbled but he lowered his gun.
That is when someone shot from upstairs and nearly hit Meryn in the head.
The woman slammed her head back into Meryn's face and jerked away.

She ran up the stairs as Raff and Vic resumed trying to kill each other.
Meryn barreled into Vic and almost got shot by friendly fire.
"Dammit! Be more careful, chicken!"
"Shut up! I got him down, didn't I?"
Raff held the gun against the sailor's angry cursing face while Meryn tied his hands behind his back.

"That is one. Injured but alive. It's all Qyburn wants. I'm done. Leaving now once I see that Lollys has Sansa."

Raff stared at Meryn.

"You two planned to leave me to deal with the rest? I mean, really? You both suck, you know that? I hate both of you.Fuck that. I'm leaving with you, besides you'll need me to wrestle Captain Old Spice here."

They wrestled the man up and out the door, ducking from the occasional bullet.

"It's just kids left anyway, I think. Not really a threat, you know?"

Raff reasoned, hoping the doctor and Petyr would see it that way.

Sansa had been running blindly, following the first path she could see.

"Gingersnap! You gonna run all the way back to the clinic? Better steal some better shoes first."

Skidding to a halt, Sansa looked for Lollys who jogged up next to her.

"I've been chasing you for ten minutes, lady. We have a vehicle, you don't have to hitch a ride back. Let's go, back this way."

Nodding, Sansa followed Lollys but said nothing.

"I sense hostility. Oh dear, is it their programming, Qyburn's programming or just you pissed off at something I did?"

Lollys had a voice thick with sarcasm but there was a thread of worry, of neediness of Sansa to like her.

"You know everything you've done, don't you? At least since I have met you, right? So if you did anything to cross me, you'd know it."

Sansa kept her voice level and scanned for the truck, not really caring about Lollys at the moment.

"Ah, alright then. Guess we can talk about it at the clinic when you feel ready. Therapy circle is always a great time, I am sure with Raff in charge of it now, it'll be interesting as hell. Wait until you meet the new night nurse and day counselor."

Sansa ignored Lollys's nervous babble as she leaped into the van along with the others.

She was saddened to see poor Vic gagged and bound, looking furious over it.
"Don't worry, girl. He is fine, just angry and little shot. We left the kids alone mostly. They live. Now let's get back, I'm starving and want breakfast."

Sansa nodded at Meryn's words but noted the tenseness in Raff's face.

"Maybe we shouldn't have left them alive or tried to take them all prisoner."

Lollys shook her head.

"Leave them be, what harm can a bunch of kids be? Besides, if you change your mind, I won't help you."

Raff swore at Lollys but they left and allowed the survivors in the smoldering farmhouse.

The morning wasn't going well for anyone that wasn't staff.

Unella came out looking and walking like she was as used and abused as she had been.

Ramsay came out looking fine but walking just as stiffly.

Theon stared hard at him but then he put his nose up and walked away, ignoring him.

Without a single shred of guilt but a leaping warmth of joy that his boy might be jealous, Ramsay grinned.

Cersei hummed with cheery satisfaction at the sight of Unella being yelled at by Gregor to hurry it up.

She was hopping, holding onto the wall, trying to follow the rest of them.

Loras tried to assist her but Gregor threatened to rip off his head and shit down his neck if he didn't move on.

Tyrion seemed unfocused and was shoved by Gregor into line behind the others.

The first stop was always to the medication line.

Barbry gave them each their medications and had a comment for each of them.

"You there, pansy, hope these pills aren't too big for you. Actually, probably wouldn't bug you if they were too big, eh?"

"Boy, I don't know what electric socket you keep sticking your finger in, but your eyes are gonna pop out if you keep bugging them like that."
"Lady, that is the butchest haircut I have ever seen on a old mean girl. Damn it. That is a sure sign that you are crazy in the head, you know? Wow."

"Pervert, don't you dare try and stick your tongue at me or any bullshit or I'll tie your balls into a knot for you!"

"Little man, don't expect me to bend over for you! I have sciatica, I have a slipped disk that I cannot afford the damned surgery for and with diabetic cats, I can't afford to hurt myself over your pills!"

"What is your name? Jor-aaahh? Are you foreign? Because if you don't pay taxes you shouldn't be getting this kind of high level care, you know!"

"Lady, you are truly the craziest here! Look at your damned toes and you didn't think to come to the nurse's office and ask for a crutch? Stupid chicken, the big guy is right with that name. Here, use this, dummy."

A few moments later they all stood in front of the one long table in the cafeteria area.

The small tables were stacked away.

Each place had a tray with strange items upon it.

Alliser stood there, his crag face beaming with the joy of confusion on the patients faces.

"I have taken the liberty of making your breakfast for you today. It is healthy, robust and quick. Have it fast and let's head out for some exercise before therapy and chores."

They all stared in horror then slowly took their seats.

"As you can see, you have a glass of apple juice, a shot glass of vinegar, one teaspoon of cod liver oil. Half a cup of cottage cheese, two pieces of melba toast and your slice of raw potato, that is eaten with that small bit of hot mustard you have. Enjoy!"

Alliser watched as they stared at their meals then at him, not moving.

"I SAID EAT! I WENT THROUGH THE TROUBLE OF BRINGING YOU THIS BREAKFAST THAT I PAID FOR WITH MY OWN MONEY! MAYBE SINCE YOU ARE IN SUCH A PLUSH PLACE YOU FORGET THAT OTHERS VALUE A DOLLAR! SO IF I SPENT MY HARD EARNED MONEY ON THIS FOOD, YOU BETTER DAMN WELL SHOW ME RESPECT AND EAT IT. IT BUILDS CHARACTER! THAT VINEGAR WILL GROW HAIR ON YOUR CHEST, LADIES, YOU AREN'T GETTING ANY DATES IN A CRAZY HOUSE ANYWAY, SO DRINK IT!"

He was full of a grim glee as they all choked down his breakfast.

"Now I promise you, you'll get used to the tastes. But wait until that energy hits you! Now, let's clean your mess and head outside! Ah, wait! Unella, raise your hand! There you are, you are excused by the nurse from exercise until your toes heal. Perfect, you can clean the table for
everyone then. The rest of you, outside! On the double, run down those stairs, let's go! MOVE, ARE YOU SLOTHS? OH CHRIST, ARE YOU ALL DEAD? CAN'T YOU GO ANY FASTER? MY GRANDMOTHER MOVES FASTER THAN YOU! MOVE IT!"

Gregor was thrilled and gave a nasty grin that let Unella know cleaning the tables would not be easy.

The second Alliser was gone and Barbry left, Gregor ripped away her crutch and put it back in the nurse's station.

"Clean the table! NOW! Hurry up! MOVE!"

Unella tried to hop and move as quick as she could but Gregor had out his baton and a gleeful look on his face.

Just then Petyr came in and glared at Gregor.

"This table and room are a mess due to your playing around. I said you could play with her, but not at the expense of my clinic in any way. Now give the woman the crutch that I am sure she needs and let her clean."

Unella said nothing, kept her eyes down as Gregor grumbled but did as he was told.

He threw the crutch so hard that it knocked Unella down.

"Say thank you."

Unella stiffened but responded to Gregor's growled command.

"Thank you."

"Now clean this mess or I'll beat you with that crutch."

Petyr was waiting for the phone call and decided to go in early rather than pace at home.

He had just finished chastising Gregor when his phone rang.

"Hello?"

"Hey, daddy, I have Sansa and she is unharmed. We have a hostage too, only a little shot. One of Theon's uncle's, Vic Greyjoy."

"Good girl. I want you to all come directly up through the loading docks. Qyburn and I will meet you right at the elevator doors."

The relief that swam through him made him almost need to lean against the wall for a moment.

Sansa was safe and on her way back to him.
That was all that mattered.

Sansa was coming back, Lollys was back firmly under control and Qyburn gets his new plaything.

Hopefully, they can get more from this interrogation than with Tyrion who knew little.

Unella had been questioned and knew little of the group, they were very private around her just in case.

Petyr called Qyburn to tell him the good news and rushed to wait at the elevator doors.

Qyburn showed up just as the doors slid open.

The giant sailor looked as stoic as Stannis ever did but angrier than he ever looked.

Meryn had one of his arms and Raff had the other as they led him inside.

Petyr only had eyes for the tousled, tired looking redhead being escorted by Lollys.

He shoved his daughter out of the way and gave Sansa a hard, quick hug.

"Sansa, are you alright, dear? Did anyone hurt you?"

Blushing, Sansa shook her head, keeping her eyes down.

"I'm sorry for trying to run away, I was terribly confused. I was wrong and made a terrible mistake. I was so happy when you sent Lollys, Raff and Meryn for me! I even killed a man so I could escape them! Please, forgive me for being so stupid!"

Raff rolled his eyes and Meryn gave a cough that sounded suspiciously like "ass-kissing", Lollys remained silent.

Petyr gave Sansa a small smile and cupped her cheek.

"I am going to see that you are disciplined for trying to run. But I do forgive you. I do. We will discuss this more later on. Right now, I want you to go shower and change, we shall get your medications started again right away too."

Qyburn asked the men to help him strap Vic to a gurney and get him to the lab.

Vic freaked out then, in spite of a wounded shoulder and his age, he fought both off him.

Gregor had to hold the man down on the gurney while the others restrained him.

"Raff, please give Sansa a full physical and her medications after she changes. I will be upstairs with our new patient. Please call me only if you have an emergency. Petyr, I will fix his shoulder while I start questioning him. Would you care to join me?"

Torn between his newly brought home redhead and interrogation, Petyr hissed then followed
Qyburn to the lab.

"Holy shit! I don't know what looks worse, that breakfast or you, Unella! At least he hasn't killed you yet. I had my money on you living and kicking a bit of ass yourself. And I see that Gregor's nose is all swollen. Nice work, nursie!"

Unella pursed her lips and stiffly spoke.

"Yes, that's right. Let's gloat and enjoy my pain and suffering. Go on and get your fill of it, Lollys. Enjoy it. Should I start laughing when your father rapes you or you are detoxing again? Maybe I can tease you when you are getting beaten by Polliver or treated like shit by Raff? How about when Cersei gets some revenge on you, should I grin and point?"

Sighing, Lollys shook her head.

"You have no sense of humor, you wouldn't laugh even if something actually funny did happen. We are petty and cuntish here because we are sick and we strike out, remember? You are right though, I am sorry that you have that giant asswipe all over you. And I am sure Cersei is just overjoyed so since she will already be riding your back, I won't."

A moment later, Lollys found herself airborne and a roar followed after her, even as she hit the wall and rebounded.

"GO SHOWER, WHORE! THEN GET YOUR ASS READY FOR THERAPY! YOU MISSED BREAKFAST, YOU CAN WAIT UNTIL LUNCH TO EAT! MOVE IT!"

Lollys frowned and achingly got standing again.

"Good to see finally getting Unella sweetened your mood, Gregor."

She found herself running down the hall as a mountain thundered after her.

Polliver got out of his car whistling and headed towards the gate to enter through the backyard as always.

He heard alarming noises and started to run.

Someone was killing the patients, it sounded like a fucking slaughter!

Holding onto his gun just in case, Polliver quickly and stealthily went into the gate and slid around the corner.

Then started laughing until tears came out of his eyes and he was nearly on his knees.

This caused Alliser to glare at him and shoo him away.

The sight was too much and Polliver took out his cell, taking pictures to show Raff and Gregor.
Theon had wrapped his long arms around a tree and was screaming, refusing to do anymore.
Loras was sobbing as he flopped about on the grass, announcing that he was dying.
Ramsay was still attempting the harsh exercises designed for boot camps, but he was mostly falling down.
Jorah was still jogging but he looked ready to collapse any moment.
Tyrion simply sat and refused to do a damned thing.
Cersei was the most agile of them all and used it to climb a tree and yell at the instructor from it after his exercises proved painful.

When they got inside they nearly crawled to their showers.
Alliser hollered after them reminding them to be in circle within twenty minutes or suffer penalties.
As Theon passed Meryn, he pointed an accusatory finger at him.
"You! Don't ask me to watch that disgusting creature again for you! She humped my leg and tried to lick my balls!"
Meryn gasped in shock and hurt, looking over at Lady who blinked at him.
"You...cheated? You...bitch!"
Bursting into tears, Meryn ran into his room and shut the door, leaving Lady to yap and scratch at it.
Meaningful Therapeutic Practices

Raff examined Sansa and gave her the pills left by Qyburn's order.

Alliser said he would sit quietly and observe this therapy circle since he is not very familiar with them.

He watched Polliver use his baton and his loud mouth to move the flock into the common room.

All the chairs were in a half circle and Raff sat in the wooden chair Unella had sat in before.

Unella was prodded by Polliver's baton into a seat and stared at Raff, unimpressed.

Earlier that morning, just after breakfast clean up, Gregor shoved her against a wall.

"My shift is over. But I promise I won't be late tonight. And in appropriate shoes. I want to be able to kick you without risking breaking your bones."

And she looked up at his mean beady eyes and gave the same impassive look she always does.

It made him growl and shove her hard to the floor as he stormed off.

After Gregor, Unella wasn't scared of any of the staff.

And she was certain that Raff couldn't run a therapy circle to save his life.

Lollys sprawled across two chairs, half asleep until Raff kicked her.

Unella was sitting next to her and kept poking at her when she would drift off too much.

Loras had slid in next to Unella and gave her a very small nod.

"You held your own. Damn woman, you really are made of stone."

Theon sat next, then Jorah who muttered about losing a sure bet.

The other side of Raff consisted of Cersei, Ramsay, Meryn, Sansa and Lady, whom Meryn was glaring at, then Tyrion to complete the circle.

Alliser sat against the wall and observed, with pen and paper just in case notes should be made.

Raff gave them all a bright insincere smile that made Lollys burst into a quick fit of laughter until Polliver whacked her.

"Now, we all know how this goes but we have newcomers. Tyrion! Unella! Welcome to therapy circle. In between regular private sessions, we do a daily check in. It's a time to discuss anything you need to get off your chest. Sometimes it allows others to give helpful input to your problems."
So! Who would like to start?

Unella didn't react to the humiliating shot from Raff, instead she waited to see who would attack her first.

Sure enough, Cersei smiled and spoke sweetly.

"I would like to go first today! First, I would also like to give a warm and joyful welcome to both my little brother and our former nurse. Tyrion, I can't tell you how...emotional it makes me to see you so...tormented. You look like a lost tourist and I am sure your head hurts from those shocks. I wonder what side effects you'll receive from your medication, I hope it won't make your clever brain not work anymore, after all with so many shortcomings, it was your best feature!"

Meryn and Ramsay giggled but Tyrion simply looked at his sister with his wide, shocked eyes and a smile that was a tad too wide.

"Ah! Sister, I can't tell you how happy it makes me to know that you went through the same things to describe them so well! And if I have to travel hell, at least I have my older sibling as my guide. Though I do hope that they don't mess up my hair like yours..."

Lollys, Theon and Loras giggled and Jorah smirked.

Raff cleared his throat and glared at Cersei who sniffed and let her gaze land upon Unella.

"And Unella, I am so sorry you had such a rough time adjusting last night. We all saw every bit of the trying time you had with Gregor. I mean, every, single, thrusting, moment. The fact that you hid a blade, how bad ass is that? Lollys, that is almost your level! Well, except you like to fuck the staff and Unella didn't seem to enjoy it all. No, I mean all that screaming, begging and blood. I am so glad that Qyburn fixed you back up."

Lollys grinned fiercely at Cersei and slung an arm over Unella.

"I know, right? I mean, I will tell you, even I have never fucked Gregor! Too big and damn it, she not only tangled with Gregor but lived to tell about it! Cersei, think of it, your sabotage made Unella a damned legend! I for one, plan to carry on her amazing tale of surviving the mountain!"

Unella appreciated the support but shrank at the touch, shuddering.

"Please, Lollys. I...I would rather no one touch me right now. You understand, I am sure."

Nodding, the woman removed her arm, giving Unella a look of empathy.

Sansa suddenly looked up with a cold look and tone to her.

"It was rape. It was a deliberate beating and rape. Stop joking about it, all of you. It's disgusting. No matter what we think of the nurse, she doesn't deserve this. Unella doesn't deserve this treatment and I refuse to join in this type of conversation anymore."
Unella shot a brief thankful look to the redhead then looked at Raff with a knowing glare.

Raff flushed red that the woman would dare to try and point out he should switch their topics.

"Alright, enough of this. Let's take a deep breath, everyone. Good. Now, who else would like to speak? On another topic?"

Meryn looked up, tears brimming in his eyes, his thick, short beard and glistening lips all quivering with suppressed emotion.

With a grief cracked voice, he spoke.

"I...I am heartbroken. I know relationships in a mental setting never last but I really fell for it this time. And now I don't know how to deal with this."

Loras rolled his eyes and snapped primly.

"Meryn, it was a dog! You can't have a meaningful romantic relationship with a freaking canine!"

The bulldog at his feet seemed to huff in agreement.

Sansa stared at Meryn and then at Lady's guilty look.

"No! Meryn, tell me you didn't have sex with my dog!"

Raff closed his eyes and pinched his nose and Unella hid a very small smile.

"Sansa, it isn't like that! Lady liked me, she wanted to be with me! We didn't just have sex, we had a deep loving communication and then she goes and humps on Theon like I'm nothing! I haven't jerked off once without her, not once! And then she goes trying to lick Theon's balls and humping him!"

"Can you NOT?"

Theon shrieked with indignation as Sansa prepared to murder Meryn, possibly with Lady.

Lollys started to cackle and tell Raff he's doing a really good job.

Raff snapped that Lollys could shut up or suck his cock.

Alliser watched all this, shaking his head.

Theon looked up at Ramsay and announced,

"I would like to speak. I want to talk about how someone can stalk, hunt, terrorize, rape and kidnap another, force them to love and worship them in spite of atrocities done...THEN GO AND FUCK SOME DRIED UP RICH COUGAR AS IF THE YEARS DON'T Matter!"

Ramsay looked surprised and amused as Cersei narrowed her eyes and gasped at the insult.
"Ah, sweetheart, are you jealous? Well, it's not my fault that Petyr took you away, am I to remain pining until you return?"

"Yes, you are! I never got to forget about you and fucked others when I wasn't with you! I never did that, did I? I should have, I guess."

Ramsay's face went still and cold, his eyes pinned dangerously on Theon as his voice growled low.

"You never did that because you knew what I would do to you. It's one thing to run from me, it's another to not be loyal to me. You didn't care when I fucked Loras, why do you care if I fucked Cersei?"

Theon responded to the warning in Ramsay's face by lowering his eyes but he spoke with the same strident voice.

"That was different! It's not at all the same and you know that!"

Loras jumped up and shook his fist at Ramsay.

"Because what you did to me was rape! You scared, hurt and violated me on purpose when I made it clear I wanted nothing to do with you! The cougar wanted to fuck you, so that is called cheating. You rapist, cheating, cock-sucking asshole!"

Cersei leaped up before Ramsay could do more than glare at Loras.

"The next fucking person that calls me a cougar is going to get their eyes scratched out of their head!"

By the time that Raff managed to get control of the feuding, it was time to head for chores or workshops.

Alliser held his paper that showed where everyone would generally would be and scanned them all.

Lollys and Sansa headed into the kitchen to prepare lunch.

Ramsay, Jorah and Loras headed for the workshops.

Unella began to scrub the floors with a sigh but Alliser approved of seeing her on hands and knees, scrubbing.

Cersei had an outdoor pass to go work in the gardens.

Theon went to assist Petyr in his office.

Meryn began to clean up the different common areas and Tyrion walked over to Alliser.

"Uh, excuse me, Sir? I am new here and no one told me what I am to do."
Cersei sneered when Tyrion staggered into the harsh summer light.

Polliver swung his baton threateningly towards Cersei.

"No bullshit from you, bitch. Tell the man what he can do to help you out here. He doesn't have any chores yet and this is what Alliser gave him. I'm not dealing with that fucking stick up the ass veteran from hell so deal with your sibling issues later."

Standing up from her work with roses, Cersei glared at Polliver, her nose high in the air.

"Do not call me a bitch or a cunt again. Or I am going to hire Lollys to suck your cock then bite it off. If you think I can't do that, think of this. The new night nurse is not careful, always drunk. She just leaves the medication door open, she did last night, she will again. I can steal some interesting drugs and do you really think Lollys would say no? If I offered her a little extra fun medication? Hmm?"

Tyrion watched as the man turned bright red and thought it through.

He saw the uneasy possibility sit in Polliver's eyes and then the man sneered at Cersei.

"Sure. I don't want my cock bit off over bad name calling. So let's try this instead to improve your fucking attitude."

With a true sadistic bit of joy, Tyrion watch as Polliver yanked his older sister's pants down and tossed her over his knee.

Polliver spanked her barehanded and bare-assed if she were a naughty little girl and her screeching seemed to almost soothe Tyrion's headache.

Qyburn smiled gently as his eyes were pinwheels of crazy.

Petyr smirked and his eyes were simply a massive pit of greed.

Vic shuddered at the sight of the lumbering, empty eyed Hodor and Walda.

He didn't even look around at the lab at first, he was not too proud to admit, it was a little too chilling.

"I won't tell you anything you want to know. Sorry. Even if you interrogate me using pain or your usual brain stirring techniques. I made sure of that when I first joined."

"So you at least admit you are an active member of this little resistance?"

Vic looked at Petyr and nodded sharply.
"I do. When my brothers died, I had no choice but to come home. With Asha missing and my nephew locked in a mental clinic, of course I ended my voyage and came home. Someone had to run the estates and companies, someone had to find my niece and help my nephew! I came back, I was taken much like Tyrion was, jumped, bagged and driven away. Once I understood the situation, I made sure that I would be unable to be taken the same way. So good luck, gentlemen. Have at it."

Qyburn and Petyr took him up on that challenge.

Truth serums produced results just not the ones they were looking for.
Vic informed them of his family line, of his own life all the way up until he met the resistance.
They heard of his first wife, he confessed that he truly did kill her.
After all, he caught her sleeping with Euron, his own brother, what else could he do to keep honor?

His heartbreak, his shameful running away, joining some sailors for drinks, drunk and pressed into service.
The adventures on the sea, how he grew to love it and save for his own vessel.
How it turned out to be easier to cause a mutiny and overthrow the captain.
How he spent years, countless years, countless stories.

When asked about Asha being in the resistance or anything at all about the group, he sang.
Sea chanteys would pour forth from Vic's stern off-key voice.
Qyburn applied his stronger medications along with some electricity.
Now the man began to recite poetry about the sea.
Petyr gritted his teeth and told Qyburn to go straight to the source, get into his brain.

Qyburn gave Petyr a nasty look for trying to order him to do anything.
"This is actually quite fascinating. I plan on applying each step until we reach that last option. Why don't you go be useful elsewhere? This won't be anytime soon."

"No. I will wait. I have seen you work before and you can move much faster than this. Stop playing around, this group could be a danger still. Raff said they never saw Sandor at all. And that three young people got away as well. That is still a threat and they need to be stopped. He must speak! We are all in danger until we find them."

Qyburn sighed deeply and nodded.
"Fine. I will go a little more intense but not by much. I do not wish to hurt or kill this one, he is so interesting. So full of good stories too."

Alliser patrolled the clinic while Polliver stayed outside with the two in the gardens.

He watched Unella scrubbing all the floors, he went after Meryn for not doing much to clean the common rooms.

In a loud bullying voice, Alliser explained to Meryn what a duster was and how it worked as well as introduced him to the vacuum cleaner for the rugs.

Alliser wandered into the kitchen to see Lollys and Sansa silently making lunch.

Then he went down to the workshops.

Loras was busy working on a new dress and Alliser simply sneered at him and kept going.

Alliser smelled smoke and landed on Ramsay and Jorah like a tank over a tiny sleepy village.

He tore the cigarette in half and made them each eat a half.

Then he gave a lecture that lasted a good twenty minutes while they both sweat, struggled and cursed doing push ups.

Raff came out of the office and went over to Unella.

He crouched down and snapped to get her attention, to stop the eternal scrubbing.

"Hey. We both know as soon as Gregor shows tonight, that crutch will get broken, probably over your head. Come into triage, gonna put a boot on you, so you'll be able to walk better."

Unella nodded and allowed Raff to help her stand.

She said nothing while he worked on her but he looked up and grinned.

"I could have let you suffer, you know. But see, in spite of what you think, I am a good nurse. There, much better. Qyburn left instructions for me to give his work a look over, make sure no stitches broke, make sure he didn't miss anything."

Unella allowed this young jerk to touch her body, to examine her and it made her want to howl in indignation but she kept silent.

"Looks good for now. Lady, Gregor had already done one hell of a job on you. You best stop provoking him or it'll just get worse until he truly rips you apart."

"Thank you for the examination, the boot and the advice, Nurse Raff. My very existence provokes Gregor and I can't do anything about that."
Raff shook his head and whistled briefly.

"You just can't help it. That's alright. Give it time. Now today you will have therapy with Alliser and no lab runs today. That is a good thing, right?"

He gave her a cortisone shot that made her cry with pain for her hips since she spends so much time crawling on floors.

Sansa was stirring the tomato soup and Lollys was finishing the last grilled cheese when Raff came by.

Stealing one of the grilled cheese sandwiches, Raff announced,

"Ladies, both of you will have therapy with me today. See you after lunch."

Lollys grinned crookedly and waved her spatula at him.

"Can't wait! I am sure it will be as interesting as my therapy sessions were with Unella."

Sansa looked up and gave a tiny twitch of her swollen pretty lips.

"I am looking forward to it. I do have stuff I would like to talk about."

Lollys lost her grin and so did Raff, for some reason her cold words made them both nervous.

Raff walked away and she looked at Sansa, touching her shoulder.

"Hey, what is it? What is up with you, you are scaring me a bit. Just tell me, shout at me or hit me. Hell, there is a burning stove right here, be angry and press my arm until it's grilled or something! Just anything but this cold evil kind of Cersei look to you."

Sansa moved away and responded coolly, as she started to ladle the soup into bowls.

"I wasn't lying, I am angry and I do wish to talk. Just not to you, not yet. But I will get there, I promise you that. Now put those sandwiches out while they are still hot. Everyone should be here any second."

Lollys hissed as she accidentally burned herself.

"Fuck! Fine, have it your way, Gingersnap. Just remember we are all just as crazy and dangerous as you think you are. I love you, but I won't put up with the fucking games. Okay? I have Petyr and Cersei for that shit."

"Why call him by his first name? Why not call him father or daddy?"

"Fuck you, ginger, you lost the right to ask me personal questions like that until you are acting like
my normal gingery buddy."

Though it was comfort food and certainly better tasting than breakfast, everyone was too sore or upset to care.

Cersei's ass and dignity burned as she carefully sat down.

Tyrion wasn't used to kneeling and yanking up weeds and ached plus a new symptom has begun causing his hands to shake.

He wasn't the only one struggling not to throw soup in his own face, Unella's medications have caused the same effect.

Loras didn't shake or flap anymore as it would affect his work which was wildly successful.

Theon was useful in the office and no longer had trembling hands.

Jorah and Ramsay were sore and covered in dried sweat.

Meryn was sobbing, wearing mittens and a large bandage inside the front of his sweatpants.

Alliser had come back up to the floor to find the man with his cock inside the vacuum cleaner tube.

He shut it off but the man was stuck inside it.

It took Alliser and Raff to get him removed from it.

Meryn managed to have an orgasm during the painful removal and basically destroyed the tube forever.

Alliser gave the man a beating as Raff treated the newly cut up penis.

Now he sat and cried into his soup, both for his injuries and for his broken heart.

Jorah, Lollys and Sansa ate quietly, no one had a word to say to each other.

Lollys cleaned up after lunch while Sansa went to have her therapy session with Raff.

She couldn't help herself and while Alliser seemed busy with the others, she tried to sneak to the nurse's office to hear what was said.

Polliver caught her and whacked her back into the kitchen.

"Start dinner prep until your turn, nosy whore. And so help me god, if you EVER try to bite off my cock, I will remove every tooth in your head! Hear me?"

"What the living hell are you talking about? Sure, I won't eat your cock. Don't particularly feel like
sucking your cock either so I think we are all good."

Sansa sat and shivered, giving Raff cool but receptive eyes.

"Do you have to sit across the desk like that? I remember Unella did that during our therapy sessions and it made it too impersonal. Between her stare and the silent judgment feeling then the desk...I couldn't talk, couldn't connect. It's the same now."

Raff nodded and went to sit in the plush chair near Sansa.

He held his clipboard, files, pen and crossed his legs.

"There, better?"

"Yes, thank you."

"No problem. Listen, I know that out this door, I am not the easiest of nurses and you all are not the easiest of patients. So we all clash a little. But in here, in this office during your therapy time, it's different. Everything is confidential, nothing is off limits and there is no penalty for what you say. This is your time to privately unload your feelings and I will help you deal with them or simply just listen."

Sansa looked down at her clasped hands with a small smile playing on her lips.

"Thank you. Yes, I have a lot of confusion, a good amount of upset right now. I am scared of how I will be punished, I am feeling so stupid for allowing Unella and that group take such advantage of me. Apparently my dog was being molested by Meryn while I was gone, so that is upsetting. And I am having some trust issues with Lollys, my only real friend here. I am feeling lonely and have no one to comfort me now without her."

Raff's eyes went wide and round as he felt her tiny foot running up his leg.

He checked discreetly, hoping it was just a large deadly spider but no, it was Sansa's foot.

Any responses he had been practicing to reply with flew right out of his mind.

"Please stop doing that, Sansa. It isn't part of therapy."

Raff cursed himself for sounding stupid and the bitch gave a small tinkling laugh.

"No, not most therapy sessions include that, I am sure. But this isn't a regular place, is it? I am lonely and I need comfort. So give me what I need, nurse, be a good therapist and assist your patient."

He plastered himself to the chair as Sansa was sliding herself over him, her hair falling softly upon his arms, causing goose-flesh.

She whispered in his ear with a voice promising him innocent yet dark things to come.
"No, get off me. Now, or I swear I will shove you and call Polliver to give you an ice bath."

Sansa pouted at the stern voice and stiff body held as far from her touch as possible.

She crawled off him and sat back down, her eyes clear of any lust.

"Why not? I'm not bad looking, actually no offense to the others but I am the youngest and prettiest of the bunch. And I'd never tell. Also, I seem to remember a certain little movie that shows clearly you have played with me before. If you want me to stop, I need a reason so I have closure."

Raff sneered and stood up to pace back behind the desk, slamming the clipboard down.

He leaned over the desk his palms flat upon the shining wood.

"You want reasons? Fine. The only reason I fucked you that one time was because Cersei paid me to do it. Petyr also has made it very clear to leave you alone, that you are all his, sugar. But most of all, I don't like you and I don't find you attractive in a sexual way at all. If I wanted to fuck a ginger hair china doll, I'd be all about you. Since you seem all done with therapy today, you can leave. Send in Lollys. Oh, you are slated for the lab this afternoon, lucky you."

Sansa stood up and stretched, giving Raff a tiny smile.

"Thank you for our therapy session. I have learned a great deal and feel better already."

Lollys stormed in, kicking the door shut behind her after Sansa left.

"Did you fuck her? Did you? Did you let her suck your cock so she can stop all my drugs? Did you fuck her so she can get her damned revenge on me? Huh?"

She swung at Raff and he moved in time, grabbing her fist and spinning her into the wall, her back hitting hard.

Grabbing her chin hard with his hand, Raff kissed her deeply, then bit her lip until it bled.

"No, I didn't fuck that ginger cunt. She tried to seduce me and I threatened her with an ice bath. So shut the fuck up. And besides, I can fuck half the female population if I want and you have no say, whore."

"I don't give a fuck if you whore yourself until your cock falls off. Just not her."

A quick adjustment of clothing and Raff thrust into her and she cried out, riding waves of pleasure.

Raff took her in his arms and she wrapped her legs and arms around him.

"I won't fuck her. I don't want to. Right now I just want to fuck you, so stop thinking about her."
Lollys bit his neck hard enough to leave a mark and Raff smacked her ass hard.

"Don't leave marks, dammit!"

She laughed as he dropped her on the desk and crawled over her.

"Just making sure Sansa knows you aren't for her. I could've peed on you."

Raff grabbed her throat and squeezed as he began to pound into her.

Poor Alliser gave only a brief knock before opening the nurse's door to ask Raff a quick question.

His eyes bugged out briefly watching the two locked in furious lust and he shut the door quietly.

Clearing his throat, Alliser called his own next patient for counseling.

He noticed that Loras and Jorah had Raff for therapy today too.

Alliser grimly shook his head, those poor men.
Polliver's mouth was open, his eyes glazed and Alliser had the worst urge to hit him.

Instead he leaned even closer and repeated his question.

"Where is my office? Where I go to counsel the patients? Raff is busy, so I need you to really pull some oxygen in and try to use your thinking mind. You do have one, don't you? A thinking mind? Where do I go?"

"Uh...there is an extra little office at the end of that hallway, closest to the gaming room and elevator to the lab. I'll unlock it for you."

Since no one but the nurse or doctor had ever offered therapy while he was here, Polliver had no clue the man needed a space of his own.

He hurried to open the door, that asshole breathing down his neck, ruining his fucking nap time.

Polliver grimaced but secretly was thrilled at the tiny windowless, gray walled room.

The nurse's office was smaller than Petyr's or Qyburn's but it was plush and nice.

This was a steel gray old desk and a wooden hard chair with merely a folding chair on the other side.

"Sorry, it's all we have or you can just lock the gaming room door and use that room. Or the crafts room has a really big table?"

Alliser grimly surveyed the small space and nodded with approval.

"No. This is perfect. Thank you, Polliver. I will take a few minutes to clean this a bit up then get the folders and patients."

Rolling his eyes, Polliver left and went to make sure no chickens had wandered too far so he can take his nap.

He found Ramsay, Jorah and Loras in the workshops and he stole one of Ramsay's cigarettes.

Back on the floor, Meryn was in the gaming room, playing GTA while sobbing.

Cersei was in her room, reading a book.

Leaning to shout up the hole, Polliver demanded a roof head count.

It was confirmed that Theon, Tyrion and Sansa were up there.

Nearly falling over Unella as she eternally scrubbed floors, Polliver snapped at her.
"Enough! You have reached every floor now! Stop! Driving me fucking apeshit. Don't wash the floors until after meals and then only once, hear me! I don't give a fuck what Gregor wants, he doesn't pay me anymore. I don't get paid enough to put up with this crazy shit! Leave the bucket! Go to your room and rest until you are called for therapy! MOVE!"

Finally, Polliver stretched out on the couch in the common room when he received a text.

It was fucking Alliser asking for Polliver to escort Cersei to his office.

Grumbling that he doesn't work for that prick and he wasn't a fucking escort, Polliver headed for Cersei's room.

"Cougar! Alliser wants you in therapy now. Let's go."

Cersei shoved past Polliver and waited to be told which direction to go, while tapping her foot.

"I told you not to call me names anymore!"

Polliver went real close to Cersei, almost touching her nose and responded softly.

"And what was the price for it when you tried that yesterday? I think you would like it less if I did that here where everyone can see instead of just Tyrion. And your ass must still be so sore. Now, what did you just say, you dried up old cougar cunt?"

If looks could kill, Polliver would have died in that moment, but instead he just stared challengingly into Cersei's eyes.

Cersei's lips twitched and her hands became tight fists, her breathing accelerated.

Polliver remained calm and waited to see if he was escorting or spanking before escorting.

"I asked which direction do I go in to find Alliser?"

The great difficulty it caused Cersei to say that warmed Polliver's heart.

Cersei sat in Alliser's dim little office and moved a bit on the hard metal, uncomfortable and feeling the wound in her armor.

Alliser wasn't about to make her world any easier, he leaned over his desk and gave the grimmest smile that Cersei had ever seen.

"I have read your folders, your files and I watched you today during my time here. You are going to be in for a bit of surprise with me as your counselor. There will be no coddling, no sweet consoling words for you from my lips. No special treatments, no bribery and no foolish head games. We are going to use this time for us to be simple and direct with each other. Only then can I really help you."

Cersei gave a small smirk of her own and leaned forward, refusing to grimace at the pain it caused
"Alliser, I appreciate your time with me. I don't need you to fix anything for me, I have no need to bribe you and you are not the kind of person I would play a head game with. I don't want you to coddle me or give me your sweet words. I want to be left alone. I have admitted to my faults, Unella, the former nurse and Raff, can attest to that. In fact, even Polliver and Gregor were there to witness my downfall. So I just want to be left alone until the day Petyr or Qyburn decide I can leave. I am now in a survival race with my last and most despised little brother for freedom. If they think he is more reasonable, they will release him instead of me. Whoever gets out first, will control everything. That is what matters to me now. So unless we are discussing how I get the hell out of here, anything is else is wasting your time and mine."

"I can help you get out of here faster. Tyrion is my patient as well. Interesting. Well, I guess I will see which one of you is more determined to get well and leave then. It's a sibling challenge and Cersei, if you want to discuss conflict or challenges and how to win them, I am your man. We are going to look at what you really are deep down, then pull it out kicking and screaming. Throw out the bullshit and get you out of here with a clear head. Or your brother does it. Who do you think I can release quicker? How determined is your brother compared to you?"

Alliser watched as Cersei's face went through many emotions then she gave a tiny nod.

"You have me there. I cannot allow my brother to leave here first. And you are going to make us play fair, correct? Fine, then. I hope you are as good as your word because there isn't a single thing I wouldn't do to get out of here."

Narrowing his eyes, Alliser folded his hands on the table.

"The hardest part is first. Looking, a hard looking at yourself. Your weaknesses and downfalls."

Cersei rolled her eyes and smirked.

"Let me help you there. I was a bully, a mean girl and I used every advantage I had offered to me. I lived a rich plush comfortable life and took it for granted. I destroyed my marriage and due to my actions, lost my sons. Oh, I also was having sex with my dead brother. I killed my uncle who got in my way."

Alliser shrugged.

"What do I care? I said we are to look for your weaknesses and we shall confront them. Those are brags. What really hurts you? What makes you stumble and cry?"

Polliver was dreaming of beating the Rock in a wrestling match when his phone woke him.

He blearily read that Alliser wishes to see Unella next.

Swearing, Polliver staggered into the hallway as Cersei came marching down the hall.

"How dare he bring up my brother! He has no right to ask, to talk about...how dare he? That bastard! I won't have it, Polliver! I want a different counselor immediately!"
Polliver put his large hand palm flat against Cersei's face and shoved.

"Bad Cougar! No attacking! You want a new counselor, you talk to Raff. Get the fuck away from me before I use my baton on your ass next!"

Cersei hissed at him and Polliver kept his word, giving the shrieking woman three hard whacks with the baton upon her cotton covered but still sore ass.

"Fuck off, or it's going to be worse in three, two.."

He watched in satisfaction as Cersei ran for her room.

They clashed frozen eyes, they sat without moving, mouths set firmly, no words, for a good five minutes.

"This must be very difficult for you. Having been employed here as the day nurse for so long. And you worked for Qyburn prior to this, I can see. According to records, you were an excellent nurse, good at records, at triage, at therapeutic methods and more. Your understanding of unique pharmaceutical drugs and your own side work in the laboratories was impressive. Funny in a way. You spent so much time on work in brainwashing and Post Traumatic Syndrome among other subjects. Just to decide to convince a patient to join a cult with you. I must say, it was overly generous for Petyr and Qyburn to allow you treatment here rather than toss your ass to the authorities, let them toss you in prison. So I want to make sure that they get their money's worth for saving you from jail. And I want to help you face your issues and get well so you can pay your debt to them by getting back to work."

Unella sighed and shook her head.

"You haven't any real idea about who I am or why I did what I did. I don't intend to indulge you either. I worked here faithfully and well for years. I made a very bad mistake and I am willing to take my punishment for it. Then I will be reinstated as a nurse when Qyburn feels I am ready. Until then, I shall do as I am told, pay my debt as you put it."

Done talking, Unella leaned back in the chair, prepared to stare this old veteran until they both turn to dust if need be.

Alliser leaned back in his chair as well, his eyes running across all of her before returning to her frozen gaze.

The look was not sexual but assessing and he spoke.

"Whoever busted you up isn't going to stop. In your records it does mention that neither staff nor patients liked you. They didn't like your rules, your therapy, you methods or your attitude. However, you produced more results than any staff member considered more tolerable. That says something to me, Unella. I am the same way in my work. The boys I worked with, they never liked me. They respected me, you bet they did, but they never liked me, they loathed me. But I didn't hate them, no I wanted to help them. I wanted to give them what no one else would. The hard gritty truths that will harden them and allow them to rise above their fears. Give them focus and goals and pride. My coworkers and employers, they sometimes thought I was too rough on the boys and I
wasn't a social person. So the staff didn't care for me either. Every school I worked for, they were all quick to point the finger in my direction when someone got hurt. And that is what has pretty much happened to you."

Unella gave a tiny nod, considering.

