We're All Going to Die

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Summary

In the days before the war against the Night King, an unlikely love triangle springs up between The Hound, Brienne, and Tormund. Here be polyamory. Het and slash content, with Brienne mostly in the middle.

Notes

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Chapter One

We're All Going to Die

Winterfell. Where the snow fell ceaselessly now, tumbling down onto the courtyard below that was filled with the clash of newly hewn dragon glass weapons. They all needed to practice, even the best of them. A short stop off was all they could afford, but it gave the King in the North a chance to catch up with recent events.

A familiar shadow watched from the balcony, unseen, but Lord Baelish was dead now. This shadow loomed far larger than Littlefinger could ever dream. His unblinking eyes were fixed on the Lady Brienne of Tarth. She'd taken on three swordsmen at once and was making easy work of it. Her technique he knew well, having been on the receiving end of it before. Having lost to it before. And yet that wasn't what occupied his thoughts as he watched her. Neither was it the army of the dead, currently swarming over the rubble of the wall and in their direction. No. It was something the wildling had said...

Our children would conquer the world! Well... he was half right. The Hound stared, face betraying nothing, but his mind imagined the warrior woman softened with child, and he could not even say why he thought upon it. How it might suit her. He enjoyed even more imagining how it might come to pass.

At last he blinked, when Tormund wandered nonchalantly into his line of view, half-blocking his sight of Brienne. “Fuck off,” he murmured, annoyed at having his voyeurism interrupted, then pushed himself away from the wall with a clank of armour, into the light, and made his way down to the courtyard three steps at a time.

The others had melted away, and Brienne stood facing off against the wildling, who had that lunatic grin on his face again. Clegane couldn't imagine that was going down well with the warrior maiden, who suffered no nonsense. And yet, they were staring at each other so intently they didn't even notice he was there until he drew his new dragon glass blade. Then their concentration was broken.

The dragon glass made a sound that was unlike steel. Steel was a metallic whisper of death. Dragon glass rang in a chime. A knell. Brienne looked into his eyes, unsmiling as always. Her ice blue eyes were nothing like the eyes of the dead. Expressionless, yes. Cold, no doubt. But there was a grace and a glory that shone in her more brightly than in any female Clegane had ever seen. Well, except perhaps for Arya Stark, but she didn't inspire the same interest in him that Brienne did. Not at all.

“You know I can't practice with anyone else,” Clegane said, as a statement of fact, seeing the slightest acknowledgement in those eyes. That fight of theirs, they were both thinking of it now. She'd won that one – twice over – and because of it she knew he had not one smidgen of the honour she herself possessed. For a moment his heart trembled, as if she might refuse him the match on that basis alone. To be unworthy of her consideration. Of her respect as an enemy. His breath steamed in front of his mouth in a puff as she raised her sword in a salute of acceptance, and now at last he smiled.

Before they could begin, an arm shoved him roughly where he stood, enough power behind it to move him a couple of inches. “My fight, dog,” the wildling growled. Clegane almost laughed. As if Brienne was a thing any man could claim ownership of – even the chance to spar with her.
“Not any more. The Lady desires a sword, not a cock. Fight her with that and she'll cut you to pieces.” Clegane didn't take his eyes from Brienne, and though she surely heard his crude words, she didn't even blink. She was a fighting machine, and his heart began to beat faster in excited anticipation.

There was silence for all of a single moment before the wildling clapped him on the back in that annoying jovial fashion of his, laughing. “She can take us both on!” he said, and that at last broke the spell between them, since both Clegane and Brienne looked at Tormund, disbelieving.

Clegane knew the idiot too well to doubt the double meaning. In all of the ten minutes of conversation they'd had. But to suggest the Lady should duel with them both was nothing short of insulting. Even he, The Hound, possessed more gallantry than that.

“I accept.” Brienne's voice, cool and calm as ever, taking the challenge on as if it were something that came along every day. Clegane turned his head, but he would not back down and lose this chance. So be it.

While they had been so intensely focused on each other, the others in the courtyard had downed their weapons and retreated to the sidelines to watch, anticipating a great show of swordsmanship. The three of them had a lot of room, and Tormund broke away to circle around the other side of Brienne, forcing her to split her attention between them.

In his secret heart – what little was left of it – and in some other life, Clegane might have made it easy for her, but he couldn't. She wouldn't allow him to. Her attacks were as dangerous as they ever were, and it was all he could do to hold his own when her attention was upon him. When it wasn't upon him, he rested deliberately, anticipating her next move, watching how easily she dealt with the wildling, who soon bowed out of the arena with a bruised arm and leg. Then it was just the two of them, like it always had been, ever since that day. Something in him was jubilant that she didn't take the ginger cunt seriously. She didn't have any desire to kill him. Between them, it was different.

Between them it was blood.

Clegane tried to keep his attention on the fight, and he was forced to for the most part so as not to lose any of his favourite things – like his limbs and appendages, his one remaining good ear. And yet, the things he noticed were odd. The length of Brienne's thigh pressed against his when their blades met and clashed close together. The feel of her fingers when she grasped his wrist with her free hand to keep his sword arm up, out of the way, leaving his body vulnerable to attack.

How natural that it should descend in a real, honest-to-goodness feel good fight, the dragon glass forgotten in the snow and dirt as they went for each other. The whispering feel of her hair against his face as they wrestled. The warmth of her breath on his jaw. And all the while, that same otherworldly cool blue of her eyes, cold but passionate, all of her concentration on him. On winning, whatever the cost might be.

And he knew he could not lose, not again, not a third time. Because underneath all the trappings and talk of duty and oaths, they were exactly the same kind of creature. She was so strong it made him hard, and he was harder on her to make up for it.

It had gone beyond the practice they were supposed to be engaging in, and moved into new territory. This was about settling the score between them, and Clegane used all of his might to emerge victorious. Brienne was screaming in battle rage, but Clegane expected her to try every trick this time, and he countered, until it was all spent, and she slumped beneath him, captured and exhausted. Coming round from the temporary madness in front of their audience and realising that this time, she'd lost, she didn't say a word, and she was just as beautiful as ever.
Clegane had to hand it to her. Brienne didn't complain or make excuses, merely picked herself up, dusted herself off, then nodded curtly at him and stalked off to where her forgotten dragon glass sword lay on the ground and picked it up. Perhaps she was already making plans to adjust her strategy for the next time. That's what he would be doing.

The spectators' attention drifted, and the courtyard filled with the usual sounds of sparring and comings and goings. Clegane stared at Brienne's back, willing her to look around, to look back at him, but then the wildling cunt... again!

He could only watch from a distance as the wildling made his advances – carefully – lifting one of the warrior maiden's hands to his lips to kiss it. Clegane scowled and scoffed. Surely she wouldn't entertain that?

People drifted in and out of his line of vision, and Clegane could hear the heated rush of his angry heart again, only this time there was no relief for it. Just the stillness as he watched his prize walk away with someone else. Something sweet was on his tongue – blood from a cut on his lip. He wiped it away in a temper. And then...

Then she looked back. Right at him. In her eyes, the same cool maddening challenge as always, only this time, it said: are you going to just stand there?

Clegane licked over his lips deliberately, tasted the sweetness, and before he could think, his feet were taking him in their direction, following them where they went.

He'd been invited.

Fuck it. They were all going to die, anyway.
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Chapter Two

They didn't walk far, after all, only to the mess that served a dinner of ale and warming stew to the fighters and soldiers of Winterfell and their allies, which at the moment included all three of them.

He hadn't even realised the Lady's manservant had followed them until he began assisting Brienne with her armour before they could be seated. Tormund, in the manner of the wildlings, was bundled up with furs but wore more flexible armour, and so he wandered into the maze of tables and benches to find them an empty one.

When Pod was done, Brienne jerked her head towards Clegane in unspoken instruction, and the lad started towards him hesitantly. The Hound scowled.

"I've been taking care of my own armour for years, boy. Touch it, and it'll be the last living thing you ever do." He thought it was considerate advice. To Podrick's credit, he scurried off quickly, while Brienne rolled her eyes at him and went to the table.

He loosened the armour in bad-tempered jerky motions as he watched the wildling pull out the entire bench for Brienne in a childish display of strength. But she settled down, allowing him to sit beside her. Clegane turned away, dropping the bothersome pieces down in a pile, before stalking to the opposite side of the table.

Giant-sized bowls of meat and gravy were placed before each of them, along with a loaf of bread in the centre of the table. To break bread together. Did this mean Brienne considered them friends now, rather than enemies? Clegane studied her in silence. Neither of them were given to making conversation, something which the wildling more than made up for.

Tormund interrupted his flow of ceaseless chatter with a happy roar of approval when tankards of ale appeared. For some reason they'd fetched Brienne a pitcher of water. Unable to see the need for it, Clegane folded his arms and cleared his throat loudly in the direction of the serving staff, nodding at the offensive water.

"Bring ale for the Lady too," he advised with a growl, and the girl hurried to obey, so that soon they
all had a decent drink. There, that was better. He looked up and met Brienne's eyes.

“I usually ask them for water,” she pointed out coolly.

_Oh, fuck it._

“But, thank you.”

Then the wildling was laughing – at him – and the only reason he didn’t lose his rag right there is because he saw a twinkle in her eyes too. It occurred to him he was glad he had amused her at any rate. “Drink,” he said, gruff. “The fighting is over.” He paused. “For today at least.”

They ate, and drank, and at last he had to pay attention to Tormund, who as it turned out was a lunatic, but an honest one. His desire for Brienne was sincere, and he was somewhat consequential. He did merit space at the table with them, after all. And as he paid attention, he realised that the wildling was not as clownish as he’d been assuming all this time. In fact, towards the end of the meal, he turned quite serious.

“We have little time before the battle,” he said, and Clegane and Brienne both nodded once in assent. “No time at all to put things off.”

_Oh, fuck no._ Clegane prayed he wouldn't do it, but he ploughed on right into danger like a lemming.

“How would someone like me go about winning your heart, Lady Brienne?” Tormund asked outright.

Clegane watched her reaction carefully. Brienne didn't even look in Tormund's direction, but she blinked once or twice, and then she looked at _him_.

Damn the human part of him to Hell, but he looked at the two of them seated beside each other, squirming, and he sighed inwardly. Then he shrugged. “His intentions are honourable,” Clegane advised at last, and he thought of himself, of what he sometimes imagined himself doing with her, to her. “You could do a lot worse.”

He endured the grateful grin the wildling directed at him with bad grace, scowling in return. Brienne blinked again, then appeared to collect herself. Her lips pressed together in a thin, straight line. She still didn't look at Tormund, Clegane noticed.

“He’s human,” Clegane corrected himself. “She means someone who can oversee the courtship, and make representation for you to her father. An older woman,” Clegane said, then stopped. This required a delicacy he didn't possess. “Someone experienced, who can ensure nothing occurs to... damage the Lady Brienne's reputation.”

“Chaperone?” echoed Tormund, without understanding, pleading for Clegane to explain it to him.

_Damn him to Hell._ “She means someone who can oversee the courtship, and make representation for you to her father. An older woman,” Clegane said, then stopped. This required a delicacy he didn't possess. “Someone experienced, who can ensure nothing occurs to... damage the Lady Brienne's reputation.”

“Ahhhh...” Tormund nodded, then winked. From the corner of his eye, he saw the wildling draw closer to her, his hand slipping under the table. “We don't need a chaperone,” he said, his voice low and somewhat dirty. Clegane might have warned him, if he'd seen it coming.
One moment, everything was peaceful, the next moment, Brienne lashed out. Less of a slap, more a deliberate uppercut to the jaw that sent Tormund reeling. To his credit, he didn't take it in bad spirit, only laughed. Clegane found himself laughing too.

“I probably asked for that,” Tormund said, rubbing his face ruefully as Brienne glared at him.

“Yes, you did,” Clegane noted.

It was strange how he didn't have any desire to impale the wildling on his sword for Brienne's sake, not even when he fell to his knees beside the bench and begged her forgiveness. He simply watched the proceedings, to see what would happen next.

At last Brienne considered Tormund with a cold, stony stare that made Clegane's heart pick up. “Sit down, you idiot,” she hissed. He scrambled to obey. “And, while I still like you, let's have no more of this 'winning hearts' business.”

She turned to look at the other tables. “Do you see them?” Clegane and Tormund looked at the others, pitiful in stature compared to them. “We three are better equipped for what we have to face than twenty of them.” She kept her voice low, because she wasn't boasting, she was speaking a simple truth. They all felt it.

“Together we are more effective. We should fight together, the three of us. It might give the others a chance if we can cut a swathe through the ranks of the dead. Thin the numbers for those who follow us.”

“Agreed.” Clegane couldn't fault her reasoning. And if the truth be told, when it came right down to it, he'd feel better with Brienne and Tormund at his back than fifty of the others.

“Me too. Agreed.” This from Tormund, who reached inside those swathes of furs and pulled out a flask, along with three tiny tarred leather cups. Clegane watched, slightly suspicious, as he poured each of them a small dram. “Team Tarth,” he said, and drank quickly. He might have winced. With all that ginger stuff clinging to his face it was impossible to tell.

Clegane took up his cup and downed the spirit in one, feeling it burn past his throat and settle in his stomach like dragonfire. He whistled between his teeth and glanced at Tormund, who winked at him.

They both looked to Brienne. She lifted the cup in her hand and peered inside, dubious. Clegane felt the warmth of the tot spreading outwards, and thought he knew just what the wildling might be up to. And, as he had told Brienne once before, he was not a knight. He had no claim on the so-called 'virtue' of knights. “Drink,” he said. “The battle is not here yet. Drink to us all.”

He watched with a grim smile as she swallowed it, then nodded for Tormund to pour again. A look passed between them. You will share, Clegane thought, if we manage to get that far.

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After several cupfuls of fire, Brienne raised her hand, palm outwards, in a gesture to stop. Having learned over this short meal to respect her wishes, the flask went away. Now all that remained was to see what effect the alcohol had on her.

Clegane watched as Brienne rose to her feet, hands gripping the edge of the table tightly. She towered over them both, looking down on them like a Goddess. The liquor had dilated her pupils, darkening her eyes, brought pale pink colour to her cheeks and lips, and she licked over them, leaving them wet and shiny in the light.
“Isn’t she the most beautiful woman you ever saw?” breathed Tormund. Brienne blinked slowly, and Clegane noticed her eyelashes, long and sweeping, the same cornsilk colour as her hair and fine eyebrows.

“Yes,” he said, without thinking. Brienne swallowed, and then swayed where she stood. Immediately, there were the two of them, one at each side, holding her steady.

“I think,” she breathed, somewhat startled. “I think I need to go to my room. To rest.”

The drink. Clegane still didn't know what it was, but it was damned strong. He felt quite tipsy himself, and if Brienne didn't usually drink, not even ale...

“Lean on me,” he advised, as he felt her centre of balance shift unsteadily, and she shook her head.

“I can't. I'm too big to...” she stopped mid-sentence, then seemed surprised she had to look up into his eyes. Clegane smiled.

“You can with us,” he said. Her eyebrows drew together in the most adorable way, and she turned her attention to Tormund then.

“Am I shrinking?” she asked, almost dreamily. “Because that would be good.” She shook herself. “But really very, very bad timing.”

“No, my love. We are just two of the biggest bastards you'll ever meet.”

Brienne only grunted in response, but she did lean on them both. Luckily for her Clegane knew where she rested at night, and they led her there without incident between them. She opened the plain wooden door, then stepped out of their hold and turned around.

“You two, you can't come in,” she announced, her voice breezy in a way Clegane had never heard it.

“Oh? And how are you going to get to that bed over there?” he asked, nodding at it. Brienne turned again, but this time she lost her balance. Quick as a flash, Clegane crossed the threshold and caught her in his arms as she fell forward. They'd been this close when they fought, but it hadn't felt like this. He’d imagined how she might feel in his embrace, how she might fit. The reality was beyond his dreams. When he held her, he didn't feel like a monster. He felt like a man.

It all seemed inevitable as he pulled her closer, his arms closing around her waist without him needing to reach down or stoop over, without him lifting her clear from the floor. The wildling closed the door behind them as he nuzzled at her jawline, his nose nudging the lobe of her ear, her hands pressed flat against his shoulders.

“Clegane?” she said, uncertain. He brushed his lips over her neck, and she drew in a sudden sharp breath.

What was he doing? As suddenly as he had begun, he let her go, and Tormund caught her then.

“Sorry,” he murmured, looking away.

“She fits in your arms like a dream,” Tormund said, obviously finding that out for himself. Clegane looked up then. “Aren't we going to share?”

Brienne struggled, and Clegane couldn’t believe he was doing it, but he shook his head. “We should put her to bed and go. She'd kill us both in the morning before we even woke up.” And she'd be
right to, he added, to himself. What had he been thinking?!

“Well, that's true,” the wildling said, regretful, looking down at his love. Then he seemed to snap out of it. He swung Brienne up into his arms easily. “To bed with you then!” he announced cheerfully.

Tormund carried her over to the bed, which was unusually large for her comfort. Clegane followed, unable to help himself. He was pretty sure the wildling didn't get to sleep anywhere like this, and he certainly didn't.

They laid her down, and Clegane found himself staring down at her, with himself seated on the edge. She frowned, as if she was trying to recall something. “That thing you did, over there.” She gestured with her hand. Clegane nodded. “Do it again?”

She reached up, grasping handfuls of his hair to pull him down towards her. “You know you don't mean it,” he said seriously, and yet she was so willing, and he was so weak. He buried his face in her neck and kissed her there again, trailed his lips up to her jawline, pressing down lightly.

Brienne sighed. “No one's ever... not like... I mean, I... It feels so nice.” She said it as if she'd never known nice things; something else they had in common. Clegane had drawn back to allow her to speak, but not far. She held his face in her hands and looked in his eyes as if she didn't even see the scar. “Clegane,” she said. He wanted her more than anything in the world. He'd willingly sacrifice himself to the army of the dead if he could have her right now.

“Sandor,” he corrected, and then he kissed her lips. He could have her, but she would hate him. She would hate him for every single second this continued, and yet he couldn't help it. He would hate himself. To live all this time and to end up no better than his rapist bastard of a brother. And the kiss, which had at first tasted sweet, turned suddenly bitter.

He pulled back and stood up, turning away, before the ball of savage need that was growing in him could take control of this – of everything. Before he could do the thing that there was no coming back from. He'd forgotten Tormund was even there. But how he wanted her! The need shrieked in him to be satiated, and there she was, too drunk to know better. Too drunk to know herself.

“I'm sorry,” he managed, his voice strangled with dread and desire. And then there was Tormund.

“Come on,” the wildling said, dragging him towards the door. “You're right. We really shouldn't have done this.” He cast a lingering look to Brienne, who was already turning over on the bed, sinking fast into a light slumber. “Will she remember that we didn't?”

Clegane shrugged, still conflicted. “I don't know. Will she remember that we intended it?”

That seemed a much more pertinent question, and the answer wasn't something either of them wanted to say out loud, yet when they were safely outside, things seemed brighter.

“Well, I've got a hard on you wouldn't believe,” Tormund said.

Clegane ran a hand through his hair. “I might, if it was anything like mine.”

The night was still quite young. “Want to go and find a woman?” There were whores to be had here, if you knew where to go, but the thought held no appeal whatsoever.

“Are you serious?” Clegane asked. “I want her. I'd ruin any other woman right now.”

Tormund nodded seriously. “I hear you. Wanking it is, then.”
He expected the wildling to walk off and go about his own business. When he didn't, Clegane was nonplussed. “What? Do you want us to go at it together?”

Now Tormund grinned, and clapped a hand on his shoulder as they began walking. “Well, I was thinking you could tell me about that time she nearly killed you, and that might get us both off, and give us some idea what to expect tomorrow...”

It might at that.
Chapter Three

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Chapter Three

The next morning found Clegane and Tormund together at breakfast where Brienne came upon them. They weren't finished, but she took away their plates anyway and jerked her head in command.

“Get up. We're going for a walk.”

That didn't sound good.

If he was looking to see what her intentions were following their disaster of the previous evening, Clegane was not comforted by the sword at her side, but she was not wearing her armour. That was something. He moved to pick up his sword belt, only to have Brienne lay her hand upon his.

“You don't need it,” Brienne told him.

Troubled, he glanced at Tormund, who looked just as bewildered and clueless as he felt.

“I always fucking need my sword,” Clegane said in response, “especially when I go anywhere with you.” Brienne stared at him, her eyes giving nothing away.
“If anything is out there, I’m more than capable of protecting the three of us. We go out there to talk, or to fight. Your choice.”

Clegane shook his head and sighed. “Leave the sword,” Tormund said in his ear. And so that is how they came to be walking out on the snowy hillside, unarmed, with an angry Brienne of Tarth occasionally glaring at both of them. It was a seriously poor decision on his part, given their past history. When they were out of earshot of anyone in Winterfell, she stopped and whirled around to face the two of them.

“Our plan to fight together is a good one,” she announced coolly. “I still want to do it. But I swear if either of you try to make a fool of me again, I’ll kill you in your sleep before the dead even get here. Do you understand me?”

Completely cowed, or maybe just turned on by Brienne's stern demeanour, Tormund immediately stepped forward and bowed his head. “Apologies, my Lady.” Fucking boy scout. Clegane harrumphed in derision.

Clegane, for his part, was a little more exasperated, because he thought he knew where this came from. It had nothing to with what they had done, and everything to do with Brienne's own insecurities, and he just didn't feel like letting her get away with it. She might have to live with them – but he sure as hell didn't. “Wait a minute. You don't understand –”

“I understand enough. Make your fun somewhere else, that's all I ask.” She looked as if she was ready to behead one or both of them if they so much as cracked a smile in her direction. He thought of all he dreamed about lately, of things he did with her, and Clegane heard himself growl.

“You bloody-minded bitch.” Again, he shook his head, and now he pointed at Tormund, whom he'd actually come to like well enough over the past day or so.

“Him, I think he's completely in love with you. When all this is over he wants to marry you or something, and have giant ginger babies.” He rolled his eyes. “Have a house together where you can raise them, I don't know.” He threw his hands up. “He's a wildling. Maybe he just wants a tent, or some twigs.” As he spoke he watched the light of comprehension dawn in Brienne – that Tormund's attentions and words were not an act – were serious. At bloody last! But then she looked at him.

“And you?” she queried, frowning. “What do you think you want?”
Some several fantasies arose in Clegane's mind, each of them so obscene there was no way he could speak them out loud to her. Most of them centred around fucking her without holding back, knowing she could take it, that she could take him in a way most women couldn't. And he was quite sure she'd take that as an insult. Of the others, they were decidedly pornographic, and Brienne was a maiden. It wasn't seemly somehow. She'd think he thought of her as a whore. He couldn't talk of the things Tormund spoke of. Hearts and flowers and babies and such. He was no romantic. Like her, life had schooled him far too well. And so he let those thoughts pass through his mind, and then he laughed at himself scornfully. So be it.

“Nothing!” he said at last, throwing his hands in the air, giving up, and he realised his mistake half a second later. For the shortest of moments her façade cracked, and he saw those marvellous eyes shine bright with unshed tears before they cleared and hardened again.

“I see.” Brienne nodded and swallowed, looked down, then drew her sword. How is this fucking fair? Clegane snorted in disbelief.

“Fuck, no. Not again!” He was unarmed. He scowled, held out his arms and stepped back, but to his great relief Brienne threw the blade aside, obviously never having intended to use it.

“Then while we're out here,” she said coldly. “you get it out of you!” She walked right up to him, right into his space. “You get over it. Whatever it is.” She shoved him back, right in the chest, then smiled without humour. “But I know what it is. You think I haven't beaten enough men in my time? You think I haven't seen it before? Get over yourself. Once more and be done.” She pushed him again, and he staggered backwards. “Come on!”

It was like he had a button she could push any time she felt like it, and he didn't want to fight, but he couldn't help himself. With a roar, he moved his leg to trip her, and then the next thing he knew they were rolling down the hill together, over and over, an almost perfect match in size and strength, except that he had a slight edge over her. But he didn't use it. That's how she came to be resting on top of him, glaring and furious, holding him down to the frozen ground as Tormund looked on in amusement, having followed them on foot.

“It's always 'to the death' with you two,” he commented idly. Clegane threw him a momentary glare.

“Remind me why I help you, ginger cunt,” he spat.

“Well, like I said before, perhaps it's because you're not really mean, you just act mean. And you want to suck my cock.”
Clegane didn't bother to respond to the taunt. He was caught in Brienne's eyes again, willing her to understand him.

“I want you,” he said, meaning it with every fibre of his being. Her face seemed to crumple.

“I don't believe you.”

Briefly, Clegane closed his eyes in frustration. “But you believe him?”

“He's never tried to kill me!” Brienne hissed angrily, and he felt her weight on him shift. Reacting quickly, he grabbed at her wrist, his own hand no longer imprisoned, and he dragged her hand down between their bodies because if he couldn't say it, he could show her, because he was hard again.

“That was never fucking personal. This is.”

“No!” she cried out, but it was too late. Her hand opened out, but her palm was hot against his breeches, against the hardness in there.

“I know you're a maiden,” he said, having to use more strength than he expected to stop her from pulling her hand back. “I know you're inexperienced, but you're old enough, and you're not daft or naïve. What do you think this is for?”

She bit her lip, her eyes closed, and she shivered atop him in utter shock. “Don't...”

“Do you think this is for him?” Clegane questioned, not letting her get away. He waited, until she opened her eyes again and finally saw him. Saw him and felt him at the same time. “I want you, Brienne of Tarth. Believe this,” and he moved a little against her palm, “if you believe nothing else about me.”

She shook her head in confusion, those unshed tears shining in her eyes again. They were many years old those tears. He wasn't the cause of them. “If that's true, then why is it so hard to say?”
Clegane sighed, and he wriggled his other arm free to pull her closer to him so that he could whisper the next part into her ear. He didn't want Tormund hearing it. This was between them. “Because I can't say I want to marry you. I don't want to own you. I can't say I want to care for you. You can take care of yourself. I can't say any of those romantic things you probably dreamed of as a girl, that you might still dream of in your heart because you're still a girl beneath all that hardness. I don't want to make you mine. I don't want to make you weak. What I want shouldn't be said to a Lady like you. I want to fuck you – hard. I want us to fuck like we fight, as if it's all that matters. I want to make you moan and cry out my name. I want to beg you for mercy and have you beg me just the same. I want to feel you squeeze my cock when you come. I want to fuck you with my tongue and taste you when you come on my lips. I want to fuck you until all you know is me, and all I know is you. That's what I want.”

“Oh...” Brienne said at last, and he let her move back a little, so he could see her face again. She seemed startled, and something in his heart fell.

“Are you sorry you asked now?” he asked, sarcastic, expecting the answer, so it came as a bit of a shock to him when her expression cleared and she tightened her lips in challenge, her face tilting back so that her jaw stuck out a little.

“Should I be?” As she said it, he felt her fingers, clumsily curling around him through his breeches, and he gasped loudly.

“Am I doing it wrong?” she wanted to know, squeezing. Oh, just a little too much, but it felt too good to have her touch him to say so.

“No...” he said, then swore, “and, yes...” He couldn't help moving in her grip, tight as it was. “Ahh... fuck...”

“Teach me, then. Tell me how to do it to you, all those things you said.” She looked down at him, her expression open and honest, and Clegane was surprised he didn't come right there and then. With his own hand, he taught her fingers to relax a little. Her hand was so – it was impossible to describe. It was a woman's hand, yes, but it wasn't. She had large hands, long fingers. But it was a woman's hand that encircled him. It felt like he'd been waiting for her his whole life.

“Like this...” he said, biting his lip because she had it right enough now. Even through his clothes it felt amazing. “Yes...” He moved a little, and when that didn't alarm her, he let himself thrust into her grip over and over, watching how the look in her eyes warmed in amusement as he came apart below her. It was the same look she gave him after their first clash of swords, that smile. Clegane found he didn't mind at all. In fact, it was that, it was her sudden confidence that spelt the end of him, and he came with a low, deep groan, only to find when he opened his eyes there was no escape. That he was still the prisoner of Lady Brienne of Tarth, who looked down upon him with a curious
“What is it?” she demanded, frowning. “What happened? Why did you stop?”

Clegane shrugged sheepishly. “I couldn't help it. Your hand, it felt so good.”

A booming laugh echoed over the hill and they both looked up to see the wildling sat on the snowy ground beside them. “To be ended so quickly,” Tormund said, teasing, then winked at Brienne. “Well played. I think you should try me out next time you want to play with something.”

“You,” she accused. “You want me too.” She didn't make it a question, more of a statement, as if she was trying to come to terms with the revelation.

“Yes.” Tormund nodded quickly.

“And yet you just sat around and watched us then?”

He only shrugged carelessly. “I have no competition.”

“Oh?” As if bidden, Clegane watched Brienne's gaze flicker down briefly, though since Tormund was bundled up in furs again, there wasn't much chance of seeing anything. Again, the wildling laughed.

“Oh, no!” he said then. “I think it's your turn.”

“My turn?” Brienne echoed, suspicious. In response, Tormund just patted the ground beside him. Fucking spoilsport! Clegane sighed, since he'd just managed to get his hands where he wanted them, sliding them over her hips where she was perched astride him, and down so that he was just getting acquainted with her buttocks. But she moved away, curious to a fault, though she was quite safe with the two of them, Clegane was certain of it. It kind of depended on your notion of 'safe' though.

She lay on her back with her arms folded, glaring up at the wildling. “If I don't like it, or if you hurt me, I'll end you too,” she threatened. “And don't think I haven't noticed you're littler than him.”
Clegane laughed out loud at Tormund's rapturous expression. The day she raised a hand to him he'd probably swoon, just like a maiden. The thought was hilarious somehow.

“Tormund,” she said carefully. “Not quite. Just going to go a little further up now.” And he was, and he was nearly there as Clegane watched, and he saw as Brienne realised the trick, what his eventual aim was, the flare of alarm in her eyes as she closed her legs.

“No!”

Before she could move, or otherwise hurt the wildling in any way, Clegane scooted closer. He cupped her face with one hand, turning her head to look at him, taking her attention, letting his thumb caress her cheek. She seemed unbearably fragile to him somehow. Not breakable like all other women were. She seemed fragile because she needn't be, as if it was something she only showed to him, and it made her completely irresistible.

“Much better,” he murmured, almost to himself, slowly closing the gap between them. Her lips were full and pink in the winter sun. Much better like this, when they were all sober, when they all knew what they were doing. Their lips met, and it was tender, the slightest pressure, because he wanted to feel it all, wanted to feel it when she kissed him back. And she did so, tentatively, clumsily, as if she'd never done it before – and then he remembered.

When they all knew what they were doing... he was getting carried away. She didn't know anything. But he smiled against her lips, and he kept it light, patient, tutoring her, keeping tongues away for now. Her hands were on his face again, as if she didn't want him to stop. And then suddenly she gasped.

“W-what is it? Oh!” Her breath was coming in little fits and starts, and her hands trembled on his cheeks. Her eyes rolled closed. Clegane looked down, and saw that Tormund had reached his goal. The kiss had distracted her, and the wildling was now rubbing a slow circle over her pubis. He was using the heel of his palm. Hadn't gone inside her breeches, but the pressure and heat should be doing the trick well enough. Had she ever even been touched before? Going by her reaction,
Clegane would lay money on not. He would lay money on her not even having touched herself there. What use would she have for a distraction like that? Quite suddenly he saw more than he really wanted to, and he felt suddenly closer to her.

He was not born as The Hound. He'd made himself, hammered away at himself until the result was a monster that matched his terrible, scarred appearance. And her... she was the same. She wasn't born the fearsome Brienne of Tarth. If she'd chosen so, she could have become a tall exotic blonde beauty. Instead, she'd forged herself and chiselled away at everything that wasn't necessary to ensure she became what she wanted to be. *Fuck, how he loved her for it.* And he knew then that if he didn't watch out, losing an ear to her would be the least of his worries.

He looked back up, and saw she'd thrown her head back, her hands had fallen away from him to rest on the ground beside her head, fists opening and closing in the same rhythm as Tormund's touch. Her eyelashes fluttered on her cheeks.

She had the longest, most exquisite neck he'd ever seen. Clegane reached out to touch, fingers curling around the nape of her neck, thumb brushing over the hollow in front. Then suddenly there were fingers clamped tight around his wrist, brute strength forcing his hand back. She raised her head, still breathing fast and light, her eyes an extraordinary dark blue with pleasure.

“Don't do that,” she said, her voice low and sultry, and then she moaned. Her entire body undulated between him and the wildling. Tormund just smiled and nodded, and carried right on touching her that way. She'd relaxed her legs again, bent her knees a little, probably completely unaware of it.

“Never been touched, has she?” Tormund breathed, as if he'd found some great prize. Clegane gave him a sharp look.

“Never anything.” He paused. “Fucking imagine it, will you.” They looked at each other, then at her, almost writhing on the ground between them. Tormund stopped, though his hand still rested in that place on her. Brienne almost seemed to slump, as if someone had cut the strings that animated her.

“I think we should take you back to your room, and all get a bit better acquainted,” Tormund said carefully, obviously reconsidering his actions in light of his discovery.

“Don't stop!” Brienne cried out, and she surged to a sitting position, her midriff muscles rippling slightly. She pressed Tormund's hand in place. Something about her seemed wild, and quite suddenly she really and truly frightened Clegane. Dangerous and wild – Brienne of Tarth? He couldn't think of anything more terrifying. For once, Tormund didn't seem as affected by it. Almost as if he'd been expecting it.
“You want me to undo you right here,” he challenged, “out in the open air, just like you did with the
dog?” he jerked his head sideways at Clegane, who shot him a dirty look.

“I want you to continue, or I'll kill you,” she said sweetly, staring right into the wildling's eyes. She
paused, just for a beat, eyelids flickering. “Just as soon as I find my sword.”

Tormund laughed in admiration. It was a strange reaction, but Clegane began to understand what he
saw in her. He, Clegane appreciated the discipline she displayed, her dedication, her strength, her
courage. Tormund knew this was there underneath, this wild, untamed thing, longing to be set free,
and he'd seen it from the first moment he beheld her. She meant it, without a doubt. She meant every
word.

“Oh, I know you would, my ferocious beauty. How could I refuse you?” And he began again, just
like that, pleasing her. She let out a provocative moan and subsided back down. Clegane caught
Tormund's eye, and the wildling winked, happy.

“Clegane,” Brienne said, and he turned to her, moving back to lie beside her again as she stared into
his eyes, still gasping in pleasure, but back to being his Brienne. “More,” she demanded, and he
obeyed, closing the distance between them as they began their kissing anew.

If she ever decided to enslave him, he would be fucking lost.

The more aroused she became, the more sinuous those occasional movements were, until Clegane
was hard again himself, seeing how it would be, seeing that she was so sensual beneath it all. She
had none of the pretence of other women, none of the fake airs.

He reached a hand down to slip inside her fur wrapping and her tunic, finding her chest. You
couldn't see her pectoral muscles, but he could feel them. Though her breasts were small, those
muscles made them stand proud of her chest in a decidedly perky and erotic way. He flicked his
thumb against her nipple again and again, a counterpoint to Tormund, and between them they gave
Brienne her first orgasm.

Afterwards, they all spent a quiet time of contemplation, mulling things over, sat on the edge of the
hill, looking out upon Winterfell. The darkness of the winter sky was like an omen of things to come,
and yet Clegane felt damned cheerful for the first time in as long as he could remember.
“My life has taken a very strange turn,” Brienne said at last, seated between them. “I think it must be winter.”

“How can you tell that?” Clegane asked, his new feeling of peace only increasing despite her words.

“Something someone said to me once. I think Hell must be finally freezing over.”

Tormund laughed. “No one ever listens to us wildlings. Hell has always been frozen over.”

Well, yes. For a moment Clegane thought of the dead, marching out from the ice, probably sweeping through the scattered villages of the northermost reaches of The Gift right now. It occurred to him for the first time that he was glad Tormund had survived. And there they were. Friends.
Chapter Four

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Chapter Four

When they arrived back, it was lunchtime, and without stopping to consult him, Clegane's stomach rumbled loudly. Both Brienne and Tormund looked at him.

"See, this is what you get when you take my breakfast away from me and then make me perform," he noted darkly.

Brienne rolled her eyes. "Well I couldn't even face breakfast, thanks you you two."

"What did we do to stop you?" Then he remembered. Oh, shit, yeah. "Sorry about that."

"Are we all hungry?" Tormund asked. They both nodded. "Right. Well, for fuck's sake, let's eat then! I'm starving!"

Until the previous evening, they didn't usually take their meals together, and it seemed as if the serving staff still weren't used to the new state of affairs. All of their portions tended to be larger than average, and it was a longish wait before they were served a plate each of roasted chicken and spiced fried potatoes.

Something occurred to Clegane, and it was something they should probably have discussed out on
the hill, but there was no hope for it now. “Are we secret?” he asked, between mouthfuls, trying to ignore the look of disdain Brienne bestowed on him for his table manners.

“We?” she queried quietly, with a raised eyebrow. Tormund continued shovelling food into his gob, bloody oblivious. See at least he had _some_ table manners. But then she seemed to relent, and Clegane’s heart began to beat properly again.

“I don’t think we should be open to the point of touching in public,” Brienne said carefully, clearly troubled by something she didn’t define, and took a drink of her water. “But having said that, our conversation is our own, and I don’t care about gossip. It’s followed me around for as long as I can remember.”

“Fuck gossip,” Clegane said spiritedly.

“Fuck gossip,” replied Tormund with a grin and a forkful of potatoes.

Brienne chewed and swallowed, then smiled uncertainly. “Fuck gossip,” she said, and it was so strange to hear the swearword coming from her, Clegane laughed.

“Well, now that’s out, I was going to say next that we should all take a bath. I'll take Tormund here to the men's public baths. Then we'll meet up again at your room?”

Brienne's look of uncertainty deepened, but then she nodded once, quickly, before going right back to demolishing her chicken without looking at either of them.

“There's a war coming our way. Our fun won't last long. Why on earth are we wasting our time bathing?” Tormund bemoaned. Clegane half stood up to reach over the table and grabbed a handful of the furs he wore, pulling him forward to hiss in his ear.

“Because it's your turn next. And since I'll be showing her how to touch my dick, by teaching her how to touch yours, you'll need to be clean. Because I won't be letting her touch you unless you're clean, and I certainly fucking won't.” He let go and took a drink of his ale.

Tormund dropped his third chicken leg onto his plate, and it made a dull thud. Clegane decided to get to the bottom of his tankard of ale before giving the wildling his attention again.
“What?” he said then at last, to the stunned look on Tormund's face. “We are doing this, aren't we? We are like, as in the three of us, together?”

Oh, fuck it all. Had he missed something? Was he not included, after all? Because that would mean fighting and killing a nice new useful friend, on the eve of war. On a full stomach. That'd definitely result in indigestion. He cast a helpless dark look at Brienne, who was too busy eating to even bother listening to their banter back and forth across the table. She was worth it.

“Oh, don't worry. We are,” Tormund commented helpfully.

“Then shut up, eat your food, and bathe when I tell you to, wildling.”

“Yes, Ser Clegane,” Tormund teased. Clegane banged his fist down on the table hard, making the plates jump up about six inches. And now everyone paid attention.

“Do you want to live, you cunt? Never, ever, call me that!”

There was silence, and to his credit Tormund was too self-assured and self possessed to make light of the outburst or escalate the situation in any way. Brienne was staring at him, and he saw her eyes narrow as her quick mind made the connection between Tormund's innocent jest, and her own initial sparing of his life, when she'd mistakenly called him a knight too. Tormund, meanwhile, gazed thoughtfully at Clegane. “I think we all need to get to know each other better. In more ways than one.”

Well, that was true.

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The rest of the meal passed uneventfully, and then they did go to bathe. Afterwards, they dressed and made their way to Brienne's door. She'd beaten them back, and opened up to their knocking. She opened her mouth as if she would speak, as if she'd prepared some careful speech beforehand, then seemed to give up and instead let them in.

Clegane frowned. “So, second thoughts,” he surmised out loud. “Better air them out, then.”

Brienne looked from him to Tormund, then back again. She opened and closed her mouth a few
times, but again nothing came out. Finally, she folded her arms. “I can handle you. You're not going to cause any trouble for me.” She paused. “Are you?”

Clegane uttered a short little laugh. All the time he'd spent accidentally protecting the Stark children hadn't done it, but one look from her and the hound could indeed become a wolf. It amused him, as did the glaring. She was so focused on him she didn't notice Tormund sidling up to her. Clegane decided not to mention it, so as to give him some kind of sporting chance. The wildling did love her, after all.

It must be a rare thing; to take Brienne of Tarth by surprise, and he watched it happen, curious, watched her startle and half turn around, unfolding her arms too late, her forearms trapped, useless as Tormund pulled her close.

His lips were on hers before she could speak, and Clegane did look away then. He didn't really want to, but something in him refused to allow him to intrude on the moment between them. He expected violence to erupt, was prepared for it. So it was a full two minutes later when he dared to sneak a look, only to find they were still at it. He looked away again and cleared his throat. He made sure to notice that Brienne was actually a little bit taller than Tormund. Somehow that made him happier.

“You see,” Brienne said, a little awkwardly, at last. “I rearranged some of my furniture.” Clegane paid attention, and saw the two were maintaining a more respectful distance. He looked where she gestured with her hands, and saw a rudimentary seating area. There were only two chairs, but she'd draped a fur over a largish chest of some kind, and there was a small table. “I thought we could talk.”

Now she wanted to talk? Where the hell was his kiss?! Clegane heaved a sigh and grumbled under his breath, but sat down on the box or whatever it was, to be certain that she would be left with a chair. Tormund had said they needed to get to know each other better. Perhaps she was right to do it, but this seemed like playing for time, and it was time they didn't really have.

“So,” Tormund began, staring at him. “What do you have against knights?” Clegane saw Brienne sit up a bit straighter, prouder, and he tried not to roll his eyes. He couldn't be sure he was entirely successful. Also, he wasn't going to answer the question. Not in this life. He half hummed, half growled in an impressive grinding of his vocal cords. And that was the end of that.

After a long moment of uncomfortable silence, Brienne said: “How did you come to be south of the wall?”

Clegane looked at Tormund, who suddenly had a face like thunder, which for him was uncharacteristically deep. He rumbled an ominous response, which appeared to be all he had to say
on the matter.

Two or three minutes passed.

“You're a good, strong lass,” Tormund said. “How come you never –”

“Are we all fit?” Clegane broke in, having seen where the question was headed. The likely outcome wasn't something he wanted to see. The other two nodded. “Good. Want to practice killing dead people until you're too fucking exhausted to move?” They both broke into relieved smiles and got up quickly. So much for getting to know each other.

The two of them went around gathering armour and discussing weaponry, but Clegane was having his own thoughts about something in particular. It hurt already just considering it, but fuck it. Something had to give here, and give for good, because it was clear to him that she was backing out. ~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

A couple of fairly pleasant hours had passed. Well, that is if you were apt to be a violent maniac with a taste for delivering death. They'd sparred between each other, as a group and separately. Hell, even Tormund had won a couple. It was fun, as far as fun went. Time to take it up a notch or ten, and by chance it just so happened that Tormund was sitting this one out, leaving him to face Brienne alone with swords.

“Come on, Lady. Let's have at it, then.” Something in him couldn't help relishing what was to come, even though there was at least half a chance of it ending in his demise.

“Why do you keep calling me that?” she demanded as they circled each other. He'd been doing it for the last hour or so.

Clegane shrugged. “I like it. Besides, you are a Lady.” At this point, he was fairly certain she believed he was making fun of her. That would make it easier for her to participate.

The first clash of swords was brutal, and he saw the shock in her eyes when she realised he was in earnest. How she immediately altered her defensive strategy to hold him off. That was the warning. The look on her face was hurt confusion tinged with disbelief, and if he was honest that almost made him stop right there – but he couldn't.

They'd gone back onto the hill for this, so as to spar in private, and he heard Tormund raise a protest
from the sidelines, recognising the changed nature of their passes.

“Now, wait a minute, come on you two,” he said seriously, obviously tired of their endless brinkmanship. Clegane didn't even look in his direction.

“Keep out of this, wildling,” he said, staring at Brienne.

“Don't interrupt,” she said. “I've beaten him before. I can do it again,” she said, and smiled grimly, “if that's what he wants.”

*Oh, I'm sure you can, Lady,* he thought.

He'd been dangerous for as long as he could remember, but so was she. He was a killer, so was she. He was an expert with the blade, and so was she. And it wasn't until they were well into it that he saw her as she'd been that first time, half mad and screaming into his face as she beat him. That wildness he'd seen Tormund bring out of her – it was here too, in battle. That lust. He hadn't recognised it before.

The first time she had him down on the cold ground, sword to his throat, she backed away – victorious. He wasn't hurt, so he simply got back up. He found his sword, picked it up, and stood ready.

“We're not done,” he told her, and she shook her head, dismissive.

“What do you want me to do? Kill you?”

Clegane grinned, and attacked.

The hell of it was that he tried. He tried so hard that by the end of it he was pretty sure she'd broken one of his ribs with the hilt of her sword when they'd been fighting at close quarters. She'd punched him in the face so many times he felt dizzy. He supposed the tactic had worked quite well for her before, though at least this time she didn't have a rock in her hand. Still, he was bleeding now, kind of beaten up. The point of her sword on his throat again, and he didn't even open his eyes as she backed away.
Just then he wasn't sure that he could do it. To ask again. But she couldn't kill him. She'd tried it twice before for real, and failed. He kept that in mind as he commanded his body to get back up, sought out his weapon and faced the impossible thing again.

“Stop,” she commanded, stunned.

Clegane sniffed, and shook his head to free his hair of the snow. It left with droplets of blood and sweat, and now at last that wonderful adrenaline kicked in. He loved it all. The cold, crisp winter air; the wild beating of his heart, the heat of his blood. He felt invincible. “No,” he said, and raised his sword.

To be honest, he really didn't last as long this time. Long enough. Long enough for her to lay a good few hits on him. The only difference now from that first fight was that he only fought her with his sword. He didn't succumb to laying into her with his fists as he had when they were strangers, or to kicking her when she was down (which wasn't often). So it was she barely had a mark on her after all that they had done. It was like fighting an angel.

Inevitably, he lost again, and he felt the familiar steel against his throat, as cold as the snow. The warmth of her hand a sword's length away. “Stay down,” came the advice. She was perfect, and he'd almost forgotten what all of this was for. Except... she couldn't win. It couldn't be over. Not yet. And somehow, he managed to make his limbs move.

She wasn't even facing him now. Her back was turned and she was wearing her armour, but he could have sworn he saw her freeze when she heard him get to his feet. He spat red onto the snow. His breath wheezed dangerously in and out of his lungs. He caught a glimpse of Tormund, looking on in something akin to horror. He supposed that at this point, he looked like a dead man that had got back up to fight.

“Face me,” he said. She turned, shaking her head.

“No. I won't do it. Not again,” she said.

“I'll make you,” he growled, and he did make her fight, but her heart really wasn't in it this time. So at last he was victorious, and it was her who ended up on her back, with the point of his sword pressed to her throat. But it had never really been about that.

He moved the blade once he saw the surrender in her eyes, because he couldn't stand to take his own
weight for much longer, and an accident now would be... tragic, and also incredibly stupid on his part. He collapsed to his hands and knees, his sword forgotten in the snow, looming over her prone form as she stared up at him.

“Why? Is it so important to you to win?” she demanded, angry.

Clegane could hardly think, but he tried to put it into words. “Lady Brienne. It occurred to me that if a man wanted to win your favour with a duel, stands to reason the person he'd have to duel with would be Brienne of fucking Tarth.”

He drew in a deep rattling breath, then coughed it out into the snow beside them. “So I did it. Again.” His mouth was full of blood again already, and he was fairly sure he'd lost at least one of his teeth, but he smiled anyway. As he relaxed his body down, out of necessity rather than choice, it occurred to him he was laid on top of her, in the snow. Her armour was cold, but she was warm through the chinks of it. It felt like coming home.

“Oh, but that's...” She had the most woebegone expression he'd ever seen on anyone, even Sansa Stark, and she'd shown him some woebegone expressions during her time in King's Landing. “…but you've got it all wrong!” she was saying, struggling beneath his greater weight. “That's not how it works, you great idiot!”

“Don't say that. It's the best I could do,” he said, and shook his head. He immediately wished he hadn't. “It counts, or you're one bloody stubborn bitch!”

She sighed. He felt her hand on his face, and she looked on him with a curious expression. “Does this mean you'll kiss me now?” she wanted to know.

Quite suddenly he was jubilant, and that was when he knew his body had gone through enough for one day, because nothing at all was happening. “Erm... you might have to give me a day or two on that one;” he said in apology, and promptly collapsed.

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When he came around, he was laid in a bed that was so long his feet didn't dangle off the end. Brienne's bed. He blinked his eyes open, lifted his head slightly, and groaned. Everything fucking hurt.

“You're a fool,” Brienne said, from her place by the side of the bed.
Clegane closed his eyes again, letting his head fall back to the pillow with a gentle thump. He breathed deep, and breathed in her scent. This was where she slept. He was relieved to hear the rattling had gone from his lungs. “Anyone ever tell you your bedside manner is shit?”

“What do you know about manners?” she queried coldly.

The bed dipped as she moved to seat herself beside him. He sneaked a look, and moved his hand until it rested comfortably on her hip.

“Oh, well, don’t fluster about it,” he said, feeling good despite the residual agony. “Yours are good enough for me.” She laid a cool cloth against his skin, and he wondered how long she’d been tending to him this way, how long he’d been out. Going by the pain, it might have been some hours. Perhaps even a day. It was daylight outside, so perhaps he’d slept the clock around.

“Where’s the wildling?”

“Gone to fetch more clean water, and wine.” She held a cup to his lips. “Drink.” He sipped dutifully, and the warmth of the strong mead settled in him pleasantly; the sweetness gave him energy.

“I could have killed you. Idiot.” She didn't sound at all pleased. The cup was returned to the bed table with a sharp little rap.

“You didn’t,” he observed, and lifted his head again, just to make sure he still had all his limbs.

“No. I didn’t.” Brienne sighed. A short, exasperated sound. “Perhaps you’ve forgotten, but we are going to need you. You'll need to recover quickly.”

“I'll recover. If you stop nagging me, woman.” Her lips pursed together in distaste at his language, and he smirked, deciding to try his luck. “You could always try kissing me better. That'll help.”

“I...” She was disconcerted now, flustered, and she didn't know what to say. Brienne was many things, but worldly in that way? Not at all. It was strange to see her without that innate confidence she displayed to the world. She seemed so human, and Clegane had a sudden strong urge to protect her – from all kinds of things. Immediately, for the sake of his own safety, he decided never to mention it to her. Maybe, just maybe, she’d appreciate some straight talking though. It was worth a try.
“I’ll make it nice and easy for you, Brienne. We can come to an agreement. I won't fuck you. If you agree, I'll kiss you, and touch you so that you can find out what you like.”

She stared at him, and about twenty or so years of repressed sexual energy was shining in her, just below the surface. The merest idea...

“Explore you,” he continued, wanting to draw it out, wanting her to want it as much as he did.

“But I promise not to go all the way,” he reiterated. “You leave this bed with your virtue intact. No harm done.” She’d moved closer to him as he spoke, unconsciously, close enough that he could reach up and brush a thumb over her jawline. “So, how about it?”

“What about Tormund?” she asked, her voice much quieter now, as if she were spellbound. The answer was easy.

“We make him agree to it as well. When he returns.” He continued to caress her face, noting how she began to move into his touch slightly. He wondered if she was aware of doing that too.

“So you won't...” she said, uncertain, “neither of you...”

“No fucking.”

She frowned, and he brushed his fingers over the lines that appeared on her brow, as if he might be able to somehow smooth them away.

“You said he loves me. Tormund.” Two spots of colour appeared on her cheeks, as if she was embarrassed to bring it up. “Do you?”

“I don't know. I want you. When I'm with you, it's as though I've been waiting for you my whole life,” he confessed honestly. “I think it's the same for him. And only you'd know, but it seems to me as if you might've been waiting for us.”
“But, you won't fight each other?” she queried, and Clegane shook his head, a little frustrated at that.

“Is that what you want?” he demanded. “If one of us kills the other would you willingly lay with the victor as if you were a treasure waiting to be taken?” She tried to turn her face away, but he wouldn't let her, his hand on her jaw keeping her attention on him. “I do you the courtesy of assuming you're not like other women. You're not part of the 'spoils of war' are you?”

“No.” She looked like she was ready to kill anyone who might even suggest it. That was good.

“Quite right,” he said. “You deserve better. You don't want to see either of us dead, and we're kind of friends, so why would we fight over you?” He softened his hand again, and she leaned closer in response, close enough that he could sweep his lips over hers between his words, the lightest of kisses. “When we can all share? And later, fight the real enemy together. Stronger.”

“But it's not…” She didn't seem to understand anything. Didn't realise he was seducing her. She'd come to lie beside him on the bed, her arms draped over his shoulders as he turned on his side to face her, one hand roving over her waist. She was still dressed. Hell, he was, come to that, so it wasn't anything, but the look in her eyes was something else. When she fell, she would fall so deep and quickly. “I mean that isn't how it should be,” she argued, despite herself.

“Nothing is as it should be,” Clegane said, thinking of all he had seen. “If you haven't learned that by now, you haven't been paying attention. So what if it isn't? What the fuck difference does it make? No one knows what happens between us, but us.”

Before she could argue any further, he continued: “You're all about your truth, and I can guess what it is.” He could, too. In his experience, men were at their most vicious when they felt insecure, and Brienne was apt to make most men feel that way. Hell, he'd felt that way when she'd left him for dead. He could imagine the kind of shit she'd had to put up with from the rest of them. “Want to hear mine?”

She looked uncertain. “Well, you're going to anyway,” he told her grimly. Perhaps he was in the mood for confessions, but he wanted her to understand him, needed her to. “Some of it, at least. It hasn't escaped my attention that I'm not a Jaime Lannister,” he said dryly, and paused. “Or even a Renly Baratheon.” She blinked at him in surprise. “Oh, I know you well enough now, woman,” he said without rancour. “But here's the thing, I'm not like them.” He could feel his lips twist into a derisive sneer. “I'm not like any of them.”

He turned away from her onto his back and stared up at the ceiling. “Do you know the one thing that's worse than having someone look at you as if you're the worst thing in the world that could
happen to them?"

He glanced sideways, and she had the strangest look on her face. As if she’d simultaneously been found out, insulted, and understood all at once. He supposed she was right, at that. “What?” she asked, sullen now.

He returned to looking at the ceiling again, drew in a breath, and admitted it, to her and himself all at once. “Having them look at you as if you’re the worst thing in the world that could happen to them, and they still want it anyway. The worst thing. All that violence and pain they imagine. Want it enough to beg you to hurt them. To ruin them. Like surviving you is something they can brag about afterwards.”

There was silence for a moment. “Sorry,” she said, and her hand sneaked over his chest, warm and forgiving. He caught that hand in his, and even in this he appreciated her. Most women had the hands of children to him, but not her. He caressed her palm with his thumb, marvelling at her. That she should exist, here with him, and he wanted her so much he could barely breathe.

“I've paid attention,” he said. *Nothing is as it should be,* he thought, because to him she outshone every woman he’d ever seen. “But you? You're different to them all.”

“You won't...?” she asked, and he turned back to her, saw her trying to trust, and it must be difficult, because like him, he suspected she’d never been able to trust anyone.

“No, I won’t,” he promised, and saw that new trust grow in her eyes. He couldn't help himself. “But I bloody well want to. That’s the difference.”

At last, she smiled – genuinely – and it was as if the sun had come out. He immediately made plans to make her smile again, and soon.

“So what do you say?” he asked, wanting to make sure he had her agreement, voiced out loud. She was quiet for a moment, thinking.

“All right,” she said with a little nod, decisive. “If you promise.”

The ensuing joy was interrupted by the door being flung open, and Tormund standing there with the wine and water like a spare part, frowning. “You’re starting without me?” he demanded, put out.
Clegane looked at him and laughed, nudging Brienne.

“Now there’s a man with two jugs,” he said, and she glanced over at the door, then laughed too. It felt delicious how she turned to face him, her body actually shaking with giggles against his chest and her arms around him while Tormund looked on blankly.

“What are you standing there for?” Clegane asked. “Get over here. We’ve got this big bed and there’s one space left, just big enough for you, as it happens.”

“Yes!” Tormund bounded over, putting the jug of water and wine down on the bedside table.

Brienne ended up in the middle, and she struggled to sit up. “We have a condition,” she said firmly, and it took her a good minute of struggling not to say the word, but she eventually looked to Clegane for back up. Together they explained the 'no fucking' part. To his surprise, the wildling agreed readily.

“Oh, warrior woman,” Tormund said, and laid a hand on his heart. “I promise you. Oh, yes. We have many, many things to do besides.” He looked at her as if she was a feast, and Clegane couldn't help but share the sentiment. “Kissing, stroking, touching, licking, sucking and tasting. Mmm...” The wildling actually licked his lips, and Clegane had the gratifying feeling of Brienne wriggling her body against him in an vain attempt to put some distance between herself and Tormund.

“We will make you feel things you never dreamed of. You will throb, and fly, and moan. I promise not to do that one thing. Not even if you ask. Not if you ask twice. But if you ask three times,” he said softly. “Well, then I promise, I will satisfy you.”

“I won't ask,” Brienne said, her voice colder than the northern side of the wall. Tormund only laughed.

“We shall see, my wild beauty,” he said, knowing. “We shall see.”
Chapter Five

“Well, let's seal the agreement, shall we?” Clegane suggested, gathering her close, relishing the feel of her in his arms all over again. Perhaps he would never get used to it. That thought made him ridiculously happy. Perhaps he wouldn't have time to get used to it. That thought brought him crashing back down to reality, but he was well used to that.

He kept the kiss deliberately light, the same as all of their others, giving her the chance to participate. She was growing accustomed to them even if he wasn't. He could sense her growing confidence by the eager way she kissed him back. Her eyes closed in trust and he could feel her fingertips in his hair, on his scalp. Internally, he cursed his scar and his brother for denying him sensation on the one side of his head. He pulled back a little.

“Sandor,” she said, then smiled as she opened her eyes. It was a strange, perfect moment, but there were two of them here, and he relinquished his hold to give Tormund his turn. And himself a chance to watch. Strange how this time he didn't feel the need to look away.

The wildling pulled her to him, and her body was suddenly less pliant, less trusting. She wasn't the same Brienne she had been up on the hill – not yet. And not when Tormund kissed her like that, so full on. Clegane could see his tongue delving deep, hear the surprised sound of shock and protest she made. He almost cringed. Then he gasped when he felt her hand take hold of his, squeezing.

She tried to move away, and he caught the look of panic in her open eyes, so he squeezed her hand back in reassurance. It's all right, he thought, wondering just how they really were going to go about
this. And then he knew. Straight talking. No surprises. No nonsense. She really was amazing.

Tormund finished off and rumbled a little satisfied sound, licking his lips, and Brienne frowned at him.

“I still don't entirely trust you, and I didn't like that,” she said pointedly, moving away, back into Clegane's arms. Tormund's eyes widened in surprise, and Clegane laughed. He was having ideas, and since those ideas involved enjoying himself immensely, he decided to go with them.

“If you're going to kiss the boys, you may as well do it properly,” he told her, and her face fell a little. He took hold of her chin in his fingers. “There are different kinds of kisses. What I've done with you.” He demonstrated briefly, seeing her eyes flutter closed. “And what he just did.” Clegane demonstrated again, with much less intensity than Tormund, again briefly. She tasted wonderful, and he remembered that she was not just a woman, she was a Lady. She kept her teeth clean. She drank water with her meals, for fuck's sake. He felt some sympathy for Tormund then, getting a first taste of that.

“You can do it back to me,” he suggested. “Want to try?”

