Never Too Old To Learn New Tricks
by TopShelfCrazy

Summary

Tyrion sees a side of his wife and squire he'd quite frankly prefer he hadn't.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Tyrion looked over at his poor, sweet wife, sprawled at awkward angles across the bed. Sheets, furs and blankets lay around, under and over her, looking as though they, and she, had been swept up into a maelstrom before being deposited here.

Her eyes were wide and glassy, and her breath came in struggled, ragged gasps. It sounded as though any one could be her last. Her skin was flushed a hot red where it wasn't frighteningly pale white, and sweat rolled down every plane of her body to the rumpled mess of fabric she nested on.

"Well," he said, or attempted to say. It was more of a croak, really. He cleared his throat with some difficulty. It felt like he was trying to swallow a kitten.

"Well, I..." He wasn't usually lost for words, so this was quite a new, curious experience for him. Too much recently had been. "Pod," he managed, fixing the young man across from him with what he hoped what the most authoritative glare he had been gifted by his enjoyably late father.

"Pod, I never want you to do that to my wife again," he said firmly. Pod nodded repentantly like a
boy caught stealing cake from the kitchen. Tyrion couldn't be too mad at the little fellow, unfortunately. This had basically been his idea. And it had seemed such a fun idea after all that wine.

"And you will teach me how to do it, of course." Pod nodded again. Nod, nod, nod. Tyrion looked back over at the Lady Sansa. Her eyelids were fluttering as though she couldn't decide whether consciousness was really worth the effort.

"Right now, in fact."

End Notes

I'm not really a fan of Tyrion/Sansa (though I could be persuaded to Pod/Sansa) but when the muse strikes, it strikes. So there you go.

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