"Sometimes, our help hurts but it really is help. We tried...I just wanted to start with helping get rid of bad memories in victims. But Qyburn found criminals more interesting. He wanted to see if we could rehabilitate them, I thought it was a good idea, to think of prisons so overcrowded, this would be award worthy! But...it only worked in some ways. In both victims and criminals. When it all went bad a few times, I stayed, I was loyal and followed the doctor to hell and back. It isn't the doctor, it's the employers. First that Cersei, her father, then Kevan, now it's Petyr and he is the worst of all of them! I couldn't stay any longer, I just couldn't do it! And I knew Petyr loved one thing...so out of anger, I stole it."

Alliser nodded and folded his hands on the desk.

"And we are getting somewhere now. Tell me, Unella. How long have you loved the doctor? And let's talk a little about your obsession with Petyr. In fact, you seem to be hostile to the upper classes in general."

Unella stared at him and demanded to see his degree.

Polliver was moaning softly as the porn star was licking his balls and then she started to beep at him.

He woke up to find his crotch damp as Lady was furiously licking at the hardness beneath the scrubs.

"Ahh! Get away! Gross! Fucking whore dog! Dammit!"

The text was from Alliser of course, asking to see Ramsay.

He had to use the dryer in the bathroom first to dry his pants before Polliver could head down to the workshops.

Ramsay smiled cheerfully at Alliser and sat cross legged, picking at a fingernail.

"Your folder is daunting. A real killer we have here. A hunter of humans was how it was put in several files."

Ramsay added helpfully,

"Acquitted."

A brow went up and Ramsay watched in disgusted fascination as hairs from the man's nose and ears began to quiver.
"Young man, I was killing humans while you were in your diapers! And I wasn't doing it for fun, I was doing it to protect our rights, because it was war!"

That was really the last thing Ramsay heard as he just concentrated on seeing which part of Alliser's hair quivered the most.

Eventually the lecture ended and Ramsay sighed as Alliser began to write a letter of new suggestions for his day.

Polliver was snuggled under a blanket and locked the game room door as soon as he shooed the dog away.

He was drifting into a twilight sleep when the text came to bring Tyrion in to Alliser.

Cursing and kicking at things, Polliver stormed off to find the dwarf.

The girls were cooking supper and the smells made his stomach rumble.

It was taco night and that was Polliver's favorite, he and the rest of the staff tended to steal a good dinner.

He found Tyrion hiding out reading in his room and dragged him to counseling.

Polliver barely left the man with Alliser before he received another text.

This time it was Qyburn, asking for Sansa to be brought up to the lab.

Polliver wanted to cry and did bang his head against the wall.
Lollys and Sansa were aware of which nights would bring even the staff running to share the dinner.

So on those days, they made extra and it created more effort, more time and chaos in the kitchen.

Polliver slammed his baton into the kitchen door and hollered,

"Sansa! Qyburn wants you in the lab! Let's go!"

Lollys and Sansa both stared at him and Lollys indicated the state of the room around them.

"Are you shitting me? We have forty minutes to have food ready! The salsa isn't even started yet and I have a shit load of ground mystery meat to season and cook! She can't go now! Can't you see if Qyburn can fry her head after dinner?"

"I don't give a flying fuck what your issues are, whore. The high class cunt heads up to the lab and I'll send someone to help you in here. If you can shut your mouth and hold your attitude for a few minutes. Think you can attempt to do that for me, Lollys? Or would you rather do all this by yourself, with, say maybe, a few newly burnt fingers? Huh?"

Lollys bit her lip and forced herself to go back to work quietly.

"Good. Let's go, Sansa, move your pretty little ass, I want to be done running crazies around this fucking clinic."

Sansa left without a word and Lollys watched her go with narrowed eyes and bared teeth.

After they were both out of sight, Lolly growled and threw a head of lettuce at the wall, watching it explode everywhere.

"FUCK! FUCK FUCK!"

Luckily, being a mental ward, this brought no one running or even walking to see why she was screaming.

While they cooked, Sansa had spoken to Lollys.

Not about whatever she was mad about, not to force Lollys into a confession or penance.

No, the speaking alone was the punishment that Lollys was sure would be going on for sometime.

"You know that Raff has a life beyond here. I get concerned that you might get too attached to him. But you keep in mind that he is just a nurse who happens to be your dealer, right? And you fuck him for those drugs? Oh, and of course Petyr has made him your handler for when you need to be outdoors. Like a dog trainer and a dog, you have to bond, right? But when he leaves here, Raff doesn't think of you. He dates women that can dance, go to a public restaurant, stuff that you can't
do. Stuff that you would probably look silly doing anyway. Can you see the purple hair Super Skank in a fancy dining hall, eating with the right forks and doing the waltz?"

Sansa's tinkling laugh cut through Lollys.

"I think I liked you better when I was your bad influence, instead of Cersei. And for your information, Raff is simply looking to marry and probably kill a rich girl. Who cares? I like to fuck him, don't want to marry him, don't love him. I won't make that mistake again, trust me, dear."

But it stuck in her head, it chewed like tiny hungry bugs deep in Lollys's matter.

Polliver came back with Tyrion and a mean grin on his face.

"I excused the little shit from his therapy session saying you needed assistance. Tacos better be ready on time and I expect mine to already be on a plate."

"Gee. Thanks."

Polliver winked at the furious Lollys and wandered off, whistling.

"Do you know how to cook by any chance?"

Tyrion shook his head.

"No. But I can learn and I just need a step ladder or stool."

"Don't have time to teach you, but anyone can chop. Stool and step ladder in the pantry."

It only took ten minutes before Raff was treating Tyrion for swollen fingers.

"You didn't warn him to wear gloves before cutting jalapeños?"

Lollys gave Raff a frustrated look.

"I did tell him to wear the gloves!"

Tyrion fired back while Raff plastered his hands in burn cream and wrapped them.

"I can't fit the gloves! I told you that! You could have told me what would happen if I didn't wear them!"

"You should assume if someone says to wear gloves, it is for a reason!"

Raff sighed and sent Tyrion to rest until supper.

Managing to weasel a little pill of speed out of Raff, Lollys decided to finish dinner by herself after all.
Polliver has brought many a person to Qyburn's lab.

No matter whether they were a patient or employee, they always looked uneasy if not terrified.

Sansa was calm, she was even humming softly, hands gently clasped together.

He shoved her inside the lab when the elevator opened, more uneasy by her than the lab itself for once.

"Brought you Sansa! Guess what, Qyburn? It's taco night for supper!"

Qyburn and Sansa weren't fooled by Polliver's loud overly cheerful bellow.

"Thank you, Polliver. Ah, I do love taco night, I shall be down with Sansa for it! And perhaps I can bring a few back for Hodor and Walda. Look at Hodor, already drooling at the prospect. Don't worry, big fellow, you will have your taco night! You may go, Polliver."

Sansa smiled at both Hodor and Walda and watched as Polliver bolted for the elevator.

Smiling, Qyburn took Sansa's hands and squeezed lightly.

"Well now, dear. Let's have a look at you. Positively radiant, aren't you? Come, there will be no pain tonight, though you don't seem to have any fear of that. I do believe if Petyr were to walk back in, you would look helpless, terrified and repentant. You are clever enough to know I see through that."

He settled her in a chair and turned on the bright lights but reached for nothing but chemicals.

"Only a little sedative, so I can be sure of what you are telling me, dear."

Qyburn listened as Sansa told him every moment of the escape from the dock and forward to the end.

"Thoros and Beric hit the kill switch but something very unexpected happened, didn't it? You didn't just fall into a mindless drooling heap, or try and kill yourself. No, no, you reacted by strengthening. It was as if they took you while I had only made you metal and they applied the resistance needed to hone you down. Now here you are and I cannot tell you how pleased I am with it. I cannot wait to be able to share this with Unella once she is no longer in disgrace. Now...you have come up with objectives, haven't you? And goals? I am interested to see which are driven by me and which you have chosen on your own."

Sansa gave a twitch of her lips and looked at the doctor.

"I am going to kill Petyr and Cersei. I want to be the out patient, not Tyrion Lannister. I want to be your contributor. I want to help put this clinic in order and profit from what we could do together. I don't want to use you or control you and I am fully aware that you are the true leader, the puppet master. I want to be head puppet."

Qyburn took the IV out of Sansa's arm and petted her hand gently.
He listened patiently as she spoke of her plans and Qyburn offered gentle suggestions here and there.

"It's time for those tacos! I must say I am so pleased with your progress. And yes, I think we have very similar goals, Sansa. I am going to allow you free reign on your projects. If you manage to kill off both Petyr and Cersei, then I am certain you will be ready to be considered for out patient."

Vic looked up wearily, ready to sing another round when Qyburn patted his cheek.

"You can save your breath. It's over. I think it will take time and some medication and rest with the rest of the patients might help you. You are going downstairs and getting processed in the morning. Cheer up, it's taco night! I will have Hodor and Walda bring you some new clothes. When I return, you can all have a lovely late night dinner!"

Nodding, Vic thankfully just asked for a little water.

Qyburn gave it to Hodor to let Vic sip at since the man was still strapped down to a gurney. Sansa waited politely for Qyburn to escort her downstairs and she gave only a polite blank look to Vic.

"We didn't help you, lass. I'm sorry for that."

"Don't be. You helped me so much, truly. This is what I always wanted to be. Nothing can hurt me now, not really. And who can ask for more than that?"

Lollys had pulled out an old boom box and was playing salsa music while dancing about, putting out the food.

"Holy shit, you are fucked UP!"

Loras laughed as Lollys forced him into a dance, soon as folks filed in she had a small conga line.

It broke up when Alliser shut the music off and barked that it wasn't a dance night.

Loras and Theon gasped.

"We are getting a dance night? YES!!"

Polliver groaned loudly as he grabbed the plate Lollys had made for him.

"Oh come on...how many new activities are we making here?"

Gravely, Alliser surveyed them all sternly and spoke in a voice of a sea captain speaking of the
dead.

"Dancing is a form of exercise as well as a reputed therapeutic way to release emotion. It is an acceptable and reasonable activity. I shall consider which classical dances we shall learn first and inform you tomorrow during circle."

Raff was frowning at Unella's hands, he had bandaged and treated them all day long.

It was useless, most of her fingernails just came off, too much exposure to the water, to the soap.

Soon this wouldn't be treating a terrible rash and swelling, her skin was loosening.

He had no choice but to confront Gregor and that soured his urge for taco night.

It was pitiful to see, both Unella and Tyrion could barely use their hands.

They ended up managing a taco shell between the two of them, as if it were a demented lady and the tramp remake.

Cersei had the most fun watching and commented, applauding loudly when they finished the shell.

Lollys could barely sit still to eat at all, so she made a tray for Qyburn to bring back upstairs with him.

"I added extra salsa for Hodor and extra sour cream in Walda's tacos. I don't know how Vic likes his so I made a generic few."

"Thank you, dear. You need to calm down, Lollys. It will anger your father if he sees your...condition. He is still here, in the office. Have a care, dear. I really like you, have known you so long, you are like my granddaughter. Remember why you became a patient? The real reason? Yes? Same as Unella, you tried to run away. When you take so many drugs, I fear you are trying to run away again. Be very careful. Raff is not like your Bronn, Lollys. He won't save you, he won't marry you, or even love you. Raff is looking for his own escape route. Those rich ladies he continually courts, refined, pretty things like Sansa. Not redheads, not for our Raff, as we know."

Qyburn gave a warm chuckle, pretending he didn't see Lollys's crestfallen look, her face as if it were slapped hard.

"Of course, I will allow him the experience if he wishes it. But if he becomes successful at it and tries to quit this job and is told no...if he is reminded that refusal is not an option...would he try to run? Try to use a powerful wife as a shield to bolt rather than her death to pay the bills? It might take me some time to retrieve him. Or Petyr might decide that Raff isn't that useful and order his death? Oh dear, it just occurred to me! Do you think Petyr would be cruel enough to send you to kill Raff?"

"Please, stop. Please? Why are you doing this? Did Sansa decide to enlist you? Holy shit, she went right to the top, didn't she?"
Arching an eyebrow, Qyburn gave a little shake to his head and kindly spoke while patting the girl's shaking shoulder.

"Nonsense, dear. Sansa doesn't gossip that way but there isn't anything I don't know and I did just bring her back from my little lab."

Leaning close enough to make Lollys stiffen a bit, Qyburn whispered in a gentle reassuring tone.

"Do not worry, I won't interfere in your personal issues. I am going to allow Sansa her natural course and you, yours. However, I would suggest that you understand now that I do support that young lady. She might be up for out patient sooner than anyone else here. Consider that, Lollys and consider your past actions. I would step carefully and perhaps learn to atone instead of avoid. Just a bit. Perhaps ask Raff for some real therapy during your sessions instead of just seeing to your immediate wants."

Qyburn leaned back and Lollys was shocked eyes and slack jaw, then she smiled in a terrible way.

"Thanks for the suggestions, the advice and the caring. I always thought of you as a mad scientist but a grandpa kind of one too. Hope everyone enjoys the dinner."

Suddenly the room flooded with a love ballad from the boom box.

Journey blasted across the room as Lady sat next to the radio her little paw on the play button.

Meryn burst into tears, Loras rolled his eyes and threw his napkin down in disgust and Sansa gasped in horror.
Unella watched the strange argument that seemed to be revolving around Sansa, Meryn and the dog when the elevator doors slid open.

She cringed, but hid it well, as she watched Gregor and that horrid excuse for a nurse behind him enter the floor.

Gregor's eyes went right to her pinning her and she raised her chin to glare back.

He gave a small cruel smirk and continued towards the staff area.

Raff cleared his throat after waiting until Gregor got settled then spoke.

"We need to talk. We need to discuss a patient and I'd rather do it alone rather than during the staff meeting. You can't keep Unella just washing the floors like that. Her hands are in a serious condition. If it gets any worse, it will be Qyburn that will have to treat her and he won't like what he sees. It's not just a bad rash from the soap, the skin is going to start slogging off if she keeps this up. Either let her mop like a regular person or something. But for the next three days, she cannot use her hands for any physical labor."

Gregor stood over the slender man and nearly bent him backwards before growling.

"Do not tell me what I can and can't do."

Raff swallowed dry air and spoke as if Unella would have done.

"I'm not. I'm telling you what Unella can and can't do. I'm not talking to you as a friend, Gregor. I'm telling you this as the day nurse, I'm telling you the orders I am leaving for my patient. If it's not followed and she is injured worse, I have no choice but to take her and the problem to Qyburn."

"I can snap you in half, boy."

"Yes, you can. And it won't change the state of Unella's hands or the repercussions you'll suffer from the doctor for it."

Gregor stared at Raff then grabbed his throat, slamming him hard up on the wall.

"You want to be careful, nurse. Fine, I will follow the bloody nursing orders. I will find new ways to play with her. But you don't want to let your new position go to your head, Raff."

Dropping the man, Gregor walked away, leaving Raff to try and discover the joys of oxygen.

Lollys watched as Barbry stole a ton of the food but instead of eating it, she wrapped it in tinfoil and shoved it all into a large old purse.
It also took her seconds to assess that Barbry was not only a long time drunk but was careless with keys and locks.

A smile curved on her face as she continued the supper clean up with Sansa's help.

"I cannot believe you let Meryn near my dog!"

"Hey, you didn't even ask if I was capable of caring for a dog, it was just shoved into my room while you went on vacay! And to be honest, I was busy being punished then sent to get you. So I really wasn't around to keep your dog from being a slut. Look, I did see her go for him and afterwards, she strutted around, tail up, as if to brag. No shame walk for that Lady."

Polliver twirled his baton and hollered,

"Movie night, folks! The adults are going to be talking, that means all kiddies in the common room! Hey, Red and Purple, hurry the fuck up or I'm going to start swinging."

After they were shoved into the common room, Polliver told them he already chose their movie and to shut up, enjoy.

With only fruit punch and cookies to comfort them, they all sat and stared at the horror movie Misery.

"Oh look, a killer sadistic nurse and a kidnapped man helpless under her evil control. Huh. I wonder what those crazy writers and movie folks will come up with next?"

Theon and Loras laughed at Lollys's dry comment.

They all settled down to watch the movie and there was a minor skirmish when Sansa discovered that Lady was sitting with Meryn in his usual jack off corner.

None of them except Sansa actually noticed when Lollys left.

Sansa smiled then started to yell as Meryn grunted and her dog seemed to be panting staring at him.

"Stop trying to display yourself for my dog! It's disgusting! Lady, no! Get back here! Don't you dare!"

Lollys used Barbry's stolen keys and slipped inside the nursing office.

She went to Raff's desk and went through the drawers.

Finding his little black book, Lollys flipped through it then she went to his desk computer.

She already had figured out his password and used it before.
This time Lollys wasn't just wishing to use the internet, she was searching Raff's history.

The different names and pictures of the rich socialites he has been courting.

Quickly, she jotted down what she wanted and put everything as it was before leaving the room.

She dropped Barbry's keys on the tinfoil mountain of her purse and went back to watch the movie.

Theon, Loras and Jorah had their heads together and now they went over to Unella, startling her.

She had been sitting with Tyrion, who was swigging punch like it was wine.

"We have decided to help you against Gregor. It isn't right what he is doing and we have to try and stick together. Tyrion, you can join our group if you'd like too."

Sansa watched as they all crept away and fully approved of the boys assisting Unella.

Though she has no plans to involve herself, Unella and Gregor is a force beyond her, Sansa doesn't enjoy seeing Unella tortured.

Ramsay and Cersei seemed to enjoy the movie as they took up the entire couch.

Sansa wonders if they are in alliance only or are actively lovers.

Judging by their eyes, it was alliance and sex was just an added warding off of boredom.

Sansa was sure that they would turn on each other in a heartbeat if it served their needs.

She knew that Ramsay wanted Theon back very badly.

This was something to consider and Sansa considered it while the deranged nurse on the screen served a birthday cake with a severed thumb on it to her captive patient.

Meryn gave a slight muffled sound of an orgasm and then there was the sound of a dog lapping.

Sansa exploded out of her chair and came down upon Meryn like an enraged goddess of red hair and fury.

Alliser carefully outlined his plans to bring education and the more active therapeutic arts to the clinic floor.

They all stared at him as if he was sprouting horns.

However, no one had any ground to object to his plans so they just let him ramble.

The only thing Polliver added beyond his usual rote on the patients activities and moods, was that he wasn't a fucking escort.
Raff described the patients day both in medical and therapeutic terms.

He made sure Barbry understood his notes for the evening shift on treating Unella's hands.

In spite of her weaving and smelling as if she took a quick swim in a distillery, Barbry seemed to understand.

The woman even came up with some suggestions of her own for quicker healing of the skin that Raff hadn't even thought of.

Two seconds later Raff found Barbry's keys just sitting on top of her purse right on the med counter with the plastic window cover wide open.

"Hey, you really have to be more careful with the keys and locking the doors. These patients can get into shit if they have a chance to. We have drug addicts, killers that would love a weapon and those who love to steal to deal whatever it is to the others here."

"Oh yeah? Let them try and fuck with me. I established my methods last night. They obeyed my orders even if they didn't like them. No one is getting past me."

Sighing, sensing bad things to come, Raff just shut his files and began to pack up to leave.

Gregor went in search of Unella as soon as the day staff, including Petyr left.

He found Ramsay and Cersei picking through horror movies in the gaming room.

"Where is Unella? Where are the rest of the chickens? It's movie night they should all be here."

"Nope, just us. They left before the first movie even ended. Sansa chased Meryn down the hall with the slut dog chasing them. Super Skank flew off to wherever Super Skanks fly to. And the rest of the chickens ran off with Tyrion and Unella halfway through the movie."

He growled at Ramsay's glowing smile and slammed the door behind him.

The stupid flock have decided to help her and Gregor knows that means it could take a while to find Unella.

They weren't in the workshops or in any room that they could have access to.

He found Sansa beating the living hell out of Meryn with a roll of tinfoil in the kitchens and kept going.

Gregor went to the wall that led to the roof ladder and hollered up it.

"CHICKENS!"

A flurry and whispered sounds as the smell of weed assaulted Gregor's nose.
"I CAN FUCKING HEAR YOU IDIOTS AND SMELL THE POT! I WANT TO KNOW WHO IS UP THERE! NOW OR I'LL BOARD THIS WALL UP AND YOU'LL BE UP THERE UNTIL I REMEMBER TO MENTION IT TO ANYONE!"

He heard Theon mutter that he'd do it too and Loras's voice floated down.

"Uh, it's me and Theon."

"You and Theon. No one else, huh?"

The menace carried up through to Loras who sounded nervous now.

"Uh, well, Jorah is here too."

"Theon, Jorah and you. I swear to you, I'm going to rip your arms off like wings off a baby bird if you don't stop your bullshit. Tyrion and Unella. Are they up there?"

Another whispered discussion and a new voice.

"Uh, Gregor? I am here and Unella is too."

"HOW THE FUCK DID YOU TWO GET UP THERE WITH NO HANDS TO USE? AND YOU ARE WHAT, TWO FEET TALL?"

Tyrion's voice sounded insulted.

"I am NOT two feet tall, Sir. And for your information, we were assisted up here."

"Both of you back down here now. Jump if you need to and I'll catch you."

More whispers and Gregor's forehead veins began to pulse.

"If you think to hide up there all night, I'm giving you fair warning. What I do later to you will be so much worse than you can imagine. Go on and smoke, cry or sing inspirational songs, whatever the fuck you all do up there. But if I don't see a dwarf and a broken down nurse on the floor within an hour...all of you will regret it."

Gregor stormed away, satisfied that they will weigh the consequences and slink down soon enough.

He caught them just as they were helped down and Unella was being led to hide in some old heating ducts.

Each chicken got a good hard whack somewhere before Gregor let them all scatter, holding sore parts.

Except Unella, she didn't get to run at all and he didn't whack her while he attacked the flock.
Gregor waited until he dragged her to her room before causing her any agony.

Since Unella needed to heal her hands as well as her stitches in her, Gregor taught her how to use her mouth.

It took two teeth and a very bruised jaw, a dislocated shoulder and the threat of digging an eye out with a thumb.

Gregor took a break while Unella had to clean up the vomit and blood upon the floor.

That is when he saw the two sets of eyes that had opened the door a crack to peer in.

To Theon and Loras's giddy joy, they huddled with the others and watched as Gregor chased Cersei and Ramsay down the hallways.

When they were caught both were launched into an ice bath, blindfolded and gagged.

He closed the door firmly when Gregor entered Unella's bedroom again.

The floor was cleaned but Unella was gone.

Gregor searched for an hour before he found her in a heating duct that she couldn't have gotten into without assistance.

He ordered to her come down and let him pull her out but then suddenly lettuce and pieces of salsa were being launched at him.

Narrowing his eyes, Gregor understood that the chickens wanted war.

"YOU WANT TO WAR WITH GREGOR, CHICKENS? THAT IS FINE, LIFE GETS BORING HERE. LET'S BATTLE!"

Unella watched from her high up position, face pressed against the grate as Gregor began to head towards the now scattering flock.

It would be a very long night and she hopes that Barbry won't be too drunk to deal with the wounded.
Raff had spent twenty minutes rushing home, afraid he would be late for his date.
The blond was rich, pretty in a sharp kind of classical way and dumb as a post.
This was their eighth date so far and Raff has spent more money and care on her than the others.

She found him witty, funny and she loved the way he gave oral.
He didn't know tongues could even cramp or swell up until he met this chick.
And she never returned the favor, no, just expected him to use her hands or fuck her.
She only like missionary and wanted him to be gentle with her, which he found funny because she expected his tongue to be rough and active.

He flew through a shower and threw on his best suit to fly out the door and head for the club.
Thank god that she didn't want him to pick her up tonight.
Raff sat in the damned club getting a headache for forty minutes and three overly priced drinks.
His temper wasn't good as he drove home at breakneck speed, nearly killing some jogger in all black that flew past his car.

She didn't answer his texts or calls and Raff couldn't think of any reason for her to not show.
He riffled through every moment with her that he could recall, not once did he ever drop his charming act with her.
There wasn't a moment she ever seemed irritated at him.
Raff decided to have a beer and go to bed, deal with it tomorrow.

He was fucking tired and in truth he was glad he didn't have to pretend to enjoy the date.
After putting the cell phone on it's charger, Raff reached into his fridge for a beer.
His hand was almost about to move the head out of his way when his tired brain registered his date's head in the way of his beer.

Barbry stared disgusted at the patients in the doorway and shook her fist with true drunken spirit.
"See! This is...this is what happens when you let the MEDIA and PLAYCONS RUN YOUR YOUTH AND THE MTV AND VIDEO GAMING! THINK I DON'T KNOW? I'VE SEEN IT! AND LOOK, YOU HAD YOUR STUPID ROLE-TABLE GAME AND YOU ALL GET JERKED OFF! YOU WANNA PLAY YOUR DUMB LORD OF THE DUNGEON HOGWARTS THAS..THATS FINE, YOU DO IT DURING THE DAY! I MEAN...DARTH VAPOR ISN'T WORTH THE BANDAGES!"

Theon blinked slowly as the others went silent and then Loras slowly said,

"There is so much wrong in that, I can't even address it."

Barbry took a last quick swig before staggering forth and peering at the actual line of injured patients.

"Bah! If any of you have seros, serious ishues, you are going...goin....and THAT IS FUCKING THAT!"

With a groan, Lollys cradled his sore arm and wondered if he could just fix it with duct tape.

The nurse grabbed him by his shirt and yanked him in.

She yanked him so close that her fumes caused Loras's eyes to roll into the back of his head and his lovely waved hair started to wilt.

Barbry muttered to herself as she shoved an antacid into Loras's mouth then one in her own.

She checked his pulse, his left ear and his luscious hair for lice.

A band aid was stuck on his forehead and Barbry declared Loras healed.

Loras stared at her as the drunk woman beckoned the limping Theon in next.

Jorah and Tyrion looked on each other and then decided not to bother seeing the nurse.

Gregor had just finished pulling the two idiots out of the ice baths after dealing with the chickens.

"Do you know why I am not leaving you in there all night?"

Both freezing, chattering predator chickens shook their heads.

"Because I need you to do something for me. You succeed, I'll let you go to bed. You fail and you spend your nighty night in ice land. Get Unella out of the fucking heat ducts without causing her injury, do NOT hurt her fucking hands. Can you do that or do you need to cool off more?"

Ramsay grinned and Cersei nodded eager to drag the nurse out of her hidey hole screaming.

"Good, go, change after, go now."
Gregor watched the nearly blue, shivering and soaked predators run in their underwear for the heat duct.

They were already cat calling to her and pulling a short ladder over to the grate.

He looked with satisfaction at the sad, beaten up stupid ass chickens that dared to fuck with him.

It was clear the nurse was too drunk to assist them and they would suffer until morning.

Finally, the night was looking up.

He saw a figure try to sneak past and he grabbed a handful of hair, yanking it close.

"Ouch! Fuck! What?"

"Where the fuck have you been? I searched this entire place for everyone earlier and you were nowhere to be found. You were lucky I was too busy to give a shit to chase you down."

"Sorry, didn't want to watch you pummel Unella so I went into the yards to chill out."

"You don't go outside without an escort or permission, you didn't have either one tonight."

Still caring way more about Unella being flushed out, Gregor simply whacked Lollys upside the head, causing her to rebound off the wall.

She cried out and held her skull.

"Go sit with the other chickens. You probably have a concussion, I am sure nurse Barbry can help you with that."

Lollys staggered over to Theon who took the band aid off his forehead and put it on the bleeding spot on her temple.

"There. That's more than you'll get from drunk nurse. Oh wait, no, she also gave each of us an antacid as well as lice checked us. And we all can hear wonderfully out of our left ears."

Nodding, Lollys tried to watch all three of him and grinned.

"Okay, I'm going to sleep for a while. Wake me if anything interesting happens."

Lollys then slid down the wall and crawled towards her bedroom.

Jorah looked over and commented,

"Should we keep her awake? Eh, who am I kidding...right now my ribs aren't letting me go anywhere. Wanna bet to see if she lives?"
Tyrion was trying to figure out how to steal some of the nurse's booze to still the pain in his hands and body.

"That is awful of you. I will forgive you if you find a way to give me some of Barbry's best."

Jorah snorted and Loras primly replied,

"Do you see how Lollys is? How crazy and always in trouble? How pitiful and fucked up she is now? She wasn't always like that, only when she is on drugs. So don't ask us to get you anything to drink."

"Uh, we have been pretty crazy and in trouble ourselves. And look at us all, we are pitiful and Gregor most certainly fucked us up. Don't judge."

Theon nodded and went to say something then gasped.

They all listened as two nearly naked and soaked lunatics crawled above them, screeching Unella's name.

Ramsay and Cersei were in a vent they found that would be opposite Unella and the most hellish clattering began.

"Stupid fool! Don't keep running, Gregor doesn't want you hurt, just pulled out. Be a sport, Unella!"

"Dammit, almost had her foot too! Fuck, she is fast, her bloody hands are making slippery streaks I keep slipping in."

They winced hearing that, Gregor cursed and the crash was resounding when it came.

"Oh fuck! She fell through, whoops. I don't know to where. Unella? Unella? Did you die? Where are you? UnellAAHHH!"

Another resounding crash and Gregor moaned as the wounded chickens got to their feet rather urgently for their pains.

Meryn screamed and Gregor ran in his room to find him squashed underneath Cersei and Unella.

Just as he went forward to untangle the human knot the rest of Meryn's ceiling collapsed, Ramsay falling with it.

Gregor got them all onto their feet and snapped for the flocking chickens who came to watch to wake up the nurse.

He couldn't figure out what the injuries were and he wasn't going to try and guess.

Instead while the chickens tried to rouse the nurse from her stupor, Gregor hosed the three down to get the dust and plaster off.

Luckily they didn't look too bad except for Unella's hands, those looked bloody and raw and wrong
Sansa and Lollys came out when the crashing and wailing happened.

The ding of the elevator and Gregor cursed, it better not be Petyr, hell, even Gregor might end up in the lab over this.

"LOLLYS! LOLLYS!"

At the sound of Raff's bellowing, Lollys decided it would be a good time to go find her own hiding place.

As Gregor came down the hall, he saw Raff pale as hell, dressed fancy but crumpled, carrying a sack.

"What the fuck are you doing here? What the hell is that?"

Raff screamed at the top of his lungs, totally unhinged.

"IT'S MY DATE TONIGHT! I HAVE BEEN DATING HER FOR TWO MONTHS! PAYING TWO MONTHS OF TORMENT AND MONEY FOR THIS...THIS!"

The chickens all came closer along with Gregor and peered at the distinctly head shaped bag.

Gregor spoke very slowly.

"You were dating a head for two months?"

The chickens all inched behind Gregor, including the three wet ones that also came to see.

"No! She was a whole live girl when I dated her! She missed our date tonight and when I got home, her head was in my fridge! I know Lollys fucking did this, who else would do it?"

"I would if I thought it would be funny, but I don't like you enough to bother."

Raff glared at Ramsay then he suddenly seemed to register all of the bloodied, injured patients.

"What the living fuck happened to everyone? Why are you all wearing band aids on your heads and where the fuck is Barbry? Why isn't she fixing anyone up? Oh my god, Unella, your hands! FUCK!"

Raff nearly ripped his hair out and Meryn decided to soothe him.

"Don't worry, I'm not injured. Only my ceiling and everything under it. After Unella, Cersei and Ramsay crashed through from the heat vent, it sort of demolished my bed and stuff. But I am okay."
Gregor sighed and Raff looked ready to cry.

"Okay, listen, I'm calling in Polliver. He can help me patch up Meryn's room and move the pervert to another for now. While we wait for him to show, you treat the fucking moronic flock while I hunt down the killer chicken for you."

Raff nodded and held up the bag.

"What do I do with this?"

Gregor grabbed Ramsay by his ear and dragged him close.

"Get rid of it. You have two hours to be back on these grounds or I hunt you down and rip your limbs off. Got it? Go, wait! Put on fucking clothes first, idiot!"

Raff sat everyone on the floor, lining the nursing room foyer and began assessing them.

He ran into the nursing room proper to scream again.

Barbry had left the keys out and Raff saw Lollys had helped herself to some of the pill bottles.

The nurse sat bolt upright then stood and smacked Raff hard.

"NO HYSTERICAL PATIENTS ON MY SHIFT!"

Gregor called Polliver as he started to search for Unella.

The man was less than pleased to be called in but grumpily said he would be there in twenty minutes.

It took Gregor thirty minutes to finally find Lollys hiding out in the workshop area, curled under a table, dozing.

She screeched and cursed as he flung her over his shoulder and carried her back to the floor.
Gregor was not happy to dump Lollys on the floor at the nursing station and see Qyburn there.

Fuck, the little weasel couldn't handle Unella's damned hands and panicked, calling the fucking doctor.

Qyburn frowned at Gregor and then he furrowed his brows at Lollys.

"I have heard from some of the patients that this has been a very chaotic night so far. You somehow missed all of it, dear? Hmm. I do believe that Raff wishes to speak with you. Some of the others were whispering about a head in a bag. Very naughty, Lollys. I warned you to step carefully, didn't I? You are very lucky that I am here tonight and not Petyr. That no one has told him. Yet. We shall see if that is needed after everything here is calmer."

Lollys lowered her head and crossed her legs, sitting on the floor, saying nothing at all.

Sighing, Qyburn looked away from her but shared a small satisfied glance with Sansa, who was lingering nearby.

Then he addressed Gregor in a very stern voice.

"Petyr put you on night shift so things would calm down. Clearly his plan wasn't a good one. We have never had this much trouble at night, Gregor. It is ridiculous! Almost every patient is injured in some way! And I will point out that this is the second time that you have allowed a patient slip outside past you. Not only that, it was the most dangerous patient we have on this floor! Then you allow the second most dangerous to leave, clutching a head in a sack! You best hope that Mr. Bolton returns before Petyr does in the morning. Never mind the damage to poor Meryn's bedroom! But my most upsetting thing happens to be Unella! Raff was clear to you about leaving her hands untouched at all costs and now look at her! Unella will not be able to participate in the chores part of her therapy for some time now. I am very upset with you, Gregor. You lost control. Maybe getting what you wanted wasn't very healthy for you or her after all. Perhaps I made an error in judgment."

The entire flock tensed and went silent, even Lollys peeked up through her hair.

Raff had just started to sedate Unella and get her settled on a gurney to go upstairs for treatment when even he halted.

He and Unella shared an uncomfortable glance at the challenging voice of the doctor.

Jorah was heard to whisper that Gregorstien was going to squash his mad creator.

This cause Tyrion to lean close and get the betting going.

Gregor's veins pulsed and bulged as he loomed over the doctor.

"I can't control every movement of this fucking place! You trained Lollys to fucking evade! You
taught her how to come and go and kill then it's my fault when she does it for fucking sport instead of work? I am trying to herd an entire flock of morons who have more access to other areas than ever before. While I am dealing with one, three others run off to commit some stupid fucking circus act! The fucking nurse is useless, I do her job and mine. And I do way more than that, don't I? I mean, when I run around spying, chasing and killing for you, I don't get paid extra for that time, do I? No, it isn't even mentioned, I just do it because you tell me to. And this is what my fucking loyalty gets me. You fuck me over, Petyr fucks me over and my own friend fucks me over! You can all go to hell!"

Qyburn looked up at Gregor with calm but menacing eyes and spoke very softly.

"You are being rude and you are out of control. Do you need a rest, Gregor? Perhaps the pressure of all you must do is causing you too much stress. Do you need to take a break, Gregor? I want you well rested when Sandor and his group strike again so maybe you should take a little break?"

Gregor visibly trembled for a moment as he tried to pull his rage back.

Meryn has crept closer and Qyburn's hand is in his pocket, holding a syringe.

Gregor knows this, he isn't stupid and he forces himself to a semblance of calm.

"I don't need a break. I am fine. Tonight just got messed up and it can be fixed. I will not ignore a nurse's order again. I apologize for the state of Unella's hands."

Qyburn gave a tiny smile and nodded, making Meryn relax and move away.

"I will treat Unella in my surgery after I am sure that things are not going to explode as soon as I leave the floor. Her hands can be healed and I am sure you understand now to treat those directions given by medical professionals more carefully."

Gregor flinched but took the verbal strike, gritting his teeth.

"Please see that any uninjured or already treated patients go to bed now. It is very late and they should get some sleep. From what I have heard, the new counselor has a quite an invigorating day planned for them."

The patients groaned and started to head on their own to their rooms.

Gregor put out one beefy arm and caught Lollys as she tried to meld into the flock.

"Not you, stupid. Sit the fuck down or I'll start re-breaking all of your toes for you."

The sedation kicked in and Unella's eyes finally shut.

Raff made sure the restrains were tightened so she wouldn't fall off the gurney and wheeled her against the wall.

Then he headed for the front of the nursing station where Lollys was sitting, Qyburn and Gregor talking nearby.
His arms outstretched, his hands itching to wrap around her throat and Lollys scrambled to her feet.
"WHY? WHY WOULD DO THAT TO ME?"

"I was trying to help you!"

Raff stared at Lollys before rushing towards her and slamming her into the wall.

"HELPING ME? MURDERING TALLA TARLY, A HIGH PROFILE RICH GIRL THAT I HAVE BEEN SEEN DATING IS HELPING ME? STICKING HER HEAD IN MY FRIDGE IS HELPING ME? WHERE IS THE REST OF HER?"

Lollys blinked and looked away then muttered.
"In your trunk."

Raff grabbed her head and shook it while screaming.

"YOU PUT HER BODY IN MY CAR! I DROVE HERE WITH HER BOUNCING BODY IN MY TRUNK AND HER HEAD IN A BAG! HOW IS THIS HELPING ME, WHORE?"

Qyburn watched as Raff begin to choke Lollys.

"Helping me? Like you helped my date the other night? Why are you fucking sabotaging me? How does this help my life? HUH?"

Giving Gregor a glance, Qyburn watched Lollys be unable to respond because she was suffocating.

Gregor broke Raff's grip and tossed him backwards lightly.

"You want to add her body to your trunk too? Idiot. Calm the fuck down."

"HA, look who's talking!"

Raff was too angry to think about who he was yelling at and Gregor started to head towards him to twist his head off.

"WHAT THE LIVING FUCK IS GOING ON HERE?"

The chickens had all crept back out upon hearing more drama and were in full view of Polliver.

He looked at the injured chickens, at Gregor and Raff squaring off, then he saw a drunk woman's ring hand before the smack.

"NO HYSTERIA!"

Polliver held his burning cheek and watched as Qyburn tried to get the nurse to head towards triage.
Tyrion walked over and tapped Qyburn's elbow.  

"Excuse me, but I don't mind helping Barbry back to her reading nook. I can see the messes you are dealing with, doctor."

Beaming at him, Qyburn passed the weaving nurse's hand to Tyrion.  

"Thank you, young man. I must say, you are doing splendid in here. I am happy to see you are my gold star patient, Tyrion."

Lollys dry swallowed a few stolen pills fast before she lunged up and between the two angry men.  

"Gregor, you can't kill him, not till I finish telling Raff why I did it! He needs to understand I was helping him!"

Qyburn walked over and inserted himself between the two men, gently shoving the suicidal girl out from between them.  

"That is enough. Gregor, go with Polliver. I want that room worked on! Raff, you will sort this out with Lollys but the same rules that apply to Gregor applies to you. Do not injure, maim, incapacitate or kill Lollys, please."

Lollys was in tears, the aching head, the combination of too many drugs and she couldn't shut up, she kept trying to make Raff understand.  

"I did it to help you! If you marry some rich bitch, whether you keep her or kill her, you'll be rich and you'll try to quit. Try to leave! And that isn't allowed and you might try to run anyway! Or use some rich cunt to hide you away! But you'd be hunted and I am the main hunter, Raff! I can't stand having to kill one more person that I don't want to kill! I'll keep eliminating those little girls with cash just dripping from their cooze for you! I will help you whether you like it or not!"

Raff threw his arms out and hollered with true frustrated, enraged confusion.  

"What the hell are you talking about? I wasn't quitting or leaving! Just wanted to get a better style and some more money! And I don't think you remember what the outside is like since you've been here so long. I am NOT a patient, I am a nurse, an employee. I signed a contract to work here and always keep my mouth shut about it. If I choose to leave, they stop paying me and I go. That is that. But I wasn't going anywhere, you fucking nut job!"

Raff heard the chickens all titter and Lollys grinned in a sort of sad way that made him want to scream.  

"Aw sweetie, you can't really still believe that, can you? Remember why you saw Qyburn in the first place? Before you got this job? You might be a nurse but you are still just an out patient. You can't quit. See, this is what I was telling you, why I had to stop you. I don't want to have to kill you."
"Right now, I am contemplating killing you, bitch! You are all fucking demented here! I should fucking quit! See how you'll get your drugs without me!"

Lollys gave him a smile that gave him terrible chills for some reason.