Brienne nodded slowly, and pulled him down for another kiss. This time he remained completely passive, letting her direct, letting her explore him, letting her decide everything. And when she seemed confident enough, he joined in, playful. It lasted all of about five seconds before playful became passionate. Not a nice passionate. Not a hearts-and-flowers-and-pretty-things passionate. Not even an I-want-to-fuck-you passionate. This was a fuck-the-war-and-fuck-the-dead-we-have-each-other passionate and they broke apart for breath a minute or so later. He'd ended up on top of her, his lower body cradled perfectly in her pelvis, her legs open to either side of him. They were still fully dressed, but his body didn't seem to notice the distinction at all. He was ready for her. Her eyes were a darker blue again, her lips reddened and shiny wet from their experiment. He'd thought her beautiful once or twice before this, but now...? He'd never thought of her as Sansa Stark beautiful. He'd been utterly wrong. She surpassed Sansa by about a million fucking leagues.

“Now,” he said, stunned, before he could forget about everything but fucking her for the rest of his short life. “Try it again with him.” He'd temporarily forgotten the wildling's name. And he literally had to force himself to move aside, but he managed it, somehow, limbs shaking. That's how this was going to work, after all. If it was going to work at all. Clegane wasn't sure of anything any more, even his promise. Luckily, that at least came back to him a moment or two later, along with the name Tormund.

Nobody was doing anything. The wildling was staring at him, slightly open-mouthed, as if he'd just seen exactly what had happened between them. But he couldn't have seen it, couldn't have seen the moment that thunderbolt struck him clean in the heart. Clegane managed to nod. “Slowly,” he
advised, tilting his head to Brienne.

It was slow this time, and he watched the same as the wildling had watched. Watched her kiss someone else. Watched her mean it, because she did. Her upper body rose up towards him from the bed, her arms twined around his shoulders. He could see her tongue moving, could see her eyes closed this time as she gave herself to him.

Then she moaned.

He wasn't sure if he growled. Something on the back of his neck seemed to rise. Perhaps they couldn't share, after all. Tormund was rolling them over, on top of her now, and she didn't stop him. He broke the kiss and looked down at her for a long moment before looking to Clegane helplessly.

“How the fucking Hell did you stop yourself?” he asked. And the strange dangerous mood was broken suddenly, like an elastic had snapped, all the tension gone. He didn't know how to answer. How did he stop?

A sudden sharp crack echoed through the room as Brienne slapped Tormund across the face, and he rubbed his cheek. “Ow! Woman!”

He was probably lucky that she was just as addled as they were, since the slap was a kind of tired reaction, rather than deliberate. If Brienne had been deliberate, it would have been a punch, and quite possibly a broken nose. But Tormund did give her the space back, and they lay looking up at the ceiling for a minute or so, each of them with their own thoughts.

“What the fuck just happened to us?” Clegane wondered out loud.

“This. I seen this before,” said Tormund sagely, nodding. Clegane raised his head as the wilding sat up, arms draped over his knees as he sat staring at the opposite wall, thinking. “I felt it.” He switched his gaze to Clegane. “You?”

“What the fuck do you think? I just nearly...” He heaved a great sigh, disgusted, and sat up himself, looking down on Brienne. He didn't finish his thought out loud. He didn't need to.

“Did you feel it?” Tormund queried of her.
“If it isn't always like that. Then, yes. With both of you.” It was impossible to tell if she was pleased about it or not. “What does it mean?”

Tormund shrugged. “It is rare. A kind of bond. Never seen it happen with three. When it happens, a new clan will form around the bond that is made.” He brightened. “I suppose we are a little clan now.”

Clegane groaned. “Fucking wildlings. Just tell me one thing,” he said, biting his lip, thinking it through. “Is this shit going to happen every time we do anything? Because promises have been made, and I swear I can't...” He looked at her, and she was still there, the same Brienne but not, still so... “I mean, Brienne, I fucking can't.” He buried his face in his hands, only to have her peel those hands away. Gods, but she was impossible now.

“It happens once,” Tormund said, shrugging. “We should be fine now.”

Clegane would love to believe it, but he couldn't. She was staring into his eyes, holding onto his hands, and so he did it. Because for him the only proof was to know. He kissed her as if his life depended on the knowing. And she kissed him back, still awfully inexperienced and a little clumsy. Not perfect. Unsure. She tasted the same. He broke the kiss, and he hadn't lost control this time, despite the fact that she looked tastier than a chicken after a week long fast. Promises could be kept.

“All right,” he said decisively. “We are a little clan, if you like. Let's fucking do this then. First, I'm going to need some of that wine, because everything still hurts. And Brienne? Don't be afraid, because it's his turn next.” He jerked his head at Tormund. “So he'll be getting undressed first, and then you'll get to play with him and ask lots of questions. You can do as little or as much as you like. How does that sound?”

It was a gamble, how he'd put it to her, but he saw her respond just how he'd hoped she would. Her face cleared, and she nodded. Hearing it put so succinctly helped her. Knowing what was to come, it eased her. “Yes. I think that is what I would like,” she said, though she also gave him a lingering look, and Clegane felt a little warmed by it.

Tormund had no problem at all with the suggestion, and jumped up from the bed, already peeling off his layers and throwing them to the floor as Brienne watched, wide-eyed, sitting cross-legged on the bed. As Clegane poured some wine for them all, it occurred to him that Brienne might never have seen a naked man unless it be a corpse on a battlefield. Hell of a way to learn anatomy.
Tormund was naked. Like Clegane himself, that little bonding encounter had left him with a hard on, and like Clegane, it was still very much evident. Tormund was also almost exactly the same size as himself. No wonder he was so proud of himself. Sure, they'd wanked off together the other night, but it wasn't as if he'd actually looked or anything. Until now. Clegane stole a quick look at Brienne to see how she was taking it. She must have seen one before, right?

Her mouth had dropped open slightly, and her eyes were somehow even wider.

“Can't look away. Ah!” Tormund grinned and nodded, hands on his hips. Neither could Clegane.

“Ginger all the fucking way down,” he taunted after a moment or two.

“You going to join me? Or you afraid?”

“Only of overwhelming our comrade here.” He earned himself a smile from Brienne for his use of the term, and mentally scored himself some points.

“I'd like to,” she said to Clegane, her cheeks beginning to burn a little. She bit her lip sternly, as if she was trying to tell her own face off for betraying her nervousness. “See, that is.”

Clegane swallowed and put down his cup, then slowly unbuttoned his shirt. What did he care? She must have seen him already when they'd brought him back here? Hadn't she? Admittedly, he'd been a bit softer and a bit more fucking unconscious back then.

Since he knew he had nothing to fear from being compared to the wildling, as he undressed he moved to stand beside Tormund at the foot of the bed, so as to make a display for her. When he was naked he stood proud too, all of the scars and bruises she'd seen, and the cock she'd touched before, through his clothes. He and Tormund looked at each other. Tormund looked down.

“Ahh...” Tormund said happily, then looked him in the face again. Brienne sighed.

“You are much bigger than most other men?” she asked, uncertain.
“Yes,” they said, in unison.

“Oh...” She seemed hesitant to get too close, sliding feet first towards the foot of the bed, inch by inch. “And, it's your turn,” she said to Tormund, having to look up at him.

He nodded, but stayed in his place, letting her come to him. She was sitting on the edge of the bed now, nervous as all hell and trying not to show it. Clegane gave marks to her for courage. She licked her lips in a tell, but her mouth was closer to his dick than anything else, and he saw Tormund's cock give an eager little leap that he couldn't help.

“Why did it do that?” Brienne asked sharply, suspicious.

Tormund gave out a helpless little rumble of sound. “It likes you.”

She reached out a hand, then let it drop. Looked up to him for fucking guidance, of all things! Clegane sighed inwardly. He was doomed. “Tormund. Get on the bed, for fuck's sake.”

He fell into a crouch in front of her, which relieved her anxiety somewhat, going by the way her shoulders relaxed. “You want to touch him?” he asked, and she nodded silently, a little miserable at her failure to do just that. “Want me to show you how?” Now she smiled.

“Would you?”

“Said I would, didn't I?”

He'd also threatened Tormund with this very thing the other day, so it shouldn't come as such a huge shock to him. The wildling had laid himself out on his back in the middle of the bed. Clegane glanced up. “All right,” he nodded up the bed. “You take that side. I'll take the other.”

So they ended up with Tormund between them like dinner or something. Brienne stared at him. “I'm not afraid,” she said. Clegane grinned.
“Of course not,” he agreed amiably. He looked Tormund up and down as a warning to the wildling. “You want to touch him anywhere else, or are you interested in this first?” And he laid a hand flat over Tormund's cock. It was hot and straining. Much like his own. Clegane sighed inwardly. His balls were gonna be blue as the northern mountains after this.

“I want to touch him there,” she said eventually. Clegane nodded.

“Right. Well, he had a bath yesterday, but not today. So get us a cloth and I'll clean him. He's been fighting since. Pissing. And wanking.” Brienne's eyes widened, but she did as he asked, and he made sure to clean Tormund as best he could over the wildling's beligerent protests that there was nothing unclean about him.

Actually, if he was being honest, this was all about looking good in front of her, and annoying Tormund. Hell, he'd gone weeks without a bath before this and thought nothing of it. Months, even, when he'd been dragging Arya Stark around the country, looking for somewhere to drop her off.

The impromptu bathing hadn't made the erection subside at all, and at last he held Tormund in a firm grip as a demonstration, most of his palm hidden behind so that Brienne could see properly. And she was watching, rapt, so curious he was surprised her eyes didn't fall right out of her head. He tightened his fingers in a slight squeeze, and was answered with a warning growl from the wildling. Clegane looked up, and smiled without humour.

“You just fucking let me know if you're going to lose it,” he said, taunting, because he knew there wasn't a chance of that. Tormund was hard as rock in his hand. His eyes were wild and staring, as wide as hers, half sat up now on the bed. Suddenly a hand shot out and Clegane felt strong fingers wrapped around his neck, not quite serious.

“We going to fight over your cock, is that it?” Clegane asked plainly. “While she watches?” Clearly, Tormund had been put beyond the use of language, because he shook his head in something that could have been denial, agreement, or both. “Or are you going to let me show her, and hand you over?” Really – he should be fucking grateful! The only reason he was prepared to go through with this was because he knew she'd touch him soon, in the same way. She'd explore him, the way she was going to explore Tormund. This. This was like a practice run for her.

Slowly, the fingers around his neck loosened, then dropped away. Clegane returned his attention to the job at hand: the wildling's cock, nestled in a bushy growth of auburn pubic hair. “Besides,” he said, in an extra aside to Tormund, “I told you before. I don't like gingers.”

“Oh, but you can't help liking me,” came the gruff, annoying answer, and Clegane smiled. Because
he knew it would irritate Tormund to holy hell, he kept his hand in place while he turned his body, so that they were face-to-face.

“..." he said, “for a ginger." And he gave the wildling a rough and violent kiss. Their teeth clashed in a chink he could feel and hear, and he never meant for it to be anything else but a taunt and yet he felt Tormund's large, strong hand on the back of his neck, holding him still. All of the tension was back all at once, as the kiss deepened into something real, something that wasn't anything at all like what he'd shared with Brienne. This was entirely masculine and hard. They were the same. They were brothers. That was his hand on Tormund's cock, and he squeezed and it was right. He tasted of wildling, of that disgusting stuff they drank and of winter and cold and of finding warmth in the endless dark. Of life.

Clegane wanted. He didn't even know what, but he wanted, and he expressed it in the kiss until Tormund wrenched his face away and hissed in his ear: “You'll make me come!” and he realised he'd been tugging and squeezing all the while, working on that hardness just as if it were his own. Clegane stilled his hand and caught his breath just in time, let go, stared down as Tormund turned his head back to look into his eyes. And he knew somehow that something had changed. They would die for each other now. They would die for each other before – they had bloody planned to, they'd planned to fight together, but this...?

“Us,” Tormund said, something unfathomable in his eyes. “All of us.”

A little clan. So be it. Clegane relaxed marginally. This made things better, really, easier. But then Tormund shivered.

“What does it want with us?”

*The Lord of Light*, and suddenly Clegane felt unreasonably angry that it should interfere in his life in this way. That it should take what he wanted and just give it to him, instead of allowing him to actually earn it. Brienne. It wasn't fucking fair, and he wasn't going to give *it* the credit. He'd won her, from herself, with pain and sweat and blood out there on the hill. This shit did not matter. He wouldn't let it.

“I don't fucking know. I don't fucking care. I just care what we want, and what we want with each other,” he said. Tormund nodded.

“I agree.”
“You too,” Brienne said, having watched them. “We are three now. And I agree as well. I hate the Lord of Light. You have no idea. What I’ve seen. Whatever it wants, it’s not getting it from us.”

All at once, he admitted to himself that he loved her, and straight away, that he’d never loved her more than in that moment.
Please, if you do enjoy this work, consider leaving a word or two to let me know. Or, just as importantly, if something I wrote didn't seem right for the characters and stopped you reading at a certain point, I'd like to know that too.

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“He's so hot!” She drew her oiled fingers back almost straight away, in shock, then replaced them. Clegane was patient with her, because he could afford to be. Tormund, however...

“Woman,” moaned the wildling. She cast a glance up the bed, then ignored him, instead paying attention to her new teacher. That was good.

“So soft on the surface, but hard underneath. It feels very strange. But nice,” Brienne commented, and sighed.

“You'll want to hold him similar to how you grip your sword hilt. Relaxed but firm. More pressure on the lower fingers, looser up top, so that when you move your hand...” He waited for her to catch up with his instructions, copying what she'd seen him do before. He was seeing her curl her fingers around someone else, and it didn't faze him at all. Thanks to the little gift he and Tormund had just received, he supposed. She moved her hand up, and he helped her, showing her how her thumb and forefinger should slide over the head along with the foreskin.

Tormund growled in pleasure.

“Does that mean I got it right?” she asked, and Clegane nodded, smirking.
“Aye. See if you can make him do that again,” he said. She did, and he grinned.

“Feels good to have a big woman’s hand wrapped around it, right?” he asked the wildling.

“Fuck you know,” he said, then shuddered. “Woman. Don’t keep starting and stopping, and starting, and stopping. You will kill me.”

Clegane was actually beginning to feel a little sympathy now. His own erection had died down some time ago, but the big wildling had stayed hard while he’d been showing Brienne what to do, and now while she was experimenting on him. He was almost delirious with want to come.

Brienne frowned. It was a look on her he was beginning to grow used to. “What does he want?” she asked, and Clegane relented.

“The reason I told you to keep the grip relaxed is because you need it to be active, to move your hand fast. Let the wrist take the movement, rather than the hand, then you’ll manage it well enough. Up and down. And try and add a bit of a squeeze and a twist to the upward movement. Just a gentle one.”

“How fast?” she wanted to know, beginning a slow up and down that would only be making things worse for poor Tormund.

“Let me show you,” Clegane said, and took over for a moment, his hand moving quickly over the wildling’s cock. A throaty growl floated down from the head of the bed when he stopped and Brienne took over again.

“Woman...” This time there was a definite warning demand in it, and she pursed her lips before she began.

“My name is Brienne,” she said, displeased, looking up the bed. She raised an eyebrow. “What is my name?”

“Fuck. Brienne, woman. Please, don’t tease me any more.”
Hearing Tormund say please was about as dire as it probably got for a wildling. Say what you want about them – they were proud folk, not given to begging for anything. He hoped Brienne understood that too, looked at her and saw that she did. Something in her eyes softened all at once as she stared up the bed at Tormund, and he didn't realise at first what she was doing. He was so focused on her face. But she was moving her hand, and his eye was drawn to the blur of it – so quick! But she was a swordsman, and good with her hands. This was really nothing to her, and she'd only needed a rudimentary understanding to get with it. Clegane smiled and sat back, his work as teacher done as Tormund moaned and writhed under that hand.

He came crying out her name. Clegane supposed, given the silly grin on Tormund's face afterwards, the wait had been well worth it. He jumped when Brienne patted the bed hard.

“Now you,” she said, daring him to refuse her. As if he could, as if he wanted to, as if he would fucking defy her.

Tormund scrambled out of the way so that Clegane could take his place, but this wasn't the same. He was soft and yet... a few investigative touches and he could feel himself surging into her hand nevertheless, just as obedient as if she had commanded it.

The wildling smirked. “Good –”

“If you call me dog,” he broke in, “even the Lord of fucking Light won't be able to make us friends again,” he growled. Tormund frowned, then sat on the edge of the bed and leaned in close.

“Good cock, for a southerner,” he said, then stole a kiss. Clegane laughed in relief. It was a laugh that ended on a groan as Brienne worked on him. All the desire of earlier returned to him, and he was so right about her hands. She felt fantastic. To have a woman's hand large enough to envelop him, large enough to pleasure him properly. It was beyond anything he'd ever hoped for.

“Tormund,” he managed.

“I know, my friend,” he responded. “I know.”

He couldn't be sure how long it took her to get him off. Maybe not long at all, but he came with a wild, elated cry, right into that amazing hand. And there they were, both of them spent. She had a surprise coming her way now, and a long evening into night. He and Tormund shared a knowing,
conspiratorial look between them, then as one they looked at her. She immediately became suspicious.

“What? Why are you both looking at me like that?”

Delicacy was called for again. Unfortunately he had none. “Brienne. Do you know the difference between men and women?”

“Are you making fun of me again?” she demanded. “Because I think I made it quite clear what would happen if you did that.” She was frowning again, arms folded. “Didn't I just make you feel good? Both of you?” she asked, as if hurt.

Clegane shook his head. “Not that difference. Another one. You see, it's your turn now.” He smiled, and once more felt like a wolf. He sneaked a sideways glance at Tormund. The wildling looked like a wolf, what with all that hair.

Slowly, Brienne nodded. “But, you won't do anything I don't like, will you?” she said, standing up and unconsciously starting to back away. She didn't go far. She didn't really want to.

“We made promises. We will keep to them. We won't do anything you don't like.” He held out his hands to reassure her. “Do you remember what it felt like, out on the hill, when Tormund did what he did to you?”

She nodded, and breathed shakily. “Well, Tormund and I, we need recovery time before it can be our turn again. But you don't.”

“What do you mean, I don't?” Her frown deepened.

“I mean, your body works differently to ours. When we find out what you like, we can do it to you again, and again, and again.” He watched the way her eyes darkened as he spoke. “And again.” She swallowed. “For hours, until you fall asleep, exhausted in our arms, completely happy and satisfied.”

He stood up and moved towards her. To her credit, she stood her ground. As he reached her, she moistened her lips. “How many times can you do it?” she asked, her voice a mere whisper.
Clegane grinned. “Women have no limits.” He held out his hand to her, and she thought for a moment before allowing him to lead her back to the bed. Tormund got out of the way. She was wearing a simple buttoned shirt and a pair of breeches. Not dissimilar to what both he and the wildling had been dressed in. Clegane popped open one of the buttons, then looked into her eyes. She didn't protest, but she hiccuped. Startled, she covered her mouth with one hand.

“Pardon me,” she said automatically, gulping in air, then hiccuping again.

“Don't be afraid. We won't hurt you.”

“We could never hurt you,” said Tormund from behind him. “Brienne.”

Clegane popped another button on the shirt. Five more to go.

“I know,” she said, confident. “I wouldn't let you anyway. I just...” Suddenly she was holding his face in her hands, staring at him earnestly. “Help me. Kiss me again. Like you did at first. Before.”

“You mean like this?” he queried, and kissed her on the lips. Then he smiled. “Or like this?” Then he took her in his arms and repeated that first encounter, when he'd kissed her neck and she'd seemed to melt for him. This time too, she sighed and tilted her head.

“Yes,” she said, her voice soft, “just there.” While he did what she wanted, he moved his hands back to work on the rest of the buttons, and when they were all undone, Tormund stepped up behind her to take the shirt away, sliding it down her shoulders and off her arms.

Suddenly she gasped and her hands gripped his biceps hard. He couldn't see Tormund any longer, and could only assume the wildling was currently crouched over, making the most of Brienne's naked back. Never touched. Never anything. She held onto him as if for dear life. “Sandor,” she managed, her eyes wide. He smiled at her, trying desperately to resist the temptation to look at her naked breasts.

“What's he doing to you?”

“He's kissing...” She drew a sharp breath in. “Kissing the bottom of my back.” She moaned, then sighed, and leaned into him, her weight resting easy against him. He could take it. Maybe he hadn't managed to see them, but he could feel her breasts pressed against his chest now.
“How does it feel?” he asked, and while she was busy with that, he moved his hands down to untie the laces that held her breeches up.

“Oh, it's... I can feel his beard, and his lips. And it's like tickling but it's not funny. It's so much deeper than that. Oh, Gods... I never guessed...”

Having loosened the ties enough, he eased the material down. “Mmm, good description. Wriggle your hips free now,” he said, and she did, allowing him to get the breeches and her underwear down her legs. He straightened up a little. “Tormund,” he said sharply, then nodded back towards the bed when the wildling stood up.

“Lean back onto him now, Brienne,” he instructed, “so that you don't trip over your clothing.”

She seemed confused, but did as he asked, and as soon as her weight was leaning away from him, he scooped up her legs and together he and Tormund carried her the couple of steps to the bed, with him discarding her breeches and underwear on the way. So there she was, completely naked, ready for all manner of new experiences.

Of course, he'd told a little white lie about that recovery time. He and Tormund both wanted her so much he doubted it'd take much to make him hard again, but he fully intended to see how much pleasure she could take. He wanted her to remember this. He wanted her to never regret making this decision, and he couldn't think of a better way to do it. They hadn't spoken, but he was quite sure Tormund was thinking along similar lines. She didn't understand the art of this, but it was also true that she'd been so unselfish. She'd satisfied them both as soon as she knew how to do it without a thought for herself, really. Perhaps it was her inexperience. She didn't know enough to know what to want from them. She would after tonight. They would make certain of it.

Now that he wasn't busy with other things, he had the chance to look upon her properly, and he did not like what he saw. Brienne was covered in bruises. There were scars here and there, some old, some newer, as you'd expect, but the bruises bothered him. He looked up, straight into Tormund's eyes, and the wildling was giving him a knowing look. What was that about?

“Who did this?” he queried, touching upon a larger bruise on her waist so she would know what he meant. She drew in a breath and blinked at the ceiling.

“You did,” she said quietly.
His heart suddenly lurched, as if he'd been travelling along in a wagon, and a wheel had splintered. He reconsidered the rest of them. He remembered all the fighting they'd done recently. All of it. And how much he'd enjoyed it.

“Are they all me?” he asked himself, out loud, dipping his head to kiss that first one, as if he could make it go away. He could hear her breathing falter at the touch of his lips. “I'm such a vicious bastard,” he whispered against her skin, moving his lips to the next on on her stomach. Her muscles there twitched, and she caught her breath. “I'm sorry, Brienne.” He whispered it like a prayer.

He worked his way up her body, kissing bruises all along the way, until he felt her hand in his hair, twisting, pulling his head back. “I don't seem to remember apologising for your bruises,” she said pointedly, staring at him.

“That's different,” he argued. Brienne raised an eyebrow.

“Why?”

Tormund laughed, deep and low. “She's got you there.”

Before he could think of an answer that didn't sound like it would get him killed, her eyes flashed. “Didn't you enjoy it? Don't you like it, when we fight each other?”

Clegane grinned. “Yes. You. You're the best fight I ever had.”

She smiled slightly, as if it were a secret between them. “Me too, as it happens. Bruises happen all the time. I'm not a doll or something. I won't break. Forget about it.” He was laid beside her again now, and her hand had gentled in his hair. “Forget about it so that we can fight again the same tomorrow.”

What was it about her? She could get his blood flowing as easily with her words as with her sword. Clegane couldn't help but kiss her, and this time he let himself go, let himself kiss her how he wanted and relied on her to keep up with him. She did for a minute or two, and then she cried out into the kiss, muffled by him. He stopped, but it wasn't the kiss that had gotten to her.
Tormund had moved down the bed a little, and he was using both his large hands to gently press and knead her left breast. His lips were latched onto her nipple, licking and sucking alternately as Clegane watched. The wildling lifted his lips away a little and flickered his tongue over that nipple so quickly it couldn't be seen. The effect of that on Brienne was incredible.

“Ahh...” she moaned, and her left hand was entwined in the wildling's hair now. “Tormund!”

She'd thrown her head back in pleasure, exposing that wonderful long neck, so he took the opportunity to kiss her there, knowing already that she liked that too. With his hand he covered her right breast, and squeezed it lightly in tandem with Tormund's rhythm, which reduced Brienne to a series of inarticulate moans and cries. She arched her back, and he swept his lips away from her neck, up towards the lobe of her ear, which he nibbled a little, moving his head so that the point of his nose would catch the shell of it. Brienne almost seemed to sob.

Clegane paused. “You like this? What we are doing now?” he whispered into her ear, already knowing the answer. “How does it feel?”

She shivered. “Ohh... I can't say... I feel all hot...” She arched her body again, her legs becoming restless this time. He caught Tormund's eye, and as if they were a team, they both captured one of her legs with theirs. Brienne didn't seem to mind that at all. “Oh, Gods,” she said, her breath stuttering and uneven.

“Going to try something else now,” he whispered, and now he used his tongue, only... the reaction wasn't what he'd hoped for. The mood which had descended was broken as Brienne started and giggled, wrenching her head away from him and accidentally dislodging Tormund. Her nipple came free from his mouth with an audible pop. It was swollen and rigid, wet and rosy red.

“That tickled!” she said, still laughing as Tormund shook his head in disapproval. Clegane frowned and shrugged.

“No tongue in the ear,” he noted.

She was staring at Tormund now. The wildling was sweeping the fingers of one hand over the flat of her stomach. Over and over again, just lightly. He held her gaze. Never increased the pressure of that caress, but her eyes darkened as it worked on her. He could see that tell he'd noticed earlier. The twitching of her abdominal muscle on every pass.
It came as something of a shock to Clegane right then to realise that Tormund was just as experienced with women as he made himself out to be. That he knew every secret of her body, knew all the things about it that Brienne herself didn't. Immediately he wondered if he'd see Brienne ask three times, as Tormund had predicted, and if, at that point, he'd need to enforce the promise they'd both made to her. That was going to be one hell of a dilemma. He sighed, and kind of growled at the same time, deep in thought.

They ignored him, still staring at each other, until Brienne looked down at her own chest. His own hand still covered her right breast, but her left was free, that dusk rose nipple still erect and pebbled against the pale skin, almost too obscene to belong to Brienne. Clegane could feel himself stirring just looking at it.

Tormund was smiling at her. “What do you want?” he asked, though it was quite clear. This was about making her say it.

“More,” she said, such longing in her voice Clegane was taken aback. He'd never heard her sound that way. Tormund didn't seem surprised at all.

“That is right, beauty,” he said, and licked his lips in preparation to begin again. But this time it was Tormund himself who had broken the spell.

“Wait,” Brienne said, her voice more normal again. “Stop. Don't...” She shook her head. “Don't call me that.”

“Ah,” Tormund said, displeased, his face darkening like snow clouds. “You say I cannot call you woman, so I stop. Okay. I call you Brienne because you like your name. Now I cannot call you beautiful.” The wildling sighed and drew back completely to sit on the side of the bed.

“Then we have a problem.”
Chapter Seven

There was silence for a moment or two, and she was the first to break it. “Tormund. It's just a word. But it's been used to hurt me by... there were lots of them. Please, I can't hear it any other way now. You don't know. You can't know.”

Clegane frowned at hearing her speak it out loud. He'd suspected something like that, of course, but hearing her say it. She hadn't been explicit, but he imagined it – lots of them – and he had to stand up because he felt a sudden, urgent need to do violence, and there was no one here to do it to. It was all too easy for him to understand. He remembered for himself all the times he'd been called 'dog' or 'monster' and the humiliation that came with it. And he was a man. He imagined how much worse that humiliation must be for her, a woman, and he heard himself growl, his hands closing into fists.

“When you look at him, what do you see?” The words broke through his rage. They'd been talking while he was deep in his thoughts, but he hadn't been listening. Now he did.

“What do you mean?”

Yes, what the fuck did he mean?! Clegane opened his eyes and glared at Tormund. Only, the wildling was smiling at him, as if he knew some secret that neither he nor Brienne did yet.

“Do you see that scar on his face?” Tormund asked.
“Yes,” she replied, slowly.

“Does he look like a monster to you?” Tormund asked plainly.

Clegane growled to complete the impression, apparently unable to help himself. So as to avoid killing Tormund in misplaced anger, he switched to gaze helplessly at Brienne. How could she see anything else? Fuck!

“Of course not,” she said, as if insulted on his behalf, and he blinked in surprise, his bitterness and rage draining away. She got up from the bed and walked towards him. “I see the scar, but it is a part of him. Of Sandor. Of my...” she faltered, but the look on her face as she reached out and touched his cheek. She smiled. “The best fight I ever had.” She wound her arms around his neck and pulled him close, setting her cheek against his, mindless of the scar. “First kiss.”

“Ah,” said Tormund from behind them, nodding. “So then. You think he is beautiful?”

He felt her freeze, and then she drew back to look into his eyes, and she was so tall. They were on the same level. Equals. Some kind of realisation dawned in her eyes. “Yes,” she whispered, surprised. It was the truth. He saw it shining in her and yet he wondered how it could even be possible. He had no words for the feelings that suddenly coursed through him. He'd never felt them before in his life.

“What makes you any different to him?” Tormund said, turning the tables at exactly the right moment. Clegane saw her insecurities flood in, and he stopped her turning away, shaking his head: No.

“Hear this,” Clegane said seriously.

“But I'm not...” she argued, and her face fell, that adorable frown creasing her brow between her eyebrows. Clegane grinned at her. “My mouth is too big for my face,” she said.

Immediately, a very dirty thought came to him about how big her mouth was, and how big his dick was. Tormund's, too, and he he laughed out loud. Behind them, the wildling's laugh was even dirtier than his. Brienne continued to frown for a moment before she got it.
“Oh!” she said, her mouth hanging open slightly, then she dropped her eyes to his cock, shut her mouth with a snap and covered it with one hand. She sneaked a sly look behind her to Tormund, then turned back to him. She appeared to still be considering it, moving her hand only to moisten her lips with the tip of her tongue as she dropped her eyes again.

“I thought you needed to recover?” she said, her cheeks burning with colour. He looked down at his cock too, which was indeed stirring, and inclined his head.

“Well, if you're going to stand there, thinking of sucking it, that kind of thing's gonna happen.”

Behind them, Tormund cleared his throat. “The first time you two met you tried to kill each other. He's loved you from the moment he first saw you, whether he knew it or not.”

Clegane frowned at that, but the wildling had a fair point. Ever since that day, he'd been thinking about her. Until it had eventually brought him here. If he'd never seen her again, he would have been thinking about her for the rest of his life. Wanting her whether he knew it or not.

Her lips were set in a straight line. “I'm too tall,” she tried. Clegane grinned at her, and stepped forward. Perfect for him, for them both. She stepped back. “Too strong,” she argued. He laughed in her face as she stopped moving and he pressed the length of his body against hers. She was so tall, his newly awakened cock pressed against her pubic mound. He drew in a hissing breath of want, but did nothing else. Tormund was behind her, his hands creeping around her waist, his chin resting on her shoulder.

“You're the most beautiful woman he's ever seen,” he said to her, and she blinked rapidly. “You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.”

Something painful seemed to occur to her, and she turned around in their arms, much to Clegane's disappointment, dislodging him. “Tormund, I don't...” she said, then trailed off. The wildling patted her hair.

“I know. I wait. It's all right.” He led her back to the bed. “Tonight we make no claim of love. Tonight we reclaim beauty, yes? Fuck the idiots.”

Clegane followed. “Fuck the idiots,” he echoed.
She clambered onto the bed, until they were back where they started, with her in the middle. She looked from Tormund to him, more confident than before. She drew in a deep breath. “Fuck the idiots,” she said. Tormund laughed deeply.

“How do you do that?” she asked, already seeming lost again.

Clegane frowned, but followed Tormund's lead, taking one foot while he had the other, easing the oil over the soles of her feet, getting to know the precise nature of her heel and instep, massaging the ball of the foot, noting the length and position of each of the toes, the bone structure of her ankles. Brienne wasn't completely passive during this strange ritual either. She had ticklish feet, and giggles drifted down to them now and again, as she tried to pull her feet away, her soles crinkling up in a mixture of protest and delight. But Tormund persevered, until all such reactions ceased, and she relaxed, her feet and ankles limp, all the tension gone.
Then it was onto her calves. Touching her this way, non sexually, it gave him an insight into her body. How muscular she was, how strong, and his respect for her increased ten-fold. He was a big man himself, and it didn't just happen by magic. Plenty of big men were just fat underneath their clothes and armour. Real strength took maintenance and discipline, and it must be even more difficult for a woman to maintain. Otherwise, he reasoned to himself, there would be more Briennes around.

He found he couldn't resist a kiss to the back of her knee. But then, neither could the wildling, so that worked out rather well. She laughed strangely at that, but that was all. She said nothing, made no protest, and they continued up to the backs of her thighs, working away the tension with deep long movements interspersed with little ones. Clegane followed Tormund's lead faithfully, and Brienne's body seemed almost to melt into the bed below their hands.

Tormund seemed uninterested in her hips and buttocks, which made Clegane sigh, and instead they spent the longest period of time on her back, refreshing the oil on their hands several times. Lightly pressing, not heavy. Long sweeping movements as her skin warmed beneath the combined touch of four large hands. Their thumbs on the back of her neck, delicate work, smoothing the tension away there, the heels of their hands working on her shoulders until she moaned some nonsense into the pillows that he couldn't understand.

At long last, Tormund took her right arm, while Clegane had her left, and he rubbed it between his palms in a new kind of massage. Clegane copied, until they reached the end of her, right down to her fingertips, and they set her hands down by her sides.

“Help me turn her over,” Tormund said, his voice hushed. “Carefully. She will be floppy now.”

Floppy?! Clegane frowned, but they turned her between them, and he was right, she was as relaxed as a rag doll, as if she was made of a collection of sighs and water. Her eyes were so dark he caught his breath.

“Brienne?” he said, uncertain. She smiled.

“Oh, I feel so nice,” she said, stretching her arms above her head. “Why didn't you show me how to do that to you?” He gulped, and then jerked a thumb at Tormund.

“It was him.”

She bestowed that dark, sultry-eyed look on the wildling. “Mmm...” She sounded more like him than
he did. Tormund chuckled.

“Now,” he said. “Now you are ready for pleasure, beautiful Brienne.”

She sighed. A long, drawn out thing. “Isn't this pleasure?”

“You have a lot to learn. Luckily, we are here to teach you.” It was growing darker. The lamps would need to be lit. For once, it wasn't that much of a chore to him, and he and Tormund finished it quickly as Brienne waited, watching them with that strange, dark-eyed stare.

As they returned to the bed, she opened her arms. “I want you,” she said, then seemed to realise what she'd uttered. Her eyes widened, and she stared at him and then Tormund, biting her lip.

“Are you asking me, beauty?”

She shook her head slowly. “No.” She swallowed, confused. “I don't think so. Not yet. Am I?” He laughed again, but seemed to relent.

“Tonight you can rely on me. I promised. I keep that promise no matter how many times you ask me. Hmm?”

Brienne smiled. “Yes. Yes, please.” Something seemed to occur to her, and it was as if Tormund had granted her some kind of freedom, because she suddenly laughed out loud. Clegane had to struggle to remember if he'd ever heard her laugh before. Perhaps he hadn't. Giggle, yes. Laugh? Never. It was a wonderfully feminine sound that made a great smile break out on his face. At least until she turned away from him and clambered on top of Tormund, holding him down to the bed.

“I want you,” she said, happy, suddenly all took up with the idea that she was entirely safe. Except that she didn't seem to understand certain things.

“Fucking hell!” Tormund said in alarm, gulping, turning his head helplessly. Because Tormund looked at him, Brienne seemed to notice him too, and she left Tormund, only to climb on top of him, repeating the manoeuvre, holding his wrists down to the bed. But she went further with him. Her knees were either side of his hips, and his cock was already standing just proud of his body as she wriggled upon it, getting harder by the second. He had to do something quick, or she was going to fucking impale herself. He growled at her instinctively and rolled them over, trapping her beneath
him.

She struggled, so he used his weight to keep her down – had to – and it didn't help him, because she was so tall, and when she tried to move him by raising her hips... Gods he was nearly there! Clegane bit his bottom lip so hard it bled. He scowled at her but she was completely oblivious, because she didn't really understand.

“You're going the right way about getting a damn good, hard fucking, woman,” he said carefully. “From the both of us.”

She froze, her eyes wide. He shuddered, and willed his body to come back down, back under his own control, before he could make that one single movement and just end it all. His breathing was fast and heavy as he stared into her eyes. He still didn't trust her enough to let her go, and his forearms were leaning heavily on her wrists. “You can ask, is what he said. You can't writhe about on my cock like a bitch in heat...” He closed his eyes. “Fuck. You nearly did it, all by yourself, do you know that?”

Her eyes filled with humiliated tears then, and he hated himself for being the cause of them, but he'd needed to stop her somehow. “I'm sorry,” she said. “I just felt so light-headed after what you did, and then I felt safe with you, and I always do things, these things, wrong.” She screwed her face up, then sighed as if the world had already ended and the dead had won. “Let me go.” She struggled again, but with her arms, weakly.

“Not until you promise to stay,” he said.

“But I've made a terrible mess of everything! Just like always!” she bemoaned, and he smiled slowly.

“So what? We can start again,” he said simply.

She blinked up at him, astonished. “You mean you still want...? You still want to...? Try? Even though I did that?”

“Aye. If you think I'm going to give up on you any time soon just because somewhere deep inside you want my cock in you... Well, then, you really don't know much,” he teased, and she sniffled, then giggled, then hiccuped.
“Oops,” she said, her face burning. “Pardon me.” She drew in a shaky breath. She was the cutest thing he'd ever seen. Even though he couldn't forget that all the while his cock was resting right in the crease of her labia. At long last, she seemed to realise it too, because her face drained of colour, and he felt her inner thigh muscles twitch.

“Oh... my,” she said in alarm. “Get off!”

He couldn't resist teasing her, seeing as the danger was passed. “Will you stay?” he asked, stern as he could be.

“Yes, I will, I'll stay, I promise! Move!”

He leaned in close to her ear. “And are you gonna stop beating yourself up? Because I kinda enjoy it more when I can do it, in training.” He heard her shocked gasp, and wondered if he'd actually gone too far, and then felt her bite his neck. Not too hard, just a warning, and he laughed. Next lesson, then. “Oh, see, now you're really turning me on,” he murmured, and moved away to the side, setting her free.

He showed off his neck to Tormund and the wildling laughed. Brienne looked from one to the other. “Why are you laughing? Why is that funny?”

In answer, Tormund drew her close, as if to kiss her neck, and she let him, her head falling back and her eyelashes fluttering as her eyes closed. Clegane saw the moment the kiss changed to a bite. Heard it, because she cried out quietly, her hands came up to lay flat against Tormund's shoulders and her body relaxed back into the pliant state of earlier.

Payback had never been so sweet as when he took his place on the other side, and angled his own head, taking the other side of her neck. She cried out again, louder this time. “Oh, please, I do want you!” If only he wasn't so busy with his teeth, he might have taken the time to grin. Between them she squirmed, her lower body too, and he knew that whatever else had happened, she was beginning to feel it, that need. A need they would soon satisfy in her, even if they did keep their promise.

He made himself an additional promise, that he would taste her tonight.
Chapter Eight

Chapter Notes

Please, if you do enjoy this work, consider leaving a word or two to let me know. Or, just as importantly, if something I wrote didn't seem right for the characters and stopped you reading at a certain point, I'd like to know that too.

Just... ffs please say something, even if it's just "Hi, I was here." Otherwise, I have to assume most of the hits are googlebot. Or that you clicked and weren't impressed/hated it.

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Chapter Eight

They didn't spend too long at her neck before moving down to her breasts. Just long enough for each of them to leave their mark. As for her breasts, they took charge of one each, lingering over them, squeezing and sucking as a team, in unison while she almost thrashed between them. She didn't seem to know what to do with her arms, then finally settled on laying a hand on each of their heads as they bent to their pleasurable task: that of undoing her completely.

Her legs became restless again, and so they captured them as before in theirs, one each, parting them slightly so there was an empty space in the centre of the bed, a space that longed to be filled, an echo of the space that existed within her. She moaned, and sobbed, and occasionally hiccupsed. He'd never really heard a woman sob in pleasure like that. It wasn't an actual sob, more of a short sound of disbelief, as if she was constantly being startled that anything in this life should feel so good. And it felt amazing to be one of the two to be showing it to her.

When Tormund lowered a hand to her flat stomach, again with that long slow sweeping motion, she almost seemed to swoon, her body alternately stilling and then undulating in waves. She didn't just sigh and sob now, she spoke, but what she said didn't make sense. “Touch me,” she said, as if they weren't. Because she wanted more, and she didn't know exactly what. She didn't know enough to ask.

Then, when at last she let out a long mewl of sheer frustration, Tormund moved that hand lower, but much lower, to her inner thigh, sweeping his fingers up now, but stopping short of the prize. Clegane mirrored him on the opposite side, and she stilled and gasped, her lower body lifting clear of the bed, begging them to continue. She was strong, and he immediately imagined how fucking her might feel.
if she could move like that beneath him. He couldn't help it at all, and when he looked at Tormund he saw those same thoughts reflected in the wildling’s eyes.

Again and again they did it, the tenderest of touches, just teasing, just playing. Tormund eventually let go of her nipple to blow softly on it and she actually cried then. He repeated the same thing on the other side, and she shivered to her core as they moved down the bed, never letting up with the light caress.

Between them, they moved her legs apart, encouraging her. “Wider, beauty,” Tormund said. “Let us see you properly.”

Brienne trembled and sobbed – again – but spread her legs, letting them raise her knees and lay them flat to either side of her body, opening her up fully. Tormund hummed in satisfaction at that, and laid a kiss on the inside of her knee.

Clegane had never gone as slowly as this with anyone, and yet it all seemed worth it somehow. It was like unwrapping a long awaited gift, or peeling a rare piece of sweet exotic fruit. He and Tormund revealed her to their view together, carefully, using a thumb each on her lips, and there it was, perfectly shaped and symmetrical. She was deep red and swollen with arousal, shiny in the lamplight with it. He could feel his tongue peeking out to rest on his bottom lip as he looked upon her. And she thought she wasn't beautiful? He let himself linger over the looking, studying her. He'd thought she'd be larger, but her pussy seemed so tiny, quivering, and he couldn't help but imagine how it might look stretched tight around his dick. Clegane let out his breath in a little rumble of lustful need and fascination, while beside him Tormund did exactly the same.

“What is it?” she asked quietly, full of doubt, and Clegane managed to tear his gaze away to look at her face. She was afraid, he realised suddenly. She'd never seen herself the way they were seeing her.

“It's all right, Brienne. You're breathtaking. Worth more than a mere glance.” She smiled at him hesitantly, uncomfortable with the intimacy, no doubt, but still willing. She amazed him at every turn with her courage.

Tormund moved his head, but Clegane stopped him, remembering his earlier strategy with her. Knowing what to expect would make all the difference. “Warn her first,” he said, and Tormund looked up the bed for a moment, considering.

“I'm going to do the same to you here, as I did to your breast,” he said simply. Brienne frowned, not understanding. Clegane shook his head.
“Touch her first. So she knows exactly where you mean.” Somehow he knew it was important. Never touched, never anything. Never even touched herself like this. He didn't know how it felt exactly, but he suspected it was going to be somewhat dramatic.

Tormund flicked a thumb against her clitoris, and Brienne's reaction was immediate. She drew in such a deep breath her lungs must be nearly bursting, and it suddenly took all of his weight to keep her down. Tormund's too. “Whoa!” he said, gentling her, only for Tormund to start flicking that thumb on her over and over. It was like she was receiving a series of electric shocks, and she cried out loudly, again and again.

“Oh, Brienne. You look good enough to eat,” Clegane said with a wink, and she gasped, understanding immediately.

“No! Oh, no! Please, don't! Not there! I can't take it!”

He looked down at her, and saw that tiny dancing aperture twitch maddeningly along with her words, daring them, goading them on. He sighed. It was much too late for no.

“You can't! Please! Gods! You c-can't!” She was twisting her head from side-to-side, her hands buried in her short hair as Tormund continued to tease her with his thumb. “It's too much!”

Tormund shook his head at her. “It's not too much. Trust me, beauty. I know what's tormenting you. It's because it's not enough.” And with that he went in, without any further messing about. Brienne froze for a moment as his lips covered her clitoris, and then her mouth opened, but nothing came out. After around ten seconds or so there was a shaky half breath out, then the longest, most definitively sexual moan he'd ever heard from a woman in his entire life. And he'd heard some.

Tormund pulled back a little. “Well, even I have to say. That was quick.” He put his head back down, this time lower, and dipped his tongue into that tiny little sleeve of muscle, coming away licking his lips with a smile. He smiled at Clegane. “Want to taste her?”

Did he ever? He'd thought Brienne wasn't even aware of what was happening, but he saw her eyes widen at the offer and she stared at him as he grinned and went to get his own bit of her. She moaned for him this time, and she tasted sweet and clean, but intense, white on his tongue and his lips.

When he'd done they gave her a minute or two to recover, but they didn't change position at all. She
relaxed a little, her breathing steadied, and she looked at them, helpless. Tormund smiled. “Ready for more, woman?”

But it was his turn, and the look of alarm she turned on him was what his dreams would be made of for a while. He dropped down and gave it his best shot, taking care not to be rough with her. She wasn't used to this, not at all, and yet he varied his technique more than the wildling had, to give her a bit more of an idea. He didn't just suckle there, he gave her good long licks with his tongue, circled her with it in a tease, flickered over her, the barest touch. The sucking though, that was the one that made her legs shake eventually, and that moan again, the slick wet warmth coming out of her near his chin. He tasted her again, but made sure to leave some for Tormund.

They took it in turns, having her, and they moved onto penetrating her gently with tongues, just a little, and she liked that too. But eventually she was completely exhausted, her body used up and spent. By necessity, he eased himself with his own hand, as did Tormund, then they lay beside her, exchanging deep lingering kisses turn by turn until she began to refuse them. When she was tired Brienne was completely adorable. He'd lost count of how many orgasms she'd had.

“How do you feel?” he asked her, “now?” He was playing with a wisp of her hair as she stared into his eyes. She still looked a little shocked, and he couldn't blame her for that. Tormund was spooned up behind her, his arm draped over her waist, his lips moving over the back of her neck as she smiled slightly.

“I want to sleep through the night,” she said, her voice dreamy. “And then all day.” She gave a short, annoyed sigh. “I can't possibly fight you after this.” She dislodged Tormund and turned onto her back suddenly. “Maybe, between the two of you, you've broken me.”

Clegane snorted. Chance would be a fine thing! “I doubt that.”

Tormund grumbled amiably. “Sleep then, woman.” And he threw his arm over her again. Clegane too, and she didn't protest at all, just yawned tiredly.

“Didn't I have a name?” she wondered out loud, giving Tormund a playful little glare and a nudge.

“So you did,” he said. “You remember what it is yet?”

She giggled, and Tormund continued. “Besides. If he gets to call you woman, I get to call you woman. Fair is fair.”
Brienne sighed in a long-suffering way and closed her eyes. “Fine. Go to sleep then – men!” She said it as if she were addressing her own personal army, and Clegane smirked, but he was tired as well, and it didn't take much for him to doze off, not with Brienne in his arms at last. Or, in one arm at least.

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When he awoke, he didn't waken fully, courtesy of the bed he was in and the soft, warm woman in his arms. A bed and a woman usually meant a brothel, which meant he had probably done quite well for himself the day before and was likely to be safe – especially if he'd had enough silver to spend the night. And he had a morning erection. He could either go for a piss, or fuck the whore, then go piss, and he knew which one sounded better.

With a little groan he rolled over onto her, his right hand going down to his cock. She was probably asleep, but it didn't really matter. She'd soon wake up with his cock inside her. Besides, she was a whore. Still, he'd learned from experience that it paid not to make them scream, especially early in the morning. So he went through the same bloody ritual as he did with them all, and rubbed the head of his cock over her clitoris, until he was sure her pussy was awake, even if she wasn't. Then he gathered all of his spit and got it in his hand, so that he could cover the head of his dick with it. Hurt less going in that way.

At last. He slid it down by feel in between her pussy lips, right to the back there. Found it. He sniffed and frowned – the entrance seemed unbearably tight for a whore, but he didn't press it yet. He got hold of one of her legs to drape it over his shoulder. That would help too. In his semi-conscious state, it seemed to him that she had very long and muscular legs. Either he'd lucked out, or he was still partly dreaming.

It didn't matter. He folded his body in some uncomfortable fashion so as to kiss her and keep her somewhat quiet in case she should scream when he penetrated her, and got a face full of tits for his trouble instead. He'd miscalculated the height. A tall one! Surprised, he pulled away, on the verge of thrusting into that wonderful welcoming heat, and remembered just in time.

Brienne. At last he bothered to open his eyes. Shit. She was still fast asleep, but she seemed to be dreaming. Her body moved beneath him, welcoming as all hell, tight as fuck because she was a damned virgin, and he swore, wide-eyed and in about ten different kinds of trouble.

“The fuck you doing?” And a giant hand shoved him away, off of her, before he could do it. He looked at Tormund, and for a moment all he could do was thank the Gods it was Tormund he was in this with, because any ordinary man wouldn't have been able to shift him and live.

“I didn't mean to!” he said, alarmed at himself. “I just... I thought I was somewhere else.”
To his surprise, Tormund only nodded in understanding. “Ah. So did I, about ten minutes ago. You lucky I caught you in time. I had to go for a piss.” He pulled a strange regreeful face at Brienne’s sleeping form. “Yeah. Only when it was me, I nearly did her up the arse.”

Clegane huffed out a breath. “You'd be all kinds of dead.”

“I know.” His eyes were wide. “All kinds.”

They both thought about it for a minute or two as they watched her sleep. And about whether it was worth it. They sighed.

At last they realised that while they were awake, there was nothing at all to be gained from leaving the bed without her, so they settled back down, one at each side, and played a game of seeing how much they could get away with before they accidentally on purpose woke her up.

They tried kissing her, but she pushed them away in her sleep, and eventually mumbled out loud: “Podrick, keep that damned horse away from my face while I'm sleeping!” which kind of killed the mood a bit. So they satisfied themselves with making a nice Brienne sandwich and playing footsie with her until she blinked awake and drew her feet up.

“Where am I?” she demanded quickly, staring at Tormund, then realised the hand on her waist didn't belong to him. She tried to turn, but they hadn't given her enough room. Then, before she could begin to panic properly, the previous day's events seemed to return to her. “Oh, I remember.” She breathed deeply. “Right.”

“Morning, woman,” said Tormund, and kissed her. She seemed to struggle for a second or two, then relaxed. When he was done, Brienne sighed.

“That was nice. I liked it,” she said, a little suspicious, as if sensing her changed response to him. “What did you do to me?”

Tormund winked and moved far enough back so that he could turn her around. “Morning,” Clegane said, and took his own kiss. How could she taste just as nice first thing? He didn't know, but she did. She wasn't completely turned towards him, just on her back, and he was half on her, one of his legs slid in-between hers as the kiss deepened. He moved, pressing against her deliberately until she moaned for him, and he freed her lips to listen to that sound.
“No, not again,” she said. “I can't.” And yet she didn't fight, didn't stop him, only stared into his eyes until he relented with a little laugh.

She lay back on the pillows and frowned. “How can I ring for tea with you two in my bed?” she wondered out loud.

Clegane huffed. “You can ring for tea!” he asked, astounded. She glared at him.

“Of course I can. I am a noblewoman, and this is Winterfell. I'm not on the road any more. This is civilisation.” She sighed. “There's no help for it. You'll have to hide somewhere.” She looked around, and then suddenly pointed. “The wardrobe there, that should be tall enough.”

Both of them looked at her blankly. “Well?” she demanded, making a sweeping away motion with her hands. “Go on, then! Shoo!”

Halfway to said wardrobe, Brienne suddenly started giggling, rolling around by herself on the giant bed. He and Tormund looked at her, then at each other. Clegane began to get a very definite feeling he'd just been had.

“Well?” he growled.

“You two,” she managed, between giggles. “Ring for tea? And you two, fell for it, going to stand in the wardrobe...” She waved a hand in front of her face as she laughed some more, then drew a deep breath as if to calm herself. “While you are there, though, you could pass me a robe.”

“Hmm...” Tormund rumbled, and opened the wardrobe door, pulling out a robe. He walked back to the bed, and sat down on it, next to her. He jerked his head at Clegane, to get him to the bed. “I learned something yesterday,” he said seriously. “You want to know what it is?”

She bit her lip as Clegane sat on the other side of her, looking from one to the other of them, distrustful. “Erm... no?”

“I know that you have...” he paused, “...ticklish feet!” And with that he grabbed her ankles. “Hold her down, Clegane!”
She screamed in a fairly undignified manner as they got their little revenge, but when it was done they were all even. And what is more, they were all friends. All lovers.

“I'm going to bathe,” she said, pulling on the robe. “And then I'll see you both at breakfast. Then we'll train, and I'll see if I can still fight, or if you broke something after all.” For a moment, she seemed uncertain. “I don't know.” She drew in a breath and stood up quite straight, drawing herself up to her full height. “I feel quite light this morning. Quick. I might even be better!”

He and Tormund exchanged a look.

Oh, fuck. As if the wardrobe thing hadn't been punishment enough, there looked like being actual bruising involved.
Please, if you do enjoy this work, consider leaving a word or two to let me know. Or, just as importantly, if something I wrote didn't seem right for the characters and stopped you reading at a certain point, I'd like to know that too.

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Tormund and he went their separate ways almost immediately, and he went through his morning routine, which didn't consist of bathing, but of sticking his head underneath the cold water sluice in the centre of the courtyard and shaking the excess from his hair. That woke him up tolerably well, then he redressed and went to wait for breakfast, Tormund getting himself seated a minute or two later at the side of him. He had no idea what the wildling had been up to in the intervening time.

When Brienne came to sit opposite them, she was dressed ready for training, her armour awaited her at the end of the bench along with that squire of hers.

“Very well,” she said curtly. “Run along now, Podrick. I don't need you yet.”

Podrick Payne looked at her, then at the two of them. “Yes, my Lady.” He immediately did as he was bid, and Clegane understood then that they'd taken his place. He stared at her. She was all clean and healthy pink, her hair still slightly damp from the bath, just getting long enough to cling to her in little yellow-blonde curls. He imagined how it would look if she let it grow just a bit. But then, she'd probably see that as a disadvantage in combat.

Around them, there was the lively chatter of conversation, the smell of cooking bacon and sizzle of fat. Pans clanged and pots clattered, but above it all, he could have sworn he heard her short little sigh.
She glanced around the hall at everyone else, as if to make sure no one was watching them, then she looked at them and sighed again. She rolled her eyes. “Every meal time,” she murmured, to herself. “You know,” she said, louder. “We are in Winterfell. They have a motto here. Breakfast is coming.” Clegane stole a sideways glance at Tormund. He was staring at her like she was breakfast, completely smitten. He smirked, then it occurred to him he was staring at her in exactly the same way. 

Fuck it. He rested his chin on his hand, elbow on the table and indulged himself. Below the table, he stretched out his legs a little, only to find the wildling had the same idea. Before long, they were both playing footsie with her again, this time under the table, and she was looking from one to the other of them sternly, trying desperately to keep up the show of respectability. The veneer was wearing rather thin when one of the servers plonked a plate full down in front of each of them.

Immediately, they were all distracted by the food.

“Thank you,” Brienne said politely as he and Tormund dug in enthusiastically.

He couldn't understand why she was so restrained around food. There was a thing about food that both he and Tormund understood all too well. When you were larger than average, you needed more of it. If you intended to keep the kind of muscle they all kept, you needed more of it still. To be battle ready and actively training, more still. Clegane shovelled it in, because winter or summer, he'd known too many lean times with not enough to eat, as had the wildling. She must have known those times too – she must have! And yet, she ate carefully, delicately, with a knife and fork as if there was no such thing as hardship. How the hell did she do it? Discipline he had, but he wasn't bloody insane. When there was food to eat, you ate it. Quickly. Before it disappeared into someone else.

He got about a quarter way through, then realised she was watching him, that cool blue assessing gaze on him as he ploughed his way through the mountain of protein on his plate. He narrowed his eyes. She wasn't going to win breakfast before they even started – fuck that. He stared at her and took a great messy bite from a thick slab of bacon, chewing deliberately, then swallowing. In response she carved a small sliver of sausage and popped it in, chewing with her mouth closed, then taking a sip of her water.

They went through the entire meal in a similar fashion, bite-by-bite, and by the end, somehow she'd consumed as much food as him, with far less mess and fuss. She sat back, hands folded neatly over her midsection as the meal settled in her, victorious. Clegane grumbled under his breath and assumed the same position, then let out a massive belch. She frowned at him.

Tormund was looking between them, one to the other, having just returned to the table. He'd gone off in search of something. He grinned madly. “I win. Look! I already got dessert.” And he held up a shiny green apple. Clegane blinked. An apple! In winter! The beginning of winter, yes, but still...
Brienne licked her lips, and Tormund didn't miss it. “You want it?” She nodded, reaching out, but he held it back.

He touched his hand to his lips, then held it out to her again. A kind of silky warm atmosphere descended around their table as he waited to see what she would do. She glanced around, but luckily no one was paying any attention to them whatsoever. She bit her lip, swallowed, and then slowly leaned forward. The look on her face was pure desire. She bit into the apple as he held it for her, closing her eyes. He could hear the crisp crunch of it, imagine the sweetness of the juice as it hit her tongue. She tried to take it from him that way, but Tormund kept hold of it, letting her go with the mouthful, nothing more.

It was one of the most wonderful, erotic, ludicrous sights he'd ever seen.

Clegane and Tormund both looked at the apple. There was a decent sized chunk missing. About a third in fact. Tormund shrugged and took a bite himself. Which left... just enough for him.

“You're not holding the fucking thing for me,” Clegane snapped, and snatched it out of his hand, demolishing the rest before tossing the core onto his emptied plate. The wildling laughed.

After that they went around lazily for a bit, staking out their practice arena in the main square. No fighting on the hill today. Or at least, not in the morning. They paced the area back and forth, taking their sweet time as an audience gathered around them to watch. They took their time so that the meal would settle properly. No good fighting on a full stomach. By the time he was strapping his armour on, watching the lad Podrick doing the same for her, at least a full hour had passed by.

He felt fit and ready. He stretched in a slow, lingering warm up, circling his shoulders, letting the muscles open out fully beneath his armour. For once it wasn't snowing. The morning was bright and clear, sunny from the east where the sky was blue, but the sky directly above them and to the west was layered with long banks of light grey cloud. He looked up, then caught Tormund's eye. The wildling looked up too.

“Sky is as deep and endless as the snow,” he observed. And it did look that way. It seemed too vast for the world below it. It made him feel bigger just looking into it, and it suddenly occurred to him why the wildlings might like to live as they did, why they might like to live where they did. He looked back at Tormund, and something passed between them, an instant of understanding. He shook his head to clear it. More sorcery from the Gods, no doubt. He didn't dislike Tormund, he'd just rather get to know the man all on his own without their help.

He drew in a breath, and then stalked to the weapons rack he'd set up for himself a few days ago, uncovering it. There were a selection of blades here. Some of them were the new dragon glass. His favoured sword was here, the one he'd travelled with some time ago; a single handed steel. There
was a two-handed monster of a sword that he fully intended to get to know. A couple of others. Since Brienne seemed in a good mood, he took the one most familiar to him, purely out of a consideration for his own defence.

By the time he'd attached it to his belt and strapped it to him, it was time. An expectant hush had fallen over the courtyard, and it was quiet enough that the drawing of their swords sounded more dangerous than it had any right to for a practice session. He noted that she was playing with that Valyrian steel again. Like he and Tormund didn't have enough to contend with as it was.

Inwardly, he shrugged. Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed Tormund sidling up towards him.

“Any tips?” he murmured. Clegane huffed in response, remembering how long Tormund had lasted before.

“Yeah. Try and keep up this time,” he said, grinning at Brienne as an invitation.