"You'll give me drugs as long as I want them, as long as my daddy and grandpa-like doctor allows me to have them. And you'll be my handler as long as they decide. Did you actually forget? Have you been out so long that you honestly forgot? Did you think what you are seeing here is happening to everyone BUT you? You cannot really quit, please don't try. Just be mad at me, hurt me and fuck me and take the warning. Don't tempt yourself with what you can't have."

"Oh, I plan to hurt you! And then I'm going to prove you wrong, you fucking insane CUNT! Then I plan on visiting you, just to see you screaming in detox hell!"

Lollys moaned and Cersei couldn't contain her giggles, hiding amongst the flock, watching.

Qyburn gave a clearing of his throat and blocked Raff.

"Well, I certainly don't approve of Lollys's actions or words, she does have a point, Raff. I wonder if you have forgotten? There is no leaving this job, not without my permission and I would not give that. You are a very good nurse and learning more everyday. Why would I let you leave? Now, I do not mind your games with rich ladies but Lollys is right not to let it tempt you too much."

Raff's mouth was dropped open and he just stared at Qyburn.

"Are you in on some sick joke with her? What the hell are you all talking about? I can leave if I want to. I can quit. FUCK YOU I DO QUIT!"

"Do you? Are you sure of that, Raff? Alright, if you think you can quit, then by all means, do so. But I would caution you against it. You'll only needlessly upset yourself."

Raff flew past Qyburn, he was done, straight into the elevator.

He got off in the lobby and found himself going back onto the elevator.

Shrieking, Raff watched his finger hit the button.

The doors slid open and Qyburn stood there with Lollys and the rest of the flock.

"Your programming stops you if you attempt to resign. Now, I will be honest that I don't have a very long range upon you outside of the facility. Instead I value an honor system with my staff. Of course, like you saw with Unella, if some staff member does leave, they are hunted down. And truly, until I can reinstate Unella, I would rather not leave Barbry as the main nurse."

Raff winced at that and his own sanity decided that was a better subject, a good reason to stay, HIS choice.

With his chin up, Raff came out of the elevator and looked at Qyburn.

"That woman is a disgusting disgrace and I won't leave the floor to her during the day. I am not
quitting, I was just angry. I have a body in my trunk and Lollys is killing my dates!"

Satisfied, Qyburn watched as Raff allowed himself to ignore dealing with the fear of an invisible leash.

"I will allow you to deal with Lollys as long you remember the rules concerning our patients. Since you are her handler, I think it's best we keep this from Petyr. We don't want him to feel you have lost control of his daughter, do we? I will have Hodor help me with the body since I could some parts anyway."

Raff handed Qyburn his car keys and narrowed his eyes at Lollys.

With a choked sound, Lollys bolted towards her room, Raff hot on her heels.

Tyrion had played Barbry like a fiddle which was easy enough for him.

He knew drunks and how to react to every kind of one.

With sympathy and a listening ear, Tyrion earned himself the right to share a bottle.

Now they swayed together, warm and Tyrion hadn't felt this relaxed or good since he got here.

Polliver stopped by to grab a water bottle and found the drunken dwarf with the nurse.

"What the fuck are you letting him do? Little shit stain, get the fuck out here right now or I'll-" "Barbry lurched up and slammed the plastic window down hard.

"Go to bed, you lunatic!"

Tyrion cackled and tried to high five the nurse which knocked him right off the stool.

Polliver banged on the window and then yanked the unlocked door open, stepping inside.

"Not funny, lady! That tiny drunk needs to get his ass-" The smack across his cheek was loud and so was his gasp when Barbry shoved him out the door and locked it on him.

"Damned hysterical patients around here! I won't have it!"

Tyrion agreed wholeheartedly as he opened another little bottle.

Lollys tried to hold her door shut and Raff crashed into it, knocking her into the side of the bed.
Raff's rage, insecurity and more poured forth and he gave her several blows with his feet and fists.
He managed to keep it to her back, legs and stomach as to hide any damage.
Then he found himself throwing her onto the bed and forcing himself into her while she went between crying and laughing.

"You crazy fucking bitch, you stupid damned jealous lunatic whore!"
Raff insulted her while he bit her, snarling, trying to cause her as much pain as he could.
And yet she still squirmed and begged for him.
He made sure to finish before her and pull out, leaving her to whine, pulling at him.

Slapping her face, Raff got off her and sat up in her bed.

"No, selfish bitch. You got everything else you wanted tonight. I won't be leaving. I won't be marrying any rich girls. So I think you have gotten quite enough from me, don't you?"
He fixed his pants and when Lollys tried to touch his arm, he slapped her again.

"No! Bad whore. I will handle you, drug you and fuck you on my terms, not yours."

As Raff headed towards her door, Lollys threw her hairbrush at him, screeching.

"I F**KING HATE YOU! SUCH AN ARROGANT F**KING PRICK, I SHOULD HAVE LET YOU FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF! LET YOU RUN AND HUNT YOU DOWN!"
Raff discovered his anger wasn't truly abated after all.

He grabbed the hair brush and threw Lollys over his lap.

When Raff was done, his arm hurt and Lollys was stammering and sobbing like a little girl.

He pulled her up by her hair and leered at her tear stained face.

Throwing her down again, Raff allowed Lollys to have an orgasm this time as he took her.

Whispering sweetly, he wrapped his voice and hands around her tightly.

"Stupid little girl, I'm not leaving you, silly jealous thing. Poor little whore, did you think you were losing me, hmm? You can't go around killing all my other girls anymore. I'll stay with you and give you what you need, but you have to be good for me. No more killing without permission. No more of this attitude, I want my good whore back."

Lollys fell into her second drug easily enough and her eyes grew wider as she melted for Raff.
The Way Things Are Now

Petyr got out of his car and headed into the clinic.

Something told him to go in a bit early, some instinct that things might be off.

His instincts were not wrong, as he watched Ramsay sneak forth just as he entered the docking area.

"Wait for me."

Ramsay gritted his teeth but couldn't force his feet to keep going.

"I didn't think you would be back so early. It's only like...five!"

Petyr arched his eyebrow as he approached and grabbed Ramsay's shoulder to guide him inside.

"Oh, so you just try to be indoors before I come in? Good to know."

When the elevator doors opened, Ramsay leaped past Petyr into the room for distance.
He breathed a sigh of relief as Petyr's mental collar dropped away.

Petyr looked around and was utterly speechless.
There was wet insulation and plaster in a large barrel near the lobby.
Everywhere he looked there were wide awake, injured patients.

He looked in the nursing station and found Barbry passed out with Tyrion in her arms.
It was clear both were dead drunk and half naked.
Shuddering, Petyr quickly shut the door and closed the blind to the nursing window.

Following the sounds of demolition, Petyr found Polliver and Gregor in what used to be Meryn's room.

"What the hell is going on in here?"
Both turned at his enraged cry and both moaned.

Out of the corner of his eye, Petyr saw movement and turned fast.
Raff was trying to sneak out of Lollys's room, clutching his suit coat and nice shoes.

"Are you kidding me? I mean...I am truly speechless."

Petyr just stared at each of them in equal blistering measure.

"My office now. NOW!"

Lollys and Sansa began to mechanically prep for breakfast.

Cersei leaned in the kitchen doorway and smirked.

"Don't bother. You weren't here yesterday for the joys of Alliser. He will make his special breakfast for us and this will end up going in the trash or to staff."

"I am not going through that. I heard all about it and no thank you. If it's already made when he gets here, it's too late. You should go rest until it's time to eat, Cersei. Those bags under your eyes are some heavy luggage. I mean, we are all just as fucking tired but at your age it shows."

Cersei hissed at Lollys and replied.

"We are all tired because they have been pounding and crashing shit all night in Meryn's room! You are only tired because you stayed up late pounding our day nurse again."

Lollys grinned brilliantly and Sansa pursed her lips, a little irritated.

Tyrion's head ached, that was the first thing that registered as he woke up.

He was laying on breasts, stingy small sticky ones that were stuck his face.

Gently peeling his face off enough to turn his head, Tyrion looked blearily up at the woman.

His first thought was that he got drunk and fucked a corpse.

Then he noticed the slack face has some movement, the open mouth suddenly sucked in her loose dentures.

With a shiver of revolted regret, he turned to try and stand.

Just to encounter a very unwelcome chubby penis with a hand wrapped around it.

"Bah! Get away!"

Tyrion's startled cry woke Barbry and brought Meryn to a finish that landed upon him and the nurse.
Alliser entered the foyer, ready to deliver another power punching day and saw pure chaos. They all looked as if they were prize fighting last night and a last match was still going. He observed the half naked night nurse beating that pervert with her purse in a brutal fashion. Seeing Meryn's pants were down, Alliser understood the beating. What he did not understand was the staggering dwarf that came out behind her.

He broke up the laughing, jeering spectators then went to the kitchen. Lollys was scrambling eggs and Sansa was finishing up the toast and turkey sausage links.

"What are you doing in here, ladies?"

"Our job. We cook breakfast, lunch and supper. Though we heard you filled in for us yesterday, thanks for that."

Alliser stared at Lollys grimly then he folded his arms.

"If you are the cooks then I expect the breakfasts to be made my way."

Sansa peeked up at the man and gave a tiny smile.

"Sir, I can't imagine Petyr would be happy if we threw away all this cooked food. Also, the menus are created by myself and Lollys, by Petyr's order and the doctor's. When they give us a new order, we'll follow it. Do you have that order for us?"

The man walked over to Sansa very slowly and spoke with reason and menace all at once.

"Do you wish to pretend that you have any say at all? As a patient? Do you wish to pretend that this place has such good structure to it that I would have to hop all that red tape for your amusement? This nice breakfast shall go to the staff that seems to be quite out of sorts. I'm sure they will appreciate it and then you and this clown will make breakfast according to my directions. Do you understand me, girl?"

Sansa smiled but dipped her toe into the murky water of Alliser to find the limits.

"I would feel better if we discussed this with Petyr or Qyburn, please."

Lollys watched as Sansa was attempting to do push ups on the floor while Alliser used his foot on her back to help her.

"Clown, put the food in those silver trays for the staff. Then I'll instruct you on what the weekday
breakfast will be for now on."

"I have a name, it's Lollys. Though I suppose clown is nicer than skank or whore. But I really do have an actual name."

"Lollys. Got it. Lollys, you can do some sit ups for me before getting to breakfast."
Alliser made a point of using her name every few second or so while yelling at her to put some effort into it.

Theon headed towards the office to set up Petyr's coffee but stopped at Ramsay's bulk in his way.

"I wouldn't go in there if I were you. Petyr is on the warpath about everything. He's currently murdering Gregor, Raff, Barbry and Polliver. Then he's going to come after me and after Tyrion...it's not safe for you to be near him right now."

"Oh, you care about my safety suddenly? You care? Ha. Go away."
Ramsay touched Theon's bruised face and his boy dared to jerk back, swatting his hands.

"Don't touch me! Do you want us both in trouble? Huh? You think Petyr would only punish you for it? No, I'd get it too! Unlike you, I'm kind of getting sick of torture. So leave me alone. Go play with Cersei. Hey, know what? Try to put a dog collar on that bitch, there is a real challenge for you!"

Ramsay's initial instinct was to put his fist through his rude pet's face then he heard the important parts.

"What did you say? Did Petyr threaten to torture you?"
Theon stared at Ramsay and replied stiffly.

"I see more than you do. I have gone through more, in this one thing, I'm not your stupid idiot, I do know things. And this is a game you can't win, it's a place you don't leave without permission and if you become a problem, you don't stay on this floor anymore. I am treated just fine and I want it to stay that way. So until Petyr says otherwise, don't touch me."

Alliser came by and barked at Theon to bring the coffee to Petyr.

It took a whack to Ramsay's side with the baton to get him moving to do chores before breakfast.

Theon was very careful to enter silently, to keep his eyes down and his only focus was his task.

He set the coffee before Petyr and feeling the tension in the room, hearing the scathing tone directed at the staff, Theon started to quickly leave.

A snap of Petyr's fingers had Theon freezing then turning his eyes fast to Petyr like a deer sighting the hunter.
"I want each of these men's files on my desk immediately, Theon."

With trembling but apt fingers, Theon found the files fast and nearly ran to put them on the shiny desk.

He understood then that Petyr expected him to stay and see and hear nothing.

It was terrifying because it was the three most sadistic staff members and they wouldn't forgive Theon knowing they were scolded or punished.

Petyr railed at them for the condition of Meryn's room and how he would have professionals fix it and take it out of their paychecks.

He yelled at them over Unella's hands, over the state of the patients and mostly them losing Ramsay.

Theon knew that Ramsay had to pretend to have left on his own, to protect Lollys and Raff from Petyr hearing of the death.

Petyr also gave a lecture to Raff about spending the night in Lollys's room like that.

"If you want to spend the night with her that badly, I can arrange for her to spend the night at your apartment."

Raff screamed no and shook his head wildly, causing Petyr too raise an eyebrow but he just didn't have the time to care.

"This isn't your personal whore house even if my daughter is your personal whore. Remember that, please."

"Yes, Sir, it won't happen again."

Theon stood there and pretended he was a lamp as Petyr continued to light into the men.

A snore interrupted him and Theon looked up to see Barbry sound asleep, in the arm chair behind the men.

Petyr had been so furious he hadn't even noticed the nurse had sat down and gone to sleep.

There was a low terrible rattling sound from another end of Barbry and the room filled with a hair raising smell that chased all of them out of the room.

Poor Theon was sent back in to open windows and use an abundance of spray to clear the fragrant room.

Qyburn came down to share in the impromptu staff breakfast.
He brought Unella with him and she had thick black gloves on her hands which she moved seldom and with great care.

Her eyes were foggy with painkillers but she was walking and ready to be back on the floor and not in the lab.

Unella used to love the lab as a nurse, as Qyburn's assistant, as a patient it was entirely a different experience.

What used to be comforting, exciting or interesting was now terrifying and made her feel helpless.

"I'm sorry dear but you cannot feed yourself. I believe Gregor already had Raff add that you will use a feeding tube for at least a day or two."

Every patient on the floor, whether sympathetic to Unella's issues with Gregor or not, they all smiled meanly at that.

"Sorry, Unella. I'll help you fight the staff bullying but I have personally been tortured by you and that fucking tube. We all have, so we are going to enjoy this."

Unella looked at Loras and nodded coolly, in spite of her pain and blurriness.

"I do understand."

Qyburn helped Unella to her room and then he heard the most awful retching.

He found Tyrion hanging in his toilet, head first, quite ill.

"Oh no, my poor man! Have you caught a stomach bug?"

Petyr finally stopped harassing his staff, he added hours to their shifts, docked their pay and threatened them.

"Now let us go eat the breakfast set out for us and then Gregor can leave and you two can get to work."

Grimly, he looked at the sleeping nurse that he had Gregor move to a gurney.

"Carry her out if need be when you leave. Drop her in an alley for all I care. If she makes it in to work tonight, I'll speak with her then."

Petyr sighed and shook his head.

"So many disciplinary actions are clearly needed. I will punish Ramsay myself as well as deal with Sansa today. I will leave Tyrion to you, Polliver."

The patients set up an extra long table near their own for the staff and begrudgingly set the cooked breakfast out.
Alliser watched in satisfaction as the patients all gagged down their power breakfasts as he ate his own eggs.

Though the staff was clearly at odds with each other, they all seemed to enjoy watching the patients struggle.

And enjoyed eating the better food while doing it.

Qyburn made some gentle inquiries to Petyr, that felt more like needles jabbing into his skin.

"Are you sure you couldn't use a better night nurse? Do we need to cut costs that much?"

"I hope you plan to have that room fixed up very soon, Petyr. What if a visitor or one of those media people came by and saw that?"

"Perhaps your shift changes need some work, I could help you with that if things are overwhelming."

"It's good that you have Theon assisting you, it should help things be a little easier for you. This is your first time running a clinic such as this, mistakes will happen while you learn. Nothing to feel ashamed of, Petyr."

By the time the breakfast was over, Petyr was ready to snap and Qyburn was humming contentedly.

He went back upstairs, hoping that Sansa was able to handle her part.

Petyr was already beckoning to Ramsay and Theon to come to his office.

It was wiser to let his anger out on Ramsay's punishment than on Sansa's.
Petyr stood behind his desk, Ramsay sat in the seat in front of him and with a snap, Theon ran to get Ramsay's file.

Ramsay was giving Petyr his best uncaring, cheerful mask but he was pissed.

Why must he take the punishment and blame for that skank and the fucking nurse?

It wasn't even his kill, he was just basically a janitor, burying another person's shit.

And yet, the staff made it clear if Ramsay did not take the blame, he would greatly suffer for it.

In this place, Ramsay put nothing past anyone, he wasn't the worst monster anymore.

That didn't bother him too much, but it did bother him that others were bigger monsters to Reek.

Petyr took the file from Theon but indicated that the timid man stay next to him.

Theon looked over at Ramsay then at the ground.

Petyr flipped through the files and then smirked at Ramsay.

"I'd like to know where you were last night. Will I be hearing about a missing person? Or a home burnt to the ground?"

Ramsay shrugged, he didn't want to get fucking pinned with a Tarly bitch murder.

"I took one of Lollys's special concoctions out of boredom and I don't really remember much. Sorry."

Petyr nodded but continued to pretend to scan the files for something.

"Yes, that is what the staff said too. Except I have a problem with that, Ramsay. You see, according to your files, you only drink and smoke the occasional joint on our roof for social reasons. You like to have your senses clear and you object the most to being on our medications. So why would you have deliberately taken a very potent thing like Lollys is on? I could see if you are taking a pill or two perhaps but a syringe full of something you don't know? Not you. It's a lie. Either you are covering for another or you went out and killed someone. Which is it?"

Ramsay just smiled and Petyr.

"I never kill and tell. It's rude."

"I see. Ramsay, I assume you are familiar with the term of a whipping boy?"

Ramsay and Theon both stiffened.

"You are valuable to us, Ramsay. And physical punishment just doesn't work with someone like
you. Theon is useful too but let's face it, I gain more from your talents and estates then his."

Petyr put a hand on Theon's shoulder to make the boy cringe and Ramsay sit straighter, staring possessively.

"One of two things is going to happen and I am going to let you choose which one. The first is, you continue to not tell me what happened last night and I will have Theon taken to the lab. He will be lobotomized. If you think I am bluffing, please, think of your stepmother. What happened to her when she inconvenienced me? Theon can have tea parties with Walda forever more in between his tests for Qyburn's interests."

Ramsay was shaking with anger and Theon shook with terror, tears pouring down his face.

"Or the second choice is you tell me what I want to know and I administer a painful but average punishment on Theon in your stead for whatever misadventures you had last night. Lobotomy or corporal punishment. Your choice, Ramsay."

Alliser happily volunteered to take over therapy circle so Raff could shower and change.

Full of vigor, ignoring the overtired injured dead stares, Alliser sailed them through therapy.

He did most of the talking, he generally went around the room giving a lecture on each of them.

When Ramsay and Theon entered the room late, Alliser turned his wrath onto the latecomers.

Theon burst into louder tears while Ramsay snarled at Alliser that Petyr had just released them from his office.

"Very well. Take your seats and remove your attitudes! Mr. Greyjoy, stop wailing like a child! Are you a little boy? Did you mess your didies? Or are you missing your mommy and daddy? Been strapped, haven't you? Oh, I can tell, well that doesn't excuse your behavior. Be a man and sit down, now wipe your nose. Ramsay, get your creepy hands off him, save that shit for your next prison sentence! I am not here to coddle any of you. Save that lovey dovey nicey crap for the other day staff but not me! All this talking is getting us nowhere and it's just an excuse for the lot of you to snooze a little. That's it! Everyone put your chair away and get outside! Fresh air and some exercises will perk all of you right up."

They staggered onto the lawn like confused newborn field mice and Alliser grimly smiled at them.

He breathed deeply and stretched out his arms, feeling the usual godlike powers come over him as the beginning trace of a good sweat was coming on.

"Unella, you have been medically excused due to your hands. From chores and anything that includes the use of your hands. Lucky for you, I am well trained and have worked with amputees after the war. And in the war...you have no idea what a man with no hands is capable of doing when faced with death! Don't you worry, you will as good a work out as anyone else here. I do not judge you by your wounds but how you overcome them! That goes for everyone here! I don't care
about your boo boo's, you hear me, chickens? Now let's start with some running, Unella, you don't normally run on your hands, do you? Good, then move!"

One minute Lollys was racing in a circle, enjoying the rare dash and pretending she was truly freely running, the next minute she was skidding her face across the dirt and grass.

"Whoops, sorry, cunt."

Ramsay lay hard on top of her and hissed into her ear as his fingers dug deeply into her already bruised and tender body.

"I just had to take the blame for your kill and my pet got beaten, terrified and nearly molested over it. So I wanted to let you know, give you time to worry, to mull it over. That I plan to thank you for that. Okay? Yeah? It's only fair because you fucking OWE me now, don't you? And there isn't a favor in the world a whore, druggie skank, waste of fucking oxygen, programmed little killer like you could offer that I would want. Right? So...I'm coming for you. Just giving you a chance to think you have a head start."

"Ramsay! I said to save that shit for prison! Get off her and start running now!"

Lollys used her shirt to wipe the blood and lawn off her face and grimaced at the sting.

Great, half her face was probably peeled off, now she'll never get to prom.

That thought made her laugh even as Alliser stood over her, screaming.

Everyone was nearly crawling up the stairs as Alliser joyfully bound up the steps, trying to encourage the others.

Ushering the tired aching group into the now cleared common room, Alliser explained how their next few hours will spent.

In between chores, lunch, personal therapy and rest times, there will be classes, therapeutic ones.

They will learn to dance, enact some drama and attempt to discover other talents as well.

Alliser had decided that ballroom dancing might be the easiest to begin with and couldn't understand the resounding laughter.

"Are you kidding? You really want to put them in each other's arms like that? Half the class will kill their partners in ten minutes!"

He glared at Polliver and Raff who crept in to observe the nutty vet try and teach the lunatics.

"I will allow you to watch for learning and observation purposes, however you will save all your comments for our private meetings that do not include the patients."

Raff and Polliver gave half bows and sat on a pushed aside crafts table, sleepy grins on their faces.
Holding a large willow switch that many eyed nervously, Alliser moved each of them into a line.

"Now, first thing I will teach you is the box step. Without that, you have no foundation for these elegant dances."

Alliser stood in front of them and demonstrated the box step with slow deliberate care.

He asked them to simply repeat what he had done.

Raff and Polliver were stifling laughter as the line attempted the impossible.

Loras, Sansa and Cersei correctly and easily performed the steps.

Theon went the wrong way and clashed right into Jorah, who staggered into Meryn.

Meryn swore and stepped on Ramsay's foot who then decided to enact out some West Side Story and they dance fought but with a little more blood and less grace.

Alliser sighed, beat the pervert and the killer with his switch as he made them practice the square until the two were perfect at it.

He paired them in reluctant groups and began to teach a very basic waltz.

Polliver and Raff were in tears, silent laughter pouring, shaking and holding each other's mouths shut as they observed.

Poor Alliser was red in the face as he yelled and marched about the catastrophe, snapping his willow switch.

"Theon! Dance on your own feet, not your partners! And stop that fucking weeping, be a man and give a little air to that step, would you?"

"RAMSAY! WE DO NOT BITE OUR PARTNER!"

"Clown, where are your feet? Look at them! Why are they pointing THE WRONG FUCKING WAY! WHERE IS YOUR LEFT? AND YOUR RIGHT? EXCELLENT! TRY AGAIN!"

"Jorah, it isn't a race, it is a dance. Slow down!

"MERYN! DO NOT LICK YOUR PARTNER, USE YOUR FEET, NOT YOUR TONGUE OR YOUR COCK, USE YOUR FEET, MAN!"

"Very good, Loras! Now please show these other staggering moronic men how it is done!"

"Sansa, nice form, Cersei, you are a shining example of grace! Look at that, you two ladies and our graceful Loras actually have a talent in your pretty vapid selves!"

"Unella, you have no partner until your hands heal but I am glad to see you practicing the box step,
however, it isn't a military drill, it's a box! Try it again with a little less stomping, shall we?"

"FOR THE FINAL TIME, NO BITING, NO HITTING, SPITTING AND...DAMMIT, THEON, LET ME GIVE YOU SOMETHING TO CRY ABOUT!"

Lollys and Sansa made bologna and cheese subs with garden salad for lunch while others went about their chores.

Unella rested in her room and Polliver harassed Alliser over the class.

However, the staunch man refused to believe his class would be anything but successful and taunted the younger man back sharply.

"You are just afraid I might succeed and you and your buddy will be forced to actually do your jobs. Possibly learn something to stick in your bald empty head."

Theon peeked his head into the kitchen doorway and spoke softly.

"Uh, Sansa? Sorry to bug you, I know you are busy...but Petyr wants to see you. Now. I'm really sorry."

With a quick nod and a deep breath, Sansa steeled herself as Lollys shot her a nervous glance.

"Good luck, gingersnap. Outs with me or not, I hope Petyr doesn't come down too hard on you. I hope he uses better discipline methods on you than he does on me."

Giving Lollys a tiny smile, Sansa took off her apron and hung it up, patting her hair for strays.

"Oh, I certainly hope I get the type of punishment you get, Lollys. In fact, that is my goal."

Lollys and Theon gave wide eyes at the redhead who surely couldn't understand what she was saying.

Theon followed Sansa timidly towards Petyr's office and spoke soft but fast.

"Honey, no one wants what Lollys gets from Petyr. Trust me. Even my punishment earlier, bare ass strapped until my ass was purple in front of Ramsay was nicer. And Petyr used a wooden paddle with holes in it that hurt worse than Ramsay's belt! Even my punishment is way better, trust me. I don't think you know what her father does. Or you'd never say such a thing, Sansa."

Sansa gave the nervous man a kind pat on the shoulder.

"It's alright, Theon. I do know what Petyr does to his daughter and what he wants from me. I am ready for it. I heard you and the others have decided to take a stand against the bullying staff. I want you to know you have my full support. In fact, if you want any help, you all just let me know. Right now, I am going to fight the really big boss and let's see how I fare."

Theon shook his head and wrung his hands together, looking sad and worried.
"I'd rather face Gregor than Petyr or Qyburn any day. Funny, how scared I used to be of Ramsay and his boys, his father. Now I know real monsters, worse ones and poor Ramsay is going crazy with it. Anyway, this is about you and I am scared for you. Be careful, Sansa, please don't antagonize him. Hurting Ramsay through me made Petyr calmer but his mood is still iffy. Please, be very careful, okay? I like you and Lollys does too, so do most of us. We don't want to see you hurt."
Ramsay sat down next to Cersei but he kept his eyes and focus elsewhere.

One eye was on Theon and the other was on Lollys.

They sat on the other end of the table with Loras and Jorah, ignoring Meryn, Ramsay and Cersei.

It was a small quiet lunch.

Unella was still being tube fed by a sadistically enthusiastic Raff.

Tyrion was nabbed by Polliver, given a thoroughly humiliating spanking over his knee and thrown into an ice bath.

"Little drunken pervert! Just like Lollys, fucking a nurse for your fix! But, gotta tell ya little buddy...even our most famous SuperSkank has never sunk as low as you. I mean, Barbry? You need your drink that bad, man? Think on it as you turn blue. I'll let you out later if I remember."

"Which one of them do you want to go after more?"

Raising an eyebrow, Ramsay glanced at Cersei as he picked at his sandwich.

Grinning, he shrugged.

"Well, two different things entirely really. I need to reestablish control of my boy but I can't get him from fucking Petyr. And my pet has become more scared, more loyal to others rather than his own master. Not dealing with that very well and the fact that I can't find a way to fix it yet."

Cersei nibbled at the salad then murmured,

"I heard the unfair things that have happened to you and your boy this morning. You were forced to not only bury the kill but take credit for it and Theon got the pain. Do you think it just made his new fear of Petyr worse? Will he only become more obedient to him now? Lollys is to blame of course. And yet, as always, she sails right through. Very unfair, Ramsay. I assume you are planning some revenge for her. I would be truly thrilled to help, of course."

Ramsay smiled back at her and gave a slight nod.

"I do have an idea we can toss around...."

Lollys was beginning the clean up when Raff suddenly yanked on her hair hard.

"Ouch! Fuck off! I haven't done anything!"

"No? Then you didn't steal from my pocket earlier? My little pill, huh? Where is it? Look up at me,
I want to see your eyes, if you took it!"

With an impatient sigh, Lollys looked up at Raff and bugged her eyes out.

"Look! See? The usual stoned look, the usual skank whore clown junkie druggie eyes with no extra flair today! Didn't take your fucking special little pill! Why the HELL would I take it, Raff? It's a date rape drug, asshole. What use do I have for tha...oh no....oh shit! HA! FUCK!"

Raff growled and shook Lollys by his fistful of hair.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? If you didn't take it, who did....you know who, don't you?"

Lollys gave Raff a grin that was too wide to really be cheerful or sane.

"Uh, yeah, I think I do. And I don't think you'll be getting it back either."

Something in her strained face bothered Raff enough that he decided he didn't want to know after all.

"You tell whoever it is that if they steal from me again, I will make you tell and the person will lose some fingers."

"Uh, how would you get me to tell you who it is? I'm rather good at taking torture, Raff. You know that."

Raff planted a gentle kiss on Lollys's forehead and whispered,

"I would take away all your drugs until you told me, sweetie. And then you'd tell me."

Going on tiptoe so her lips barely brushed his, ignoring the pain of his fist yanking her hair out, Lollys whispered back.

"How does it feel to know that the only power you have over me is in a little syringe? That without it, I could kill you."

Raff grinned and bit hard into her lip then tossed her into the wall.

"Whore, I practically own you and you know it. The drugs only make it sweeter, really. Now get back to work or I'll have Polliver stick his baton up your ass to motivate you."

Lollys sneered as Raff walked away and she rubbed her sore scalp.

Sansa was timid and polite.

With a nervous but delicate demeanor, she stammered to Petyr when she entered.

Petyr felt calmer, he always did when Sansa was within his reach, his control.
"My dear, it is time for us to discuss what you did and your punishment. You look so scared, truly, it isn't that awful. It isn't like going to Qyburn or being beaten up or molested by the staff. It's me, your Uncle Petyr. You do trust me to know what is best for you, don't you?"

A blush spread becomingly across Sansa's pale white cheeks and she nodded, keeping her eyes low.

"Yes, Uncle Petyr. I do trust you and I do know you only do what is best for me. I am just nervous...I saw Theon crying all day and I know he was punished earlier. And...when you punished Lollys...I hear things from others, you see. And...I...I am afraid to tell the truth to you. Of why I ran away like that...what scared me so badly."

Petyr was utterly intrigued and couldn't maintain his distance, his day has been stressful and this was pure bliss to be with her, with his prey.

He came from behind the desk and led Sansa to a chair near a little end table.

She sat down and Petyr stood behind her, rubbing her shoulders for a moment.

Sansa didn't cringe or flinch, if anything, she seemed to be fighting the enjoyment of the touch.

Petyr silently gave a thought of thanks to Qyburn for instilling this delightful lust.

This is what made all the rest worth it, to have these small rewards.

Like having a mad scientist make his daughter and niece crave his touch.

It was a small petty delight, true, but Petyr still intended to enjoy it fully.

"Please. Would you sit down so I can speak with you? I...I need to tell you the truth before you punish me, Uncle Petyr, please? I can't do it with you behind me like that...it makes me too nervous. Please?"

Petyr gave a final squeeze to the perfect round shoulders then reluctantly sat in the chair next to Sansa.

He pulled it so his knees almost touched hers and then put his hands on her knees.

With a thrilling shock running through him, Petyr watched as Sansa gasped and turned redder at the touch.

"Go on, dear. I always wish to be fair to you, Sansa. Tell me why you ran away and I promise to take every word you say into account before rendering any disciplines."
Sansa had trouble keeping eye contact and she kept swallowing nervously.

"Forgive me...it's private and embarrassing...but...oh."

She coughed then indicated a small jar full of lemon drops on the nearby table.

Petyr gave her one and Sansa sucked on it for a moment while she composed herself the best that she could.

He watched her plump lips sucking then licking gently at her lips.

Petyr carefully observed how her lips began to quiver as she softly spoke, haltingly, then faster in between sucking on the lemon candy.

With joy and a rock hard cock, Petyr listened to Sansa tell him of her dreams, her fantasies, of one man.

How they made her feel inappropriate and dirty and shameful.

So it scared Sansa right into Unella's clutches.

"Unella was the first one I told of my dreams...she told me it would only get worse, that I would enact on these sinful awful things if I didn't run while I could!"

Nodding, Petyr made a mental note to have Gregor thank Unella for that for him later.

"I see...I understand, my dear. Let us discuss these feelings that scared you so bad you ran away....you are not very specific...you don't tell me who they are about. Or what happens in these fantasies."

Sansa gave a tiny cry and narrowed her eyes at Petyr.

It amused him to see the tiny spark of Cat suddenly bloom through the eyes and glare at Petyr.

The prim voice caused Petyr much amusement.

"You know who they are about. I know you had Qyburn put them there! Nurse Unella told me! Why do you make me feel this way? I can...can't..."

"Perhaps instead of punishment, we should try exploring these fantasies then."

Sansa startled Petyr a little then as she leaned forward, closer, until she was nearly in his lap.

"Would you kiss me? I...I hate this feeling...but maybe if we could...just kissing maybe? Please don't hurt me or make me feel bad, don't call me bad names like you do to Lollys. She never would talk about it, but Unella told me all of it...if it's like that I can't stand it..."
Petyr pulled Sansa closer very gently and began to kiss at those plump lips.

"I don't wish to hurt you or call you names, sweet girl. That is for my daughter, not for you...you aren't bad, not a bad girl. Just confused and you were taken advantage of. Hush...let's kiss and we shall see what comes next."

He tasted her sweet tongue, the tang of the lemon drop and he never felt the tiny pill slip from her mouth to his and melt.
The Pretend Game

The worst part was that this part of her, this new part enjoyed the lust.
Sansa had to fight not to fall under her body's reactions while she waited for the pill to kick into Petyr's system.
She whimpered and found herself inviting his touch as his dry hands fumbled under her shirt.

Biting hard into her cheek for a moment helped, it kept her focused.

The shame hit next and Sansa reminded herself it was all simple programming, just old code she can reject.

It was not her fault that Petyr had Qyburn insert these feelings into her and she would not feel guilty for it.

Or at least she will try not to.

The drug did it's job and Petyr started to melt into the chair as Sansa straddled him.
She could feel his bulge and part of her wanted to.....STAY FOCUSED!

It wasn't what Sansa wanted, it was what Petyr wanted, remembering that over and over helped.
Petyr's hands were roaming all over her now but differently, more gentle clumsy swipes.

Sansa took his hands and moved them to her back and moved as if they were truly having chair sex.

A smile curved her lips as Sansa leaned over him and started to whisper into Petyr's ear.
She told him all about him touching, tasting and fucking her.
How she was bashful about using her mouth upon him and how he convinced her.
Just before she had him at the edge of his endurance, Sansa changed her words.

"Is this as good as with my mother? Or my auntie? Or my cousin, your daughter? Am I as good or better, Uncle Petyr? It's turning me on to think of you just going through us all. Is it the incest or the red hair?"

Petyr moaned and arched.

"Ah, it is turning you on more isn't it? Maybe you should have me and Lollys together sometime."
"Oh, Sansa! I didn't think you would even recall those things! Sadly, I was only able to have both of you at the same time twice. Back when the clinic was still new and totally under the doctor's own control. It was still just him and Unella. She refused to have anything to do with it, with you or Lollys, even when Lollys was just little. That cold woman almost left Qyburn over it. But he needed the money and I was willing to pay any price to have you...but now that you are....ready....I can make her do that again if you wish it. Darling, don't you know I would do anything for you? Don't ever think of your mother or aunt. They were....different when they were much younger. It's the past and it's gone to me. You have been my shining little sugar girl since you were born. Your mother, your aunt, even your cousin...none of them make me feel the way you do."

Sansa noticed that her hands have left his chest where they had rested.

Goodness, her hands were wrapped around Petyr's throat and he seemed to enjoy it.

Oh well, as long as he enjoyed it, Sansa continued to strangle him and her voice was sugar coated rusty razors.

"Lollys has her own mind. She is stubborn and wouldn't like to be made to do anything with me. She doesn't like being with you like I do. But she is jealous. Not of me fucking you, no, jealous that her daddy loves her cousin more. I can see it in her eyes even if she never says it out loud. And you know that Cersei wants to find a way to bring me down. Gregor and the boys don't work for her anymore but Gregor is still her friend. When they mend their fences, she will probably ask him to squash me."

Petyr arched as if he were deep within her, never noticing that he wasn't or the fact that he was turning a shade of purple.

Sansa wanted to see if his face could reach the color of Lollys's hair but she supposed it would actually kill him.

Kill him.

Did he say twice, that he had her and Lollys twice?

As young girls.

Little sugar girls.

Only when Petyr seemed about to pass out, did Sansa lessen her grip on his throat.

Sansa waited while Petyr caught his breath then she whispered in his ear as her hand slid his rigid penis out of his pants.

Spreading a washcloth she had in her pocket, Sansa used her hand and her voice to finish him off.

"I never knew I could enjoy this so much. I don't want it to stop but...if others knew. If Lollys finds out and she will...or if Cersei knows, she is allowed the media and imagine how joyfully she could
announce that about us!"

Petyr moaned and rammed upwards into Sansa's hand as he spoke in slurred tones.

"My girl will do what she is told. I will take care of Lollys, don't you worry. And we don't need Cersei...we have Tyrion....ahhh!"

Petyr snored gently as Sansa cleaned up the mess and put his clothing back together.

She carefully helped him move to the couch where he lay down.

"I need to go, it's getting late. Alliser is teaching a class and I have to be there. Thank you, Uncle Petyr. Rest now."

Dry thin lips kissed air and Petyr was sound asleep before Sansa even left the office.

"DRAMA! DRAMA IS A FORM OF THERAPY THAT WE ARE EXPLORING IN TEN MINUTES! TEN MINUTES TO BE IN THE COMMONS ROOM! DRAMA! IN TEN!"

Tyrion winced as the booming voice tried to crack through his tender, pounding and frozen skull.

Polliver had come in, pulled him out of the tub and simply walked away.

He had just staggered, soaked and shivering into the hallway to be assaulted by a very dramatic voice discussing drama.

The bulk of a person stood in the way just standing there as if unsure where to go.

Tyrion looked up and smiled slightly at Vic.

"Vic! Sorry you are here but glad to see a familiar face. I'm glad you are allowed among the rest of the forced and not so forced lunacy."

The captain fixed his hat on his head, not caring how strange it looked with his new white sweat suit.

"You are wet."

"Yes. Yes, I am. I was in the ice tub. I must dry and change before the bellowing man comes back."

Vic blinked and stared at Tyrion.

"Why would you take an ice bath?"
"Polliver felt it would be good for me after a vigorous beating."

"Oh."

"Yes. Well. I am going to change and head to the commons room. You should head there too. If you want to wait a moment, I'll be happy to walk with you. Not that you can get lost, really. Just three long halls that end in doors you can't use without permission."

Tyrion rambled uncomfortably as he hurried towards his room, Vic saying nothing, just looking at him.

He dried and changed fast, half hoping Vic might have already left.

Tyrion opened his door to see Vic still there but looking at something else now.

Grimacing, Tyrion saw that Meryn and Lady have apparently made up and he shuddered.

"Better hide that peanut butter and finish up before Alliser comes screaming about drama."

Tyrion fled and Vic followed him as others began to arrive for the drama class.

He saw Sansa coming and winced at the enraged shriek of the girl, Meryn's bellow and the damned dog started to yip.
Honing Weapons

Raff and Polliver resumed their table seats and muffled their laughter as Alliser was determined to continue his ideas.

The drama class was off to a rocky start from the moment everyone got bored listening to the man speak of the benefits of drama.

When Alliser tried to ask the group to look through both the scripts for Romeo and Juliet as well as Our Town, half of them tried to storm out in a panic.

Polliver was too busy crying in mirth to assist Alliser as he had to hold the door shut.

"Fine! Sit down and we shall discuss the merits of a full play later on. Let us try something else."

They sat and warily listened as Alliser explained the art of improvisation.

At first things went well when he brought out a box of props and asked for volunteers.

Meryn ran up first and grabbed a teddy bear.

His start was shocking and his middle and end were interrupted by a baton wielded by a furious and disgusted Alliser.

Tyrion went next and he gave a rather comic impression of a man who couldn't get his tie to work, accidentally hanging himself.

Cersei refused to be any less than her little brother and jumped up next, grabbing a pink shawl from the box.

To the shock of all but her brother, she gave a truly funny version of the overprotective mother from Bye Bye Birdie.

Vic stood up without any fanfare, putting a patch over his eye.

He belted out the first half of Jack Sparrow's movie dialogue from a pirate movie with no inflection whatsoever.

Loras and Theon had a rather silly but graceful sword fight with a flag and a broom.

Ramsay put on a homicidal and perverse puppet show.

Jorah and Sansa did a rather stiff but interesting act of pretending to be an old couple sipping tea and fighting to get the last word in a dispute.
Alliser glared at Unella and Lollys who both had rather mutinous looks on their faces over performing.

"Everyone will try this. Do something together or alone, I don't care, but get up and do something, ladies."

Lollys leaned over and whispered something to Unella and the woman nodded back.

Everyone watched the small creepy and silent performance with a nameless dark foreboding they all shook off.

The women got in front of all of them after Lollys pulled one item out of the box.

Lollys stood behind Unella, her arms coming around as if they belonged to the nurse.

With care and an ease that shouldn't be easy without any practice, Lollys pointed the toy gun at each person that Unella pinned with her gray eyes.

Sansa found herself flinch when she saw Unella's eyes land on her and heard Lollys softly say, "bang" as the gun pointed between Sansa's eyes.

Raff found himself also flinching as did most of the others when the eyes and gun sought them out one by one.

To everyone's relief, Alliser told them it was time for chores and dinner to be prepared.

"Tomorrow we shall also add music to our classes! So rest up your voices!"

Sansa arched an eyebrow as Lollys stormed into the kitchen later on as the food was cooking.

Usually after Lollys helped with the prep she ran off to see Raff before he left for the night.

She came back usually humming with sex and drug afterglow.

This time Lollys was back way too fast and though she seemed newly drugged her body told her there was rage not fulfillment.

Raff came chasing after her and snarled at her as she yanked angrily on her apron.

"I'm not done talking to you! Don't you walk off on me! Get back out here now. You are being fucking difficult for no reason!"

Gasp ing Lollys turned and to Sansa's delight yanked up a pan and threw it at Raff's head.
"FUCK YOU! I AM NOT A-"

Suddenly, Raff's face went from upset over the pan bashing to full comedy and he spoke while laughing, truly laughing.

"Oh god! Were you about to say you are not a whore? Were you going to actually say that? So fucking deluded...LOLLYS, YOU ARE A WHORE."

Now everyone was laughing from staff to patients.

Only Unella, Petyr and Qyburn were not laughing but they were certainly watching.

Lollys snarled and tried to shove Raff away as he got closer to her, still laughing.

He slapped her face then grabbed her throat, shoving her into the wall, giggling in her face now.

"You won't let me play my games with rich girls, so I need to pay my debts another way. Petyr already gave me permission, stupid. Just a few rich customers and only a few times. We can discuss it more tomorrow while we get you dressed all pretty, okay? Now, I will leave you a little extra tonight if you are going to be a good whore for me...hmmm? Look at me, good. Listen, I don't care if that fucking excuse for a nurse leaves the room unlocked or not. Stay out of the drug supply, Lollys, I mean it. If you steal anything else from there, I'm going to start to reduce your own supply, hear me?"

Sansa waited until Raff left the room before giving a small smile to Lollys.

"Things aren't going well with you and Raff?"

Sneering, Lollys brushed past her and went to stand before Petyr.

He had been speaking with Qyburn, they were waiting for the night shift to show so they could all have a staff meeting.

"Father? You told Raff I would whore for him? He could use me to pay off his fucking debts? I'll happily kill the thugs he owes money too but I don't feel like fucking my way through half the city this month. What have I done to piss you off so much?"

Qyburn looked truly surprised and he tilted his head at Petyr.

"You think it's wise to allow Lollys so much outside time and in such a destructive, vulnerable way? I mean, there are so many other options..."
Petyr sneered at his daughter and at the doctor.

"Maybe I want to make sure you truly understand your place. Maybe I just don't want to have to look at your face so much. It doesn't matter. You brought the situation upon yourself. You chose to go back to drugs, you chose to start a relationship with Raff. And do you think I don't know that the dead girl was dating Raff? Very nice to let Ramsay take your punishment. So since you destroyed Raff's little project, you can replace it. And you best hope that you can destroy his debt, that Raff doesn't feel the need to try and bolt. Because then you get to bury him along with Bronn. Now get back to fixing supper."

Lollys caught the tiny glance towards Sansa and she also saw the surprised glance between Qyburn and Sansa.

"Got it. Finally got your red head, huh? Ginger snapped for you and you are what...removing her competition? She is welcome to you, Petyr. Trust me. Super Skank shall do her whore-full duty. I fucking hate you."

Cersei and Ramsay laughed when Petyr slapped Lollys's mouth.

"Get back to work."

Lollys started to help Sansa with cutting the cooling lasagna and said nothing.

Sansa opened her mouth and found herself on the floor, Lollys sitting on her chest, not hurting her, just holding her face, squeezing it between two sweaty hands.

She could smell the stench of drugs, sex and desperation coming in waves off the junkie.

"Why are you letting them have you? Why are you playing the stupid games and falling down the hole? I warned you. Theon warned you. Unella and Stannis warned you. Why are you so fucking weak that you are letting them do this to you? Don't be like me. You are being like me. And Cersei. You are picking the wrong fucking lessons, the wrong targets, the wrong pathways, kiddo. You. Are. A. Puppet. Just like everyone else here and you are being manipulated even if you think you aren't."

"Get off me. You stink. You look like shit. Have you seen yourself? You look like a clownish punching bag. You aren't any killer anymore...I changed? Have you looked at yourself recently? Petyr is right, you brought it all on yourself. Don't worry about me, Lollys. Worry about yourself. You aren't my target, I just wanted you out of my way. I didn't mean for him to send you whoring, I wouldn't have suggested that. But I'm going to take him down and you are going to get the fuck out of my way. Not my fault how you got out of my way."

Lollys sat up and gave a forced chuckle.

"You are going to try and get revenge on Petyr and Cersei. Gonna kill them? Enjoy yourself, good luck with all that. It was fun knowing you, gingersnap. I hope you enjoy cozy tea parties with Walda and Hodor. Or maybe if you fuck up bad enough Petyr will have you visiting the Sparrow. I
hear he is a great conversationalist."

Sansa sat up and smirked.

"No. I have Qyburn on my side. He doesn't need Cersei anymore, he doesn't need Petyr anymore, he has Tyrion and me."

Lollys irritated Sansa by giving a small sigh and roll of her eyes as if she has seen all this go down before.

"Ah. I see. So Qyburn has moved to your first challenge tests...do you plan on killing them on your own? You don't have his support, Sansa, you have Qyburn's interest. Its not the same thing. That means Qyburn will observe what you do and allow you to go as far as you can...it doesn't mean he will assist you if you fail or get messed up. Can't you see any of this?"

Sansa ignored Lollys and they served the meal in silence.

Gregor and Barbry showed up while the patients were sitting to eat and Unella stared at the mountain until he disappeared into the staff locker room.

Her nose and throat were still irritated from Raff's damned feeding tube, but she came to sit during dinner to help discuss the small rebellion against staff.

The table’s entire quiet but intense conversation was on the upcoming night battle.

Loras glared sharply at Tyrion and pointed a meatball at him before biting it off the fork.

"You need to stay away from the night nurse! Focus on the tasks ahead and no more shameful drunken sex! It's worse than Lady and Meryn to be honest!"

Tyrion looked down at his plate in a bit of shame.

"Yeah, I think I finally have discovered my rock bottom. No more drinking...let's concentrate on taking down the mountain!"

Cersei sneered at all of them, Ramsay kept adding humorous tips for the fumbling idiots.

"Dears, do you really think it's wise to go after Gregor? I mean, you all look beat up and if you keep it up, he might move from bruises to breaking bones."

Theon stuck up his nose at Cersei.

"If you don't wish to help, that is fine. But you won't demoralize us. We can't leave but we can change this place. How many changes have happened before? I want to make a new one. I want Gregor, Raff and Polliver to not fuck with us. I want to keep Gregor from thinking that Unella is his personal torture doll. I want them to all understand we are humans with rights!"
Ramsay tilted his head and gave a curl of his lip, his bright innocent eyes on Theon.

"Oh, I see now. You mean, like how Raff can not only fuck Lollys whenever he wants but can even take her out and whore her to pay his debts? Didn't see you all banding to stop that. You all are idiots. You hate Unella...what do you care what Gregor does to her, it's none of your business. He won't kill her or mutilate her, he has orders not to. So why do you care?"

Theon leaned over and gave Ramsay a chilling stare that has never been seen before.

"If I can do something to stop what Raff does to Lollys, I will. But I can do something to help Unella and I will. Won't mutilate her? Gregor almost caused Unella to lose her fucking hands, Ramsay. We are starting with Gregor because it's our best chance. Then we can force Polliver and Raff to ease up once we have taken down the Gregorstien."

Cersei leaned over and whispered to Ramsay and they giggled.

Then they turned with bright innocent eyes to the whispering, planning group.

"Okay, we are not going to be part of this...we think it's stupid. However, we won't be on the staff's side either. We are neutral. However...because it's just going to be funny to watch it all...here is an extra key to reach the workshops that I used to jump Loras. Here, enjoy..."

Loras thanked them and handed the key to Lollys.

"You make sure all pathways are open. Go downstairs and see if you can find some new spaces to stash Unella or get weapons. Be creative. We only have an hour or two before Gregor will come after her."

Cersei and Ramsay finished eating in silence, while the others continued to babble, but in their minds, they had plans of their own.
Feathers Flying

Gregor was aware of the glaring chickens that flocked so tightly together.

He peeked at them through the blinds of the meeting room as Petyr continued his scathing lectures.

Even Qyburn was beginning to doze and Barbry was discreetly trying to finish a bottle of vodka.

Judging by Cersei and Ramsay's expressions, they weren't involved, they seemed to have a prey of their own.

Gregor wouldn't have believed that Cersei would go against him.

They have spoken and amended things.

It took a lot for each of them to admit they blamed each other for the downfall.

He could have helped her more, she could have kept herself out of trouble.

They were still friends, but Cersei was still a patient and he had to treat her as such.

"Fine. But that means I get to act like any other out of control patient and might scratch your eyes out."

Gregor had smirked back at the vicious but affectionate smile and it was mended.

"Yeah, you can. And I'll toss you into an ice bath after giving you a nice baton massage."

His eyes were on the others, Unella and the chicken ringleader, Loras.

Even Sansa, Meryn and Lady were huddled close to Loras, Theon and Lollys.

Tyrion was nearly invisible standing next to Vic.

The second the meeting was over, Gregor knew they would all disperse.

And as soon as the day staff was gone, they would all disappear.

Including Unella.

Gregor didn't understand how they could despise her as a nurse and now defend her as a patient.

He winced when Petyr clapped his hands to get his attention.

Gritting his teeth and resisting the urge to rip the man's arms off, Gregor looked at Petyr.
"I do not want Raff to come in tomorrow and find Unella's hands in any worse shape. Do you hear me? I do not want to hear that she is any worse. I don't want to hear that she needs bones set, surgeries or Qyburn's immediate attentions. That goes for every patient in this place. Do not overstep the bounds. Just because Qyburn overruled me doesn't mean it cannot be changed. Even the doctor agrees with me that you have gone too far. Isn't that right, Doctor?"

Sighing, Qyburn came back to life and nodded.

"Ah, yes. Gregor, I stand by my word but I do need you to go easier. If Petyr or Raff report that anymore extensive injuries have happened to any of your charges, I will have to reverse my decision. I will have to find another, safer way for you to deal with your Unella issues."

Gregor clenched his fists, his veins pulsed in a way that fascinated Raff, Polliver and Barbry.

"There will be no further problems. I will take more care with Unella and the other chickens."

He practiced his breathing while Petyr and Qyburn turned their attentions towards the night nurse.

Barbry sucked on her mints and dentures, her gimlet eyes darting between the doctor and Petyr.

Raff also chimed in and the woman simply decided they were all full of shit and told them so.

Gregor rolled his eyes and sighed, knowing they were just wasting time and energy lecturing the woman.

As expected, when the useless meeting ended and the day staff prepared to leave, not a single soul was around.

Gregor could see the shapes of Cersei and Ramsay sitting in the gaming room, no light but the television screen.

At least the two worst of them were out of it.

Qyburn looked about at the empty floor then he gave Gregor a look.

"Be careful with them, please. I know it is difficult, I know they are difficult. But keep them in the building and alive, without extreme injury until morning. Perhaps I should start to stagger Polliver's hours so you aren't alone. I see now how little assistance Barbry is for you."

Gregor growled.

"The point was made, don't keep pushing it. I'll do my job. Go to your labs or go somewhere so I can do my job. I need to do a head count."
The doctor gave up and went up to his lab, the others left and Barbry has retreated to the nurse’s office.

Gregor smiled and started to do his head count, flexing his muscles, ready to make some feathers fly.

He lost his smile when he noticed that Cersei and Ramsay hadn't moved at all.

Peeking into the gaming room he saw it was two half mannequins from Loras's workshop sitting watching a comedy show.

No one was in their bedrooms, no one was in any unlocked room.

Nearly wedging himself into the actual wall, Gregor roared up towards the roof.

There was no response, not even a slight creaking.

Barbry was well on the way to being sauced when she saw the red faced giant storm by.

"They are all missing, all hiding! All of them! Get off your ass and help me find them!"

"Pshaw."

She waved her hand at him dismissively.

"My job is NOT hide and seek, young man. MY job is to heal them if they are hurt or if they flip and need their happy medicine. You find them, I'll medicate or treat them. Okay? See? I am a nurse. You are a giant in scrubs. See the difference? You hunt. I heal. Bye bye now."

Sansa glared nervously at Loras in the stairwell and whispered.

"You better be right about this. Or we are all going to end up dead or broken by morning! Petyr won't like it if I get hurt. He will take it out on anyone he can. Not just on Gregor. You know how temperamental he is."

Theon shivered and pointed past Lollys at Sansa.

"Okay, you need to stop talking like that. You sound like Walda when she would talk about Roose. It's really really creepy. What the fuck happened to you? Programming is just all over you, isn't it? Oh gods, it's all another test somehow, isn't it? Every time I think it's us, it really isn't, oh no, I don't-"

Lollys tried to hush Theon but he kept freaking then Unella's voice cut through all their excited whispers.
"As an authority here on what goes on in everyone's heads... Theon, I can assure you that you were not programmed to rebel against Gregor. This is just average social rebellion that would happen no matter if your heads were played with or not. And Sansa has choices, not just rewiring in her head. There are some choices that are still free will to choose or not."

Theon calmed himself, sniffed and then they heard the creaking.

It was time and they all went dead silent, tensed, those who were out of place ran to their locations.

Flying in the dark, Lollys and Sansa ran down to the workshops.

Sansa volunteered to man the booby traps in area near Loras's workshop and Lollys was manning the ones between the metal and leather work areas.

Lollys flew past Sansa and skidded to a halt before the old bathroom they all had to use down there.

Just as she started to check to make sure the trap was set correctly, the bathroom door opened and she was yanked in.

There was no soundproofing on this floor.

Lollys's screams, the assault upon her was loud, Sansa winced a few times.

She helpfully decided to man both stations if Gregor actually did make it this far.

Sansa found it distasteful to allow Cersei and Ramsay to do what they were doing, but sometimes allies were needed.

Even if the allies were disgusting pigs that she planned to destroy as soon as she could.

But as Sansa heard Lollys gurgle something and then she heard her give a screech, she steeled herself.

Lollys was a weapon that has become corroded.

She needed to be beaten down, broken, then Sansa can have Qyburn rebuild her.

Sansa can be the one to save her cousin, to make her live under a chain of guilt for what she did.

But first, Lollys needed to be brought down low.

Then Sansa will have the things Lollys does have taken away.

Sansa will manipulate Raff somehow into trying to run, so Lollys will be ordered to kill him.

All that will be left then are the drugs and once those and Petyr are gone...
All Lollys will have left is Qyburn and Sansa.

With a growl of impatience, Gregor yanked open the door to the stair well that led to both the workshops and the fenced in yard.

The light was out and Gregor swore as he turned on his flashlight.

He swept the light and saw nothing, no one.

With the intention of searching the workshops, Gregor took a step.

The slick olive oil on the stairs caused him to become a human tobaggon.

As his entire back skidded him at an alarming rate down a flight of stairs, he noticed faces here and there on railings above and below.

The giggling and outright laughter made his blood boil, each pain he felt from the fall just made his anger greater.

Gregor's flight ended when he crashed into the wall at the landing of the next floor.

He heard the chickens scatter as he staggered to his feet.

"CHICKENS!"

It was on for real now.
The Feathery Shit Storm

Unella was never one given to imagination or creativity, nor was she interested in fantasy or science fiction movies.

However, the Predator monster came to mind as Unella saw Gregor seem to somehow grow bigger in his rage and the moonlight falling on him from the barred windows above.

Shrinking into the shadows, she watched as he thundered down rather than up.

With a sigh of half annoyance and half relief, she stood back up and went further onto the next floor, to go down a different way.

*Remember not to kill them, do not break bones or kill them.*

Gregor tried to chant this through his rage as he ran down the next set of steps.

He stopped before the dark landing and tried to call out in a reasonable tone.

"If you go back to your rooms right now, I'm only going to half murder you. Those of you who continue this shit show? I'm going to fucking eat you alive. Only warning."

Sweeping the meager light from his now cracked flashlight, Gregor saw no one.

He stepped onto the landing and began to open the door to the workshop area.

Gregor cursed, too late he remembered the supply closet behind him.

It was always locked, but then again, supposedly, so were the other doors.

Loras had a manic grin across his face as he sprayed the mace in Gregor's eyes when the large man spun around.

Staggering backwards, Gregor swore and grabbed his burning eyes.

He heard screams and then something hit him hard, hard enough to knock him into the door.

With blurry, painful eyes, Gregor saw that it was a combination of Loras, Theon, Jorah and Meryn that slammed into him all at once.

Reaching behind him, Gregor tried to open the damned door he was leaning on.

Lollys has gone through bad times, shitty times in her short life.

She has been raped, beaten, molested by her own father and had to kill former lovers, children.
Drugs didn't help and they brought her to lower acts then almost anything her father has made her do.

However, the saying that the low can always somehow get worse is quite true.

Two against one already was hard to deal with but Sansa had been right.
Lollys hasn't been training as much, she wasn't eating much and she was simply too f*cked up tonight.
Taken just a tad too much and her reactions were too slow and weak.
And Cersei wasn't just trying to snatch her bald and Ramsay wasn't trying to get into her snatch.

Nope, this was true hatred and revenge, this was making sure that Lollys understood their upset, truly felt it.
In fact there was a look in their eyes that let Lollys know that she might not live though this.
That alone was the only thing that made her try to truly fight back.
Though Ramsay and Cersei bore a few marks from her, Lollys was f*cked and knew it.

"WHY DO YOU ALL WANT ME TO KILL YOU?"

Ignoring the insane question, Loras plunged the stolen syringe full of sedative that Unella got for him into the large arm.
"Thing will break in half in his muscle then he will break us."

Loras glared at the muttering Jorah and pressed the plunger.

He hoped it was all in the veins, because one large hand just sent him and the syringe flying into a wall.
Meryn and Jorah were also tossed as Gregor roared and actually shook his fists wildly.
His rage was so great, it made him look like a TV wrestler egging his opponents on.

Gregor couldn't believe the daring and he knew who to thank for getting drugs for the chickens.
Lollys could obtain drugs easily enough but only Unella would know what Loras had to give.
He staggered and shook his head.
He heard Theon and Loras cheer and Meryn giggle.

Gregor lurched towards them and grabbed the wall for support.

Turning fast, he managed to turn the knob and lurch into the workshop doorway.

Slamming the door behind him, Gregor staggered down the hallway towards the workshops.

There was a small kitchen and rest room area that he can rinse his eyes and figure shit out.

If he is affected enough to be knocked out he needed to be safe.

The kitchen area has a locked door, his key can open it and he can lock it from the inside.

Yes.

As soon as he starts crawling again that is what he shall do.

Lollys tried to decide how many things might be broken so far.

*Let's see, we have a concussion for sure, maybe a fractured skull.*

Her voice in her head was cheery if not a bit sadistic but at least it was clear and that was good, meant she was still alive.

*Well, we also have a possible broken nose, a definite broken few toes and fingers and hey, this is fun! How about how those ribs are feeling, yeah?*

Lollys told her own self to fuck off and felt herself dragged by her hair into a stinking stall.

Ramsay yanked her head over the toilet bowl.

A fresh brown shit was sitting in a yellow fluid and Lollys knew this would be so bad.

Cersei’s voice was so full of the taste of sweet revenge that it was nearly orgasmic in it's tone.

"You have driven me to be crass, Lollys. But I needed something that you would understand and you are such a skanky, nasty whore that I heard to search real low within myself. So I myself have made this fresh gift for you just a bit ago. Do you know that saying of, eat shit and die?"

Lollys closed her eyes and gagged then responded.

"Do you know you sound like that girl from the movie Carrie? The one who wants to dump pigs"
blood on her, I think her name was Chrissy. Yeah, she started blowing her boyfriend Billy and in this really revenge porn kind of voice she says—"

She heard Cersei scream in happiness as Ramsay's strong hand thrust Lolly's face into the still slightly warm shit.

"I AM NOT OUT YET, ASSHOLES! COME ANY CLOSER AND I'LL FUCKING EAT YOU ALIVE! YOU THINK I WON'T GET YOU FOR THIS? KEEP YOUR FUCKING DISTANCE CHICKENS OR YOU WON'T SURVIVE TONIGHT!"

Gregor heard the door and knew the men were coming after him.

He crawled faster and hoped the others weren't already waiting down here for him.

How could he have let the chickens get the upper hand?

He couldn't decide who he was angrier with, himself or the fucking poultry.

There was another door to enter the workshop area from on the other side.

Gregor hurried, only sweeping his light when he needed to make sure he was going the right way.

He could hear some sort of a fight up ahead but it didn't seem related to him.

Sounded like Ramsay and Cersei have finally gotten a hold of Lolly.

He didn't have time to worry or try to make sure they weren't murdering her.

Gregor had to worry about saving himself, thanks to the damned sedative.

Unella didn't know his exact weight of course, so it wasn't enough to knock him out.

It was enough to make him too dizzy to walk and it was hard to think.

Gregor's weakening light showed him the kitchen door and he stopped crawling.

Fumbling, his hands managed to pull his key ring from his pocket.

Without thinking, cursing only after it was too late, Gregor crawled forward without scanning first.

He hit into a wire or a rope and truly felt like hitting his own head as the trap worked.

All of a sudden Gregor was buried under what felt like every bit of cloth, leather and metal in all the workshops.
It was heavy enough and he was sedated enough that he was knocked flat.

He tried to roar and lurch back to his hands and knees.

That is when the chickens rushed forward to peck at him.

Gregor felt an unfamiliar emotion flood him, a feeling of shame and it enraged him.

The chickens were hitting him, kicking him, he felt fists, feet and brooms and someone was hitting him with, no whipping him with underwear!

He felt like he was swimming in water, it was hard to move and even though he was really protected by all the things on him, the beating still was irritating.

It was humbling to have to let them all have their happy pecking moment.

Then the morons actually tried to tie him up!

They took his silent stillness for sleep and now were going to be brilliant and tie him up.

Gregor couldn't let it stand and decided his rest and quest for calmness was over.

He didn't care if he broke a few necks, they were not going to win this little battle.

His head was mostly out of the pile as was his left hand, next to his face.

Keeping his eyes shut, Gregor waited until a hand got timidly around his own to pull at it.

Then he took a nice, satisfying bite and joyfully listened to Loras scream in agony.

He spit out flesh and bone as Loras fell away, sobbing.

The others jumped back and the beating started again.

Gregor lurched upwards like an angry bear woken from hibernation, roaring and they all screamed and ran, diving to hide.

He immediately fell back down and crawled fast into the kitchen, locking himself inside.

"ARE YOU HAPPY NOW, CHICKENS? YOU HAVE WON FOR TONIGHT, GO THE FUCK TO BED, ALL OF YOU! GO MAKE SURE LORAS HAS A HAND LEFT! TOO BAD, YOU FANCY FUCKING FAGGOT! YOU ARE USELESS TO PETYR IF YOU CAN'T USE THOSE HANDS FOR PRETTY CLOTHES ANYMORE!"

Gregor turned on the kitchen light and managed to head towards the sink, hoping to lean up to use it.
He got halfway across the room before he saw the feet in front of him.

It made utterly no sense to Gregor's befuddled mind, a set of large feet in standard issue white sneakers and a set of small, tiny feet in black sneakers.

He slowly looked up to see Tyrion and Vic staring down at him grimly.

"You have got to be kidding me. I haven't even done anything to you two shit heads yet. Now I am going to rip your heads off and shit down your necks."

Vic looked very sternly at Gregor and spoke with the fiery conviction and primness of every minister.

"The rape and torture of Unella must end. The tormenting of the patients must end. It is unfair to take such advantage of sick people. Even if it is you that are making us sick! We shall all stand united against your sadistic ways, sir! This is war. Do you surrender and agree to treat us fairly?"

Gregor was barely able to hold himself up on his hands and knees and his voice was slurred but the words and intent were quite clear.

"I am going to shove Tyrion up your ass before I use your intestines to decorate the ceiling."

"I think that means no, Vic. Guess we should go with plan b."

"Goodnight then, Gregor. We shall see you in the morning. Or someone will."

Vic hit him hard with a bag full of frozen butter and Gregor indeed went night night.

Ramsay was very good at water boarding, Theon had assured Cersei of it earlier when she had asked him.

Cersei was having the best time she can remember in quite some time.

She watched as Ramsay shoved Lollys's face into the sickening mess just until the girl almost passed out, over and over.

"Take down the cunt's pants for me, gonna fuck her up the ass. Just seems appropriate somehow, ya know?"

She was more than happy to assist and Cersei was so enthusiastic that she ripped a nail off in the fabric of Lollys's sweatpants.

Yanked down to the ankles, Cersei grabbed Lollys's head so that Ramsay could position himself. Lollys was still wide awake and Cersei was thrilled for that fact.
The scream she gave when Ramsay rammed into her dry made Cersei herself nearly orgasm.

Lollys was too weak to struggle but she did try and that made Cersei plunge her face back into the toilet, giggling.

Ramsay was brutal, fast and he spilled into her fast with a grunt of satisfaction.

The debt over Theon's pain was over as far as he was concerned.

Except.

As he pulled out of the limp body, he saw that Cersei's elegant fist was in the toilet, all the way in.

Her face was frozen in a grimace of joyous sadism and Ramsay tossed her into the wall, yanking Lollys's head out of the toilet.

Shit splattered all of them as he pulled her out of the stall onto the tiles near the sinks.

He slapped her face twice, causing filth to sprinkle everywhere on him, on Cersei.

Ramsay felt frantically for a pulse and then staggered away from her.

"Ah, shit, fuck shit, you stupid fucking crazy cunt, you murdered her. She's dead, fucking dead."

Forgetting her hands were streaked in filth, Cersei grabbed her own face, her mouth a perfect "O" of surprise.

Then she let out a girlish giggle and her eyes were childishly bright.

"Really? Oh goodie, oh my, I didn't think I had it in me! To use my own hands like that! Oh, I am so glad it was her!"

Ramsay slapped her and slammed her into the wall, staring hard into her face to get her attention.

His words were spoken clearly and gravely, waiting for them to sink into Cersei's dark matter.

"We just MURDERED Petyr's DAUGHTER. We killed Petyr's daughter. We killed Qyburn's project and Petyr's own daughter."

Cersei's eyes widened and she stopped giggling.

"It's not like they can report it to the police. If we just go right now, we can claim we were with the others. They wouldn't dare tell on us. We pretend it never happened."

Ramsay knew they didn't really have any other options.
With a last nervous glance at Lollys, Ramsay headed out of the bathroom.

Cersei gave a last oving glance at the blood stained ass and thighs and the shit stained face before she followed him.

Steely eyes tracked the two guilty looking sneaks that seemed to be covered in streaks of shit and blood as they slipped away.

The eyes followed them until they were gone then looked at the bathroom door.
That Sinking Feeling

Barbry never really noticed that Gregor never returned.

She barely noticed the straggling patients that came past to go to their rooms.

The dwarf whom she tried to entice by waving a bottle at, hurried by with the sailor hat man.

Red hair caught her attention, with such pretty hair, the girl should style it more often, she was arguing with the pervert as they hurried past.

The prissy fashion boy came in between Jorah and Theon.

Barbry stared at the bloody hand with half a pinkie gone and a missing chunk from the palm.

"How the hell did you do that?"

"I didn't! Gregor bit me! How bad is it? Can you call Qyburn, please?"

"Nonsense! There is no way that Gregor would bite you and I certainly don't want to be fired over a small thing like a little bite! What was it for real? Were you sissy boys playing some sort of Dungeon Dragon's game and trying on lacy things, got excited and bit like you were a Twilight Hobbit? All your light sabers out swinging and someone got overheated and chomped like a Waltzing Dead."

The three men stared at Barbry blinking then Jorah muttered,

"I can't. Please make her mouth words stop."

Barbry took Loras's temperature and gave him an antacid before attending Theon's hand.

After a bit of prompting, Barbry then checked Loras's injured hand.

She washed it in the sink with tap water, slapped it with a dish towel as Loras shrieked.

Then Barbry smeared some ointment all over it after knocking over several other things to find it.

Loras stared in fascination as the woman began to clumsily wrap his hand in an entire roll of gauze.

He held up his huge club of white cotton to show Jorah and Theon as Barbry began attacking the shelves again.

She staggered back and shoved ancient bent fingers into his mouth.

Gagging, Loras tasted dust, handi-wipes, failure, whiskey and cat litter and it felt like a mummy's
fingers were rattling on his tongue.

When the fingers left water drowned him and pills slipped down his throat.

"There. The green pill was oxy...no...morph...no...oh wait. I remember. I gave you three pills. One is the pink one for your allergies. The green was...the green was for something...oh, no...the yellow one is for the pain...it's a bit strong, think it's morphine...don't slither to the floor and roll your eyes like that, it's creepy, young man. Are you trying to look up my skirt? Oh and the green one! It was a laxative for your constipation!"

Theon and Jorah rushed to help the nearly unconscious man to his feet.

"He wasn't constipated! Or allergic to anything!"

"Oh. He best get to a toilet in a few hours just in case. Oh, yeah...the painkiller. It was that stuff that clown whore takes from Raff for her chronic vaginal pain probably. He had some in a pill form. Raff has them everywhere for some reason."

"Shit!"

Theon wailed and they carried Loras to his room.

Jorah brought in an adult diaper but Theon was the one who put it on the limp, drooling man.

Just in case it failed during the night, they decided to lay him in his tub for the night.

Unella screamed with each harsh push on her gloved hurt hands.

She could feel skin splitting, stitches ripping as she pumped until fluid began to sputter and Lollys coughed.

Panting and whimpering with both relief and agony, Unella curled her hands against her chest as she leaned back against the wall.

Lollys coughed, vomited and managed to climb her way to her knees.

"All I can taste is Cersei's shit."

That sent her into another fit of vomiting before Lollys managed to claw her way painfully to the sink.

She drank water, vomited, drank again then tried to wash her face the best she could.

Lollys gave one look into the mirror and apparently didn't like what she saw, averting her eyes fast.
She sank back down to the ground, wincing at so many different pains.

Concentrating on finding her pants and pulling them on, ignoring the blood, Lollys muttered,

"Thank you. You shouldn't have bothered, but thank you anyway. I feel bad, you fucked up your hands again probably over me."

"Don't thank me. I'm a nurse, that is what I do. My hands are my own problem. Don't worry, I'll make sure that Gregor gets the blame for them. They almost killed you. Next time, I might not be around. You have made too many enemies to be this weak, Lollys. You know what you have to do, don't you? You see how far down you have gone, don't you?"

Lollys shook her head and opened her mouth with a witty comment on the tip of her tongue.

"I can't. I'm scared. I am not strong enough. I'm done."

"You are stronger than you ever knew. You can do this and you are just scared because it will hurt like hell. But it passes, even at the worst, it will eventually pass. Do you see any better options, Lollys? If you keep going this way, you will either die or eventually Qyburn will reprogram you. At least try. While Gregor is out cold, while the rest are asleep. You know where to go and how to get what you'll need. Don't even try those excuses. We both know better."

Gregor staggered onto the floor just as the clock struck four in the morning.

His head ached, his back was a special kind of hell thanks to the stair fall earlier and he could barely see out of his swollen eyes.

It was therefore only made perfect by a yipping shit of a dog that not only barked at him but piddled upon his shoe.

Barbry was dozing when she woke startled by a quick shrieking sound.

She looked around but it was just her in the nursing station.

The door was half open and she stood up to shut the door fully.

Catching sight of Gregor, Barbry hollered at him.

"Good gods! What the hell happened to you now! First I get the boy with a bite from his sexy kink games now this! What kind of bugs does this place have that bit your face so badly that your eyes swelled shut like that! Can you see at all? You should have come to see me right away and not been a macho macho man!"

Gregor snarled at the woman and gave her a rather harsh shove away from him.

"Leave me be! Tend to your own shit or can't you see the mess all over the place! Look, half your
shelves are empty in there! Bet you didn't even bother to do a head count on the patients."

Sansa rolled over and snuggled against Lady's snout then felt something...wrong.
She screamed when she saw that it was only Lady's upper half, her entrails dangling out.
The scream woke Meryn across the hall who then discovered the was sleeping with Lady's lower half.
His screams combined with Sansa's which brought everyone awake.

It gave the desired effect and one by one, Gregor grabbed them to do a fuzzy head count.
He also took the opportunity to give each of them a few well deserved hard whacks in whatever area his hands happened to land.
Even Cersei and Ramsay received blows as he growled at them for pulling their disappearing act earlier.
That is how Gregor discovered one of the patients was missing.

Raff was out with Polliver, both of them losing badly at a rather boring poker game.
Each received the same text but reacted differently to it.
"Lollys is missing. Find her before Petyr gets here in the morning."
Polliver groaned but Raff paled out.

They flew to Raff's apartment first and Raff saw his door still locked.
Both of them had their guns out and ready as they carefully entered.
"Lollys? Sweetie? Are you in here? It's okay, I'm not angry, just concerned. Gregor said you went out. I wasn't out with any girls, you know, I promise. Polliver can vouch for that. Are you here, honey? Lollys? Are you needing a little more on your dose? Hmmm? Come over here to me and I can take care of you."
Speaking in his most honeyed voice, Raff searched his apartment, finger ready on the trigger to wound her if need be.
His other hand in his pocket, fingering a syringe full of sedative.
Polliver and Raff searched every space and it was clear that Lollys was not there.
"I was almost certain she was coming here to rob or kill you."

Raff gave Polliver a dirty look.

"Thanks, asshole. Lollys fucking adores me. She killed out of jealousy for me, you know."

"Nah, it wasn't jealousy. It was losing her drugs, her one connection to anything resembling love which happens to sadly be just fucking you...not jealousy, more possession, desperation maybe. Anyway, if Lollys isn't looking for drugs or hacking away at your girls, then where would she go?"

"Not really sure. Let's start with where we found Euron and go from there. Lollys used to talk about all those dives that she and Bronn would go to. Maybe she got lonely and decided to visit old haunting grounds or something."

"Maybe we should take a look at the routes out of town, eh? Just in case? And see where that little rebel group is?"

Raff snorted.

"Out of anyone in that place, Lollys is the last person that would try and escape. First off, she is programmed more than anyone in there, I think or just about the first. And she was the youngest age Qyburn has worked with, he has been playing in her head along with Petyr since she was ten. I remember he bragged all about that once. So that means, she will come back no matter what, even if she wanted to take off. Also, Petyr is her father and whether Lollys hates him or not, she is loyal to him. Not to mention, even if Lollys stole what was left of my stash at the clinic, she would run out and I have made quite sure what I give her cannot be bought on the streets. So she would have to come back to me for more. And there is no way that Lollys can go without it. So stop talking stupid and let's go check out her old friends, she if she went to say hello."

Petyr and Qyburn had both decided to show early, just in case.

Qyburn came down from his lab and Petyr came into the building at five in the morning.

To discover a mostly blind Gregor, a dog torn in half, Unella with hands that bled through her gloves, Loras with half his palm and a little finger missing, upset clients and one that was missing.

Barbry began to holler from the nursing station.

Not over the stolen painkillers, not over the mess that was created by herself as well as a thief.

But over the asshole who stole all the liquor she had in her purse and stashed throughout the room.
Sansa recalled as a child there was a playground that had a terrifying slide.

It was high up, a challenge to climb its summits, once the slide down begins, it is slow.

For a brief moment, Sansa would think this was it, she was at the top, stuck perhaps, but at the top.

Then it plummeted its victims down a metal sunburn speed towards the earth, dropping her breathless and injured into a sandpit.

It was the slide all over again and Sansa was helpless to stop it.

How was she to know the repercussions of such a small thing?

As big as their battle with Gregor had seemed, it was nothing, small insignificant in the end.

The very small nod that Sansa had given Ramsay and Cersei became the brand burning in her head.

At first when Lollys couldn't be found, Petyr was displeased but Qyburn cautioned patience.

"This is not the first time she has taken off for a few days. You know what happens if she is overstressed! She will need to return soon and she will."

Petyr made sure that Gregor understood the only reason he was still an employee and not a patient was because he might still be marginally useful.

He was to spend every waking hour that he wasn't working to search for Lollys.

Meryn sobbed and just didn't stop, as if he was broken.

Sansa awkwardly patted his shoulder and whispered they would get revenge.

Raff would sedate him, Alliser would yell at him, Polliver beat and iced him.

Every time Gregor came on the floor, that was only time Meryn stopped crying.

Then he would go silent and just stare emptily at Gregor until he went to bed.

Three days later everyone was subjected to a small tense questioning.

Ramsay and Cersei played poker faces and Sansa pretended right along with them.

Unella would smirk, watching the three of them sweat, knowing that these children had no idea what they were playing with.

She waited and watched, wanting a front row seat as they all would take this coaster ride.
Every bit of treatment and surgery to fully repair Loras's hand would come from Gregor's paychecks.

Petyr hired a private detective to search for Lollys as well as find the small group that might have taken her.

They didn't want to think that, Qyburn told Petyr he was sure that couldn't be the case.

Lollys was too smart to get caught.

When ten days had gone by, Unella had to hide her smile as Petyr and Qyburn were forced to rip masks off.

Qyburn was a small man with a big personality that he has spent years toning down.

He stormed onto the floor as if he were a Titan smashing through looking for those to punish.

Petyr was a tsunami of fury and the two of them were not discriminating, no one was free of suspicion.

The two men called the staff meeting then shoved them along with the patients in the common room.

All except Qyburn and Petyr were made to sit in the circle, the door was suddenly full of a bulk.

"Hey, Hodor!"

The vacant eyes searched out Theon then slowly a small smile and nod.

"Hodor is doing wonderful and works as my assistant now. He is here to watch the door for us. While we all have a small chat. It is a rather serious issue and-

Qyburn broke off as Barbry rudely snored loudly as she shifted in her chair.

Rolling his eyes and with a grimace of disgust, Polliver leaned forward and kicked the nurse's chair hard.

Barbry shot up, spun and Polliver ducked just in time as the woman screamed.

"NO PERVERT ATTACKS ON THE STAFF!"

Qyburn sighed and tried to gain Barbry's attention.

"Polliver is part of staff, Barbry, why can you never remember that? He is not a patient, dear, he is staff!"
Petyr walked, paced, his hands behind his back and now he swooped forward, his head tilted, eyes darting to each of them.

This was a different Petyr than anyone was used to.

His hair was messy, he looked unshaven and ready to murder someone.

Sansa tensed, Unella hid a giggle of terrified glee to know what she has helped set off and Ramsay and Cersei pretended they were the definition of innocence.

"First of all, I want you all to know, staff and patients alike, that I am displeased at the recent behaviors. War? It is pathetic. Sick maniacs attacking the staff that abuse them for acting like sick maniacs. Deal with it, find a way to deal with it. Loras, if you had been unable to ever use that hand again, what use would have been to me anymore? I have taken your fortune, I have Theon's fortune! Jorah, you don't even have anything left, you are here as more of a charity case now, aren't you? Once you fucked up and COST QYBURN THE TARGARYEN GIRL! YOU WERE TO KILL HER BROTHER AND BRING HER TO US! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO WATCH, STALK AND THEN TAKE HER, YOU FELL IN LOVE AND LET HER RUN! Now you just sit here useless and at least you were good with leather and metal work but you are expendable. All of you are expendable. You do understand that, don't you? Hmmm?"

"Petyr! That is enough. Calm yourself immediately!"

Jorah stood up shaking, pale and he started to walk forward, hands out as if to plead.

"No. No. Please. That was all dreams, it was all dreaming. I dreamed of doing bad things to her, yes, but I resisted it and then landed here because of dreams, that is all! I...I...why would YOU PICK ME, YOU PUT IT ALL MY HEAD AND ALMOST MADE ME! FUCK YOU! SHOULDN'T HAVE REMINDED ME, COCKSUCKER!"