She went for him first, and she was quicker. But not stronger. They exchanged a few strikes and parries, and she wasn't trying to kill him. He wasn't trying to kill her. This was practice, that's all, and he relaxed to let himself savour it, seeing her eyes sparkle with enjoyment at the other side of the duel between them.

Yet as they continued he couldn't help himself, couldn't stop the blows becoming heavier and the game turning ever more serious to the delight of the audience around them. It was inevitable, and still she countered him, not only defended but pressed her advantage. She was wonderful. The sound of their steel was the sound of his entire life. It had given him everything he ever wanted, until now. He stared at her as they fought, hungry for everything she could give to him. She could satisfy his every desire. They could fight, then fuck. And fight, and fuck. She would scream when they fought, and moan when they fucked. She could win or lose at this, but he'd always get the prize afterwards, her cunt squeezing and hot around his cock, his name on her lips...

He lost his concentration.

Only for a moment, but it was enough to lose his place, and she took it from him, merciless, forcing him back into a retreat, blade flashing before his eyes. He growled and lashed out, desperately improvising, scoring a hit on her at last. Her eyes flashed but she couldn't deny him. She nodded once as he withdrew for now, his heart full of victory, and she turned her attention to Tormund.
He watched closely from the sidelines, far more carefully than the crowd, his sword thrust back in its scabbard for now, and mentally made a list of mistakes he saw them both make, mistakes he told himself to avoid when he faced either one of them going forward.

She was winning, clearly. Although to be fair if she wasn't hefting that Valyrian steel around they'd be a lot more equal. It weighed less, and so it meant she had an unfair advantage. He should bring it up with her later, because he was absolutely sure that she would want to fight fair. His lip curled in a cynical sneer at the thought. He watched as she forced Tormund back right to the edge of the fighting area with a flurry of passes, similar to how she'd played with him. When she'd done it to him, he'd improvised to get the win, and his lifetime of experience had helped him. To his credit, so did Tormund, in his own fashion. The wildling opened his mouth and flickered his tongue at her. Clegane felt his jaw drop a little. Brienne stopped, dead still, her face as white as the snow, staring at Tormund as if he were an insect about to be crushed under her boot. “You fucking lunatic...” he murmured under his breath, suddenly standing up straight instead of lounging against the weapons rack. “You fucking dead lunatic...” There was absolute silence from the onlookers. You could have heard a pin drop in Winterfell courtyard just then, but it wasn't a pin that went down.

She threw her sword to the side, where it landed in the dirt in a shocking clatter of sound. Too loud. Tormund didn't know what to do, so he stood there, awaiting what was going to happen next. Clegane saw it coming before Tormund did, and winced in unwilling empathy. Brienne marched close to him, pulled back her arm, and punched him clean in the face.

He'd never seen a crowd make way so quickly. Tormund flew backwards into them by a good foot and a half, landing on his back. They made an astonished sound of shock. Clegane made sure to look around. He wanted to be certain everyone had seen Brienne of Tarth beat some other big bastard apart from him. Oh, they'd seen it all right. He suddenly frowned up at one of the balconies, where Jon Snow stood, looking down on the proceedings. What was he doing there? Didn't he have better things to bloody do? Like organise a war against the dead, for instance?

After that the onlookers quickly drifted away, not wanting to aggravate the Lady for themselves, until she stood there alone, fist still clenched and held in her other hand, glaring down at Tormund as if daring him to get back up. Was he even conscious? Clegane saw her trembling even if no one else did, and he started forward, concerned for her.

“Brienne,” he said, carefully, slowly, holding his hand out to her shoulder.

She whirled to face him, brushing off his hand in the process, angrier than he'd ever seen her, then stooped to pick up her sword, thrust it back in its sheath, and stomped out of the square. As she left, she shouted: “Podrick! Come!” The lad scurried after her, half hunched over and subservient. Clegane couldn't say he envied the squire at all. It was the life of a mouse for him, but he supposed
the boy chose to live it. He heaved in a breath. Since there wasn't anything else to do, he thought he may as well check to see if Tormund was still alive.

He looked down at his feet, only to see a deranged grin pasted on the wildling's face. “Did you see that?” he asked. Clegane frowned, wondering if she'd knocked some vital part of Tormund's brain loose.

“Aye, I saw it. You fucking mad cunt. What do you want to go and do a thing like that for?”

“Not that!” he said. “She hit me!”

Clegane just looked at him as he continued to grin.

“She is starting to love me,” he said with certainty. “I can feel it.”

Clegane hummed, not altogether sure he agreed with that assessment. “Right. Are you feeling that in your heart? Your cock? Or is it just in your left eye?” He raised his hand helpfully to illustrate.

Tormund scrambled to his feet and laughed. The sound of it boomed around the empty square. “Everywhere!” he said, throwing an arm around Clegane's shoulder.

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After a decent period of time had gone by, sometime in the afternoon, between them they determined to seek her out. They found the squire, Podrick, playing card games in the main hall. He was losing badly. Upon questioning, he said he didn't know where his Lady was, but he also said she wanted to rest for a while, undisturbed.

Clegane laid a friendly hand on his shoulder, and he almost seemed to jump out of his skin. “You want some advice?” he asked, as kindly as he could, and Podrick shrugged, swallowing. “Save your money. Don't play cards with cheaters. You see that one over there?” He nodded to the opposite side of the table. “He's got four fucking Kings. I see you got two.” Podrick nodded, rather hesitantly, it had to be said. “That deck of cards has got more fucking Kings in it than Westeros.”

He stood up straight and walked away with Tormund, while behind him he heard the other players accuse Podrick of cheating. He shook his head. There was just no helping some people.
When they reached the door to her room, she declined to answer to their knocking. She was stubborn, and she couldn't possibly be sleeping. So he simply shouldered it open. “Out!” she said immediately, standing up and pointing at the door, which was now hanging madly by one hinge.

“Wait! I didn't fucking do anything to you, now did I?” he argued, feeling that events had taken a rather unfair turn.

Tormund was kind of huddled behind him, probably in case she still had fists. Brienne smiled at him sweetly. “Well, now you've destroyed my door,” she said. “Out.”

“No.” He stood still, arms folded. She glared.

“I will throw you out,” she threatened, advancing on him, until they were stood face-to-face.

Clegane only laughed. “Now you're talking!” he said. “Come on then, woman. Try it. You know you want to.”

Suddenly, it was as if all the tension drained from her, and she leaned against him. He caught his arms around her waist, pulling her tight to his body. “Mmm... see now. That's much better.” He nuzzled his way in to her neck as she sighed.

“You can stay,” she relented. “But he's definitely out.”

Tormund chanced a peek from behind him, and Brienne gasped out loud. She straightened up, stepped out of his arms. She hissed in a breath, tutted, and reached out to touch the amazing black eye that had showed up during the course of the morning.

“Oh, Tormund! I'm so sorry,” she said, automatically. “I didn't mean to really hurt you.” He could believe it of her, too. She'd been amazingly pissed off.

“It was my own fault, beautiful angry Brienne. I was an idiot,” he said seriously, as Clegane huffed and stalked over to the bed, suddenly in a bad temper. She'd pointed out previously that she never apologised for his bruises, and now here she was, mothering and fussing over the wildling, who in his opinion, fully deserved the one he'd gotten.
“All right,” she said, terse. “You can stay too. But you hurt me, and worse... you embarrassed me earlier. I swear if you ever do that again –”

“I won’t,” Tormund said quickly.

“If you ever do that again,” she said firmly, nodding at him to be sure he understood. “I'll kill you.”

A smile broke out over his face. “That's all I want to hear,” he said. Clegane shook his head. Fucking lunatic.

“You want to hear a death threat?!” she queried in disbelief.

Tormund shrugged happily. “Well, you know,” he commented, shrugging. “It's a start. For us. Isn't it?” They stared at each other, and he'd be damned if she didn't actually giggle at him! Clegane pulled a disgusted face at them both. How the fuck was this happening? Before he could think any further it got worse, since Tormund swept a giggling Brienne up into his arms and started towards the bed.

“Clegane,” he said. “Get the door. Woman's right. You did break it.”

Grumbling, wondering if in fact, he was a mouse too just like that little squire of hers, he got up and stamped angrily over to the door. He picked it up off of its one remaining hinge, and smashed it roughly into the door frame with his fists until it was jammed solidly in there. No one would be getting in or out now unless one of them knocked it down again. He turned around, and glowered, because Tormund was making out with his woman on the bed, half laid on her as he kissed her.

They stopped, and looked his way. Brienne smiled at him. “Come to bed,” she said, and she actually held her hand out to him. “We have some time before we go out on the hill. I want to...” She stopped and seemed uncertain as she looked at him. “I mean I want to do some more... things. With you.” She was blushing again. “With both of you.”

When she looked at him like that... how could he help it? All was forgiven in an instant. He settled onto the bed, and turned her head towards him, taking her lips in a deep, searching kiss. She tried to match him, but couldn't quite keep up yet. They were still dressed, and he wasn't losing control. This wasn't like the day before. He deliberately manipulated her into lying beneath him, encouraging her to let her legs splay to either side, then he moved against her suggestively, rubbing against her.
“Ohh!” Her eyes had been closed, but now they opened wide, and she shook her head. He stilled, placed a finger on her lips.

“Nothing’s going anywhere, see,” he reassured her. “It’s just like pretending,” he said. “You like it?” He moved again, and again, simulating the act, letting his weight hit her just there at her sweet spot, and she brought her knees up to his hips, rocking beneath him, her head thrown back in pleasure as she cried out.

“I like it! Oh, please!” she gasped. He gave her more, until he was getting almost as much from it as she was, until he knew she could fucking feel him, because she looked into his eyes, and he saw her feel it. Clegane smiled, but he didn't forget. There were two of them, and they shared.

“Very good, Brienne,” he murmured, not bothering to stop, noting that she was moving beneath him just as he’d suspected she would. “I like it too. Just a couple more.” And he did it, what he said, making sure she felt it, relishing the way she was clinging to him, the way she had almost wrapped those fantastic long legs around him. She shivered.

“Sandor,” she whispered, shocked at this new sudden turn of events, but he didn't let her rest. He leaned down.

“And now I've had a little fun for myself,” he said slowly, “Tormund gets to have a turn on you as well.”

She moaned low in her throat as they exchanged places without even waiting for her agreement to such a thing. He'd wondered vaguely, from time to time, if she knew just how illicit this was, how forbidden this sharing between them all was. This sharing of her like some kind of gift between them. Maybe not for Tormund. Maybe it was normal for them. But for him, for her... this was very definitely not usually on the menu. Two women and a man, you could come across that any day of the week in any whorehouse in Westeros. But this, this was wholly different.

Now he knew. She understood all right. Brienne was proving to have all kinds of surprising qualities indeed. Tormund was well up for the game, and he repeated the same suggestive fucking movements as he had, making her writhe and buck beneath him. Her eyes had darkened to that stormy blue again, and she was all but begging for it. To Clegane what came next was suddenly completely irresistible. He settled down beside them, and while Tormund called her his beauty, making her sigh and shiver with the nice things he said as much as the things he did, Clegane began to whisper very dirty, wicked things into her ear. He whispered the things he thought she might be dreaming of in the secret parts of her mind, about them, about being with them both, especially after the night they’d shown her. And then it didn't take long for them to make her come without even undressing her.
“You two,” she said at last, when it was done, and they were all laid side-by-side with her in the middle. “Just like pretend, you said,” she accused, prodding him in the ribs with a pointed finger, “only I wasn't pretending!” She stretched her arms and legs, and then just as suddenly relaxed with a wanton moan.

“And I'll just wager you want to go back out there and fight again now, since we cut our training short earlier,” she complained.

Clegane smirked at her, and it was too good an opportunity to tease her to pass up. She'd virtually gift-wrapped it for him. “Aye. While there's still some daylight left would be good for me.”

She turned her face into the pillows. “Gods! Can I have, like, ten minutes or something first?”
They did make time for more practice, cutting that short was not an option in his mind. Nor did it seem to be in hers. They needed the exercise even if there were no other considerations. It would be all too easy to let themselves become lazy in love, or lust or whatever the fuck this was, and so they went out regardless of everything. Regardless of how much they wanted to stay in that bed, exploring each other. It didn't matter that seeing Brienne strip out of her breeches and underwear to change in front of them made it all that much harder to get up and think about anything else but having her.

They did it anyway. They did a couple of other things first. Tormund knocked the door through into the corridor with a roar, and then they went off to find Podrick. They came upon him hiding from some others, whom he referred to as unsavoury individuals. He appealed privately to Brienne, as if asking for her help. Unfortunately for him, she reminded him loudly about some lesson she'd given him about fighting his own battles and left him to it, with instructions to find a joiner to repair her door before she got back.

They got in the mood quickly once they were on the hill. It always seemed more serious out there. They remembered what it was for, why they were practising, and it was with a sense of urgency that they did it, taking as much time as they dared, sparring with each other until there wasn't enough light left in the day to do it safely, and then walking slowly back together in thoughtful contemplation.

*We're all going to die.* That thought was on his mind again, and while at first he'd used it to justify going in for this strange thing between them, now it was different. He found he couldn't bear the
thought of losing her, short as their time together had been so far. Fuck, he couldn't bear the thought of losing Tormund, and that was even weirder. He said nothing. But when he looked at the two of them, he knew they were having similar thoughts.

Troubled, when they got back to Winterfell, he dragged Tormund off to bathe with a promise to see her at dinner in the hall. The wildling grumbled, until he muttered into Tormund's ear about the night to come, and it being their turn, and about how big Brienne's mouth happened to be. Then he went right along with it.

He'd never taken as many baths in his life, and yet as he idled in the warm water with Tormund, he realised he was growing pleasantly used to them. They didn't speak, just stared at each other while others came and went around them. There was more than Brienne between the two of them. When Tormund wasn't exaggerating certain things for comic effect, such as not wanting to bathe, he had a kind of stoic, masculine quality about him. It was hard not to respond to it.

Perhaps it was because they were actually quite similar. Neither of them needed to concern themselves with the petty concerns of little men. Neither of them needed to talk small. The mad lunatic was just an act, a front. Deeper beneath that, a mutual respect was springing up between them whether he wanted it to or not, and Clegane could sense it.

He cleared his throat. “So,” he said carefully. Tormund eyed him in silence, unblinking, and he had the disconcerting impression of being very carefully scrutinised and measured in some way. He licked his lips slowly.

“This war. Are we just going to let her walk into that with us?”

There. It was out. Tormund's eyes narrowed slightly, but he didn't speak. Any other war would be different. He'd take Brienne with him into any arena and be glad of her. After what he'd seen of her skill, he'd be happy with no one else by his side. He'd trust her with his life. But not this one. She hadn't seen it, she didn't know. He knew. The army of the dead was not like any living army any of them had ever seen. It wasn't like... it was fighting nightmares and horror stories. Not men, not flesh and blood. It was as much about fighting your own desperate terror as about fighting the dead.

Tormund still didn't reply. The silence gathered, and the longer it lasted, the more Clegane felt a need to fill it.

“I mean, we could let her stay behind. We could go alone, just the two of us. It's certain death. You know that, right?” He puffed out a breath. Tormund still didn't speak. “Course you fucking know that. You know that dread army better than me.”
At last, Tormund drew in a deep breath. His chest expanded under the water. He was covered in hair there as well. The wildling closed his eyes, and to Clegane it felt like a relief, not to be the focus of his attention any longer.

“Why do you go into this war? Why do you go into it knowing you'll die fighting it?” Tormund asked.

He huffed, careless. “Because it's there to be done,” he responded. But that wasn't right at all. It might fit for any number of battles and skirmishes he'd been involved in before. He didn't just like killing, he relished it. He liked the honest brutality of it, that was the truth. He liked taking lesser men to pieces, he liked leaving their stinking, steaming intestines in a pile on the floor. This wasn't about what he liked, because it wasn't about killing. You couldn't kill what was already dead. He thought more deeply for a moment or two, and Tormund gave him that time.

“Because it's the only war that really matters,” he said eventually. Tormund didn't speak. A fairly uncomfortable feeling came over him, and he shook his head. “Fucking hell! Because somewhere I still believe, stupidly, despite everything, there's something that's worth fighting for, all right? I don't have it. For me it's long gone. I'll fight in this war, and I'll die fighting it because I don't matter. It's too fucking late for me. I'm too far gone. But... something should survive this. And if it's going to, we need to win, or there'll be nothing at all. Just... nothing.” Just saying it made him feel bleak. Their chances of victory were slim at best, and he'd never see it, even if they did win. But he'd try his best nevertheless.

“Right,” Tormund said. “So you know why. Me too. Too late for me.” They shared a look across the width of the bath. It occurred to him they were alone at last, just as he had wished, and yet now he wished for the company of others. “Fuck. Most of the free folk are gone now. We are the last of us. We stand and fight. And we die.” Tormund gave him a strange, perceptive look. “Haven't you worked it out yet?”

He was completely thrown by the question. “Worked out what?”

Tormund smiled sadly, and swirled his hand through the water with a sigh. “For her too.” He quirked his mouth strangely under that facial hair. “Too late.”

Something splintered in him, and he shook his head in denial. “No. Don't...” Well, he'd be damned if he didn't feel his heart actually fucking hurt. “Not her.”
Tormund frowned. “If you managed to rescue her, and keep her away from the battle, what would you save her for? *Who* would you save her for?”

Clegane scowled, uncomfortable, imagining Brienne alone in the world without them. Tormund had no mercy.

“The idiots, perhaps?”

*Never that.* His hands closed into fists under the water. And yet, Tormund kind of had a point. Didn’t she deserve the chance to live, though? Just because they were doomed, it didn't follow that she had to be. And he imagined her life, just like his, alone and feared by everyone she met as she got older day by day. More fearsome day by day. That bloody body count of hers rising, day by fucking day. Fuck, but he'd been lonely all of his life, and he didn't want that for her. Not like that.

“Or if you save her,” Tormund continued, contemplative, “and you back out, or I back out, or we both do. Do you think we could live with the consequences, any of us?” He paused, just long enough for Clegane to imagine how that kind of cowardice would tear them all apart. They’d probably kill each other.

“Do you think we even could live? Do you think the Night King would let us?” He closed his eyes. The way Tormund put it was impossible.

“All right, just fucking shut it, will you!” he said, loudly, covering his face with his hands. Then he felt hands on his. Soothing as a touch could be. He let Tormund uncover his face, and the wildling gazed at him with that serious look.

“Let her fight. She was born to it. You know it. I know it. She is one of us. We are one of her. Let her fight. Let us all fight together. And we will die together. Perhaps it's the best any of us can hope for.”

He sighed, and relaxed, just as if Tormund had instructed him to do it. “You're right,” he said at last. “She'd only kill me if I got in her way.”

Tormund nodded. “Good. Now you are seeing it as it is. We still have some time. Cheer up. Maybe, if we're really lucky, we'll get to know the pleasure of fucking her together first.” The wildling looked away, clearly imagining just that, and a little rumble of lust came from deep in his chest.
Clegane laughed shakily. “Perhaps. You're like a man after my own heart.”

Tormund grinned then, and clapped his shoulder. “Well, of course, I'll miss you as much as I'll miss her when I'm dead. If you do get the chance, burn my corpse, yes?” He shrugged. “I promise, when it comes to that, I'll do the same for either of you. For the sake of the living.”

Clegane didn't reply. He was staring into Tormund's eyes, so close to his own.

One moment, they were apart, the next they were mashed up together, all hard lines and teeth and tongue. Tormund's beard kept catching and tugging in his own as they kissed. He wanted it, he wanted it as much as he wanted her. More, even. Because this thing between them had an edge of danger to it that was unlike anything else he'd ever known. It made him feel alive, and if there was one thing he needed right now, after this odd, depressing conversation, it was to feel fucking alive, and he grabbed onto the experience with both hands, with everything he had.

Tormund was like Brienne but times about a hundred. Explosive as wildfire, and yet he was too excited to be afraid of it, of what it might mean. He had his hands on the small of Tormund's back, slid them down, until the wildling wrenched his face away and laughed out loud.

“Is that what you think, boy?” he asked. “Oh, I'd teach you many things, for certain. But we would be late for dinner with Brienne.”

Clegane could actually feel himself pout. “Fuck you, ginger cunt,” he said, insulted at the inference.

Tormund smirked. “Worth bearing in mind, in our little clan, just in case you get any new and interesting ideas. You're a southerner. I'm the only one of us who is involved with two virgins.” He winked, stole a quick second kiss, then climbed out of the bath, completely unashamed of his nakedness, and his raging hard on.

A short bit of mental arithmetic later, and Clegane splashed about in the water. “Wait... what the fuck does that mean?!” Only, it was quite clear what it meant. Tormund had already... both ways. Clegane tried to get his head around it and completely failed.

Tormund grinned down at him from the side of the bath. “Means I'm hungry. Hurry up and get out.” They stared at each other, and Tormund was bloody well thinking about it, right in front of his fucking face! And because he was thinking about it, Clegane couldn't help thinking about it either.
Hungry! Ha! A little too late for comfort, he wondered where his sword was. Tormund continued to stare, unblinking, and it wasn't making his hard on subside at all. For fuck's sake! He felt suddenly self conscious, which had happened to him, well, precisely fucking never. And then some of Tormund's earlier words filtered through.

...late for dinner with Brienne...

He was out of the bath in about three seconds, and getting dried off and dressed. Tormund chuckled at him.

“Don't ever call me 'boy' again you mad fucker,” he griped.

Tormund winked. “Go on,” he challenged. “Tell me how I'm still alive because of how much you fucking like me.”

Clegane threw the towel at him in a temper and stalked out of the bathing room, to the sound of Tormund's deep, rumbling laughter. The lunatic was back.
Chapter Eleven

Chapter Notes

Please, if you do enjoy this work, consider leaving a word or two to let me know. Or, just as importantly, if something I wrote didn't seem right for the characters and stopped you reading at a certain point, I'd like to know that too.

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Chapter Eleven

“You're late,” she said, displeased as they took their places, without bothering to look at either of them. She was busy eating, since the food was already here. “I ordered for you. I chose the chicken.”

“At least you still got two of us,” Clegane muttered, his voice dark. He was marginally cheered by the chicken, and started in on his own dinner just as Tormund shoved him playfully. He gave a warning growl, low in his throat.

At that she looked up. “Have you been fighting?” she asked suspiciously, “because I seem to remember hearing you say you weren't going to do that.”

Wait... was she actually chastising him?! Tormund drew in a great breath. “Fighting? Bloodyhell, of course not woman! We've been ki–”

Before he could say it, Clegane plastered one large hand over the wildling's mouth. Brienne stared at them both, put down her knife and fork and leaned back in her seat. She looked like she was about to enjoy something tremendously – and she wasn't even eating any more.

“So,” she said, looking directly at Clegane. “You've been...” she paused, to think, darting a glance at Tormund, still unable to speak. “Kicking someone?” she asked, unimpressed. Clegane shook his head slowly, trying to think.
She drew in a considering breath, and then her face fell, and she seemed suddenly disappointed in

“No! We haven't!” he said. She raised an eyebrow. “We bloody well haven't! Not a one, I swear!”

“All right,” she said. “So, you were just 'kindling' your friendship. Is that what he was going to tell
me?”

Clegane looked at Tormund helplessly. Was it a word he would use? Probably not. Something more
was required here. He swallowed thickly, and he thought more quickly than he ever had in his life.
“We were just kidding around,” he said with a casual little laugh. He shrugged lightly for good
measure. “That's all.” Behind his hand, Tormund nodded. He let the wildling go.

Brienne drew in a breath and sat back up straight, turning her attention back to her dinner. They all
relaxed, Clegane most of all, after a warning glare at Tormund.

“Well, that's a relief,” she said as she picked up her knife and fork again. “Because I thought he was
about to tell me you were kissing each other.”

He and Tormund both froze on the other side of the table, at least until Brienne peeked at them, a
mischievous sparkle in her eyes. Tormund laughed.

“You two are so easy,” she commented. “That's twice in one day. Which reminds me,” she said.
“We have to help Pod tomorrow.”

“But I thought you told him to fight his own battles,” Clegane muttered, digging back into his dinner.

“Yes, I did, and I know exactly what I meant. His own battles? Podrick? Have you seen him?” She
sighed in a long-suffering way and then went quiet as she started in on her vegetables.

Clegane grinned, attacking his chicken with gusto. They would help Podrick out then, if that's what
she wanted. He was surprised to find it was what he wanted too. But first, there was the long night
ahead, and some more lessons for her. Stands to reason he'd be about to march off into death just as
life got this good.
When they reached her room, she opened and closed the new door a few times, until she was happy that it was a good, solid job. She gave an impressed hum of satisfaction, then strode in, leaving one of them to close and lock the door behind them.

“Don't barge your way in here, ever again,” she said, facing away from them both, already pulling her shirt out from her breeches as they stood still, watching her. She turned, fingers on the buttons, and then frowned.

“What? Am I the only one getting undressed?” she queried, a slight note of disappointment creeping in. Clegane immediately rushed to catch up with her. Tormund too.

She was already pulling the shirt off, small breasts bouncing, almost impossibly perky and rosy tipped. Clegane licked his lips. “As if I'm going to wait for you two to undress me every evening,” she was was saying, almost to herself, then huffed. “Two strangest handmaids in the world!”

This new confidence of hers was exhilarating. But it faltered a bit as she undid her breeches, and she realised she was going to be completely naked before them again. That tell-tale blush came back to her cheeks, and she seemed to realise how she'd just behaved. “Obviously, I don't mean to be forward,” she faltered softly, blinking at them both, one to the other.

Clegane had halted, hand on the ties of his own breeches, staring at her. “I'm doing it wrong again, aren't I?” she said, sighing, looking away and raising her hands to cover her breasts. That seemed to free him and Tormund both, and they moved forward to reassure her as one unit, taking a hand each.

“I like it,” Clegane said simply.

“Woman knows what she wants,” Tormund commented. “Makes me want her.”

“It's just that I was thinking, you know, what with the time and everything,” Brienne babbled, looking at them, one to the other. “And how we don't have that much of it. We should probably just continue where we left off and...” At last she seemed to understand she hadn't made a terrible mistake, and she stopped, took a breath, and then seemed to make a decision to forget about it. She tugged at her hands, pulling them free and continued to undress. So did they.

When they were in their usual places, she wriggled between them, and turned over on her side to face him. “You first tonight,” she said. “I want to touch more of you than before.” She frowned, as if
aware now that she had missed out on a great deal, splaying her hands over his chest. Clegane drew in a breath as Tormund got up and moved to the other side, making them both move up, meaning he was sandwiched in the middle.

“Brienne...” he said, as she dipped her head to follow the path of her hands with her lips.

“I want to know you, all of your body, like you know mine,” she said, as if they were arguing. He wasn't bloody arguing. Her gentle little kisses felt amazing, and he couldn't keep the smile from his face, no matter how he tried. But he was so broad, and she clambered astride him so as to reach further, prompting a gasp of alarm from him as he gripped her waist, fingers digging in.

“No, not again!” He stared up at her. “I swear you won't bloody well get away with it twice!”

But she wasn't, she was careful this time, her body raised up, so that they weren't aligned that way. She blushed and bit her lip. “Oh, yes,” she said. “I promise not to...” She thought for a moment, then quoted him so precisely he groaned. “Writhe on your cock like a bitch in heat.”

“I knew you'd get me back for that,” he commented, then drew in a little breath when she suckled at a nipple, just how they'd been at hers.

“Does it feel the same for you as it does for me?” She wanted to know.

“I don't know,” he said, truthfully, though he strongly suspected it wasn't quite the same, since he wasn't losing it the way she did.

“Try a little nibble,” Tormund suggested wickedly, and Clegane gave the wildling a look of betrayal as she did just that. He drew in his breath again, sharper now, but she was still gentle. He'd felt her teeth before, and she was capable of much more. He wondered whether to tell her.

“Good,” said Tormund. “With us, like this is better.” And then it was him, and it was definitely him because Clegane could feel that ridiculous beard against his chest. Tormund meant it, tugging with his teeth in a firm grip, sucking hard as he did it. Clegane made a helpless sound in his throat, his body twisting so as to offer more of itself up. But then as soon as it began, it was over.

At least until Brienne tried it again, this time with a lot more pressure. It was exquisite, right on the edge between pleasure and pain, and he actually moaned for her, his hands in that ridiculously short
gorgeous blonde hair, palms all but cupping her skull. Whether he was holding her to him or wanting to push her away, he didn't know.

“Brienne!”

At last she released him, and looked down into his eyes with a slight smile. She seemed pleased, but then moved onward, up to his neck, kissing him there the way he'd so often kissed her. Her hair smelled of some sweet herbal soap, and her breasts brushed against his chest, her skin so gloriously soft he couldn't stop himself wrapping his arms around her, holding her close.

She was driving him insane or something, because if she'd been any other woman, he'd be crushing her in his grip. As it was, this was Brienne, so she merely giggled in the middle of a kiss as his blunt fingers dug into the spaces between her ribs.

“You're tickling me,” she managed, her words a puff of warm breath against the corner of his lip

He laughed, not relenting, letting himself go, letting himself have it all. She kissed his good ear, the one she'd left on him, and then his face, everywhere, making him close his eyes, and he'd be damned if she didn't kiss all over his scar too as if it wasn't even there.

He did loosen his hands then, to slide them down her wonderful long body to her buttocks. He squeezed her there, hard, and she breathed in deep, suddenly relaxing down onto him. And there they were again. Their eyes opened and met. She was startled, frozen for an instant as if giving him the choice. He didn't move, and slowly, carefully, she extricated herself from his grip and knelt up again.

Now she worked her way down, touching and exploring, fingering each of his scars. Kissing his bruises. He smiled at that despite himself, though she didn't apologise for any of them. All the time, closer, until he felt a tremor in his body that refused to subside. He felt her breasts brush against him first there, and he felt himself jerk just a little, unable to help it.

He raised his head from the pillows to look down at her, and she was staring up at him. Though that blush was on her face again, she didn't let her embarrassment stop her, and she moved her hands down, tapping his inner thighs demandingly. “Open your legs,” she said. “Let me see you.”

He did as she asked, making space for her. He felt her wonderful warm fingers curl around his cock, and he thought he might have whispered her name, but then she faltered. She cast an uncertain
glance up the bed, this time to Tormund, who had been watching everything unfold with great interest. She smiled uncertainly. “Help me?” she asked, and the wildling grinned. He hesitated just long enough to smirk at Clegane, then joined her halfway down the bed, ready to tutor her. Clegane let his head fall back. This was probably going to be hell, and heaven. All at once.

He didn't listen to their words as they discussed him, but covered his ears with his hands, and set to wondering how he would survive having Brienne practice on him. Especially if Tormund was going to demonstrate at every fucking turn.

There were a series of strangely gentle impersonal touches from Tormund, as if noting the proportions of him. A warm hand cupping his balls, more voices, quiet instruction and explanation. When he chanced to look up, Brienne was nodding, eyes wide, a serious look on her face. He hoped Tormund was telling her not to bite.

By the time he felt a mouth on him, he was about ready to roar in frustration.

Tormund was first, the teacher. Suddenly engulfing him, wet hot sucking heat, and after a couple of up and down movements, taking him deeper than any woman had ever been able to manage in his entire life. Clegane half sat up to catch him at it. “ Fuck me!” he said in utter shock as he felt himself slide smoothly into the snug fit of Tormund's throat. He could see the back of that ginger head, bobbing up and down on him, fast, and his breathing fell immediately into line as if commanded. Hell, he fell into line, his entire body responding to it, until he was sure his toes were curling. Brienne was watching closely, and then she happened to look up, and his heart jolted because her eyes were that same intense blue again.

He felt suddenly cold, and realised Tormund had stopped. “You watching me? Or him?” Brienne's eyelashes fluttered as she looked back down at her lesson.

“I was watching you,” she said.

“Hmm,” Tormund said, unconvinced. “Well, give it a go. I watch.” He let go with his hand and moved back, to let her have her turn.

She wrapped one hand around his shaft, a nice firm grip. “All right,” she said, to herself, staring at his cock, as if she was bringing to mind a number of things Tormund had told her. She licked her lips – properly – so they were shiny wet and gleaming in the light, then she went down.
Tormund had given her some guidance, because she tucked her teeth behind those wet lips as she sealed them over him and sank down over the head of his dick. He felt her trying to create some suction, but honestly to be anywhere near her mouth was a pleasure all of its own. Clegane immediately lowered a hand to rest it on her head, only for Tormund to grab hold of his wrist.

“Give her room,” he advised, serious. “What help will you give her?”

Plenty, he thought, but relented, leaving her be to do as she would. Her mouth wasn't quite the same shape as Tormund's, and she definitely had all her teeth. Her tongue was clumsy and inexperienced, but she was trying. Her mouth was hot and she tried to take him. She moved a little, too short and too jerky, and he felt himself hit the back of her throat, and it was closed to him, though she pressed it.

Finally she pulled away and caught her breath. “Sorry,” she murmured, and then retched, out of sight. Clegane pulled a face that Tormund didn't miss.

“Oh? You southerners and your whores. You probably believe all women are born cocksuckers, I think.”

“Cunt,” he swore, scowling. Tormund only stared back.

“Like to see you try it out, for the first time,” he said, then ran his tongue around his lips with a deliberate smirk.

Brienne was recovering, and she had covered her mouth with her hand, trying to speak at the same time so that her words were muffled.

“It's harder than you made it seem,” she was saying to Tormund. “And I didn't mean to, but it felt as though I was going to...” She swallowed.

“I know, beauty. It will get better, if you want it enough.”

“Will it?” she queried. Then she finally moved her hand and smiled tentatively at the wildling. “Because it's the strangest... am I bad that I kind of like it?”
“If you're bad, then I am too,” Tormund said, his lower lip dropping a little so that Brienne giggled at the look on his face. He smiled. “I think we can make it easier. You want to try again?”

She nodded. Tormund got up and fetched a couple of pillows from the top of the bed, throwing them into the centre of the floor. “Okay. Clegane, you stand here.” He pointed in front of the pillows.

The thought that she might soon be on her knees in front of him made him spring off the bed like a spaniel terrier, it had to be said. And he stood ready, to attention even, anticipating it, watching her as he handled his own cock, as if to show her what she was facing. Her eyes were wide, but she came to stand before him and then sank down to her knees on the pillows. She still was tall, and her lips were on the same level as his stomach, she kissed him there and sank back onto her heels, shuffling forward.

She slapped his hand away and immediately tried again, managing for longer this time as Tormund knelt low on one knee beside her. He'd just begun to enjoy it, gently swaying into her wide open mouth, hands gentle on her head, and Tormund didn't stop him. Again, she broke away to gasp and cough, but she didn't seem about to throw up. He supposed that must feel better for her.

He remembered that Brienne was one of the most stubborn, determined people he'd ever met a short time later, when she was really beginning to improve. Every now and again she'd break away, and she mutter to herself: “No.” before returning to him immediately to try again. Every time she lasted longer, until eventually, Tormund began to speak into her ear while she was doing it. Little reminders.

“Hand,” he said, and she used her hand on him to complete the experience, making him groan and hiss in want.

“Tongue,” Tormund said next, and he felt that slick muscle begin to move too, oddly at first, but then in tandem with the rest. Clegane moaned, there was no other word for it. It was a real, honest to goodness vocalisation of sheer need.

Tormund watched closely. “Very good, beauty. Balls.” What the fuck?! was all he could think, before he felt her other hand, caressing him there, so gentle, so easy, and he wondered if he could really stay standing for this. At some point he'd closed his eyes, and the sensations were coursing through him. His fingers tightened on her hair, just a little, but no pressure. He didn't want to force anything. She was doing it. She was really... Oh, fucking hell!

“Remember, Brienne,” Tormund said now. “Drink.” Drink? What the hell did that mean? Did the wildling know how close he was? But then he knew, because the throat that had been closed to him
suddenly opened, her tongue flattening out, and he slid inwards. Only a little, nowhere near as deep as he'd been in Tormund, but it was enough.

“Brienne!” he cried out, and it was happening. He felt invincible for an endless moment as everything that was in him wound up into a sudden fierce point and exploded out, right into her. Was he dragging her back and forth, or was that her? He didn't know, but he did care, and he let her go as he came so as not to hurt her.

She'd withdrawn from him a little. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered any more. “Oh, fuck me, Brienne!” he groaned, and he was done. He opened his eyes, and looked down, wondered how much trouble he was in.

It wasn't as bad as he feared. She'd pulled away at the last moment, and got back to her knees, and so he'd come all over her tits. He puffed out a breath, inclined his head. Maybe he should apologise or something? As he watched, she dragged a single finger through the fluid on her left breast and raised it to her lips. She looked into his eyes as she tasted him, and he shuddered.

“Well, I'm out,” he commented. “For now, at least.”

She laughed, that real laugh, not a giggle, and he staggered away to sit on the end of the bed as Tormund stood up. Brienne remained on her knees, and turned to face him.

“Your turn,” she said, biting her lip.

The wildling shuddered, in a piece of deliberate overacting. “Yes!” he said, looking up to the ceiling, and she laughed again. Now she sounded powerful, and aware of it, and even though with Tormund she still had to stop and start several times, she managed it with him too. Again, she pulled away and up at the last moment, and just as she had with him, she tasted of him too. As curious as a cat. Who knew Brienne could be so sensual as this? It was a wonderful secret, and he'd never tell. It was for him and Tormund to know. She was sensational and she was theirs.

She returned to the bed with Tormund and laid down on her back. “You're a very dirty girl,” Clegane teased, looking at her chest. She looked down too, then pulled a face.

“It's not my fault. It's you, and him. You did it.”
He got a damp cloth and cleaned her off carefully, then kissed each of her breasts, one by one. “You tired?” he asked, and she shook her head.


Clegane grinned. “I was kinda hoping you'd say that...”
Chapter Twelve

Please, if you do enjoy this work, consider leaving a word or two to let me know. Or, just as importantly, if something I wrote didn't seem right for the characters and stopped you reading at a certain point, I'd like to know that too.

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Chapter Twelve

Actually, he didn't know what he had in mind, but she turned to face him and he kissed her, because he wanted to, and because he wanted her to know how she'd made him feel. What she'd done to him, given to him. It was as if she'd found an old, worn out, discarded dream and made it come true, and he still couldn't believe it had really happened, except that his dick was well and truly asleep. For now, at least. Perhaps, if this was the way it was going to be in the last however many days were left, he should start dreaming again. At least about her.

She wriggled between their bodies, and he felt Tormund's hands moving up her body slowly. Because of how closely they were pressed together, the backs of the wildling's hands were kind of stroking up his stomach too, up his midsection. Clegane broke the kiss as Tormund's hands reached their destination, kneading and massaging her breasts from behind. She gazed into his eyes, her breathing slowing to the same tempo as Tormund's touch.

“Ah,” she said, then again. “Ah...” And it was just as if the wildling had somehow suddenly tamed her. Clegane looked down, and watched. Every time Tormund squeezed, those rosy nipples popped forward, almost begging him to... with a pleased grumble he moved further down the bed to tease them with his mouth. Trying one, then sampling the other, switching back and forth as she began to moan between them. No, it definitely wasn't the same for her. She was sensitive here. He plucked at one while he suckled on the other, and couldn't help imagining how it might be for her. She'd probably bound her breasts for most of her life to keep them out of her way, and they'd been shielded by armour over that. To suddenly have the two of them worship her this way. No wonder she reacted like this. It must feel completely intoxicating to her.
Just as he was growing pleasantly used to it, Tormund pulled her away from him with a rumble of sound, so that she was resting on top of his chest, but on her back. His hands were still on her breasts, and she threw her head back, raising an arm over her head to hook it around the wildling's neck, asking for a kiss. Tormund gave it to her, still working away with his hands.

At last he slid his hands down her body, and Clegane could hear the clean sound of their skin. He let his palms come to rest on her hip bones, fingers splayed wide, holding her firmly in place, then broke the kiss. She was lost again. Clegane caught his breath, because in these moments she was at her most beautiful, and he admitted to himself that Tormund had been right all along. This Brienne was the one. Dangerous and wild for certain, but enticing.

“I want,” she said to Tormund, rubbing her cheek against his, against his beard, as if he should know what she wanted and magically supply it.

“This is the first time you ask tonight,” he told her. Clegane wondered if she even understood. “Ask freely, woman.”

“I want...” Brienne said, and then frowned, as if trying to work it out. She squirmed and turned her head away, giving Tormund the long length of her neck to nibble and kiss, her hand gripping his hip, her lower body moving sinuously on Tormund's. “I want you.”

Tormund didn't relent. “What do you want with me?” he said then, and Brienne frowned again, unsure. It wasn't really a fair question. She sighed in sheer frustration.

“I feel hot, and I feel... there is something...” She moved again, then moaned. “I want you.”

Tormund shook his head. “That's not enough. Say more,” he told her, and Brienne actually growled! Clegane blinked, astonished. It was a dangerous game. He was momentarily glad Tormund was the one playing it, and not himself. But only momentarily, because Brienne tried again, and though she might be lost and lustful and not completely in her right mind, she was still educated and therefore somewhat articulate.

“Something inside me, it feels empty. It aches, it rushes to make way whenever I'm near you both like this, when you touch me like... It...” She sighed and shivered. “It is me. I want you to touch me there.” Then with her free hand she grabbed his wrist hard as if to stop him, but Tormund wasn't moving his hand at all. “I want you to touch me there, but not with your hand. I want you to touch me there with your...” she stopped short of saying it all. “Do it to me. Do it to me now.”
“Woman, you are lucky I am safe,” Tormund said. “No man could refuse such a demand.”

She mewled in disappointment and need, but he broke free of her grip and moved his hands down further. Yet he didn't touch her centre. As Clegane watched, his slid his thumbs into the juncture of her thighs and very gently manipulated some kind of pressure point there. Brienne's reaction was immediate. Her long legs moved out to either side, knees slightly bent, and she drew in an expectant breath, her eyes closing.

Tormund looked to him then. “How about you?” he asked, his gaze flicking down Clegane's body briefly. “You safe?”

Clegane felt his eyes widen. Tormund couldn't be suggesting what he thought... could he? Nevertheless, he nodded, and then got on his knees, moving into position. He looked down into Tormund's eyes, Brienne between them, apparently oblivious to the act they were about to simulate. He took a moment to savour the way she looked, spread out below him like that. One arm was still stretched upwards, trapped behind Tormund's neck, leaving her body open and unprotected. Her legs were wide, and he could see the darker red line between her pussy lips, longing to be opened and explored. She was an utter delight to him. The most beautiful sight he'd ever seen.

He lowered his body weight onto her pelvis, and she opened her eyes, that free hand on his chest now as if she could stop him with that one hand alone. She couldn't. Not even Brienne of Tarth could do that.

“Promise!” she said, conflicted, fear and hunger warring in her so clearly he felt some involuntary sympathy for her. She’d let him, he realised then. If he could have taken her right there and then, she’d let him. Thankfully, he wasn't quite up to it yet. It wouldn't take much, but they had a few minutes. He thought so, he hoped so, at any rate.

“I want to, but I can't, not yet,” he reassured her, and to illustrate he pressed against her, soft and yet not quite useless. His weight was in the right place for her, and she moaned, her eyes closing again.

“Pretend,” she whispered, smiling, “but I don't have to.” And she moved a little, rocking against him as he kept his weight steady, grinding his hips in a slow, unrelenting circle against her.

“More... I need it. Please! Please give it to me!” He ground his teeth together. She was still asking. She didn't even realise.
“Her legs,” Tormund said. “Get them up here.” He obeyed the instruction automatically, getting his arms under them until they were over his biceps and she was almost folded double, then went back to the slow movement while she thrashed between them. Then Tormund moved, jolting them both, and she froze. She might be quite far gone, but she understood that, and everything it meant. What it represented.

“You can’t! Oh, Gods, you can’t mean to...” She was staring up into his eyes, caught between desire and dread as she began to pant desperately between them, struggling, realising too late how helpless she'd allowed herself to become, her chest deepening in colour because she was frightened now. Clegane could see it clear as day.

“When we do it for real,” Tormund murmured into her ear, “I'll make it feel good. Have I ever done anything that didn't make you feel good, woman?”

She shook her head, clearly remembering, and her panting subsided, but only slightly. Clegane too, couldn't help remembering every time he'd seen Tormund touch her. Every reaction she'd given him had been positive.

“Tormund...?” she said, unsure and still scared, her eyes on Clegane as she tried to turn her head to look at Tormund.

“Don't be afraid,” he said to her. “Be easy, Brienne. Be free.”

She calmed still further, helped along no doubt because Tormund had begun to smooth his hands over the front of her body, tracing the lines of her waist and her ribs, soothing her into it, easing her into it, and Clegane began to realise that Tormund would be successful in this someday, and soon. He'd have her like this. Then he mentally corrected himself. They'd have her like this, between them. Both of them deep in her. Something in him dropped several inches at the thought, and it occurred to his suddenly fuzzy mind that he was still moving against her trapped body.

“Besides,” Tormund said. “We're safe for now. You drained us both dry. Remember?”

She moaned, then breathed deep, rocked against them both as Tormund jostled her, pressing her up into him, pressing her up... she gasped at the same time as he did, staring into his eyes, suddenly realising it, feeling it.

He'd never moved so fast as he did when he got off of her then, already apologising as he collapsed
onto the bed on his back. At least he hadn't done it. It hadn't gone that far, and he was only semi hard. He turned his head to the side, and Tormund was smirking.

“Well, if you'd warned me, you daft cunt, I might have been able to hold it off for a bit longer,” he accused, rolling his eyes. “Fuck me!”

He stared at the ceiling, and thought about how despite his promise, he obviously fully intended to be there. Finally admitted it to himself. Did that make him a liar? And then he remembered how despite her fear, she'd never said no. Not once. What did that mean? Did she want it secretly, somewhere deep down? Did she just wait for it? Did they both?

He wasn't so lost in his thoughts he missed Tormund letting her go, and she immediately came to him – but he was ready for her this time, and much quicker about dealing with it. She managed to get a hand on him that he dislodged with regret as he turned her over onto her back. He folded his legs around hers at the knee to immobilise them and held her wrists down to the bed with one hand, using all of his weight. And then Brienne, for all her power, couldn't get free because he'd been bigger and stronger than her all along. She tried, and only managed to make her breasts bounce around in front of his face like she was giving him a little show, and he was content to watch.

“She pouted. Struggled. Sighed. ‘What do you mean?’

“Please,” she said, still with that deep blue gaze. “Sandor, I don't care. Just do it.”

He shook his head. No.

“Third time,” Tormund commented idly. Clegane grunted, concentrating on keeping her captured and therefore safe, from herself as well as him.

“I never agreed to that,” he said. “That was your idea. I made a promise and I intend to keep it.” He stared down at her, and he was fairly surprised to find he didn't really want to have her this way. That he wanted more than to drive her out of her mind with lust and then trick her into it. It was a bloody revelation. He wanted to fuck her when she'd still speak to him in the morning. He wanted to have her when she'd let him do it again. And again.

“If you want me up you, Brienne, you'd better ask me when you're sensible.”

She pouted. Struggled. Sighed. “What do you mean?”
“When you're asking me with this,” he tapped her head with his free hand. “And not this.” And then he moved his hand down, all the way. She stopped struggling instantly as he slid his fingers between those lips, and rubbed her there once. Gods, but she was wet! He brought his fingers up to his face and breathed her in, licked her off of him like some kind of sweet dessert.

“Don't tease me,” she said, seeming forlorn, and he looked carefully at his fingers then pulled a face. Every one of them was unusually thick and long, even his little finger. Just in case, he looked in Tormund's direction. The wildling had been watching, and he held up a hand, wiggling his fingers. Same difference. Clegane rolled his eyes. Looked at his own forefinger again, then sucked it into his mouth, laving it up. Couldn't be helped.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“How do you know you don't want to touched with a hand?” he demanded. “How do you know anything at all? Has someone been telling you things?” He didn't say it unkindly, but he was brusque. It was something he just couldn't help, a habit he couldn't break, yet she seemed to him to come down a little, back to herself. That deep look to her eyes faded, and she bit her lip.

“Will you touch me?” He nodded.

“Deeper than before. Harder. And you can see how you like it without going all the way, just like we said at the beginning of all this. How about it?” She nodded quickly, and now he set her free, but he was quite safe. She didn't jump on him or endanger herself in any way, which was fortunate, because that semi was a distant memory now, and he was as hard as he had ever been.

He remembered how tight she'd seemed when he only penetrated her with his tongue, and it seemed fitting to start that way, so he moved down the bed, and got straight to it. Going by the way she moaned, she was of the same opinion.

He indulged himself for a little longer than necessary, because she tasted good, and she wanted him to, and because having willing pussy to lick out was about one of nicest things in life after killing, fighting, and possibly chicken, depending on how hungry you were. That it was Brienne who was willing, well that was a thing that made him vocal about it, and he hummed his pleasure against her as he did it, feeling and hearing her respond to that as well. It was like Heaven, and for one mad moment he wondered if the war was over, and he was actually already dead.

Again he wet that finger with his saliva, because while his tongue had loosened her, and her juices had slicked her up, this was new for her body, and her muscles were likely to resist what came next regardless of her lust.
He kept her lips spread with one hand, and studied her very closely. He could see it, that unbroken thing, had seen enough of them in his time to note the difference, and he touched it very lightly. He heard her catch her breath, and wondered what it felt like to her, to be touched, just here. He wondered how long it would stay, if she would ever ask him in the daytime.

Just behind it, there she was, still quivering like a tiny little mouth, dark and mysterious. She was aroused, and so he hoped it wouldn't change anything as he slipped his forefinger behind and inside, just a little way. He didn't get far at all, probably only as far as the first knuckle before she closed down on him. She cried out, but in shock, not pleasure. At least it wasn't pain in her voice.

Inside she felt hot, a welcoming jumble of moist coiled flesh, squeezing around him. He waited, then lowered his head again to tease her clitoris, to ease her, to get her to accept more. Seeing more of his finger slide inside her was one of the most alluring sights he'd seen in many a month. And as soon as he deemed it was far enough, he hooked that finger slightly, hoping he'd got it right and that he was deep enough to have got her sweet spot.

“Ahh...” Brienne sounded almost broken, and he smiled inwardly as he tickled her there. Inside, she was gripping him still, but not frozen any longer. That muscle was massaging now, pulsing and inviting more, urging him inward with that finger. Though a part of him wondered how he would ever manage to fit, he also couldn't help imagining how it would feel when it was his cock in there.

Her climax didn't take long, not with him giving her his full attention, and he felt it arrive, the throb of it and the rush of her fluids. The rhythm of her muscle broke down into a series of delicious helpless flutters as she moaned, long and low.

Carefully, he slipped his finger out, pausing to suck it, and to lick away all there was to taste of her before raising his head. Brienne was a picture: dark eyed again, but dreamy now and satiated. She gazed at him in the strangest way; it was a look he'd never seen on her before.

She opened her arms to them both, and they settled. It didn't take long for the other two to fall asleep, and only then did he ease himself with his own hand. There'd be no sleep for him until he'd done it.

Only as he was drifting away did he understand the look she'd given him, and his heart jolted. Almost everyone he met feared him, and those that didn't were idiots. He didn't recognise that look because no one had ever looked upon him that way, though he'd seen it rarely from time to time, bestowed upon others.
For the first time in as long as he could remember, he felt content, and he fell asleep with his arm flung over her hip.

When he awoke, his first thought was that he was dreaming again, and he opened his eyes wide, just to be sure he wasn't making some kind of horrific mistake like the morning before. There was a hot mouth on his cock, sucking at his morning erection underneath the covers. His second thought was that Tormund might actually be stealing from him in his sleep, but a quick glance to the side of him revealed the wildling, snoring slightly on his back in the morning light. Which meant...

“Oh, seven hells!” he muttered. “Brienne!”

But it was morning, it was daylight, and the world must be ending. It was definitely her, because she suddenly slurped noisily, and he laughed, but the laughing just enhanced the pleasure she was giving him until he spent in bliss, hips rising from the bed with her name on his lips.

He’d come, but he didn’t immediately realise she’d taken it in her mouth until afterwards, until he felt her tongue licking him clean, and then he groaned, his head feeling heavy on the pillows as she crawled up over his prone form, straddling him.

“Good morning,” she said, smiling down at him.

“I’m dead, and I’m in Heaven,” he said out loud, thinking that somewhere, someone had made a terrible mistake and that at any moment it would all be snatched away from him. “Why aren't I being punished?”

“Because we’re not out there training yet.” She dropped a kiss onto his lips. “Punishment is coming for you, Sandor Clegane.”

Gently, he lifted her off him then turned onto his side. “I can't take much more of this. I don't like being in a good mood. I don't know how to do it. I've had no practice at all.” Brienne only smiled.

“Why did you do that?” he wondered out loud. “Not that I'm complaining. You can start every morning that way if you want. I'll learn to live with it.”

“It seemed like a good way to say thank you,” she said, blushing again after everything they'd done. How could she still blush? There wasn't a secret her body had that he didn't know by now. Well,
except one, perhaps. But if last night was anything to go by, they'd know that too, together, he and Tormund.

“Thank you for what?”

“For keeping your promise. I don't really want to do it that way, when I don't know what I'm doing,” she said softly, looking at him as if for understanding. Little did she know he'd already been thinking the same thing the night before. “I'm not asking today. But I don't know. I really think...” She stopped speaking, deep in thought. He waited, but she didn't start speaking again.

“Well? Fucking spit it out, then,” he said, impatient. She frowned at him.

“I think I will ask. I'm just not quite ready yet. I just want a little time to, well, say goodbye.” That frown hadn't left her, and he leaned on his elbow to look at her face.

“Say goodbye?” he questioned, suddenly amused.

“I had some dreams once,” she said, staring up and away from his eyes. “I don't know why I kept them for so long. I knew they were stupid, I just couldn't let go of them.”

He'd known it about her, all along. He found himself brushing a thumb over her cheekbone, tracing a path down to her chin, over her lips. She was so beautiful it almost hurt. “We'll give you new dreams,” he said. “Better ones. Real ones.” The way she was giving them to him.

“I know. That's why I say I think I will ask. Soon.” He was touching her lips as she spoke, could feel the shape of the words as she spoke them.

Damn it, he really wasn't used to being in a good mood. His heart lifted, and the best he could manage to say in response was: “All right.”

“Is soon... is it enough?” she asked.

He quirked his lips. “Will it be before we go off to die?”
Brienne puffed out a little breath against his fingers. “Gods, I hope so! I’d rather not walk into all that wondering what it would be like to lie with you both.” Clegane smiled, while beside them Tormund suddenly snorted awake.

“Morning,” he said, then sniffed. He frowned, then sniffed again. “What are you two doing?”

“We were just talking,” Brienne said, and Clegane moved out of the way as Tormund claimed a kiss from her. When he was done, he seemed to be tasting something.

“Talking, eh?” he said, then looked at Clegane. He could feel himself smirk, and felt amazingly smug. “Without me?”

Brienne rolled her eyes. “I'll talk to you later.” When Tormund frowned, she hit him in the chest. “It's your turn,” she informed him, and he grinned then.

“So it is!”

For a moment they were all quiet, and then Brienne climbed halfway over Tormund to reach the bedside table. “Ugh, I really do need a drink of water.”

“You know,” Tormund commented innocently, one hand on the small of her back and the other on her buttocks, “you shouldn't drink the salty stuff. It's bad for you.”

“It is?” She sat back in the middle of the bed with a thump, cup of water in hand, wide eyed, staring at Tormund, who looked back at her, the spirit of innocent sincerity. “And you...” she turned to him. “…just let me?!”

He didn't know what to say. Then, before he could think of anything, Tormund tapped her on the shoulder. “Got you back,” he said.

“Tormund!” She picked up a pillow to throw at him, then drank her water to the very last drop. She looked into the cup and sighed.
The wildling gave her a knowing look. “Not enough, is it?” She shook her head. “Well. We could go to breakfast. There’ll be hot tea there.”

“Oh, yes!” she said, and that was that.
Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Notes

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Chapter Thirteen

Brienne went to bathe before breakfast, and so did he. Tormund was surprised not to see Clegane at these times, in the men's baths. For all the banter between them, which he indulged in just to annoy Clegane, he appreciated having the baths nearby. Before all this began, there'd been a natural hot spring near his home north of the wall that he'd visited every morning, which he missed. Winterfell's bathing facilities were nowhere near the perfection of that, but they were warm and clean, and the proper way to begin each new day. Especially since they'd begun training with her. A good bath woke him up, sharpened his mind and made him ready.

Over breakfast, along with plenty of hot tea, Tormund listened to Brienne explain her plans for helping Podrick. It was a good plan, and he approved wholeheartedly, since it didn't involve actually defending the lad at all. He would do that all on his own, after a fashion. In Tormund's opinion, half of the trouble was that, as a southerner, he'd been coddled for far too long.

Clegane too, he seemed to be in agreement, and so it was settled. They went about their usual leisurely set up for sparring afterwards, and he found himself paying much more attention to the boy. Before now Tormund had barely noticed him, unless it be to notice Brienne knocking him down. Certainly, he was no coward, since he'd trained with Brienne for at least an hour every day before they came along. No small endeavour! Yet he seemed constantly nervous, fiddling and fussing about the place as the three of them prowled around him like predators. The spectators came too, amongst them the characters Podrick had been having to avoid since the previous afternoon. Tormund blew out a breath through his lips. Things were about to get a whole lot worse for him before they got better.
“Podrick,” Brienne said, when he'd finished helping her adjust her armour. “I know I've been neglecting your training over the past few days. You will stay here for a short while and help us to warm up.”

Tormund didn't miss the momentary grin on Clegane's face as Podrick blinked, startled and unprepared for this turn of events. Likely, he'd been planning to make a quick and sly getaway. “Y-yes, my lady,” he said, then glanced around him, looking up at the three of them as if he couldn't believe what was happening to him. He gave Brienne a look of mute appeal as if he didn't know what he'd done wrong and wanted her to tell him. She ignored it.

“Start with him,” Brienne said, giving him a little shove in Tormund's direction as he drew his sword, eager to begin delivering the lesson. The boy froze, and something in him was clearly terrified as he looked up at Tormund. These southerners kept their children for far longer than the free folk would even dare, let alone choose. Podrick should already be a man. Instead he was strange mixture of boy and man. By the time Tormund had been his age, he had already hunted, killed and skinned three bears as part of his rite of passage. More than any of his peers. To this day, their skins still made up part of the furs he wore. They had served him well.

“Ready your weapon, Podrick!” Brienne instructed, and the boy drew his own sword too quickly, clumsily, looking down instead of keeping his attention where it should be – on his enemy. As was usually the case, he was armed. Brienne insisted upon it whenever he assisted her, and he could have sworn Brienne had said he was becoming competent. To be fair to him, perhaps he was, against any ordinary adversary. Tormund decided to make his own assessment in any case.

“What are you afraid of?” he asked outright, staring hard and deliberately when Podrick looked up at him again, seeing the boy blink too often in sympathetic response. “Do you see death coming for you, boy?”

Before he could answer, Tormund attacked, to test his defensive skill. He stared the boy down as he did it, and roared, which did most of the job for him, and it didn't take much strength or technique to disarm him, hardly anything at all. Podrick gasped and froze, eyes glancing to his blade where it lay on the snow-covered cobblestones.

“Pick it up,” Tormund advised him, pointing with his sword, and decided then to start right at the beginning.

When they faced each other again, Podrick was pointing outwards with his sword, holding the hilt in both hands, feet planted wide apart, more tension in him than a coiled spring. “Let me hear you shout defiance at me this time, boy,” he said. “If you have to die, don't you fucking go quietly, do you hear?”
Podrick nodded once, white faced. He attacked again, and this time Podrick yelled at him, more in cornered fright than anything else, but it lent some passion to his defence at least. He was still easy to disarm, but it took an additional move to attain it. “Again,” Tormund said, and they practised together for around five minutes or so, with Podrick improving each time, that baby roar of his getting louder every time too. By the end, they were even managing to spar somewhat. Tormund was pleased.