Unella clapped her sore gloved hands over her smirk as Jorah launched himself at Petyr.

Petyr took a step back as Gregor simply lunged forward and yanked the slight man into a rather hard bear hug.

Qyburn snapped and waved a finger in Petyr's heavy breathing face.

"That was not needed at all! That was needlessly cruel! I understand your worries, but this will not help! Traumatizing patients leads us nowhere, Petyr."

The doctor turned his attention elsewhere, allowing Petyr a moment to pull himself together.

"Raff! Make yourself useful! Please give Jorah something to calm down and still stay in our meeting, please. Faster. Thank you."

They all waited, some shifting, others watching those that nervously shift with judgmental eyes.
Petyr drank some water and brandy, pulled himself together and Qyburn simply stood still, watching everything.

Raff gave the struggling Jorah a quick injection.

Gregor sat down, tossing the sagging Jorah on the chair next to him as if he were a careless boy setting up his sister's doll for her.

A sister he didn't care for.

Raff settled down next to Polliver, both hidden by Alliser and Barbry in the row in front of them. Qyburn's eyes told them they weren't hidden at all.

"Now. Let us try this again with less drama. We are becoming very concerned for Lollys as you can imagine. Any information could be a very big help to retrieve her. We all are aware that she has a drug problem and an impulse problem. She might have gotten into trouble and need help. I think you all understand that leaving here without permission...there is always a way for you to return. Ask Ramsay if you don't believe it. Lollys is no different and yet, she is not here. She has never managed to resist it for longer than four days. If Lollys is gone this long, she is not able to return on her own. She is hurt, kidnapped or dead. And we would like to know, when each of you last saw Lollys. And why the bathroom downstairs looked like a horror show. Funny thing, that, I tested all the filth before it was cleaned."

Ramsay and Cersei both tensed but their limbs were stone and the eyes of inquisitive angels.

"I know these are all questions we have asked you and you answered. But somethings are not ringing true to me, to Petyr. And that goes for the staff as well. So. We are all going to discuss this together. As a group. Then if we are still not satisfied with answers, I am afraid some of you might be coming up to my lab to discuss things further. So...I suggest those that wish to-REMOVE THAT WOMAN! REMOVE HER AND PUT HER ON THE LOBBY COUCH!"

Gregor allowed Jorah to slump down in the chair as he hefted the drunk snoring nurse over his shoulder.

He dumped Barbry on the couch and brushed past Hodor who stared at him in a way that made him shudder.

This time when Gregor came back into the circle, he sat directly behind Unella so he could loom over her and breathe down her neck.

Petyr was smirking and he was calmly walking along the perimeter of the circle while Qyburn stood waiting for all to be quiet and still.

"Now. Let us start with this. I tested the incredible amount of mess in the downstairs bathroom. I found fecal matter that belongs to Cersei, you can imagine what I found that belonged to Ramsay and blood that belongs to Lollys. Not to mention a good amount of purple hair as if someone tried to snatch her bald. Oh, I also found two other small things."
Gregor smiled slowly as he watched Unella try to not react and Sansa twitched as Polliver sat next to her.

"I found some tiny black fibers, they might have come from Unella's gloves, I have not tested yet but I don't think I have to. And as for the other evidence I found, well, in front of the hall that blocks all from the bathrooms...it was pretty clear someone was a look out for the obvious beat down that happened. Sansa, did you know that when you braid your hair that sometimes hairs will break off randomly? My dear, no one else has that brilliant color of hair but Lollys and she colors hers."

Qyburn looked kindly at the four accused and spoke softly, helpfully.

"Who would like to go first?"

Sansa looked up shocked at both Qyburn and Petyr, feeling slightly betrayed by both.

Unella understood now why Gregor was so happily looming over her and just pursed her lips.

Before either of them could stand and end the tension, Ramsay leaped up.

"Hey, I'll admit to beating and raping Lollys, yeah. She owed me for something else. But Cersei is the one who killed her. Not sure if she planned that with Sansa or not, but I never meant for the skank to die. And when we left, her body was still in the bathroom. I thought she was dead and I ran. Guess I was wrong. Or...maybe if Unella was in there after us, she stole the body! Maybe she is using the body for some creepy sort of experiment thing...she is or was your nurse, right? Or if Lollys was alive still, she helped her escape or something. Or is stashing her somewhere!"

Jorah's voice was slurred due to the sedative but it was still clear.

"Well, Ramsay just got himself killed or he just got Unella, Sansa and Cersei killed. Who's up for bets?"
Placing Bets On Deadly Odds

Qyburn nodded as questions were answered.

"So...to make sure I have this correct. Sansa was the look out, she was only aware that Ramsay and Cersei were having a bit of revenge upon Lollys. As soon as Ramsay and Cersei left the bathroom, Sansa ran off at the same time as the rest of the other patients. Unella was watching the taking down of Gregor from the hallway of the workshops, keeping her distance since she cannot risk her hands. She watched Ramsay and Cersei leave the bathroom with guilty faces. Went in and found Lollys who was unresponsive. Unella administered some chest compressions and Lollys was responsive. Once Lollys was on her feet, Unella left and went to the floor. No one saw her after that."

It has been hours and everyone including the tormentors themselves, were sweaty, tired and hungry.

Petyr and Qyburn have been rapid firing questions at staff and the patients.

They now had a chalkboard and have scrawled all over it.

Times, activities, every confession of the night has been retold so many times that any of them could recite it with one hundred percent accuracy.

Each of them had a pointer, both Qyburn and Petyr have been rather abusive, poking and striking everyone at least once.

"Gregor was out cold in the break room. By whom? Don't sigh, answer me!"

WHACK!

Tyrion hollered and muttered along with Vic.

"Us. We used frozen butter in a damned sock. We left right after and we never saw anyone. Not Unella, not Lollys, not anyone at all."

Petyr narrowed his eyes and the pointer was suddenly tapping maddeningly on Tyrion's broad forehead.

"But you. There is more with you, isn't there? Yes, that's right. Because also that night, Barbry's alcohol, a copious amount stashed throughout the nursing station, it went missing. You are an alcoholic and you whored yourself to Barbry for a drink or two the night before Lollys went missing. Right? Yet you said you never touched the missing bottles. Your room was tossed over and over and nothing was found. We sent Raff slithering into every possible place to stash bottles and found nothing. He even went onto the roof and though we found plenty of other things...no alcohol."

Tyrion grimaced and growled.
"I never touched the missing bottles. That night with the nurse, it was my rock bottom. I have not touched a drop since then, test me."

"We did, remember? I do believe you. That is what worries me the most."

Petyr walked away, Tyrion sagged back into his seat and rubbed his forehead wildly.

Vic shook his fist silently at the slim man but he simply glared at anyone that smirked at Tyrion.

Qyburn circled the other way around and his pointer was stabbing Raff in the chest.

"And you...you had said that the nursing station was open and missing several bottles. Varying strengths of opiates, antibiotics, sedatives and a first aid kit. What else did you say was missing? It was rather interesting, don't you think? What else, say it again?"

Raff responded dully as he has been for some time now.

"Medications to suppress stomach distress, to suppress diarrhea, vitamins and...some prepared solutions for emergency hydration."

The pointer was suddenly caressing Polliver's bald head and the man tried very hard to not squirm.

"You said down at the dock, they reported a few thefts. A case of bottled water. A case of crackers. A case of adult diapers. Correct?"

Polliver nodded, trying to make the pointer go away, but it simply gave a sharp bite to his shiny dome.

"And...then the truck driver. You were told he was knocked out, he never saw who did it. He woke up on the pavement and then somehow...his truck was found only down the block. Huh. It was empty. But there was one little thing, wasn't there?"

"Yeah. Uh...when he put his hands on the steering wheel to bring the truck back...he found a long purple hair on his hand."

Now Petyr was suddenly swooping down in front of Unella and his pointer accused her quiveringly.

"And we are back to you! Aren't we? Because Lollys was injured, she was confused, brought lower than ever. She was putty in your fucking hands, wasn't she? Who else besides staff would know what she needed? You did. Who else besides staff could manipulate her mind that fast? You do. So what. did. you. do?"

Qyburn started to walk over towards Petyr and Unella.

"My dear...please tell me that my suspicions aren't correct. I know you have been very angry with me for allowing things to get out of control. I assured you that your position would return. I assured you that things would change for the better if you'd give me time for it. Unella, what did you do?"
Please, I am your mentor, your only true friend, look me in the eyes. Tell me what you did.

Unella looked straight into Qyburn's eyes and she took a deep breath before squaring her shoulders.

"I gave her a second chance."

Petyr turned pale and he shook his head sharply as if to dismiss this.

"You mean you let her escape? You convinced her to run to someone?"

"No. I gave her a trigger word and a mission. What happens after that is anyone's guess. If she survives it, then hopefully Lollys will go away forever, free."

Qyburn looked both impressed and concerned all at once.

"Have you ever managed to do that before without my assistance? I know I taught you to access their minds, but not well enough to counteract my commands."

Grimly, Unella smiled and she shared her steely gloating look with both Petyr and Qyburn.

"You have been leaving that little girl with me to care for after the two of you would torture her for countless years. Did you think I really forgot all of that even with your scrambling in my head? I would give her a green lollipop and a blanket and wordlessly watch her destruction. I did it the first time when the girl was sitting there one day and trying to ice a bruise to her eye. She couldn't stop shaking from the shock treatments and I felt bad for her. I asked her if I do anything for her. I meant a lollipop or a blanket but she looked at me. And asked if I could make her father love her. Or at least make her think that he loved her. I couldn't do that, of course, but Lollys haunted me. She always has haunted me, doctor. Always. So I did the one thing I could. I worked with her every time she came in, during her recovery periods. I added a small code. It would allow me one chance, it allowed her that one slim chance that I never thought would actually come. I never thought I would be either crazy or courageous enough to trigger it."

Petyr was breathing heavily, his hands have become claws and the pointer is more like a sword in his claws.

"What did you tell my daughter to do?"

"I ordered her to detox in the safest but most hidden way possible. Then I added only a few other command words that Lollys could interpret in any way her mind chooses. It is a long shot that she will survive the detoxing on her own but if she does, the other commands will go into effect. With some luck, this will be so traumatic, it will wipe out your programming and mine completely. That is what I truly hope for. Better she wanders and gets found as no one at all without any memory. At least she would be free and able to create a life for herself."

Qyburn sighed and rubbed his eyes tiredly.

"Oh Unella. What did you do to us all? The best we can hope for is that Lollys dies or does become an amnesiac. That is your wonderful gift to that poor girl? It sounds like you just used her as much as we did. We both know if she survives what will happen. Right? Whether your programming
kicks in or mine will create our fates now. And if she does become deprogrammed, but remembers? Do you really think she will just skip away to create a new life for herself? Lollys? No, no no."

Petyr whacked Unella hard across the face with the pointer and screamed.

"What commands did you give her? What will she hear in her head if she survives?"

Wiping the blood off her chin, Unella smiled with an icy bite as she responded.

"The command words were quite simple ones. Recover. Regain strength. I added some code to allow her to continue to access the humor and quirkiness I added to her years ago as a shield against you, Petyr. Oh, I made sure she will not lose any memories of how to use her considerable skills. Who knows how she might use them to help herself in the future. If she has one. If I was a praying woman, I would be praying for Lollys to survive. And if I was a betting woman, I'd say the odds are really good that Lollys will make it."

Qyburn began to whack randomly at Tyrion and Jorah who started another rounds of bets.

His face contorted in rage, Petyr flung himself at Unella.

The chair crashed as he landed on her and Gregor found himself with Unella in his lap, with Petyr strangling her while sitting on them both.

Sansa leaped up and got out of the way just as Meryn launched himself onto Petyr.

Now Gregor was wearing four people and he had been trying to remove Petyr's grip from Unella's neck.

But Meryn had decided to scramble onto Petyr and wrap his own thick hands around the older man's slim throat.

With a roar, Gregor stood up and dumped everyone the floor to roll around coughing and snarling.

Unella started to crawl away as Petyr scrambled towards her again.

Gregor let her go past him then he stomped a foot down in front of Petyr.

"She is mine to hurt, terrify and maybe kill. Not yours. Never yours. You have enough other toys. That one is mine. I don't care what the fuck she did."

Loras grabbed Unella and yanked her up into a chair, nestled between him, Theon and Jorah.

Vic and Tyrion nestled up to them as well, still quietly betting.

"Stupid chickens. Keep her with you right there. Or I'm going to wring all your scrawny necks later."
Don't think I'm going to forgive and forget, chickens. So if you had even the tiniest bit of sense in your heads, you won't fuck with me. Stay silent and stay right there."

All of them including Unella glared mutinously at Gregor but stayed silent and still.

Qyburn looked over at Unella and then shook his head.

"I am disappointed and impressed all at once, Unella. It is highly confusing for me. So we shall revisit this tomorrow when my head is clearer. I am going one step further than I had before concerning you, my dear. Clearly you need some discipline and closer watching at least for now. I am officially appointing Gregor as your personal jailer and handler, Unella."

Gregor gave such a triumphant bestial look to Unella that she flinched and all of the other chickens gave him the finger as a group.

Petyr got to his feet and swept his hair back, delicately sniffed and straightened his clothing.

This calming activity was only relieving until Petyr's eyes hit the light and the manic glow was seen.

He pointed at Ramsay and Cersei.

"Those two. You two. You both had to have your revenge, your fun. Over what exactly? Cersei? What exactly did she ever do to you, Cersei? Huh? Make jokes, make fun of you as you snickered at her through the years? Was that it? And for that, you got revenge on her so many countless times....but this time you just had to go too far. Just like with everything else, you take it too far."

Petyr was circling Cersei who glared at him, refusing to back down, she stood still, refusing to try and turn with him.

Sansa gasped when Petyr suddenly moved and there was a red line on the graceful throat.

Ramsay took a few steps back as Petyr held the bloody blade and they all silently watched as Cersei grabbed at her neck then collapsed to the floor.

Unable to help herself, Sansa moved forward so that she could see as Cersei died.

She made sure that the hateful woman saw her before those eyes glazed over, that Cersei saw Sansa's smile.

In a voice heavy with a sad relief, Tyrion announced he won the bet.
Petyr stepped over Cersei and headed towards the flock of chickens.

Ramsay's eyes grew wide with understanding and he tried to lunge for Petyr but Gregor grabbed him.

"No! Petyr! Please, not Theon! NO! I didn't kill Lollys! It wasn't my fault!"

"But your petty revenge helped create the situation that did kill her. Or helped just set her off into a potential deadly situation. Do you see how you were involved in all of this? Do you see the few places in your night where you could have prevented this? At all? No, probably not. I didn't need Cersei anymore, I have Tyrion. I technically have a Bolton...but Walda cannot hunt, track and kill like you can. I need you, Ramsay. In fact, I'll need you more than ever if Lollys lives and reacts the way Unella hopes for. So I see no other option to punish you with, Ramsay. Instead of screaming at me, tell your boy how much you love him and how sorry you are that he has to die for you."

Petyr smirked as he headed towards the chickens who now are huddled in front of Theon.

"Go on and tell him you love him, Ramsay. You can even call him Reek this one last time. I am reasonable after all. A romantic heart deep down."

Vic, Tyrion and Sansa stood in front of the others and Ramsay continued to scream and thrash in Gregor's arms.

Loras, Jorah and Unella were right behind them, flanking Theon.

"Petyr, please don't do this. Please, Theon has been loyal and done every thing you've ever asked him to do."

He tilted his head and those narrow intense eyes darted to Sansa but his look was all predator.

"My dear, I would like you to get out of my way. I am not fully feeling like myself right now. I'd rather not risk you getting close to me right now. Please step aside. All of you, go to your seats."

Vic sneered and none of them moved.

"Petyr, you aren't thinking clearly right now."

Staring down at the dwarf, Petyr hissed, pointed the bloody blade at each of them menacingly as he did so.

"Give me Theon."

"No. Listen to me, Petyr. If you kill Theon, you have no further hold on Ramsay at all. He only came in this forsaken place to save his, uh, Theon. Once you have killed Theon, the only way to hold Ramsay is through Qyburn's programming. You have no control at all then. That is what you did with Lollys...you gave her nothing at all to hold onto except Qyburn's programming. And look
where that landed her. Don't make that same mistake with Ramsay.”

Both Qyburn and Meryn came closer and the doctor's voice was still strained but reasonable.

"Tyrion has a very good point, Petyr. I won't try and make your decisions for you, of course, but I am saying that Tyrion makes sense. Are you sure that killing Theon is your best option? I mean, Ramsay is frothing at the mouth and will need sedation soon. If you murder Theon, he will snap. I will have no choice but to immediately remove him and restrain him upstairs. It will take hours, probably days to reprogram him enough to return to the floor. Do we really have that extra time? We don't know, do we? Do you think that is a risk we should take? Or perhaps we can use Theon as a way to motivate Ramsay into helping us retrieve Lollys or be ready to defend this place for us?"

Petyr was still staring at the chickens but they could tell he was listening, that his brain was beginning to work again.

With a nod, Petyr put the blade in his belt and showed bloody, empty palms to them all.

"Give me Theon. I will punish him, not kill him. Qyburn and Tyrion are correct. So let me have the whipping boy. Now."

The chickens still did not move and Gregor growled, Qyburn sighed, Polliver rolled his eyes and Raff was busy biting off a hangnail.

"Your stand off and war is with Gregor, not me. Now move or this calmness I have achieved will shred like the wind."

Alliser kept staring down at Cersei's body and not understanding what the living hell is happening. He didn't understand how they were covering this death up, who was their lawyer?

"Our stand off war is with the staff as a whole too. You are staff. You want to kill Theon, you will at least hurt him, torture him. It's not fair, he didn't do anything, Ramsay did! We are sick of the abuse and won't stand for it!"

Loras had pushed forward and Petyr stared at the pretty mouth that spat words at him.

Petyr blinked then found himself backhanding the lovely man to watch him fall down, blood pouring from his mouth.

Pushing fast, Petyr was suddenly in front of Unella and Jorah.

"Theon, are you going to let your friends get hurt for you?"

Before giving the hiding boy a chance to respond, Petyr's knife sunk into Jorah's throat like butter.

Unella gasped and thrust Petyr away from Jorah.
She held Jorah as he went to the floor and she frantically tried to see if there was a way to help him.

Theon tried to go to Jorah as well but Petyr was there and had him now.

The other chickens flocked around Petyr, squawking furiously but the man held the bloody knife to Theon's throat and stared at Ramsay.

"Ramsay? I want your full attention if you wish to see your Theon alive any longer. Stop screeching and start listening. Good. No more thrashing around. Better."

Growling, Ramsay remained limp in Gregor's hold and stared hard at Petyr, every inch of him was trembling with the effort not to fight.

Petyr smirked and gently wrapped one arm around Theon's chest and kept the blade hovering over Theon's slight throat.

"Now. I want you to do understand how close you came to losing your boy today. I want you to understand to never fuck with me or my property again. Ever. Lollys was my daughter, my flesh and blood. She was my Reek, do you understand that, Ramsay? Lollys was MY project, my punching bag, my creation and you tried to take it from me. Just like I am taking yours. Difference is Ramsay, you see, you wanted a weak boy to love and adore you and be a little coward. I wanted Lollys to be a loyal, obedient living weapon. You took my property, you took my weapon without asking and broke it. Very rude of you and quite unfair."

"Petyr, I am sorry. I am very sorry for what I did to Lollys. I was angry and I took it out on her, I'm sorry. I should have kept more control of the situation, I should never have involved Cersei in it. I never meant for your daughter to die or escape or whatever has happened to her. I apologize. Please don't kill him, don't kill Theon for my stupidity."

Ramsay was giving his best most humble voice and eyes but Petyr merely seemed amused.

"Very nice. Such a pretty apology. Thank you for that, Ramsay. I accept your apology. And now Theon will accept your punishment."

Gregor strengthened his hold just in time as Petyr's blade flashed and Ramsay tried to lunge, screaming.

The chickens all attacked Petyr as one and brought him down, as Theon staggered, hands trying to staunch the blood.

Unella left the now dead Jorah to tend to Theon, screaming for Raff to come help her.

Qyburn snapped at Raff.

"The woman will hurt her hands further! Go assist her immediately! See if Theon needs the lab or not, would you?"
Ignoring the battle of the chickens and Petyr, Qyburn walked over to Gregor who was holding a nearly insane Ramsay.

With a quick slap to Ramsay's face, Qyburn stunned him long enough to yell into his face.

"Theon is alive! Alive! Not dead! Hear me yet, Ramsay?"

Ramsay panted and stared wildly at the doctor then over at the nurses working on Theon.

"Alive? He was stabbed, the blood, oh gods, I'll kill Petyr, hear me?"

"No, you won't kill Petyr. At least not today. Now, if you will calm down, I will tell you again. Petyr wasn't killing your boy, he was mutilating him. It wasn't any type of killing blow, Ramsay. He was slicing out Theon's eye, not killing him. I think he actually missed the eye because of the others landing on him like that. Do you hear me now? Theon is alive, he just got cut on his face. Might need stitches or some slight surgery, that's all. You will accept that it happened as your just punishment from Petyr and let it go. For now, you shall go take a nice ice bath and calm yourself down while I make sure Theon is cared for."

Gregor took the furious Ramsay out of the room and Qyburn hollered after them.

"Gregor, come right back afterwards. The chickens are pecking at Petyr but they might not be satisfied with that. They are overexcited and unruly tonight, including your own charge. You really might wish to hurry."

The blade was across the room, tossed there by Vic who was using his considerable girth and length to pin Petyr down.

Tyrion, Loras and Meryn were mercilessly kicking and punching Petyr while cursing and insulting him, having reached the end of their tolerance.

Killing Jorah was the last straw and they wanted to receive whatever justice for it they could.

Polliver strolled slowly over, stopping once to look out the window to observe the lovely sky, he stretched out and then pulled out his baton.

He walked over to the chickens, his baton loosely in his hand and he muttered very softly.

"All of you will stop now. Go to your rooms. Go on, get."

Yawning, Polliver shrugged and began to juggle his baton, while grinning at the doctor.

"Gee, doctor. They aren't listening. They aren't responding to my usual methods. I'll rethink my approach and try again in a moment."

Qyburn gave a tiny sly smile back and chuckled.

"Smart of you. Let the patients feel like they are achieving a goal, let them tire themselves out and
then we can gain control again. As long as Petyr isn't being truly harmed, I see no reason not to let them have their moment. Of course, you never heard me say that."

Polliver winked and strolled over to Alliser who was now staring at Jorah's body.

"Welcome to the club, buddy. Looks like you just got the full hiring package after all. You won't be leaving until you see Qyburn's lab now, you know."

Alliser looked up at Polliver then over at the chickens squawking all over the struggling older man.

"Well, my lessons worked. I told you they would. Look, the patients are using both physical activity and creativity to deal with their issues. My lessons and classes are responsible for that. I do need to ask, who is the lawyer for us all? I would like time to practice whatever it is I will be paid to say."

Polliver stared at Alliser then just started to laugh.

Raff and Unella patched Theon as best they could and put him onto the stretcher, restrained and sedated.

Unella walked over to Qyburn and touched his arm.

"I'm sorry. I truly am. I never wanted to be disloyal to you. You are the closest person to me, always. I will always look up to you and I hope someday you forgive me enough to work with you again. But you see this...you see what is happening."

Qyburn gave a gentle pat to Unella's hand.

"I will always forgive you and bring you back into my confidence. Always. But you did something very different this time around and I am quite intrigued. We shall have to discuss it more later. Go be with your friends, get a quick kick or two in before the flock fight is broken up. Go on, dear."

Sansa didn't join in the flock, she watched from a distance and went over to Qyburn after Unella walked away.

"I really don't know how it all landed this way. I...it was not expected. I meant to break Lollys down and make her our weapon, not his. I meant for Cersei and Ramsay to die, yes. I meant to break down Petyr and kill him...but not whatever this is. I never meant for Jorah to die or for Theon to get hurt. And if you give Unella to Gregor, how will she ever survive enough to work for you again? I never meant for Lollys to die or escape or deprogram. I...what do I do to get control?"

Qyburn smiled at the redheaded beauty with the worried angelic expression.

"If you wish for Petyr to still trust and like you after this, I would find a way to get the chickens off Petyr before Gregor gets back and he and Polliver are the ones to save him. Be the one thing Petyr has never had. Be his savior, someone who cares for him enough to save him. The only other person that would have had enough loyalty and caring to save him, would have been Lollys. And it would have been programming more than any form of loving bond. You should find a way to save Petyr."
Unella did indeed get a few quick kicks in just as Sansa walked over.

"Enough! Stop! He is scratched, beaten and bloody, now stop! Do not overdo it! Just like with Gregor, just enough for them to know we are a strong force that will no longer be messed with. If you mess with the flock, the flock will mess with you. The message is given, it's written all over Petyr and Gregor's skin now. Every time they see a mirror or feel the pain of their bruises, they will know the flock did it."

Loras was enraged as he punched Petyr's curled form again then looked up at Sansa.

"He killed Jorah! Tried to blind Theon! Never mind all the other horrible fucking things this prick has done to us!"

"I know. But we aren't free, are we? No. As soon as Gregor comes in he will have a reason to attack and hurt you. Do you really want this to end that way? Or we can decide to let it seep in. Let them all look at Petyr's wounds and know that we are not afraid to give justice when it's needed. But we have to be the reasonable ones. Get up, walk away from him and let the message stand for itself."

Gregor stormed into the room and saw the chickens walking away from Petyr after Loras spit down on the curled beaten man.

He felt mildly disappointed not to have a reason to rip a few feathers out or break a few wings. Polliver tried to help Petyr to his feet but he shoved the man away and staggered up on his own. Bruised and bloody but minor compared to what those patients could have done. However the chickens and the staff looked at each other silently and Qyburn knew their war was far from over.

"As much as you all wish to kill each other, I am afraid we all have much bigger worries right now. I believe it's time to establish some new controls."

Qyburn's words didn't alarm the patients and staff as much as the sight of Meryn suddenly snapping to attention.

He came forward as did Hodor towards Qyburn for orders and the doctor smiled in a such a gentle yet evil way they all shuddered.

"Ahh, Meryn, my boy. Tonight I am going to fulfill your favor owed. You shall help with escorting to and from the lab and then later, you shall spend some quality time with those jars. Hodor, my faithful large friend will assist you with the escorting."

Raff and Polliver stood next to Alliser and they all looked warily at Qyburn.

"Uh, why aren't we the ones to do the escorting and control?"
Polliver closed his eyes at Alliser's question.

"Because you are going to visit my lab and you may not wish to. As for Gregor, Raff and Polliver, whether they need to visit the lab as well will depend."

Raff swallowed and decided to take the bait.

"What will it depend on?"

Qyburn clasped his hands together and Gregor walked to stand over with the staff to hear the answer.

"We are going into a lock down mode. The three of you have been enjoying a good amount of freedom and I am afraid that until we find Lollys that will have to end. I not only made my own comfortable apartment in the lab. We have the other half of the floor that isn't used for the workshops. I had the workers create small apartments. They are tiny and not fancy but they are efficient and fine for you to move into at least for a small time. Until we know what happened to Lollys, we must assume she or others will be coming for us all. It's not paranoia, gentlemen, it is a fact. Lollys will come if she survives and when she does, we cannot be separate and vulnerable. She knows where each of you live, don't doubt it. Lollys would stalk and kill you before coming here. Everyone stays in this facility until Lollys is found dead or alive."

Polliver groaned.

"So because of Super Skank I lose my freedom? That fucking sucks."

Alliser was so confused but he was also feeling something unfamiliar.

It was a small bit of fear that seemed to crawl up his spine.

"I don't understand why I must visit your lab? I do my job and get paid, I keep my mouth shut about what happens around me."

Qyburn gave a tiny smirk and Alliser noticed a huge difference between the staff and the flock.

When someone came to hurt a member of the flock, the flock all stood to protect their own.

But when Hodor and Meryn came for him, Alliser took note of how fast Gregor, Raff and Polliver stood aside.

Their faces were simply relieved that it wasn't them and Alliser decided this job wasn't worth the pay after all.
Lollys whined like a kicked and beaten dog when she first forced herself to obey Unella's commands.

This was not her choice, she was scared and sick and hurt and wanted to GO HOME!

Most of her at least.

A part of her was thrilled that it was action, it was a chance, a very slim one at possible freedom from all of it, not only the drugs.

The drugs were the looming biggest hurdle of course and no part of Lollys looked forward to that.

So she whined and sobbed as Lollys made her way into the sewers.

Down deep where no one ever knew she used to go.

Except Unella, the woman she thought of as her one friend as a young girl.

The one person who didn't seem to judge her or want to hurt her, the one person who just listened.

*Lollys was young and therefore mistook silence for someone who cared.*

*She told Unella everything and not once did the woman ever tell Petyr on her.*

*Lollys suspected that Unella told Qyburn some things but the doctor rarely would interfere, so it didn't count.*

*Unella knew that when Lollys ran away she used old deserted public buildings, she used sewers and hunting cabins in the woods.*

*She knew where to hide no matter where Petyr moved her to.*

*Living in the country with her foster family that didn't care if she existed as long as her hands were clean.*

*She found a way to run off and hide for a month and that was right after Petyr started bringing Lollys to Qyburn.*

*Lollys remembers how after she was found and brought to the little old city clinic that Qyburn used, Petyr screamed that the doctor did that on purpose.*

*That was when Lollys figured out her skills were coming from the doctor even if the running away was there before...now she really knew how to hide and survive.*

*Qyburn had done something to adjust her and her running away started to take a very irritating*
turn.

She would run off and no one would find her but Lollys would start to NEED to return home.

Lollys would resist it as long as she could but finally she would find herself running to find Petyr.

That was the worst part, she couldn't even run to the foster family if she waited too long.

Instead her body would go straight to wherever Petyr was as if her feet just couldn't stand not to bring Lollys for punishment.

Roaches and rats scuttled and slithered as Lollys set up a small detox center for herself.

Tears fell and her hands shook as she looked at her meager supplies to ease her suffering.

A deep shuddering breath and Lollys decided to have a handful of pills and one bottle of whiskey to just skip the first part of it all.

This will never work, a few bottles of opiates, a couple of bottles and then nothing, it won't work.

Lollys knows it won't work and she will be scrambling, screaming, running home soon enough.

She curled up after partaking and her mind drifted while a roach scuttled over her sneaker.

A skinny punk wearing rags not because she has no clothes but because she chooses to. Because it annoys her father.

Sitting cross legged in a chair, her excited eyes following around a plain faced woman in a gray dress.

"I met someone, Unella. I'm in love. Finally, I am in love and he loves me too. Wants me to move in with him, in the city. He said he'll marry me, Unella!"

Unella had looked at her with a rather sad look on her face.

"What does your father say about all this?"

"I am not telling him until I am married. It's none of his damned business anyway! I am paying foster fakes to sign for me to marry. His name is Bronn and he lives a very exciting life. That is what I need, what I want, someone to love me and give me an exciting life. I will miss you, Unella. I wish I could invite you to my wedding but it needs to be fast and real private."

Unella sighed and had sat down next to Lollys.

"I won't tell your father but I suggest you really think this through, Lollys. The repercussions won't be pretty. You know how your father is and he won't take well to you challenging him this way. And what might he do your Bronn if Petyr is angry enough? Also, this Bronn sounds much older than you, have you any concerns about that? I mean, an adult that wishes for a teenager to move
in, marry him and take her away from her family? Does that sound safe to you?”

Lollys remembers the next time that she saw Unella how sad the woman looked to see Lollys all drugged up.

She had personally detoxed her while Petyr made sure Bronn got a long lab treatment.

Unella had been right to warn Lollys of how Petyr would react to her running off to marry someone.

Petyr had not only taken Lollys, raped her in front of a club mirror in public but he had Gregor beat the living shit out of Bronn.

They were dragged back to the clinic after that.

Unella detoxed Lollys and then forced her back into the training and medicating that Qyburn commanded.

Lollys no longer spoke to Unella, she understood that none of it was her fault.

But Lollys also understood now that Unella would not stop anything either, not unless it would benefit her.

She had begged Unella at first to help save Bronn from whatever tortures and programming they were using upon him.

It didn’t matter that Bronn had hit her or that he got her hooked on drugs or even that he has talked her into selling herself for him.

What mattered was this man loved Lollys, cared for her and why won’t her one friend help her?

That is when Lollys discovered that Unella would not help her that she was simply a patient that the nurse felt bad for.

Nothing could have made Lollys feel lower or worse than that.

Three. Days. Later.

The pills helped but not enough. Not enough.

The liquor helped but not enough.

Lollys found herself in a diaper, sobbing, hand shaking as she tried again to plunge the IV into her arm.

"GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY HEAD YOU CUNT! I GOT IT! I KNOW HOW TO HYDRATE
MYSELF, I CAN'T HELP THE FUCKING SHAKE, NOW CAN I? SO SHUT UP AND GO AWAY! UNELLA, PLEASE, LET ME GO HOME! I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE, PLEASE! I FUCKING HATE YOU HATE YOU HATE YOU!

She had corners.

One corner for vomit, one for the shits and one for water and food, far from the filth corners.

Not that it really mattered anymore, Lollys could feel the shit dried on her thighs, on her back and the vomit was dried on chest and chin.

Her hair crunched with the vomit, luckily, not the other liquid.

Lollys had some seizures, foaming at the mouth, her legs kicking so hard the rats ran away.

Five Days.

Lollys screamed, sobbed, kicked, rocked and rolled across the filthy tunnel.

She begged for release, for escape from the pain, she begged for death.

Crawling, scratching, Lollys tried to leave, tried to get out of there, to go home, to get what she needed.

If only Lollys could do more than crawl in maddening circles just to collapse, howling, sweating, stinking desperate meat.

The hallucinations were the worst of all.

Lollys groveled at Petyr's feet and promised to behave, to be a good daughter if he would please just take her home.

Maddeningly, Petyr would agree but when he walked away, Lollys couldn't follow him though she tried, throwing herself against the brick walls until she knocked herself out cold.

Qyburn made an appearance to lecture Lollys and he flickered over and over again.

"Ahha! I know! I know! Programming, you are in my head and out of my eyes! Programming! Yes! Okay! Make me go home then! Make me tell you where I am, make me find a way back! Send Raff, send him, he has what I need, please! I'm sorry I upset you, Qyburn, please! I need to have something, just a little, okay?"

But he was flickering out like a candle and Lollys started to laugh until she sobbed.
At one point Lolly's shadow boxed Unella then she crawled away from Cersei and Ramsay.

Lolly's lay shivering, howling in a rusty dry voice.

Raff showed up and soothed her in his soft voice, a coaxing voice that meant everything, it was sex, drugs, relief, the fantasy of someone to love, to care for her.

Lolly's apologized for upsetting him, begged him to help her, to save her and she would love him, listen to him, do anything for him, anything at all.

She has long lost the IV and every sip of water was torture and relief all at once.

Food was a substance that meant nothing to her anymore.

Lolly's lay curled in her own shit caked world and heard the slithering she knew would come.

The rats seemed to almost carry him, her pale dead husband.

His cold stiff embrace held her close as Lolly's shuddered and noxious fluids purged out of her endlessly.

Bronn whispered into her ear as Lolly's squeezed her eyes shut and her sanity, the small amount of it left, began to shatter into a million pieces.

A dead buzzing voice that made cold terror begin to drown her, to consume her.

Visions, images, past, present and things Lolly's has done, things done to her, to others because of her or witnessed by her, it all flew past in dizzying jagged pictures.

Twelve Days.

A thin filth covered creature with knotted, matted hair staggered forth onto the empty beach as the sun started rising.

She staggered forth into the ocean, wincing at the biting cold sea water but allowed herself to fall forward.

Lolly's sunk down deep and scrubbed the worst of the stink and crud off herself.

Standing up, she shivered in the weak sun and felt the caress of the first fall wind.

Grinning in a rather loony manner, Lolly's headed for the shore, then for the open public shower room on the beach.

After using nearly all the soap the meager bathing room offered, Lolly's was clean.
Lollys allowed her body to dry in the wind as she hurried towards a set of rocks that hid something for her.

Pulling out the bags she threw in there when she first was sent off on this mission, Lollys found some needed items.

"At least I remembered my favorite clothes and weapons. Thanks, nursie."

She twisted the matted soaked but washed mess upon her head into a bun.

The leather jacket and even the black bodysuit were loose on her and Lollys knew it was time to eat and train.

First Lollys checked all of her weapons and grimly acknowledged she will need more.

As Lollys became a shadow among the trees, then the buildings and went into a new hidey hole, she grinned wider and wider.

"Don't worry, daddy. I always come home, I promise. I keep my promises, daddy."
Sandor looked up from his bound position and spoke with a sense of awe and terror all at once.

"You are totally insane, aren't you? I mean, they drove you mad. Truly sent you over the edge. Oh god."

The woman dancing to salsa music did a graceful leap over the still knocked out Dany Targaryen and approached Sandor.

Harry Belefonte sang instructions for dancing and Lollys followed them, singing along with him in a lovely but slightly off key voice.

The thin leather clad woman did a quick conga past Shireen, Bran and Meara, all still under the effects of the sedatives.

"Actually, I believe it was Unella that drove me totally insane this last time. She cracked the codes, added new ones, played a little game or two, did a dance or two, a song or TWELVE and here we are now! You know, I was wondering, why did you keep contact with her all these years and never tell her that little truth you have? That one TINY, TEENY LITTLE FUCKING DETAIL THAT MIGHT HAVE TAKEN OUT HER CODES? IT WAS SUCH A SIMPLE CONCEPT AND IT WOULD HAVE WORKED! YOU KNOW THAT DON'T YOU! Your damned scientist would have TOLD you that. Hell, you could have even found a way to say it to Gregor and it might have even worked on him for all you know."

Sandor groaned and shook his head.

"You can't know about that. How could you have?"

Giggling, Lollys ran her hands through her short chopped spiky hair, shorter and chunkier than Cersei’s had been.

A straight razor and shaking hands had done the job and Lollys was thrilled with it's results.

"I spent years around them and because I was a little sad fucked up kid, no one cared what I saw, what I heard. I know what you LET stay silent and secret! You didn't care that you could have saved so many of us. You didn't care that you might have been able to rescue Unella, stop Gregor, stop all of them. You were so dead set on revenge in general, you didn't say a word to either of them. Did your little group here convince you that was the better idea or was it your own idea?"

Sandor snorted and glared up at Lollys.

"It wouldn't have served any purpose. It would have been crueler for Unella or Gregor to know. It would have driven either of them as crazy as you are right now. It might have snapped Qyburn's
code but they would have killed each other. And that wouldn't have stopped Qyburn, would it? I was just thankful that the past Unella doesn't remember allows her to not see me as the enemy. Best to leave it there and use Unella to try and save the others."

"But you didn't save anyone, just got more captured, more killed. I say you need a new leader. I think you should step down as leader and pick a new one. I am available. All I was going to do otherwise was decapitate Bran over there and send his head to Sansa."

Sandor blinked rapidly and tried to comprehend this situation.

"You kidnapped us all, including that poor young rich thing that just heard of the death of a man she had complicated feelings over...to become our leader, to take down the clinic and all in it? Is that it? Do I have that right? Or if we say no, you are going to start mailing heads?"

Lollys smiled brilliantly and shot Sandor with a finger gun while winking.

"Look who had a full thought today! That is about it, chief. So what do you say? Do I brew tea or sharpen my axe?"

An hour later all of them were sitting stiffly at a table while Lollys served them tea and snacks.

She had no idea she mirrored Qyburn's own tea parties to near perfection.

Except Qyburn never put an axe and an entire typed confession, history of knowledge along with a manifesto upon the tea table.

Dany held the typed pages with trembling hands and read about what her future might have been had Qyburn gotten her.

Lollys passed small sandwiches around and then she patted the young pretty socialite's hand.

"Jorah was a great person. He fought against everything Qyburn programmed him to do. He might have killed others, but he never allowed himself or anyone to touch you. Even when they implanted thoughts of sick things in his head, Jorah didn't act on them. He truly loved and admired you. I was sorry to hear of his accidental death which I love was reported quietly as cardiac arrest. I highly doubt that is how he died. I am truly sorry if he died over my escape, I hope that wasn't the reason."

Nodding, Dany continued to read then stopped short and reread it again.

She looked over at Sandor after reading the connections he has to those in the facility and she looked at him steadily.

"Is this all true?"
He nodded and put his head in his hands then blurted out the revolting, shameful truth.

"I don't want them to know! Ever! I don't want HIM to ever use her to get to me again! I don't want to see him kill her and that is what will happen! And if she found out? What would that do to Unella? Huh? Look, Qyburn erased their memories of it and it never came back to them. Leave it alone!"

Lollys sipped her own tea and her fingers played with a blade.

"Except...that isn't totally true either, Sandor. You see...all these years they continue to have the same cycle. Qyburn removed the why question but Gregor continues to stalk, attack and torture Unella since he can't kill her. And Unella continues to taunt him, to resist and fight him, they go around and around. It doesn't matter how many changes in authority they go through, or how many times Qyburn wipes them and starts over. They always gravitate into the same situations. Gregor has the strength and he usually wins. Always just short of mutilation and death. Every. Time. And you have let this continue all this time. You are such a fucking cowardly shit. You know who isn't a cowardly piece of shit? Unella. She is a cold hearted cunt, but she isn't a coward in spite of all Gregor has done to her. She tried to release Sansa, she tried to set me free. Sansa was a failure for her, all it did was help gingersnap to try and take over the clinic. But here I am, your bestest gift from Unella. Your best shot at bringing it all down in ashes."

Lollys looked at them each and let each word drop with a grim truth.

"Qyburn isn't like Petyr or Cersei or any of the other benefactors he chooses to be the face of it all. I imagine Sansa is set up as the next face. But Qyburn doesn't do this for power or money really. He does it for knowledge, yes, for research, for the urge to create and destroy. He really does it simply because he can and he is like a crazed child just rearranging his toys over and over again to see what results will come. And he will continue to torture them all and anyone else he can bring into his fold simply because he can. And we are allowing it, aiding and abetting in it unless we try to end Qyburn once and for all."

Dany looked over at Lollys.

"We could just blow the whole clinic up. They are all hiding in there, according to Sandor. They holed up, we could just take them all out. Boom."

Bran and Shireen began to argue against it, why kill those innocent victims inside?

Lollys smirked.

"If a person has spent time in that facility, they aren't really an innocent victim anymore. But yeah, I don't want to make it that easy or fast for those that deserve to die. And most of them in there, don't really deserve death anyway. But I have some ideas of how we can make them pay. Have any of you heard of circle therapy? It works wonders for us at the facility. I have a great circle therapy planned for them all and I am hoping you'll enjoy helping me make it happen."

Bran stared at Lollys and spoke clearly, icily.
"You killed my brothers and my sister. You took off their heads and put them in jars for a monster. I am sorry for all the shitty things done to you but you did some horrible shit for them too. How can I trust you? How can we trust you to help us when you have been with them so long? How can we trust this isn't a programmed trap set by Qyburn for us all?"

Lolly shrugged and started to caress the axe with steady fingers.

"That is your problem, not mine. I can only say that if it was a trap, you wouldn't all still be here instead of dead or in the clinic. Also, if Qyburn doesn't allow those in his facility and in his own confidence to know half the shit I have written out for you, then why would he allow me to retain these memories and offer them to you? That is a risk far too big for even Qyburn. I cannot make you believe me or want to work with me, Bran. But if you choose not to, well, it's not like I can just let you leave, can I? Besides, how would a cripple like you get anywhere on your own if I just let you drag out the door? I mean, I didn't have time to bring your wheelchair. So I would probably just cut off your head and mail it to your sister. So think on it while you have your tea. Another cucumber sandwich anyone?"

A teenage boy staggered forth from a back room and looked blearily at Lollys.

"Big sister? When are we going to see Daddy? He never visits anymore. You never visited me either. I am so happy to have a big sister and go visit Daddy! I was sick of that place, they were mean when no one was around to see!"

The others just stared as Lollys smiled warmly at Robin and brought him a chair.

"Here, have some tea and sandwiches, little bro. We are all planning out our trip to visit him right now! Isn't that wonderful?"
Fall Out

Raff and Polliver were sweaty and pissed off, being forced not to just move their own shit to the facility, but others too.

Gregor took care of his own but did not assist the other two in the emptying of Alliser's apartment, leaving the last rent check on the floor of the place.

He went into the ancient trailer that Barbry shared with a roommate and snapped the other woman's neck then stomped the cats to death.

"You two can pack up that crone's shit after you finish Alliser's stuff. Bring along all her damned bottles, it's the only thing she was screeching about."

Grimly, Raff stared after Gregor and muttered,

"I fucking hate him. So much. Why did we ever associate with him? Oh yeah, that's right. Because we are fucking puppets. It's a relief to know that we never were his friends on purpose, that we never got hired by that place on purpose. Course, I don't think it will be much comfort to me when Lollys tries to kill me. I don't think she is going to take into account that none of this is my fault. And now I have to go into that cat piss stink trailer and fight past the blowflies to pack that sad excuse for a nurse's shit!"

Polliver shrugged as Raff kicked at the trailer door in anger.

"Hey, could be worse. Alliser is taking the Qyburn Lightening Express probably right now. At least we aren't going through that."

Raff leaned back out of the trailer, eyes watering from the smell and he hissed at Polliver.

"That's because we already took the electric ride, remember? Oh yeah, that's right, WE CAN'T! Idiot! Get in here and help me!"

Petyr slammed his office door shut and Sansa tried not to wince.

He smirked and circled the nervous girl that he politely asked to come into his office.

"After our first wonderful time, I figured the next time I had you would be in your bedroom. And eventually I would have you in my own bedroom, living in my house."

Sansa didn't try to follow him, keeping her eyes low and her voice sweet.

"That is what I want too, Petyr."
A hand gently caressed her cheek and then glided to rest lightly upon her slender throat.

"Is it? Hmmm. I wonder, sweet girl. You knew how dangerous it would be to allow Ramsay and Cersei to attack Lollys without even a little supervision. You knew that. You knew the risks, you are a very clever girl. I highly doubt jealousy would make you do such a thing. Was it what she did to your siblings? Don't try to lie to me, Sansa or evade me. You knew that I would have no option but to murder Cersei and I bet you were hoping I would murder Ramsay too. I can read your face, dear and I read it out there. I also saw how you commanded the other chickens, yes, Loras is their ringleader, but you have weight with them all. You encouraged them and offered to help them take care of Gregor, you made sure it was complicated, it was enough to keep them all busy. Then kept a look out carefully to make sure no one would intervene. You didn't count on Unella being nosy, did you?"

Petyr let go of Sansa's throat and started to circle her the other way and this time, she stared straight ahead, still silent, scared and trying to hide it.

"No, you didn't think everything through carefully as you should have. You are still too new at this, Sansa. You should have continued to just learn from me, dear. But no, you figured to try and topple your tutor before you were done learning. You didn't count on the fact that Unella was far more clever at her work than anyone might have known. You didn't consider that Unella has worked with Lollys for years now and that they might have formed some type of bond. Or that Unella would have used Lollys as her own little time bomb project. You did not count on my daughter being strong enough to detox and change her programming. Oh, I am also quite sure that you didn't consider that I would notice that I received a lovely drug trip with a hand job instead of sex."

Sansa felt a tear slide down her cheek and Petyr was suddenly in front of her.

He used a long finger to collect her tear and put it in his mouth causing Sansa to shudder.

"I am going to forgive you, sweetheart. First I'm going to punish you. Then you will earn your way back into my favor and I will continue your training. I wonder how much of your past you really remember, love? We are going to find out. See the mirror, Sansa? I want you to stand in front of it, pull down your pants and pull up your top. Now."

Sansa burst into tears at the sight of the large mirror and Petyr smiled.

"Ah, I see you do remember now. Good. Then you already know what to expect."

Alliser didn't bother to fight when Meryn and Hodor led him up to the lab, Qyburn cheerfully humming all the way.

He glared down at the doctor and growled.

"What's it to be, huh? Am I going to be enduring through standard torture with a touch of electroshock therapy or are we going straight to lobotomy?"
Chuckling, Qyburn directed Hodor and Meryn to roll up one of Alliser's sleeves and hold his arm out tightly.

"Oh, you are such a hoot, sir! I truly enjoy you and I agree that your therapies are effective with the patients! Now, we do not actually have time for me to work on your mind. No, I don't think Lollys is going to give me time to get distracted. I have no time for my more favored methods. Instead this will be a quick, simple surgery. I am going to implant a tracker in you and that way, if you try to leave us, I can find you. And I can send Gregor to rip you to pieces which would be terrible since you are fitting in so well here."

Qyburn could see that Alliser was trying to decide if he was relieved or further disturbed.

A sharp prick and Alliser was in a dream that starred the chickens and staff as the cast of Joseph And The Amazing Technicolor Dream Coat.

The dream took a turn for the worse when the musical switched and suddenly Alliser was faced with Gregor as Frakenfurter from Rocky Horror Picture Show.

Alliser woke from surgery screaming, grabbing at Qyburn's arms.

"YOU SAID I WOULDN'T HAVE TO ENDURE TORTURE!"

Ramsay climbed onto the roof and Loras instantly stood in front of Theon.

"Oh, give me a break. I could toss you right over my knee and snap you kindling then toss you over the roof."

Loras sniffed and stood his ground, fists at the ready.

Theon didn't seem to care one way or another, simply continuing to smoke his joint.

Ramsay sat down nearby and put his head in his hands before speaking.

"Look, I have fucked up. Alright? I admit it. I fucked up. A lot in a shit load of ways but I swear to you, Theon, I never meant for anyone else to ever hurt you. You know how I felt about having anyone else near you. And if I had wanted Jorah dead I would have killed him myself, I had no clue that Petyr would react the way he did. I had no clue that fucking Cersei would kill Lollys!"

Theon snorted and passed the joint to Loras as he gently fingered the bandage on his face.

"I almost lost my eye and I will have a huge disgusting scar now. Hell, another quick movement and I could've looked my damn pirate uncle. You knew what kind of person Cersei was. It's why you were willing to deal with her, you knew she was another killer like you. I do believe you never meant for me to get hurt by another, but I think you have proven time and time again, it's a hollow
thing. You have always lied to yourself and you believe your lies as much as everyone else does."

Ramsay glared at Theon as the injured man stood up and stretched, Loras keeping a wary eye.

"I want to apologize and talk to you, not listen to you become an arrogant little shit on me. Why do
you have to ruin it when I am trying to be nice to you?"

"Another thing you love to do. It's always my fault in the end, isn't it? Listen to me, Ramsay, it's
my turn to speak this time. Okay? I don't forgive you. I don't want to be near you or to talk to you. I
want to do my job for Petyr and hope that I can at least keep my limbs on my body and from
getting a lobotomy. I'm going back inside and as far away from you as I can get."

Ramsay stood up but didn't go near Theon.

"Reek, come back here now. We are not-"

Theon spun around and sneered.

"Fuck you. Reek is gone, Ramsay. You want me back? You want your fucking Reek back? Then I
guess you'll have to find a way to kill Petyr, won't you? Because truthfully, you are a much smaller
monster right now to me. And after what you and Cersei did to Lollys, you are even smaller."

Loras stood in the way while Theon went down the ladder and Ramsay just stared numbly as if he
couldn't even comprehend what just happened.

By the time Ramsay's mind and body were ready to respond both of the prey were gone.

Sansa never felt so disgusting, so shameful, so hurt, so sickened.

Except she has and as she stared into the mirror, as Petyr hissed into her ear, Sansa remembered
feeling this way before.

Every time Petyr found a way to get time alone with her and then afterwards in spite of the
overwhelming horror of it, she just would...forget.

Sansa was quite sure Petyr meant for her to remember this time.

"You were always so sweet in your torment, Sansa. Always my favorite and you still are. I love
how red your face is, how you sob and beg, how you squirm, half trying to get away and half
trying to get more. What a shameful little girl, enjoying your punishment so much. I understand
though, I do. You love it and hate it, what a delightful combination, isn't it?"

Sansa gagged even as she moaned as Petyr entered her and she resisted the urge to put her head
through the mirror to end it.

"Do you know that when I caught your little friend Jeyne that day, I raped her before killing her. I
had never been able to have such an opportunity before. It was so liberating, Sansa. I did not have to be careful or have her brainwashed or groom or train her. No, I was able to play the savage for once, to role play the barbarian. Even with Lollys, I never went too far. Hell, even when I killed Lysa, I didn't dishonor her first. But with Jeyne, I bit her, sodomized her, I strangled her over and over, beat her, fucked her to death. I never had such an intense orgasm as when it was to her death throes."

Sansa screamed and Petyr thrust harder, caressing her breasts as she kept shaking her head in silent denial.

"Isn't it awful to have sickening urges and images in your head and yet still feel desire, yearning for the very thing making you feel revolted? Don't worry, sweet girl, you'll get used to it. That is how I always felt. Imagine my desperate love for your mother and having to find myself with your disgusting crazy aunt all over me? Imagine how I felt watching Cat marry another and have a sweet lovely little look alike angel? While I got saddled with an unwanted, troublesome brat as crazy as her wretched damned mother. My pain as I dreamed of you, desperately in love with you and having to console myself with my own wild daughter instead of with my precious little Sansa."

A feeling Sansa did not want swelled through her and Petyr laughed in victory as Sansa begged for something she didn't want.

"Good girl, that's right, ask me for it sweetly. Go on then, we shall reach our pleasure together, the way it should be."

With a lost whimper, Sansa shuddered as Petyr groaned, leaning into her.

Seconds later Sansa was kneeling in front of Petyr's wastebasket, vomiting.

He leaned over her and gently held her hair back while crooning to her.

"Poor sweet Sansa. The punishment is over now. I promise that our next time will be in your bed and I will be gentle, kind to you. Unless you decide to see if you can challenge me further. Or do you think you might wish to wait and learn more first?"

_I hate you, I hate you so much, I hope Lollys kills you, I hope I kill you, I hate you, you sick perverted murdering creep._

"Please, Uncle Petyr, I'm very sorry, I am. I won't try and challenge you again."

Meryn should have been thrilled and drooling by now, walking among all of Qyburn's jar collection.

But he couldn't stop thinking of Lady and it took him longer to get excited than usual.

Finally, Meryn was able to stroke himself and find a wonderful jar that contained a fetus to breathe
heavily at.

Just before he spilled into his hand, Meryn's eye caught sight of something awful and he screamed. Shuddering in orgasm while experiencing such misery was a delight Meryn never wished to have again.

Quickly, Meryn cleaned himself up, sobbing and ran, never wanting to see that other jar again, the one that had Lady's head floating in it.
Qyburn strolled rather peaceably through his kingdom, admiring his toys.

Barbry came up to him, nearly causing both Qyburn and Hodor to weave in the fumes.

The drunken nurse had readily accepted the tragedy of the trailer park fire that destroyed her home, roommate and cats.

When Petyr offered a free apartment within the facility and Raff offered a box of bottles that were exactly what she drank, Barbry leaped for the chance.

"I'm sick of the damned patient food. Tired of microwave dinners in my tiny kitchen, I want to go out for a damned meal. I have a coupon book and it's wasted if I don't use it! Why won't those fucking barbarians let me out the door?"

Qyburn gave a gentle smile and spoke in a kindly, reasonable voice.

"My dear, since you are off duty until this evening, it is none of our concern if you drink. However, if you leave our facility while intoxicated, you could get into an accident. That would be our responsibility and concern. It would also get you fired and you would lose your new apartment. When you are sober then we shall discuss going out for dinner further."

Barbry knew she couldn't afford to lose the job or the apartment but she continued to complain as she staggered off.

Sighing, the doctor put his hands behind his back and continued to walk, Hodor pleasantly silent beside him.

He observed Alliser barking at the chickens, all attempting to understand and sing the song he has chosen for them.

It took Qyburn a moment of hearing the patients all do a round of the song before he understood Alliser's rage.

"DAMMIT! WHY CAN'T YOU ALL SING AT THE SAME TIME, THE SAME LINE, WE HAVE DONE THIS FOUR TIMES NOW. SAME LINE. SAME TIME. SAME KEY."

They stared blankly at Alliser and began the same exact round.

Qyburn gave Polliver a censoring glance as the man was laughing loudly and pointing.

"At least Alliser tries to work with them, help them. What is it that you help our patients with, Polliver? You don't give classes, games or therapy, do you?"

Polliver looked slightly shame faced but he gave a very unrepentant grin to the doctor.

"I give them discipline when they need it. I give them leeway when they need it. Notice that I am
not the one the chickens are attacking? I'm also not fucking, drugging, raping or torturing a specific patient all the time. Gregor, Raff, hell, even Petyr, those are the ones the chickens are after. Yeah, I raped Sansa and Lollys that one time for Cersei's money but...that was it. So I'm not going to feel bad for my work or lack of it. And when you made me move, I didn't complain, I did my fucking job as I have done from the start. Now I am living with the lunatics, working my regular job at all sorts of hours now and also guarding from a crazed escapee who wants to probably murder us all. So really, I think I am a bigger help than others."

The doctor gave a tiny smile that he tried to suppress but couldn't.

"Ah, Polliver, my dear boy. This is why I chose you, you might be brutal and dense but you do understand and obey things in a unique fun way I do enjoy. Please continue keeping yourself as neutral as possible concerning all the inner wars. But you really should give Alliser a chance, not bully and tease so much. He keeps them distracted if nothing else and I must say, the drama group seems to work rather well."

Polliver snorted and grinned back, speaking in a loud whisper.

"You weren't here the other day for drama class. Alliser brought out something called the Taming Of The Shrew. Unella and Sansa refused to play the shrew. So Alliser made Ramsay play the shrew and Tyrion play the guy. Didn't go well at all."

Qyburn patted Polliver's shoulder as he walked past him.

Hodor and Qyburn encountered a muttering Raff next.

Ever since they became sure that Lollys survived, the handsome young man has been a nervous wreck.

He was positive he was going to be first on the girl's kill list and Qyburn couldn't reassure him otherwise.

Telling Raff that Lollys would certainly murder Petyr before anyone else, didn't relieve the man at all.

The patients of course, enjoying what revenge they could have began to taunt Raff at every opportunity.

Gregor was getting coffee at the nurses station and pretending to listen to the nurse mutter.

He was in a good mood for the mountain, calm and silent.

Qyburn found that Gregor's mood had improved upon moving into the facility and being granted more power over Unella.

The giant had been careful not to mutilate the woman and her hands have actually been healing quite well.
Soon Qyburn will have to ask Gregor all about his new methods and thoughts upon things.

It will be interesting to see if somehow Unella and Gregor will break their usual cycle.

He watched as Alliser dismissed the group in disgust for their late afternoon chores.

Qyburn stood aside as to not get caught up in the scattering flock.

Theon went straight to Petyr, who was standing before his office, observing the flock himself.

Petyr looked at the curly bent head of the gangly, timid man before him.

He simply jerked his chin and Theon flew into the office to begin working.

Sansa walked by and Petyr gestured to her.

Even though Petyr was only asking her what she was preparing for their supper, it was obvious it was an excuse to play with the girl.

Petyr's fingers played with Sansa's braid and the girl was playing submissive but Qyburn saw the flash before her eyes lowered.

The smirk on Petyr's face told Qyburn that he saw it too and was clearly enjoying it.

Sansa escaped and ran to the sanctuary of the kitchen to make supper.

Ramsay and Loras went to the workshops.

With the lack of Cersei and Jorah, the two men had to work longer and harder for their productions.

Qyburn isn't as concerned as Petyr is and in light of the Lollys situation, there wasn't much concern even from Petyr.

Petyr had suggested they change locations and Qyburn agreed that would most likely need to happen.

But it wasn't feasible to find an acceptable location and move everything, everyone, before Lollys attacked.

If Lollys was going to use the law or media to expose them, it would have happened by now.

If Lollys was going to simply run off and gain a new life, the entire rebellion group as well as Dany Targaryen wouldn't have suddenly all gone missing.

No, she was going to attack and it was only a matter of time before it happens.

Qyburn was not scared like the others were, though he was smart enough to be very wary.
However, he is just too curious, it has always been his weakness, this curiosity to see how the toys play out things.

Unella kept her head low and her eyes down but still walked stiff and tall as a proud injured warrior.

She has been subdued, pressed down hard enough to keep her submitting but that pride has not cracked.

Gregor seems to be just enjoying the challenge, positive he can eventually break her fully.

Qyburn doubts it is possible but he is willing to watch it play out, of course.

The giant got in her way as Unella was heading towards the television room.

Raff wasn't taking any chances with her hands nor with the other continual smaller injuries Gregor gives her daily.

She is not allowed chores until Raff feels she is capable of it.

So Unella reads, watches television and tries to avoid Gregor if he is around during chore times.

Qyburn watched as Unella stopped as Gregor approached her and the woman kept her head and eyes low but suppressed a quick tremor.

With a smirk, Gregor held out a thick leather collar with a large tag on it.

"I had Ramsay make this for you. It's going to help you keep in mind what you are and if you run, everyone will know it too. Once it goes on, it locks and only I have the key, bitch. Say thank you and give me your neck."

Unella breathed heavily for a moment while staring at the ugly black thing, reading the tag, the awful block words.

"BITCH OF GREGOR CLEGANE"

It was with great difficulty that Unella managed to say thank you then she moved slightly closer, lifting her chin high.

The higher Unella's head went to offer the bare throat, the higher her eyes went and then clashed into Gregor's.

Gregor sneered at her defiant look and he tightened the collar upon her neck tight enough to make her gasp.

Qyburn made a note to have Raff check later to make sure it wasn't going to strangle the woman slowly.
"My show is coming on. May I go watch it now? It's called Deadly Women and I am finding it most intriguing, informative."

Gregor's hand was so fast that Qyburn heard the crack before he could focus.

Unella stumbled to the floor and stayed bent in front of Gregor.

A growl from the giant and Unella seemed to know what it meant, judging by her sudden vomiting of words.

"I'm sorry, Sir."

Gregor seemed to notice that Qyburn was watching and whatever wrath might have been coming was averted.

Without a word or look, Gregor walked away from Unella to make sure the rest of the chickens were at their chores.

Unella stood up and headed for the television room, as if her face weren't swelling.

Her breaths were hindered and Qyburn had to tell Gregor himself to loosen the collar before the woman passed out.

The irritated giant stormed into the room so loudly that Unella actually cringed, flinched, nearly leaping off the couch in fear.

That seemed to please Gregor all over again and averted another potential bad situation.

Unella couldn't recover her composure quick enough as Gregor yanked her forward, fixed the collar and threw her back down on the couch.

Qyburn stood aside as the man left the room and he wondered if this really was a new cycle for them.

Gregor never has managed to hold his temper this long and Unella has never managed to give in even this much.

He decided it was time to head back upstairs and write in his journals.

It was that very night as Qyburn was peacefully writing in his journals that his little castle was breached.
The medication line was held up yet again by Polliver playing with Tyrion.

Raff watched in delight as the bully made Tyrion attempt to juggle a bunch of empty pill bottles.

Tyrion's attempt was pathetic and the bottles rolled everywhere.

Polliver's baton took care of the muttering of indignant chickens while Raff made the little man scurry to collect all the bottles.

Only after Tyrion handed every bottle to Polliver was he finally granted his medication.

Raff made Vic lift the embarrassed and harassed man up to put them into his mouth like a child.

Tyrion stormed off, furious, only to be stopped by a baton in front of his face, tapping on his forehead.

"Movie night. No pouting in your room, fancy boy. Head for the tv room."

Vic gave Raff a censuring look.

"It is wrong of the two of you to make fun of that man's height. If there was anyone I could report you to, I would."

Raff and Polliver both burst into laughter.

"Welcome to the facility, Vic. It's our kingdom, Capitan Crazy and if you want to try and report us, you go on and see where that gets you. Now take your medications and get the hell into the movie room."

Once each person received some harassment as well as their medication, they were all gathered in the tv room.

Polliver stood in front of the assembled patients and smiled widely in a way that made them all groan.

"Tonight I have a special set of movies for you to choose from. You have time for at least two movies before bedtime."

Unella, Theon and Loras were all crowded upon the couch.

Vic sat in a rocking chair and Tyrion sat upon a beanbag that was mostly duct tape but still functional.

Sansa sat in the chair that Cersei had favored and Ramsay sat on the ottoman near her.
Meryn sat on the floor, near the television screen and dove into the movies that Polliver brought them.

"Battle Royale, I Spit On Your Grave, all three of the new ones. Girl Interrupted, One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest and Clockwork Orange. Okay, even for me, this is a really strange list."

Unella and Sansa voted for I Spit On Your Grave, Ramsay and Meryn wanted Clockwork Orange, Loras and Theon argued for Girl Interrupted and Vic along with Tyrion said they would rather watch the dust grow upon the curtains.

Unella and Sansa simply put their movie on and ignored all complaints.

Ramsay and Meryn thoroughly enjoyed the first half of the movie while the female was the victim. However, when the female victim began exacting her brutal revenge upon the men who raped her, both Meryn and Vic began to squirm.

Unella and Sansa along with Loras and Theon began to cheer at the heroine as the others all began to whimper.

Poor Vic was watching it through his hands and Tyrion curled up, nearly holding his precious bits during one scene.

When it ended the men pleaded for a different show but relentless, Unella put on the part two of I Spit On Your Grave.

Only Loras and Theon were happy to join the girls in cheering on the next gory revenge.

As before the first half of the movie held Ramsay and Meryn's full attention then it changed as before.

The rest of the room including Vic and Tyrion were cheering this time around.

Meryn and Ramsay exchanged a quick glance then slid unnoticed out of the room.

Barbry was already well into her cups when she saw the perverts sneak out of the movie room and just pointed at them.

"HEY! Ishn't movie....ish...ish....where are you going? Preverts...off to fuck?"

Ramsay gave a charming smile and responded in a polite, respectful voice.

"No, Nurse Barbry. We both just need the restroom. They are switching movies so we took the opportunity to go now. Is that alright, Nurse?"
Barbry nodded and waved them away.

It didn't occur to her that the bathroom was in the opposite direction then where they were walking to.

Ramsay and Meryn headed up onto the roof to smoke the joint that Ramsay stole off Loras.

After a few puffs, Meryn began to stare into the night sky, tears rolling and he spoke in a husky, hitching voice of his lost love.

Ramsay wasn't like the others, he didn't tease or scorn Meryn for his loss.

"Hey, we don't choose who we love and sometimes we cannot save them. I am lucky that my pet is still alive, but I can't touch him, talk to him. He is Petyr's now and it's killing me."

The two talked of their losses, offering sympathy and weed as the moon watched them coldly.

At one point, just before they had finished their joint, Ramsay stood to stretch and his foot hit something.

Ramsay crouched down and saw the ill concealed tiles covering a small brown bag.

Meryn looked over and they opened it then chuckled.

"Looks like we found someone's extra little stash, Meryn. I say I have had enough of our grief, let's party. We can stay up here as long as we want, who gives a fuck?"

Meryn studied their treasure and nodded.

"Let's see...I think those pills might be ecstasy or something like it. Why not? Only one each though, until we know how they react. I don't want to have a bad trip, man, I have way too many fucked up things in my head for that."

Ramsay grinned and nodded.

"Good point! I don't want my dead daddy chasing me around and you don't want a dead doggie lover trying to lick you with a cold tongue."

Meryn gagged then glared at Ramsay as they swallowed the pills.

Shireen giggled and lowered the binoculars to trill out into her cell phone.

"The attack dog and the hunter are about to visit the cosmos on the roof. They are neutralized for at least three hours. They only took one each of Lollys's stash, but I think that is all it should take."
"Good. Be safe, be careful and stay focused. I meant what I said, you and Dany do not come inside. You patrol, you watch and report, both of you."

Dany and Shireen smiled at the gruff orders from Sandor.

Luckily he couldn't see the gleam of determination in their eyes, the revenge burning and telling them to join the attack.

Once Sandor hung up, Shireen spoke to Dany.

"Everyone that belongs to the facility is inside. They never have visitors during the night, not ever. Even deliveries end at eight and it's now nine. No point in staring at the drugged pit bulls, they won't move downstairs for at least three hours. Why stare at them for three hours? What do you think?"

Bran was nearby, tapping away on a laptop and he looked up as the girls came by.

"I know sitting in an abandoned building just watching for mistakes or blunders is boring, but it is important. Please don't take off and leave me to do it on my own. If someone catches on...if someone finds me, what defense do I have?"

This did not sway the girls but they did leave him a gun along with their binoculars.

Bran texted the others to let them know the girls have gone rouge.

From each person he received a different swear that gave him a broader understanding of the use of language.

With a sigh, Bran shivered in the fall air and wheeled closer to the windows of the old crumbling building and used the binoculars.

Ramsay and Meryn were laughing, spinning and singing to the moon.

He tried to scan the other windows, grimy and barred, mostly lit but only blurs going past them.

Bran watched as the windows all went dark and he tensed, knowing it was starting.

He quickly looked back over at the two dancing at the moon and hoped that the Molly that Lollis purchased and left on the roof would work well.

The woman had assured them it would last at least three hours, these men were not used to taking such things.

They would be too high to hear or notice anything going on underneath them.

By the time they came down in their heads enough to come down to the floor, it would be too late to fight or defend anyone.
Polliver made sure all had started the first movie then he wandered off as usual.

"Going to go keep an eye on Ramsay and Loras in the workshops, then heading to my place."

Gregor nodded and began to stroll about, he heard the two idiots on the roof and decided to leave it be.

The rest of the chickens were watching their torture porn revenge movies.

Gregor looked at Unella who was watching with great intensity and joy, he put his large hand pressed against the glass.

No one noticed him they were all either cheering or cringing, truly invested in their show.

He wondered if Unella got inspired or any new challenges out of this show.

Gregor wondered if she was imagining him with every man the girl tortured.

Raff had stayed on the floor long enough to attempt to explain to the sotted nurse the night orders.

He went to his apartment and stretched out on his bed, debating if he wanted to sleep or go online to get off to some porn.

That was about the time all the lights went out.

Cursing, Raff sat up in the darkness and then heard the worst thing in the world.

A rustling, as if he were not alone in the apartment.

Carefully, Raff reached, fumbling into his side table next to his bed and took out his loaded gun.

"Lollys? Sweetheart, is that you? I have been worried, I thought you were dead! Come here, honey, you must be in so much pain. I can help you, you know I am here for you...just be a good girl and come to me. I can make you feel better, any way you want me to."

The voice was smooth, it was soothing, condescending but luring, sweet and it's magic wound around the shadow in Raff's room.

A response floated back to him and it was certainly Lollys's voice, but a stronger version of it that was colder with a touch of insanity that made Raff get chills up his spine.

"A part of me wants to do just that, Raff. A large sick part of me wants nothing more than to crawl to you, offer my neck and open my legs for you. A fucked up piece of me wants to believe that you could love me, care for me and truly love me back. I failed with Bronn because I allowed my sickness to let me be that desperate for love, dear. But then the rest of me wants to force the fucked up truth upon me. I hate it but there it is. And the cold truth of the matter is you fucked me and
fucked me up for your own fun. Because Petyr told you that I needed a handler and a leash. You
got your own personal whore to do with what you will. I was really a pet, like Theon, like Unella.
Right? Qyburn might have programmed you to do many things. But the same with Bronn, Qyburn
never agreed with my being a drug user or used as a whore.”

Raff couldn't pinpoint where she was, the voice moved directions continually, the words just kept
coming.

"Before you gave me drugs, I remember how I felt about you. See, I have been there since a little
girl, I have been with Qyburn and Petyr, of course. So I remember my disgust at such a handsome
man with a rich family going around raping women and ruining his life and theirs. Not to mention
being a drug dealer and a gambler. I remember you going through Qyburn's treatment while you
went to school for nursing. And if you recall, I taunted you, I drove you mad and you despised me,
called me a whore. Before it became an endearment, of course. So I am afraid I can't fall for your
loving voice and magic juice anymore, Raff."

"Lollys, listen, wait. I do enjoy having sex with you, I do like you in my own fucked up way. You
have to know that, don't you? You can't deny that you loved the sex with me, we both loved it! I
stopped seeing and manipulating other women for you! I stopped trying to get married, for you! I
wouldn't have done that if I didn't care at least a little, right?"

The voice was not the smooth honeyed one of before, Raff's voice was a bit scared, a bit desperate
but in his fear, he was being honest.

"That is sweet. And I actually do believe you that you have some affection for me, for our time
together. I do. The same way Ramsay, Gregor and Petyr enjoy their pets, hold affection for them
even while they slowly take them apart. And the same as say, Theon, I do have feelings for you,
Raff. Part of me will always want you, want to come to you. You never know, maybe we can work
something out."

Raff stared wildly into the darkness, clutching his gun, aiming it, following the voice.

"But we shall have to discuss such things when I have more time for it, Raff. Hey, I have an idea!
Let's go play a game with some others here, then we can chat more!"

As Raff held his gun in front of his chest, a piercing pain quickly hit his neck and he cursed.

He tried to swing his gun, it was too late, the drug works so fast, Raff knew this from injecting it
into Lollys's neck so often.

Lollys took Raff's gun as the man slumped back on his bed, smiling slightly at nothing.

She leaned over him and brushed her lips across his and smoothed back his long lovely blond hair.

"It feels amazing, doesn't it? The worst part of this drug is this...the very first time is always the
best high of your life. And the worst part is you'll never reach it again. No matter how much or
how often you take it, it will always be good, but never as amazing as the first time. I look forward
to you asking me for more, love. I wonder what my price would be for it? Hmmm? Will you be my
good little whore, Raff? Huh?"
Raff muttered something but lazily nodded his head and his hands tried to play with Lolly's breasts through her leather vest.

"No, no. Not now, sweet whore, we don't have time. Later you can worship me all you want, okay? Good whore. Now, you are going to walk into the commons room and find a seat. Can you do that for me, love? If you do this for me, I promise to make you feel even better later on. More magic drugs and sex, so much that you will cry for mercy before I am done. Will you do what I want, my handsome Raff?"

Raff nodded again and dreamily stood up as Lolly caressed his face and spoke sweetly but with a dark bite to it.

"Good boy. Very good. You are the most handsome lovely douche bag in the whole city, I think. Now, go to the commons room and sit down, my sweet whore. Good boy."

Lolly pet his hair and then gently pushed Raff towards the hallway.

The back up generators kicks on and the hallways were dimly lit.

Raff smiled gently and headed for the commons room, nearly floating.

He was unconcerned about the lights or the commotion going on around him.
Polliver was not known to be a very smart man but he was a sly one. He was also a man of simple needs, wants and pleasures. His job was fine, he loved to knock the chickens heads together and hang with Raff. He enjoyed the paychecks that allowed for his lifestyle.

Polliver liked bars, fights, fucking, simple things that have been suddenly taken away. To lose the freedom for the few pleasures he has, of having his own place, doing as he wishes on his off time, it rankles. Badly.

While Raff bitched and Gregor growled, Polliver gave an easy smile and obeyed mindlessly. He gave his usual blunt smart ass responses, putting Qyburn at the ease he always does.

The last time that Polliver was out of the fucking facility was two days ago to do grocery shopping. He didn't mind driving and minding the chickens while they purchased items, but it was him alone. So when he was approached at the produce corner by some strange brunette, he listened. And made up his mind right then and there to gain his freedom back.

Polliver knew his programming wouldn't allow him to kill anyone in the facility, he knew it would prevent him from escaping. However, it was pointed out to him that nothing in his wiring probably allowed for him to not disable the security system or unlock certain doors.

It was the best chance he could see to gain his freedom back.

He had hurried through the workshops and then went down another flight of stairs. After disabling the security system, Polliver shut off the cameras then ran for the loading dock. Unlocking the door, he yanked it open and sat there, waiting, hoping he will be able to run away and not find himself back again.

He didn't look up as the others went past him inside, just lit a cigarette with shaking hands and waited to see who won.
Gregor went still when the hall plunged into darkness, rolling his eyes and sighing.

He knew to move before the generator lights came on would be useless, he would probably stomp on a panicking chicken.

As soon as the lights went out, he heard them all cry out and stagger around from the television room.

Roaring out, he hoped to startle the idiot flock into order.

"DO NOT MOVE! STAY STILL UNTIL THE BACK UP LIGHTS TURN ON! FUCKING MORONS!"

But he knew better, the flock would take the opportunity of darkness to try and scatter off.

Their new favorite damned game was to force him to search for at least an hour during head count to find them all.

This just gave them a wonderful head start and hearing them all stumbling, whispering, it set his teeth grinding.

A sound of Barbry squawking and Petyr's door opening made Gregor's veins begin to pulse, his calmness of earlier evaporating completely.

"Petyr! Barbry! Stay where you are until the generator lights kick on!"

That was Qyburn's voice, who was apparently not taking his own advice.

The dim lights appeared and Gregor squinted, looking around.

He saw Qyburn ahead with Hodor next to him, Petyr in his office doorway and Barbry peering from the nurses station.

"Where are the patients? And someone needs to find out if the lights were also out in the living quarters. Check in with Alliser, Polliver and Raff, please."

Gregor grunted and gestured as he watched Raff walk dreamily from the staircase over to the Commons room and slump in a chair.

"Well, there's one. What the fuck is wrong with him, who knows? Looks high as fuck. Great, perfect timing. Why not, a drunk nurse at night and a stoned one for the day."

A strange click sound was heard and the three turned almost painfully.
Lollys and Meara wore almost identical grins as they held high powered weaponry on the three.

"Hiya! Doctor, Daddy and Gregorstein! Do me a big favor and head on into the commons room, would you? I have really been missing our circle therapies, got so much out of them. Please don't try to run or fight, I'd hate to kill you now. I really want to work things out in therapy, just like you taught me to."

Qyburn gave a small smile to Lollys.

"Alright, dear. Let's all go to the commons room. I am glad you aren't starting off with violence, Lollys. I see that Unella's theory worked, do you remember everything yet? Is all your programming truly destroyed?"

Lollys pointed her gun at the doctor and her finger caressed the trigger.

"We aren't going to find out. You are not going to talk until I need you to, Qyburn. I don't trust you, I'm sure you are aching to strap me down and peer inside. Get into the commons room, all of you, now. My sanity didn't survive the homespun treatments, so you really don't want to push me."

Qyburn nodded agreeably and gave the others a look to comply.

Hodor and Qyburn headed into the room, followed by Gregor, who growled at Lollys and sneered at Meara.

"Just wait, big boy! Have I got some therapy for you tonight. You'll just love it, it'll really clear shit up for you."

Gregor didn't respond to Lollys but he did get a chill at her stone cold but darkly excited words.

Barbry made sure her entire purse was full and clinking before she staggered forth.

Petyr came last and he stopped to look into his daughter's eyes, searching for his girl, the one he always ruled one way or another.

Lollys had his eyes but they were full of Petyr's own cruelty and needs and Lysa's insanity.

"Please, I hope you will allow me a chance to speak with you before you decide to try and murder me. I know you are going to kill me or die trying, but it isn't what I want, it isn't what you really want either. You know that, don't you? No matter what has happened between us, I am your father and I love you even if it is not the type of love you wanted. You are my blood, my family, my little girl. That is a bond that cannot be broken."

"You hated my mother because she wasn't Catelyn Stark. You hated me because I wasn't Sansa Stark. Fuck you. You killed Lysa, you neglected, abandoned, molested, brainwashed, tortured me. Made me into a fuck toy, practically sold me to Qyburn for his projects, made me into a killer, into a robot, into a whore and into a drug addict. Get into the fucking therapy room, daddy."

Petyr bowed his head slightly and with full dignity walked into the commons room, calmly taking
It didn't take Sandor long to collect what Lollys called the chickens. She had told him of every hiding space they would try for when the lights went out and who tends to flock with who. Once each were assured it was not an attack but a rescue they timidly came forth.

Loras and Theon were wary of the scarred giant that bore a terrible resemblance to Gregor. Only Sansa looked truly nervous at hearing Lollys sent this man to collect them all. Unella came forth and grabbed Sandor's hand not understanding the look of agony on his face. "Lollys sent you to save us? How is she? I'm glad she found you and the others..."

Sandor cut her off by moving away abruptly and getting a better grip on his gun, which wasn't pointed at anyone since no one tried to run.

"Just...when we go to the commons room, when Lollys tells you things...I want you to remember this one thing, okay? Keep this in your head. I did what I had to. I honestly meant to protect you, I thought it would destroy you to know certain truths. Lollys is going to make sure that all kinds of things are going to become clear. And when that happens...remember I only meant to help, to protect you. Now everyone, to the common room, please. Don't make me have to use my gun, stop whispering and move."
Story Time

Gregor sat with his arms crossed and growled at the sight of Sandor.

"You fucking cuntlicker. I'm going to enjoy ripping you apart after I burn off the rest of your fucking pissant face!"

Sandor snarled at his older brother and took joy in aiming at the bald head.

"How are you going to do that when I can just blow your ugly fucking head off? Shut the fuck up."

Before the two could argue further, Lollys trilled out,

"Boys, boys! Not yet, dears. We have so much to talk about, let's not have these petty arguments. Is everyone here?"

Meera leaned against the door and nodded, holding her gun at the ready for a run or fight.

Sandor walked slowly around the group sitting together stiffly in chairs.

Unella, Sansa and Loras huddled with Theon, Tyrion and Vic.

Gregor sat across from Unella, keeping Raff from sliding off his seat, Qyburn and Petyr next to them.

Hodor sat behind Qyburn, who was looking around worriedly.

Barbry snored softly next to the large giant and Qyburn scanned one more time.