“Good, good!” Tormund said then, jovial, clapping him heavily on the shoulder because he was a quick study and a pleasure to teach. “Use your fear. Use your anger. Turn it into fury, yes? Now to her,” he said, nodding at Brienne. Podrick gulped, and then turned and took a few steps to stand in front of her.

Brienne. She was his Goddess. Tormund sighed as he stared at her, unable to tear his gaze away. She thought she was a southerner, she thought she was one of these knights or whatever, but she wasn’t. She was a wild one, and he knew it. Someone so powerful was born to be free, just like him. How could she be anything else?

“It might work for him. But don’t you dare yell at me, Podrick,” she said sternly, and then Tormund knew she’d been watching. He hoped she watched him the way he watched her. He hoped she watched him fight, and liked what she saw. She drew her sword like an executioner, and Tormund only had eyes for her, the boy be damned.

“No, my Lady.”

She drew herself up to her full height, resplendent in that armour. She was the fiercest thing he had ever seen.

“Knights don’t scream,” she reminded him.

“No, my Lady,” replied Podrick replied dutifully. And then she went for him. Unlike himself, she was completely merciless. Tormund watched it happen, and he wanted to be there, wanted to be the focus of that deadly attention so much he almost walked over and shoved the boy aside. He sighed, longing. Soon. It would be his turn soon.

Within three seconds the boy was face down in the dirt. “What did you forget?” she demanded without pause, motioning him to stand with the tip of her weapon, her eyes harder and colder than the mountains.
“Footwork, my Lady,” Podrick said, regaining his feet, only to scramble for his sword on his knees.

“Good,” she said, then frowned. “Up, now! Quickly.”

She struck again fast, and to the boy's credit, he managed a couple of parries before he was down again. She continued in a similar fashion, explaining each of Podrick's mistakes to him in an exact, precise fashion before sending him over to Clegane.

Their eyes met, and he smiled at her as she sheathed her sword for now. Things had changed. She didn't roll her eyes or look away as she had done in the past. Now instead he saw her remember the things they had done, imagine the things they might do, and her red lips relaxed from the tight, straight line they'd held when she'd been teaching the boy. She inclined her head a little, and smiled very slightly back. His hands ached to touch her, make her say his name, make her want it all over again. He could make her want it, every time he touched her. She knew it, he knew it. Ah! It was just a matter of time now. A very short time. Tonight, perhaps, and Tormund could almost taste it as his mouth watered.

As it was, that little smile was as good as an invitation from a lesser woman. Tormund knew that, and it was much more than a start. She knew where satisfaction was to be found, in love and war, and he heard himself rumble low in his chest. Only with them. Happy for now, he turned his attention to Clegane at exactly the same moment as she did.

Podrick was standing before him like some kind of sacrifice, sword pointed down to the ground, neck tilted at an almost unnatural angle because of the difference in their height. Actually, he’d kind of been like that with them all. Nervous he might be, but he had a lot of courage hidden away in there. Tormund defied anyone in Winterfell to face all three of them one after the other like Podrick had without turning and running away. Even Jon Snow would not relish the task they'd set to the lad. They were a frightening group of hard fuckers, and that was the truth.

“I don't think I've ever seen you fight, boy,” Clegane was saying, putting out his hands to straighten the boy's shoulders, pushing them back as if he was examining an animal to buy at auction. “Seen you lose plenty of times in the last few minutes though, before you even started.”

He nodded to Podrick's sword while the boy stood there, miserable and all but shaking in his shoes. “What's the matter?” he asked, sarcastic. “Is it too heavy for you now?”

The lad shook his head. “No, um...” He seemed to be searching around for something to call
Clegane. “...Mister the Hound.”

Clegane laughed out loud, derisory. “Mister the Hound? Mister the fucking Hound?! All right, you're funny. I'll give you that.” He seemed to notice Podrick's growing terror. “What's the matter with you? Oh, you've faced scarier things than me,” he said, menacing. He nodded at Brienne and lowered his voice, but it still carried. “She's one of them.”

Podrick didn't seem reassured at all. Clegane sighed, as if it was something he'd come to expect.

“Well lift up that blade then. Keep it nice and still, and we'll see if I can hit it,” he grumbled in a temper. “And you'd better pray I don't miss, and take off your head by accident.”

Podrick gulped.

“Or maybe, if you're really unlucky I'll just lop the top off your skull, like a giant bloody breakfast egg.” He grunted, then grinned as if imagining it. “That'd be a sight...”

Tormund shook his head. He was sure he could see the boy tremble as he raised his sword. He was actually fumbling with the grip as Clegane stepped back, drawing his own sword and sweeping it in an impressive wide arc that knocked Podrick's weapon clean out of his hand in one stroke.

“Hmm...” Clegane all but growled, displeased as the lad scurried to get it back. “Hurry up.” When he was back, Clegane paused. “How did I do that to you?”

“Excuse me?” Podrick said, startled by the question. Clegane sighed, exasperated.

“I frightened you, and you let yourself be frightened. If you're frightened, you've already lost, see?”

Podrick nodded slowly, wide-eyed. “All right. Imagine this. If I hurt you, if I so much as break one of your fingers, she'll fucking kill me.” He glanced at Brienne. Podrick gulped, looked from Clegane to Brienne, then back again. He nodded a little less hesitantly. “Well, I don't want to bloody die. Not again. Not today. Now, shall we give it another go?”

Clegane made it easy on him, deliberately, gave him a chance, and the boy lasted longer than he had
with either of them, though he was no match for Clegane's strength, and he was brought to his knees, trying to hold off a downward stroke. Clegane relented. “Much better. Now, go back to Tormund.”

They passed him around for the next forty minutes or so, one to the other, and they were each tutoring him in a slightly different way. By the end of it, Podrick was managing to do the job of warming them up, which was good enough. When Brienne let him go, those who had been lingering around the edges of their little arena had melted away. It was always possible that they'd seen who his friends were and decided against tormenting him any further. Then again, it was just as likely they'd seen him face something they couldn't. Cowards would always be cowards. There was no cure and no damned training for that in Tormund's experience. North of the wall they never did live long. Podrick, however, well he would do just fine.

Now was the time, and he'd been waiting long enough. By Tormund's reckoning, it was his turn first, and he drew his sword in eager anticipation, hopeful, exchanging a glance with Clegane across their little arena. Brienne looked from one to the other of them, and as always it was up to her, no matter what they might decide between themselves. To his delight, she turned in his direction.

Those eyes, icy blue and flinty, determined. Tormund felt himself grin as she began to close the distance between them, her strides getting quicker as he stared at her, as she stared at him. He could feel the pace of his heartbeat pick up in sweet anticipation. And then, from nowhere...

“Tormund!”

The spell was broken, and they were distracted, both looking up to see Jon Snow on the balcony staring down at them. Bad timing! Didn't the boy understand what was happening down below? He watched Brienne, and saw that wonderful, fatal attention shift to Clegane. Fucker.

With a quiet grumble, he sheathed his sword and went to see what Snow wanted, taking the steps two at a time. If this could wait until afterwards, they would have words about it. It wasn't fair to a man, to interfere with his foreplay. Then again, maybe there was news about the army of the dead. Perhaps they were moving more quickly than they'd all supposed. By the time he was standing in front of the King of the North, Tormund felt a hell of a lot more serious.

“What is it?” he asked. Snow shook his head.

“Not here,” he said, and turned, motioning for Tormund to follow him.
Always so bloody mysterious. Tormund spared a final look for Clegane and Brienne, down there having fun without him. Time was short enough. He hoped it wasn't about to be cut even shorter. He'd known women, many of them. He'd known lovers, and even had children with some of them. She was different. She was forever, and yet forever wouldn't last very long. Clegane, too. He was important somehow. Their fates were entwined now, for whatever remained of their lives. Together, they were three. It meant something eternal. Tormund shook his head and followed Snow into a private chamber to find out what news he had.

“I don’t know if you were aware, but Samwell Tarly returned from the Old Town a while ago,” Snow said.

Tormund tried to bring him to mind. Ah! The big lad, more going on there than most people realised. He nodded, wondering what it had to do with him.

“Does he know something about the dead? Are they moving?”

“What?” Snow said, then shook his head quickly. “No, it's nothing like that. Bran says they're still in The Gift. As slow as we thought. Hardly a march. More like a shuffle, really.”

“Ah. Yes.” Tormund remembered. “A shuffle. Dragging their feet.” Some of them, literally. He and Snow shared a look that wasn't quite allowed to be fear. Apparently they'd been warned just in time by Bran about the wall, and the evacuation of the wildlings from The Gift had been accomplished with hardly any time at all to spare while Tormund had nearly frozen to death listening to that endless march. Now the old and the young of the wildlings were encamped in the countryside around Winterfell itself. Safe for now, but the dead were still coming. Snow looked down and away first.

“Anyway, he brought something with him, from his father's house. He means to help in the fight, but he says he understands this would be better placed in someone else's hands. Someone who can use it to much better effect.”

Tormund waited, mystified, as Jon Snow walked across the room, opened a large chest and withdrew a sword in a scabbard. He placed it on the table in the centre of the room. “He asked me if I had any ideas who could handle such a thing, and I immediately thought of you.”

Snow stepped back, and Tormund approached, amazed because this wasn't just some mere sword. It was a beautifully made thing. He touched the hilt of it with his fingers, grasped it, withdrew a little of the blade from its sheath, then dropped it as if stung.
“It is the same as yours, and hers,” he observed, recognising the steel.


He was stunned, looked at Snow in disbelief all over again. Just when he thought the crow had no more surprises, here he was again. “And you. You want to give me this? Not any of your new southern friends?”

“You are my friend,” Snow said simply. “Consider it a sign of our loyalty to each other.” He shook his head. “And anyway it's not yours. Only for this. If we live. If we win, it goes back to Samwell.”

Tormund picked it up, this time to properly appreciate it, withdrawing it fully, marvelling over the lightness of the blade. He immediately imagined the damage he could inflict with it. How fast he would be with it. “Of course,” he said, enchanted by the weapon. “I understand.” He slid the blade back into its scabbard. Looked up, unsmiling. “I can kill White Walkers with it?” he questioned suddenly. That seemed like the most important question. Snow nodded.

The scale of this was staggering. That Snow had chosen him to wield it, when he had allies everywhere now. Tormund laid the sword down, and enveloped Snow in a hug. “I thought when you got up from being dead, you couldn't have another surprise for me after that. I keep being wrong about you.” He pulled back, let Snow go. “Thank you.”

“Kill some of them for me,” Snow said.

“I will.” He nodded, picked up the sword, turned to the door, then turned back to look at Snow. He was thinking about the three of them, fighting together both here and soon against the army of the dead. “You know this is going to annoy the dog. When he sees this, he's gonna be in a bad fucking mood for the rest of his life.”

Snow quirked his lips, his eyes twinkling with humour. “So... it won't change anything between you all then.” They both laughed.

“You're going to fight together, the three of you?” Snow asked, much too casually. Tormund grinned.

“Yes. We are. You got a plan for us?”
Jon Snow smiled. “Perhaps. Let me think on it for a while.”

“Well. Don’t take too long about it. They still coming, slow. But sure.” Snow nodded, and Tormund left him there.

Tormund walked the short distance back, and halted under the canopy at the top of the steps, looking down, gripping the new sword's scabbard in his right hand. He watched Clegane and Brienne fighting each other. They were a fair match, and they loved each other deeply, even if neither of them realised it. If he was a southerner like the two of them, he'd probably leave them to it. As it was, luckily, he was not, and they both belonged with him. It was a cheerful thought, and yet, something pulled at his mind as the snow fell onto the courtyard below.

*Dragging their feet.*

And Tormund remembered...

It was sheer luck that he and Beric had been where they were, at that precise moment, on the edge of the portion of the wall that remained standing. It didn't feel lucky at the time. Dragons were frightening enough. Dead dragons? The thing had a screech that made you want to rip your own ears off, and it kept at it as it breathed that blue fire onto the wall again and again. It didn't seem then as if the part he was on would be left standing, not at all.

Everything was vibrating. And when it began to splinter – to break – the sound was loud enough to deafen him for a short while, and perhaps that was merciful. Centuries of layers of ice cracking all together was enough to drive a man insane. As it ruptured, shock waves travelled the full length of the entire wall, shaking it beneath his feet, and all he could think of was the fall, how far down it was. He'd climbed the thing, but that was different. That was under his own steam. If he fell then, that was on him. This was all out of his control, and there was no way to save himself from it.

He saw the wall crumble in near deafened silence, the sheer scale of it raised a feeling of superstitious dread in him, and he looked to Beric, only to see the same pale look of terror reflected on his face. It actually fell into the sea, huge chunks of it making waves hundreds of feet high. For the first time in his life, Tormund felt truly tiny, utterly inconsequential. The wall quivered and seemed to waver, actually swaying like a tree in a strong wind, and a wave of vertigo made him close his eyes against it as he waited for the inevitable fall, and for death. But death didn't come.

When he opened his eyes again, it was over, and the part of the wall he and Beric were on was right
at the edge of the break. As he looked down, the wall was still settling, and chunks of ice were constantly falling. One broke away a couple of metres below him, and he stared wildly at it as it fell, only to smash on the sharp spikes of ice below, his heart beating fast. And then he noticed something else down there.

Far below, in the gap where the wall had once stood, the army of the dead were marching past. Well, marching was a charitable word, really. They were walking slowly, one slow step at a time. As his hearing returned, he could hear the sound of their feet. This was no ordinary army. There was no banter, no pushing and shoving, no laughter or shouting. Just an endless step... step... step... and they were loose upon the rest of the world. The army of the dead were going to fucking war! Tormund looked at Beric, who was peering over, staring at exactly the same thing. Beric made to move back from the brink.

“What are you doing?” he hissed. “We'll be noticed!”

The dragon still flew high overhead, watching the army, circling, sometimes closer, sometimes further, but Tormund was certain it or its rider would see if they began to get restless. Beric stopped, frozen, while Tormund's imagination furnished him with a sudden clear vision of part of that army swarming up the side of the wall to them like spiders, and he couldn't help shivering.

“What shall we do?” Beric asked.

Tormund sighed, drew in a breath. It was dark, but the fires here were still lit. “We stay where we are. We stay still. We hope nothing notices us,” he said. There were dead men on this stretch of the wall too. “And we hope the dead don't wake up before morning.”

They didn't speak after that, and all through the night, the dragon wight continued to wheel overhead, screeching. That sound of the dead trudging down below continued for hours, never ceasing. It was cold, and after a couple of hours, it began to snow, piling up and around them. The shivering began early, because they were so still, making his teeth chatter. It settled deep, wracking his body with deep shudders, tickling at his bones. Tormund didn't mind that so much. When the shivering passed and eventually ended – that he minded, because he knew it was the beginning of the end. If he didn't move, he would die. He couldn't move. After that, Tormund began to have to seriously resist the urge to sleep.

Several hours in, with no one to maintain them, the lights began to splutter and fail, going out one by one. “Beric,” he said at last, and received no reply. Tormund wondered if the other man was still alive. It was too cold to stay so still.
Beneath them, still it continued on. Tormund wasn't sure he wanted it to stop, because when it did, he was quite certain the Night King wouldn't leave the dead here behind. They would be found. Or he would be found. If Beric was already gone, perhaps the Knight would kill him. He began to think about edging himself towards to the precipice. The Night King couldn't use his body if he broke it to pieces on the jagged shards of ice far below.

He began to lose consciousness for short periods after that. Morning came, and the snow was heavy on his back, but he felt unnaturally warm. So hard not to sleep. Too hard. Again...

Something was different. He wondered what it was. He hardly blinked this time. The sound of the marching was gone.

The next time he opened his eyes, the grey of early morning had given way to dawn, almost blinding him. But the dragon. The dragon was still here. Or were there two? He only seemed to see in flashes, as if he couldn't quite keep the thread of continuity from one thing to another. He was sure he saw the dead men get up, dropping down from ledges only to stand up again on broken legs, dragging themselves off to war. More recruits for the Night King. He stared down at the ice below, and he had a sudden desperate urge to make himself fall, just like the new soldiers had done. Was he dead? Was he one of them already? Too late to stop it?

Hands took hold of him, and he didn't even have the strength to speak. They placed him atop the dragon, and he stared wildly, only to find himself looking into the blue eyes of Daenerys.

He lost consciousness again. And awoke in Winterfell. Beric was there too, but much worse off. He was being treated for frostbite, while Tormund himself had gotten away with no injuries at all. Just the effects of the cold, and a deeper, more lasting harm: the memories of that long night of waiting and listening to the army of the Night King as it passed by. An army that dragged its feet.

In the present, he shook himself. That was over and done with. There were things to be done here, now. Brienne being one of them. He felt immediately better about everything and made his way back down to the courtyard.

Currently, Clegane had Brienne pulled in tight against his body, blade against her throat. He seemed to be enjoying himself, particularly the way she was struggling, her arse rubbing against him like that. Brienne seemed to understand that too, and she became still.

Clegane smirked. “I was beginning to like that. Why did you stop?” He was definitely enjoying himself, at least until she stamped on his foot and elbowed him hard in the ribs.
“Bloody bitch!” he swore, letting her go. Tormund laughed out loud and joined them, seeing Brienne’s eyes almost immediately go to the new sword. He held it out for her to examine, watched her draw it and bite her lip in admiration as her blue eyes lit up in pleasure to behold it. It was a beautiful thing.

“Heartsbane,” she breathed reverently.

“You have got to be kidding!” Clegane said, and Brienne passed the blade to him. He examined it too, swishing it experimentally through the air with a longing expression. Then he passed it back to Tormund.

“Fucking hell,” Clegane muttered, just as annoyed as Tormund had imagined.

“Maybe we can find another one, for you.”

To his surprise, both Brienne and Clegane shook their heads immediately. “Do you know how rare they are?” Clegane asked. “Do you even realise what he’s given you?”

Tormund shrugged, studying the blade. He couldn't seem to stop looking at it. “It kills White Walkers. That's what I care about.”

“There are five Valyrian swords in the whole of Westeros that I know of,” Brienne said. “Three of them are now here in Winterfell.” The way she said it, seemed like fate.

Suddenly, the gravity of what Snow had entrusted him with was fully apparent, and Tormund felt his eyes open wide. “Fuck me,” he said seriously.

“Well, now,” Clegane said, smirking. “Isn't that an interesting suggestion?”

Tormund was too stunned to even respond to the taunt. Five, in the whole of Westeros, and Snow gave it to him?
“You going to stand there staring all day, or you want to play with it?” Clegane asked. Tormund looked up. Clegane really didn't seem as pissed off as he'd thought.

Tormund laid aside the scabbard and smiled slowly. “I want to play,” he said with a nod.

“Good,” Clegane said. “You'll be faster with that thing. You up for a little two-on-one?”

And there it was, in his eyes, that sparkle of mischief again. Brienne must really have got him going while Tormund was gone. He laughed out loud. “Come on then,” he said, raising his new sword, “if you think you can take me.”

They clashed immediately, fast and vicious, and Brienne was in the corner of his eye as he whirled to face her, defending himself from her attack too. The sword was like a dream to wield, and he wasn't used to it yet, but when he was, it would increase his might, enough to kill some of those fuckers for sure.

He enjoyed himself for a while with the two of them, because it was fast, and it was furious, and it seemed as if the quickening of his sword arm quickened his mind. But, inevitably, he lost. Clegane helped him to his feet. “I thought you'd be in a darker mood when I came back with this,” he commented.

Clegane glanced at the sword, sighed, kind of scowled. “I'm sure. I'm still working up to it. Still a bit surprised, to be fair.”

Tormund laughed and clapped him on the back. “Want to grab a break?”

As one, they looked at Brienne, who was standing a little way from them both, staring with a thoughtful look on her face. Almost as if she was thinking about asking them both something. Tormund wondered what it was. He opened his mouth to speak, but Clegane laid a sudden and urgent restraining hand on his arm as Brienne walked towards them. “Shut up you idiot!” he hissed quietly. “Let her come to us.”

She looked at Clegane. “I think I... that is, I,” she said, blushing slightly, then bit her lip. She looked to him then, and the sudden hunger in her eyes was quickly veiled, but he felt something in him soar at the sight of it. “Want to take a break?”
For Tormund, it was turning out to be a fairly good day, all things considered. Clegane though, he looked like a giant had just punched him in the gut. “You okay?” Tormund asked, concerned enough to frown.

Clegane pulled a face. “You know, I've always been able to deal with the bad shit. It's easy after a while. Expect the worst, and you're never disappointed. What kills you is hope. Fucking hope.”

And with that cryptic statement he turned away stalked off, leaving them both standing there. Brienne blushed again and looked slightly guilty. Something deeper was going on here, something only those two knew about. Tormund wondered what it was.

“Well!” Clegane shouted back at them both. “Are you two fucking coming or what?”

They hurried to catch him up. And somehow, it was no surprise they all ended up back at Brienne's room. As soon as the door was closed, it was as though a restriction had been lifted, and they were all over each other. Her most of all. The more confident she became, the wilder she was, the way he'd always known her to be, deep inside. From the moment he'd first seen her.
Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Notes

Please, if you do enjoy this work, consider leaving a word or two to let me know. Or, just as importantly, if something I wrote didn't seem right for the characters and stopped you reading at a certain point, I'd like to know that too.

Just... ffs please say something, even if it's just "Hi, I was here." Otherwise, I have to assume most of the hits are googlebot. Or that you clicked and weren't impressed/hated it.

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Chapter Fourteen

It occurred to Clegane that the three of them were acting very much like youths during this part of the day in the late morning. Rolling around on the bed with their breeches on, naked up top, him and Tormund stealing kisses and more from her turn by turn. Seeing which one of them could make her moan the loudest.

She seemed to have the most interest in Tormund though, and fair was fair, she'd explored him the day before, so there was that. She seemed to notice the lack of attention she'd shown to the wildling so far, and Clegane watched her straddle Tormund, running her hands up his chest, her fingers sliding through the hair he kept there. Not that he didn't have body hair himself, but on Tormund it seemed slightly excessive, just like that on his face. Maybe they were all like that. Maybe it kept them warm or something.

“You're like a wolf,” she said, and quirked her lips. “No wonder Jon Snow likes you.”

Tormund just gazed up at her. His hands were on her buttocks, over her clothing, squeezing gently. “I'm not a wolf,” he said, staring. Brienne leaned down.

“What are you then?” she asked, and then laughed when Tormund reversed their positions. She had to have let him do it. Clegane smiled at her, because she was finally enjoying herself, and he thought that she was, even in this, discovering things that she'd forbidden herself for most of her life. So was he. With a jolt, he realised he was feeling simple affection. The last time he'd felt that was when he'd been travelling with Arya Stark. He'd almost got there again when he'd been helping to build that
sept. Now it was back, and growing fast into something much deeper.

“Well, beauty,” Tormund was saying, taking hold of her hands and imprisoning them behind her head. Clegane harrumphed at that. Like he could keep them there. “I have sharp teeth to taste you with, that’s true.” And he leaned in to bite at her neck, her soft giggle turning into a softer moan.

“You like it,” she said, confident the way she should have been from the beginning. The fingers of her trapped hands flexed slightly, and her body stretched out beneath Tormund’s, fitting itself to his, almost moulding to him.

Tormund stopped, lifting his lips just long enough to growl at her, and to speak. “Aye. You taste nice. I am no wolf. I am a bear, come to eat you!” And he went right back to it, but Brienne? She froze suddenly, her fingers tightening as her knuckles went white. Her eyes were no longer soft and confident, but staring at something beyond the room, and Clegane had seen this before. It was a memory.

She drew in a breath, probably to scream or cry out, and before she could do it, he put a hand over her mouth. “Tormund!” he hissed sharply. “For fuck’s sake. Get off her, you daft cunt. Give her room.”

She blinked, and he moved his hand, after which she drew another long, shuddering breath, drawing her arms forward as soon as Tormund freed her, sitting up and leaning over. Clegane looked over her upper body, managing not to stare for too long at her tits, wondering which one of them it was. He touched a likely candidate with his blunt fingertips, a kind of jagged gash low on the right hand side of her waist.

“This the one?” he asked, and she shook her head. Then she raised a hand to her left shoulder, and he noticed how the scars just there resembled claw marks. It hadn’t struck him until she pointed it out. They were so faint now. He nodded. Scar stories. Well, they’d waited long enough, and to be honest, he didn’t mind if she wanted to start.

“Fuck me, Brienne,” he said, examining them. It must have been close enough for her to see her own death in its eyes, and a big fucker. “How the bloody hell did it get that far? You must have seen it coming.”

“Of course I did!” she said, insulted, pushing his hand away. “I just wasn’t… it wasn’t a fair…” She shook her head, clearly pained by something. He looked at Tormund, who was frowning.
“Woman, this beast might have killed you. Were you just going to let it?”

It was a reasonable question. Brienne of Tarth, letting a bear injure her? Unthinkable! Now she glared at both of them, her eyes darkening again, but dangerously now in anger, not desire.

“Oh, if you want to know, the two of you. I'll tell you. But I'm warning you to think about it, because when I tell you, you'll both be unhappy for the rest of the day. So I leave it with you. Do you want to know. Or not?”

Did she really think she was threatening him with unhappiness? Him? Clegane grunted and folded his arms. “You'll tell me, even if you have to send him out of the room.”

Tormund, likewise, folded his arms too. “I'm not going anywhere. Tell.”

Brienne sighed, and ran a hand through her short hair. “All right.” She lay on her back and looked up at the ceiling, probably so she didn't have to look at either of them.

“A while ago, when I was charged to take Jaime Lannister to King's Landing, we were captured by Lord Bolton's men,” she began, her voice deepening. Oh, bugger. Clegane began to feel distinctly unhappy already. One look across the bed at Tormund, and the wildling looked as if he was feeling exactly the same way.

“Before you go any further with this story,” he said, thinking ahead, “are any of these cunts still alive?” Because if not, he was going to have plans for them. Before the war, whether there was time or not.

“I don't know,” she replied. He and Tormund shared a single murderous look.

“Probably not. Anyway,” she said, her voice pointed because of the interruption, “we were captured. They meant to rape me that night, and they did drag me off into the trees.”

“How many?” Clegane asked immediately.

“Did the fuckers have names?” Tormund questioned.
“Distinguishing features?” Clegane wondered, already making plans.

Brienne sat up again, and glared at them. “Are you going to let me tell this or not?” she demanded. “I did warn you.”

She glared at him until he sighed. “Sorry,” he said, then she switched to glare at Tormund.

“Sorry,” he rumbled eventually.

Satisfied, she lay back down. “So, it was horrible. I'm not going to repeat any of the things they said to me then.” She winced and shook her head, as if shaking something distasteful away. “It's not true. None of it is true. You've shown me, both of you, it isn't true.”

Despite his growing fury, Clegane managed to take her hand, as gently as he ever did. “It's not true,” he said, knowing it without her even needing to repeat it. He could imagine the kind of things cruel men might say to her. “They were frightened of you.”

“Cowards,” Tormund said, taking her other hand. For a moment, she looked at them, one to the other, and smiled as if she wasn't reliving a personal horror story.

“I know. But then? It was horrible. I screamed, and I did fight, but before they could even get anywhere, Jaime Lannister told a lie that saved me.” She paused. “He told the leader that my father would offer a ridiculous reward for my safe return if I was unharmed and unhurt. So I was brought back and tied up, still fully clothed. Only my pride was wounded that night.”

She sighed. “Later, when Lord Bolton commanded one of his own men to take Jaime on towards King's Landing I was left behind, alone with the gang. They'd sent a raven, of course, hungry for that pile of emeralds they'd thought they were going to get, and my father did offer a reward. As much as he could afford, but sadly not the beautiful lie they were expecting, and they were angry.”

She closed her eyes, remembering.

“So, they put me in a dress, and they threw me in a pit. And they put a bear in with me, to see how long I would last. Sport, I think they called it. They placed wagers.”
Clegane felt sick, imagining it. “No armour. No weapon. Nothing.”

Brienne screwed her eyes up, and shook her head again, in that way, because it was clearly mortifying to remember. “Oh, they gave me a weapon,” she said darkly. “A wooden sword. They thought that was funny.”

Tormund swore, his voice a deep growl. Clegane looked at him. The wildling looked as enraged as he felt. Somehow, together, they knew they'd hunt these fuckers down. He turned his attention back to Brienne.

“How did you get away? Did you kill it?” He assumed she had, even then. Assumed it because of who she was. Because he believed she was capable of it, even so. Only, as he looked across the bed, Tormund shook his head. His face was like thunder.

“You didn't kill it, did you, beauty?” he said carefully. “How did you escape?” All at once, he remembered the bear in the snow, the one that had mauled Thoros. Once it had been alive, and it occurred to him that Tormund must have hunted bears. He knew already there was no escape. That without a weapon and without armour, even Brienne of Tarth should be dead. He felt his heart ache. That the bastards had planned for her to die in front of a laughing, jeering crowd like that. She'd earned better. Fuck, but he wished he had his hands on one of them right now.

“Jaime. He came back for me. They'd cut off his right hand long before that, but he jumped down into that pit and got me out anyway.” She shook her head. “I'll never forget it.”

Interestingly, Clegane had the sudden urge to thank the sister-fucking Jaime Lannister, then to run a sword through him before he could get any more golden boy ideas about rescuing Brienne. Probably best to do it in private, though. Like an assassination. It wouldn't be considered heroic to kill a one-armed man, and yet the more the world went about with him on it, the more he came to realise that killing Lannisters was probably the most heroic thing one could do.

He'd heard the Lannister forces were heading up north to join them in the war against the dead. Jaime Lannister was probably in a tent somewhere right now, planning on doing something fucking heroic. Clegane snarled a little.

He caught Brienne looking at him. She raised an eyebrow. “Oh, really! After everything, do you think I even have space in my dreams for anyone besides you two?” She rolled her eyes and then got up, finding her shirt and pulling it on. “I mean, seriously, what would I even do with man number three?” She paused, looked at them both, then the strangest look of self-disgust came over her face.
“Wait, don't answer. I'm sure the two of you have ideas. What am I even doing with you? Why am I even doing it?” She stopped short of doing up the buttons, and held her face in her hands. “What am I doing with myself?”

Alarmed, Clegane got up at the same time as Tormund, and as one, they moved towards her. Clegane didn't know what to say. Fortunately, he was not alone, and Tormund had the words she needed to hear.

“You're taking what you want,” Tormund said. “What's wrong with that? If you were one of the free folk, it would be expected of you.”

They didn't touch her, merely stood behind and in front of her as if waiting for her attention. She sighed and straightened up, her face drawn into that adorable frown. “I don't even know what I want. I shouldn't want you both, but I do. And I couldn't choose between you either. It's both of you or neither.”

“We don't mind,” Clegane said, and he shared a look with Tormund, who nodded at him.

Brienne looked conflicted. “I can't even say what I want. And I wanted to earlier,” she said, her gaze on him pleading and conflicted. “Sandor, I really wanted to.”

Clegane began to get a really good feeling, which was quite a turn around, considering the past half hour or so wherein he'd mainly thought about killing people for interfering with their wonderful, surprising, beautiful Brienne. “Just say it,” he suggested. She didn't need his help, just encouragement.

He saw the resolve in her as soon as she found it, and he didn't even blink. He didn't want to miss a single second of this. “Fine,” she said. “I have some conditions.” He nodded slowly. “It's still lunchtime out there. After I've said this, we're going to eat, and then we're going on the hill, and...” here she smiled strangely, “...I know you're angry after that story, but I'm afraid I'm going to have to put you down several times. You know that, don't you?”

She was exactly as he dreamed she would be. “I know.”

“And then, after a few hours' practice, when I've taken you both down, we can bathe and have dinner, all together. And then I want...” She licked her lips, drew back so that she could look at both
him and Tormund both together. “Then I release you both from your promise. I want to know you. I have to know you both. I want to have you. This not knowing is killing me. Worse, it's kind of putting me off my game, and I don't like that at all.”

For a minute, no one said anything. *She was off her game?* Clegane thought about that for a long moment or two. Perhaps Tormund was thinking about it as well. No one moved. Brienne cleared her throat, blinked once or twice. “Is that all right? Did I say it clearly enough, or should I be more explicit?”

Clegane smiled at her. “I thought you said I was going to be unhappy for the rest of the day?” he queried suggestively, his mind already filling with the things they would do later. The very thought made his blood pool in him, his mind growing pleasantly cloudy. Brienne...

She gave him the sweetest, hardest look. “Did you miss the part where I said I was going to beat you down? Several times?”

He shrugged, careless of that. He would be inside her tonight. Nothing else mattered. “Do you think I hate it all that much when you do?”

She smirked. “That's very naughty of you.”

Clegane blinked, at her and Tormund. “You know, you've got some very strange ideas about what naughty is.”

To his astonishment, it was Tormund who laughed. And it sounded dirty as all hell too. “Tonight, we teach her, Clegane,” he said.

Oh, yeah. That could be fantastic.
Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Notes

Please, if you do enjoy this work, consider leaving a word or two to let me know. Or, just as importantly, if something I wrote didn't seem right for the characters and stopped you reading at a certain point, I'd like to know that too.

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Chapter Fifteen

Everything she said came to pass, exactly as she wished. They'd even eaten twice, and yet as they returned to her room after dinner, Clegane felt hungrier than he had in many a month as he looked upon her. Only not for food.

She wasn't just anyone. If it was just anyone he wanted, if anyone would do, then he could pay for that kind of relief. No, this was different. Brienne was different. She was his equal in all things, his match. Tormund's too. It was so rare a thing, and he was coming to respect Tormund to the point that even sharing her with him would be a pleasure all of its own.

He'd never shared a woman in his life. Admittedly, they tended to be a little bit, well, broken in, when he'd done with them. If the woman he was with happened to be a whore, he usually found himself having to pay double for that, even though they damned well enjoyed it most of the time. Hence, he'd gotten into the habit of not bothering himself with them all that often.

They made their way back to her room quietly, and he couldn't take his eyes off her. She seemed a little self-conscious at last, aware of the changed nature of their attention towards her, aware that she had changed something fundamental about their intentions and it made her nervous all over again, just as she had been at the beginning.

She didn't undress straight away, like she had the night before. She faced away from them, uncertain and unsure, until Tormund walked right up behind her and placed his hands on her hips. Then she hiccuped. Clegane hid his sudden smile behind his hand, just in case she should turn and catch him at
“Pardon,” she said without thinking, without even turning around, and then: “Are you going to do it now?” she asked quietly, as if she were about to be put on the block and beheaded. Tormund tilted his head, a little insulted, but mostly mystified.

“Now?!” he rumbled. “Now? Woman! We are men. Real men, not southern dogs.” Clegane didn’t miss the reference, nor that he himself was excluded from the insult, and he found himself smiling again, just a little. “Now we enjoy ourselves, yes?” Tormund was telling her. “Just like before.”

At that, she finally did turn around, and she smiled a little. “We do?” Tormund nodded seriously. “Oh...” she seemed almost to sag in relief, and it occurred to him then how much tension she’d been carrying around. She leaned on Tormund with her forearms on his shoulders, and Clegane stepped in to help, placing his hands on her waist. She looked down at their hands, all over her, and Clegane heard her swallow.

“And there’s definitely no time left to fight, is there?” she said, tossing her head then, as if she was seriously considering it. Clegane got to work on the buttons of her shirt.

“Oh, you’ve done all the fighting you’re going to do today, Brienne of Tarth,” he said into her ear, murmuring it deliberately so that it would tickle, nuzzling her there so that she let her head fall back onto his shoulder. “No more fighting us now,” he said wickedly, “only surrender... and fucking.” Her eyes were closed as Tormund leaned in to kiss her neck, and she almost seemed to whimper, struggling between them, only to straighten up and look Tormund directly in the eyes as she got to work on undressing him by undoing his shirt. The wildling was understandably over the damned moon.

When Clegane was done with her buttons, he slid his hands under the material of her shirt and closed in on his prize, covering her breasts with his palms, pressing against them, pressing her back into his chest. She let go of a throaty moan, and her hands fumbled before stilling completely in their task. “Oh, Gods! I can’t even think when you do that.”

“How does it feel?” Clegane asked her, keeping up the slow, tender pressure, and she trembled in his arms. “Tell me.”

“How...?” She echoed in a lost whisper. “I don’t even know. I never... it’s like the way you touch me is all that exists. It’s all that’s real. There’s nothing else. I want more. I need it.”
“More of what?” Clegane asked, and he knew he was being unfair, but he found he loved hearing her try and describe what was happening to her. She didn't know how sensual she was. Tormund took her hands and lifted her arms, so they were stretched back over Clegane's shoulders, and he felt her interlace her fingers behind his neck.

“More...” she groaned in response, her chest heaving with herbreaths.

“Harder?” Clegane asked, and pressed down. She gasped.

“No! Please... Not that...” He relented, and went back to the firmer, but more tender touch of before. “Yes. That is it,” she said. “More of that. And I can feel your touch. Not on my skin, but inside me. It feels like you are so close to me. Not harder. Deeper.”

He caught Tormund’s eye, but the wildling didn't seem all that interested in her words. He'd been working on her breeches, helping her out of them, and now he had her stepping out of them with her feet, one by one.

“Give me your leg, beauty,” he said, pulling her thigh up, demanding it, and she sighed as she did what he wanted, raising that one leg to Tormund's hip and wrapping it around him. He was still clothed, just like Clegane, but as Clegane watched, he began to stroke the back and inside of the thigh that was exposed to him now. Just gently, back and forth, up and down.

All the while, Clegane kept up with his own caress of her breasts, and she seemed to come apart between the two of them, her eyes regaining that dark, sultry look of the night before as she stared at them, one to the other.

Tormund looked down at her chest, and in answer, Clegane altered the lay of his hands to expose her nipples for the wildling's perusal. He seemed to take his time making a decision, and Brienne shook her head slightly against Clegane's neck. It seemed as good a time as any to kiss her, and he bent his head to brush his lips over the top of her shoulder, sweeping them up to the side of her neck, just as Tormund lowered his lips to her left nipple, sucking it into his mouth with a wet sound.

Again, she sobbed, just like she had before, her body shuddering with need and sensation. Without conferring they kept it up between them, relentless, teasing her, squeezing and sucking, licking and stroking, wanting to make her hot for it. Or at least, to begin.

“Oh... please, please, I can't...” she breathed, trying weakly to twist away from their touch, but there
was nowhere to go.

“Yes, you can,” Clegane said into her ear.

Tormund released the nipple he had been suckling with a similar audible slick sound, then made a pleased sound in his throat, and went straight for the other without even looking up or acknowledging anything else. The one he’d left was red and spit shiny, ripe as a berry, longing to be tasted again. Brienne cried out when the wildling hoisted her hips, bringing her other leg up, one hand under her buttocks to hold her weight. Clegane watched the wildling’s lips and throat work for a moment. He was really going for it! And that free hand was still stroking her thigh, so gentle in comparison.

Clegane squeezed with his hands the way he had been doing all along, rhythmic and sustained, matching Tormund’s speed, all but feeding Tormund that nipple of hers, listening to her moans fall into the same tempo. Brienne didn’t really mean her words of protest, because if she did, there was no way they could have kept her there between them. She sobbed again. “But you’re going to make me!” she said urgently, and for a moment Clegane was puzzled. Is that what she thought? Seriously?! “Oh, Gods, don’t make me...” And then he understood, and he felt suddenly warm and so powerful, suddenly deeply moved by her. How she was awakening to their touch.

“Oh, Brienne,” he said deeply. “Yes. For us.” And he gave her neck a little bite, to help it along, knowing now what she was trying to say, what she was trying to resist. She moaned in fits and starts, a halting breath in the midst of it all, her body alternately tensing and relaxing, and he knew they’d done it. So easy between them, to tease the first one out of her. He gentled his hands somewhat to allow her to come down from the high slowly. Tormund, he released her too when she’d done with it all. When he looked up, his eyes had darkened the same way as hers did, and Clegane’s heart nearly jumped out of his chest.

“You are getting warm, woman,” Tormund said, pleasure in his voice. “It is a start. You will be hot as embers before we take you tonight.”

Gently, he let her legs down, and allowed her to take her own weight again. She was a little unsteady, and she brought her hands back down and into her chest, blushing. She seemed to be focused on Tormund’s breeches, which were kind of tented out. Just like his, if he was honest. But unlike his, there was a little kind of damp spot there, where she’d been pressed against Tormund as she’d... ah! Clegane nodded. Now he understood.

Well, now Tormund would always be able to claim she came on his cock first. Clegane sighed, felt a little bad-tempered about that. Surely that was cheating?
“I didn't mean to,” Brienne said, recovering quickly, and clearly mortified. She must have felt it, even though his clothing, that thick heavy cock against her cunt, and so she'd quite naturally wanted to resist coming all over him.

Tormund shrugged. “Don't be afraid of it, beauty,” he said.

She pursed her lips and folded her arms, shaky as she was. Stood up straight. “I'm not afraid!”

“Oh, I think you are,” Tormund argued, and then smiled. “Fierce though you may be. You think it will tame you. But that's not what I want. Or him.” He stepped forward, and she stepped back, but there was nowhere to go, and she bumped into Clegane with a surprised sound. She kept up the proud demeanour for another moment or two, and then seemed to falter.

“You two, you think you know so much,” she said. “But you know nothing. I know what will happen, or what's supposed to happen. I was taught about it when it was assumed I would... well, that I would...” she gulped, then hiccuped again, nervous, “... marry, or something.” She was beginning to babble again, and she looked at them, one to the other; terribly, painfully earnest.

“It will hurt, and I will bleed, and you both know that much. I'm not some silly girl. Please don't treat me like one.” She was clearly trying to make herself face up to it. But how could she? How could she face up to the unknown?

Clegane suddenly saw how alone she was with the two of them, and with all of this. She was a woman, but she hadn't lived as one for most of her life. She'd lived like one of them. She'd lived like him, and she'd never expected to be in this predicament. She had no one to go to for guidance. He and Tormund looked at each other, and really in this situation they were both completely clueless. It wasn't as if he hadn't taken virgins before, but none of them had felt the need to speak to him like this. In fact, they'd been too much in awe of him to say much at all. They'd cried, because they were silly girls... Brienne was certainly not a silly fucking girl, and she wasn't going to cry... was she?!

Tormund suddenly looked just as terrified as he felt.

Clegane didn't have a clue what to do, or to say. It couldn't be helped. No one to advise her, in all this time. No one to confide in about any of this. Even she might need the kind of reassurance that only another woman could provide, and neither of them could give that to her. Not by a fucking long shot.

“And I can't help thinking,” she continued, her voice sounding very small all of a sudden for Brienne, “that it's going to hurt more with you, no matter which one of you it is. And I'm not frightened of pain, you know? I can handle pain. I'm just...” She moved away and sat on the side of
the bed with a thump, lowering her head, a little miserable. “And... both of you? Just like you are. Am I being punished for something? Because maybe, just now, when it comes to it, I'm sorry for it, whatever it is.”

Tormund sat down beside her. He seemed to be thinking deeply. “I understand, I think,” he said at last. “It will only hurt once. And after that, we will give you pleasure. More pleasure than we've shown you so far. If I am lying, then you must kill me.”

Her mouth dropped open, and she stared at him. “Really? Because I always thought they were kind of... well, pretending. I always thought women really didn't like it as much. That's what I told myself, anyway.” She sighed. “I suppose it's all come as a bit of a shock, to find out it's sort of... nice.” Clegane sat on her other side, and he couldn't help imagining how she would look, out of her mind with pleasure, full of him, full of Tormund, crying out and begging them for more. He nodded when she directed that questioning gaze at him, though strictly speaking, sharing her that way was an ambition for a later date. Tonight, if she managed them one after the other, it would be an achievement. It was a shock to him to realise he didn't even know how feasible that was.

She looked a little dubious. “If I tell you something, will you think less of me?” They both denied it immediately. She drew in a breath. “I think I am a little afraid. Of the pain, I mean, because I know how sensitive I feel when you touch me there.” She paused. “Even when you only kiss me there.” She suddenly shuddered, pressing her legs together hard. “Do you know how bad it will be?”

Clegane bit his lip and shook his head slowly. Tormund too. “Of course you don't. I'm sorry.” She sat on her hands and rocked forward. “I'm not changing my mind. I've decided. And I want it out of the way. I can't go forward without doing it. I can't go into this thing we're going to face wondering, because it's a terrible, deadly distraction.”

She gave them both an apologetic look. “I don't mean anything by that. You understand, don't you? Both of you? I mean I do want you, desperately. More than anything. Even if I don't really know what it means yet. It's not just the distraction, but that's part of it.”

Clegane listened to her nervous rambling, and was surprised to find himself admiring her all over again. She spoke as she thought, and it was just as he expected her to think. Of course it was a distraction. Truth be told, if this didn't happen between them all, it would be a distraction for Tormund and himself just the same.

“I know what you mean,” he said. “When we go into this war, the last fucking thing I want to be doing is wondering how I might still manage to get inside you and into heaven before I die.”
She stared at him for a long moment, mouth slightly agape at his blunt language, then she laughed, and it broke the tension a little bit.

“She thinks you are joking,” Tormund put in, completely deadpan.

“As if I would,” Clegane responded, as innocent as could be.

“I know.” Tormund shrugged. “If you have to go out. Go out fucking.” He nodded. “Sounds like a plan to me.”

Between the two of them, she was giggling even harder now, arms folded, bent over her knees. “Stop it! You are making me imagine it. All the dead soldiers just standing there, watching. You know... distracted!”

Clegane began to laugh. Tormund's rumbling laughter joined in, and then a few moments later, much calmer, she sat up, decisive, and looked at them both.

“Well?” she said, expectant. “Am I the only one getting undressed? Because you two are falling behind again.”
Chapter Sixteen

Though they rushed to undress, they took their time with everything else. With her everything was to be done slowly, lingered over and enjoyed. Clegane found himself following Tormund's lead in this, trusting him to know, because despite Brienne's confessed fear, the wildling still exuded confidence, and, Clegane was prepared to admit, at least privately, he was amazingly experienced.

Out on the hill, she'd taken them down in her own way again and again. Over the next couple of hours, they took her down between them, again and again, although they had to restrain her when she tried to touch them in her turn, because they had somewhere to be tonight. Clegane couldn't stop thinking about it. It was there right at the front of his brain with every dirty thing they did with her – to her – and she did give in, again and again, until he could reach down with his hand and feel how hot she was, how desperately wet and luscious. And it was so very nearly time.

But there was something different. Though her eyes darkened, and she became lost, she inevitably fought it, coming back to herself as if struggling against drowning in that pleasure. She didn't remain lost, and because of that she didn't relax as she had done with them before. She didn't surrender to them. Clegane wondered if she even could.

She was turned away from him now as she kissed Tormund, and he came up close behind her, his cock hard and hot, heavy as it slid against her thigh. She gasped and froze, but didn't say anything. This wasn't it, but he couldn't resist pressing himself into that welcoming fold of flesh between her legs, much lower down than her cunt. He heard himself growl a little as he kissed her shoulder, and that muscle moved under his lips as she brought her arm down with the aim of touching Tormund. Then suddenly things changed.
“Oh, beauty,” Tormund said, breaking the kiss. “No.”

Clegane drew back as the wildling forced her hand back up, making room as Brienne flopped onto her back on the bed in a temper. “But I want to touch you!” she complained, eyes flashing at them both. “It’s not fair!” Tormund didn’t let go of her wrist, only pinioned it far above her head, and as Clegane watched he saw the muscles of her sword arm bulge slightly. His cock answered for him, twitching at the sight, and he grinned, leaning forward to kiss her just there.

At the same time, he lowered his hand to test her again, and she parted her legs for him without any encouragement. “Mmm. Very good, Brienne,” he told her, and she was just as hot, just as ready. He thought for a moment, and then very carefully slid a finger inside her. She was definitely wet enough. Brienne suddenly froze, then hissed and almost seemed to thrash on that one finger, her face screwing up, but not in pain. Almost as if she was concentrating.

“Tormund!” she gasped, as if appealing to him. Clegane didn't move that finger, waiting. She was tight around that finger, too tight, and he frowned. He could feel her muscles working on him, trying to push him out, and during a natural lull, he pressed in deeper.

There, and it was worse now. Her pussy constricted upon him, but she was so wet she couldn't stop him. And he couldn't possibly be hurting her.

“Well?” Tormund asked him, one large hand on Brienne's forehead to calm her. Clegane shook his head.

“Too tight,” he said, blowing out a breath. “She's hot for it, and almost dripping. But not relaxed enough by a long fucking way.”

For a moment she stared into his eyes, her muscles clamped around his finger. She seemed hurt, but he was sure there was no pain for her. Had he hurt her? And then he heard himself, discussing her and the reactions of her body as if she wasn't even there, and he winced inwardly. She switched to look at Tormund. “I can't help it,” Brienne whimpered at him, “I can't! It's because I know what's going to happen. I'm bad at this, and I told you. I'm sorry!”

Tormund shook his head, still with that heavy hand on her head. “Hush, now,” he said deeply, his voice so reassuring that Clegane could feel it working on her, via that intimate touch. “It is our work to make you ready. Not yours. You are not bad, Brienne. Everything about you is good.” She blinked and licked her lips. Tormund leaned in, kissing those lips briefly. “Everything about you I
Though he spoke to Clegane next, Tormund didn't take his eyes from hers. “Mmm, let me feel,” he said. And then he moved his own hand, breaking the gaze for a moment or two to check what he was doing. Brienne glared at Clegane.

“Not relaxed enough,” she said, managing to be sarcastic despite everything. “Like to see you face his...” She seemed to be hesitant about saying the word. While she was searching around for a less offensive alternative, he pulled his finger out of her, and she hissed at him. Then just went right on telling him off. “His...” She frowned, because Tormund was touching her now. Clegane didn't want to look away while she was speaking to him, even if she was having a go at him, but he couldn't help it, and he saw Tormund's hand, thumb circling her clitoris slowly, while his finger pressed bluntly, but didn't enter her. Not quite. “Ahh...” she moaned. Clegane looked up again. “... Well, I don't think you'd be relaxed about it either!”

Tormund laughed, and it was a deep liquid sound that he felt in his gut. He looked, but all of the wildling's attention was on Brienne, and he was looking into her eyes again, and while one thumb was teasing her below, the other was now rubbing over her lips, just enough pressure to distort the perfect shape of them. She was quiet now, but she looked his way just long enough for Clegane to get her back for having a go at him, and he deliberately sucked on his finger, tasting everything of her that he could, grinning around it. She rolled her eyes at him.

Perhaps, somehow, the two of them were conspiring against him, because she turned her attention back to Tormund, almost seeming to fall under some spell as she stared at him, irises darkening as she accepted his thumb into her mouth with a quiet murmur of assent, taking it deep, suckling on it. Clegane's mouth went suddenly dry, and he looked down again, only to find that Tormund had gotten his finger way deeper than Clegane himself had managed to, still teasing her with that thumb. He was breaking her down, with just his thumbs, and it was a bit of a lesson to him in seduction, if he was honest.

“Fuck,” Tormund said quietly, never looking away from her eyes. Clegane mentally shook himself.

“Yeah, right?” he said, assuming that Tormund had now discovered what he already knew.

“I was thinking this before,” Tormund murmured, still quietly, and Clegane wouldn't be surprised if Brienne wasn't even hearing a word. She seemed carried away, lost again. “For a big woman,” Tormund observed, “she is small this way. You and I, Clegane, we will break her easily between us.”
He laughed very slowly, and it sounded as if he relished the idea. “What?!” Clegane muttered darkly.

“You are like me,” Tormund stated softly. He still hadn't broken that gaze with Brienne, and she was becoming livelier, her body writhing a little, her legs bending at the knee as they tried to spread wider apart. She was sucking quietly, her hands laid on Tormund’s cheeks to keep him close to her, but clearly she wasn't listening to him speak. “When we have done this, she will be easier, yes. She will always need a lot of time, but... did you ever fuck a woman and thought you broke her?”

“A fair few,” he replied, uncomfortable with where this was going, remembering it. “I don't want to do that to –”

“Yes, you do,” Tormund said. Did he? He thought about it. About how sometimes he might leave them when they could barely move, just faintly breathe, as if he'd stolen all the life from them. He imagined her like that, Brienne, and he was surprised to feel a sudden urge to bury himself in her until she was nearly dead like that. Until she absolutely couldn't fight him any more, in any way at all. “You don't know what it is?” Tormund queried. “Didn't they ever tell you? Any of them?”

Clegane began to get a very bad feeling about this. About the way Tormund was saying it. “They made me pay more for it,” he admitted at last, uneasily, and the wildling laughed... at him. Actually broke that heated gaze he was sharing with Brienne to do it. Clegane bristled, suddenly angry. “What of it?” he demanded.

“Ha ha! Those southern whores you like; they are very clever.” Tormund looked back to Brienne, who had begun to make sounds of protest for losing his attention. “You'll find out. When it happens, I'll let her tell you how she feels about it.” Tormund smiled down at her, and she fell under the wildling’s spell again.

“There, beauty,” he said, and he withdrew his thumb from her mouth, leaving her lips red and longing for a kiss. “Use me, yes. Use my finger for your pleasure.”

And she really was. Her body was moving on him, fucking herself on that single digit as they both watched. Her hands moved down to grip Tormund's upper arms for leverage as she did it, her breath catching. Once. Twice. Again. She quivered and trembled, then moaned, her head falling back as her shoulders came up.

“Tormund...?” She said then, and he lay down beside her, withdrawing his finger only to stroke the length of her body with one hand, keeping her on her back, keeping her legs spread nice and wide.
“Stay like this for me,” he said to her. “Stay just like this.” She moaned, but maintained the position, as if she was just waiting for one of them to... Clegane swore under his breath, and wondered if they shouldn't have discussed this beforehand, who would do it, because he wanted her all for himself right now, Tormund be damned. She looked like paradise.

“I have loosened her a little now,” Tormund said. “It might be enough for you.”

“For me?” Clegane repeated, stunned. Was the wildling really just handing her over? Not that he was going to argue the point. Shit, no, he was more than ready!

“Aye. You know what I want to take from her, which way I want to go,” he said, and Clegane did. That ambition they had, to have her together, both of them. There were two ways for Brienne to lose her virginity. They’d have to break that to her after this, because he thought she might have forgotten. “If I hurt her now, do you think she will ever trust me in time, before...?” This was Tormund. Maybe in time, but probably not before... not in the time they had left.

“No.” He shook his head.

“No,” Tormund replied, and sighed heavily. He shrugged. “So you must do it for both of us, if we are going to enjoy her as we want.”

“I'm still here, you know,,” she said then, finally becoming aware enough to pay proper attention. “What are you talking about?”

Tormund leaned close to whisper to her, and what he said Clegane could never be certain, but the way she responded he would never forget. She made a series of small humming sounds, as if she were amused, but also listening to a series of gentle suggestions or instructions.

When the wildling withdrew, she stared at him for a single moment, biting her bottom lip, still red and swollen. Then she turned and looked at him. She used her stomach muscles to sit up halfway and drape her arms over her slightly raised knees, hands on the inside of her ankles, keeping his eyes on her, then dragged her hands up the inside of her thighs as she lie back down. Clegane felt himself drool, and he raised a hand to his mouth automatically.

Still she didn't stop, continuing the path with her hands over the front of her body, raising herself up into her own touch until she reached her shoulders, then she licked her lips and threw her hands up at either side of her head, the inside of her wrists facing outwards. “Sandor...” she said. And here, she
must have become too nervous, because she checked with Tormund, who nodded reassurance at her. She looked at him again, her eyes darkening. “Fuck me,” she said, urging him into it with her every breath, and he couldn't stop himself.

Did she know what she'd done? He growled in want as he took position on top of her, in that welcoming space she'd made for him, and he was already using his hand to get his cock in the right place to fuck her deep. It suddenly seemed as if every moment of need he'd felt over the past couple of hours had coalesced all at once. He stared into her eyes, his left hand planted on the bed just over her right shoulder, all of his weight held there, and he could feel it, so hot, so wet, all for him, all for his cock and he drew back in preparation to take it from her. And then she blinked, and he saw her fear.

It wouldn't stop him. It couldn't stop him. “Sandor?” And she said his name for herself, not the way Tormund had told her to, because all of that invitation had been Tormund, hadn't it? It had been an illusion. Clegane hesitated for a second. It couldn't stop him, because he couldn't stop.

“It's just once, Brienne,” he said. “Say yes.” And even then he wondered what he would do if she said no.

She gulped, laid her hands on his shoulders, and then breathed deep. “Yes,” she whispered, and he gave it to her as hard as he dared, wanting in at last. He felt her pussy stretch, and then, finally on the verge of feeling it break, she moved too soon, before it could be accomplished.

She cried out loudly, in real pain, and she was moving up the bed away from him, getting away! A primitive part of him growled and he was grabbing at her to get her back to him, while his brain was conflicted.

“I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!” she said, and there were tears in her eyes as she fucking allowed him to bring her back. He hated himself for it, and yet, she gentled her hands on his face. “It just hurt. Sandor, I'm sorry. I didn't expect it to... hurt so...” She drew in another breath, shakier this time. “I'm ready.”

And he'd calmed, because of her. Because she was still resolved on this, and quite suddenly something altogether new occurred to him. Something none of them had even considered, and it made him falter, even though she was urging him on, her lower body pressed against his, her hips raised as she tried to get the angle right, but she was too inexperienced, too clumsy to do it properly. She needed his help, his hand to guide himself.

In his mind, one thought was quickly following on from another, and he stared down at her, shaking
his head. How did Tormund miss it? And then he knew, because the women of the free folk were wild and fierce, just like Tormund himself. But Brienne? For all that Tormund might dream, she was still Westerosi, she would always be Westerosi, and there was something they were forgetting about her. Something that another woman might have advised her all about, if she'd had another woman to confide in. He suddenly understood, at least a little, as much as he could at any rate, and in that understanding, he put some inches of distance between them. Safe distance, breathing heavily.

“Not like this,” he said, eyes wide and staring at her. “Not yet.”

It was his own thoughts earlier that came back to him now.

She was a woman, but she hadn't lived as one for most of her life. She'd lived like one of them.

What he had been about to take from her was more than something merely physical. Much, much more. He remembered her telling the story to them about the attempted rape, and how they hadn't got very far. If they'd gotten far enough – if they'd even touched her – she might have some notion of what she was asking from him. What he was about to take from her.

Brienne of Tarth was fearless, because she was a hard bitch, that was true. It was also true that she felt, like he did, pretty much invulnerable. She was big, scary, and hard to kill. She'd feel vulnerable after this. His mind touched at the edges of it, but he didn't really understand. How could he? And yet he felt it, at least a little. He felt that this might change her in some way that couldn't be put right again. That after this, she might understand what all other women knew but didn't say out loud.

This world was a hard bastard, and women got a bad deal out of it. You only had to walk about in it for one day to see that. And it wasn't because women were weak, really. She wasn't weak. But women were a hell of a lot easier to hurt than men. Even the Briennes of this world were. That was a truth. Wasn't that why he'd protected Arya Stark for as long as he did? After she'd started killing people, couldn't she have taken her chances with everyone else if the world was fucking fair? Yes, and it was because it wasn't fair that he'd kept her with him. It was because it wasn't fair that he'd deemed himself a better protector than Brienne herself when she'd finally shown up with that bloody sword.

When he did this, he'd be showing her that truth, and he'd be showing it to her forever. Clegane found just then he had no taste for it. Not just then. Not until he'd thought about it for a short while, at least.

Although, having managed to think all that through the lust in his brain, he found himself dragging her hand down to his cock all the same as she stared at him. “Please,” he said, needing to feel her
hand on him more than his own. Needing something after all that build up, or he'd have to go out and kill someone, and they probably didn't deserve it.

Her fingers curled, gripped and moved on him, quickly, with purpose, and he groaned, raising his body on his arms and letting himself thrust into that hand as if it were her. Tormund was looking on, but he would have to wait. He closed his eyes, and it didn't take long for him to spill, since the perfection of her hand was still fairly new, and the length of her fingers was just bloody fantastic.

Clegane collapsed down onto the bed, his face buried near her shoulder as she patted his hair with her free hand. “What is it? Why didn't you?” She sounded confused, and a little hurt. “Is it me?”

He looked up, right into her eyes. “You?” he echoed, then huffed his remaining breath out. “I'd kill to fuck you, Brienne. I just...” He breathed in deep. “I need time, just like you did. That's all.” And maybe a rather more frank and adult discussion than they'd had so far. That would be bloody good. Even if it was uncomfortable. They were all adults here, weren't they?

Beside them, Tormund shook his head. “If you're not going to do it, Clegane, I will.”

Clegane sat up straight, and all the tension that had been between them before was back again, just like that. “You won't. I've a bloody good reason. So you'll let me recover, and then we'll talk about it. You owe me that.”

The wildling seemed willing to push it, and Clegane narrowed his eyes. “I know what you want. I want it as well. And so does she. So just fucking relax.”

Brienne cleared her throat. “Before you two start fighting, can I have a say in this?”

“No,” Clegane said.

“No,” Tormund growled.

She looked from one to the other of them, and scowled, then she shoved them both out of the way, quite easily, and got up, shaking her head. “Right then, well you can both get out,” she said, pointing at the door. “I've had just about enough of this as I can stand.”
“Brienne,” Clegane said, and she turned her disappointed gaze on him, silencing him.

“Enough. I wanted you. I still want you. Really! I did everything, and you didn't do your bit, so...” She found a robe and drew it about herself. “I don't know what I could have done differently. Enough. Out.”

“Woman, I didn't disappoint you,” Tormund pointed out. Brienne turned on him too.

“No, that's right, you didn't,” she admitted, and Tormund smiled like he knew he'd won. “Right up until the point where you said I don't get a say. Go away. I don't want to think of all this now. I'm tired, and I just want to sleep.”

If they'd thought they had the better of her, after all they'd done, they were wrong, because they soon found themselves on the outside of her door, with a small pile of clothing each that they struggled to get into before anyone could catch them naked outside her door.

“Want to tell me why you just ruined everything for us?” Tormund asked, when they were done, looking at the closed door.

“Tormund...” Clegane grumbled. “She's Brienne of Tarth. She's Westerosi.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means it's fucking complicated!” He held out his hands in apology. “I'm going to have to explain it to you over several drinks, and then you'll come to understand how fucked up we all are.”

Tormund sneered, but not nastily. “I know how fucked up you all are.” He gave Clegane a suspicious look. “Is this something to do with rules?”

“Kind of. It's to do with...” He couldn't think of an easy way to describe it, so he went for an equivalent that might make sense. “Well, it's a bit like I was about to take away her Valyrian steel sword and change it for a wooden one.”

The look on Tormund's face was so comical Clegane had to bite his lip to keep from laughing. And
then the wildling clapped him on the shoulder. “I think I need some real drink for this explanation. And a fucking decent wank.” Tormund grinned, rather wickedly it had to be said. “You will drink with me Clegane.”

And so, over several drinks of what Tormund called sour goat's milk, and several hours, he explained about women, and safety, and vulnerability, and Brienne, and how she'd lived in a world that wasn't made for her. And by the end of the night, Tormund was quite thoughtful.

“But it must be done,” he said. “Or there is no fun to be had.”

Clegane agreed. “We should talk to her. Tell her what to expect.”

“Hmm... I have noticed you doing this before,” Tormund said, nodding. “She will appreciate that, I think.”

“Yes. I think so too.”

“When she is ready to talk,” he intoned darkly.

Clegane didn't see much trouble in finding her again. He looked at the window, where the light was already greying with the approaching dawn. “She'll show up for training in a couple of hours.”

“How do you know she will be there?”

Clegane twisted his lips in a wry smile. “If I know her, and I do. She can't pass up the opportunity to try and kill us both after that.”

Tormund pulled a face. “I said she didn't have a say. I am a dead man.”

“Well, me too.”

Tormund poured them both another drink. “Ah!” he said. “This is just like the night before a big battle!”
Chapter Seventeen

Before morning proper arrived, the two of them bathed together and attempted to wake themselves up a bit, since they hadn't slept at all.

By the time they dragged themselves to the courtyard, Brienne and Podrick were already there, and both Tormund and Clegane were a little the worse for their night of drinking, despite the warm bath and the cold, crisp morning air. She regarded them in silence as Podrick went about his usual tasks. She looked all fresh and awake, lovely actually, as if she'd had the best night's sleep for a while. Perhaps she had, because she'd had that bloody big bed all to herself, all night.

“Should I warm you all up, my Lady?” Podrick asked, hesitant, sensing a change in atmosphere between them all.

“No, Podrick. Begin with him.” She gestured at Tormund with a careless hand, without actually looking at him. The squire trailed over to him, dejected, as Tormund drew his sword. And so began a sad round of spiritless clashes that didn't improve the mood of anyone in the arena. At least Podrick learned a little more, there was that. While they might not be on the best terms with each other, they didn't neglect him. But when he finally left, both Tormund and Clegane looked at one another like they were going to push each other out in front of her first.

“Well, one of you had better turn and face me,” Brienne announced. “Unless you really do intend to fight each other.”
As one, they turned to look at her, and she drew in a breath, straightening up, as if this was exactly what she had expected. “Both of you,” she noted. “Together. You are a constant surprise.” Since neither of them moved, she attacked Tormund first, forcing him to defend himself. She tried Clegane next, and he countered, finding himself in a familiar position with her, and it broke something that had settled over him, some kind of strange dull cloud.

The clash of the steel did it, and he began to fight back, caught up in the enchantment of it, because this is what he did best, this is what he loved first. He was hard, but she was harder. He was tired, and she was alive, moving too fast. But he was not honourable, and he began to cheat against her, using all of the tricks at his disposal to win, until she was almost snarling at him in frustration. He smiled grimly during a lull in their little duel, but this was too difficult to for him to keep up and they both knew it.

Where the hell was Tormund? Weren't they supposed to facing off against her together? And then he saw the wildling behind her, and she was so focused on him she didn't notice. Was she so angry it had affected her this much? Because it wasn't like her to fight with this kind of emotion. That's what made her so difficult to defeat. She was skilled because while she had conviction, she was also calm. And yet, Tormund managed it. He scored a hit against her while she concentrated on beating him, at any cost, even that of her own defence.

She whirled around, her sword raised, and Tormund had to duck down low, because she almost actually hurt him. Clegane winced, his eyes widening. “You two...” she said, seemingly unaware now that everything she said and did was done in front of their ever-present audience. Clegane thought to try and warn her, putting a hand out to her arm, only to stop when Tormund shook his head in alarm.

She laughed at them both. “Do you call that satisfaction?” she asked coldly. When they didn't answer, she walked over to the weapons rack that he kept his selection of swords on and brought that Valyrian steel crashing down on the crossbeam of it from above, cleaving it in two. Then she went for the side supports, breaking them in one single stroke each as well. When she was done, she nodded at the destruction she had wrought, and motioned at it with the tip of her sword, turning to glare at him.

“That's satisfaction,” she said, and then stomped off out of the arena.

Clegane walked to stand in front of the ruined rack, looking at his swords, which hung crazily from their supports now. Some of them lay in the snow beneath. He shook his head. He'd set that up for himself about a week ago now. He was no carpenter, but he thought he'd managed to make a half decent job of it, and in his secret heart he'd been proud of the achievement. Now it was gone.
Tormund came to stand beside him. The crowd had drifted away like smoke at the first sign of trouble, the way it always did, and they were alone but for the comings and goings of the Winterfell staff.

“If this happens for one more morning,” Tormund said darkly, “there are going to be ugly rumours going around about the two of us, my friend.”

“I know,” Clegane replied. He supposed, considering, he couldn't blame her for feeling frustrated. If he got through this intact, he swore to himself he'd never do it again. They needed to discuss it. But how to talk to her? She clearly wasn't ready to listen to anything yet.

He wondered for a while, and then he wondered if they would even have to. If there was a way to take away the pain of that first time, might that lessen the sense of vulnerability that came with the act? He didn't know, but if there was a way to do it painlessly, there was someone who might know.

Clegane pulled a face. As a solution, he liked it only slightly better than letting Brienne chop his head off with her sword, but at least it was less permanently scarring.

“Come on,” he said to Tormund, jerking his head. “We're going to visit someone who might be able to help us.”

“A friend of yours?” Tormund queried, instantly curious.

“Like fuck,” he retorted, then he wondered. Did he even have friends? If he did, was Tyrion one of them? Clegane shrugged. He was a fucking Lannister all the same, on the right side or not. “I don't much like him.”

Frowning, Tormund walked apace with him. “Then why would we visit this man?”

“For her.”

That kept the wildling quiet for a while, and so it should. They were doing it for her. And it occurred to him that there wasn't much he wouldn't do for her, if he was about to walk into a dragon's lair and talk to someone he hated about things that were bloody personal. He may as well fucking face every damned thing all at once: he'd do anything for her.
As they made their way through the snowy woodland around Winterfell, on the two largest horses the stables had been able to provide, Clegane began to feel like things were returning to usual. He'd had a long, sleepless night after failing to claim the love of his life. He'd had a worse morning, during which the same bloody woman had destroyed a little bit more of his hope, and something special he'd made. And now, he was off to see someone he detested, who usually called him 'dog' to see about being a little bit more humiliated. He'd had too many good moods recently. This was a much more familiar state of affairs. His bad mood settled in him like an old friend, and the world seemed to right itself a little bit as it set itself against him. This he was used to. This he understood.

He grunted occasional responses to Tormund, who didn't seem to notice his mood. The land around Winterfell that they were traversing was full of wildlings, and he was always stopping off to talk to this person or that, full of jovial good humour, or lunacy. One of the two, or perhaps they were the same damned thing. They may as well be.

Daenerys had set up camp a short distance away, and Tyrion would be there, along with the rest of the bloody show. Clegane sank deeper into his bad mood, and so he didn't notice at first when the settlements petered out, and Tormund rode beside him constantly.

Only when Tormund reined their horses to a stop did he realise, then he wondered what the wildling was doing. He'd been having a particularly dirty fantasy about Brienne and Tormund that he'd been startled out of, and he was about to grumble, then he heard it too.

Somewhere nearby, a group of men were singing an old ballad. He'd heard it before, but it had a special significance now, given what Brienne had told them before: *The Bear and the Maiden Fair*. These woods... Lord Bolton was from the north. If any of the men under his banner had survived, it was likely that they were travelling hereabouts. He could smell burning wood, so they'd stopped for one reason or another. Clegane listened to the men jeering – surely there were no more than five or six, easily enough for Tormund and himself to handle, especially with the element of surprise.

The lyrics to the song... they were wrong, twisted, darker and gory, and he felt his hands clench into fists. They were singing about her, he realised. They'd changed the song to reflect what they'd planned to do to Brienne! Beside him, Tormund slipped down from his horse and crept over the snow to a copse of nearby trees to catch sight of them. For such a big fucker, he was astonishingly adept at creeping over snow. No wonder the Night's Watch had so much trouble with wildling raids before this. You'd never see or hear them until it was too late.

Attempting to follow suit, Clegane jumped down from his horse, and landed on the ground with jingle of chainmail and clank of armour. Tormund looked around at him as if he'd just farted. He shrugged and pulled a face, then took a couple of short strides, only to press his back into a nearby tree and peer around the side of it. Six of them.
“Three each,” he said out loud to Tormund, because they were a scrawny looking bunch, and they posed about as much threat as a bunch of girls on an overnight camping trip. He'd be fucked if he was going to hide from a load of girls. Tormund stood up straight, nodded.

“Are you fussy?” he asked.

“I'll take the lead singer,” Clegane growled.

“Fuck. I wanted him,” Tormund said.

Clegane shrugged. “I'll share her with you. I'm not fucking sharing a good kill.”

While they'd been talking, they'd been noticed, and the group had formed a little ring around them as they discussed who they were going to kill first.

“Hey, who are you? And what are you talking -”

Without looking around, Clegane took out a dagger in one smooth movement and buried it in the talker's neck, right in his artery. He gurgled, still standing, because the dagger was in his neck, and Clegane was holding the dagger, and therefore his weight. His dead weight.

Clegane looked at him. “Sing then, cunt,” he said. The man gurgled louder, and Clegane strained to hear for a second, then shook his head. “Sounds to me like you've got something in your throat.” And he pulled the dagger loose. The man fell to the ground, silent.

He looked around at the rest of them. They were uneasy, looking at each other, shifting from foot to foot. “Any of you fuckers run, and we'll -”

There was the sound of a bowstring being pulled back, and he turned to Tormund, but the wildling was already striding forward, knocking a couple of them out of the way to pick up the archer by the neck. He let the arrow loose, but hadn't had chance to get enough room behind it, and it bounced harmlessly off Tormund's furs. The man in his grip choked, at least until Tormund head-butted him.
Back on his feet, he swayed dizzily, and the wildling got hold of his bow arm, and snapped the forearm bone over his knee like it was a mere twig. The man screamed, the thin sound carrying over the trees, eyes wild as Tormund let him go, and he staggered around the camp, holding his drooping arm, appealing to the others, but none of them would look at him.

“Now pay attention,” Clegane told them all. “You run, we find you. We find you, we make you our fuck toy for a few hours before we kill you.” Beside him, Tormund grinned that lunatic grin. He couldn’t see it, but he saw the effect of it on Tormund’s captive audience. “Your arsehole’ll be looser than Cersei’s cunt after a go on golden boy’s new metal hand.” He put a hand on his sword. “So no running, and we’ll get you all done nice and quick.”

One of them snickered, and Clegane sneered. “You think that’s funny, boy?” he demanded.

“You don’t like the Lannisters,” he said, then shrugged. “So. We don’t like the Lannisters. You don’t need to be like this. We got food, mead, a fire, and we can share. Hell, I was there when Locke chopped his hand right off! I’ll tell you all about it…”

Within half a second, he was in Clegane’s grip, both of them staring at him. “What about the woman?” Tormund asked, and the man didn’t seem to understand what was going on. He frowned, and then his eyes suddenly cleared.

“Oh, _her_! Yeah, she was fun while she lasted. ’Til he spoiled it for us. Never did get to find out if she was keeping a cock or a cunt in there.” He laughed, kind of nervously. “All because of that Lannister bastard. We were going to have her, all of us, and I told her I’d have to close my eyes when it was my turn or else lose my hard on. I mean, she was a big bitch,” he said, laughing again, “just like y…” He seemed to realise his mistake at last, and stopped, his eyes widening as his face drained of colour. He actually went white.

Tormund made a sound in his throat, and it sounded dangerous as hell. “Mine,” he growled, staring. Since Clegane had taken his first choice, he couldn’t very well deny Tormund this one. Clegane handed him over.

“Be creative,” he warned.

As Tormund began Clegane grabbed one of the others for himself, taking out the dagger to gut him, only he found himself wanting to watch, and so he plunged the dagger into the man’s stomach and simply held him still, from behind, hand over his mouth to keep him quiet as they both watched, as the warmth of the man’s blood came pouring out onto Clegane’s wrist and forearm like a living glove.
At first, it didn't seem to make sense, as Tormund scooped up a handful of snow and grasped the man by the scruff of the neck. He forced it into his mouth. What was he going to do, make him eat it? But as he continued, it became apparent that the snow was there as a natural gag, ramming enough of it in so that it resembled a giant snowball in the idiot's gob, his lips stretched red raw around it. It must hurt, packed in tight like that. But that was only the beginning for him.

With a growl, Tormund held him up against a tree by his throat, kicked his legs until they were pointing forward a little, then used his foot to force his knees the wrong way, just as if he was snapping branches. Clegane was sure he heard the joints pop out, one by one. The man's eyes were staring out at them all, and he was definitely screaming, though you could barely hear anything at all. His nostrils flared as he dragged air in, trying to scream again. And then he lost consciousness.

The break in proceedings made Clegane check on his own victim, who was awake and watching. He twisted the dagger a bit, just to keep him interested, and he moaned behind Clegane's hand. He flicked his gaze to the others, but they were all watching on in horror and fear, not daring to move. That was good.

Tormund didn't seem fazed by his victim's temporary escape, and he reached inside his furs, coming out with a metal object that fitted around his fist, like a knuckle duster, only this had two short blades at either side. Not quite long enough to be daggers. Clegane wondered if it was possible to kill a person with it, and decided it would need good placement.

“Mmm...” Tormund growled, still holding the fucker up by his neck. “Wake up, cunt,” he said, and he punched the man with that thing, right between his legs, right in the balls. Clegane winced in unwilling sympathy as Tormund laughed, his voice dark as the near silent screaming began again. He was awake. The man in Clegane's arms groaned, struggling weakly, and he twisted his hand again, just a little, in response.

“Pay attention,” he murmured into the man's ear. “If I think you like it, I'll give you to him.”

When Tormund pulled his fist away, blood immediately ran down, staining the man's breeches like urine. The wildling moved, and Clegane could see the man's face again, skin blotchy red, eyes bulging so far out of his head Clegane wondered if Tormund would make them fall right out of his skull.

Now he took up a position similar to Clegane's own, holding the man up from behind, one arm around his chest, taking his weight, while the other with the stabbing implement moved behind him. Another sharp, forceful jab, and Tormund's lips twisted in savage, sadistic delight. The man struggled, but he was feeble now. From the angle, Clegane could guess Tormund had gone right for
the kidneys. They were deep, sure, but those blades seemed to have been designed for just some such purpose. He didn't think he'd ever seen a more painful death, and it wasn't even over yet.

Tormund pulled his weapon loose with a rough jerk, and then moved that hand up the victim's back, quite high. He drew in a deep breath, then punched in again, this time he must have got the man's lungs, because as Clegane watched, the white snow that packed his mouth wide turned a pale pink. Slowly it darkened to a rose, then to a scarlet red. Still he lived, but there wasn't much of him left. Barring Brienne, it was one of the most beautiful things Clegane had ever seen.

Tormund let the man suffer for a full minute longer, until the snow was melting, dripping crimson, then pulled the weapon loose for the final time, and raised both hands to snap his neck in a violent twist before dropping him to the ground.

Clegane was speechless. He checked on the man he held, but he was already dead. He'd died watching that piece of pure art. Clegane withdrew the dagger and let the body go as Tormund stood tall, having put the weapon away. The wildling drew in a breath through his nose, and tilted his face to the sky and the falling snow, then walked over to Clegane. Tormund clapped him on the shoulder.

“That creative enough for you?” he asked.

“A thing of wonder,” he replied, still in awe. Tormund grinned and nodded. They turned their attention to the rest of the snivelling, grovelling bunch. There were three of them left. The campsite reeked of blood, and shit. Clegane would be willing to wager not all of that stench belonged to the dead. He sighed, finally beginning to feel his mood lift.

“Who's next?” he wondered out loud, drawing his sword, and the fuckers all pointed at each other.

He thought there might be room for this day to improve after all.
Chapter Eighteen

As it turned out, the place where Daenerys and her company were camped was quite a bit further out than he'd guessed, and his bad mood was beginning to return as they got there. He asked for Tyrion, and they were both shown into a tent, within a tent, full of billowing sheets of coloured silks. It was bloody ridiculous, but at last there he was, same as always, all decked out like he was somehow winning the game. The only man with a dick in the whole place until they arrived, Tyrion Lannister smiled at them both as he walked over and looked up at them, that ludicrous scar set at a diagonal on his face.

“This is an unexpected,” he stopped and paused. “Well, I was going to say 'honour' but then I realised...”

“Let's get one thing clear right now,” Clegane grumbled, speaking over him, looking down. “I don't much fucking like you, dwarf.” He was here on the strength of Tyrion's potential knowledge, and some very rare moments where he'd thought Tyrion Lannister wasn't quite as big a cunt as the rest of them.

“And there it is,” Tyrion said, just as if he'd been expecting it. Something about the way he was just seemed to rub Clegane up the wrong way, and he felt his lip curl a little bit. He wasn't in service to them now. Before anything could escalate, Tormund stepped forward.

“Hello,” he said simply, looking down in awe. The big wildling had seen giants. He'd probably never seen a dwarf before. Just his bloody luck. “I am Tormund Giantsbane.”
Tyrion nodded once. “Good name, and might I say, very fitting. Tyrion Lannister, Hand of the Queen. At your service.” He offered his hand to shake, and Tormund took it, enveloping it in his with a little rumble of laughter.

“I like you,” Tormund said, then turned to Clegane, all kind of excited lunatic again. “I like him!”

“Thank you! Would you like a drink as well?” Tyrion asked, turning to a convenient drinks counter. Such things were scattered around the room, so that no matter where he was, he didn't have to walk far for more wine. Tormund smiled, completely genuinely, and turned to Clegane.

“Why don't you like this little man, Clegane?”

“You can say 'dwarf' it's quite all right,” Tyrion said, handing Tormund a oversized glass of red. The wildling sniffed at it and pulled a face as if to say: well, can't have everything. Tyrion offered them both a seat, which they took, Tormund with much more grace than Clegane. “So, why are you here?” he queried of Tormund, settling beside him after getting the rest of the alcohol, then glanced at Clegane. “Especially since he doesn't like me?”

“Ah... we are both in love with a woman,” Tormund said, more seriously. He was completely open, proud even, and Clegane understood a little bit more about the wildling then. He had no inhibitions at all. Not sexually... and not socially. Inwardly, he sighed and knocked the wine back in one. He found himself strangely unsatisfied, and wondered if Tormund had any of that clear spirit he liked secreted anywhere, because it was quite a bit stronger, and he had a feeling he might want it for this.

Tyrion's face seemed to fall, and he frowned. “Oh, woman trouble, is it? I'm afraid you've come to the wrong man for advice there.” He became suddenly pensive, swirling the wine around in his own glass as if it might tell him something. “I murdered the last woman I loved.”

“We didn't come to ask about your damned love life!” Clegane snapped, sensing he was being manipulated in some way. “And if you breathe a word of this to anyone I'll kill you so slowly you'll wish you'd never climbed out your mother's cunt.”

For a moment there was silence, and then Clegane realised he hadn't really advanced the conversation any, and they were here for a reason, after all. He let out a short, exasperated breath. “We both want the same woman.”
Tyrion's eyes widened slightly, and he looked at them, from one to the other. “Does she want either of you?” he asked, then continued right on without waiting for the answer. “May I ask the name of this exciting paramour?” He seemed to think he had it all figured out. “Would she by any chance have blonde hair? Blue eyes?”

Tormund sighed. “Yes, she is blonde,” he stated, looking off into the middle distance. Clegane studied him for a moment, and it occurred to him just then that he didn't merely accept sharing Brienne with Tormund. He actually wanted to now. Nothing else would do. He was in this up to his neck, and he liked it even so.

“And she has the bluest eyes,” Tormund continued. For a second he brought Brienne to mind himself, until he thought he might be staring into the middle distance too, then he frowned and shook himself. Tyrion thought he was clever, but he had the wrong end of the wrong stick, and he was in the wrong damned forest.

“Keep your precious bloody Targaryen Queen!” he ground out through his teeth, feeling annoyed for some reason he couldn't explain. “It's Lady Brienne of Tarth.” He had the satisfaction of seeing Tyrion Lannister surprised, but then realised he'd had to give out information to do it. He hadn't wanted to say that much when he came here. He'd wanted to keep her name right out of it. He glowered. “Not that it's any of your business.”

“Oh! Well, now I suppose that does make sense, thinking about it.” Tyrion looked them both over carefully. “Seeing you two, imagining her. And yet here you both are, not fighting. Neither of you are dead yet.” He raised his glass in a little salute. “Quite the achievement all round, I suppose.”

“Little men can afford to kill each other over bloody women,” Clegane sneered. Tyrion knew nothing.

Tormund chuckled. “Yes, there are so many of them,” he said, with an amused glance at Clegane, as if it was a secret between them. “A death here, a death there.” He shrugged, and nudged Tyrion in a friendly way, who almost fell from his seat. Tormund was completely oblivious. “Ha! Who notices?”

“No offence meant,” said Clegane with a smirk, seeing Tyrion trying to regain his balance along with his composure.

“None taken,” Tyrion said at last. “Actually, I agree with your assessment.” He jumped up to stroll about the room, rather than be accidentally nudged again. “I see. So, rather than death, you are here to have me devise some kind of 'contest for the fair maiden' – that kind of thing?” He went to one of the scattered tables and picked at a grape or two.
“No. That's settled,” Clegane told him, smug. He found he liked keeping Tyrion off balance. He'd always been so clever. It was interesting to finally turn the tables on him.

“We share,” Tormund stated easily.

Again, he had the satisfaction of seeing Tyrion startled, and he began to believe that perhaps this conversation wouldn't be half as bad as he was expecting. “Excuse me?” Tyrion murmured, grape held in his fingers, forgotten. “Share?”

Tormund nodded happily. “Each other, yes. The three of us. All together.” Tyrion's mouth dropped open.

“Revolutionary.” He seemed to need a moment to adjust to the information he'd been given, until it became quite clear he was imagining it... graphically. Clegane narrowed his eyes and folded his arms, having put down his empty glass. Tyrion popped the grape into his mouth, chewing slowly. “Then, what I can't understand is why you are both here with me,” he continued, “instead of fucking her brains out between the two of you.”

There. They had come to it. Clegane looked to Tormund but this time he was no help whatsoever. The wildling gave him a look as if to say: you wanted to come here. Clegane sighed.

“Well... you have a reputation,” he said at last.

Tyrion seemed resigned all of a sudden. “I do...?” he queried, and poured some wine, which he knocked back immediately. Perhaps he was afraid of what that reputation was. Perhaps he genuinely didn't see what was coming next.

“You have lots of experience with whores,” Clegane said, abrupt.

“Yes.” Tormund nodded in agreement.

Tyrion almost choked on his wine, lowering the glass and spluttering for a good few seconds. He seemed to have gone rather a funny colour. “Well, that's undisputed,” he said then, shrugging as if it was nothing, “but I really don't think you should go around alluding to Lady Brienne like that or
you're liable to regret it.” He nodded at them, his eyes widening. “Both of you.” Here he tilted his head in deference. “No matter how big you are.”

“That's kind of it,” Clegane said.

“It?” Tyrion echoed, clearly none the wiser.

Clegane hated this. “She's a virgin,” he said, rather more quietly.

Tyrion only shook his head. “Again, this is not coming as a huge shock to me. Lady Brienne of Tarth is a very respectable –”

“And we thought,” he cut in, quickly getting annoyed again, “rather than – fuck her brains out – there might be a way to make it...” He searched around for a way to put it that would encapsulate everything it had taken him an entire night to explain to Tormund.

“Easier,” Tormund said with a little shrug, jumping in to help.

“Painless,” Clegane put in, looking down and rubbing a hand over the back of his neck. “You know... kinder?”

“You... you want to be kind to her?” Tyrion's voice was softer now, inquisitive, almost reverent. Was it really so difficult to believe? Clegane looked up.

“I am not a damned monster!” he shouted. Tyrion, having approached him quite closely, hand outstretched, jumped back about half a foot.

“Of course not! I can see that,” he said, and then sighed. “Believe me, I identify personally with the feeling.” They stared at each other, and there was another one of those moments between them, where Tyrion didn't seem as big a cunt as the other Lannisters. As if he might really know that feeling. He probably did. Didn't people call him a monster too?

“So, to summarise,” he said carefully, and for once clearly trying not to annoy him, “you want me to tell you how to take this woman's virginity with as little pain to her as possible?”
Clegane bit his lip, nodded once.

There was a heavy sigh, particularly heavy seeing that it came from a dwarf. “Well, then I fail to see your logic. I may be renowned for visiting brothels. The main reason I visit them is because the ladies there are most definitely not virgins.”

“But you are Tyrion, Hand,” Tormund said, as if to argue, frowning at Clegane in confusion, as if he had somehow led them astray by coming here. “You know things, yes?”

“Look, can it be done or not?” Clegane asked. If there was no point being here, may as well know now rather than prolong the bloody experience.

“Well, I suppose you'll need to...” he stopped short, as if thinking, then revised his words, giving them a brief glance of assessment up and down. “Well, you'll need something a lot smaller than either of you have, I presume.” He paused for a beat. “I could source what you need. I wonder... would you be willing to come back?”

As easy as that? Clegane was actually fairly suspicious, but much too relieved to actually mention it. “I suppose so,” he managed at last. If he had manners, he wasn't saving them for anyone except her.

Tyrion nodded. “Good. Then come back to me in a few days.”

“A few days?” He felt as if the bottom had just fallen out of the world. A few bloody days? How would they get through that?! Any of them? He spared a single glance at Tormund, and didn't reckon much to Brienne's chances. Not at all. Actually, he didn't reckon much to her chances even if she only had him to mess around with, come to that. Sooner or later, he was bound to just think, what the hell, and slip it right on in there anyway. Thinking that made him instantly imagine it, and he tried to squeeze himself up a bit smaller in his seat. It didn't help.

“Such things do take a little time,” Tyrion was saying, in slight annoyance at his reaction, then he seemed to get it. “Oh... oh, I see your predicament,” he said. “Yes. Hmm.” He wander over slowly and grimaced. “Blue, are you? Oh, well.” He reached out a hesitant hand, and patted Clegane on the shoulder. “There, there.” Then he seemed to remember he had another guest and looked around at Tormund, seeming to shrink. He gulped audibly. “Yes, you, too,” he murmured softly, again with the damned patting. “There, there.” Clegane thought he was getting far too much fun out of all this. It was exactly as he had feared all along.
“We have waited our lives for her. We would wait longer, if we had to,” Tormund said slowly, unblinking.

Tyrion seemed thoughtful and somewhat melancholy. “She is very lucky, your woman,” he said, addressing Tormund directly. Clegane couldn't be certain, but it seemed that Tormund and Tyrion were having some other, different, conversation without him.

“She is not 'our woman,' dwarf,” he growled, because the way he said it... they didn't possess her. Even when they did, she would always be... Tormund knew this better. He would be able to explain this. Brienne was no more theirs, than he was. Or than Tormund was. They were all on the same footing. They were free, and it was the sharing that made it so.

“My apologies. I see. So you are, um, her men, then?” Tyrion queried, uncertain where to go next. For a moment, he seemed incredibly dense to Clegane. Because for him, suddenly the context of their relationship clicked into place, and he understood it exactly.

“It's Brienne, of Tarth,” he said, as if explaining to a child. “We're equals, you daft fucking...” He stopped himself, reined in his temper. “We are equals. The three of us are together, inseparable. Comrades in –”

Tormund was smiling slightly at him, knowing again, as if he could see right into Clegane's head and had seen that moment of sudden understanding. He jumped in again, shortening Clegane's diatribe. “We are a little clan,” he said simply, nodding.

“I see,” Tyrion said, stunned, though clearly he didn't. Not really. “Equals. As Hand of Queen Daenerys, I feel safe to say she approves of this.”

“We're so glad,” Clegane grumbled, derisive, because he didn't give a damn what some dragon Queen cared about. Or not. It wasn't any of her business.

“Do you want my help or not? I wasn't sarcastic with you.”

“He is sorry,” Tormund said.
“Fuck that!”

“Aren't you?” And then Tormund nudged him. Clegane growled under his breath, but said it anyway.

“Sorry,” he muttered.

“Well, you have a few days,” Tyrion said, turning away from them. “I am sorry for that. I will send word as soon as I have it.” He stopped in the act of pouring more wine, and seemed to slump, his shoulders shaking a little. He was laughing! “Wait, no, I can’t do it to you,” he managed at last, turning again to look at them. “I mean, those things, maybe they do even exist. I really don’t know, but...”

“But, what?” Clegane demanded, angry and getting more pissed off by the second.

“There's a much more simple solution, which I'd advise.”

Tyrion waited, and when no one said anything, he continued.

“Not to be crude, but really, fucking her would do the job wonderfully well. Just as well, in fact, if not better. What she needs is a cock. Either of you could do it.”

Clegane began to wonder what Tyrion would look like with hands wrapped around his neck. When his face went purple and his eyeballs went red, little black tongue peeking out between his teeth. Killing Lannisters was an act of heroism, he reminded himself.

“Use lots of oil,” Tyrion was saying, ignorant to his fast approaching death. “She'll bleed. And it probably will hurt her a lot. I mean, what with the size of you. Really, you can't avoid that.”

He stopped, and shook his head at them in disbelief. “Do you really mean to say that neither of you has done this before?”

“We have,” Tormund put in quietly, drawing Tyrion's attention. “We just haven't done it with her.” Tormund spared Clegane a quick glance. “She is different.”
At once, Tyrion regained a more serious demeanour. Was there no one who wouldn't fall under the wildling’s spell? Clegane looked to Tormund in amazement. “Clearly,” Tyrion said, with a little nod, suddenly deeply respectful.

“It's Brienne,” Clegane said, looking at Tormund. “She's never...” He stopped and tried again. “I mean, she's lived and fought like a man all her life. She's like one of us.” He glanced at Tyrion and sneered. “Would you like to be the one to make her know what it means to be a woman?”

Tormund smiled slightly, as if he knew something Clegane did not. “He thinks it will weaken her.”

It was a like a light had come on in Tyrion's eyes, and he raised his head heavenward. “Ah! Now I understand! This...” he said, “you should have said this in the first place.” He went back to pouring the wine for himself. “You know, if you talk to her, you might be pleasantly surprised by what she has to say about it.” He turned towards Clegane. “Do you think she hasn't been through this in her own mind?” he asked earnestly.

Clegane thought of her, of her inexperience, of all he knew about women and safety and how the world worked, and he said: “I think she doesn't know anything.”

Tyrion smiled. “You want to protect her.” He nodded in understanding. “It's admirable, really, and quite gallant of you... But!” he announced. “I really do think you might be underestimating her,” he said, and raised his eyebrows in warning, and his glass. “At your peril, I might add.”

Clegane shook the warning away, as if it was an annoyance. There was only one thing that was becoming clear. “One of us has to take it from her,” he surmised, twisting his lips. “One of us has to fucking hurt her.”

Tormund nodded, maddeningly happy about it. “And the other, pleasure her.”

Tyrion stared at them both for a long moment. “And you, you came all this way. Seems kind of excessive,” he noted, finally putting down his glass. “Oh, well...” He reached into a pocket and withdrew a coin, tossing it into the air and onto the back of his hand before covering it. He looked to Clegane first.

“Heads,” he said.
Tyrion uncovered the coin, and tilted his head, stretching his hand out to show the result, which was heads. “You win,” he said to Clegane.

“Fuck me!” he swore, getting up and kicking the chair so viciously that the seat came off.

“Or perhaps you lose,” Tyrion said faintly, blinking. “Astonishing!”

“You were saying?” Clegane muttered darkly.

“Well... when it's healed in a day or two, there'll be no pain for her during intercourse, only pleasure.” He shrugged. “But, you already know that.”

“Right,” Clegane said, deciding at last to be resolved on it, for good or ill, then frowned. “Wait. So what was all that 'a few days' nonsense about?”

Here, Tyrion at last had the grace to seem apologetic. “Well, to be honest I was so surprised by your request I had to test your resolve because I wasn't sure you were being serious. Congratulations. You've restored my faith in something.” He frowned a little. “I don't know what exactly quite yet. But definitely something.” He smiled then, and nodded as an encouragement. “Good luck!”

With that, it seemed the conversation was over, and Clegane had nothing more to say anyway. What a useless load of nonsense all of that was! He grumbled and shook his head, stomping off to the door or the flap or whatever, ripping a couple of those annoying billowing silk things down on his way.

Tormund took a moment to speak though. “Well done, Tyrion, Hand,” he said. “You live up to your reputation indeed.”

“Thank you. I hope I helped.”

Again, it seemed they were having a conversation all of their own, that didn't include him, and he waited with his arms folded, but that appeared to be it. Tyrion turned to face him where he was stood at the exit flap.
“Oh.. and shame on you for your threats,” Tyrion said, actually scolding him. “As if I’d breathe a word of gossip about Lady Brienne. What do you take me for?” He made a little gesture with his hands. “Away with you now!”

As they waited for their horses to be returned to them, Clegane sighed and swore.

“What's the matter?” asked Tormund.

“He didn't help us at all!” Clegane exclaimed. “Fucking imbecile dwarf.” His bad mood had returned with a vengeance. Mostly because he was leaving a Lannister behind. Alive and well.

“He helped us decide who would do it,” Tormund pointed out calmly. “And it's still you.”

“Fuck me,” he swore, and passed a hand over his face. “It's always me who gets to do the bad thing.” Would she scream? Would she cry? Would she ever let him come near her again?

“She will live through it,” Tormund said, shrugging.

“I'm sure,” he said in response, his voice dry. “But will I?” It was Brienne, after all.

“Now?” Tormund mused. “After teasing her the way you did? That, my friend, is a question.” He clapped Clegane on the back and quirked his lips in an annoying way.

“A fucking good one,” he muttered, imagining her angry. “She already killed me twice. Know what? I've changed my mind. I reckon you're up, Giantsbane.”

Tormund frowned. “Ah, now. No arguing with a coin toss.” Their horses arrived, and they mounted, still arguing.

“What the fuck you talking about, wildling? You don't even have bloody coins!”

“Ah!” Tormund grinned, reins in his hands. “But I've...” he frowned a little, “what is the word? I've assimilated!”
“Fucking dick,” he growled.

There was a little laugh from Tormund then. “You a bad loser, aren't you?”

“Cunt. Told you I didn't like him.”

Shrugging, Tormund prepared to gee up his horse. “I like him. For a little guy. He's funny.” He nodded. “And clever.”

Something occurred to Clegane then. Something he should have seen right from the beginning of all this, from the moment he first began drinking with the wildling. “You've just been humouring me all along, haven't you? And he helped you do it. Somehow, he helped you.”

Tormund winked. “You feel better about it now though, yes?”

Clegane sighed heavily, and let it go, along with his mood. Fuck it. He did feel better about it, at least a little. He was resolved anyway, for what it was worth. “Aye, true enough.” It seemed to him that the wilding was actually quite a good friend to have, and on the heels of that, that he had a friend.

“Tormund,” he said, struggling. It was a close to a thank you as he could get right then. The wildling looked at him.

“Ah!” He got his horse close enough and hooked a hand around the back of Clegane's neck, pulling them close enough for their foreheads to touch.

“Time is short, and she's all alone. Let's go get her,” he suggested, and then rode off into the late afternoon, with Clegane following close behind.

By the time they arrived back at Winterfell, it was just edging into dusk, and they caught a late dinner before bathing. They couldn't very well show up to her smelling of bad blood and worse wine. At long last they were clean and ready.
They stood beside each other in front of her door, and then there was nothing else for it. Clegane raised his hand to knock...
Chapter Nineteen

Please, if you do enjoy this work, consider leaving a word or two to let me know. Or, just as importantly, if something I wrote didn't seem right for the characters and stopped you reading at a certain point, I'd like to know that too.

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Chapter Nineteen

In the few seconds it took for her to open the door, he wondered what he would do if she didn't answer. If she didn't answer, would he actually have the nerve to barge in again, after what he'd done the night before? Clegane didn't think so.

The door did open though, and there she stood. Gods, but it seemed as if he hadn't seen her in a week, not just a day. She wasn't dressed any differently than usual. Apart from her bare feet, the dark breeches were the same, and yet he suddenly couldn't seem to help noting the length of her legs. They seemed to go on forever. Her shirt was fluttering free around her hips, loose around her waist, clinging inwards as if to hug her there. She'd stopped binding her breasts since she'd been involved with them, and he could almost see them through the thinly woven cotton of her shirt, see the shape of her nipples, peeking out. His mouth watered involuntarily. The shirt seemed to move over her body. There must be a breeze in the room, perhaps a window was open.

Brienne cleared her throat loudly. “Yes?” she said. Clegane drew a breath, and realised he was staring at her tits. He lifted his gaze to her face.

“Sorry,” he mumbled, leaning against the door frame with one arm. “Can we come in?”

She stood there for a moment, frowning, kind of blocking the doorway, then she stood aside in silence to allow them to enter.
Sombre, they filed in, and she shut the door behind them, leaning back against it as they went about the room, finding somewhere to settle. The two chairs seemed as good a place as any, since the bed would appear to be a bit ambitious just now. Even Tormund didn't dare it. She looked as though she might be guarding the way out. “What do you want?” she queried, polite to a fault.

Clegane bit his lip, looked to Tormund, but this was his mess to put right. He drew in a breath. “We need to talk.”

“Oh, do we?” she asked coolly. “Well, maybe I don't want to. Maybe yesterday was enough. Did you think of that?”

“Brienne, please –”

“No! You don't get to do that. You don't get to say 'please' and have me make it all better. Not now, not again. That's not fair.” She lifted her hands to her head and ran her fingers through her short hair, looking up in exasperation. She was beautiful when she was angry. It was a cliché but it was true. Her neck was so long, so kissable, and it led down to the shadowed parting of her shirt buttons. One or two of them were already undone... With a start, Clegane lifted his eyes up before she noticed him ogling her again.

“Perhaps, after this morning, I wanted to talk,” she said quietly then, looking back down. “And where were you? You were nowhere. Not even in Winterfell.”

Now she didn't seem angry, but hurt, and Clegane stood up, to walk over there and do something about it, because this was his fault. She couldn't know they'd seen Tyrion. That was something she'd never forgive.

“I had to sort out my thoughts,” he said, uncomfortable with the admission.

She huffed, tossing her head. “I see. And now, what? You're back, all ready to carry on, is that it?”

Clegane swallowed, stopped short of actually touching her. “Well, kind of,” he said. This wasn't going the way he'd imagined at all. He'd thought she'd be pissed off, he didn't think she'd be saying no, and yet that's what this felt like. “I thought we could –”

“What thoughts?” she demanded.
Now he began to get a little angry, because she was giving him such a hard time, constantly cutting him off, and if he'd actually been selfish, maybe he could have taken it. The truth is he'd been anything but selfish. If he'd been thinking of himself, Brienne wouldn't still be a virgin, and he'd probably be in that bed right now, fucking her again. "I didn't want to bloody well hurt you!" he snapped, hands clenching. She glared at him, and then laughed without humour.

"Oh, don't you dare," she said, her voice low and dangerous, pushing herself off from the door, leaning towards him. "You've hurt me that way before, remember? Don't seem recall you hesitating then."

Clegane shook his head, confused, and then he had it. Remembered that first fight they'd had, when she'd been down and he'd kicked her right in the cunt, as vicious as he could be. She'd screamed. How could he have forgotten? But she clearly didn't understand.

"I don't mean like that," he said. "And I'm sorry!" he said hurriedly, seeing her eyes flashing at him. At last he opened his arms out to either side of his body. "You want to hurt me back, is that it? Fuck it, then. Take your best shot. I won't stop you."

Thankfully, Tormund seemed to keeping out of it completely. Well, he was thankful at least until she stepped right on up to him and punched him in the gut, because this was Brienne, and not only was she strong, but her placement was damned precise. He doubled over a bit and wheezed out, his next breath coming to him in about three separate pieces. He put out his hands instinctively, finding her forearms and grabbing tight hold of them.

"All right," he said eventually. "I asked for that out loud, like an fucking idiot. You feel better?"

"A little," she admitted, and he suddenly looked up, hearing that touch of humour in her voice, but before he could catch her at it she was frowning, and he let her go to back away a little.

"The way I see it," she said. "It's just like you said at the beginning. We explored, and I tried some things, no harm done. I can stop here. I don't have to do anything else. I don't have to go any further, with you or with anyone for that matter. I can send you away – both of you – and I don't have to do any more of this, these things, between us."

Clegane bit his lip, feeling something in him almost seem to die at those words. She couldn't mean it, could she?
“Woman,” Tormund said at last, and she switched her attention to him so quickly Clegane actually felt the loss of it.

“I haven't even started on you. You'd better pray I don't. Not yet. Not until I'm finished with him.”

She looked back to him, and he shook his head.

“Brienne, you can't –”

“Don't you dare tell me what I can't do,” she cut in, speaking over him again. Then something seemed to occur to her, and the most adorable look of confusion came over her face. “What do you mean, then?” she asked.

“About what?”

“You said you didn't want to hurt me,” she said. “If you didn't mean like that, how did you mean it?”

Clegane found his seat again, because he was going to need it for this. He sat down heavily. “I was going to show you something,” he said, looking down, elbows resting on his knees, hunched over, as if he were speaking to himself. “A way you could be hurt, not just once. But by any man. By any of us. A way you can't hurt us back. And you've spent your life as one of us. I couldn’t do that to you, not without a little thought anyway. I didn't want to make you see it. That difference between us.”

He paused and thought for a moment. What the hell. In for a penny. “Because I don't see you that way, all right? To me you're strong. You're a match for me and I like it, that's the truth. You excite me because of it. I've wanted to fuck plenty of women. You're the first one I've wanted to know as well, to be around after, and I didn't want to change you at all, not one bit. So, no, I didn't want to hurt you like that. Clear enough?”

There was a silence that lasted for a full half a minute, and then Brienne made an astonished sound of amusement that quickly turned into laughter. That full, hearty feminine laughter he'd heard from her before. Clegane looked up, bewildered.
“Oh,” she said. “You think I haven't noticed the symbolism of it? That I haven't thought that through, forward and backwards until I'm tired of thinking about it?” Now she was actually grinning! Damn her! She walked up to him and crouched before his chair, hands out to either side on the arms of it. “Perhaps you think you’re going to plunge your sword into me, and...” She drew in a deliberately loud breath, throwing her head back dramatically and thrusting her chest out towards him. “Oh! Brienne will be dead!”

She became more serious then, straightening up a little before he could hate her too much for mocking him, before he could grab her around the waist and just pull her to him, because she looked damned near irresistible when she did that. She stayed crouched in front of him, so they were eye to eye. “I don't know whether to be insulted or complimented that you consider me one of you.” She touched his face, her hand as gentle as her voice had suddenly become. “I'm not, you know. I'm a woman, all the way through. I've learned that; with you, and with him. I thank you for it, whatever happens next.”

There was going to be a next! Clegane suddenly felt something in him expand and he drew in a deep breath, but she wasn't finished.

“I said to you I had to let go of some dreams,” she said, looking down and away. “They were old ideas that had no place. You'd shown me things, real things, and my ideas changed. My fantasies changed, not just the people in them, and I realised I wanted something entirely different from what I'd imagined before...” She sighed, and seemed to lose track of what she was saying. He'd never heard her speak this way. She sounded so dreamy, almost nostalgic. But then she blinked, and looked right into his eyes. Her voice became more confident, deeper, the same as the voice he knew. Except perhaps a little earthier somehow. She smiled a little, just the edges of her mouth turning up.

“I want,” she began, then appeared to reconsider, a quickening in her eyes as she thought fast. “Since you seem to like the analogy; you're not going to conquer me with that sword of yours, Sandor Clegane.” She shook her head. “I'm going to capture you,” she said, and her mouth became set, unyielding as she continued. “I'm going to surround you, on all sides. Keep hold of you until you've forgotten everything else but being inside me. You'll give me everything you've got, until you're empty. And when I'm done with you,” she laughed a little. “Well, then you'll need time to recover... won't you?”

Oh, fuck. Clegane gulped.

No woman had ever talked to him this way – not a single one of them would have dared. How could she have any idea what she was doing? How did she even know the words to speak? Something primal in him had been stirred, and he knew he had to have her or die.

As he'd listened to her, his body had responded for him, and he was breathing in time with it now,
unable to help it. Just with her words, and he gave her a helpless little shrug, in stunned awe. They'd done this. Between them they'd awoken this dormant sensuality in her, and in his wildest fantasies she'd been like this, as formidable here as out there.

“Works for me,” he said, licking his lips because his mouth was suddenly all too wet to help it, while a wolfish part of his mind was excited because she wasn't going to get it all her own way. Not like that, and she still had so many things to learn, but she would never be easy. He finally gave in to that urge to reach out and pull her forward onto his lap. She came willingly, and he groaned in want as her legs splayed out to either side of his on the chair, his arms full of her. He nuzzled her neck, the way he was becoming used to, breathing her in happily.

She seemed to return to herself and drew in a breath, only to sigh. “It just isn't going to be like that this first time.” She pulled back a little. “I need you to just get through it. For all of us. And to do it even though I am afraid of the pain. Because I still am. There's no getting away from that.” She was stroking his cheek, and it was still there in her eyes now, that fear.

“Don't go that far and stop. It's really not nice. When you did that it nearly killed me. And then you just disappeared and left me alone, all day!” She dropped her head onto his shoulder and he let his hands caress her hair, fingers slipping through the short locks of it.

“I'll never disappoint you again, Brienne. I'm sorry. I'm such a fucking idiot.”

“Disappoint me?” She huffed and straightened, poking her finger at his chest. “If you ever tease me like that again, I'll end you! And I won't even burn your body for you. I'll leave you outside as food for the wolves. Are you hearing me?”

He nodded.

“I'm serious. Don't do that again.” He tried to pull her close, but she wouldn't let him until he'd answered.

“I won't,” he promised, and then she relaxed again. He kissed along her jawline to her ear, using one hand to undo another one of her buttons. He had to see them again. Touch them.

“And while I'm at it,” she said softly. “Stop doing things where I have to say 'don't do that again.'”
He grinned against the lobe of her ear. “All right,” he murmured. He lowered both of his hands to her buttocks and moved her body so she was aligned better against his. She'd made him want it, and he could feel her warmth, even through their clothing. She sighed a quiet little moan of awareness into his ear.

“Why don't you take them off?” he suggested wickedly, giving her a little upwards jolt. “Then you'll feel it better.” He moved his hands back up as he spoke, undid another button, enough of them now so that he could see, so he could uncover one of her breasts and slip his hand inside her shirt to touch. He cupped her left first, that little weight in the palm of his hand, warm and soft.

“You like them, don't you?” she asked, and she was moving now, on him, rubbing herself on him a little. Clegane couldn't help smiling.

“Course I do,” he murmured, moving his head down to kiss the perfect slope of her just there. “They're always so perky. They want to be played with, and teased, and touched.” He looked up, feeling daring. “Even when you don't.”

She laughed at him in shocked surprise, and he gave her breast an open-mouthed kiss or two, playing while she was still of the mind to let him. “Take them off,” he said again, jolting her, and she bit her lip.

“I can't!” she said, gasping. “I still have to scold Tormund before he thinks he got away with it.”

Clegane growled. “Hurry up, then,” he said, beginning to push her away while he still could. While he'd still let her get away.

“Wait,” she said, and he looked into her eyes. “When we do this now,” she said. “Go all the way. Promise me.”

Stands to reason she'd make him promise to fuck her, after making him promise not to. Clegane nodded slowly. “I promise.”

“If I scream,” she said, then frowned. “Don't let me scream.”

“I'll make you quiet.” It was a legitimate request. They didn't want to bring people running to find out what was going on.
"If I cry, don't stop. Do it to me."

"Brienne, I'll do it, I promise, but you have to want it."

"I do," she said, and he looked into her eyes.

"Be convincing," he advised her.

She shook her head slightly, not understanding. To illustrate, he pulled her onto him again, so that she'd feel how hard he was through their layers of clothing. "If you want this," he said roughly. "I need you to want me, Brienne, even this time, even when it hurts."

"All right," she said, her eyes wide. "I promise I'll try." She gulped, clearly trying to imagine it. "It's the best I can say just now. I just don't know, and that's the truth."

He nodded. "That'll do."

Now she got up and left him on the chair, and his body actually shuddered for losing her touch and her weight. He felt cold without her, but Tormund had been remarkably silent throughout all of this. Seemed like it was finally his turn. Clegane settled himself in to watch.

"You," Brienne said, unimpressed, walking to stand in front of the wildling. She paused for a moment, then sighed. A short, frustrated sound. "I'm up here!" she said, annoyed, pointing at her face. Clegane smirked. Tormund had been staring at her tits too.

"Sorry," he murmured. Just then, Brienne looked down at herself, and realised that he'd managed to undo quite a few of her buttons, leaving her left breast uncovered and peeking out from her shirt.

"Oh," she said, as if embarrassed, and pulled the edges of the shirt together. "Well, all right."

"I get a say," she told Tormund sternly when she was a little more decent.
“Yes, you do,” he said, nodding. “I am sorry. I shouldn't have interfered, not then. It was wrong of me.”

Brienne frowned, as if this was all too easy. Clegane felt distinctly uneasy, as if the atmosphere had become subtly charged.

“I always get a say,” she said then, to make a point out of it, and Tormund stood up, as if she'd just challenged him in some way.

“Beauty, you get a say. When you know what you are getting, you'll always have a say. That's the way it works.”

Well, now, that was a strange way of putting it! Clegane looked to Brienne, and saw that she thought so too.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean we need to get this done, so that you know. What to expect. How it feels. The pleasure you can anticipate.”

She licked her lips, nodded slowly. “We kind of just worked that out,” she said, and as Tormund walked towards her, she actually backed away a step.

“What is it?” Tormund asked, still staring steadily at her.

“Nothing,” she said, shaking her head a little. “Just, you suddenly seemed a little bit...” She was clearly uncomfortable to admit to it. “Well, dangerous.”

Tormund stared, then tilted his head a little, and Brienne almost seemed to jump, left hand going to her hip, right hand reaching instinctively for a sword that wasn't there. Then he laughed out loud, as if she'd made a joke, and it managed to break the strange tension that had sprung up from nowhere. He looked to Clegane. “I am dangerous!” he said, as proud of the word as only a mad fucker could be. “And to this woman too!”
Even Clegane had a little snicker at that. It was funny.

Brienne blushed and visibly relaxed as he laughed, then smiled a little. “In your dreams,” she said, and then walked to stand between them, looking at them one to the other. “Right, then. Shall we go at this again?”

Clegane stood up, full of purpose. He was ready, and nothing was going to stop him this time. Also, he’d learned there was only one way to get her properly undressed. With a little longing growl of a sound, he took off his shirt, too impatient to wait for the buttons that went plinking all over the floor. Brienne looked shocked for a moment, then she smiled.

She did undo the rest of hers, and then dropped the shirt down her arms, baring her to their hungry gaze. Tormund was undressing too. Before she could undress fully, Clegane simply scooped her up and carried her over to the bed with her giggling in his arms.

“Now you can’t wait?” she said, laughing as he deposited on the sheets. Clegane smirked.

“Oh, no! You think I’m just going to stick it in you? We've got hours.” He crawled over her on all fours as she looked up at him. He looked her up and down deliberately, bringing to mind all the things that made her moan and writhe and sweat. “And hours,” he said, his voice deepening.

Well, he'd be damned if her eyes weren't darkening at his words, just like they did when the wildling touched her! That reaction made him feel proud of himself. He looked down slightly. “And obviously, you've got your breasts, still,” he said on purpose, making her giggle.

And there were hours, as Tormund joined them on the bed. Neither he nor Tormund had slept, but he barely noticed. He was much too excited to be tired. Perhaps it was a good thing that they’d faltered that first time, because as they slowly took her down between them, she relaxed more deeply than before, and he noted it with pleasure...
Chapter Twenty

Chapter Notes

Please, if you do enjoy this work, consider leaving a word or two to let me know. Or, just as importantly, if something I wrote didn't seem right for the characters and stopped you reading at a certain point, I'd like to know that too.

Just... ffs please say something, even if it's just "Hi, I was here." Otherwise, I have to assume most of the hits are googlebot. Or that you clicked and weren't impressed/hated it.

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Chapter Twenty

Brienne was moaning again. She'd definitely found her voice over the past hour or two, but words? Well, she seemed to have lost a whole host of them. Clegane fingered her slowly, down the bottom of the bed, watching as that finger slid in, and slid out, nice and gentle, again and again. Turned out Tyrion had been right about the addition of oil at least. It made everything much easier.

When he'd begun teasing her this way, she'd twisted and wriggled until he'd laid a heavy hand on her stomach to keep her still. He didn't want her restless, but still and accepting, because he intended to keep it going for some time. Now she'd become accustomed to it, to him, and she only occasionally lifted her hips or moved her legs when she couldn't help it, when she was close to climax. He had her right where he wanted her.

While he played with her below, Tormund was kissing her slowly, so deep, so that now she was making little muffled noises of pleasure instead of proper moans. She had her arms around him. Her mouth was full, her pussy too. She'd need to get used to it with the two of them around. They'd be able to share her that way pretty quick, taking her from both ends. Just the thought of it made his dick give an eager little leap of attention, and he hissed his breath in, watched his finger. In... out... It was making a nice kind of wet sound. Or was that Tormund's kiss?

Again she made that quiet, muted cry, and he watched her throat, the way it worked just as she was being worked by the two of them. He pushed her leg upwards into her body until her knee was pressed into her chest, then kissed the sole of her foot. She sobbed quietly, and he let her leg back down. She'd gone beyond being ticklish. That was good.
At last, Tormund released her lips, moving onto her ear with his tongue. Perhaps he had some kind of magic about him, or perhaps it was because she was so far gone, but his tongue there didn't put her off. She shivered and her pussy quivered nicely around his finger. He brushed his thumb over her clitoris in response. A kind of reward.

“Ohh...” she moaned. “Please!”

She was hot inside and slippery. He'd made sure to work the oil in deep. As deep as he could get with his finger. He thought she had one or two more in her before it was time.

“I won't fuck you tonight, beauty,” Tormund murmured into her ear, and she turned her head away from his tormenting.

“Then let me touch you,” she said, almost wheedling, her hand on his chest, fingers flexing in the hair there, as if asking for permission to move down.

Tormund smiled at her as she turned back to face him. She couldn't keep still, and they both knew why. All the time, Clegane kept it going. Slow in and out. The tempo of her breathing was increasing, and her face was flushed as her lower body began to move to the same pace as his touch, despite his heavy restraining hand. She shook her head, resisting it despite herself. By Clegane's reckoning, this was number three.

“Ah,” Tormund said, noting that, and Clegane was sure he saw something wicked in the wildling's eyes just then. “Time for a lesson, Brienne. I'll let you touch me all you want, if you do something naughty for me.”

Brienne suddenly opened her eyes wide, bit her lip. “What is it?”

“I want to watch you.” He covered her breasts lightly with his large hands, too lightly to be a caress, and moved them until his fingertips were on her nipples. “Touch yourself here. If you do that, you can touch me after.”

Her reply was a shocked gasp as her mouth dropped open, and then she swallowed. “Touch myself?” At first Clegane was certain she was going to refuse, but then she frowned. “You...” she said, uncertain. “You want to see that?” She asked in a kind of disbelief. Tormund nodded. She bit her lip again, then sighed quickly.
As he moved his hands, she replaced them with hers, but then seemed quite uncertain. “I don't know what to do!” she said.

“Mmm,” Tormund rumbled. “Just please yourself, beauty.”

Brienne seemed even more lost at that. “But I don't know how. I mean, I've never...” She fell quiet, and looked down at her own breasts, brushing the fingers of one hand experimentally over a nipple. She sighed. “I don't get it,” she said, dissatisfied, turning her head to appeal to Tormund for help.

Belatedly, Clegane realised he'd stopped what he was doing to pay attention to what was happening there, and he looked down again, beginning the slow, gentle teasing once more. Above him, Brienne moaned.

“Imagine a game,” Tormund said to her, thumb and forefinger holding her chin. “The rules are: even if you pretend, you touch yourself so that I want to touch you instead, and you win.” He grinned. “Then you get whatever you want.”

She suddenly smiled as if she'd already won. “Oh, well, that's easy,” she breathed, and she turned her attention back to herself, only this time she didn't falter. She squeezed her breasts in those hands and pressed them together with a deliberate moan, as if offering them up. She'd created a perfect welcoming little crease of flesh between her breasts, and it was impossible for Clegane not to imagine sliding his dick right in there.

“Fuck,” he whispered, watching, making sure this time not to neglect his task.

Meanwhile, Tormund had settled to watch, hand on his own cock, stroking himself leisurely. Brienne didn't notice. She had her eyes closed now as she rolled her own nipples in her fingers, her chest heaving. Her moans were not feigned now, and Clegane looked down, so that he could help her along, using his thumb on her clitoris as he continued the slow, easy penetration. He could feel it building in her, that heat, as her pussy began to spasm around him.

“Touch me...” she said, almost begging, as if surprised by the force of it. “Oh, Gods!” And then it was there, and Clegane slowed his touch as he helped her ride it out, caught Tormund's eye. The wildling winked at him, and he grinned as he withdrew his finger. Brienne gasped and then opened her eyes, hazy with satisfaction.