"We are missing a few, Lollys."

"Nope. We aren't. The ventriloquist hunter and your attack dog have been neutralized. Alliser is knocked out inside his apartment, sedated until morning. Oh, I bought Polliver. He will hide on the docks until we win or he is dragged in screaming by one of your puppets."

Suddenly the doctor's kind, calm demeanor slipped off his face as if it had always been that easy to see the demon.

All flinched as Qyburn's eyes pierced Lollys and his voice was a deadly possessive hiss, deranged and full of menace.

"What did you do to my toys, Lollys? I hope you did not go too far and kill them, that I will not forgive."
For one brief second, Lollys forgot she held a gun, that she had the power and freedom to kill him.

Inside, she groveled, she shook and then a surge of pain, of flashing and for a moment, Lollys almost lowered her gun.

Her voice was choked but only for one minute.

"Ramsay and Meryn are tripping on the roof. I haven't killed any of your precious fucking toys yet, Qyburn."

Qyburn nodded and his mask pulled on easily as the others stared at him, shaken.

With encouraging looks from Meera and more demanding ones from Sandor, Lollys pulled herself together.

"Now, I promised my fellow flock that I will set them free. I am going to do that, Qyburn. If you try and stop me, I'm going to kill you. Or if for some reason, I can't kill you because of leftover programming, Sandor and Meara can. They will kill Hodor, Gregor, Petyr, anyone here you have programmed to take a bullet for you. I hope that doesn't happen because death isn't the freedom I wish to offer to the chickens. And I really don't want you to die because I have planned this whole show out for you. I know how you love tea parties and picnics. And shows. I know you were hoping to get one from Alliser, but I am going to give you the best show ever. Are you ready?"

Qyburn gave Lollys a very calm but warning look, his tone was friendly but there was an undercurrent, full of sharp rocks ready to tear into soft flesh.

"Be very careful, dear. I do love shows and I am appreciating all your efforts. Just take care not to push me too far, Lollys. You are not positive that all the commands are gone, are you? Because if you were, I would already be dead. You are afraid to try to kill me, afraid to try and order it just to hear your voice dry up. That's okay, dear. Go ahead and let this play out. But I warn you to take care."

Lollys ignored the fears and gave the doctor a cold lunatic grin of rage and trauma.

"Fuck you. Fuck you. Fuckity, fuck, fuck you, doctor. Fuck you. This is MY therapy group, MY game, not yours this time."

Lollys danced to the chair the therapist uses and sat down, holding her gun on her lap.

"Let's start with a little story time! I know it's unusual but I really think this therapy will be more helpful than any other we've tried. This first story is really, really good! It's a horror story but it's going to end with a nice bang, I think. There was a rather interesting family, you see. This family was not only a family of inbred giants, but they were into some pretty crazy bad shit. First there was mommy and daddy, they were cousins, you know. Large folks, mean folks and they made three children. Two boys and one girl. Mommy and Daddy had secrets, bad ones and they didn't hide them very well from their children. In fact, sometimes the children had to help."
Sandor flinched and watched as Gregor began to clench his fists, Unella was squirming as if the story bothered her.

"They were into human trafficking and snuff porn, kidnapping for ransom, drug trading. You name it, they did it and their children watched, participated when told to. Cleaning up blood was no big deal for a chore, right? Mommy and Daddy kept captives to clean, to hurt and sometimes...to hunt, or to just hurt, slowly until they died. Now, about the children...they were each very different in how they reacted to their world. The oldest, he was large and ugly and brutal and loved his parents, loved their world. The middle child, she wasn't quite as large as her family, but she was just as cold and brutal even if she didn't approve of the family. The youngest child, he was as large but hated being brutal, complied out of fear."

Gregor was fully snarling at Lollys now and Unella was starting to moan, even though she wasn't sure why.

Qyburn glared at Lollys who simply smirked back.

"This is a very dangerous idea, Lollys. Don't do it, you will get very bad results from it."

"Oh, I am aware of that, Qyburn. Shut up, this is MY story time, remember? Now, where was I? Oh yes, so the children, they didn't get along very well. They didn't dare fight in front of their abusive parents, but they silently nearly killed each other many times. You see, the oldest, he was bored eventually with animals and he was only allowed to play when his mommy or daddy allowed it on their victims. He had to turn to his siblings. Like burning his little bro's face like a candle...like raping his little sister. Difference was, his little bro was smart enough to learn to cower, to hide, to bluster only when he could run. And to take the beating or torture if the big brother did catch him. Little sister wasn't like that. Not at all, not in the fucking least and it drove big brother INSANE!"

Unella was panting, her hands clenching her seat as the words seeped into her head and formed memories that had been fogged over.

Gregor was sweating, rocking in his chair, his eyes darting wildly to Sandor who stared back with pain and challenge.

He was getting images, memories and it can't be, it will drive him crazy to know, he knows this and rocks as if to deny the truth filling his aching head.

Lollys leaned forward and her voice was relentless, it was poison, it was a terrible soft yet loud and lyrical thing that they all followed.

"That little sister, she was a fucking firecracker, she was defiance and she was raised in the same awful world as big brother and would NOT. GIVE. IN. He would corner her, try to terrify her, make her beg, cry and be scared. Nope, she wouldn't and would fight as hard as she could. She would get beaten, raped, burnt, nearly drowned and would heal then wait. And decapitate big brother's favorite fighting pit bull or whack him with a shovel around a blind corner. Then finally, the girl couldn't take it anymore. Something happened or changed, it could be because the mommy
and daddy brought home children, not just adults and the sister snapped."

Qyburn put his head down and shook it, sighing.

"Stop. Don't. Please."

Lollys ignored Unella's pleading, ignored Gregor's increased pace in rocking, she kept going.

"I'm sorry, Unella. It hurt for me too when I learned about myself, but you should know that was goes around comes around. So listen. The smart, cold brutal little girl waited until her brothers were out at school. She pretended that she was sick and her parents let her stay home. Or too drunk or too busy fucking their captives to care, who knows? The facts though, the facts are this. While older and younger brothers were at school pretending to get an education...little sister was way busy. The facts are that she beat her drunken, passed out father to death with a bat. And apparently waited for mommy to come up from the basement torture room, got her in the face with that steel bat. Sent the mommy down the stairs which killed her. She showered, changed and let loose the victims, telling them to run before the brothers came home. But as she was leaving, her brothers DID come home. She had forgotten it was a half day of school. Little brother ran screaming to a neighbor which was very lucky for little sister. Big brother was trying to kill her when they were torn away from each other. Not for long though. You see, only the little brother was sane enough to be sent to foster care. After seeing what the girl had done, after finding out what big brother has enjoyed doing...they ended up in mental hospitals. With Qyburn. The three children of mommy and daddy are Gregor, Unella and Sandor Clegane."

With a roar, Gregor lunged out of his chair and his arms were outstretched, his face was bestial.

Unella had such an expression, full of rage and terror, she lunged for the giant, swinging her chair, ready to clash, to kill or die.

Lollys laughed in delight, clapping and the others all scrambled to get out of the way.
The metal chair smashed into pieces against Gregor's chest and face as he reached past it for Unella.

He ignored the bruises and blood from the metal hitting him with every inch of Unella's hatred.

Wrapping his large hands around her throat, Gregor squeezed and squeezed.

Even as the woman turned purple, she had a sharp piece of a chair leg, Unella was trying to aim to push it through his neck.

Lollys watched along with everyone else, waiting for the two of them to kill each other.

All but Qyburn, he just glared and pouted as if he felt a game was going on too long.

Unella's hand tensed, it pressed, blood trickled and yet she could not push the sharp steel through his neck, she couldn't.

Gregor's hands were shaking, he was trying so hard and yet he could not strangle her to death nor snap her neck, he couldn't.

"Oh, let them end it, would you?"

Qyburn gave a nasty look to Lollys.

"No. Why should I? They are not yours to play with, dear. They are mine. Do you know how much work it took for them to work so well this time? Even after I gave Unella to Gregor, look how well he was doing with her! And you came along to ruin it, like you always do. Lollys, I agree with your father on that...you can truly be a brat."

Gregor and Unella screamed in rage and frustration then Gregor shoved her away to turn to Qyburn.

"LET ME KILL HER! SHE KILLED MY PARENTS! SHE ALWAYS FUCKING DEFIED THEM, DEFIED ME! SHE RUINED MY ENTIRE FUCKING LIFE, YOU HAVE RUINED MY ENTIRE FUCKING LIFE TOO! YOU OWE ME! AT LEAST LET ME KILL HER!"

Qyburn looked at Gregor and spoke in a very reasonable if chilling voice.

"My dear man, for years now you have been getting your revenge upon your sister. You should be thanking me for letting you do that rather then condemning me and trying to ruin your own fun. No matter how much brainwashing, you both gravitate towards each other. Whether inside or out, you stalk her, she challenges you, every time you always find a way to win, to get her. And I always end it before it goes too far as it always has. But this last time, until Lollys ruined the cycle, you had found a way to deal with Unella without trying to murder her. It was wonderful and don't you want that back? If you killed your sister, it would be so final."
Gregor stared at the doctor, breathing heavily, hands twitching as if wishing to feel the doctor's shriveled neck in his hands.

Unella had caught her breath and was now walking forward, heading for Qyburn with a look in her eye.

A look that made Hodor stand up and Qyburn as well.

"I have been abused, raped, beaten and terrorized all these years for your fucking amusement? It had nothing to do with my skills, my head, who I was...I'll kill you. I'm going to fucking kill you, I'm going to kill you, kill you!"

Gregor gave a screech of pure desperation and smashed a chair straight at Hodor when the zombie seemed to be heading for Unella.

Qyburn dropped his mask as Unella got closer, ready to take out the man's eyes when Gregor yanked her back.

"No! The doctor will erase your mind before you touch him! I am going to settle this between us as much as I can before he makes us forget, before YOU forget!"

Unella struggled until Gregor sent a fist into her temple, throwing her over his shoulder.

"Let me leave this room with her, Lollys. You know I can't leave the facility and I can't kill her. You want me to not interfere in your games? Then let me fucking leave this room."

Sandor and Meera looked away shamefaced as Lollys shrugged, grinning.

"Sure, have at it, big guy. I do hope Unella wakes up and bites your cock off for you. But then again, she never exactly stopped my torture all these years, did she? And I was way younger and more helpless. So go ahead, shut the door behind you, please. Thanks."

Gregor slammed his way out of the room with Unella and this time not one chicken wished to make bets on the winner.

Lollys gave a bright chipper smile to Qyburn who crossed his arms like a petulant child and sat back in his seat.

"I am not pleased with this, Lollys. That was uncalled for, you know how much damage they could do to each other! You've recalled everything, correct? Then you know how bad they can get!"

"And they only can go as far as you've programmed them to, so blame it on yourself. Now, where should I take us next on the story train? Hmm? Oooh, I know! Let's go to Sansa next! Dearest cousin, this story will be your special one. You will just love it, it will really blow your mind and set you free on so many levels!"

Qyburn groaned and Petyr stood up, his hands out, pleading towards his daughter.
"Wait! Lollys, please, listen to me. I know you are very angry right now, but you are always too impulsive, a danger to yourself. As your father, I am begging you to stop. You know you aren't leaving here, you know how this always ends, don't you, sweet girl? Haven't I always tried to save you from yourself? Haven't I always been there to pick you up when it went badly? When Bronn hurt you, when others did, who did you call, crawl to? Who always picked you up, punished you, forgave and healed you?"

Lollys found herself wavering again just for that one wild second of wishful thinking of a lonely child.

Petyr took one step forward at seeing it and his eyes warmed as he gave her a twisted smile and beckoned lovingly to her.

Sansa screamed and Theon dove under a chair when the shot rang through the room and Petyr fell to the ground.

He held his foot and tried to not scream after his first two hollers.

"Shut the fuck up now, daddy. Okay? Or the next one goes through your leg and I'll keep aiming higher until we discover if programming kicks in after all."

Lollys was delighted to see that she could at least injure Petyr and felt a million times better.

"Now, leave him alone, Sansa. Sit down next to the other chickens and shut up, listen to your damned story. Fine, if you demand it, princess. Raff! Hey! Nurse Whore? Yeah, you sweetie...see Petyr's boo boo? Can you bandage that for me, pretty boy? Good job, honey."

The chickens all tittered meanly as Raff floated over and did as he was told, giving a sweet drugged smile at Lollys's clearly condescending tone.

Lollys smiled and cleared her throat, ready to tell her next tale.

"The theme tonight seems to be fucked up families. Huh. Now, father, I asked you nicely to stop yelling for Sansa to not listen to me. If you can't shut up I'm going to shoot you again and have Raff gag you. Is that what you want to happen? Or can you shut up and let me tell my story then you can play question and answer with Sansa all you'd like. Yeah? Good."

"Are we all ready? Good! Sansa, this story comes with more mystery than even the Clegane-saw Massacre! Sorry, Sandor, insensitive of me. Bad Lollys...anyhoo..."

Meera gritted her teeth and lightly called out,

"Lollys, I know you can't help the crazy but try to stay focused, would you?"

"Sorry, sorry...focus, Super Skank, focus. Sansa! This tale is all about a pretty little redhead girl that is the apple of her parents eye! She had everything, a castle, pretty clothes, the best toys, the best nannies and the best mommy and daddy! Brothers and a sister that might get a little mean, but hey, that is what big loving families are all about. So this pretty princess had everything a princess could want but as all things that are too good to be true...there was one bad thing. A bad slinking
evil shadow that loved the princess as much as her parents but in a much worse way. He was mad at the mommy for not being his and he was mad that the princess wasn't his own little girl. So he gave his love and hate to the two little redhead girls he could reach. One was his pauper daughter, a poor replica of the real red head girl, she got the hate. And the princess got the love but it probably felt like hate. Pain usually does. The princess and the pauper girl. But he also gave them to a terrible wizard with awful magic. The wizard taught them things, so many awful things and then he sent them to help the bad slinking evil shadow."

Sansa was crying, trembling, feeling cold and wanting to vomit, wanting to ask Lollys to stop. She had no idea why but the images over and over again, images she never witnessed, no. NO.

At a glance from Lollys, Raff slapped Petyr as he tried to yell for Lollys to stop.

Qyburn still was irritated but he impatiently tapped his foot and let the woman have her story time.

Lollys leaned forward, eyes glittering and she watched Sansa's eyes grow way too wide.

"The slinking shadow told these young girls, these girls, not women, these two red head cousins to do terrible things. And they did. The pauper girl hurt children, she hunted and killed a bastard, a prince and a little warrior girl. But the princess, oh the shadow man had better, bigger more noble plans for her! She got the honor of killing the king and queen, her own mommy and daddy! An evil witch, a rich golden one, she watched and laughed so hard. Here is the very best part, Sansa. That princess, that killer girl was only thirteen when her family was slaughtered and she was confined to a mental facility. She is nineteen and still there. How old are you again, dearest cousin?"

Sansa started to go pale and swayed then screamed, yanking on her hair.

She bent over and gave a dreadful wail as it all came flooding back and Qyburn stamped his foot down.

"Lollys! That was very cruel! She has never remembered it before, not once! Not even after those idiots got her! Do you know how long it might take to fix this? On top of the damages to Unella and Gregor! I am very displeased, young lady. Extremely upset with you and I do not like your shows after all. Now I understand that Unella is to blame for changing you but your behavior is simply inexcusable! How much more of this must I endure before cleaning up the messes you are making?"

Sansa exploded from her chair and ran, shoving Raff out of her way.

She was nearly unrecognizable in her rage, her face contorted as she began to kick ruthlessly at Petyr.

Lollys laughed and clapped some more while Qyburn seethed.

"Let's see, who should get a story next? How about a story about a proud rich golden family? Or about drunken, drug dealing pirates with bad tempers?"
Ripping Trees Up By The Roots

Vic seemed to truly notice his nephew for the first time when Lollys suggested a story of pirates.

"No, do another story first, not...ours. Theon, I'm sorry..."

Theon had no idea why Vic suddenly was sorry but he didn't want to know.

He huddled closer to Loras and just gave his uncle whom he has barely ever spoken with a hurried nod.

Lollys snorted and shrugged.

"Doesn't matter to me, we can start with a different one. How about a golden family? It was a strong, rich family of very good looking but rotten people. Daddy was a ruthless prick, mommy was a bit of a roamer. They had a set of golden twins that looked perfect even if they weren't. But mommy wasn't happy and had a very intense affair with some handsome Targaryen douche nugget that liked married women. This upset the daddy and he forced the mommy to end it and she started to get a round tummy. But this time, daddy wasn't sure if he was the daddy but he was too proud to find out the truth."

Sandor sighed and Meera checked her watch but Lollys was flustered with excitement to tell her story, hands flourishing about as she spoke.

"So the mommy had the baby but that wasn't any help for the daddy. You see, the mommy gave birth to a little baby that looked nothing like anyone at all and was a dwarf. It also killed the mommy and do you know who was even more upset than daddy over it all? The baby's new big sister. So one day the little girl waited until the nannies were away and she tried to kill the baby. Her brother caught her and tried to save the baby but he was all blue. The boy called the emergency services and they saved the baby."

Tyrion was moaning and holding himself tightly as the other chickens crowded about him as to comfort him.

No one paid a bit of attention to Sansa's continued attack upon the injured Petyr, all were glued to Lollys's manic storytelling.

"The police were there and they knew what the girl did. Daddy had lots of money and power so no media, no jails or courts, no. A fancy but very private clinic run by a Dr. Qyburn offered to take Cersei and help her for a very good price. Of course, he required that the rest of the family take therapy as well. Cersei was able to leave the clinic grounds after a year or two but the whole family was on a leash by then. How does it feel to know that by the time you could speak and walk you were already on a leash? I wonder how old you were when Qyburn instilled the urge to murder your father into your head? It was probably there for quite sometime. He usually puts kill impulses into each member of the family just in case someone must be eliminated. Like your daddy."

With a look of rage and horror Tyrion looked over at Qyburn.
"How long have you been playing with me? My family? Is my whole fucking world a lie? I'm just what, an interesting damned Lego piece for your action sets?"

Qyburn gave Tyrion a look of grandfatherly mischief but the eyes were flat, no twinkle left at all.

"Does it really matter, boy? You are the survivor of your proud family line now. And you have done so well, I have such plans for you, Tyrion! I am going to not only allow you out into the world again but with a partner this time! I had decided to marry you to Sansa, think of the combined names, estates and money! Petyr can facilitate it and if you two will create a little dynasty of children for me. I will turn the Stark properties into a much larger proper facility for us all while you and Sansa live at the Lannister estate. Your children will know me as their kindly grandfatherly neighbor. No need to scare them or tell them I am a doctor of any sort. I am not that mean, I quite enjoy children. But I will teach them things you never could. Politics, murder, there isn't anything they couldn't do. Don't you want your children to have that sort of power?"

Sansa had stopped kicking Petyr due to both her aching foot and Qyburn's words.

"Marry me off? You were going to make me marry Tyrion and bear his children for you to play with like you did us? Are you out of your damned mind? I will NEVER marry anyone, hear me? I will never let you touch my head again, never! I don't remember everything yet maybe, but I know enough now! You aren't making me marry anyone!"

Petyr sat up the best he could and glared at Qyburn with true hatred.

"You rat, you double-crossing filthy fucking rat. You were going to marry my Sansa off to that dwarf? Did you really think I would agree to that? That I somehow wouldn't notice, maybe? I have spent years suffering you so that my girl would learn to love me and come home with me and this is what you were going to do?"

Qyburn scoffed and waved as if dismissing both Petyr and Sansa.

"Petyr, you have had Sansa live with you before. It didn't end well for you or her. You have had the girl countless times here and elsewhere since she was a damned fetus practically, right along with Lollys! What more do you want from me? Why are you so greedy? I put in the work on the girl, I get to use her for more important purposes. Besides, you nor Sansa would have been objecting to it for long. Because if you fought me too hard it would just be a trip to the lab, wouldn't it?"

Tyrion stared at the doctor and softly spoke as he sat back down gingerly, as if afraid of breaking something.

"You are a monster. Just a big crazy baby monster playing with his toys. Oh god."

"Okay, Lollys, no more time for stories, we have to go. We don't know where the hell Dany and Shireen are but Bran said they came here. We have to find them, get the fuck out, get whoever you want to save out, right now. Three timers are going to go off soon and I don't plan on staying in the explosion. Let's go."

Lollys frowned at Sandor as he whispered harshly into her ear and she sighed, nodding.
"I hate it when parties end. Loras, Tyrion, Vic and Theon, head on out to Polliver on the loading
dock. Go fast, don't stop or look back. Now."

Turning to Sansa, Lollys gave a grin.

"Go on, gingersnap. Take off while you can, it's a one time offer, kiddo. Get the chickens to the
docks and when Polliver says to run, you all run. And keep running until you drop. And I hope
when you fall and look up, you don't see the parking lot. Okay? Go, fuck off now, ginger."

Sansa and the others all stood up and warily headed for the door.

"What about you? Are you coming, Lollys?"

Lollys winked at her cousin and smiled.

"Don't worry about me, sweet cousin. Just get your asses out the door and tell Polliver I said to
count to fifty then go. See ya, princess, farewell forever, chickens."

They all ran for the door and then out a stairwell while Qyburn started to get fussy.

Petyr was staggering to his feet and he looked as if he couldn't decide whom he wanted to murder
first, his daughter or business partner.

"What's wrong, guys? Things aren't going your way for once? That sucks, huh? Too bad. Time for
a new game then, no more story times. Meera, Sandor, go try and find the girls and get them out.
Raff, I just can't decide if I should let you go or not. But if I let you out, you'll still have that fucked
up mind, won't you? You were hurting girls before Qyburn got your head, weren't you? I guess
unless I make it out to "handle you" then you don't make it out. Sorry, love."

Raff tried to understand what was happening, tried to follow Lollys's words through the bliss.

It was hard and he decided to sit silently and think upon it.

"So your intent is to blow us all up, is it? Even yourself if need be to ensure our destruction? I must
say, this is quite interesting, Lollys but I am really rankled that you have caused so much trouble."

Lollys giggled at Qyburn and simply waved cheerily at her two gunmen.

"Go on, bye bye. Get the two stragglers and get out."

Meera and Sandor ran out, deciding the insane woman wasn't worth the trouble of trying to save.
Better to find the two girls and get the hell out before the facility blew sky high.

Lollys gave a cold moon smile and aimed her gun then spoke.

"Let's play a new game. A final game. It's called, who can I kill or at least maim?"
The sound was deafening in the room when Lollys sent a bullet crashing through Hodor's already vacant head and he fell with a thud.

Qyburn's mask dropped, shattered, broke and the madman roared up, sending a fist shaking into the air.

"That is quite enough of this, young lady! You have gone too far! Stop breaking my toys immediately!"

The gun pointed at Qyburn and Lollys snarled, then pointed it at Petyr.

Another explosion and Petyr fell into the wall, clawing at the red hole in his chest.

Lollys hooted and jumped up and down.

"Are you dying, are you dead? If he dies, Qyburn, I am killing you next, hear me? He's dying, look at that. Bye, bye daddy dearest, you molesting, evil, abusive fuck!"

Petyr slid down the wall, moaning and Raff floated over and looked at the terrible wounds as if they were only a little scratch.

Qyburn went over and started to examine Petyr while muttering angrily to Lollys.

"He isn't dead, Lollys. But I must get him to the lab, to the surgery if I want him to not die soon. It's your own father, Lollys."

Lollys seemed to consider this as she walked over, holding the gun upon the doctor.

"True, he is my father. That is true. And he made my life a living hell."

The shot was closer and Petyr's head was so much pulp on the wall.

Lollys grinned at Qyburn and stepped closer, her gun trained upon him.

"And then there were two."
Some Things Shouldn't Be Seen

Chapter Summary

This is your fair warning! This chapter is extreme.

Shireen and Dany had decided if they ran into any of their team members, they would be sent back. So best to avoid them and besides, they were not fighters, no, they wanted evidence, just in case there were survivors.

They went to the lab with their phones ready to record, they had empty bags to take anything very pertinent.

Neither admitted curiosity or the burning need for closer vengeance by desecrating the lab that helped nearly destroy their lives.

The back up generator lights did nothing to dispel the general darkness or silence of the lab.

Lights seemed to just enhance the shadows and make the unfamiliar equipment look even more menacing.

"Oh god, this place is so creepy. Look, over there! Three curtains dividing those beds with straps, I recognize the shock therapy stuff but...that is all I get. It's like...a mix of robotics, potions and shock therapy. I wouldn't be surprised to find a pentagram and a wizard's pointy hat at this point. This man is crazy, I mean, out of his freaking mind. What has he been doing to them?"

Shireen rolled her eyes at Dany's whispered dramatic voice for the sake of her recording.

She almost forgot the young woman was some kind of celebrity, of course she wanted this all recorded.

As if Lollys or Sandor would ever let her keep it.

They made it carefully through the surgical rooms that made no more sense than anything else in here.

And then a darker small hallway that led into an office or the larger room that seemed to be full of jars and tanks.

"I think it's reasonable that it will take way to long to search that office or get into his computer. I think it's more reasonable and safe for us just to quickly tour and record what we can, then bug out, okay? Shireen? We can't split up, it might be too dangerous."

Shireen wanted to argue the point but she did have to admit that time was an issue.

She wanted to avenge her family, not blow her own self up.
The jars were a mistake to look at and both averted their eyes, Dany allowing her hand to record without her seeing it.

"I almost threw up or screamed, I can't believe...how could anyone.."

"Oh, shut up. I can't take anymore of it. I mean it, Dany. Record if you want but stop commenting. What if someone is up here and hears you?"

The blond woman sniffed with insult but stayed quiet, going past Shireen as if to ignore her existence.

Shireen rolled her eyes wondering how she was acting with more maturity?

Suddenly, the woman stopped dead and Shireen halted, trying to peek over the panting woman's shoulder.

There sat Walda Bolton, calmly singing a soft lullaby and rocking in a lovely mother's rocking chair.

And she was nursing a baby.

Her voice was hollow and her eyes were emotionless yet every movement was correct.

Even though both were still encased in shadow, Walda slowly turned her head to stare with dead eyes and slack face.

"Are you here to hurt or take my baby?"

Shireen called out in a shaking but calm voice.

"No, Mrs. Bolton. Not at all, we are very sorry to have disturbed you and your baby. We are just passing through."

Nodding, Walda turned to look down at the baby, bright black eyes reflecting the silent sucking child in those orbs.

"This child is all I have left now. I would kill for him if I had to. Go past but please be very quiet, I don't like to make him get fussy."

Nodding, Shireen shoved at Dany to get moving and they moved as silent and fast as they could past the woman.

They nearly ran out of the room, for once glad to be back in a gloomy hallways with too many doors.

A slight rustling slithery sound caught their attention and they stood warily in front of a door that wasn't locked.
No, it was left a bit open as if whatever was in there was allowed out or couldn't get out due to restraint perhaps.

Taking a deep breath, Dany pushed the door open, holding her recording phone in front of her as if it would be a shield from any dangers.

The rotting meat smell hit their noses and gag reflexes hard, mixed with the scents of shit, piss, vomit and blood.

Both gagged and coughed, leaning out for air, but once their eyes adjusted they were lost in worse horror then their offended nostrils.

A pitiful squeal rose at the sudden light and unfamiliar faces and the creature, no, a person, scuttled madly like a cockroach.

Dany vomited and her phone recorded that along with a lovely side view of the man with an exposed brain, pulsing pink and gray matter.

He was the thinnest person that either of them has ever seen, it was a flesh colored skeleton with rusted chains on his ankles keeping him from running.

The man opened his mouth to yell and they observed that he had no teeth, no tongue and it wasn't hard to notice he only had one eye.

One arm was halfway gone, fingers, toes and the scars on the naked body indicated several surgeries.

Dany backed up then bolted, Shireen hated to leave the man like this but she couldn't get separated!

"There are prisoners here, Shireen! Oh god, these rooms are probably cells and we can't blow up these innocent people! We need to find all of them then release them as quickly as we can, okay? Hurry!"

Shireen hissed but understood that they had to at least try if there were survivors up here though she doubted that tortured man would live much longer.

They started to push the next few doors open, hoping to find prisoners in better conditions and easier to release.

Dany stood there, so silent and frozen when one of the doors swung fully open.

She backed away and Shireen turned to see what was there.

Her eyes went as wide as they ever have and tears spilled as she whispered,

"Daddy? Daddy?"

The shadowy man came forth from the room and one of the few lights lit upon him allowing the teenage girl a good long look.
Stannis looked at his daughter and tried to smile but his lips twisted still unable to figure out facial expressions.

The eyes were as blank as Walda's but seemed to be trying to recall her, recall something and his steps were staggered as he came forth.

Shireen moaned and felt hot urine squirt down her leg when her father's head gave a tiny creaking sound then sagged in an angle that only a contortionist could pull off.

For a moment, Stannis seemed to be considering the back heel of his right shoe.

Dany was already halfway down the hall in pure flight.

Her recording continued but she had no more comments to make and she had no urge to open anymore doors, just find an exit.

A door opened ahead of Dany and a man stepped out, causing her to skid to a stop.

The recorder caught Jorah's deep neck stitching but it was too deep and wide, how could he have survived it?

Eyes like marbles bore into Dany and the man's shoulders jerked then he gave a twitch of his lips.

It was a voice of someone Dany had known and it wasn't.


Dany screamed as Jorah started to stretch out his arms and yell, storming towards her.

She tried to run but Shireen and Stannis were up ahead in the way in their own battle.

Wailing with horror, she felt a cold hand grab her hair and yank her into a freezing embrace that stunk of batteries and formaldehyde.

Jorah's voice calmed when he felt Dany's squirming body within his grasp.

He cooed to her, sounding much like Walda to her baby.

Dany found herself being dragged into a dark room that Jorah had come out of.

He didn't pause to shut the door, his strong, cold, too painful arms pressed her into him, into the
dark room.

She fought as hard as she could and Jorah didn't even seem to notice or care in the least.

Cold lips ground upon hers and she was lowered to the ground, the cold man on top of her.

Screaming over his emotionless declarations of love, Dany twisted, scratched, spit and even bit into the wreck upon his neck.

Jorah did react to that, he slapped one hand over her mouth, shushing her as if she were a frightened little girl.

Like he used to when he took care of her years ago, except he had real eyes then and he wasn't doing these terrible things to her.

Even as Jorah began to enter her, so hard and cold and waiting so long, Dany was shaking her head as if to deny this.

It was not the same man she knew, that taught her how to have a real snowball fight, that protected her.

Stannis managed to move his head with a terrible creaking to look at Shireen.


His voice was just a croak, a dry rusty sound that seemed to be stuck in a recorded script or remembered one.

Shireen was barely holding her phone, arms dangling, just staring at this dead father that was trying to apologize.

"I forgive you. I do. And I am glad that you felt sorry for what you did."

He began to shamable forward, arms open for an embrace and Shireen dropped her cell phone to dig for the gun.

She pointed and blinked tears away as she grimly informed Stannis of her intentions.

"You are not my father. At least not anymore. If you come any closer, I'm going to kill you. I will shoot you in the head, hear me?"

Stannis kept apologizing and moving towards her and Shireen could hear Dany screaming down the hall.

Cursing, Shireen aimed and fired, hitting the man in the shoulder.
She fumbled with the damned gun, her hands buzzing numbly now and fired again.

This time Shireen's father stayed down and she ran to help assist Dany however she could.

Jorah moaned and shushed and told Dany he loved her forever.

He kept moving, it wasn't that he was rough, he was cold and relentless and never seeming to feel what he needed to achieve his orgasm.

Instead, Dany shoved at him and he just kept pushing into her and breathing heavier, then his hand covered her mouth again.

It also covered her nose as his blank eyes stared down at her.

Dany started to panic, to strangle and this make Jorah only continue to reassure in his grave steady voice that he would be with her forever now.

Even after the woman was limp, her eyes pinkish, staring into nothing, Jorah cooed and pumped, acting out the one fantasy that never, ever left his mind.

Shireen heard one last muffled scream and that was it.

Which room? Some had open doors, others did not.

Almost tiptoeing, Shireen began to point her gun and use her foot to nudge doors open.

Two rooms that appeared full of humming things but not humans so she moved onward.

Time was also a concern, it was running out and they had to get out soon.

Shireen couldn't abandon Dany, she just couldn't and went to the next room.

The door was already mostly open and Shireen peered in, pointing her gun.

She saw a man with a horrible neck wound raping Dany.

Only after she shot the man in the head at close range, did Dany see that it was too late.

Dany was dead and Shireen had no time to mourn her, she turned to run and get the fuck out of this deranged place.

She ran past her dead father and nearly leaped through the room that contained Walda and the baby.

As her sneakers thudded down and squeaked, the baby gave a twitchy movement, released Walda's
nipple and gave a small cry.

Chills flew down Shireen's spine, even the baby had those dead eyes and the cry just seemed wrong.

Walda looked sternly at Shireen and her voice was so frozen, so inhuman, yet like any protective mother.

"You woke the baby and now he will fuss."

Shireen started to skirt past the woman and muttered heartfelt apologies for it.

The black eyes tracked her then in an abrupt movement, the heavy set woman stood up, arms slack.

Shireen yelled in reaction when the baby simply rolled off the woman and landed hard onto the floor.

It gave another cry but then merely gave small distress sounds that were flat.

Walda stepped over the baby and reached for the girl.

"That is what always happens. The baby fusses, so I fuss and the baby gets hurt or dies. Every time. And it's your fault, you made him fuss after you promised not to!"

The chubby too pale baby watched without emotion or understanding as the room began to splash in crimson puddles.

When some of the gore splattered across the infant, it gave another irritation cry then sucked it's thumb, liking the extra copper taste to the red stained little bit of flesh.

Walda finished with the noisy intruder then picked up her baby.

The gore covered woman sat back down and flicked an eyeball off her chest as the infant calmly sucked on her nipple.
Just Follow The Plan

Not one of them thought to use an elevator, no, they went straight for the doorway to the stairs then skidded to a halt.

Theon's eyes went wide with horror and he hollered out,

"Wait! We don't have Ramsay, we don't have Meryn! We are missing chickens, we can't leave them!"

Loras screeched in rage and slammed his fists into Theon driving him against the door.

"We don't have time for this shit! He is an abusive killer who fucked you up and tortured you for fun, not for love! Meryn is just a fucking pervert and is controlled to attack anyone who hurts Qyburn! That means he could stop Lollys, stop OUR FUCKING ESCAPE, UNDERSTAND THAT?"

Sansa pressed her lips together then shook her head firmly.

"Loras is right, Theon. We just can't risk it if we really want to get away this time. Let's go. Open the door and let's go now!"

Theon ripped himself away from Loras and backed up, staring at them in disgust.

"Ramsay and Unella and Meryn can't help what they are. They were made that way even before Qyburn got them. You know that it's not something they choose, right? Fuck you, judgmental pricks, all of you. Fuck off, I'll go help them myself."

Vic took a step forward and Tyrion started to speak but Theon ran off towards the hidden roof ladder down the longer hallway.

"Fuck! We need to hurry before he let's those two back inside! Or manages to get Gregor to be bothered to come after us. Any of them can have commands to kill us or stop Lollys from killing Qyburn or blowing this place to hell!"

Even Tyrion had to agree with Loras as they started to head down the stairwell but Vic didn't go with them.

"I'm sorry, I have to go help my nephew or knock him out to take him out of here. Get out safely, nice to have known you, Tyrion. I enjoyed playing chess with you."

Ramsay and Meryn were laying down, staring up at the twinkling stars, giggling.

They had spun, danced, leaped and paced, full of songs, ideas, stories and plans.

Now they are mellowed out, just chilling, baby and it was peaceful, they were full of peace and
love and the cold moon's secrets.

Theon suddenly appeared, his silly bobbing head, eyes wide with fear and that made the two of them smile in a goofy way.

"Hey, Ramsay. Can...can you come downstairs so I can talk to you for a second? You can come back up to hang with Meryn afterwards, okay?"

Wringing his hands, Theon hoped this would work.

He did not spurn his uncle's assistance, instead they created a very hasty idea that might work.

First Theon needed to get Ramsay down and out of the hallway, he knew Ramsay would be all about escaping.

They could then call Meryn down and Vic would knock him out cold.

Once they were outside and Meryn woke up elsewhere, he will be neutralized surely.

"Aww, honey. Did...did you come to make up with me, puppy? Do you remember how much you love me, sweet pet?"

Theon had trouble with his expression and voice only for a split second then it smoothed out.

"Yes, yes, Ramsay. Please? Come talk to me for a second? Please? I want to talk in private, just for a moment."

With a loving sigh, Ramsay stretched and whacked lightly at Meryn.

"Be right back. My Reek wants to apologize in private. Keep thinking on that screen play. I will probably get a few new ideas myself."

Meryn grunted and nodded, but his eyes never moved from the moon, his body was tenser than before.

Sansa and Loras skidded to a stop next to Polliver who was calmly smoking and staring at the sky, waiting.

"Count to fifty then we run."

Polliver nodded at Sansa's panted words and pointed towards a case of water.

"Everyone better drink up now, once we start to run, we don't stop until we can't run anymore, got it? I am here to run for my life not to save any chickens. You drop, you drop, baby."
Qyburn merely gave a grunt when Lollys pulled the trigger over and over again.

Except Lollys couldn't actually get her finger to complete the vision in her head.

"Oh dear. Looks like your game is ending, Lollys. And here is your little cousin, Robin to join us, how nice."

Swinging her head around, she stared at Robin and snarled.

"What are you doing in here? I told you to push the button when you saw the right numbers on your watch then to run outside! Why are you here?"

Robin gave a bright silly smile and rolled his eyes as he sighed at Lollys.

"You are silly, Lollys. I was so bored watching those buttons and numbers then that doctor came into my head! He always does in my dreams and I usually mess up. Or can't do the great ideas because it would make daddy mad. Mommy and Daddy hates it when I talk about the doctor in my head, that is why I have to live at that special school. But the doctor is my head is louder here and here he is! He told me I could just pull apart the bombs and come see him! Here he is!"

Robin pointed at Qyburn who gave him his best grandfatherly smile.

Meera and Sandor entered the lab from the entrance the employees and patients use.

The lights were gloomy but enough for them to peer around the strange shadows for danger.

Surgery and examination rooms that were empty, a storage area had lumps under bloody sheets.

They stumbled upon the room full of jars and hastily went through it.

"We checked everywhere else but this lab and Bran says only the orderly and some of the patients have come out. One went back in and never came back out. The rest all took off like their asses were on fire, but they were there long enough for Bran to get a good look at who left. Shireen and Dany have to be up here, there isn't anywhere else but the basement after this. Where Robin is and why wouldn't they or he have reported that by now? Haven't heard from him yet, come to think of it. Shit."

Meera was already trying to contact the boy on his walkie talkie before Sandor finished snarling.

"No answer. Three missing now."

"Fuck! Fuck! Okay...let's finish searching up here, see if the morons wandered this way."

Pausing, Meera looked back towards the storage and muttered,

"The bloody sheets, you don't think we should maybe look?"
Sandor sighed and his fists clenched.

"Yes. Of course we should and should have when we saw them. But I don't want to. I am almost sure we won't like whatever we see. So let's go give ourselves some more fucking nightmares this way instead."

"That makes no sense, Sandor."

The giant man turned to look at Meera and the look in his eyes hit her in the chest, leaving her breathless.

It was the look of a man who has figured out he was in a maze, a rat and there was no real way out.

"Go on then, if you want to look, go ahead. I don't want to look at it. I'm going to pretend that we have a chance because it's that or just sit down. I hate to sit and wait, too boring. So go take a look, drive yourself into a frenzy and see if it gets you anywhere. You never know, getting away from me, it might even be a good idea. I have a feeling the doctor can use us against each other. So really, go. Now."

Meera spun around and took off without another word, tears burning in her eyes.

She ran before the sheets, moved them with her foot only enough to identify them.

Dany's limp hand wore the same rings she always wore and though the other one was mostly ruined meat there was some hair.

A small clump of braid that Meera had done herself for Shireen that morning.

She couldn't help stopping to throw up a minute later.

Her composure was gone, it was too much and when a skeletal hand wrapped around her ankle, Meera broke.

With a mighty holler, Meera emptied her gun into the skeleton that tried to drag himself to her.

A jerk back and the brittle wrist broke, the twitching bony hand released her.

Leaving the exploded but mostly bloodless creature to peaceful death, Meera ran further into a nightmare of life.

Meera could only produce harsh hiccuping sounds at the sudden room around her.

Walda put her gore dried finger to her lips and made a hushing sound.

Meera was frozen in shock, watching as Walda put the bloody baby into it's incubator.
Looking about the nursery, Meera tried to get her functions going, telling herself to run back where she has come from.

Walda walked over but with a icy calm demeanor, her hands clasped before her.

"I must insist on speaking and moving very calmly and quietly so we don't make the babies fuss. My name is Walda and I care for all of them. Are you here for a tour of the nursery?"