“Weren't there rules?” Brienne was saying, her voice much softer now as she stared at Tormund.
The wildling smiled at her. “Woman. I am a wildling,” he said in explanation. “We don't even follow our own rules.”

She laughed. “Good lesson,” she remarked, as Clegane came back up the bed on her other side. At last, she noticed Tormund touching himself, and she couldn't seem to look away.

“You like to watch too?” Tormund asked. “Or do you still want to touch?”

Clegane draped his arm around her waist as she smiled at Tormund and licked her lips. “Your turn, remember?” she said, and Tormund's eyes widened in pleased surprise.

“Oh, woman,” he groaned. “You want to? Now?”

“Mmm... practice.” She stretched in their arms, raising her hands high above her head as Tormund drew closer to her, kissing her on the lips once, then again, and again.

“I'll make you happy, Brienne,” the wildling said between kisses. “That's a promise.”

She only sighed and moved her hands back down to push at his shoulders, demanding. “Up,” she said, and he moved up the bed until he was half sat up at the head of it, and she went to her task almost immediately. Only a minute or so later she broke away and sighed, flopping back down onto the pillows.

“I'm sorry,” she said. “I'm just still so.. ugh..” She suddenly moved all of her limbs, as if that might wake her up a bit, but then relaxed again.

“It is all right,” Tormund said. “If you still want to, we can always try a different way.”

“How?”

“I could do some of the work,” he suggested, crafty, and she nodded, allowing him to cup the back of her head and guide her back to him. He took her hand and laid it on his thigh. “If you need to
stop, you tell me, beauty. You squeeze me here, yes?”

She nodded, opening her mouth wide for him to feed himself in. And as Clegane watched Tormund was doing it. Gently, it had to be said, but she was letting him almost fuck her mouth. Making little noises of encouragement too! That hand laying flat and relaxed on his thigh like this happened to her every bloody day.

“Mmm...” Tormund almost growled his desire, but he was never rough with her. Not once. And he was slow enough to make it easy for her, almost completely withdrawing at times to allow her to breathe. It was a hell of a lesson, and he wondered if Brienne recognised it for what it was.

It didn't take the wildling long to come, and to be fair, Clegane couldn't blame him, just the idea of having her mouth to use like that was making his stomach leap and twitch about. He came in her mouth, and he saw her throat working as she swallowed it, finally squeezing Tormund's thigh and drawing back, only for the last bit of it to hit her lips and chin in an opalescent string. She immediately scooped it up with her finger and then sucked it away, as if she been a messy eater, looking at Tormund with wide eyes. He groaned.

“And now it's your turn,” Tormund said. She seemed perplexed for a moment, then she swallowed, twisting her head around to look at him in a kind of alarm.

“Now?” she said, and he nodded.

“You want a drink of water before we start?” he asked her, and she nodded silently. Tormund got it for her, since he was on that side of the bed, and she sat up between them to drink it, knees drawn up to her chest as they settled on either side of her, studying her. Tormund reached out and stroked a forefinger down the side of her body to her waist.

She drank until it was all gone, and then sighed, handing the cup back to Tormund. Between them they got her to lie back down, and they played with her for a short while until she was in that space again. It was easy to take her there, she hadn't got that far away from it in these last few moments. He touched her again, penetrating her with a single finger and it had to be now. She moaned for him, softly, and her pussy relaxed and opened for his touch so sweetly.

“And Brienne,” he said, to get her attention, and she turned those dark, clouded eyes on him. His heart thudded heavily. She was so stunning like this, writhing between them, pleasure on every side. No wonder she seemed lost. Clean sweat on her skin, and he paused to lick a drop of it from her breast as she gasped.
He moved to cover her body with his. That she understood, and she let her legs fall wide open with a moan of sheer need. “Yes...” she hissed, and he slid his left hand under her waist, remembering how she'd attempted to escape him that first time. He hooked that hand around her opposite shoulder and rested his weight on that forearm, pressing it deep into the mattress. She wouldn't get away from him now.

With his right hand, he guided himself, his cock slippery with the same oil, but it was easy enough to find her, and he paused. Looked down at her face.

“Do it,” she urged, shivering a little, her hands on his shoulders, and he nodded.

“All right. Here it comes.” And he pressed inwards, feeling that impossible stretch again, only this time it seemed to last longer, because of the oil and the way he'd worked on her for so long beforehand with his finger. She was relaxed. But eventually it had to go, and he gritted his teeth as he powered through it, as slowly as his body would let him, feeling an instant of intense heat that must be blood before he was getting somewhere. Her hands moved down to his biceps and tried to push him away, grasping painfully, short nails digging in.

She screamed. It wasn't a high pitched scream either, but a low roar of real pain, and he tried not to hear it as he hurried to move his right hand back up, covering her mouth as her body jerked beneath his instinctively, trying to escape. He'd got her in an impossible hold, though, and there was nothing she could do. He didn't move any further, which was a little bit like torture, since the head of his cock was in her but that was about it. He shuddered as he tried to keep himself under control, and she quietened behind his hand. He moved his palm.

“Oh, Gods!” she said. “That hurts!” There were tears sparkling in her eyes in the muted light, and all the dreamy lust she'd displayed was gone, shocked right out of her. He shuddered again.

“I've got to move,” he growled, sounding angry, and she nodded.

“I know. Do it.”

He covered her mouth again, and let himself go further, thrusting himself deeper into her, and now he could actually feel it. Rather than just the tightness at her entrance, he could feel her heat around him, and the wonderful texture of her. Though she was almost unbearably tight, the oil made it easier on him, forgiving, and he went deep as he dared in one movement before stopping again. The oil created friction despite her resistance, and he had to stop himself from instinctively pulling back to go
again, to get more, to go further. He caught his breath, eyes closed.

“Brienne,” he groaned, and moved his hand. She wasn't screaming now, but she sobbed, and those tears had fallen when he opened his eyes, wet on her temples. “I'm sorry,” he said, but he really didn't mean it at all.

She managed to smile at him a little. “It's all right,” she said, her voice shaky, and he could feel it when she began to relax around him, that muscle, instead of being clamped on him suddenly seemed to be squeezing around his cock pleasurably in a thousand places all at once, as if checking him out. He moaned, and again he had to resist the maddening urge to just fuck her into the bed without any further thought.

“It doesn't hurt when you don't move,” she said. “And it wasn't as bad as I was afraid of. But it was bad.” She shivered, and he felt it, that shiver. He ran his free hand down the length of her body in a soothing motion. Again, he felt her pussy contract around him like that, and this time she must have felt it too, now the pain was retreating, because her eyes widened.

“Oh!” she said, and swallowed. “Oh, Gods! I can feel you!” She stared into space, and then he felt her test him consciously, and he let out his breath in a half laugh. It felt amazing.

“I should hope so,” he managed, dropping a kiss onto her lips, so easy to reach.

“You feel so...” she gulped, “oh, you feel... I can't describe it,” she said,

“Have I taken all of you?” she asked. “I mean, is it done? All the way?” She was biting her lip, constantly squeezing around him now, as if she was trying to estimate it for herself without looking. He shook his head.

“You want it all?”

She drew in a deep breath to steady herself, and nodded.

“All right. Then I'll have to pull back, and go in again,” he explained.
“Why?” she asked, then shook her head. “No, wait, it doesn't matter. I trust you. Just do it.”

He kissed her forehead, and then went for it, pulling out just far enough to get the leverage, before going in again as hard as he dared. Beneath him she whimpered in pain, hands squeezing his muscles again, crying out but not screaming at least. But now he was mostly in her, and he stopped.

“It still hurts?” he asked, and she swallowed, her body shaking.

“Not as much,” she said, but the look on her face said it was still quite a lot. “I think it's more sore than anything. It's bad enough that when it's there it's kind of putting me off feeling anything else.”

He waited, and as her face cleared, she relaxed around him again, those tentative little pulses of sensation returning. She felt divine around him, touching him everywhere all at once. He whispered her name, and felt her respond to his voice. She was so fucking perfect. “And now?” he asked, watching her face as her eyes closed and her mouth relaxed, lower lip almost trembling in awareness.

“Oh, Sandor,” she moaned, in pleasure now, for certain. And that was enough.

She wanted more, asked for it, and as he fucked her, she fell into a strange kind of moan, which was half pain at the beginning, but ended on pleasure. He was careful not to be rough with her, but he felt as though all the long days of fooling around with her had finally come together to this. She brought her legs up close to him, and embraced him with them. It felt fucking fantastic, and instead of digging her nails in, she held him close, hands in his hair so that she could brush her lips against his face. So soft. In short, she welcomed him with her whole body, and it was a thing of beauty, just like Brienne herself.

He'd become all wound up, and he knew that now, because he felt it as that coiling up added to all the rest, and when he came in her, he couldn't remember a time when he'd felt more satisfied with himself. To finally have marked her out as his. Perhaps he had been wanting this since the moment they met, just like Tormund said.

When he pulled away, he felt incredibly empty and hollowed out, but she followed him, curling up against his chest all bloody warm and cuddly. Brienne of fucking Tarth. Cuddly! He huffed out his breath in disbelief at such a thing. She hadn't come herself, he knew that, but he hardly expected it when it had hurt her like that. If he knew the first thing about her, it was that she would have downplayed just how much it hurt. He kissed her hair, and nuzzled her there.
“Well done, Brienne. It's over with now.” He wasn't unaware of the gift she had given him, and yet he felt such a strong surge of protective affection for her just then that it caught him by surprise. He deliberately relaxed. She was with him, in his arms.

Tormund, who had watched everything as it transpired, came to rest alongside her back, spooning up against her, and she sighed happily. She reached behind her for the wildling's hand and dragged it around her waist, keeping it there.

“I like being in the middle,” she announced, and Tormund chuckled.

There was a good chance he'd be asleep in about two minutes, since he was finally feeling the effects of not having slept at all the night before. Now that it was all done, he was done. He yawned. “Is it how you thought?” he asked idly, still stroking her hair.

“I thought I'd be married,” she said dryly. “So, no.”

“If we survive this war, I'll make an honest woman of you, Brienne. In the eyes of the seven.” If they survived. That wasn't going to happen. Didn't mean they couldn't dream. He meant it though: he'd be happy with no other woman now.

“Will you? Really?” She sighed, and patted his chest. “Well now I really do have to kill them all.” She laughed tiredly, and he did too. He shared a glance with Tormund, and the wildling was staring at him. Whatever it was, he was too tired to make sense of it, and he drifted off easily with Brienne snuggled up against him.
Chapter Twenty-one

Please, if you do enjoy this work, consider leaving a word or two to let me know. Or, just as importantly, if something I wrote didn't seem right for the characters and stopped you reading at a certain point, I'd like to know that too.

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Chapter Twenty-one

About a quarter of the way through the night, Clegane was awoken by Brienne's awful fidgeting. And sighing.

“What are you bloody doing, woman?” he grunted, turning over onto his back. It was dark, but he could swear he saw the face she pulled even so.

“I don't want to sleep in the middle,” she said. Clegane blinked. Looked at Tormund, who was snoring lightly on his back, arms and legs strewn everywhere in the moonlight. He shook his head.

“Well, don't look at me! I'm not fucking sleeping in the middle. That's where you go, that's where you stay. That's how all this works, in case you hadn't noticed.” He rubbed his face with one hand. “Besides, you seemed happy enough with it a couple of hours ago,” he grumbled.

He sighed and turned over again onto his side, facing away from her. He was far too tired to deal with this. “For fuck's sake, Brienne, go to sleep.”

For a minute or two he lay there, listening to her continue to toss and turn and sigh. Then he sat up. “All right! What is it!!”
Brienne looked at him in the dark, and now she sat up too. “It's the bed,” she whispered, kind of aghast. Then she squirmed. “It's all... wet.”

“What?”

Her eyes were so wide he could see the whites of them. “I think it came out of me,” she said, her voice hushed. “I didn't mean it.”

“Oh, fuck me,” he swore. That's what this was all about? A bloody wet spot? Actually, that conjured up a kind of mental image that he regretted, and he shook it away.

And then her voice in the dark, very small and scared for Brienne, just as she'd been when she admitted to her fear. “It's too dark to see, and I don't know. Do you think I'm still bleeding?”

He shook his head, then realised she might not see it and took her hand to squeeze it. At long last it occurred to him that she probably didn't know much about any of these things. Who the hell would have told her about them? “It's all right, Brienne. Come here.” He pulled her close and held her for a minute. “It's nothing to worry about. It's just something that happens. It's what I left inside you, that's all.”

“Oh, thank the Gods!” she suddenly said, relieved. Then she hit him, right in the face.

“Oh!” he exclaimed, rubbing his jaw. “What's that for?”

Instead of replying, she clambered over him and off the bed and lit a lamp. He shied violently away from the sudden bright glare of the flame, right onto the wet patch. “Fucking hell,” he muttered as she stood there, holding up the lamp.

“Move, then!” she said, and he got up. They both looked at the smallish pink wet stain on the bottom sheet, just as Tormund snored loudly.

She put the lamp down and glared at him. He looked around him, just in case she happened to be glaring at something or someone else he hadn't noticed. “What now?”
“You could have warned me!” She shook her head as she looked down at herself, particularly at her legs. “I mean, ugh!”

Clegane smirked. “Well, I didn't even think about it, to be honest.”

“You think this is funny?” she demanded, angry now.

Reacting swiftly, he reached out to take her by the upper arms and pulled her close, so their bodies were flush together. “I think it's inevitable. You want some more?” he asked, giving her a deliberate look up and down, then growling in lust, “because I can definitely see my way to giving it to you.”

She gasped and then as he spoke he saw her anger drain away as her eyes darkened, and he had her right where he wanted her, just like that. Shit, but there were more sparks between them than a forest fire. Definitely something to explore tomorrow, and the day after that, and the day after... He placed a quick kiss on her lips. “You got some clean sheets in that wardrobe there?”

She nodded. “Well, let's sort it out then, so we can all get some sleep. Wake him up,” he said, pointing at Tormund.

“Sandor,” she said, before he could turn away, and then she was pressed against him, arms wound around his neck, her soft cheek rubbing against his beard. He couldn't help it, couldn't help wrapping his arms around her, walking her backwards to the wardrobe for want of something to push her up against. When they got there he kissed her hard, his hands under her buttocks as she wrapped her long legs around him.

“We can't. Not now,” he whispered in her ear, feeling a sudden savage need, but also knowing it couldn't be. “Tomorrow, or I'll just hurt you again.”

She sighed and pressed against him, actually rubbing herself against him, just there, and he could feel the length of his cock, nestled nicely between the outer lips of her pussy, stretching her even there, and he was only semi hard. He shook his head. “No, Brienne.”

Gods, but she was going to be difficult to handle! He could see that now. This wild thing she was, no one would ever believe it existed in her. No one would ever know except for them. All those years of denying herself this. All at once he understood what he'd done earlier; that it was like breaking the wall of a dam, and he'd been idiot enough to tease her?! In the middle of the night? Clegane was momentarily struck by his own stupidity. He deserved everything he got, and then
“I can’t help it,” she was saying, her voice a lustful murmur, dragging her lips over the side of his face. “Did I tell you how nice it felt when you gave it to me earlier?” She moaned, and he couldn’t help recalling all those times he’d had her tell him how things felt. “You were so hard inside me, so huge, and I could feel it... and then so hot. Mmm... do it again. More, like you said.” Her hands moved down from his shoulders, to his hips.

He groaned and then kissed her deep, more to shut her up than anything else, because if she kept talking like that she was going to get it, exactly what she was asking for.

It was impossible, but he was hard again, listening to her, pressed against her, and as he broke the kiss he shook his head, feeling helpless. Immediately he made a resolution never ever to tease or threaten her with anything unless he fully intended to carry it out. Her pussy was warm against him, somewhat sticky, and somewhere in the back of his mind, a devilish part of himself said it would probably be enough to fuck her again. She’d still be easy enough. He shut it down before it could take control of him, reminded himself how she’d probably cry, and that sobered him up a bit.

“Brienne, I –”

“You know what I said I’d do if you teased me again,” she whispered, her breath hot against his skin, and he growled at the threat, responded to it the only way he could, slamming her hard against the wardrobe door. It made a loud bang, but he didn’t care. Worse still, neither did she. Maybe this would be another lesson to her. A different kind of lesson. He drew back just enough to get the positioning right as she drew in a breath and cried out an affirmative, and then –

“Clegane! Put her down,” said Tormund suddenly from behind them, wide awake, and he was startled into some kind of rational sense. He let her down, so she regained her feet. Then he was all too quickly backing away as she stared at him.

Tormund tutted. “Playing with fire, aren’t you? Could have told you that. What happened?”

“Wet patch,” he said, swallowing, and Tormund laughed. Those words had never sounded so innocent.

Brienne moved, quick as a cat, but not to him. He looked around and the wildling had opened his arms to her. She went to him, cuddling up against him easily as he wrapped his arms around her.
“It's not time to wake up yet, beauty,” he said softly, soothing and reassuring. “Leave those things to tomorrow.” She might have raised a quiet protest, but the wildling managed to shush her. Clegane couldn't believe it.

Griping to himself about women and wildlings, he went back to the wardrobe in search of sheets, and found one on the bottom, folded up. He picked it up and shook it out roughly. When he turned, Tormund and Brienne were stood near the bed, and she was holding a damp flannel, blushing furiously.

“Want me to help?” Tormund asked, and she shook her head quickly, somewhat mortified.

Funny, he'd never noticed the bed had curtains before, but he did now, because she stared at them both for a second before pulling one across to give herself some privacy. Between them, he and Tormund did a half decent job of replacing the sheet – well, it was on the bed anyway, kind of flat – and when they were done so was she. Thankfully, his sudden interest had also died down. At least for a while.

“Better now?” he asked, and she nodded in silence, still blushing.

They all took their places again. She ended up on her back with Tormund's arm flung over her middle, and she was stroking his forearm slowly with her fingertips, up and down. Clegane laid on his side for a while, watching her, resting with his head on his elbow.

“You'll get used to it,” he told her. She threw him a dirty look.

“You get used to it,” she shot back pointedly. Beside her, Tormund chuckled.

“He's right though. You might even start to like it. With the two of us, you won't get much time off.”

Brienne sighed, then grimaced in something akin to disgust and stopped the absent caress of the wildling's arm, prompting a heartfelt groan of disappointment from the other side of the bed. Clegane smirked.

“Anything else you haven't warned me about?” she queried, looking at him. He shrugged.
“Only the obvious,” he said, because it wasn't as if they'd taken any precautions, then couldn't help adding: “And it'd be weeks before you'd know about that one.”

Brienne frowned without understanding for a full five seconds, before sitting bolt upright in the middle of the bed.

“Brienne...” he said, laughing slowly, and she relaxed back down, turning to face him.

“Weeks,” she said quietly, and he nodded. The same thought was on both their minds then.

“At least,” he said, and if he was honest, rather sadly. He could see the same recognition in her eyes. They didn't have weeks, so there'd never been any need to worry about it. They'd never know, never see it. Suddenly she kissed him, full on the lips, but like everything else it was over too soon as she drew back and looked into his eyes.

“Woman, settle,” Tormund said, scooting up behind her. “We won't even get to have the pleasure of seeing you fill out, even if you were.” And then it seemed as if even Tormund couldn't help torturing them all. “And by then, we'd have had the pleasure of trying to guess whose child you'd gift us with first,” he murmured, some distant longing in his voice.

She turned onto her back, looked to the wildling. “But we have some pleasure. At least a little,” she told him, and he smiled.

“Aye. We have some.” And then Tormund kissed her too. Briefly. “Tomorrow,” he said, his voice stern. Brienne blinked.

“I suppose I did get a bit,” she paused, and looked at him, “... carried away,” she finished grudgingly.

“Yeah,” he said, then smirked. “But I did do the carrying away.” She giggled.

“You really did!” She said, eyes sparkling, then drew in another breath, but before she could speak, Tormund cleared his throat loudly, and she quietened. It was time to sleep.
Clegane took a moment to blow out the lamp, and then they settled again, with her in the middle – happy to be so once more – with their arms around her. In the dark, she gave a satisfied sigh.

“When winter came, I got the two of you to keep me warm until the end.” She laughed strangely. “In some ways, I'm very lucky.” Clegane smiled and squeezed her a little, but he was already drifting away.

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When morning arrived and they awoke, he and Tormund were up first. Brienne had curled herself up during the night, drawing her knees up to her middle, arms wrapped around her own waist. She looked bloody adorable. Then, as if she could sense their scrutiny, she slowly blinked awake and sat up, rubbing her eyes, one leg straightening towards the bottom of the bed. Then suddenly she pulled a face.

“Oh!” she said. “That can't be good.”

He and Tormund looked at each other. They didn't need to discuss it between them. All this time. She'd finally gotten fucked, and the cock turned out to be one of theirs. It was a fair bet she was feeling a bit sore this morning.

By now, they were well used to her preferred morning routine, and without conferring, he went to get a robe for her, while Tormund got some slippers for her feet, so that by the time she'd made it to the edge of the bed, they were both waiting for her. She glanced at them, suspicious.

“All right,” she said, slipping her feet into the slippers. “What have you done?” They looked at each other.

“Nothing!” Clegane said as she got up, holding out the robe for her to slip her arms into. She gave a huff of disbelief, then straightened up and immediately crumpled a little, her eyes closing in pain, or something like it. He took her left arm. Tormund took the other.

“So why are you treating me like an invalid?” she questioned as she opened her eyes, her voice hard. They let her go immediately.

She drew in a breath and straightened up again, rather more carefully this time. “See? There's nothing at all wrong with me,” she told them, glaring as she pulled the belt of the robe tight around her waist. “I'm perfectly fine!”
Clegane nodded dutifully. Tormund too. She stared at them for a long minute, then kissed him first, followed by Tormund.

“Right,” she said afterwards. “I'm going to bathe. I'll see you at breakfast.”

It was a fair assessment to say that Brienne's usual confident step was a little off that morning. She kind of half shuffled out of the room, although her baby steps were the equivalent of a stride for any other woman, and Clegane was sure he heard her mutter: “Gods!” under her breath.

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It was kind of uneventful after that. He and Tormund bathed together. Breakfast was quiet, but hopeful, since they were all of them thinking of the night to come much later on. Tormund was making dreadful eyes at her all the time, and she got back into the old habit of deliberately ignoring him, at least while in polite company, which was kind of comical to watch.

When they went out to train, she sat most of it out, much to Podrick's dismay, because that meant he had to take her place against them, and yet he managed a fairly competent job, with Brienne shouting instructions to him from the sidelines. Every now and again she couldn't help herself, and she'd get up to help him out, only to bow out again a few minutes later.

They fooled around before lunch, nothing heavy, then went up on the hill after they ate, and by that time she seemed to have fully recovered. She was moving better, and she took to the fighting with relish, clearly enjoying herself. Her eyes brightened, and she was smiling a lot more then than during the rest of the day. When she'd warmed up, even Tormund couldn't defeat her, despite wielding Heartsbane, and she seemed exhilarated by the competition.

At last, it finally occurred to him that the closer the evening got, the more excited she was, and when he realised it he laughed out loud.

“What?” she asked, puzzled, and he shook his head. He didn't want to spoil it by telling her.

“Nothing.” It was Tormund's turn tonight. If she had anything left after that, then he'd have her again.

After their sparring, she almost raced them back down into Winterfell, and they went to bathe again, to rid themselves of the sweat and dirt of the day. And at that point, Tormund finally spoke of the night to come.
The wildling waited until the baths were empty apart from them, then he dipped his head under the water, coming back up and squeezing the excess from his hair. “Tonight, Clegane,” he said. “Tonight I know her.”

Clegane inclined his head, while Tormund stared. That unblinking serious gaze, and something in his gut told him this was not any mere observation the wildling was making. “Tonight, you will see things. I have to ask you not to interfere in those things.”

Immediately, Clegane frowned. “What things?” he asked, suspicious.

Tormund shook his head, then clicked his fingers. “You can take a woman like that, even if you love her, and it's good for you. I cannot. I have to possess her. Take ownership of her.”

This didn't make any sense, not after all the thoughts he been having about how they were all equals. But then before he could ask another question, Tormund spoke again.

“And, as well, she has to be made to know it.”

Clegane suddenly growled. “Just wait a minute. Are you planning to hurt her somehow?” Tormund shook his head slowly.

“Would I?” he asked, and even as Tormund said it, Clegane realised it was a ridiculous question. He relaxed marginally. “It is our way, that is all. Tonight. Tonight, I will claim her as my wife, or –”

“Your wife?” he said suddenly, feeling his lips curl into a sudden snarl. “I think we're going to have a problem.”

“We are not.” Tormund sighed. “I wanted to say earlier, this – it is not the kind of marriage you spoke of to her. If we survive, you should have your ceremony. She believes in what you promise to her. It will make her happy. This is something different, and it is difficult to explain. It is a different God.” He shrugged. “If there be such a thing. Some believe. Mostly, it's the act that counts for us.” Tormund drew in a deep breath, as if in preparation. “The taking of a thing and keeping it. Like a woman.”
“Or what?” Clegane asked, and Tormund looked at him blankly. “You said: ‘I will claim her as my wife, or...?’”

Now the wildling gave him a serious look. “Or she will succeed in killing me.” Clegane felt as if the air had gone from the room. That lunatic in him, it ran fucking deep!

“Why would she kill you?” he asked. “What the fuck are you going to do to her?” Something in him screamed to intercede already, that whatever Tormund had planned couldn't be allowed to take place. Under the water, his hands clenched into fists.

“Do not interfere,” Tormund said, as if aware of his thoughts. “As a friend, I ask you this. Trust me. I will not hurt her, but I will make her very angry with me.”

“And if you fail?” Clegane wanted to know, terribly conflicted. Did he help Tormund or not? Did he help Brienne? What was the right thing to do?

The wildling grinned rather wickedly, and shrugged one shoulder. “Then it was nice knowing you.”

“You're bloody serious!” Clegane managed, his voice coming out kind of strangled.

“Of course I am.” Tormund was a calm as ever, while Clegane was anything but. Now it wasn't just Brienne he was concerned for, and the feeling was coming as a bit of a shock to him.

“But, why can't you just...?” he said, frustrated at the whole thing, at the thought that this thing Tormund was planning, whatever it was, could all go horribly wrong. “Why?! Bloody wildlings!”

“You'll understand, after,” Tormund told him. “I think. Afterwards...” Here he smiled, and he closed his eyes for a second. Clearly, the reward was worth something to him. What did he intend to get from her? “Promise me you won't interfere, whatever you see,” he repeated. Clegane sighed, but teetered on the edge of agreeing. Tormund finally blinked. “Even if she calls on you for aid.”

Fucking hell! Just when he thought this shit couldn't get any worse! “Seven hells,” he said, scowling. “Don't make me regret it,” he said seriously, “because if I do, if she doesn't kill you. I swear I will.”
Tormund nodded. “Fair enough.” He seemed happy to accept the condition, which eased Clegane's mind somewhat. “Do I have your word?”

“Did I ever tell you I was in service to the King once?” Clegane said suddenly. “Only, I made less damned promises in all those years than I have in the last couple of weeks with you two.” He huffed out his breath and shook his head.

“That a yes?” Tormund demanded.

“Yes,” he said, against at least part of his own better judgement. “I promise.”

“Even if she calls you?” Tormund persisted.

“Brienne can take care of herself,” Clegane said, and twisted his lips into a kind of grimace. “I've always known it.”

“Good.”

That appeared to be that. They finished up, and it wasn't until they were both out, dried off and nearly dressed that Clegane spoke again.

“If it goes the other way, and you...” He stopped speaking, Tormund's serious gaze on him. Didn't he ever need to blink? Clegane frowned. “Look,” he said, his voice harsh, because he knew what Brienne was capable of after all. “If it comes to that, do you want me to help you?”

Tormund narrowed his eyes, then smiled slightly. “Ah, I appreciate the sentiment, I think. You're a southerner, so I won't take that as an insult.” Clegane rolled his eyes, and thought he shouldn't have even bothered saying anything. Clearly, Tormund was underestimating her. How, Clegane didn't know, because he'd spent enough time around her. If he enraged her, if he challenged her, he was bloody well already dead. Just walking around on borrowed time.

“If she kills me,” Tormund said then. “I deserve to die.” Clegane shook his head. “For trying to take something that is beyond my reach.”
He shrugged and carried on buttoning his shirt. Then at last, he couldn't help it. He'd seen enough too, and he'd seen how she responded to the wildling's touch.

“She's not,” he said.

“Not?” Tormund echoed.

“She's not beyond your reach,” Clegane elaborated, and Tormund smiled. He gripped Clegane's arm in a friendly fashion.

“I hope,” he said, nodding.

“Oh, fuck this!” Clegane muttered, feeling something kind of melancholy he couldn't put a name to. After everything, a hand on his arm? Fuck that! He pulled Tormund close, into a rough embrace, and felt the wildling’s arms around him in turn. And then, after that, he kind of lost the thread of what happened when.

They were kissing again. Tormund tasted the same, pushed up against the wall and dangerously enticing. Gods, but their kisses were brutal. Nothing at all like hers. And yet as he continued it occurred to his fuzzy mind that he was getting hard over it just the same. And so was the wildling. Fuck. He pulled back. Licked his lips. Tormund stared at him, eyes twinkling dark, then he breathed in heavy, quirking his lips as he nodded slightly.

“All right,” Tormund said, almost as if he was extending an invitation. But there was no time or place for them, and they both knew it.

“Tell anyone,” Clegane said. “I'll kill you.” Tormund chuckled at his threat, and he scowled. “Just do whatever you got to do to win, and don't worry about me. I won't get in the way. I'd miss you too much. You mad fucker.”

And with that he turned and walked away.

“I like you too, Clegane,” Tormund called after him.
“Yeah? Fuck you. You want to prove it? Stay around 'til morning.”
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Chapter Twenty-two

Dinner was a hushed affair, though in some ways it was a negative version of what had transpired over breakfast. Now that the time was close at hand, and perhaps because he was mentally preparing himself for whatever demented thing he had planned out, Tormund was much more serious and quiet. Since Clegane knew a little of what occupied the wildling, he didn't comment on it, but Brienne noticed, and she did not seem to like the changed state of affairs one bit.

As soon as she realised Tormund was not making eyes at her or otherwise acting the fool, she began to pay closer attention to him, and Clegane watched with mounting interest as she kept trying to get him to notice her in lots of different ways, culminating in a move that made Tormund look up in feigned alarm. He glanced at Clegane.

"Is that your foot?" he asked. Clegane suddenly smirked, and then shook his head. The wilding drew back theatrically and peered under the table. Then he looked over the table at Brienne. She raised her face, chin sticking out, as if daring him to say something.

"All right," he said slowly, serious, nodding, eyes wide as saucers.

Tormund looked to her plate, then back at her. "You want me, or you want to finish your dinner first?" he queried outright, unsmiling. Brienne looked down and bit her lip. Her meal was still only half eaten, just like theirs. She sighed, but it was inevitable. Food. It was important to them all. She picked up her fork like a moody teenager and speared a few carrot rings with it as Tormund turned and winked at him. Apart from that wink, it was almost a complete role reversal. Clegane shook his
head and gave up trying to understand the first bloody thing about either of them.

He ate a little faster after that. Just in case.

It was strange, but when they finally were there, when they reached her room, with nothing else to do, the exuberance she'd displayed over the latter part of the day seemed to desert her, and she looked from one to the other of them in slowly dawning realisation.

“It's my turn every time from now on, isn't it?” she said, and it was impossible to tell if she liked the idea or not. But she was also right. Clegane nodded slowly, and he found he did like the idea, very much. His blood ran hotter and quicker in him just thinking about it.

“Every time,” he said, relishing the thought of the days to come. “Sometimes, you'll get two turns, all at once.” Her eyes widened, and she gulped. Was she still nervous, after everything?

She turned from him to Tormund, and the wildling was staring at her, such a look of deep hunger in him that Clegane began to feel a little sympathy for her. The wildling was kind of intense when he wanted to be. Also, it was one thing to talk of it, to think and imagine it, even to agree to it. It was another to face it, to go from one man to the other like a common whore, and she would never be that. He had to remind himself then that less than a week ago, she'd never even been touched. This had all happened very fast. Necessity had made it so, and clearly she'd allowed it because of the time they had left, but that didn't make it any easier on her.

Tormund moved towards her, and to her credit she didn't back away, though every instinct in her must be screaming. Clegane fought against his own better judgement too. He'd agreed not to interfere. Did that start now, or later?

By the time the wildling reached her, Brienne was staring down at the floor at her own unmoving feet, and as Tormund reached out to her, fingers under her chin to make her look up, she closed her eyes.

“Please,” she said softly, “don't.” She was actually trembling, like a damned leaf, and it was so out of character for her, Clegane couldn't help himself. There was just no way he could stand around and watch this, Tormund be damned.

“Tormund,” he said, without looking away from her. “You got any of that spirit about you tonight?”
The wildling looked around in surprise, then produced it from somewhere, and handed it over in a small flask. Clegane nodded his thanks. “Brienne,” he said then. “You want a drink?”

It was exactly the right thing to say, and she suddenly opened her eyes, looked around and smiled at him, all the tension draining out of her. “Gods, yes, please. Just a little one,” she said. It was as if he had broken some spell, because as he went to get a glass, she was leaning in against Tormund, hands sliding up over his shoulders, murmuring something into his ear.

He'd just poured a little into a glass, and added some water for Brienne's benefit, when Tormund laughed out loud. Clegane looked around, frowning. Tormund was finding something hilarious, while she was blushing, getting quickly annoyed and glowering at the wildling like she was about to kill him, or punch him again.

“Well! You were ignoring me!” she accused, angry. “And then you gave me that awful, dark look, and I didn't know what to do about it!” She stomped over to a chair and sat down. “It's not as if I could beat it out of you, and I wanted you to be happy about us all again.”

What the hell?! Clegane stood there with the glass in his hand, at a complete loss. “All right,” he said. “Does one of you want to tell me what the fuck just happened?”

Tormund shook his head, put beyond explanations for now, clearly. Clegane looked to her, and she looked woebegone. He handed her the glass and she gulped the liquid in it down, swallowing about half of it all at once. He was suddenly glad he'd added the water. Then she sighed.

“I thought he was angry with me,” she said, then fidgeted, clearly embarrassed. “So I told him not to be, because I want him as much as I want you.” Then she glared at Tormund. “Though I'm starting to reconsider.”

Oh. Clegane began to get an inkling. She thought he was angry? After his sudden quiet pensive mood, that would make probably make sense to her after the previous night, and she'd thought... no wonder Tormund was laughing. She gotten him all wrong. Tormund wasn't just happy to share, it was his damned preference. Clegane hid his sudden smirk with his hand and covered it by clearing his throat.

Tormund knelt before her chair, as serious as he had ever been, not a hint of laughter in him. “Brienne. I am not angry. Perhaps, tonight, you would permit me to be nervous, yes?”
“Nervous?” she queried, frowning, and then her face cleared. It was like watching a magic trick as the anger drained away, replaced by a kind of wonder. “Oh...” She smiled a little. Tormund took the half empty glass from her hands.

“You don't need this,” he said, and she pulled a kind of face.

“I don't really drink,” she told him, and he nodded at her.

“I know. We should get more comfortable,” he suggested. “Like last night. Get you ready, between us.” Tormund threw a glance to Clegane, and he nodded.

The wildling stood up, and held out his hands to her, giving her time and the choice, pulling her up from the chair only to catch her in his embrace and stand with her for a moment. They kissed, and she made a muffled sound of pleasure before he began steering her back towards the bed. Tormund tumbled her back onto it without ever breaking the kiss. It was like watching a master at work. Clegane puffed out a breath.

At last he drew back, and her eyes were already darkening, still fully dressed, but probably not for long. She stared up at him.

“You're not really nervous at all, are you?” she said, as if aware of the truth. Tormund smiled, then shook his head.

“No, beauty. But you are, and that's all right.” He drew in a breath and tilted his head. “You make me happy that you share yourself with both of us. Never doubt it.” He stared at her. “Even I wish we had longer to get here. Chasing you would have been one of the greatest pleasures of my life. If we win, we will make up for it later, yes?”

She smiled, and then Tormund moved aside, allowing her to sit up. Her eyes were beginning to sparkle with enjoyment now as she started to undress, and that was much better. Clegane nodded to himself as he began to shed his own clothes. Tormund stripped off too, dropping his own things heedlessly by the side of the bed.

They surrounded her, and as always it began with the kissing, her turning from one to the other as if she couldn't make up her mind between them, humming with pleasure at this and that. Nervous she may be, but she was also much more animated this time, seeming to almost thrum with energy between them.
“You're very excited,” Clegane remarked to her between kisses, when she was facing him, and she nodded, the strangest look in her eyes.

“It's not going to hurt tonight, is it?” she asked, but it was more of a delighted statement. She sighed and kissed him again, much too quickly for him to properly enjoy it. “I want him first, but I want you after.” Clegane laughed.

“You might not have anything left for me,” he said, and she shook her head.

“I will,” she argued, and she drew in a breath, but he put a finger on her lips.

“No promises, Brienne,” he said, and she actually pouted.

Fuck, he hoped Tormund knew what he was doing, and that things weren't going to go horribly wrong. Clegane didn't know if he could stand it if they did. Brienne would blame herself, right after she blamed the two of them. Inwardly, he began to regret making his own promise, but it was way too late to back out now.

Between them they slowed her down, much to Brienne’s genuine annoyance, but soon it seemed she began to enjoy the new things they were showing to her as much as before. Also, Tormund allowed her to touch him from time to time, staring deep into her eyes as she handled him slowly, letting her tease herself that way with the thought of it.

Brienne did not beg, she threatened, and instead of giving her what she wanted, Tormund simply grinned and went down on her, so that her words changed to inarticulate pleas and cries. Clegane pleased himself with her upper body, the two of them feasting on her as they liked, and he dragged her hand down to touch him, but she was too far out of it to concentrate properly, and he brought her hand back up with a kind of wicked laugh.

When Tormund had taken all he wished, he returned to the top of the bed, and Brienne gazed at him, almost pouting. “How many times must I ask you now?” she queried as he stared at her, and the wildling seemed to take that as a challenge. He looked down the bed again, and this time Brienne grabbed his arms.

“No! Please! Don't!” She seemed to struggle for the words. She'd never begged for anything in her life before. Not while sensible, at least. “Tormund.” She bit her lip, and he gave her a moment,
waiting. At last she sighed in capitulation. “Please, do it to me.” She reached down with her hand, and he let her, his eyes darkening just like hers, though Clegane suspected it was her words, rather than her actions that drew the response. “I want it inside me, Tormund. Fuck me, please.”

She didn't swear often, but when she did it kind of made you pay attention, and the wildling did. “Yes, beauty,” he said, nodding. “It is time.”

Brienne hissed a quiet but enthusiastic “Yes!” that made Clegane laugh, throwing her arms around Tormund and kissing him, only to draw back licking her lips in surprise at the taste of herself. Tormund did not smile. Instead the wildling paused for a beat, and then turned that heated and intense gaze on him, just for a second.

That look told him everything, and he could not mistake it. Despite his misgivings, Clegane withdrew. And to save himself from temptation, he did not just withdraw his touch, he moved away from the bed, taking himself to one of the chairs where he would still have a good view of the proceedings, but time to reconsider any particularly rash actions on his part.

Brienne didn't even seem to notice that he was gone, all of her attention was on the wildling. She stretched out beneath Tormund as an encouragement to him, a breath of a sigh, longing, her eyes half closed, glinting blue.

“Tonight, I will know everything you are,” Tormund said, looking down upon her, one hand framing her face as if he wished to take the moment and keep it with him for all time. He breathed deeply as Clegane watched, that strange intensity in him again, growing deeper. “I will know all your secrets,” he said. Beneath him Brienne slid her hands around his waist, down over his lower back. Her legs were spread wide. She raised the left so that her knee was near the wildling's waist, the sole of her foot on the back of his thigh. Her other leg seemed to wrap lovingly around his own in an embrace.

“I will love everything you do,” Tormund said then. She tried to turn her face away, seeming uninterested in his words.

“Tormund,” she whispered, and her lower body moved suggestively. “Stop talking now. Give it to me. Do it.”

Instead of obeying her, Tormund took her chin in his fingers to keep her eyes on his. “Everything, Brienne,” he said, and her eyes widened, as if he knew something she had kept hidden. Again, just as before, the atmosphere became charged. Clegane watched closely, and he saw Tormund reach down to guide himself into her. He moved only slightly, just a little, keeping the eye contact.
“I saw you, and I wanted you,” Tormund said, and Clegane didn't need to see the penetration to know the exact moment of it, because he saw it in her eyes. How they darkened further as she moaned. Her left hand moved up to the top of Tormund's back to try and pull him close, to pull him down to her. “Now I possess you.”

Brienne made a move then, an attempt to roll them both over in protest at the slow penetration, but Tormund didn't let her. How he managed to control himself, Clegane would never know. She was hot for it, relaxed, and luscious down below. There was no pain in her eyes, only desperate desire. And yet still he moved so slowly. “I don't understand,” she murmured, frustrated, her body moving against his, trying to encourage him to go faster. “Possess me?”

“You don't understand...” Tormund laughed slowly, and now she stared up at him, almost seeming frozen in place. “Look upon your husband, Brienne.”

Now she jolted, as if to fight, the corners of her mouth turning down in indignation. “But I didn't agree to that!” she called out, too loudly, betraying her alarm.

Tormund merely quirked his lips, as if it didn't matter at all. Made certain she saw it. “I need no permission. I seek none. You don't decide, woman. I decide.”

For a moment they stared at each other, then with her right hand, Brienne reached beneath the bedside table and drew out a short silver blade, but Tormund was ready for her. He grabbed her wrist before she could get the blade anywhere near him, pressing that hand into the pillows and negating the threat. “Oh, beauty,” he said, knowing. “You never did trust either of us, not completely, did you?”

Clegane's heart dropped a little in delayed fear, but if he hadn't been carried away, he would have expected it too. Had he really thought Brienne of Tarth hadn't had some kind of protection close by, just in case things went awry with them? Seriously? He'd been overconfident. Of course she did. Just as he would have done in her place. But he'd slept in that bed with her, and knowing she could have killed him at any time was just a little too chilling to be taken lightly. He shivered.

Having failed to use the blade, Brienne finally looked around for him, and noticed he was gone. “Sandor!” she cried out, and Clegane closed his eyes, actually screwed them up, feeling himself almost cringe into the chair. No interruptions. If he did, things might actually get bloody, and he had the feeling that whatever Tormund was up to, he was handling it quite well.
“You think I didn't guess?” Tormund asked as Clegane opened his eyes again to watch, ignoring her outburst, ignoring her panic and her anger. “You, so fierce, would never surrender so easily.” He nodded. “I respect that. But now I have you. And you still want it, don't you?” He pressed inwards a tiny bit, and she inhaled sharply. “Tell me,” he urged, a tremor in his voice that betrayed the effort he was expending to keep control. “Tell me, and I'll give you everything you want.”

That inhale came out of her in a quiet moan of desire that she couldn't help, despite her fury. Her eyes flashed up at him, promising death, and yet... “I want you,” she said, her voice low in a strange mixture of hatred and lust. “Gods, I can't help it! Tormund...” It was part demand, part plea, and the wildling responded to her immediately, moving again, excruciatingly slowly.

It must be almost torture for them both, and Brienne dug the short nails of her left hand deep into Tormund's shoulder, dragging her hand down, leaving a long row of dark red scratches all the way down the wildling's back before he was fully in her. Clegane wondered if she was even aware of doing it.

Tormund must be there – all of him – yet he continued to drive forward with his hips, lips twisted, until she gave a low moan, the knife falling from her outstretched fingers to the floor by the side of the bed with a thin clatter. Clegane found himself breathing in relief, and wondered when he'd started holding his breath.

“Good girl,” Tormund praised, earning himself a venomous glare. He leaned down and reached into his clothing by the side of the bed, and it occurred to Clegane at last that it was no coincidence he'd put it there. He pulled out something made of straps of thin dark leather.

“You are strong, and you have claws,” he observed. “But I like slow, at least to begin, so I must restrain you.” With that he pulled her left hand hand up, and before she could resist he had managed to secure both her wrists into the thin loops, only to tether those to the head of the bed.

“No!” Brienne was shocked into sudden lucidity, pulling on the restriction and gasping as Tormund got his arms beneath her legs, holding her in a position that made it impossible to resist him. Brienne kicked her lower legs out as she twisted her hands, but she was helpless, and she connected with nothing but the air.

Tormund endured this for a moment or two, remaining quite still inside her, then he growled and she froze, staring into his eyes. “Are you fighting with me?” he asked her. “Or fucking?”

“Let me go!” she demanded, and Tormund only raised his eyebrows.
“Beauty,” he scolded. “Do you need me to go over this again for you? Really?”

The look on her face was a picture. Clegane saw her glance to where her knife lay useless at the side of the bed, then to her wrists that were captured. She scowled, and screamed in frustration. Tormund waited. Eventually, she seemed to relax, and he smiled.

“Good. Then we begin,” he said.

Clegane relaxed entirely. It was done now, and whatever might come from it, he had to admit that seeing Brienne restrained like that was kind of inspiring. The wildling began to move slowly in her, giving her light, shallow, slow thrusts, and Clegane found himself content to watch. More than content in fact, as he lowered a hand to touch himself.

He didn't expect the wildling to last long. He knew what paradise was like. He'd been inside her first, after all, and yet Tormund continued. At times Brienne began to struggle again, and Tormund would stop until she relaxed once more. It was as if he was training her, only giving her what she truly desired when she welcomed it, and her bouts of resistance became fewer and further between until they disappeared completely.

He praised her, and when she gave in he allowed her legs down, letting her embrace him with them as she'd done before. To that he voiced a groan of pleasure, but he didn't stop. Perspiration broke out on Tormund's skin, alongside the red scratches she'd left on his back. He made the fucking of her a job of work, and all of a sudden it occurred to Clegane this is exactly how Tormund was treating it. Like some kind of damned weird audition. For all of his deliberate angering of her, his actions were bent on pleasing her.

“Faster now. Deeper,” he said at last, and Brienne's moans increased in tempo with his movements. At points they'd hit a crescendo as she climaxed. Tormund would pause, then begin again at the start, Brienne too, her moans light and breathless. Every muscle in him was dedicated to this task, Clegane could see them all working under the sheen of sweat that covered him, from his shoulders to his legs. It was a strangely beautiful thing to watch. And all the while, her, bound up like that. Clegane heard himself growl in lust. Who wouldn't?

At the last he was taking her so hard and deep Clegane could hear that slamming of it, that telltale slap at the end of each movement, and her vocalisations were constantly being cut short, changing to short, hard grunts of keen sensation. He taken so much time about it, he couldn't possibly be hurting her. She must have opened up to his cock like a damned flower or something. She was a woman, just the same as the rest. Still, Tormund was like him, and no matter how she'd relaxed, there was resistance. Natural order of things. That's why the wildling was having to work so hard. Pulling in
and out of that tight channel, no matter how slippery it was... Clegane drew in a breath of longing through his teeth. To feel that again...

“Ah, you are nearly there, aren’t you?” Tormund managed, breathless himself. “You feel it, coming for you. Let it take you, beauty,” he urged. “Surrender to me.”

As if in answer to him, Brienne cried out once, and then was quiet except for a kind of deep, expressive breathing. Everything about her seemed to fall. Instead of embracing him, her legs relaxed onto the bed at either side of Tormund, and her head fell back.

“There it is,” Tormund said, stilling for a moment. “Good. Now I set you free again.” And he untied her, letting her wrists loose, but her arms dropped to the bed as if lifeless, and Clegane knew he’d seen this before. The wildling had broken her, just how he’d described it. At least he didn’t waste time after that, but came quickly with a victorious roar as he did it. His rhythm broke down towards the end, drawing a strange tired moan from her before he pulled carefully away and settled beside her, pulling her arm over him.

“Tormund...?” she managed at last, after a minute or so. She struggled to sit up, but fell instantly forward, her head in her hands. “What did you do to me?”

The wildling stroked her back. “It is all right. It will pass.”

“I feel so weak,” Brienne announced, too exhausted to even be alarmed about it, and she tried to turn, but instead fell back down into Tormund's embrace. He chuckled.

“But it feels good, yes?” he asked, again with the knowing, and she sighed expansively.

“Yes,” she said against his shoulder. “It's good.”

Clegane got up and walked back over to the bed. It was done now, and he felt ridiculously pleased that Tormund was still alive. He caught the wildling's eye, and nodded. Tormund nudged her. “Do you have enough left for him?” he asked, and Brienne's eyelashes fluttered.

“Sandor...” she breathed, “where?” Her fingers twitched against Tormund's shoulder as Clegane took his place behind her so that she ended up in the middle again, sandwiched between them.
“I’m here.” She hadn't said no, hadn't said anything, and she still didn't, even when he pressed himself against her. Everything he'd seen. He was a man, and he needed her to take him too, wanted it more than anything. He nuzzled his lips against the back of her neck as he used his right hand to seek entry to her, guiding his cock, and she spoke then.

“I can’t move,” she said, as if it mattered. Clegane shook his head.

“You don’t have to.” And the next moment he was there, taking her from behind, sliding deep. Gods, but she fit him like a snug, hot living glove, wet with herself and with Tormund, slick with it. Immediately her pussy squeezed at him, drawing him in, and it felt bloody amazing. He groaned.

“Ah!” She breathed in deep, almost seeming to whimper out, and he wrapped his arms around her waist as he halted.

“Did I hurt you?” he asked, concerned.

“No. It’s just...” She almost seemed to cry, and he felt it in a sensation within her. She pulsed around him, hot velvet, that rush of something more before her pussy drew upon him again like a wet sucking mouth, only about a hundred times better. “Too much...” she moaned, helpless.

“Too much.” Clegane repeated, but she was calling him on, provoking him, and he could not resist it. He suddenly pulled back and drove in again hard. Again with that pulse, and it was a familiar sensation in some respects. Every one of those whores who he thought he’d broken had felt a little like this, but they didn't have a tenth of the intensity of sensation she had. It was bliss.

“Good...” Brienne moaned, and he felt her somehow, impossibly, touch his heart with that one word. Everything he felt for her seemed amplified as her body caressed him, urged him onwards and in.

“I’ll be quick,” he promised, with another kiss to her shoulder, and he was. It was the truth he couldn't take much of that unconscious beckoning before he spent in her, and he was sure he called her name as he did it. He was certain he loved her beyond sense, beyond anything. The woman who'd bested him, who'd broken him and left him for dead. Here she was, in his arms, her body giving him the greatest pleasure he'd ever known. And she wanted him. It was an impossible dream, made real.

When it was done, he gentled, aware that he'd lost some control of himself, but damn she had drawn
it from him and he couldn't have stopped it! He rolled onto his back and covered his face with his hands for a second. He felt empty now. He sneaked a look between his fingers, only to find that she was laid on her back, smiling strangely at him.

Clegane lowered his hands, and rested beside her, looking into her eyes. Tormund lay on her other side, hand stroking gently down her body, as if to soothe her now it was all over. She drew in a breath.

“How does it feel?” he asked, innately curious, seeing that she was so still between the two of them, broken like that. Brienne blinked.

“Like I have everything I ever wanted, and then some more,” she said, her voice dreamy. “It feels like flying, even now,” she said on a sigh. “It feels as if you might kill me and I would die happy.” She paused for a beat and gave him a wry look. “It's a strange feeling.”

Clegane grinned a little. “Yeah. Same,” he said, but in truth he thought maybe she was getting the better end of the deal, after all. Brienne laughed, clearly beginning to come around a little. Then she frowned.

“I have to get up,” she said, then just kind of flopped onto her side instead. Tormund shook his head, having his hand dislodged from her breast to her waist.

“Where will you go, woman? Your lovers are here with you.”

She managed to pull a face at Clegane, out of sight of Tormund. “Yes,” she said. “Parts of you are still in me. I need to be clean before I relax, fall asleep, or do something embarrassing, like swoon.”

Clegane laughed out loud. “Only maidens swoon,” he remarked, earning himself a dirty look.

“Yes. Thank you for that, too,” Brienne said with a roll of her eyes. She attempted to sit up, and again fell forward, just like before, catching her head in her hands. “Oh, Gods,” she sighed. It was as if she were a rag doll. “One minute,” she said, her voice a little faint, more to herself than to them.

She breathed in and out in an exaggerated fashion for a while longer than that, then somehow managed to clamber over him to the side of the bed. “Sandor?” she said. “Could you bring me a chair?”
He did so, and she managed to sort herself out behind the curtain while they waited, using the chair to keep herself steady, then she climbed back into bed between them and got all snuggly again. This time, she cuddled up against Tormund, while Clegane moved behind her, hand on her hip.

Tormund sighed and looked at her. “You will bring no more knives to bed, woman. You need no protection from us.”

Between them, she flounced a little bit. “Fine. Well, let's have no more restraints then,” she snapped back. Tormund smiled slowly.

“Didn't you like them?”

“No!”

Clegane couldn't see her face, but he suddenly laughed out loud. Brienne could do many things, but she couldn't lie worth a damn. “You keep laughing,” she said, “and I'll try them out on you.”

He had a sudden vivid vision of himself tied to the bed, with her on top, and it didn't have quite the effect on him she hoped for. “Do you promise?” he murmured into her ear, and she groaned as if he'd made a bad joke. Tormund smirked.

“I knew you wanted it that way,” she said, as if confirming a suspicion. “Well, maybe if you're very good I will do it.” She yawned, and stretched, as confident as ever, and before he could give her any kind of response she was asleep. Clegane blinked, astonished. Tormund shrugged.

“Woman is tired. Beat us to it.”

Clegane couldn't remember a woman beating him to sleep after sex before. But he settled down along with the wildling after dousing the lamps and they were soon all resting. More importantly, they were all still here. It had gone well. His last thought was how long it might take Brienne to remember she was married in the morning, and what she might do to Tormund then...
Chapter Twenty-three

Author's Note: Okay, here is the next chapter. I hope you enjoy it. If you are enjoying this story please leave feedback.

Chapter Twenty-three

Clegane awoke with his head against Brienne's left shoulder, low down, low enough so that her warm skin was soft beneath his ear and he could feel the reassuring slow beating of her heart. Her arm was around him, hand on his biceps. He breathed in deep, surrounded by her heat and scent, and opened his eyes. His first sight was of the slope of her breasts in front of his face, nipples sticking out, and he felt himself smile immediately as a reflex.

“Or, I could wake up like this every morning,” he murmured quietly to himself, feeling happy again. He lifted his head a little, and saw Tormund, arms wrapped around her waist, body all kind of scrunched up to keep on the bed, head pillowed on her flat stomach. Brienne had her other hand in the wildling's mass of hair, like he was a favoured pet or something. Clegane smirked. “We both could.”

As gently as he could, he moved his arm a little so that he could lay a hand on her right breast. It was much too tempting to just lie there, untouched. Mmm... Clegane squeezed a little, and above his line of sight, Brienne gasped. Her fingers tightened on the muscles of his arm.

At once, he looked up and found her staring at him. She was already awake, and his heart jolted in awareness. She'd been watching him sleep. Her blue eyes looked right into him as he moved his hand slightly, so that he could roll her nipple tenderly between his fingers, and he saw those eyes lose focus a little in pleasure.

“We all could,” he added then, continuing to tease as Brienne bit her lower lip. He scooted up the bed far enough to kiss her, continuing to play, her arm still around him as she kissed him back. At once he wondered if she'd let him fuck her in the morning, and he groaned in want, deepening the kiss until she suddenly wrenched herself away.

“Be careful!” she hissed in a whisper, nudging him, and he realised he was pressing his hip right against Tormund's arm. “You'll wake him.”
Clegane relented for now. If she wanted these moments to be just between them, he wasn't going to argue the matter. “Good morning,” he said slowly, and she smiled very slightly.

“Morning.” Then she looked down the bed, her hand moving in the wildling’s hair. Clegane wondered.

“Are you still angry with him?”

Brienne shook her head. “No,” she said, her voice hushed. “Not unless he wakes up being all 'I decide, woman!' because then I'll have to throw him out until he's reconsidered his position.”

Clegane laughed slowly. She'd managed a creditable impression of Tormund's way of speaking. Yet she still seemed thoughtful.

“He thinks we're married,” she said on a winsome sigh.

“You are, as I understand it,” Clegane responded, “from what he said to me beforehand.” Instantly, Brienne switched her gaze to him.

“You knew?!” she hissed, and Clegane jumped a little.

“Not everything!” he said quickly, distancing himself with his words. “I didn't know what he would do. But I knew he couldn't have taken you without all this marrying stuff.” Clegane frowned, remembering Tormund's vague explanation. “I think it's just the way they are.”

Brienne calmed again, and nodded. Again she was wearing that slight smile.

“So, you're not angry?” Clegane queried, just to make absolutely certain, and she shook her head quickly, frowning, as if annoyed at having to answer the same question twice. She petted Tormund a little more, and the wildling moved in his sleep, his arms tightening around her.

“Married,” she whispered, then looked at Clegane, “as far as he is concerned. As far as wildlings are concerned.” She half smiled. “I have a husband.”
“And what do you think?”

Now her eyes twinkled. “I think you still owe me a wedding,” she whispered, “if we get out of this. A real one. You did mean it, didn't you?”

“I don't say shit I don't mean,” Clegane said roughly, then he returned to teasing her breast with his hand, because he found he loved the way her eyes looked when he did it. “We work, don't we?”

Brienne nodded, then let her head fall back in pleasure, stretching her neck out. “I think so.” Perhaps they shouldn't be talking this way. It was a denial of reality, and yet it felt good to do it. To pretend that they could have something more, something that would last longer than the days or weeks allotted to them.

Soon, they would be out there fighting. But for now things were different, and why was it he couldn't touch her without wanting to be in her? He couldn't, that was the truth, and he knew he hadn't given a good account of himself yet. She had been a virgin the first time he'd taken her, exhausted and irresistible the second. He wanted to have her properly.

“Good,” Clegane growled. “Wake him up,” he said, with a deliberate light squeeze to her breast. “I want to fuck you in the morning.”

Brienne moaned, and Clegane grinned, giving into temptation and kissing her neck since she'd left it there for him, her head still tilted back. “You want us to do that and then go and fight each other?” she managed, breathless.

Pulling his lips back, Clegane let her raise her head again. “Don't you?” he asked, and he saw the moment she wanted it. That fire in her.

“Yes,” she said, something in her eyes quickening in more than pleasure. It was excitement, and wonder, and she moved her hand away from Tormund, so that she could reach up and touch his face. “You'll give me everything I want,” she said, as if realising it for the first time. They were the same. “I want it all.”

They stared at each other, and if he'd been more romantic he might have thought it was love between them. As it was, he thought if he didn't get his cock in her soon he might explode. On the verge of waking Tormund up, mostly to tell him to get out of the damn way, there was a grumble from lower
“About time you two realised you love each other,” Tormund observed. He yawned, and relinquished his hold on Brienne, moving up the bed on her other side. “Morning, woman.” He turned her head and placed a quick kiss on her lips.

For a moment, Clegane wondered what her reaction would be.

“Morning, husband,” she said, her voice pointed, and the wildling passed a hand over his face, but it was impossible for him to hide his sudden pleased grin. “You like being called that?” she pressed, and the wildling nodded silently. Clegane saw her eyes narrow, as if she knew she’d won.

“Good,” she said. “I’ll call you husband for as long as you please me,” she said sweetly. Tormund looked heavenward, then sneaked a glance at Clegane.

“See how ferocious she is?” Tormund said, and Clegane laughed. He couldn't help it. Felt good to see someone else get the sharp end of her tongue for once.

Even Brienne smiled, but then she leaned Tormund's way, and her voice deepened. “And I know how well you can please me now, don't I?” She kissed the wildling, slowly, and as she broke away, she was blushing. “You were wonderful,” she said, more quietly. “It felt so...” Tormund put a finger to her lips.

“When he does it to you,” Tormund said, nodding at Clegane. “Tell him. He likes to hear you tell him things. I like to hear you moan for me, beauty.” He grinned. “I like you wild.”

For a moment, it seemed as if she didn't know what to do or say, then she relaxed onto her back and looked at him. “Am I wild?” she asked, curious, and Clegane smirked.

“Only when you forget what you're doing,” he said, and because now Tormund wasn't in the way, he threw an arm over her, and a leg, lowering his head to kiss her as a reminder. “Have you forgotten?” he asked when he was done, and she shook her head.

“We might have to start getting up earlier,” she conceded, but she was arching her body towards his, urging him to come all the way over and cover her. Clegane didn't need that much urging. He'd be damned if she didn't smile beneath him as she raised her arms to drape them over his shoulders. She
made him feel more than mere lust.

“You made such a big deal of me being ready before,” she said in earnest. “How do you know my body wants it now?”

Clegane puffed his breath out in a half laugh. Like it wasn't obvious, but then perhaps it wasn't, to her. “Brienne,” he said, making sure he had her attention. “Do you want my cock in you?” She lost the smile, but her eyes darkened, and she released her breath in a sigh of unconscious longing. “Deep in you?”

He could feel her knees at either side of him as she raised her legs as an encouragement, her hips lifting slightly, but he didn't move. Not yet. “You shouldn't say it like that,” she complained, frowning at his language.

“I say it like that because of how your body responds,” he said simply. “It knows what it wants.” He rolled against her, just his weight, just a little tease, and this time she moaned openly.

“Sandor, please!”

She lifted her hips, this time properly, so strong and he felt himself slide between her lips as she did it. Now she understood what was needed, and she almost had them in that perfect alignment before she suddenly relaxed, the strangest look of disappointment on her face.

“Oh, no,” she said, staring up at him. “Not again!”

She flashed a look of apology at him that he didn't understand until she switched to look at Tormund, who shrugged sheepishly, having watched them work each other up to it over mere seconds.

“I did work you hard, beauty. I had to.”

She was sore again. Clegane collapsed onto her with a groan of unsatisfied need, which wasn't soothed at all, even when he felt her fingers carding through his hair. “I'm sorry,” she whispered.

It was hardly her fault. Her body would adjust in time. He meant to say it was all right, but what
came out of him was a low growl. He didn't realise what she was up to, even when he felt her legs
twining around his calves, but then she flipped them over on the bed, and he ended up on his back
before he could begin to be startled by it, her looking down on him for the shortest of moments
before she headed down the bed.

Clegane lifted his head from the pillows, just in time to feel the blessed heat as she took the head of
his dick into her mouth, her hand on the rest of him, all of her weight resting on her left arm. He saw
her blonde head, moving up and down, using the strength of that arm to create the rise and fall, and
he subsided with a groan of lust and pleasure. “Brienne...”

At first, she still showed that lack of experience, but she made up for it with sheer enthusiasm, and
after the first minute or so, she found her step, enough so that Clegane found himself swearing, trying
not to thrust up into that wonderful sucking heat and frighten her away.

He turned his head, hands by his sides, clenched into fists, only to find Tormund watching him.
Strangely, that made it better, and he moaned despite himself, his eyes rolling closed, though in his
mind he could still see that unblinking gaze focused on him. His body shuddered.

If he'd had room to think through the incredible sensation of Brienne sucking him off he might have
anticipated it, but he didn't, and the first touch of Tormund's lips on his made him cry out, his hands
coming up to push the wildling away. He managed to hold Tormund off of him, just a short distance,
and he opened his eyes.

“Don't you do that to me,” he growled. “Not now, you dumb cunt!” It enraged him, it did.
Somehow. Brienne was still working on him, and he wanted all of his attention for her, not for this –
whatever it was – that existed between them.

Tormund didn't smile, but his eyes twinkled, and he leaned over with his body, dominating, and
Clegane realised he couldn't fight it without interrupting her. He shook his head. “Bastard. I'll kill
you for this,” he vowed. Tormund tilted his head and then shrugged a little, as if it didn't matter.

“We do it now,” he said simply, and began the kiss anew.

His hands were already on Tormund's face, where he'd been holding the wildling off, and now he
flexed his fingers, getting his hands tangled in the ginger hair, in his beard, pulling. He couldn't fight
it, but he was furious, and their kisses might have seemed explosive before – they were nothing
compared to this. All of his anger was directed into it. He resented every second, hated everything,
loathed Tormund’s tongue, invading his mouth like that. Shoved it back with his own. Keep your
own fucking space, cunt! he thought.
All the while, he was hard, and getting closer. Brienne was quickening, and despite himself he heard himself groan into the kiss, and he wanted to punish Tormund for stealing it from him but he couldn't. Not quite. In fact, as the wildling tried to pull away, he resisted, keeping Tormund close to him, greedy for more. When he realised that he let go suddenly, and Tormund pulled back a little.

Clegane could hear the slightly obscene wet sound of Brienne's sucking, and he was moving on the bed slightly. He just couldn't help it – she felt so good now. Tormund's eyes were dark as night, half leaned over him, so that Clegane could feel his body hair. This was fucking ridiculous, but he couldn't help it, couldn't help himself.

“Good,” Tormund said. “Want another?”

Just the question reignited that desperate fury in his heart, and he dragged Tormund's lips back to his. He hardly felt human, more like a wild animal. He was a collection of sensations and Brienne and Tormund both satisfied him somehow – together.

The kiss was like a scream he couldn't voice. It was primal, and yet he was glad Tormund didn't continue it past the point of his approaching orgasm. Instead the wildling kissed along his jawline, and his neck as he tilted his head.

Then it was there, upon him, and he couldn't stop himself from lifting up from the bed. She'd relaxed her throat, enough to take him a little way. She wasn't anything like Tormund, but she was Brienne, and that was enough. He cried out her name, and because of Tormund all that was left in him was good, all that he was passed into her and it was the best of him. His face felt cool, and he raised a hand to wipe the wetness away in surprise as Tormund moved back.

At last Brienne came back up the bed, straddling him. She licked her lips like a cat that had got the cream, and he laughed shakily.

“You like my husband?” she asked, a twinkle in her eye, and he smirked. He remembered his threat, and thought perhaps Tormund might live to see another day yet.

“Aye. He's all right, for a ginger.” Something new was about to happen to Brienne, and he wanted it. “Move up here,” he said, getting his hands around her arse and pushing her up his body. It took her a moment or two before she understood, and then she gasped. But she did as he wanted.
At last she was in the right place, knees on the pillows at either side of his head, pussy just above his lips. “Mmm,” he said, happily, “down, now, Brienne, just a little.”

When he had her right where he wanted her, he wrapped his right arm around her hips to keep her steady while he went to town on her, exploring each of her folds with the tip of his tongue, giving her slow passes over her clitoris, loving every tremor he coaxed from her thighs, every moan he won from her lips. She reached out with her right hand, and he grasped it in his left – tightly.

“How do you even breathe?” she asked, breathless herself, and he made a sound against her. She shivered atop him. She tasted beautiful, and getting to know her like this was a pleasure he didn't want to waste a second of. He had his eyes closed to properly appreciate it, and he didn't even bother to answer. Luckily, Tormund took care of it for him.

“If he couldn't breathe, he would die a happy man,” Tormund commented.

“Come here,” Brienne said, and Clegane opened his eyes. She was going to try to suck the wildling off at the same time? Oh, this should be good! He released her from the tight grip he had with his arm around her hips to give her a little leeway as Tormund got on his knees.

She began confidently enough, but then Clegane got evil, suckling on her clitoris to make her lose her way. And she did, her mouth becoming lax while she panted and moaned around Tormund's cock as she came. And the wildling did exactly what he'd thought, cradling the back of Brienne's head in one large hand and using it to gently fuck her mouth.

Clegane could feel her heat, dripping onto him almost, and before it could, he formed his tongue into a point and speared her with it, keeping her nice and occupied, enjoying the honeyed taste of her in his mouth as she moved slightly up and down. He took up the same tempo as Tormund, until they were taking her from both ends. She seemed overwhelmed, her hand clutching tight to his now as they had her between them.

She couldn't speak, but her vocalisations around Tormund's dick were enlightening enough. He looked up and caught Tormund's eye, reached out with his right hand, and felt the wildling take it in his. And there they were, the three of them, together. Brienne in the middle of them, giving them both what they wanted. Clegane coiled his tongue inside her. Her pussy might be sore, but it could take this, and she moaned low in her throat, a sound that was staggered by Tormund's movements. It was fucking perfect.
Some time later, Brienne pulled on a robe that he'd got for her, sat on the side of the bed. She drew in a breath and looked at them both.

“I might need to sit this morning out again,” she said, disappointed.

“Your body is adjusting, that's all,” he said. “It's like using a new muscle.”

She brightened at that, smiling at him. “Really? Because I want to feel good when I get up. And I want to practice in the morning, and I want to have you both in the morning too.” She seemed to realise what she'd said, and bit her lower lip. “Does that make me greedy?”

Tormund gazed at her. “Now you know what you want. I call it fair. So many years, beauty. Now we have all found each other. And there is so little time.” He shrugged. “There is no greed here. Only desire to know forever in each day.”

Brienne sighed. Tormund had reminded them all of the truth, and it was harsh, but it needed to be done. There could be no false modesty between them. “Yes,” she said at last. “That is it. I want to know you forever, in each day.” She smiled sadly. “It's never going to be enough, is it? Not even if we spent every minute awake in this bed.”

Clegane cleared his throat. “We can't do that,” he put in. The other two looked at him. “Well, I don't know about you two, but I'm bloody starving, and we're already late for breakfast. Can we get on with it?”

That seemed to break the melancholy mood that had descended, and Brienne nodded, then stood up carefully. She nodded for a second time, then moved so gingerly towards the door Clegane could feel his lips pulling upwards into a slight smirk. He managed to stop it creeping in as she looked at him. “All right. See you at breakfast,” she said with a little wave, then opened the door.

“Every damned morning,” she said under her breath, then closed the door behind her.

Clegane and Tormund looked at each other, then laughed. It was completely unavoidable. They were still laughing a few seconds later when there was a sudden sharp rapping at the door. That shut them up pretty fast. They couldn't possibly answer it. Anyone who knocked at this door had come looking for Brienne, not for either of them, and they waited, hardly daring to breathe for whoever it was to go away again.
After a minute or two, when the knocking didn't repeat, they thought they were safe, but then the door opened suddenly, and they argued over the blankets, struggling to cover themselves before they even got a look at who'd walked in. When they did, they were both at a complete loss...

To be continued...
“What the fuck you doing here, boy?” Tormund growled, too surprised to think sensibly, and Clegane laid a hand on his arm.

Podrick looked just as shocked as they did. Perhaps he had some legitimate business, and maybe he hadn't actually seen Brienne leave. She was late, because they'd made her late. And yet...

“Both of you!” Podrick said, twisting his head as if it were difficult for him to comprehend. He shot Clegane a somewhat nervous glance, and jerked his head at Tormund. “I was expecting him.”

The lad drew in a deep breath that puffed out his chest. He seemed to be facing something all over again, something he thought he'd already come to terms with. “All right,” he said at last, nodding. “So, it's both of you.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” Clegane demanded.

“What do you think?!” Podrick shouted back, taking a sudden step forward. He was fully dressed, while they were not, and it granted him an advantage for all of half a second before Clegane stood up, dropping the bedclothes heedlessly. He towered over the lad, but Podrick didn't back away. Clegane laughed slowly.

“You,” he said, actually surprised at the level of daring. “You've come here to warn us off or something, haven't you?”

Podrick swallowed. “I didn't expect you to be here. But now you are, so you're included, I suppose.” He took a deep breath. “If you hurt her, I...” He looked up, all the way up, and faltered. “Well, I have to try, don't I?”

“Hurt her?!” Tormund demanded from behind him, and again Clegane laid a restraining hand on the wildling.
“It's all right, Tormund. This one thinks he's become her valiant protector,” he noted with sardonic amusement, and suddenly Tormund laughed, rich and deep, while Podrick looked nervously between them both.

“We'd kill you before you could even draw breath,” Clegane advised him. “And besides, we'd never hurt her.” He sat down on the bed again. “We're completely bloody addicted to her.”

“Aye,” Tormund added. “We've already killed some of those who hurt her, boy.”

Podrick looked at them both, then went to shut the door that was still ajar, coming back to stand before the bed. Now that the reason for his visit was out in the open, he appeared at a bit of a loose end, staring at them. With a sigh, he sat down on the bed between them. He suddenly relaxed and leaned forward, chin on his hands, dejected.

“It was a decent effort,” Clegane said charitably, patting him on the back. “For what it's worth.”

“It was shit,” Podrick replied. “I'm rubbish at this stuff.” He stole a glance at Tormund. “I don't want her like you two do. But I had to come. It's just that she's so...” He drew in a breath through his nose and then sighed again. “She's my friend.” He pulled a face. “Kind of. When she's not shouting at me, that is. She's got a heart in there, you know? Don't break her like that. She's been through more than enough.”

“Never,” Tormund declared, passionate, and Podrick blinked at him, as if seeing it for the first time. Something in the boy relaxed.

The way he spoke... suddenly something clicked in Clegane's head. “She's confided in you!” he accused, and Podrick became alarmed, inching away, but there was nowhere to go since Tormund was on the other side of him. “What did she say? What's she told you?”

“Nothing! It's not mine to tell!” he spluttered, eyes wide.


“I can't! She terrifies me more than you two do. She'd kill me! Really slowly!”
Well, that was true. The boy was cringing between them now, eyes squeezed closed, then when nothing happened to him, he sneaked a look. It was as if he couldn't help getting himself into trouble.

“Don't you use her, either of you,” he warned seriously, actually daring to waggle his finger. Clegane opened his eyes wide. He shared a look with Tormund, and then they dragged Podrick up the bed between them, keeping him captive while he thrashed and squealed like a stuck pig.

“Use her?” Tormund thundered, and Podrick's face went white as ashes.

“Well, you know. I've been there myself. I know how it works. Don't do it to her. If you have her here, you'd better love her more than life.”

Clegane growled, but Tormund tilted his head, staring deep. “You...” he said slowly. “We love her more than life. Be sure of it.”

“All right,” Podrick agreed, nodding. “So... you can let me up now!” he said, his voice overly bright, struggling, trying to free his trapped arms.

“Oh, no!” said Clegane, enjoying himself far too much. This was the best fun he'd had in ages. “I had no idea you were the voice of experience, boy. You go ahead and try and tell Tormund what to do there.” He laughed, and shared a look of amusement with the wildling.

“What experience you got, boy?” Tormund demanded. Podrick stared wildly between them, clearly terrified of looking down. He gulped.

“N-nothing, really.”

“Oh, don't be modest now. We're not going to let you go until you tell us, anyway, so you might as well spill it.” Clegane waited for a moment or two, and Podrick slumped in defeat.

“Well,” he began. “When I was in Lord Tyrion's service, he gave me gold for some whores.”

“And?” Clegane demanded.
“That's it, I swear!” Podrick burbled. “Please!”

“Oh, you're a terrible liar, boy,” Clegane said, smirking. He tightened his grip on Podrick's arm. “And...?” he asked, once more, deliberately menacing.

Podrick gasped. “They wouldn't take it.”

Clegane frowned. “The gold? They wouldn't take the gold?” Podrick nodded.

“Why not?” he asked.

“I think they liked it,” he confessed, miserable, as if it was a thing he hated.

Tormund drew back in surprise, and looked Podrick up and down, rather more of the down than the up. “Hm.. you're not hiding any kind of pecker in there,” he said at last. “You a grower?”

“What?” Podrick said, blinking. “I don't...”

“No, then,” Tormund said, still mystified. “Huh.”

“So what did you do to them?” Clegane demanded, and Podrick closed his eyes with a desperate shrug.

“I told Lord Tyrion. I don't know!” He sighed, as if he'd been here before. “They just... liked it!”

The wildling leaned in close, and Podrick opened his eyes again. Once more, Clegane saw someone else caught in the spell of Tormund's attention. “You tell me boy,” he growled, his voice low, “because I'm going to do it to her, and you want her to like it, don't you?”

Podrick nodded hesitantly. They all waited. “Come closer,” he said at last, and Tormund leaned in further, until Podrick could whisper into his ear. Clegane strained to hear what was said, but he
couldn't quite make it out. Suddenly, Tormund laughed, pulling away.

“Yes. That would do it,” he said. “Clever boy.” Then he grinned, looked at Clegane. “Never fear, we already do that.”

“What?” Clegane was still in the dark, and the secret was about to kill him.

“When you fuck her, what do want most of all?” Tormund asked, his eyes alight with laughter. “For her. In your heart? Think carefully. Honestly.”

Clegane thought for a moment, and he was as honest with himself as he could be. He brought her to mind, everything about her. “Brienne? Most of all, I want to make her happy.” It was ridiculously sappy, and kind of simple, but...

“There it is,” Tormund said. Clegane frowned for a moment, still not getting it. He stared at Podrick. Make her happy? And then he understood, and he smirked.

“No one ever wants to make whores happy,” he said, nodding. “Please them, maybe, once in a blue moon. Happy? Never. Until you came along, all innocent like.” He laughed then, because it was kind of hilarious. “Aww! No wonder they didn't want paying for it!”

“And no wonder you couldn't explain to the little man,” Tormund continued, taking over. “He'd never have understood it, shrewd as he is. At least in this, you're a better man than he is.”

Still smirking, Clegane put some little things together, ridiculous rumours he'd heard. “And now, because of that, because it was a Lannister you were squired to, you have yourself quite the little reputation going on.”

“Can I get up now?” Podrick asked, his face burning at having made the admission.

“You'd better,” Tormund said, shifting from the bed in one fluid movement. “We gonna be late for breakfast.” He went around to find his clothes. “Come on, Clegane.”

He caught hold of his own clothes at Tormund threw them at him, and fitted himself into them as
quickly as he could. “We'll see you in training, boy,” he said with a wicked wink.

“I don't suppose... I mean, do you think we could forget about this?” Podrick asked hopefully.

Clegane laughed, and shook his head. “Not a chance.”

“Ah...” Tormund wandered over, now fully dressed, and ruffled the boy's hair as he walked to the door with them. “No.”

“I am so dead,” Podrick observed unhappily.

“Don't worry,” Clegane said. “You get breakfast first,” he noted.

“Yeah... I suppose.” The little squire sighed, and it sounded like it came right from the bottom of his boots. He and Tormund pushed him out of the door between them, and halfway down the corridor Tormund clapped him on the back, pushing him forward about half a foot.

“That's the spirit!”

They left him there while they went to bathe, as quickly as they dared, racing to the breakfast table with seconds to spare. Brienne awaited them, as beautiful and delectable as ever. Was it his imagination or was her hair just a touch longer today? It seemed to be flirting with the tips of her ears, curling there.

Forever in a day.

Perhaps they could make that for her, with a little planning. Maybe tomorrow, if it would make her happy. Now that he'd said it out loud, he couldn't seem to stop thinking about it.

“Have either of you seen Podrick?” she asked suddenly, frowning as she looked around the mess hall. She wasn't even looking at him. He denied it, as did Tormund. “I must have words. It's not like him to be late, and he mustn't begin now.”
“Or maybe you could let it go,” Clegane commented casually, remembering how he'd been prepared to face death for her sake. For the sake of her heart. It was kind of touching, really. Stupid and reckless, yes, but touching.

“Let it go?” Brienne queried, her voice harsh. Now she was staring at him, her eyes steely blue, and Clegane sat up straight, jolted right out of his romantic fancies by hard reality... by her. He glanced to Tormund, but the wildling was keeping well out of it. He sighed inwardly. He could either back down, or argue the point. Before he could resolve on doing either, breakfast arrived, and that distracted all of them for at least ten whole minutes.

Happily, he thought he'd managed to get away with it, until it was all done and they were readying the practice area, only for Podrick to finally show up. Brienne took one look at the squire then marched over to Clegane, coming to stand right in front of him.

“Podrick's here,” she announced. Clegane took another look, since she clearly expected it of him. He hummed in agreement, as if he didn't care one way or another.

“I'm going to tell him off,” she said deliberately. At that he nodded once, but didn't say anything. “Because he deserves it.”

Then she stalked off and remonstrated with the boy about his timekeeping in a way that made him almost cringe. Somehow, just one innocuous suggestion and he'd made it worse.

“Shit,” he muttered. Tormund laid a hand on his shoulder. Brienne's voice rose to a fair shriek as Podrick attempted to help her with armour that she already put on, and he did wince then.

“ Fucking hell,” he swore, turning away, shaking his head slightly.

At last it seemed she was done, and she stood on the sidelines as she'd said earlier, leaving Podrick to face them alone. Clegane noted that Tormund had chosen a normal steel blade rather than Heartsbane, and he approved. They exchanged a look, and it was clear they both understood what was required now.

They couldn't ignore it, neither of them. That was absolutely out of the question. The boy had made the attempt, and to ignore it would be to disrespect the motive. They couldn't do that, and so he had to pay. It was a harsh lesson, but it had to be given.
They faced him both together, but took him on one at a time, like a tag team, Brienne watching from the side. They'd practised like this before, and Podrick didn't seem so alarmed at first, especially when he noticed how easy they were making it for him, stretching it out so that it lasted.

The first ten minutes or so passed in a similar fashion to any other training session, but there was no resolution. Between them, they made certain of it. After the first twenty, the boy was tiring, sweating. They pushed him just enough to keep him at the limit of his skill and endurance without disarming him or scoring a win. And yet it was becoming clear to Podrick he had no hope at all of winning against either of them.

They toyed with him, merciless, until he was begging them to end it with his eyes, if not with his words. After forty minutes he was stumbling around the arena, always with one or the other of them following him, keeping him busy. He didn't dare to concede in front of her. Clegane wondered how long it would take before Podrick fell to his knees and begged for them to stop.

Before it could get to that point, Brienne appeared in front of them, sword drawn, as if to shield Podrick from any more. “Enough,” she said, and he and Tormund put away their weapons immediately. They didn't want to engage her, not before she was ready.

They drew together into a small group, as if to confer.

“You didn't need to do that,” she said quietly, as if displeased.

“Yes, we did,” he replied simply, not bothering to explain any further. She glared at him, and a frisson of something passed between them. He saw it reflected in her eyes, and she backed away a step, because this was a public place. Clegane smiled slowly. “You feeling better yet?” he asked, his meaning clear, and she licked her lips unconsciously.

“A little.”

She turned away to deal with Podrick, and he knew he'd won.

“You've done well today, Podrick. I'm proud of you,” she was saying. “And, I'm sorry I yelled at you earlier,” she admitted out loud. “You're never late, and I'm sure you have a good reason.” She sighed. “I wasn't quite myself this morning.”
“It's all right, my Lady,” Podrick replied. “May I go now?”

She nodded, and he withdrew, with a dark look to the two of them as Brienne turned back around.

It was early to call a halt, but they got rid of their armour right there all the same. That undercurrent of energy was building as they made their way back to her room, and by the time she closed the door behind them it seemed as if the space between them might begin to crackle with it.

She turned to him, her eyes dark. “Brienne,” he began, thinking maybe to clear the atmosphere a little. Just one casual suggestion and it had all got right out of hand. He couldn't think where it had come from.

“Be quiet,” she said, a warning in her voice. “Just shut up.”

She used a chair to raise her feet one by one, unlacing her boots in a temper and rush, toeing them off before she came to stand in front of him, fingers moving to the buttons of her shirt.

“Get undressed,” she said, staring at him, and he licked his lips, already at work, until it became like a race between them. Tormund was somewhere, but he couldn't even spare a glance for what the wildling was doing right now. She filled his entire world, looking at him like that.

When at last they were naked, she ran her palms up over his chest, her eyes narrowing in lust. She skimmed those palms over his shoulders, as if taking the measure of him, then squeezed at his biceps. She shoved him back, hard, right onto the bed, until they tumbled onto it, her on top of him, astride him looking down, and he shook his head.

“Oh, I don't think so,” he told her, his voice low, and she frowned.

“What?” she asked, imperious.

He caught her around the waist, his thumbs caressing just lightly. “You've been one hard bitch all morning, out there. In here, you don't get to do that. You want it like this, you'd better start being a bit nicer to me.”
That frown of hers deepened, but only momentarily, before he tightened his hold on her and rolled them over, reversing their positions. She gasped beneath him in surprise, and he looked her up and down.

“You're hard to me out there, and I'll be just as hard to you in here. Believe it.”

Somewhere behind him, he heard Tormund's amused laughter.

He took hold of her hands and placed them over her head, then moved to map the shape of her body with his palms. She reached out to touch him in turn and he replaced her hands above her head, this time with a slap to her thigh as a reminder.

A sudden flare of fire in her eyes alerted him, and he caught her wrist before she could hit him, leaned on her other arm. She stared up, caught and helpless, then raised her head enough to kiss him. It was as violent and hard as any kiss he'd shared with the wildling, until it inevitably softened into something else. They almost seemed to melt into each other, falling down into the bed, into each other arms, and he'd let her go. Her arms were around him, and when he drew back her eyes were closed, lips wet and trembling.

She let her head fall to one side as if in surrender. Her body shivered beneath him. “Sandor, I'm sorry,” she said, as sincere as she'd ever been. And he saw her throat as she swallowed. “I didn't mean to be hard on you. It's just...” She sighed. “I wanted you so much this morning, and then we couldn't, and the more the time went on, everything just... I felt all wrong somehow. Like there was something missing, or I'd forgotten something. And you didn't seem bothered at all, and I just, couldn't bear it to see you like that.”

She was confessing to her own sexual frustration like she'd done something terrible, and he groaned. “Brienne. It's all right.”

“Is it?” she asked sharply, staring at him now. “Because I was certain I had more self control than this.”

“You've never had these desires before,” Clegane said, taking the opportunity to run his hands all over her. He couldn't imagine what it was like for her, not at all, and he remembered his thought about how it was like breaking the wall of a dam, and how strong those desires might run in her. How deep.
She sighed, and she seemed a little upset then as she gazed up at him. “I'd give anything for more time. Not just with the two of you, but to get a grip on all of this. Did I make a mistake, doing this now? Honestly?”

He shook his head. What a question!? “No, you didn't. Don't ever ask me that again, Brienne, for fuck's sake.”

“But I've given you power over me, haven't I?” She glanced aside as Tormund joined them. “Both of you. I didn't realise how much until now, until it's too late.”

Clegane shrugged. He couldn't seem to get enough of her, the proportions of her. She was so utterly perfect for him. “So? You think that doesn't go both ways?” he asked, and she frowned. “You say no to us for one day, I guarantee we'd be crawling at your feet by the end of it.”

From the corner of his eye, he could see the face Tormund was pulling, but then the wildling puffed out a breath through his lips and nodded, shrugging, admitting to it. Brienne giggled at them both in a kind of relief. “Really?”

“Really,” he said, serious, finally letting his hands get to the prize, her breasts, squeezing them a little so that she stretched out below him, her own hands curling around the small of his back. “Now. You feeling better?” She nodded, and he grinned. “Good. Because I've been wanting to do you properly since we started all this.”

“Properly,” she repeated, her eyes darkening the way they always did. “But I want to fight you both today,” she warned. “If I miss the morning, I need to practice in the afternoon. You know I do. And I want lunch.”

“Then you'd better stop talking, woman, and start getting in the mood,” he suggested. “Like about ten minutes ago.”

Brienne moaned as he tormented her with those hands, thumbs brushing over her nipples. “I'm in the mood,” she said, as if trying to convince herself, then she shook her head. “You can't just say 'get in the mood' and that's it,” she complained, her eyes suddenly flashing at him. “I don't think I work that way.”

“Want to bet?” Clegane murmured wickedly. He'd learned some secrets about what she liked over the past few days, after all, starting with this, and he nuzzled into her neck, hearing her catch her
breath as he kissed her there. Her skin tasted clean, and just behind her ear there her skin was soft as the finest velvet, and he wanted to be inside her. Her hands were on his shoulders, holding him close, palms warm while her body became inviting. Nevertheless, he moved his weight off of her, and moved one hand down, only to gently brush the back of his knuckles over her stomach. She shivered and whispered his name.

Now he moved down her body, deliberating over which one, before latching onto her left nipple and letting himself go on that while Tormund moved in to kiss her. As he looked up, he could see the wildling's large hand, gentle on the side of her face, guiding her lips to his. The kiss was deep from the off, muffling her but for a few stray murmurs of high-pitched sound.

Soon, he moved his hand down from her sensitive stomach, to the inside of her thigh, stroking up. Tormund too, on the opposite side, until her body began to move between them in little upwards and outward motions, suggestive as hell.

At last, he pulled his lips away with a smacking sound and slid one finger between her pussy lips, circling that finger around her clitoris. She was already moist and hot in there. Tormund pulled back too, and she moaned, long and low, aware of the teasing.

“Sandor,” she said, turning that intense blue gaze on him. Strange how he'd become used to it. Now it didn't alarm him as it had at first, dangerous though she was like this. He flicked that finger against her, just there, again and again, and it was sticking out like a little pebble, longing for his touch. He stared into her eyes as he did it.

“No, you're in the mood,” he remarked, touching himself with his other hand. There wasn't any need. He wanted her more than air, more than life.

She narrowed her eyes at his words, then half sat up, her hands tightening on him, almost dragging him up the bed as she reclined back down. Now she was wild. Clegane felt his heart beating faster. “Give it to me,” she demanded. “I want it.”

“Yes!” He was quick about it, not just because she wanted it, but because he wanted it, to be there again. His weight was on her, and his hand was already guiding himself as she wrapped a leg around his hips, pulling him forward as she moved, doing half of the job for him. And he gave it some power, because he knew she was tight, but he went deeper than he expected because of what she did, because her body was ready, and so wet with her juices, and for a moment he almost lost himself in that heat and pressure. It sucked at him, like she was made for his cock.

“Oh, fuck! Brienne!” That first thrust inside, and he had to stop. He was so deep in her, and this time
she hadn't frozen on him. This time all that wonderful multitude of sensation was his right from the off, and he stared into her eyes, right beneath him, because she was so tall and they were on the same level. Being inside her... nothing else mattered.

He grunted, because she moved slightly beneath him and he wasn't ready. “More,” she said, and he growled then, holding her down with all of his weight. Gave her a couple of quick, sharp movements that were more about finding his own control than anything else, and the deep look to her faded away a little as she cried out.

He breathed heavily for a few seconds, finally becoming used to the glorious feeling of it, and then he knew he could continue without losing it too soon. She stared up at him, and he blinked.

“Are you all right?” he asked then, seeing how she'd come back to herself a little, and she nodded.

“Still sore?”

She drew in a deep shuddering breath that he could feel, and he hummed in appreciation. “No. Not so that I want you to stop. I want this. I want you.” She swallowed. “You feel so good, Sandor.” His name came out on a little whimper of need, and then at last he moved again, beginning a slow in and out that would please them both. He felt her arms and her legs embrace him, her body moving in tandem with his, and yet by far he was most aware of how she felt around his cock.

She let her head fall back, mouth open, and he raised a hand to her face, moving her head so that he could stare into her eyes as he fucked her. That he could do it like this was a pleasure in itself. That he could see it in her eyes as he drove himself deep into her, over and over.

“Sandor,” she moaned, eyelids flickering.

“Look at me,” he urged. She did so, and he felt the effect on her as he stared into her eyes. She liked it too, so intimate like this. “I want to see it, when you come,” he said, and she shuddered, but she didn't look away...

To be continued...

Author's Note: Yes, I'll be continuing with this very scene, but the chapter was getting kind of long, so... please leave a word or two for the muses. :) I hope you had fun so far!
Chapter Twenty-five

**Author's Note:** Hello, lovely readers. As promised, continuation of that scene, over 3.3k words of mostly pure smut. There'll be plot at some point, I promise. For now, they get to have fun. I hope you enjoy it. Please leave a word or two for the muses. Thank you! :) Oh! And please do make sure to check the updated tags listing. I've added Anal Fingering for this chapter.

Chapter Twenty-five

Deeper into her, and not just physically. He'd had thoughts about having been waiting for her all his life, now it seemed emblazoned on his soul as he leaned over her, weight on his forearms at either side of her head, staring into her eyes. Her hands were on his face, trembling a little, so gentle while her body embraced and contracted around him below.

They were as deep a blue as ever now, those eyes, and she'd caught him as well as he'd caught her. He couldn't stop moving, their bodies in synchronised perfection. He let some part of his weight rest upon her, and she was still strong enough to keep it up. It made his heart beat faster, and he had to start thinking of something else besides the way she felt around his dick, or else she would end him, much too soon.

Well, it was perfection like that for a minute, maybe two, before she broke the rhythm, moving too fast until they were out of alignment and she was drawing back at the same time as he was, too far, and he was slipping out, going back in at the wrong angle for them both. Brienne gasped, her eyes squeezing closed. Hurriedly, he moved his right hand back down, swearing. He remembered then that she was new to this, not experienced at all, and she was too eager, too fast as she tried to move her body to help.

“Bloodyhell! Stay still,” he said, and she did, letting him direct until they were there again. Clegane groaned in appreciation. Home again.

“I'm sorry,” she murmured beneath him, understanding she'd caused it, and he shook his head as he stared down at her, smiling slightly.

“You know, if you want it faster, just say so. This isn't a fight between us, Brienne. We fuck, together.”

She pulled a face. “You want me to beg?” she demanded suddenly, and her body tightened around
him pleasurably. He laughed a little.

“No. Well, maybe not yet,” he said, smirking. “I do want you to communicate. When you get to be on top, you’d better believe I’m going to tell you what I want.”

Now she blushed, and he knew why, because she was imagining it, and she was already imagining making him beg. He could see in her, clear as day. “Now that’s a naughty thought, right there,” he told her, slowing right down and rotating his hips so that she moaned helplessly. “Isn't it?”

“Sandor...”

He relented, letting them get back to the easy rhythm of before, noting how she began to move again. She couldn't help it, he realised then, because this was as physical as any other activity, and it suited her right down to the ground. With a little experience behind her, she'd be incredible.

“Say what you want, so I can match you for speed, and we stay together,” he said, and her expression cleared all at once, hearing him say it like that. She bit her lip, then smiled.

“Faster,” she said, and this time he was expecting it, so she didn't get ahead of him. She pulled her breath in and out more quickly, her hands gripping his biceps. “Ahh...” She moaned, open-mouthed, still staring up at him. Her face was flushed now, and she was getting warmer. It wasn't the exertion that had gotten her going.

“You want it harder?” he asked. “Deeper?”

She shook her head, as if to shake the words away. “Just keep it up, like this,” she managed, interspersing her words with little breathless sighs. Something about the speed must suit her better, because a short while later, he could see it in her eyes as well as feel it, when it came upon her.

“Oh, Gods,” she said, and it was as if she'd let him into her very soul. She'd stopped moving, but he was still going after it, going after her, and her pussy was suddenly rushing hot around him, pulling him deep. The way she was looking at him, he thought he might be drowning in her, and he leaned down to kiss her before she could say his name because if he heard that it would finish him off too.

He stilled inside her until it was all done, until her body had finished fluttering and pulsing so keenly, and then he broke the kiss. She had her arms around him, hands sliding over his shoulders as if to
calm him. Perhaps she thought it was all over. Clegane moved again, and she drew in a startled
breath.

“Oh!” she cried out. He managed to grin.

“We're not done,” he said, and she moaned, finally giving in, letting her head turn away, only to see
Tormund. Immediately he felt her give him a little kind of pulse of awareness, and he smirked.

“If you're thinking he's next, well then you'd probably be right,” Clegane said, and again he felt her
tighten around him. She couldn't keep any secrets from him like this.

“Don't,” she said, shivering, yet he knew how the idea excited her, could feel it, and despite it all she
began to move again just like before, urging him on to fuck her more. Again. And he had no
sympathy at all.

When she came for the second time, he couldn't resist going there with her. She felt so good, it was
almost impossible not to, and he emptied himself into her with a growl of possessive fervour he
couldn't help. His. Every morning, every night. From now until the end of his life, however long
there was left. He didn't pull out, but stayed within her, rolling them over again so they were back at
the beginning with her on top. Only difference now is that she was draped over his chest, all tame
and loving, her lips pressing against him here and there in pleased and lazy satisfaction. Huh. Looked
like the bad mood was finally over.

He didn't miss Tormund, moving to the foot of the bed, and he shifted his own legs apart to make
room for the wildling to come up behind her, sharing a look with him that Brienne completely
missed.

Of course he slipped out of her, she was wet with them both, and he was soft now. She moaned in
regret, only to cry out a second later because Tormund had knelt behind her on the bed, pulling her
hips back and up.

“Tormund,” she said, gulping, then she cried out again, probably because he was in her already.

“What do you call me, woman?” the wildling asked, thumbs rubbing slow circles on her hips.
Brienne seemed shocked into submission for a second, and Clegane thought it suited her a whole lot.
“Husband,” she groaned, relaxing her upper body down onto his chest. Clegane shook his head. And since he knew she'd have plenty of opportunities to be evil to him, he decided it didn't hurt to start with her now.

“Oh, no, you don't,” he said, pushing at her shoulders, making her take her own weight on her hands at either side of his body. “Let me have my favourite things while he has a go with you.”

Brienne's eyes were clouded with pleasure. “Favourite things?” she echoed, then dropped her head as he gathered the gentle weight of her breasts in his palms, tender as could be.

“Look at me, Brienne,” he said, and she did, all kind of shocked still, even though as far as he knew, Tormund hadn't even started to move yet. From the corner of his eye, it seemed the wildling was rubbing oil into his palms, up to who knew what.

Actually, Tormund had been rather quiet all along, and it occurred to Clegane that it must have been because he was planning something.

“Give me some little movements, now, beauty,” Tormund said to her. “Forward and back.”

She closed her eyes and shuddered, but she did it, breathing shakily and allowing Tormund to guide her, one large hand on the small of her back. “That's it,” Tormund said, biting his lower lip, eyes focused down as he watched her fuck herself on him. “Not too far. Good...”

As she continued, the wildling began to use his hands to smooth oil over her skin. Not on her back, but over her thighs and buttocks. Over her hips, and her pelvis, massaging her everywhere with those hands, and suddenly it made sense why he had her doing the work. It wasn't just some perverted wish to see her do it, though it must be a damned sensational view. It was to keep her busy while he got her ready for what came next.

Clegane continued to massage her chest with his hands from below. He had to admire the daring of it, but even as she was, he wondered if Tormund would manage it or not. It kind of depended on how far he was planning to go.

Brienne didn't seem to realise, and bore Tormund's touch as if it was just some peculiarity she hadn't experienced yet. But then, all of this was new to her. How would she know?
Instead of going for it, Tormund reached beneath her, rubbing that oil into her where they were joined, and further, over her clitoris, meaning that she suddenly collapsed down onto him in complete surrender.

“I’m sorry, Sandor,” she said. “But I c-can’t! Ohh...” She sobbed in pleasure and he held her in his arms, stroking a hand through her hair, her breaths heated against his chest.

“It’s all right, Brienne,” he said, his voice low and reassuring. In truth, he was glad, because he was too busy watching what Tormund did next to distract himself by playing with her. Soothing her, reassuring her – that he could do.

Her upper body was at rest upon him, but she was still on her knees, her arse stuck up in front of Tormund for his pleasure. The downwards curve of her body was so damned erotic if he had anything left he’d be hard again, but she'd already taken everything from him. She'd stopped moving, but the wildling took over for her now, beginning with long slow strokes that progressed steadily until Brienne made a guttural sound against his chest.

“Oh, that's so deep,” she groaned, her voice dropping a couple of registers. And she kept doing it, as Tormund fucked her like that, as if he was touching her somewhere neither of them had reached before this.

As he watched, Tormund slowed, then pulled back a little, pouring more oil onto his fingers, which he scrunched slightly, then he withdrew, prompting a dismayed groan from Brienne before he had a finger deep in her. He moved his hand then, pulling it away, going back again, and Clegane couldn't see from this angle, but he knew where Tormund was touching her nevertheless, because of how she responded.

“Oh, don't! Please! Not there!” She cried, lifting her head, her eyes staring out at nothing as she tried to move. Immediately, Tormund’s hands were on her hips again, keeping her still.

They both hushed her at the same time, Clegane rubbing a hand between her shoulders while Tormund chanced moving one hand to stroke her lower back. She didn't calm down, the frequency of her breath increasing.

“Beauty!” Tormund snapped, and she froze, as if that were her true name, and Brienne was just a mere fancy she indulged in from time to time. “My cock isn't going here,” he said. “Here, I only want to get a finger in you. Today, that is all. Just a finger.”
Brienne sniffed in through her nose, but didn't speak. Neither did she move. Then, as Clegane watched Tormund bent his head and kissed her there. He must be kissing her – there was no other way to account for the position of his head, and Brienne sobbed again, in pleasure again.

“Tormund,” she breathed. And it continued, and she breathed quick and shallowly, trembling with sensation. When he moved, she was relaxed again, and this time, she only protested with a groan as he pressed a finger against her. Was he doing it yet? Clegane couldn't see. Seemed like he would take his time though, given what he'd seen of Tormund's methods so far, and he knew he was right when she suddenly hissed a whole minute or two later.

There was a peculiar kind of tension about her then, in all of her body, and it continued for a while before she began to relax, with Tormund encouraging her, his other hand stroking her and massaging her.

“Good, beauty. See it is not so hard to take.” He nodded eventually, as if to himself, then his other hand disappeared, and he took proper position again behind her. “One comes out,” Tormund said slowly, “and one goes in.”

At first, Clegane thought he had lied to her, then he understood. As he pulled that finger back, he’d slid his cock into her pussy. Brienne moaned louder then than he’d ever heard her. Behind her, Tormund was concentrating on keeping control, but he was also half smiling in victory.

“And as one comes out, the other goes in.” It was slow, but she was taking it, trembling in his arms. “How does it feel, beauty?” Tormund asked then, genuinely, frowning as he awaited her answer.

Brienne whimpered. “You're going to do it to me, aren't you?” she asked then, as Tormund stopped, giving her chance to reply. “Both of you, together.”

“Not today, but soon, yes. We are. Am I hurting you?”

She gulped and shook her head. “Not hurting, not a lot anyway, just...” She shivered all at once. “In the middle, it's... I feel so... full.”

Now Tormund moved again, and she cried out loudly again. “How does it feel?” he repeated, and she sobbed. He wasn't asking her how Clegane himself asked her, for titillation and description. This was a concern, so that he could adjust what he was doing if necessary. Slow it down for her if he was going too fast.
“Oh, Gods! What are you doing to me?” Brienne whimpered. “How are you doing it? It shouldn't feel like that. Like I want you to.” Her face flushed as she made the confession, and Clegane kissed her hair, letting her hide herself against his shoulder.

At that, the wildling grinned in triumph, and he kept it up, slowly, that in and out, but the back and forth shortened, until Clegane knew without a doubt his cock and his finger must be sliding against each other inside of her. He'd never heard Brienne moan the way she did then. It was half protest, half lust. Until Tormund reached below her, to tease, then she quivered and shook all at once.

“Hmm...” Tormund groaned, eyes closed. “That was one. He took two, beauty. I'll take two, then we'll stop, I promise.”

Brienne seemed beyond a response right then.

“I'll take this away for now.”

At last he pulled his hand back all the way, and she relaxed utterly, only for Tormund to slide deep, causing her to give that low, short moan again. His other hand continued to work on her at the front, rubbing in slow circles.

That next one seemed to take time to build in her, but it was strong, and she actually bit his shoulder as she climaxed. She might have hurt him, but the wildling pulled her body back, suddenly and sharply enough to dislodge her and she cried out as he filled her up with himself, growling low as her fingers scrabbled over Clegane's chest, in search of something to hold onto.

As she relaxed her body down fully, Tormund went with her, though he took his weight on his hands, which was probably a good thing, because with all of that combined muscle, they both weighed a lot, and Clegane didn't fancy being trapped beneath the two of them. Tormund's eyes were dark with sated pleasure, and Clegane smirked. He moved one foot upwards in a daring tease, catching the back of Tormund's calf, caressing him with it. The wildling smiled, and his eyes closed. Clegane kept it up for a few seconds, feeling the hair on the back of Tormund's leg, prickly and wiry, pushing it the wrong way, then he laughed and relented as Tormund moved to the side.

Brienne laid still and quiet on him, but she wasn't asleep. He let her, threading his fingers through her hair with one hand, stroking her back with the other. They'd come up here early, and though they'd done a lot, he didn't think they taken that long about it. After about five minutes or so, he jolted her a little bit.
“Are you fit?” he asked. She lifted her head and stared at him.

“Are you joking?” she fired back. He smirked.

“You wanted lunch,” he reminded her. She groaned.

“We'll take a picnic,” she grumbled, and then moved off him to lie between them with a little sigh. After a moment, she stretched her arms and legs out, then smiled slowly. “I think I'm getting used to it,” she said.

“You're not feeling sore?” he asked. She shook her head, and then suddenly frowned. The look on her face was priceless.

“Oh, Gods! Every time!” she said, and fought her way out from between them to stand by the side of the bed. At first, Clegane thought they'd done it again, until she went to the washbasin and squeezed out a cloth, then he laughed and laid back while she pulled that ridiculous curtain across again. He turned onto his side, only to find Tormund staring at him.

“Well done,” he said quietly, nodding. The wildling smirked.

“Aren't you a tease when you want to be?” Tormund asked in a whisper, leaning over. He hovered close, his lips near Clegane's ear. “Next time you want to do something like that, do it when I'm in her, not when I'm already done. So as I can enjoy it properly.”

Clegane huffed. “You wish!” But he caught a hand in Tormund's hair and moved his head a little, enough so that they could look into each other's eyes. They were going to kiss again, it was fairly obvious. Well, at least until Brienne pulled that curtain back to catch them at it.

“Get up,” she said briskly. “You two can admire and congratulate each other later. We've got training to get to.”

She went around finding fresh clothes for herself, while he and Tormund broke apart from each other as if they'd been caught stealing. Wait... hadn't she been all lazy and warm just a minute or so ago? Clegane frowned as she threw his breeches at him. They hit him square in the chest. Then she
seemed to notice his look.

“Oh, I'm so not climbing back in that bed with you both,” she said. “I know exactly where I'd end up.”

“You'd like ending up there,” Clegane told her, prompting a kind of hushed snicker from Tormund, and she raised an eyebrow at them both. She was nearly dressed now, and she folded her arms over her open shirt as if waiting for them to get on with it.

“Oh, really. You think I was in a bad mood this morning? How do you think I am if I don't get enough good exercise in a day?”

Clegane and Tormund looked at each other. The wildling puffed out a breath through his lips, eyes wide.

“It's winter. The daylight is running out,” she reminded them, then advanced on the bed, standing there with her hands on her hips. “I've got lots of stamina. Unless you feel like you're up to actually tiring me out in the dark, you'd better get dressed. Both of you.”

She smiled sweetly at them. “And just in case you were wondering, what we did just then...? In terms of pure physical exertion, I hardly got out of breath. Get up!”

Well, that got them moving!

To be continued...
They’d been playing for longer than he realised, because it was well past lunchtime once they emerged from her room. They had to retrieve their armour from the courtyard, and it worked out quite well that way, once they’d joked around helping each other into it – all of them – they had to pass the mess hall on their way out, so they picked up a few things to take with them to the hill.

She was eager, but then they all were. The mornings were missing something when she couldn’t join in, but they would rectify that now. They had the whole afternoon to test each other. Then all night to please each other. It seemed to Clegane that somehow, they were managing to make themselves a little bit of Heaven right here, just before... he shied away from thinking about it. What was the point in thinking about that now?

All the food they’d brought with them was in a basket, and Tormund was carrying it, peeking into it occasionally and teasing Brienne with a commentary of all the wonderful things the staff of Winterfell had put inside, getting more and more elaborate and ridiculous until he was lying his head off and she was dancing around him, trying to get her hands on it to see.

Clegane watched them, but didn’t join in. She was becoming more playful outside, in public, and it was good to see somehow. If he drew her attention to it, she would surely stop. So he said nothing.

“I’ll let you see the cherries,” Tormund said, “if you give me something.”

Brienne shook her head. “I want something! I’m hungry!”

Tormund appeared to deliberate, walking backwards so as to keep his eye on her, because she was still trying to reach around him to get hold of the basket, almost embracing him. Clegane laughed quietly. “I’ll give you... an apple!” he bargained, and Brienne licked her lips.

“All right, what do you want?” she asked, smiling.

“A kiss, beauty,” he replied.
At that, her face darkened and she looked around her. They were still in Winterfell, and there were plenty of people around to witness such a thing. Tormund tilted his head. “Ah, then you can't be that hungry,” he said sadly, making a show of it, sighing heavily.

Brienne glanced at him, and he shrugged. Then, as if she'd made up her mind, she drew close to Tormund and kissed him on the lips briefly, drawing back a little as she looked into his eyes. The wildling instantly dropped the basket onto the ground and pulled her close.

“A real kiss,” he said. And then he was doing it, and she didn't fight him, only wound her arms around his neck as he kissed her thoroughly, deeply, right there in the middle of everything. A few onlookers nudged each other as they walked by, giggling. Clegane scowled at them to make them move on quickly.

At last Tormund drew back. “There. That is good. One apple, I think we said.” He let her go and picked up the basket, peering inside it, drawing out a shiny green apple and tossing it to her. She caught it with a laugh.

“Just for that, husband,” she said. “I think I'll start with you once we get there.”

Tormund clutched a hand to his heart in a dramatic fashion. “Yes!” he exclaimed, and Brienne laughed at him.

Before they got any further, Clegane felt a hand on his arm, and he turned, still smiling, only to find himself facing Jon Snow. He immediately frowned.

“What?” he said at once.

“We need to talk,” Snow said. Tormund and Brienne had stopped too, and were waiting. The wildling gave them both a questioning look and Snow shook his head. “Just him,” he said to Tormund.

Clegane hoped Snow wasn't fool enough to try and interfere in this. “I'll catch you up,” he told the two of them, then he glanced at the basket. “Save me some of everything,” he warned.

Snow walked off, leaving him with no option but to follow, and he did, scowling now. What the hell did Snow want with him? They'd done what they set out to do together. He couldn't think what this
could be about now.

He looked back once, and saw Tormund and Brienne going on without him. They could take care of themselves, and whatever this was, it wouldn't take him long to catch them up. He just hoped – genuinely – there'd be some food left by the time he was done.

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They walked on together towards the hill, and Brienne drew in deep lungfuls of the cool air. It didn't feel right, not being able to train in the morning. To be honest, that alone made her feel out of sorts because it usually set her up for the day ahead, but now she could feel her blood beginning to ease in anticipation of the swordplay. She glanced down at the apple in her hand, and took a smallish bite from it, the sweet and tart taste spreading over her tongue as she chewed, waking her senses a little more.

Tormund strode beside her. She considered him for a moment as they walked. If she was honest, she could still feel what they had done over lunchtime, particularly what he had done. Just the thought of it made something in her ache pleasurably. It didn't hurt though, or feel sore, not like it had for the past day and half. That was something. Tormund looked around, stared at her, and she held up the apple.

"Want a bite?" she asked, deliberately teasing. He grinned and grabbed hold of her wrist as they stopped walking. She held it for him as he bit into it, looking down at him slightly, free hand resting on his shoulder. He tried to take it from her, but she shook her head, tutting until he let it go, biting down properly and she pulled the apple back and away.

About a third missing. She ate the rest, then tossed the core to one side as they resumed their walk.

Some things about her life had changed, because of them. Now, she tended to think of her life before what they had done, and her life after, because it was the easiest way to deal with it in her head. It had happened so fast, but she didn't regret it at all. The person she had been before didn't understand, didn't know. Now she knew things, and it was like a whole other world had been opened up to her, and there was so short a time to explore it.

Yet this world they were walking into now, a world of swords and steel and fighting. This had not changed at all, and it belonged to her. Let there be any number of Queens in Westeros fighting over the Iron Throne – here, she was Queen, and there were no challengers. Well, there was Arya Stark, but she was an assassin, not a warrior. Again, she drew in a deep breath. She couldn't imagine training without the two of them either now. Not because she wanted them like that – not while they were out here, not really – but because they matched her. They challenged her. And in that too, she had a sense that they were meant to be together, all three of them. Not in the same silly romantic way she had once thought about Jaime Lannister, but in a deeper way.
After what they'd shown her, thoughts of Jaime held no interest for her now. Why was that? She remembered how he'd looked at her once, so long ago, when they'd been travelling together, long before they'd been captured. When she'd killed the men who'd hung those women. He'd been afraid of her, for an instant it was true. That fear in others, it was too familiar. She looked to Tormund, and he wasn't afraid of her like that. Not ever, and it meant she could relax around him somehow. She could be herself. Sandor too, despite the fact that she thought she'd killed him that one time. He wasn't afraid of her either.

Tormund had noticed her gazing at him. “What is it, beauty?” he asked, and she shook her head. He'd be fast out there, with Heartsbane. She looked forward to it. But for now, she slid her hand into his as they walked, felt his fingers slide between hers as he smiled.

He called her beauty, having stolen the word from those who meant to hurt her so long ago. They were just ghosts now, but he'd defeated them and cut them down nevertheless. He'd done so much more than Renly. He'd claimed it back and made it true somehow, and then married himself to her without so much as a by your leave. He was a maddening mixture of contradictions. One moment he was playfully submissive, the next he seemed to be able to draw responses from her body and mind that she'd never guessed herself capable of... and she liked it all the same. To be his. Brienne shook herself.

The upshot of the past week was that she didn't regret it. Not one single thing. There was no future to concern herself with, no consequence, no fear for what going forward might mean. Only what was left to them. She squeezed Tormund's hand in hers, and hoped it would be enough somehow. She knew what they faced, or thought she did. She'd seen that dead thing. But they'd seen more, an entire army of them. She knew when it came to that, she'd be furious to have that army steal them away from her, and that would help her fight, but it wouldn't save her. Or them. When it came to the end, she wanted to know that she had taken everything she could, tasted everything she could, to have known them both as well as she could.

And she wanted to be ready to do as much damage to that army as possible. They were here. She let Tormund go as he put down the basket and stretched out her limbs slowly. The brisk pace had warmed her muscles, and she waited for him to straighten up and face her, then she drew her sword. He wasn't afraid, and her heart soared.

“Ready?” she asked, feeling the first tendrils of that lovely adrenaline beginning already, just for the thought of it.

His eyes darkened with anticipation as he drew Heartsbane, and they were the same. They wanted the same thing now: to fight.
Tormund was actually a very challenging opponent. His technique did not conform to set rules or patterns, which meant that fighting him required a certain level of focus and concentration that had to be sustained over the course of the duel. He could easily surprise you. Now that he had Valyrian steel, that challenge had increased ten-fold.

Brienne had to concede privately, he was also much more agile than either her or Sandor, which meant that as she swung her sword wide, he could fade back in a way that Sandor couldn't. While she might have scored a hit against him, against Tormund, she only managed to over extend her arm and leave herself open to his next attack.

He got that first hit, but they were straight back into it, and they were grinning at each other, enjoying it as they circled. The clash of the steel was fast and vicious. He bellowed at her, and she found herself almost echoing him, indulging in roaring back because it did help, but she wouldn't be allowing Podrick to do it any time soon.

Her experience was total, and though she yelled back at him, she didn't become emotional about the fight, and so she began to win, scoring the next two hits in quick succession. They'd been at it for about twenty minutes before it descended into a wrestling match, and he actually barrelled into her, knocking her to the ground.

The armour shielded her from most of it, so she wasn't winded, but she was disarmed. He'd thrown his blade to the side before he attacked, and they were fighting hand to hand, and though she was taller than him, he was strong!

Now, having the experience of fighting with them both like this, it occurred to her – too late – that Tormund might have more physical strength than even Sandor, and she growled in frustration as she ended up trapped beneath him, her sword well out of reach. She'd have lost even if he wasn't holding her arms down to the ground.

With an enraged scream, she tried to roll them over, and she might have managed it, but the same armour that had protected her was a hindrance now, its weight aided him instead, until she slumped in defeat. Or, almost. As he looked down at her, victorious, then lowered his head, she snapped her teeth at him, and he moved back suddenly with a little laugh of admiration.

“Here you are, my wild beauty,” he said, and she turned her head, still searching for a means of escape and advantage.

Wild... only when you forget what you are doing...
She came back to herself, to where they were, and did not move. For the time they’d been fighting, she forgotten everything else. Forgotten all those other things. Now she recalled them, because his weight on her was warm and somehow enticing, and she wanted to welcome it.

Her heart hadn’t slowed at all. In fact, it was beating fast now for some other reason than the thrill of the fight. She struggled, though it was only to ensure she really was helpless, then moaned quietly. She was his, and he was hers, even now. “Husband,” she whispered, because in this moment she believed in it with all her heart. Ever since he had taken her, it was as though she trusted him more than she trusted herself. That he knew just what to do, that he loved and adored her, that he would show her more than she dreamed. She believed in him completely, and it didn’t matter which God had witnessed it.

She turned her head again, and gazed up at him. He seemed enchanted. “Oh, beauty,” he said, drawing in a deep breath that he let out with a kind of shiver. “I'll fuck you right here, if you want, or we can fight more. You choose for us.”

While they were out here, there was no hesitation. Brienne jolted up with her left hip, to make him move. “Fight me,” she said, almost growling at him, and Tormund grinned suddenly, nodding.

“Yes.” He moved away and they got to their feet, retrieving their weapons before the slow circling began all over again...

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“You plan to fight together?” Snow asked, making his way around the far side of a large black carved wooden desk in the centre of the room. Clegane turned slowly, keeping his eyes on Snow. The entire room was dark wood panelled, cherry and ebony. Even the pale light that came in through the window didn't help. It was kind of cheerless. He liked it.

“Aye,” he replied, his voice short. “What of it?”

“You've got a good chance of making it through,” Snow said, nodding. “The White Walkers. If I'm right, they'll be hanging back, behind the ranks.” His stare was intense. “You and Tormund, you've both seen them do it.”

Clegane narrowed his eyes as he stared back. He still didn't know where this was going. “Right.”

“Their swords can kill White Walkers,” Snow announced, like it was a surprise.
“I know.” Clegane felt something in him begin to burn.

“Yours can't.” And here he began to get pissed off.

“So I'll take some of the damned dragon glass,” he growled dangerously. “What the fuck you trying to say?”

Snow shook his head and sighed, as if Clegane had misunderstood him somehow. “Daenerys will be fighting from the sky. The rest of us will be fighting on the ground.” Snow used his hands as he spoke, just like a talker. Clegane was not impressed. “I want a secondary elite group, and I think you're it, but I don't want you to be cut down before you can take some of them out. All the wights that follow will go down with each of the White Walkers you can kill. So, I'm saying...”

“Leave the fighting to the women and wildlings?” Clegane demanded, almost snarling. “Fuck off!”

Snow shook his head again, and now there was some kind of desperate look in his eyes. “Once the White Walkers start seeing dragon glass they'll be expecting it,” he said, as if that was some kind of valid argument for keeping him away. “And they'll see it long before you get there. They won't be expecting the three of you.” Snow banged his hand on the desk. “And I want to keep that up. I want to see each of you armed properly.”

Now Clegane frowned, his anger cooling off a little. “I don't understand what you...”

His words trailed off as Snow turned away, then placed a bundle of cloth in the centre of the table.

“This. I brought it back to Winterfell in a trunk full of Maester Aemon's things without realising what it was.” He began to unwrap what was inside slowly, almost reverently as Clegane watched.

“I thought there might be items in there that Samwell Tarly would find useful. Didn't really have the chance to go through them properly until just recently, didn't see the point as he hadn't any family.” It was a sword in there, but what Snow meant by it, Clegane couldn't even begin to guess.

“Then, when I found out that... never mind. I shouldn't be doing this. If this belongs to anyone, really, it's Daenerys.”
It was uncovered, and Clegane couldn't breathe for a long moment. He stared at it.

“Fuck me,” he was almost whispering. “Is that...?”

Blackfyre. He couldn't say it, not out loud, because if he did, that thing on the table between them might vanish in a puff of smoke.

“I honestly don't know,” Snow said quietly, sharing a hesitant look with him. “It's possible, isn't it? Maybe, somehow, it was sent to him by someone in the end, and there it stayed, forgotten for years.”