Sandor decided he had enough, this wasn't useful at all.

He left the lab, no longer hearing the girl's panicked rush.

There was a twinge of guilt for leaving her to whatever fate might be up there.

On the other hand, he meant what he said.

If the other three were already captured or dead, what is to say that they weren't made to turn on themselves.

After so much time with Beric and the others, Sandor knew anything was possible.

He also had a terrible feeling that this whole thing was a trap from the start.

It was too late to change it now, but Sandor could at least do one thing before the trap falls permanently shut on him.

With a sense of urgency and a welling emotion of revenge upon him, Sandor searched for his siblings.

Theon held Ramsay's face once the man jumped off the ladder and whispered urgently.

"Lollys came back, freed us all. We need to leave, to run away right now and not look back. Hurry, hurry, Vic is going to get Meryn. We are running in teams, separate directions, okay? Harder to find us that way. Please, run with me now? Hurry, say nothing, run and I'm yours forever."

That was enough for the hunter and he easily complied, calling up to Meryn.

"Hey, man. Come down here, we are missing one fuck of a party! Hurry, you have to see this!"

Then Ramsay grabbed his pet's wrist and they ran as if monsters were on their backs, trying to eat them alive.

Theon almost ran someone over but when he tried to yell something, Ramsay dragged him out the door, not caring.

It didn't matter to the person, they just kept heading the way that Theon and Ramsay just ran from.
Vic waited patiently while Meryn started to come down the ladder.
He held a weighted sock in his hand to knock the man out as soon as his head appeared.
Except Meryn giggled and fell with a crash instead.
"Oh shit...guess I'm more fucked up than I thought. Shit, think I should go to bed, to sleep. Can you help me out, man?"

With a sigh of relief, Vic went forward, thinking to just sling the half unconscious man over his shoulder and leave with him.
As he hovered over Meyrn, trying to get a good grip, the man came up, foaming and snarling.
He shoved a sharp piece of wood into Vic's shoulder as hard as he could.
Biting off a shriek at the pain, Vic was suddenly pulled back by his jacket just as Meryn had aimed another piece at his chest.

Vic ignored the pain and the yanking hands to swing up the sock with all his lasting strength.
He tried to knock Meryn's head off his shoulders, tried to knock the man into the next universe.
Meryn took the hit on the head but he wasn't out.
Staggering into the walls, trying to understand the world and perhaps remember what year it was but not out.

Spinning around Vic saw Tyrion and shook his head.
"You were leaving! Why are you here?"
"For you, jackass! Haven't had a proper friend in some time. And look at you getting staked like a damned vampire as soon as you leave my sight. Clearly you need my protection, so let's go before Meryn finds out he is attacking a wall and not us. You are going to have to run with that stake in your shoulder, sorry. I hope you don't turn to dust when the sun comes up, Vic."
Swearing and cursing Tyrion to different levels of hell, Vic scooped the smaller man up.
Ignoring the indignant squawking of the angry friend, Vic ran for the exit stairs the best he could.

Meera was calm, icy cold and she had no idea why she was letting this woman with dead eyes lead her around.
They were leaning over one of the incubator and Meera gasped at the baby's black eyes.
"It is a side effect, the eyes are given color later by the good doctor. He gives them the best eyes of their original parents. They really have no parents though, poor things. They have cells, flesh and
As if in strict confidence, the large flat face with moon gone eyes came in closer to Meera.

"They have always been my children, my babies to care for. I tried to have my own and it failed, even though Qyburn never faulted me for it. Defective genes. But he always had me as their nanny, I even get to breast feed them! But...once I lost my temper and...the little robin bird wasn't right after I shook him and shook him. That nasty Petyr was so mad he took the little Robin away and told the doctor he couldn't play with him anymore since he was broken. Qyburn took me away from the babies, made me leave and even marry a stranger much older than me, in a house of killers. But that wasn't too bad, I loved Roose, I did but he didn't love me. But Roose was kind to me even if his stepson was a monster. I was only there so Qyburn could have that family, I knew that. Now the doctor has forgiven and corrected me and here I am back with my babies. My temper is much better now. I do miss my Roose but I love the babies so much more."

Meera looked away to see the baby calmly just staring at her and she narrowed her eyes.

It was larger and stronger looking than the others and it seemed to have a hyper awareness as it tracked them.

"Who...do you know who the parents are? Do the mothers know about the babies to even visit them?"

Walda moved back as if struck and looked insulted but kept her voice quiet even in it's hiss.

"It wouldn't matter, none of them would be good mothers. That golden, terrible rich woman was an awful mother to those other kids she kept! Cersei was so lucky to have children outside, to love and raise and her boys died! In the worst of ways! Why should she be allowed to ruin more of them? This one, this baby has no claim to the Lannisters, luckily. This one shall be a very large big boy. He has that brutal Clegane in him, he is always staring, tracking us. Qyburn does hide his existence from Unella and Gregor. If Unella knew she or her brother had any part in this baby, that woman would kill it. I am glad that these babies don't come from the actual mother's womb. If that were the case, this baby would have frozen to death just by Unella's own will."

"The babies...they aren't born from the mother. Like test tube babies?"

Walda nodded and started to move away, checking on each of the babies.

"Yes, kind of like that, I guess. Qyburn did try the old fashioned way. He tried it himself a few times but it didn't work out. He added his own genes a different way once he figured things out. The old fashioned way didn't work well. That is how he ended up with Lollys and look at her! Petyr got drunk and ended up with the wrong sister, a command wasn't stronger than drink and lust. Then Petyr turned out to be an awful father and the doctor didn't even allow Lollys to meet her crazy mother. Qyburn never let that type of mistake happen again. So he learned to just use the best of us all and I will always have babies to care for. See?"
Sansa ran, she heard only ragged breaths, her heartbeat and the pounding of feet on pavement.

They all ran, Polliver was in the lead, Loras behind him, Sansa behind him.

Two blocks, veering now away from the streets, heading across the railroad tracks and tall grass gave them razor thin cuts that bleed harder as they ran.

The memories hit them all so hard that in unison, they staggered to the ground.

Loras began to rip at his lovely hair and scream in grief even as he forced himself to keep moving.

"I killed my sister. I gave away my fortune, betrayed my family over and over for years."

More memories flooded in and Loras groaned then forced himself to his feet.

"He used me. Not just to kill or to destroy my family and give him my money. He used me like he did Lollys, like a whore. I was used to lure others because I was pretty...males, females. I lured them to their deaths to get them out of the way or I fucked them to learn secrets for Qyburn. Just like Lollys did."

His face hardened and Loras began to run again, faster and more determined then ever.

Polliver clenched his bald head and fought the images, the memories.

Crawling, then he stood and walked, then started to jog forward then he ran, right next to Loras.

Loras gave a small laugh and Polliver glared at him.

"You are crying, what did you do that makes you cry like that?"

"Shut the fuck up and run, chicken."

Polliver ran and allowed the memory to run it's course.

The last time he ran, he is remembering it now, as he runs next to this fancy boy.

He was a chicken himself the last time he ran and it was with a girl with purple hair.

They had held hands and laughed, thinking they had figured out a way to leave.

Her name was Lollys and they weren't in love, no, but they were good friends.

Polliver and Lollys were preteens and it was while both ended up in the same youth detention center.

Lollys had been picked up for soliciting and drugs, Polliver was there for robbery and assault upon a shop keeper.
The purple headed punk was nervous and bitching that her father would bring hell upon her head when he came to release her.

Polliver didn't think his foster family would come for him and expected to be there for some time. The two ruled the dorms, the cafeteria and drove the therapists up a wall along with the guards. It was a great time for a while but then Petyr came for Lollys and he watched the girl seem to shrink in terror.

A old man came with the father and he surprised Polliver by saying he was being transferred to his clinic.

Even then, with a terrifying giant that loved to throw the patients around and a formidable nurse as cold as ice, Polliver was fine. It was still better than the streets he was taken from, it was three meals, a room of his own and shelter.

Polliver and Lollys ruled the clinic along with Bronn and Raff.

They made plans, Lollys was the one who drove them forward to try it. And all of them ran, laughing, they stole a car, they spent money they stole from Gregor and Unella. Bronn was old enough to get them what they needed, the three kids waiting in the shadows as needed.

They went to the beach, they went to the city and spent a night, drinking and drugging, partying in a hotel. A very expensive hotel with every type of drug or drink they could afford, the teens went crazy to consume all that they could. Bronn fucked Lollys in front of them then offered her to the boys.

She warned them that they couldn't handle her and they attacked. But they all were laughing, even Lollys. It was a blur after that until they all found themselves holding aching heads.

In the car, in the parking lot of the clinic.
Qyburn, Gregor and that other shitty orderly, Meryn, all glaring at them.

Polliver shook off the memories and the tears, running next to Loras.

Both men pretended not to notice Sansa was gone.
Falling To Hell As A Group

Gregor barely made it towards the workshops before Unella woke up.
She announced her awakening by lunging up from over his shoulder to bite his ear off.
He roared as those sharp teeth tore through meat and cartilage.

Tossing her, Gregor watched Unella fall down the stairs and yet he was confident she wasn't dead.
She would never be fucking dead.
Broken and repaired but he just cannot kill this horrible, evil, unjust sister of his.
Unella groaned as if to confirm this and started to crawl to the bottom level and find a weapon, a shadow.

"Why bother? If our memories are returning, you know I always win."
"If you remember correctly, you never win because I always return. I always come back and I always see you for who and what you are. And don't you think I want to kill you as badly as you wish to kill me? Difference is, unlike you and our disgusting parents, I don't want to torture or rape you, Gregor. I just want to end you like I did them."
Gregor started coming faster down the stairs as he screamed at her, foam nearly coming from his mouth.
Everyone but Qyburn would have been startled to see this much emotion upon Gregor's face.

"YOU HAD NO RIGHT, HOW DARE YOU DECIDE TO JUDGE AND EXECUTE OUR FAMILY, OUR PARENTS? YOU WERE DEFIANT AND ARROGANT AND BLIND FROM THE DAY YOU WERE FUCKING BORN! YOU NEVER OBEYED, THOSE FUCKING EYES ALWAYS CONDEMNING US, ALL OF US."
"Father, Mother and you all did terrible things. To me. Worse things to many others, true...but still, to me as well. What should I have done, Gregor? Cowered, beg them and you for more abuse? End up digging graves and sobbing along with Sandor? At least I saved him. The one time he dared to try out your sick little orders to him about my puppies? Oh, I made him tell me later, you wanted to kill the only things I had left! I was trying to learn to love them and not hurt them...it was so hard to resist my impulses but I had been winning! Then Sandor took them and did all the things I had saved them from because of you! That scar on his face protected him in the end, didn't it? That seemed to almost burn out the Clegane crazy maybe...I wish I could have set you on fire."
Gregor couldn't take anymore, he was flying into the shadows after his sister.
Surely he was able to resist Qyburn with this pure burning rage of remembrance to rip Unella apart beyond repair this time.
Sandor almost squashed Tyrion as he and Vic came bursting out of the landing door.

The large man only had entered the stairwell to be able to know where his sister and brother were.

Screams of anger, pain and mentions of his very own scars, led Sandor down the staircases, silent and fast as he can manage.

Then the door burst open and Sandor leaped, almost landing on the little man that seemed to throw himself onto the floor.

Paying no mind to Sandor at all, Vic came out, picked up Tyrion, dusted him off and hoisted him again.

Tyrion's legs kicked as Vic lectured that he wouldn't fall if he didn't squirm so damned much.

Sandor just stood and watched as the ancient mariner raced down towards the outer exits with a dwarf tucked under his arm.

Snorting and giving a shake of his head, Sandor continued to follow what sounds like a battle two floors down.

Ramsay was hot wiring a car in the parking lot nearby while Theon leaped around like a deranged praying mantis.

"You are driving me crazy! Why can't we just run like the others or at least find a car further away? Please, Ramsay come on! Either fix the fucking thing fast or let's run now!"

With narrowed eyes, Ramsay got the engine to purr and waited until Theon got into the passenger side before he pounced.

Theon's eyes bugged out when the seat belt began to strangle him, the edges cutting deeply into his flesh.

"Who the fuck do you think you are talking to? Did you forget who you were? If we manage to escape, I am going to make sure that you are only Reek, my Reek."

The back door of the car ripped open and Tyrion was thrown in.

Then Vic began to awkwardly fill the rest of the back seat.

Ramsay released the belt, allowing Theon to breathe.

With a snarl, Ramsay began to shoo at the backseat.

"No, no! Get out, go away! Fend for yourselves, this is our getaway!"
"Shut up and drive, Ramsay. The quicker you get us all away, the sooner we all see it's true, then the sooner we shall part ways with you."

Cursing, Ramsay told his pet to put the seatbelt on and he stepped on the gas pedal.

Sansa had seen the men drop, she saw them get back up and leave her behind.

She saw it and didn't care, it didn't matter because it was all a ghost world in her head now.

It all came at the same time, not in separate flashes but all at the same dizzying moment as if her entire life was shown in jagged broken glass panels.

Too many things, so many things, it hurt, it was freezing and hot and just too much and she wished her head would explode.

Of a bed too large for her that smelled of Petyr, pillows with his gray and black hairs next to her eyes.

The sting and smell of antiseptic and the pain of-
Entry that made the little girl cry and Petyr would-
Smile from above her and that kind smile with-
Icy eyes that were full of such terrible lust and-
It always hurt, she was always helpless in-
Pain that made it sweeter for Qyburn-
For Petyr as he rutted into her-
Above her and yet also inside her, saying it will only hurt for a-
Bit longer, Petyr would say but he was truly relentless-
Without mercy, Qyburn would not stop the pain, Sansa's legs-
Ripped so far apart as Petyr heaved and-
Unella would wipe the sweat off Qyburn's face as he extracted-
Petyr would trigger Sansa and hating, sickened, Sansa would join him as he-
Qyburn would get so tense and finally Unella would give a moue of her lips and patted the napkin on the sick doctor's-
Sansa would be taken by shame and pleasure even through her pain and Petyr would tell her-
You are a sweet girl and have done well for me and Qyburn would smile at her.
The vomit and bile poured out of Sansa as if trying to purge from the terrible things in her head.
She shuddered and staggered about nearly blinded with disgust and horror for a moment.
Sansa grabbed a tree and started to hit her head on it lightly, then a bit harder.

Another memory of being encased in a fuzzy huge blue bathrobe, naked underneath.
Sansa remembers it was just days after Petyr gave her a birthday cake with a large six stuck in the frosting.
Her hair and body were still damp from a bath in Petyr's tub for the fifth time that day.
Petyr likes to wash her and he likes to make her dirty so he can wash her more.

Sansa was clutching a mug of hot chocolate and resting while Petyr was disciplining his daughter.
At least that is what Petyr would call it when he would make Lollys suck him while he beat her with a belt.
She seems to anger him at least twice a week as far as Sansa can tell.
Most of the time, it was just Sansa and Petyr, only sometimes he went out and dragged his daughter back to take her punishments.

Sansa was careful with the mug but when Petyr's door exploded inward, the mug dropped, staining Petyr's robe with chocolate.
Normally, an offense like that would earn Sansa a bare ass paddling from Petyr that would end in front of the bad girl mirror.
However, Petyr didn't notice yet, he was too busy dropping a sobbing Lollys and turning to see what was happening.

Sansa had screamed when she saw the giant and the doctor.
Following Lollys, the two hid under the couch, clutching each other, both knew to fear the doctor way more than even Petyr.
They listened as Qyburn raged and pouted at Petyr for ruining the games.

Qyburn sounded angry that Petyr stole Sansa away from her family and kidnapped her.
He said that he was sick of cleaning up his messes all the time.
Petyr, that disgusting man, he screamed and sobbed but did nothing when Gregor grabbed the screaming naked girls and dragged them away.

Qyburn had smiled at the little girl and Lollys stuck her tongue out at him.

Even then, as the doctor had Gregor break one of her fingers, Qyburn looked amused with Lollys, pinching her cheek as she screeched in pain.

He assured Sansa that as long as she was always a good girl, nothing bad would happen.

Sansa threw up again in the present, just at the bald faced lie the doctor had told her and she had believed.

Sandor followed the smears of blood into the workshop, full of bloody feathers and cloth. He saw Gregor with bloody fists, blood on his teeth and one of his ears was gone, an eye nearly removed as well.

Underneath his massive brother, was his sister, bloody, broken and still spitting blood and curses up at Gregor.

With a sigh, he aimed his rifle and prepared to try and end his siblings before it might be too late.

Gregor seemed to notice a presence at the last second, flattening against Unella, the bullet only grazing the top of his head.

The giant looked at Sandor and growled. "See? Always something to stop us, Unella. I think it's the first time it's been stopped by Sandor though. Do you think that means I can get away with killing him and maiming you? What a fun thought, let's find out, shall we, bitch?"

Unella screamed for Sandor to kill Gregor or just run out of there but then Gregor's foot slamming on her chest ended her words. "Shut up or I swear I'm going to crush your jaw with my shoe."

Unella was wise enough to keep silent and Gregor started to walk towards Sandor who has reloaded. "Go on, shoot me. Kill me and kill her but get it right on the first shot or I'm coming for you. I'm going to set you on fire. Just like our loving sister wants to do to me. I'm going to set you on fire and make her watch. Then I'm going to toss her into the fire, once you've stopped screaming. I wonder if Qyburn can fix her after that."

Sandor aimed and snarled, trying to force himself to not freak out.
Snarling, Lollys stopped trying to fire at the doctor and instead tried to knock him out with her gun. To her surprise, Lollys felt amazing pain in her jaw and both Raff and Robin laughed.

"Why are you hitting yourself, Lollys?"

It would have sounded bad enough in Robin's voice but the little kid comment sounded worse coming from Qyburn.

Who then giggled which prompted terrified silence from the others.

"Silly Lollys. I am always impressed at the lengths and ways you go to disobey only to end up obeying me. Just in your own fun but messy ways. I am irritated at the amount of mess you made this time, dear. Truly, I am. If you hadn't managed to obey my every order one way or another, I wouldn't have let you have the gift of killing your father. But you did obey. You killed or brought to me every single member of that defiance group. You located and brought home little Robin, even managed to root out that Targaryen girl I have wanted to nab for so many years. It is interesting how things were going this time."

Lollys sat on the floor, holding her swollen jaw and crying in a dazed way.

Qyburn gave her a sympathetic look and patted her head fondly, making her shudder.

"Don't cry, don't worry so much, dear. You did well actually. I plan on rewarding you further instead of punishing you. Perhaps you were just becoming bored, too long as a chicken when we all know you are a hawk. I think it's time for an out patient program for you, after all."

Polliver and Loras ran then cursed as Ramsay nearly mowed them down on their way by on the road.

Sansa rode by a bit later on a bicycle and the aching men cursed at her as well.

A few minutes later, Loras started to laugh and sob, pointing ahead.

Polliver started to laugh too and both fell to their knees in utter hysterics.

The red car was crashed into some fencing, a bicycle was smashed against it.

Sansa was staggering back onto the road, dragging her broken leg then she saw it and started to screech.

It sounded a lot like the laughing hyenas kneeling nearby.
Ramsay dragged himself and his pet from the car.

They started to scream too.

Vic just stared ahead as his friend noticed as well and he knew he would never tell anyone what happened next.

He would never tell anyone about how Tyrion pissed himself when he looked up and saw the facility parking lot.

Sandor took aim and just as he took the shot, something awful, gibbering and foaming, ripped into his meaty thigh with sharp teeth.

It took a moment to register two things.

First, was it was actually a man and not a rabid dog as Sandor had thought.

Second was that Gregor was hit only in his shoulder and that wasn't enough to stop the mountain coming to crush him.

Except that Unella suddenly slid like a snake, leaving a trail of blood and sweat behind her then wrapped around the trunk leg.

Like Meryn, the woman used the teeth left in her head to bite but her aim was much higher.

For a brief moment, it seemed like the woman was twisting around Gregor's leg to give him the most enthusiastic blow job of his life.

Gregor had no choice but to abandon his charge for Sandor in favor of saving himself from castration.

Unella had her teeth just there, barely digging in but ready to and her eyes clashed into Gregor's with warning.

"Little sister, I swear if you dare it, I'll rip your entire jaw off."

It was just enough time for Sandor to beat Meryn's head until the disgusting thing fell off of him.

He tried to move and bring up the rifle against them all.

Meryn charged and Sandor blew his head into an abstract art work against the wall.

Unella knew that Gregor would rip her jaw off if she bit down, he wasn't bluffing.

She knew her brother better than anyone else after all these years and she can recall everything.

It was a good thing that Unella had released him because the gunshot made her jump.
Gregor grabbed Unella by her hair and shook her until her teeth rattled.

"Don't you ever pull a stunt like that again!"

He threw her to the ground and gave a hearty kick into her stomach that curled her up like a pill bug.

"Now fucking stay there! I'm done with you right now, I want to deal with our little brother before Qyburn pulls the plug on the game."

"I'm not part of your fucking games! I won't be! I'm not like you and her, he doesn't have my head like yours!"

Sandor was backing away instead of shooting and the grin on Gregor's face and the sudden gasp from Unella terrified him.

"Run, Sandor, run and try to leave as fast as you can! You are out of time, run!"

Gregor just chuckled and instead of threatening Unella he just taunted Sandor.

"Still as stupid as you were when we were kids. Just as gullible in the end too. Don't you see it yet? Huh? Qyburn doesn't have to have your mind to get you. No, he just had to get you inside his toy box. And here you are! Welcome home, bro, glad to have you back in the family business. Where are you running to? Okay, I'll just catch up with you later then."

Sandor ran as fast as he could for the exit he saw the others use and with a huge scream of victory, he burst out of it.

Then he skidded to a halt to see all the crying, laughing, hysterical escapees on the ground.

The crashed car and bike, the sweat covering Polliver and Loras told him how hard they all must have tried to get away.

Sandor heard the door creak open and closed his eyes as Gregor's gigantic arm wrapped around his throat and squeezed.

"Every chicken out here best get back inside. That includes Polliver, you traitorous stupid shit head. Get inside, now, move your asses. Go on, cry upstairs, laugh yourselves into comas but do it on the floor! Get up there, now!"

"Do you have to make me deaf with your fucking yelling and if you want to choke me out, use your damned arm, not your fucking breath, cunt."

Gregor tightened the hold obligingly.

"Drop the gun, Sandor. Good. Now turn around and let's head inside. Don't worry, it won't be that bad. I wonder though. Unella and I end up in the same cycle every time. I wonder what you'll add to that mix? Should be interesting. Qyburn's right in a way. If I had just killed you or our sister, the
fun just ends. This way, it's endless revenge on her. And what will I think of you next time I’m reset? What will the new and shiny Sandor think of the sister and brother he cannot remember but is drawn to?"

As they climbed the stairs, Ramsay held tightly onto Theon's wrist.

"No matter what, since Petyr is dead, you are mine now. No one left to interfere in our relationship, okay? Never let it happen again."

Dismally, Theon nodded and hated that Reek was already starting to sound like comfort compared to this whole thing.

"Yes, Master. I'm sorry for the way I acted before. I'm only yours. Forever."

Loras rolled his eyes and Tyrion groaned.

"I am starting to look forward to the mad doctor erasing my mind. I don't think I can take anymore new things anyway."

Tyrion shot an embarrassed look over at Vic, who's face was stoic as he was carrying Sansa.

"Which one of you fucking chickens pissed yourselves? I can frigging smell you!"

With a grin of malice, Loras turned to snipe at Polliver.

"You are a chicken now too, Polliver. So maybe you should check yourself for piss."

Polliver whacked Loras hard enough to knock him into the railing.

"Yeah, but I'm still gonna be the fucking biggest meanest motherfucker in the chicken coop. Just like I was before."
Meera bent over another baby and then smiled when the lovely delicate girl smiled back.

"She is my favorite too. I never touch her unless I am very, very calm and happy. She has never cried or fussed, always so cheerful. This one is our most recent of all. That red headed princess would ever be a good mother to this infant, but the genes are good. And that dwarf is lucky he has that wit and humor, his own family would have been horrified to see him breed."

Walda moved over to another child and Meera looked at the tightly swaddled male.

"I have little hope for this one, really. He was weeks before the girl but look how tiny he is. Cries all the time unless he is tightly wrapped and he cries so softly, it doesn't upset me. His fussing is just...sad. It makes me want to coo and sing to him, to be kind and I am. Qyburn made a bit of a mish mosh on this one. A bit of Stannis, a bit of Theon, a portion of Lollys and just a dab of Sansa. Are you going to faint? Should you sit down, if you fall the babies might fuss."

Meera was sure if the babies fussed, Walda will tear her apart like Shireen.

She shook her head then slowly sat on a stool nearby.

"I would never upset your babies, Walda. I can tell you do too good of a job with them for someone to come mess around in it. I really appreciate you letting me have a tour. You are clearly an excellent nurse of these infants."

Walda smiled and drew back her shoulders, some emotions dawning in those black eyes and it was as if she was coming to life.

"Thank you. Thank you for that. No one but Qyburn and Roose has ever complimented me for anything. You are the first person to truly notice how motherly and competent with the children I am!"

Meera nodded and her own smile was really a silent shriek.

Her adjustments to her eyes and ears still worked to her surprise and she heard Bran's voice.

"I got all of it, I have it. You are doing so well, Meera. As long as you can stay alive, I can see and hear everything. At least until Qyburn examines you but like I said, there is a good chance he won't be able to find anything in you. But you are smart, clever, you will live, okay? No matter what and I'll try my hardest to get you back again. Good girl. My best one."

She hated that cold cripple genius as much as she loved him and Meera thinks what fucked up things a person might do for love.

Qyburn smiled as the chicken came slumping in, staying as far from him as possible.
Sansa went straight over to the dead Petyr and resumed her kicking, not caring if he can feel it or not.

That seemed to cheer Lollys a bit and she crawled over only to be kicked away by Sansa.

"No! It's not fair! I wanted to kill him, I wanted to do it! Why did you get to do it?"

Lollys gagged and laughed, pointing at Sansa.

"You stupid privileged little fucking princess! Why? WHY? He was MY father, cunt! Mine! You think he was evil to you? Do you? What the FUCK do you think he did to me? Huh? It was MY right to kill him."

Gregor dragged Sandor to the edge of the next floor and he waited while the flock went into the door above them.

Then he smashed his brother into a wall and leaned over the stairwell.

"Unella! Let's go, dammit! Crawl if you don't feel like walking but move your ass."

"No. I am too injured and tired to bother. If Qyburn wants me, he can bring a stretcher for me."

Snarling, Gregor grabbed Sandor in the choke hold and headed down the stairs towards Unella.

The whole way down, Sandor was bothered less by the painful strangulation and dragging, he was too distracted by the yelling.

Gregor and Unella screamed threats, warnings and curses the whole time and Sandor couldn't imagine a life living between this.

"Strangle me and end it. Please, Gregor!"

"Oh shut the fuck up, you little pansy. Can't believe you are even a Clegane sometimes. I mean, Unella's the worst cunt that ever lived but at least she is strong and evil. What the hell are you?"

"I am not evil! You are the evil one, how can you always forget that? Why do you always twist it that way, Gregor?"

Sandor wanted to cry like a baby as he was thrown into a wall while Gregor stood face to face with Unella.

They screamed into each other's face while Sandor tried to inch away, hoping to commit suicide somehow.

Unella snarled something and reached up with her smashed hand to strike Gregor in the face.

She cried out but Gregor did wince and that is when Sandor was about to run when he saw it.

The light was just enough, the angle was just right and Sandor started to point and scream.
Gregor and Unella stared at Sandor, who shrieked then it registered.

With a chuckle, Gregor slammed a large hand over his little brother's mouth.

Unella came closer with an understanding but somehow sly smile and showed her hands once more to Sandor.

"You have to understand, little brother, Gregor and I tend to get very aggressive. The doctor has had to make extensive repairs on occasion. These hands are not that different. A little robotics, a little new kind of plastic and a good amount of live transfers. This hand served someone else once very well and this other one is still mostly mine, or was until Gregor here ruined it again."

Both siblings watched in numb silence as Sandor's eyes rolled up and he landed on the floor with a thud.

Gregor blinked.

"Did..did he just faint?"

Unella nodded and gave a small dignified moue with her thin bloody lips.

"Well, I guess we know that Sandor will never be nurse material."

Gregor snorted with disgust and muttered,

"I can't believe he is a Clegane."

Loras glared at Qyburn as the madman walked among his toys.

"You are a terrible, evil person! All those awful things I was made to do! I don't know who or what I am, you asshole! Why? Who knows what my life could have been!"

Qyburn leaned close and Loras cringed back even as he stared back defiantly.

"My young man, you would never have been as significant to anyone as as you are to me. This last time I was kind, letting another play the whore, giving you a break from being a spy as well. I guess the break irritated you too much. I shall keep that in mind."

Polliver stood with his arms crossed as Qyburn came to him next and shook an arthritic finger in the man's sullen face.

"Naughty of you! I thought you got out all your running during your teen years. I guess twenty three is the new age of rebellion for both you and Raff. He was tricked and taken down by Lollys. That is forgivable, easily. But what did you do? You really tricked me, I didn't think you would try to take off with the chickens. Very naughty. I think it's time for you to spend more time in the flock. Perhaps another few turns and I'll let you become out patient again."
"Suck my cock."

Polliver's smile was gentle but his eyes were pure wild caged animal.

Qyburn shook his head in disapproval but his eyes glinted merrily.

"Such a naughty boy."

Raff started to wander among the chickens to see if anyone needed his tender, floating care as a nurse.

Ramsay grabbed Theon and held him tightly as Qyburn came over to them.

"He's mine! Petyr is dead, Cersei is dead! No more deals and he is mine!"

"Calm yourself, dear boy. First of all, you are quite wrong. Theon is mine and you are mine also. So that works out well for you, doesn't it?"

Theon peered at Qyburn from under Ramsay's armpit and he spoke defeated.

"It won't matter, Master. Once Qyburn brings us to his lab, he can change us any way he wants. By tomorrow you may forget you ever knew me at all."

Ramsay snarled and nearly squeezed Theon to death.

"No! I won't try to run again! I can hunt for you or do whatever you want, but you can't have him! I worked so hard to get my Reek back!"

Qyburn gave a pitying look that was twisted up with amusement and he cooed at Ramsay.

"Oh silly boy! Is that your fear? Don't worry, Ramsay. You always loved games and the hunt, the creation of your own human pet. We are very much alike, don't you think? Here is a clue for you, sweet killer."

Leaning closer, Qyburn spoke in Ramsay's own voice and it bounced around the room, causing everyone to flinch.

"No matter how far you run, no matter where you go or who you think you are, I'll always find you. Mine, forever and always."

Ramsay staggered back and hugged Theon as if he were a teddy bear.

Tears fell from both of them and Ramsay whispered quickly to his pet.

"I will though, okay? No matter what, I won't forget you, don't you forget me, okay, I love you, you love me, we cannot forget!"

Theon suddenly glared up at the doctor and he roared.
"What are you? Why are you? I hate you! Hate you!"

"And there is that famous Greyjoy temper! Even next to your master, you can't stop that temper tantrum. Ahh, I love it."

Before Qyburn could approach, Ramsay shoved Theon behind him and a large man stood in the way.

"You will not touch my nephew to taunt him further. He is distressed enough. You play with him enough. Leave him alone until you decide to change his memories."

Qyburn stared up at Vic, delighted, that delight grew when Tyrion stepped up next to Vic.

"You have no need to be cruel to us like this. You won, we lost. It's rude to rub our noses in it."

"You are right, Tyrion. I guess, it's just that I find it all so interesting. To tell the truth, it's fun."

Qyburn opened his mouth to distress them further when he caught sight of Gregor.

He clapped as he watched Gregor carry a dazed Sandor, Unella walking just behind them.

Gregor dumped Sandor on the floor, letting the groaning man curl up there.

Unella kept walking until she stood in front of Qyburn and then spit into his face.

Gregor laughed his ass off when Unella suddenly lurched back, trying to wipe her own glob of blood and mucus from her face.

"Did you really think I would let you hurt or distress me in that way, Unella? How rude of you, dear. Even though I set it up, I am a bit hurt at how fast you turned against me this time. Yet, I was fascinated by the differences with you and Gregor this time around. Adding your brother into the mix will be even more interesting."

Sandor muttered something about not being in his head and that he has taken all he can.

Qyburn looked down chuckling.

"Not yet. Soon, very soon, I will be in your head. But you are already in my doll house and that is enough for now."

Sandor got to his feet slowly, his head down, arms dangling and Gregor just smirked.

"Well, when you do fuck with my head, can you remove the memories of the past? I'd like to not remember Gregor murdering with my parents and I'd really like to not remember Unella burning my face like a fucking juicy pork chop."

Gregor sneered and Unella lifted her chin and gave the same steely condemning look at her little brother.
"You killed those puppies. They were my project. I was learning to love them, not hurt them. You destroyed my project."

Qyburn sighed, anticipating a round of sibling fighting.

Which is why he was so shocked when Sandor lunged and strong large hands started to strangle him.

Now the muttering made sense, Sandor was only trapped, not controlled, he can kill Qyburn if not stopped.

It was only seconds before all of them pulled the man away and landed upon him.

The doctor raised a hand so they all wouldn't rip the man to shreds while he coughed and recovered.

"Well, that was my own mistake, clearly. Sandor isn't to blame for that move, it was my error. No matter, it is over. Please restrain Sandor to a stretcher."

After the cursing, battered man was restrained, Qyburn had Raff give him a sedative.

"Now then. Raff and Gregor, please make sure we nab any stragglers. Take a death count as well if you please. Let's make sure we truly have everyone, dead or alive."

Gregor stood over Qyburn as the others milled and Raff went off to check the labs for survivors.

"Alliser will still be in his room, pretending nothing is unusual. Barbry is drunk off her ass and out cold. Do I dispose of them?"

"No. Of course not. They are so fun, aren't they? Alliser is already programmed, he just doesn't know it. Let's keep it that way. He can stay where he is. Barbry is useful in her own way. Leave her be for now, I like having the back up."

"I want a reward. Hear me? You owe me, Qyburn. I didn't run, I didn't betray you and you left me a shit load of opportunities to do both of those things."

"It's true that you and Raff were the only two in the end that didn't attempt betrayal. Both of you will of course not be chickens again, I promise."

"It's not what I care about, I don't care about what fucking place you put me. I want only one small thing. Just one."
Sansa gave one last check into her mirror and smiled.

Perfect.

Her lips are bee stung glistening with a sugar and honey lip gloss.

Soft blue eyes are sympathetic in the light of coral and fall hues of powder tilted, applied, just so.

A form fitting sweater that highlights her neck and forearms in a way that pleases her.

The soft cold weight of her gold chain necklace and her matching bracelets soothe during stressful times.

Both sweater and knee length skirt are a lovely shade of pastel blue.

High heels, delicate ones matched her clothing.

Natural red thick hair, an envy of many done up in a complicated bun.

Wisps and tendrils curled down here and there, to tickle at her ears or playfully twirl about her neckline.

Sansa was ready to turn from the mirror and start her day.

A deep breath and a firm nod, she was ready for her first client of the morning.

The knock on the door was more of a thud and Sansa crossed her hands on her stomach, waiting.

A whirl of purple hair, the baton hit the first patient in the head and Sansa rolled her eyes.

"Here ya go, Ginger snap! Fresh meat of the morning!"

"Thank you, Lollys. No need to be so rough, I'm sure Polliver has enough trouble without you adding to it."

Polliver sneered but cringed as Lollys passed by him, twirling her baton closer to his aching head, giving Sansa an unrepentant smirk.

"Sorry, but there is just something about this piece of shit that gets me a little angry. Don't know why...guess you'll have to counsel me on it tonight? Huh? You always promise to come out with me but you never do. Come on, Tyrion will let his wifey go for one night, won't he? He goes off drinking with his business partner Vic all the time!"

Raising an eyebrow, Sansa tried not to respond in front of the patient and she managed to not smile.
"No, sorry. If I want a wild night, I'll let you know."

Pouting, Lollys shrugged.

"Your loss, love. Anyways, see you in thirty minutes. Which meat sack do you want next? Just a heads up, Alliser is like a raving lunatic today over the dress rehearsal. So you have his clients today too. Hope Sandor doesn't break your room apart demanding you sing for him again. I love any reason to play 'whack the chickens' but only Gregor and Unella can take down that asshole."

"Eat."

Dany stared up at Unella and then hurled the tray at the nurse's face.

"Gregor? Please take Ms. Targaryen to her room. It seems she is not tired of using the feeding tube yet."

The giant grabbed the small angry blond and dragged her off, the nurse following them.

Meera felt bad for her new friend but kept her own mouth full of food.

Then Sandor's hand came to steal her roll and she found herself putting her fork into the meaty hand.

Sandor hollered and went down in a clash with the wild woman.

Loras and Theon began to bet on who will get sent to the ice pack or the lab.

For no reason as always, this prompted Ramsay to suddenly leap the table and attack Theon.

Alliser was annoyed to return from his apartment to walk his dogs just to find the chaos.

His lead male was in an ice bath, his lead female singer had a feeding tube scratching her throat and he watched his best alto wielding a bloody fork until she was dragged to the lab.

Ramsay was restrained to his bed under heavy sedation and Theon couldn't stop sobbing.

The therapist had a temper tantrum so bad that Unella was threatening to sedate him and Sansa came running to hurry the others away.

Unella called Raff to ask him to come in a bit early.

Gregor chuckled as he walked past to slide quietly into the dark room where Sandor was bound and muzzled in the ice bath.

He saw Sandor try to look around uneasily but Gregor just grinned and played with something in his hands.
Sandor screamed into the muzzle when he saw the small blowtorch suddenly burst into flame near his tub.

"You won't understand this and I don't really care. All you need to know is this. I am going to give you a chore to do for me tonight and if you don't, these little burning sessions will get much worse."

That night Gregor watched with his binoculars as Unella freaked in her apartment at the sight of a blood covered Sandor and Alliser's headless dogs all over her bed.

Gregor sipped his coffee from his thermos and laughed his ass off before waiting for the hysterical call that would be coming soon.

He was glad that the doctor kept his word about letting Gregor retain just the true memories of his siblings, of why he feels the way he does about them.

It let's him give greater torment but it satisfies him enough to keep from the urge to maim or kill them.

His phone rang and Gregor tried to stifle all the amusement from his voice when Unella screamed into the phone for her co workers help.

Qyburn rubbed his temples as he tiredly plopped down into his chair.

What a crazy day and night so far.

The patients had a rather rocky day and Gregor played such a nasty trick on his siblings tonight.

It was worth the chaos to keep the giant from killing his siblings.

A distressing cry was heard from the nursery and Qyburn sighed.

"Hodor, please make sure that Walda isn't dealing with a fussy baby. Thank you."

Qyburn was careful to keep a better eye on the woman this time around but so far no more babies have died.

Robin was just old enough to be able to care for the kids in the playroom.

It had an icy blond preschool girl that was a product of Tywin and Sansa as well as the Clegane toddler who grew faster than any other child.

Both bullied Robin but could never fully get past the boy who was cheerful but strict when it came to rules.

Qyburn could only imagine how more chaotic it will get when the other child that was a mix of Tyrion and Sansa joins them in the playroom.
A beep on his large screen above his desk made Qyburn smile.

He pressed a button and suddenly an image was there, not smiling back.

Two sets of insane but determined eyes clashed through untouchable but personal distance.

"I was trying to not be rude and call you first. It would seem like gloating."

"You won this round, Qyburn. It was a good one, you had some great tricks."

"Thank you. You had some great ones yourself. However, I found the hardware you buried in Meera and Sandor. Nice try though."

"It's alright. I got enough before you removed it. I hope you didn't destroy the girl, she was one of my favorites."

"I know she is. No, Meera is fine, but a little more brutal than before. If you manage to get her back, you'll have a programming nightmare on your hands."

Qyburn tilted his head and narrowed his eyes at the boy with the cold hard features.

He gave a surprised look filled with suspicion.

"You can't be ready to play again already, young man?"

"But I am. You really did give me more than enough. Not only what I got from my own sneaking into your facility, not only what I pulled from the minds of the ones I briefly caught...but so much DNA, so much blood and gore. And so much damned code! I wondered if it was a gift at first then I remembered...you might be full of knowledge but I am the real new age, Qyburn. I am younger, I am part of progression while you are actually just rewiring old ideas. Then it occurred to me the game you really are playing. Not just the game against me, the game you play every day. Do you know what game you cannot win, Qyburn? Death is the real enemy and you can never beat it even if your toys might."

Bran smirked as he looked at Qyburn's irritation and he hovered his slender finger over a button.

"Wait until you meet my toys this time, doctor. Mostly refurbished toys, granted, I want to be fair. But their leader, he is all new. You'll love him. His name is Night King. Shall we?"

Two angry fingers of arrogant childish kings stabbed down through the distance and
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