Clegane swallowed. His throat was dry. That would explain its disappearance, but it raised about a million more questions than it answered, like who, why, and for what motive. Perhaps it didn't even matter now. Or perhaps it was just some nameless sword that didn't have histories written about it. The Targaryens had more than two, after all. “You haven't told her about it. Daenerys.”

“No. And, I'm not going to,” Snow said decisively. “It will be better placed in your hands. The three of you, an elite fighting force. A surprise for the White Walkers, each of you armed not with dragon glass, but with Valyrian steel.”

Clegane almost staggered. He looked around him. Why weren't there any fucking chairs in here?!

“I don't know what to say,” he said at last. “Are you sure about this?”

“Say you'll fight for me,” Snow said, staring at him intensely.

“Goes without saying,” he responded. Snow didn't look away. Clegane shook his head. “Oh, bloody hell, all right! I'll fight for you. Happy now?”

“It isn't yours,” Snow said. “You understand? If by some miracle we win, you'll need to give it back, and then I'll...” He paused then, a look of anguish on his face that Clegane didn't quite understand, “well, I'll tell her.”
“Right. But it's mine for this. For now.” Even having spoken the words, he didn't believe them, and he still didn't touch it. The sword laid on the table like a mirage. Impossible.

“For this. When,” Snow said, then inclined his head, “if you get through, and you start on them, they might well attack as a group.”

Tearing his eyes away from the sword, Clegane looked up. He imagined it, the three of them surrounded by White Walkers, finishing them off left, right and centre while the wights they controlled fell with them. It would be a harsh blow to the Night King, and he smiled slowly. “I expect they will. They'll want to end us.”

Snow frowned then. “You know it's suicide, don't you?”

Shrugging, Clegane looked to the impossible sword again. “We all do. Don't we?”

“Aye. I suppose we do.”

At last, he reached out his hand. The scabbard was elaborately decorated like the hilt, the black of the obsidian still polished and shiny after all this time, two dragons heads to either side of the grip. Wasn't there supposed to be a jewel? If there was, it was missing, either prised out or just a legend. He stopped short of touching it, even now.

“Can you wield this?” Snow asked, and it didn't seem like a ridiculous question right then. Not at all.

Finally making up his mind, Clegane grasped the hilt and the scabbard, picking them up to draw it out. Gods, but it was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen in his life. But it didn't do anything to him. It was a sword like any other. It could be used with one or two hands, and he would need to practice with it in the time they had left. But...

“Yes.” He nodded. “I can use it. And I'm fairly sure I can let it go too, after,” he added. That's the real question Snow was asking, after all. He put it back down, just to reassure himself, and as he looked up Snow was actually smiling.

“Jon Snow,” he said then. They looked at each other. To wield that thing was an honour and a pleasure of its own, even without the imperative and purpose to which it would be put. “Thank you.”
Again he picked it up, and this time it did draw something from him, something he'd never have envisaged himself doing ever again in his life after leaving King's Landing. Clegane placed the tip of the blade to the floor and knelt behind it, lowering his head. “King in the North.”

If the sword wasn't pleased, it wasn't saying anything. It remained in his hands, slightly warm and thrumming with energy, longing to be put to good use. Clegane meant it. If he'd been in Snow's place, he wouldn't have done this in a million fucking years, and yet the reasoning... he saw that too. The three of them could do a lot of damage, should they get that far, and he made a promise to himself right then that they would get that far. He'd make this work somehow. This gamble would pay off for Jon Snow.

He looked up, and Snow was staring at him in shock. As shocked as he felt to be handed Blackfyre like it was just some bastard sword that was hanging around.

“Well, don't fucking get used to it,” Clegane commented as he stood up. “None of us are gonna live that long.” Snow laughed then, and he did too.

“If anyone asks where you got it,” Snow said, hesitant.

“I'll tell them to fuck off and mind their own business,” Clegane replied.


Clegane put the sword down, and removed the one from his belt, replacing it with Blackfyre, if it really was Blackfyre. “Save this for me,” he said. “I'll be back for it later.”

Now that it was done, he imagined catching up with Brienne and Tormund, and fighting her with it. At last, they would face each other equally, and it would be a damned good duel. His heart beat faster just thinking about it. “If you don't mind, I'm, erm, just going to go out there and finally win a sword fight.”

Snow laughed.

“She's good for you,” he commented casually. Clegane gave him a sharp look, and Snow looked
right back as if to say: no one in Winterfell is blind. “I mean, she's good for you both,” he added. Clegane nodded.

“She's always deserved better,” he said. “But we can make her happy, I think. For what that's worth, for what's left.”

He reached a hand over the desk, and so did Snow. They clasped each other's arm, and then he was gone, walking as briskly as he could to the hill. He might have run, but he was still utterly stunned, and he wanted to have come to some kind of terms by the time he got there to them.

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When he reached the hill, it was to the sound of their steel, and he grinned because he was going to surprise the hell out of both of them. Ha! Maybe he could knock them both down without even doing a thing.

They were so intent on each other, they didn't even see him enter their arena. But he drew that sword, and it must have sounded different, because they backed away from each other and stared at him – at what was in his hand.

No one said anything for ages, then actually Brienne dropped her sword. “Impossible!” she breathed, actually running over to him to look. She swallowed.

“What is it?” Tormund wanted to know. “Which one of the five is that?”

“It isn't...” Brienne said faintly, finally tearing her gaze away from it to look into his eyes. He grinned. “It isn't one of the five,” she said to Tormund, without breaking that stare. Clegane reached out with his free hand and slid his fingers into the hair at the back of her head. He gave her a brief kiss.

“Go get your sword, Brienne of Tarth,” he said then, and she laughed, open mouthed.

“Oh, wait! You actually think you're going to beat me, don't you?” she asked, disbelieving. He drew in a breath, and nodded.

“With this? Oh, I know I will,” he said, and she laughed again, but she went to pick up her sword.
Tormund was looking between them. “So which one is it?” he queried, confused.

“Only the most famous missing sword in the world,” she said.

“Actually, we don’t know that,” Clegane put in seriously.

“Right,” she said, nodding. “Well, then! If you win, you get to claim Blackfyre. If I win, you get to claim nothing but a cheap Valyrian forgery.”

Clegane laughed out loud, as if there was such a thing as a cheap Valyrian forgery. As if there was such a thing as Blackfyre. “Works for me,” he said.

Tormund sheathed his sword. “Oh, this should be good,” he said, and retreated to seat himself near the food. “Then after we’ve decided what it’s name is, we'll eat.” He clapped his hands like a King, ready to be entertained. “Away you go!”

“You saved me some?” Clegane asked, suddenly realising how famished he was, and Brienne nodded as they began to draw closer to each other.

“We waited for you.”

“Well, now you're just trying to make me feel bad about defeating you,” he said, smirking.

“There you go,” she shot back, “getting ahead of yourself. That's your problem, you know.”

“Is it?” he demanded, and she nodded, her eyes twinkling. He lunged for her and she side-stepped easily, using Oathkeeper to knock his blade out of the way.

Clegane laughed as they both backed up a step. “All right,” he conceded, nodding. “But I'll still win. You want to know why?”

“Why?” she asked.
“Because this is finally a fair fight,” he noted. “And Brienne? I'm better than you.”

Her lips compressed into a straight line, and she went for him so quickly, but the new sword was light and swift, and he countered her again and again. In fact, it became like a sport, holding her off, and finally he saw her getting frustrated, breathing too fast, not backing away when she should because she was letting it get to her...

He tapped her leg with the side of the blade, and she froze, long enough for him to disarm her and then trip her up, until she was on her back, the tip of Blackfyre at her heart. At once he sheathed the sword and reached down to help her to her feet.

“I'm going to have to improve,” she said, shocked, and he grinned, but she was almost fizzing in excitement at having a decent opponent. He could see it in her eyes. They walked over to Tormund, who was laying out a lot of fruit, cold meat and hunter's pie on a blanket. There were even sweet pastries too. He hadn't been exaggerating about everything in that basket.

They helped each other with their armour so they could sit down on the ground.

“Blackfyre it is then,” Tormund said. “Which one of you wants to tell me what that means?”

Clegane and Brienne looked at each other. She smirked. “It means he's going to go on and on about his 'special' sword for the rest of his life,” she murmured, teasing, and Tormund laughed. Clegane could not be pissed off. He simply stretched out on his side, and started in on some of the food.

“Well, beauty, we'll just have to test it out later, won't we?” And he dropped her a wink, then as one they both looked at him. Clegane instantly imagined himself in the middle and almost choked on a bit of ham.

He spluttered. “I don't suppose there's any point in telling you two to behave, is there?” he managed darkly, after a long drink of water. They both laughed at him, the wildling and his wife, and Clegane began to think he might be in some serious trouble after all. No matter what his bloody sword was called.

To be continued...
Author's Note: Thank you for reading – I hope you had fun! I did enjoy this chapter, I have to admit. More naughty stuff to come, as they all retire... who will get to be in the middle? I sense something different is about to happen. Please leave a word or two for the muses.

Note on the sword: Honestly, I'm not sure it's Blackfyre, so please don't take that bit seriously. The Targaryen's did have more Valyrian swords, so anything is possible. But it seemed to me that Snow, Clegane and Brienne would all have their imagination captured by a whimsical what if? As for him giving it to Clegane, he means for that tactic to work. And, if he'd taken it himself, and given over Longclaw, he'd have had all kinds of questions to answer. Being as he's probably found out about his own relationship to Daenerys at this point, I don't think he's quite feeling up to those questions. Poor sod.
They took it easier after their late lunch, but wasted as little time as possible. Brienne was right – the daylight was fading. Day by day there was less of it, and every minute counted, though on this day, Clegane kind of thought she'd managed to get that exercise she wanted. Now they all had Valyrian steel, it wasn't so easy for her to defeat either of them. In fact, she only won three out of ten, and she just kept picking herself up, nodding, and trying again.

In the dusk, they walked back again, hand-in-hand, only to separate when they reached Winterfell. Clegane went to get his sword, then met up with Tormund to bathe. They all got together at dinner, and over their meal, Clegane enlightened them on the battle plan.

“This has got to work,” he said at the end. “I want it to work. We can do a hell of a lot of damage if we can get that far. Each one we bring down is much more than one. It's a regiment, or even a battalion.”

He dug back in to his food, catching the two of them up, mopping up some of the gravy with his roasted potatoes.

“We can take out entire legions of the army,” Tormund said, nodding.

Brienne had that ever present frown on her face, only now it seemed slightly more serious. “I can't miss any more mornings,” she said. “You two saw how I was out there. I need the practice.”

Clegane thought about that three out of ten and shrugged. “There are three of us. You aren't making a bad average. If you improve, then we'll need to, else we won't be making ours.”

Across the table, she smiled slowly at him. “You know, that's kind of the entire point,” she said, and Tormund laughed.

“Ha-ha,” Clegane said, and they stared at each other, unsmiling now, each waiting for the other to back down.
He was thinking of her, of training with her, and how good she was for him in so many ways. He knew they were going to die. Valyrian steel or not, he knew it, and yet he also knew he was going to kill Gregor. How he could hold both of those things to be true in his heart, he didn't know, but he did. She would help him kill Gregor even if she wasn't standing there beside him. When the time came, he'd have the benefit of her lifetime of experience as well as his own. Gregor was now a slow, lumbering hulk of dead flesh that just needed taking to pieces.

After that, as the head of his house, he would marry her, and he felt himself grin. Brienne's eyes darkened a little, and she moistened her lips, blushing slightly before blinking and losing the game. What was she thinking about? He'd have to ask her later, so they could enact it.

They went quiet after that, busy eating, but if his own thoughts were anything to go by, the two of them were busy now thinking about the night to come. No more pain now, only pleasure. There were about a million different places they could start, too.

 Brienne had regained that confidence when they reached her room, because she stripped out of her clothes as if they bothered her, not even looking around to see if they were keeping up. They were keeping up.

As she turned around to face them, Tormund got to her first, his arms around her waist as she embraced him in turn, but they didn't kiss. Brienne looked at him, her chin on Tormund's shoulder, eyes twinkling, then she turned her head slightly to whisper in the wildling's ear. Clegane strained to hear, but she was too quiet.

“Of course, beauty,” Tormund said out loud, and Clegane couldn't see, but it sounded as if he were smiling. “If you agree to certain things for me.”

Brienne drew back. “What things?” she asked, and this time Tormund whispered to her. It took him much longer, and she made little murmurs of surprise, deliberation and eventual assent.

“I will,” she said at last, and Tormund kissed her, then let her go. She walked over to him at last.

“Want to tell me what you're plotting between you?” he asked, and she only smiled mysteriously.

“You'll find out,” she said, then she took his hand, pulling on it. “Come to bed.”
Tormund followed them, and this wasn't like lunchtime. There was no sense of urgency about them now. They settled with her in the middle, all naked and hot skin. She kissed him first, slow and deep. He'd come to know her somewhat over the past few days, but he was still enamoured over how she fit in his embrace, and he pulled her close to him, hands roving over her back.

She participated too, raising her leg so that her knee was over his hip, her calf all but embracing his lower body. She had her hands in his hair, fingertips on his scalp. Everything about her tasted clean and fresh. He could smell that herbal soap again that she favoured. She was all warm and inviting, and he'd just gotten the point of needing to roll them over when she pulled away from him. She was smiling, and he let her slip out of his arms to go to Tormund.

The wildling had been watching, lounging on his back, hands behind his head, not saying a word. Now she moved astride him, quite low over his legs and leaned over deliberately, brushing her breasts against his dick. Clegane watched, catching his breath as she moved back and forth a little while Tormund's eyes darkened.

When she saw that, she moved upwards, her body supple and lithe, placing kisses on Tormund's torso all along the way. Clegane kind of growled as he lowered a hand to squeeze his own cock in want, and for a moment she looked to him, then turned her full attention right back to the wildling.

She slid her fingers through the mass of hair on his chest, crawling up on her knees at either side of him, then bent her head to his right nipple and worried it deliberately with her teeth. Tormund swore, his hands coming out to rest on her shoulders as his eyes darkened further. He seemed as though he were enduring it rather than being pleased.

At last, Tormund groaned in need, but it was a low and dangerous sound. “Enough,” he said. Brienne continued for another few seconds, then lifted her lips.

“I said, enough,” Tormund repeated, then got his hands under her arms and simply pulled her up his body, making her gasp. They looked into each other's eyes, and she was resting on him, right on his cock. She squirmed a little, then her lips turned up at the corners.

“Well, you two are ready,” she commented, confident, “and really so easy.”

“And you're not,” replied Tormund, his eyes still dark. “So what do we do now?”

At that, Brienne finally seemed to falter a bit. She looked at Tormund, then at him, bit her lip.
Tormund shook his head, and moved his hands so that one was square in the centre of her back, the other on her chest between her breasts.

“Lean back,” he said, staring. “I know you are strong enough. Let your knees go.”

She blinked, but did as he said, and Clegane watched as she did it, her body lowering backwards onto the bed slowly as her core muscles rippled. She was more graceful than any woman he'd ever seen in that moment, and she came to rest with her head near Tormund's feet, her legs bent beneath her at the knee so that her heels were lifting her lower body a bit.

Tormund moved his hands again, sat up now as she'd laid down, sweeping those large hands down the length of her body, over the muscles she'd just used, over her stomach. Then he stopped with his hands on her hipbones. Brienne looked up at him, pleading. Maybe she was afraid he was going to do her right then, while she was kind of trapped. She should know better by now.

Getting his hands under her hips, he simply lifted her. “Straighten your legs now,” he said, and she uncurled them with a sigh of relief. Then Tormund set her back down again, her long legs spread out to either side of his body. He got himself all comfortable at the top of the bed, pulling his own legs back, then picked up her right foot and held it to his cheek, turning his head to kiss the inside of her ankle. Brienne sighed.

“Clegane. Come and help,” he said, nodding at her.

He didn't need bidding twice, and he stretched out on the bed so that he was laid with his chest beside hers, and he reached out to touch those muscles, fingertip stepping his way up as she looked at him. Tormund was kissing his way down her leg, halfway down the inside of her calf.

She frowned. “Why are you looking at me like that?” she asked, and he smiled.

“Because you're amazing.” He let his fingers dawdle for a moment longer. At last he couldn't help himself, and he used both hands on her breasts, pushing them together. She moaned. As he glanced down, Tormund had just passed the inside of her knee.

“You could have done that to me, you know,” he murmured, still a little envious. She reached out to his face, her eyes darkening.
“Do what?” she asked, sounding a little lost, then she seemed to get it, and she smirked. “Oh. You like that, do you? Well, maybe I will, then... later.”

She suddenly gasped, and Clegane looked down. Tormund was halfway up the inside of her thigh, still with the kissing, but his beard was rough there, and she was so sensitive. When he turned his attention back to her, he gave her breasts a little squeeze. He went for the nipple closest to him, which was on her right side, and suckled lightly, rolling the other in his fingers, her hands in his hair now.

“Sandor, please,” she said. “Kiss me.”

He pretended he hadn't heard, because he liked playing with her this way. It was the truth, and she liked it just as much. Her body was so responsive to everything they did, and her nipple hardened in his mouth, so that he could swipe his tongue over it and explore the texture of it. At first, he thought that deep frustrated moan of hers was caused by him, until he finally let that nipple go with a little pop.

He looked down before he looked up, and Tormund was tonguing the place where her leg met her body, that crease there, just to the side of her outer pussy lips. As Clegane watched, he moved to gently kissing and licking those outer lips, but went no further, even though Brienne was wriggling beneath his mouth in want. The wildling ran a thumb down the darkened crease at her centre, but didn't open her up at all.

“Please,” she begged. “Please!”

“Hmm,” Tormund deliberated, then sucked on his own thumb as if to taste it. He pulled all the way back, and this time he picked up her left foot.

“Oh, Gods,” Brienne cried, in genuine need, and Clegane looked up then. She saw him looking. “Please,” she begged, and this time he did kiss her, but he didn't stop the tender caress as he did it, and she shuddered between their attention before she relaxed in acceptance.

By the time Tormund reached the centre of her once more, she was begging again. Clegane drew back completely. Again with that thumb, but again he didn't part her lips, just held his thumb there, slight pressure, just on her sweet spot. Tormund looked up, into her eyes.

“Now. Now you are hot, woman.”
“Yes, please. Do it,” she said, breathless. Tormund drew in a breath.

“You know what I want. The first thing.”

The look on her face was sudden understanding, and she nodded quickly. “Then get into place, and we will do it together,” Tormund told her.

She blushed as she looked at him, but then he couldn't hide his amazement as she got onto her hands on knees in the centre of the bed. She lifted her head. Tormund looked her over. “Good, beauty,” he said, then pointed to the top of the bed, where her head was. “You go there, Clegane.”

He could hardly believe it. Tormund was already getting in place at the other end of her, and he understood what they were about to do, how they were going to share her. The Gods knew they would all enjoy it, but really? It didn't make sense.

“This? This is the thing you were planning?” he asked her, dubious, as he took position. She shook her head, looking up at him, still blushing, and Tormund laughed slowly.

“Oh, no,” he said, grinning. “This is my plan, or one part of it, at least. Hers is something different.”

For a moment, Clegane was concerned, though he wanted it. “Do you want it?” he asked, and she rolled her eyes.

“Do I want you? No. I'm just here because I didn't have anything else to do tonight.” She sighed. “Come closer,” she said, and he did, because she couldn't move to meet him. Tormund was already holding her hips.

“You could be less sarcastic about it,” he grumbled, but then she was already sliding her lips over him, and he forgot all about it. “Ah, never mind,” he managed.

At the bottom of the bed, Tormund was watching. “Good,” he observed, then he winked. “If you don't want to disappoint her, don't come.” And then he moved, slowly, and Brienne moaned around his cock.
Don't come?! Clegane cradled her head in his hands, because Tormund had kind of put her off, and
the wildling was going deep and slow, rather than fast. Hardly able to believe he was doing it,
Clegane moved back and forth slightly, in and out of her mouth. She kept it wide open for him,
trying to use her tongue on him, but she kept having to stop to moan. Actually, when she did, the
vibration of it felt tremendous.

After a minute or so, she seemed to recall what she was doing, and it got suddenly better again.
Clegane groaned and looked up, only to find Tormund staring at him. They were both in her now.

“Don't come,” Tormund repeated. Clegane grunted in pleasure as her tongue rubbed underneath his
cock.

“Will you?” he asked sharply, and the wildling shook his head slowly, grinning. This wasn't any
kind of contest. He'd seen how long Tormund could keep it up without letting go. Which meant that
this would last for as long as he could hold himself off. Oh, fuck. Clegane looked down at her again,
at how her lips were stretched tight around his dick.

He closed his eyes and raised his head. No, that made it instantly worse.

“Brienne,” he murmured. “Come on, you've got to ease off.” She responded by opening her throat a
little, and he felt himself slide in there. “Seven hells!” he hissed, still holding her head in his palms,
though he was so gentle his hands were trembling.

“You want help?” Tormund asked, maddeningly amused. “I can put her off if you want.”

“Might be an idea,” Clegane growled.

The wildling reached around to the front of her and teased her clitoris with his fingers as he
continued to move in her, so slowly, and she reacted by losing her way, which did make it quite a lot
easier. Her mouth became lax and open. Clegane pulled back a little, and now he could take it.

In fact, now he could watch again, moving himself in and out slightly, fascinated by the way his
cock skidded over her tongue as she extended it out for him in welcome. Her lips were still stretched
over him though when he went deeper – he was too big, and there wasn't any extra room in there. It
muffled her in the most provocative way as she moaned.
For a minute he pulled back completely to listen, rubbing the head of his dick over her lips as she panted and vocalised. “Tormund,” she said, her eyes closed and her body trembling as she began to get louder. He'd let her have that one, but he stoppered her again then, and she seemed to like it. She was trying again, but she was getting hotter too, and she couldn't keep it up.

All at once, her entire body moved back and forth, meaning her mouth did too, and Clegane moved with her, not letting her get away as she climaxed between them. Tormund didn't slow at all. In fact, he speeded up, hitting that same rhythm that Clegane had noticed her enjoy before. His hand continued to rub at her and tease her too, and the effect on Brienne was stunning.

She was constantly in motion between them, and though her mouth was full, she was definitely louder now. Her second orgasm came quickly on the heels of the first, thanks to Tormund's relentless fucking and caressing of her. At that she seemed to almost break and whimper around him. Yet still she tried, and Clegane bit his lip harshly.

Tormund still didn't give her any kind of reprieve. Neither did he, and all of a sudden he understood why she was trying so hard. Because if she made him back off, then Tormund would stop too. It was a kind of perfect game. He looked down at her, at the way her body was moving between them, felt the way she was trying to suck him, almost desperate, and then he knew he couldn't take any more. He moved away completely before he lost it in her.

“You done?” Tormund asked, smirking, and Clegane breathed heavily, nodding. Tormund growled a little, but he didn't stop. Instead he bit his lip hard, and continued. Brienne moaned and her upper body sank down to the bed.

“You got one more in you, woman,” he said. “I can feel it. You'll give it to me before I'm done here.”

Brienne almost seemed to cry, her shoulders shaking, her forearms flat to the bed in submission. Clegane couldn't see her face any longer. What was it Tormund did to her? Ever since he'd taken her that first time, she seemed willing to do almost anything for him.

“Tormund,” she cried out, into the pillows, and then it was there. Tormund twisted his lips, and it was almost the same look on him as when he'd been killing that cunt follower of Roose Bolton. As if he'd won.

“Yes, beauty. Make me feel good. That's it.” He hissed in a breath through his teeth, then smiled
slowly, still moving, but easier now, backing off. Nothing about the wildling or what he did to her was sudden. When he pulled away, he was still hard, but his dick was shiny with her juices. Clegane had no idea how he could leave it undone.

Tormund noticed him looking. “You can lick it off if you want,” he taunted, and Clegane rolled his eyes.

“Fuck you,” he responded. And yet he couldn't help imagining himself doing it. He would taste of her. He shook himself as Tormund laughed, and then the wildling kind of flopped onto the bed, on his back. Tormund groaned in want.

“Woman. You will kill me one day,” he commented.

At last, Brienne seemed to come around. She gathered herself up, looked at them both, and smiled.

“It was your idea,” she told him. “And now it's my turn. Don't make me wait.”

Tormund gave her a look of disbelief. She raised an eyebrow at him, and he sighed. “Not one minute?” he said.

“You didn't give me a minute, now did you?”

Tormund laughed slowly. “Well. Maybe I will choose death when that day comes,” he said, but he moved, to go looking for something in his clothes while Brienne waited, arms folded. She turned her gaze on him then, and Clegane felt like a mouse that had been spotted by a snake.

“What?” he said, and she only stared at him. He still didn't understand, until Tormund sat back up on the bed properly, with those restraints dangling from his fingers.

“Oh, right,” he said, and nodded. “I get it.” Brienne was still staring at him. “And you're sure it's me you want? Not him? Because you know you could get your own back a bit,” he said, trying to be convincing.

“It's you I want,” she said without hesitation, and something in him jumped pleasurerably. “Lie down
on your back. Give me your hands.”

He did, and Tormund handed her those restraints. They were thin, but the leather that made them up was braided in five pieces, and knotted over that. No wonder Brienne hadn't been able to escape them. He wouldn't either. They looked into each other's eyes.

“Before I do,” she said sweetly, not quite innocent, “Call me curious, but I want to know.” She cast a sideways glance at Tormund. “Do you want to lick me off of him?”

**Author's Note:** Again, I've had to split this scene into two parts. I hope you enjoyed this one. Will he admit it or not? Answers on a postcard please! Or in a review, which is much easier, and will only take you a second or two. Go on... feed your author! :) It helps.
"Before I do," she said, not quite innocent, "I want to know." She cast a sideways glance at Tormund. "Do you want to lick me off of him?"

... 

Her eyes were hard as she waited for him to answer, and he swallowed. "Fuck me, Brienne," he said. She smirked.

"I'll take that as a yes, then, shall I?"

Clegane groaned.

"Do it now," she challenged, keeping the restraints back for now. "I'll watch. Then I'll know you want to please me."

He and Tormund looked at each other, and for once the wildling didn't seem quite as self assured. "I'm not fucking sucking it," he growled, and Tormund shook his head, his eyes wide.

"I think she said licking," Tormund replied carefully. They stared at each other, and if he'd had the slightest sense that Tormund was counting this as some kind of victory, what happened next wouldn't have taken place. He headed down the bed.

There, still the same. All shiny and wet with it. And he caught the scent of her, and it made him want it, this ridiculous thing. Clegane cast a look up at her, just in case she might let him get away with it, and she was watching him closely, her eyes bright and her cheeks flushed with interest. Her lips were wet where she'd licked over them in anticipation. So she wanted to watch? Fine. Clegane put out his tongue and got a taste of her, swiping over Tormund heavily from bottom to top. The wildling immediately raised up from the bed, and Clegane swore, laying hands flat on Tormund's pelvis to keep him down.
“Shove it at my face again, and I swear I'll bite it off,” he promised with a snarl. “Stay the fuck still!”

When he thought that had gotten through, he went there again, and this time, the wildling didn't even so much as twitch. That was good. He was sweet and sticky with her, though, it was true, and he found himself enjoying that part of it despite himself. So much so that he allowed himself to almost forget exactly what he was doing. He closed his eyes and concentrated on the taste, sought out more of it with his tongue.

A deep moan floated down to him from the top of the bed. It wasn't her, it was him, and yet it didn't anger him the way he thought it must. He hadn't gone soft either. Neither of them had. Clegane kept his eyes shut, because he thought if he could see what he was doing, then something might change about this. Yet he couldn't help noticing the way the skin that covered Tormund's dick moved under the weight of his tongue, nor how hard he was underneath that. It didn't put him off.

He wasn't fucking touching it with his hands as well. Instead, he nosed at Tormund's cock, moving it so that he could reach more. He was diligent, and he intended to leave nothing of her behind.

There was more of it at the top, and he tongued at the wildling there, then placed an open mouthed kiss against him. At last he gave in and let the head of Tormund's cock into his mouth, sucking lightly, surprised at how wide he had to open up for it. Then there was a definite jerk of interest. Clegane let Tormund go immediately, kept his eyes tight shut as he made his way back up the bed.

At last, when it was safe to do so, he opened his eyes. What he saw then he thought he would take to the grave. Tormund's eyes were dark again, and his mouth was kind of slack with shock and unexpected pleasure. For the first time since they'd started all of this, the wildling looked completely defeated.

“Like that, did you?” he demanded, not quite resentful.

Tormund swallowed audibly. “If she asks me, I'll repay you for that, with interest,” he said seriously. Clegane had a sudden clear memory of how it felt for that instant when Tormund had done it before, how it had felt to slide deep into the wildling's throat, and he felt his body respond despite himself. They drew nearer to each other.

“I still got the taste of her on my tongue, just like honey,” he said, inviting it. But it was an excuse, and they both knew it.
“She is sweet,” Tormund replied, then they were kissing again, and this time it wasn't quite so brutal as their others. He let the wildling in, to seek it out, to take it back somehow, as if it was some kind of unspoken covenant between them. But the wildling replaced the taste of her with himself, and that kind of pissed him off, so he twisted away with a growl.

It was done, though, and he laid himself out on his back before her, hands held out ready and willing. She'd been watching, just like she bloody wanted. Had she enjoyed it? Her eyes were dark too as she slipped that leather cord over his hands, tightening it around his wrists. She didn't break the eye contact, and he didn't say anything as he allowed her to restrain him. She'd promised him something though earlier, and when it was done, when his arms were tethered to the bed and she smiled at him, he cleared his throat.

“Did you like it?” he asked. “Watching us?”

“Oh, yes,” she said. “You did exactly what I wanted. You were very good.”

Clegane felt happier instantly. “So you'll be good to me then,” he said suggestively, and she stared at him.

“I'll do what I want,” she said simply, getting up and tying his legs to the bottom of the bed as well, with items of their discarded clothing, as if she'd done it a million times before. “And you can like it,” she paused, “if you want.”

Clegane laughed, and so did Tormund. “This I got to see,” the wildling said, turning onto his side to watch as Brienne came back, throwing a leg over him to straddle his stomach. Clegane struggled, purely for effect. She watched his muscles contract, and then reached out to touch, sweeping her fingertips down over his biceps and then down over the front of his collarbone to his chest.

“What do you want?” he asked, and she smiled without looking up at him.

“Everything.” Then she suddenly laid out on his body, stretched out, one of her legs between his, her forearms cradling his head as she turned him to her to kiss his lips. He instinctively tried to embrace her, but couldn't, and he groaned into the kiss a little. Even just the way she had settled on top of him, all long limbed like that. Her feet were near his feet. It was just too wonderful for words.

She drew back, and one hand touched her own neck, where a fading mark was still present, marring her skin. Clegane remembered putting it there. “That biting, how do you do it? Is it just teeth?” He
shook his head, and then her lips compressed into a little straight line. “Tell me, then, so I can do it to you. Or I'll get him to teach me.”

“Just a little bit of a bite with your teeth, but mostly it's sucking the skin hard, so that the blood wants to come out and play,” he told her. She frowned.

“All of this, it all has a lot to do with sucking things,” she said slowly. He smirked. “I'm getting to see how this works now.”

Before he could say anything else, she moved his head to one side, and lowered her mouth to his neck. “Fine. Sucking,” she said, to herself, before she sealed her lips there. Then she was doing it, just gentle pressure, too gentle, and she pulled back, staring down in disappointment.

“All right,” she said, then went in again. This time, the pressure increased by quite a bit, and Clegane suddenly said her name, pulling the bindings on his wrists tight, so tight they were certain to leave tell tale marks of their own.

Gods, but it felt good too, and it made him hard even as it made him want to escape. He groaned, wishing she would touch him. He wondered how long he might have to wait for that and his hands clenched into helpless fists.

“Brienne...”

She pulled back again, and this time her eyes lit up with satisfied pleasure. “There,” she said, fingertips touching where her lips had been. “Now it says you are mine, Sandor Clegane.”

He turned his eyes to Tormund, who peeked over to look. “How is it?” The wildling nodded slowly.

“Impressive,” he said, and Clegane let his head fall back onto the pillows, blinking at the ceiling. Not that he minded all that much. Hell, if he thought he could get away with it, he'd wear a sign saying Brienne had put it there. With a pointing arrow.

Now that she'd done it, she looked over the rest of him, turning onto her side and running a hand down the length of his body. “That's for everyone else, really,” she said. “There ought to be one just for us to look at.”
She deliberated. “Perhaps here.” She stopped with a finger pressed lightly over his pelvis, a few inches north west of his cock, and he drew in a breath as she moved swiftly down there.

“But Brienne,” he began, then she was already doing it, before he could finish speaking, and this one was even more vicious than the first.

It also hurt more, because it wasn't in one of those places that seemed made for that kind of play, and he heard himself growl at her as she did it. When she pulled away, there was a largish purple bruise on him there. It couldn't be mistaken for anything else other than a love bite though. He sighed. That one might be a little bit too provocative.

“But, what?” she asked him, about two minutes too late.

“I have to bathe in public, you know,” he said, and she smirked at him.

“Oh, of course you do.” She grinned then. “Do all the other men usually look at you here?” And she dug her finger in a little, until he hissed.

“No!” He jerked his head at Tormund. “Well, he does, when he thinks I'm not noticing.”

“And he already knows it's there. So what are you complaining about?”

“I'm not!” He shut his mouth. It was a good decision, because he'd been about to call her a bitch, and if he'd done that, she probably wouldn't have done what she did next.

Clegane breathed in deep when he felt her tits brush against his dick. “Oh, yes, do that,” he said, smiling despite himself.

“This is what you wanted, isn't it?” she asked, and he nodded. She moved back and forth very slightly. “Is it better like that? Or like this?” Then she gathered her breasts together and captured him inside the crease, let him slide between them like that. He moaned in earnest then, giving her the answer, especially when she looked down at herself and kissed the head of his cock as he came up to meet her mouth.
To his dismay, she stopped, moving back, only to wrap a hand around him and move it up slowly. A single bead of clear fluid leaked from him. She scooped it up with her finger and sucked it away.

“I like how you taste,” she told him honestly, and he shuddered. “It’s different at the beginning, to how you are after,” she said.

“How is it after?” he wondered out loud, staring at her. She tilted her head.

“Different,” she replied mysteriously, then her hand squeezed him a little, and he groaned, trying to get free again. She seemed to like that, if the damned way the corners of her mouth turned up were any indication.

“How long are you going to tease me for?” he asked, hoping it wouldn't be all that long. He'd been good, she'd admitted it herself.

She looked down on him for an instant, with that same half smile playing on her lips, then she shook her head.

“I'm not. I wanted you this way, where I could do it, but I didn't want you to have the chance to take over and do it your way again. I don't want you getting used to that.”

“Brienne, I wouldn't, I swear –”

“Yes, you would,” she told him, placing a finger on his lips momentarily to shush him.

Tormund cleared his throat. “You would.”

He sighed. “Fuck. All right, I probably would.” But at least that meant no teasing... didn't it? “So what are you waiting for?” he demanded, staring up at her, into her eyes. It was all he had left, looking at her, coaxing her into it with his eyes. “Do it to me.”

Her hand was still on him, but she moved so that she was hovering over him, and he could feel her
heat – so close! – and he tried to lift his body despite the restraints but she pressed down on him with her other hand, with her weight, and it was impossible. He turned his head, deliberately, so she would see the mark she'd made on his neck.

“Do it...” he urged again, breathing in and out, and he caught sight of Tormund staring at him. The wildling seemed spellbound, but then his attention was broken by Brienne, and Clegane closed his eyes. He could almost feel her!

“You know where it goes,” Tormund said quietly, becoming the teacher again, the advisor. “Just let yourself down onto him slowly. Use your weight to do it. I left you wet enough, just like I said I would.”

So that's what they'd talked about. Or some of it, at least. He felt himself slide between her lips first, that heat getting closer and closer, and then the sudden sweet hot pressure as she took him inside her. Tormund was right; he'd left her almost dripping with it, and so it was a smooth glide in at first, but Gods, she was tighter like this, because she was controlling it, and he could feel her muscles working as he got deeper. Little by little, to the heart of her, to the source of that wonderful heat.

“Brienne, fuck me...”

Just a little way in, and everything stopped. Her weight wasn't enough to take him any further, and he tried to move again, but he couldn't quite get the necessary leverage. She'd stretched him out when she'd restrained him; Tormund had probably told her exactly how to do it.

“You'll have to work at it now, beauty,” Tormund was saying quietly. “Bear down, press down on him to take more.”

She did, and it was so slow that it made him snarl in frustration. He only knew her for the shortest instant. She raised herself up with a loud intake of breath, and then back down. “Faster,” he said, demanding, but she didn't speed up at all.

He turned his head from one side to the other as she rode him slowly, and he thought she might break him like this. His body craved real action, and he pulled hard on the restraints, until the head of the bed was creaking dangerously. She paused on an upwards movement, unbearable torture, and he thrashed beneath her.

“Stop that!” she ordered, her hands on his arms. He stilled, opened his eyes and she was staring at
him as she sank slowly back down. He growled, but at least she was going the right way now.

“I'm learning,” she said with a little sigh, as if displeased.

“Learn faster,” he fired back, and she frowned. He felt that tightening around his cock as she prepared to move again, upwards and away from him, and he groaned in dismay. “No,” he said, then: “Do you want me to beg?” throwing her own words from earlier right back at her. A second later he realised that might have been the wrong way to try and manipulate her, because she suddenly smiled down at him, decidedly evil.

“Will you?” she wanted to know.

“Like fuck,” he grumbled, then squeezed his eyes closed as she moved on him again, so slowly it was like some kind of strange pleasure and torture all rolled into one. He sniffed and then was silent, but he could hear the sound of them, where they were joined, every time she moved.

For a couple of up and down movements, nothing changed, then on a downwards motion, he heard her moan, and he opened his eyes sharply to catch her at it. Brienne was astride him, on her knees, one arm set a a diagonal over her body, fist clenched over her heart. Her eyes were closed and her lips parted. As he watched her shoulders hunched up a little, and she moaned again, high pitched and lost, her head falling forward slightly as she shivered, and he felt that shiver all around him. He'd never wanted freedom so much in his life.

He concentrated, enough so that he would twitch inside of her, and she shivered again. She opened her eyes, they were that spectacular blue, and quite suddenly he didn't care anymore.

“All right, I'm begging you,” he said. “Faster, Brienne. For both our sakes.”

She stared at him as if she didn't understand, and he shuddered. “Please,” he said, kind of late. Then at last she seemed to hear him. She let her arm fall back to the bed, and nodded.

“Yes. More,” she said, in agreement at last. “Have to...”

At last she began to go quicker, so there was some decent friction between them. It felt fantastic, and as she did, it became easier, because she learnt that if she let her weight drop then it wasn't as difficult. Clegane watched her closely, and saw her understand, saw her confidence grow as she
lifted her hands to her hair, moaning properly now because he was getting nice and deep like this, and the angle would better for her than anything they’d done so far.

This was what he'd wanted when he'd all but volunteered to have her restrain him, and he grinned, because she was finally satisfying him. She felt fantastic, and he knew he'd go with her when she came. She was getting closer, hotter, tender little spasms inside her every now and again just like precursors.

They'd been at it for three or four minutes like this when Tormund appeared behind her, and Clegane shook his head as the wildling embraced her. He didn't stop her moving though, just murmured into her ear with his hands on her waist.

“IT is time, beauty,” he said, and Brienne frowned with her eyes closed.

“But I'm so close,” she whimpered, turning her head and dragging her lips over the wilding’s jaw as if asking for permission. Really, what was it about him?! “I just want another minute or something,” she said, breathing rapidly, her face flushed with colour. “Please.” Tormund chuckled.

“Look at him,” Tormund said. Brienne turned her head back and opened her eyes, staring down at him. She moaned.

“Sandor,” she said, then there was another of those delectable fluttering pulses inside of her. Clegane felt his face twist into some kind of anguished need.

“Come on,” he muttered.

“You'll take him right there with you,” Tormund said, amused. “I don't think so. Get nice and deep, then lean forward, beauty, so I can do it to you.”

For a mad moment, Clegane thought she might ignore him or refuse outright, but then her eyelashes fluttered, and she ground her hips down hard, only to drape herself over his chest, her head coming to rest on his shoulder.

Clegane sighed in regret, because he was close too, and it felt as though they were both suspended in time, locked together. Her pussy was still throbbing around him, just like a heartbeat. “What is he, your bloody Master or something?” he asked, resentful that she’d let him order her around. She
sighed, then raised her head, shaking it slightly. She blinked at him in astonishment. Then she smiled, as if she knew something he didn't.

“He's my guide,” she said simply, and Clegane was floored. Just like that.

You'll understand, after, I think. Afterwards...

He looked up then, directly at Tormund, and the wildling hadn't missed that little bit of communication between them, but he didn't seem minded to make a deal of it. Instead he was holding the oil in one hand, sprinking it onto his other and scrunching it around. When he was done he resealed the bottle and laid it aside on the bed, then placed his palm on Brienne's lower back.

“What is it today, beauty? Tell me,” he said, his voice low and reassuring.

Brienne sighed. “Just a finger,” she responded, and Clegane's heart kind of lurched. He was going to do it now? While she was...? Oh, fuck! He swallowed, and tested the restraints again. They were definitely holding.

“That's right. That's all for today, just like I promised. Relax as much as you can now, so I can get it in you.”

Oh, the hell of it. He felt her respond to those words immediately, and he sighed. All of those lovely little tremblings quietened as she breathed deep against his shoulder, and Tormund wasn't even touching her yet. And he didn't either, not straight away. Tormund leaned right in to kiss her there again, and she gasped against Clegane's chest, hands clutching tight to his shoulders.

There was hardly any room down there, and everything he did to her, Clegane could feel. He closed his eyes, could feel that bloody beard brushing against the half inch or so of him that wasn't buried in her. Could feel it catching against the pubic hair that covered his balls. And he felt it when the wildling began to push in with his tongue, gentle pressure. Then he moved down a little, tracing over that stretched bit of skin in-between, tonguing the shape of him inside her. Brienne moaned, and he kind of growled, a low sound in his chest.

At that Tormund pulled back completely and looked up the bed. “You relax too, Clegane,” he advised, amused.
“Fuck off,” he said, and the wildling smirked, but then tilted his head.

“You want her to like it, or not?” he asked, and Clegane scowled, but relented nevertheless. He wanted her to like it.

Tormund went right back to it, and he kept quiet throughout, even though at times he didn't want to growl, he wanted to moan as well, just like her. When Tormund replaced the tongue with his oiled finger, even Clegane couldn't have said. He was so gentle about it, easing her in, easing them both in, only suddenly that entry was blunt, and kind of hard. Brienne hissed and tightened around him.

“Shhh...” he said. “It's all right, Brienne. He won't hurt you.”

“I know,” she whimpered. “It's just...”

And all at once he knew what she was trying to say, because damn, there really wasn't much room in there. How would they ever fit, both of them? He could feel Tormund's finger alongside his cock, and it felt huge. He resisted the urge to hiss too, and then he was glad he was tied down, because immediately following from that, he had the sudden frenzied need to fuck her hard and heavy. He didn't understand where it came from until he realised that Tormund was all but stroking him from inside her, just a thin membrane of flesh between his cock and Tormund's finger.

He narrowed his eyes and the wildling smiled, just teasing.

“You're getting easier, woman,” Tormund remarked, and Brienne gave a low sound in her throat.

“I am?” she said, all uncertain about it. Clegane couldn't say he blamed her.

“Oh, yes. I'm much deeper in you now. Tomorrow, we will try for two fingers, beauty.”

She shivered, and her body tightened a little. Everything stopped for a heartbeat or two. Nobody moved. Then she let go again, and Tormund slid his finger easily once more, out, then back in, even deeper.

“Ooohh...” Brienne moaned.
“How is that?” Tormund asked, holding still, again with that genuine enquiry. Brienne breathed in shallow, but didn't respond. He wiggled it a bit, and she gasped.

“It feels... Oh, Gods. Please, Tormund. I can't describe it. I don't know the words.”

“No pain?” he asked, and she shook her head.

“No. There's no pain.”

“Very good.” He seemed excessively pleased with himself, but then why not?

He played with her, with them both, moving that finger back and forth for a while before finally withdrawing it all the way, and she was heavy against him then. “Now,” Tormund said, looking at Clegane. “You want to carry on, or you want me to release him?”

Brienne blinked, while Clegane's blood suddenly began to shift. She seemed all at sea after what the wildling had done to her. She breathed in. “If I have him let you go...?” she said, questioning.

The truth was as good a thing as any. He couldn't lie. “After your teasing, then his on top of that? Oh, I'm going to fuck you so hard you'll feel it for a week, woman,” he said, serious, and she nodded. She nuzzled his shoulder.

“And then you'll have him to deal with, after,” Clegane reminded her, just in case she'd forgotten.

She sighed. “Let him go,” she said quietly, and his heart was suddenly pounding. She couldn't mean it. She wanted it, like that? Quickly, he jerked his shoulder up to make her look at him again. Her eyes were clouded, dark with lust as Tormund went around releasing his ankles. All of her body was wrapped around him, her cunt was still enveloping him, beginning to squeeze him now, reawakened by his words, her arms and legs were embracing him.

Tormund moved to the top of the bed, messing with the restraints on his wrists and they didn't have long. “I warned you. Remember that,” he said considerately, and she nodded.
“I know you did. I want it. Give it to me.”

To be continued...

Author's Note:

And it seems as though this really is going to be a three chapter scene. Bloodyhell... they really do like to go at it, don't they? I hope this cliffhanger isn't quite as evil as the last one. I should imagine the actual action won't take them that long. Clegane is really like, well, at the end of his pitiful rope at this point, and Tormund is very nearly there. He's not half as calm as he likes to make out. He's been teasing himself all the way through this scene. I think when he gets inside her again, he's not going to be playing around either. I'm not sure whether Brienne is lucky or not right now. Time will tell, I suppose. And she was just saying earlier how much she wanted those mornings back... only has herself to blame. Silly girl.

Please remember to feed your author! Every little helps. Seriously, all feedback is welcome and encouraged. If you don't want to comment publicly here, you can always email me: a.slash.writer@gmail.com

Just a heads up to regular readers and newcomers – hello there! I will be on holiday at the end of this week, so do expect an extended gap in updates of around a week and a half.

Aside from that, I hope you're having just as much fun as they are :)
Chapter Twenty-nine

Tormund moved to the top of the bed, messing with the restraints on his wrists and they didn't have long. “I warned you. Remember that,” he said considerately, and she nodded.

“I know you did. I want it. Give it to me.”

…

When his hands were free he rolled them over, and as he stared down at her he knew she wanted it, but there was also some trepidation in her eyes. He sighed, held out his hand without speaking, and felt Tormund place that bottle of oil there. It was necessary. They’d been locked together for a while there, not moving, not anything. All of that lovely natural lubrication was almost gone.

“All right, Brienne. I'm going to pull away from you now,” he warned, and she gazed up at him, not understanding. She soon would.

He moved back slightly, and she drew in a startled breath at the feel of it, her legs suddenly wrapping around him keep him inside of her. Her pussy held onto him too, as if they were one, and he could feel the shape and contour of each of her muscles in there. He shook his head.

“Let me go,” he said, and she tried to pull him close with her arms too, but he wouldn't let her.

“I can't! Sandor, it feels different!” she said, almost panicking. Giving in, he pressed a kiss against her lips.

“I know it does.” And he moved a little, just rocking within her, to loosen her a bit.

“Don't you hurt me,” she warned, a little fire in her now as she stared at him.

“Brienne,” he said, hurt himself that she would even say it. “You know me better now.”
At that, it seemed he'd finally gotten through to her, and her eyes cleared a little. Her legs relaxed, and she breathed in shakily. “Nice and slow,” he said, and she nodded. “Easy...”

He actually stroked her body while he did it, because it helped. He cursed himself inwardly for being too big a bastard to actually slip out of her like this. He could feel that dreadful pulling, and he gave her as much time as he could, but then it was done. She trembled below him, still all spread open.

“I won't hurt you,” he said then, already covering his cock with oil. Plenty of it. “But I won't wait for you either now.” He wiped the excess on his hand off against the front of her pussy, and she gasped.

Before she could let that breath out, he was going in again, only this time it was much easier. He'd used a lot of that oil on himself, perhaps too much. A few shallow movements, and then he could get deeper, spreading it out in her with his dick as she gave him startled moans of pleasure.

When he was quite deep, he got her legs over his arms and closed his eyes to properly enjoy it, fucking her as hard as he dared. He could feel his lips turning out in savage need for it, for her, at last. And then he was as deep as he was going to get. He was slapping her now at the end of each thrust, and he opened his eyes to look down and lengthened his movements to watch himself going in each time.

Just slightly too much oil, and he cursed himself again, because though she was as good a fit for him as always, he'd made it a little too easy now. There wasn't quite enough friction, so he would last longer. Perhaps she would feel this one for a week, just like he'd said.

Her body had awoken, but it was too fast, and she couldn't keep up. Her pussy was trembling and squeezing around him but without any kind of discernible rhythm. He fucked her through it as she cried out his name, her head thrown back, her palms flat against his chest, her breasts bouncing about with the force of it. Actually, her entire body was moving a bit, and up the bed, away from him. He slid his hands under her, giving up on the watching for now, and hooked his fingers over her shoulders, so that she was all kind of scrunched up below him.

There. That was better. No getting away for her now. His brain was cloudy with want and need, and he'd forgotten nearly everything but the desire to fuck her, to make her take it – take him – take it all. Closer now, and he was breathing heavy. Her face was close to his, and she was moaning constantly. He nuzzled into her neck, and bit her there, for some reason it seemed important, like payback, though for the moment he couldn't think why.
Now she was breaking, just like the others, and he growled with pleasure as he anticipated it.
“Yes...” he said against her ear. “Come on, woman. Let me feel it.” And then she was doing it, almost seeming to vibrate around his cock as he gave it to her, so hard. He didn't know what this was, really, but it felt was like she was climacing over and over, all at once. It meant the end for him too. She touched him deep with that, somewhere that started just below his stomach, a drawing back that led to an unstoppable, relentless rush outwards and into her.

It was too much for one movement. He only pulled back enough to thrust in again, to let more of it out. A few times like that, and then it was done. His body finally relaxed, and he gentled his hold on her, coming around a little. With a start of self-awareness he lifted his head and stared into her eyes. She was just breathing, just lying there, finished. As they looked at each other, he felt her pulse around him again, much too intense on him, and he pulled out straight away with a hiss of sensation. It was over.

Clegane let her legs down, and they fell onto the bed, much like her arms had done. He rolled onto his back, and then remembered Tormund. The wildling lifted one of her arms up, and then let it go. That arm fell back down to the bed slowly, and he looked at Clegane in amusement. Clegane shrugged.

“She feels good,” he said, just in case the wildling was concerned about the lack of response.

Tormund smiled strangely, then nodded as he arranged her how he wanted. “I'll bet she does,” he replied. He covered her, already reaching down. For him, it seemed like rushing, but then he'd waited a long time to finish himself.

At last, she seemed to understand what was happening, and she blinked. “Tormund?” she said, and then the wildling was in her, deep from the start. The way she moaned then, Clegane had never heard anything like it in his life. It was plaintive and long, drawn out, but there was definite pleasure in it too.

She slid a hand up Tormund's arm, halfway, before giving up and letting it fall. “You'll be quick,” she said, almost pleading, turning her head as her eyes closed. “Won't you?”

“Oh, beauty,” he said, leaning close and gathering her in. “You do feel good around me like this. You squeeze me like you were born to it. But you are so wet now with him, and with that oil he used, and with yourself. So easy to fuck. Quick?” He hummed in pleasure. “I don't think so.”

Clegane licked his lips as he watched them. She seemed to helpless, so lost, and they'd done it to her between them. He'd thought that no one would know about that wild side to her except them. No
one would ever see this either. They'd never see Brienne of Tarth overcome and powerless. Even at the point of her death, she'd be dangerous. This was a privilege she granted to them, and he was well aware of it. He reached out to take her hand in his.

“Don't tease her, Tormund, for fuck’s sake,” he muttered. Her eyes flickered open, sought him out. She frowned a little.

“Don't protect me,” she said on an outward breath, resentful despite it all, and Clegane blinked in surprise. The wildling laughed.

So that's the way it was? Well, then! In a huff, Clegane pulled his hand away and laid on his back with his arms folded, listening to her feeble little vocalisations, and then he knew something else annoying he could do...

*Next time you want to do something like that, do it when I'm in her, not when I'm already done. So as I can enjoy it properly.*

Smirking, Clegane got closer, then dropped his hand down and trailed his fingers up the back of Tormund's leg.

“Ahh...” Tormund said, but he didn't say much of anything else, just continued moving inside her. Clegane continued to tease, up and down, very lightly, until the wildling turned his head. All of a sudden, Tormund seemed menacing, and he couldn't have said why. Perhaps it was something in the depths of his eyes. Privately, Clegane conceded that playing with things he should probably leave well alone was getting to be a bit of a habit.

“Up a bit,” Tormund said, something wicked in his stare, and too late, Clegane realised he couldn't back out of it now without coming away the loser. His fingers were just at the back of the wildling's knee. He moved his hand up, over Tormund's thigh, feeling the large muscles there working away.

Tormund grinned in challenge, clearly enjoying himself. “Higher,” he dared. Clegane couldn't look away from the wildling's eyes. He swallowed, but he did it, moving his hand until his palm was resting warm over the curve of Tormund's arse. He could feel that smooth fucking motion, because Tormund hadn't even broken his stride for this.

“Mmm...” Tormund was smirking, imagining something, it was obvious, though what it was Clegane couldn't begin to guess. He frowned, squeezed slightly with his hand, felt that globe of
muscle tense, then relax, and again, over and over. He imagined how it might feel to have both hands on him there, to feel every movement as he fucked her, and then he suddenly knew exactly what the wildling was thinking about, and he snatched his hand back with a gasp. Tormund laughed.

“Or maybe you want to be in the middle, hmm?” Tormund asked, as annoying as ever.

“Tormund?” Brienne broke in, and he leaned down suddenly, ending the moment between them.

“I was just playing with him, beauty,” he said, as if in apology, then he hissed in a breath. “You feel so good.” He growled. “It's coming soon now. You feel it?”

She moaned in that tired way. “Yes. It's mine, isn't it? Let me have it...”

Her words seemed to have an effect on Tormund, because he suddenly made a couple of sharp movements, then a few longer, more selfish ones before he clutched her close in his arms, all but shaking himself off inside of her. When he was done, he let her go and withdrew, taking a moment seated by the side of her before getting a cloth from the bedside table.

He moved down the bed, parting her legs where she had closed them.

“No!” Brienne suddenly said. “No more, please, I can't do any more.”

Tormund sighed. “No more, beauty. That's right. You've taken everything we've got. Let me clean you now.”

The most adorable look of discomfort came over her. “Oh, no! I think I should do that. If you just give me a few minutes, I'll get up, I swear it. I just need a little time to come back to myself.”

“Oh,” Tormund said, disapproving. “You'll let me do all those things to you, but not let me care for your body afterwards? Don't fight me, woman.” Then he smiled at her. “Or at least, not yet.”

Clegane didn't see how she could fight. He already had her how he wanted her, but this was about having her agree to it, and she sighed then. “All right,” she said. “Care for me, Tormund.” The wildling smiled, and placed a little kiss on her lips.
“Always.”

It didn’t take him long, but then Clegane knew why he had done it. The kind of play they’d done earlier meant it was necessary. After he’d finished at the front, he went to the back and cleaned her there too. It was intimate, and that was why he'd done it. It was all about building trust. After all, if she'd let him do this, then as they went forward, there couldn't be any worry she had that she would be afraid to talk to him about.

Something new occurred to Clegane then. “You've done this before,” he accused. “All of it.”

Tormund smiled at him, nodded. Having finished, he threw the cloth into a pile for the laundress.

“I have,” he said with a heavy sigh, arms draped over his knees, then he looked at Brienne. “But never with so much love.”

They settled at either side of her, while she came around a bit. She stretched out her body, and then frowned at him. “A week?” she said, dubious. He pulled a face and nodded.

“Perhaps,” he said. “Sorry.”

“You warned me,” she said with a shrug. “It's just...” She sighed. “What if we're at war within the week?”

Shit... that was a bit of a downer. Clegane felt the world tilt back to its normal axis after everything they had done. He’d been feeling particularly content, enough so to play with the wildling at any rate. Then he felt her hand on his face, on the scar, and he reached up to grab her wrist.

“How did this happen?” she asked, and he twisted his head to get away from her touch, only to find that Tormund had moved to the other side of the bed, and that he was now in the middle. He’d been worried about this ending up in the middle business. The last thing he'd thought is that he'd end up making his own contribution to their scar stories. But then maybe it was his turn.

“He was pushed into the fire as a baby,” Tormund said. “That's what you told me. Isn't it?”
Clegane nodded, and he closed his eyes, but he could feel them both looking at him all the same.

“It was my brother,” he said, and he heard Brienne draw in a breath of surprise.

“The Mountain?” she queried, and he nodded.

“Mountain?” Tormund echoed.

“His brother is bigger than him, and much taller. He's a monster. Literally, now, after what we saw...” She seemed to realise what she was saying, and her hand was on his arm. “I'm sorry, Sandor. I didn't mean –”

“No. You're right. I don't know what's hidden behind that helm he's got on, but it's not pretty. Or even human now. It matches how he's always been on the inside. It's dead.” He was silent for a moment, thinking. About Gregor, and about all the things he'd done. Things he knew Gregor had done, and things he suspected. “I know exactly what he is. He's hurt more than me. Monster doesn't even start on fucking describing him.”

_Murderer._

That word was heavy on his mind now. Gregor had been a curse on House Clegane from the moment he was born. He, Sandor, would end that curse for good. Then he and Brienne, perhaps they could start again. They could do better.

There was silence for a few moments.

“So tell us,” Brienne said softly. He opened his eyes to look at her.

He shook his head. “Why do you want to know?” he asked, because it was grotesque, just like the scar, and she didn't have to hear it. No one had to hear that. No one had to live with it but him.

“Because it's a part of you, and I want to know you.”
“There's lots of me to go around without it,” he pointed out, then raised a hand to touch it. “This?” He pulled a face. “It's an ugly thing. You don't want to know –”

“And I love you.”

Clegane caught his breath, looked into her eyes. His heart felt like it had just gone flying off up to the ceiling somewhere without him. Something in her faltered. “I mean,” she said quietly, “I think I do.” Her voice hardened. “And I'm not marrying anyone who can't tell me all about themselves.”

“Oh?” he said, still feeling happy. He jerked his head at Tormund. “How well did you know him when you got to be his wife?”

“That's different.” She paused, glaring. She folded her arms. “And we're not talking about me,” she said meaningfully, because she was aware he was trying to steer the conversation.

“All right! For fuck's sake!” he grumbled. Tormund chuckled. “I'll tell you. But if you're unhappy for the rest of the day...”

“That's all right,” Brienne said. “There are only a few hours left in it. Away you go.”

Clegane sighed. He closed his eyes again. “I was playing by the fire. There were some toys, a couple of Knights. One of them was his, but he was too old for them. Yet when he found me with it, he pushed my face into the embers. Held me there while I screamed.”

He opened his eyes and blinked. “There. That's it. Happy now?”

“That's not it,” Brienne said, dissatisfied.

“What more do you want from me, woman?” he snapped in a temper, then held his face in his hands. “Do you want me to tell you how it hurt? How my tears hissed back at me from the cinders when I cried? Or how about the smell of my own burning flesh? We smell just like pork, you know, the lot of us. Or perhaps the terror when my hair caught fire? I could smell that for days after.” He pulled his hands away but closed his eyes, so he wouldn't have to see sympathy in her. He didn't think he could fucking cope with that.
“Will that satisfy you? He was bigger and older than me. I was six fucking years old! He wanted to kill me. It took a dozen servants to stop him. Do you want me to tell you how my father covered it up for him? No one knew he'd done it, and do you know what Gregor did to him later?”

Clegane roared in frustration, but he didn't open his eyes. They were both quiet.

“It hurt for weeks,” he said, more calmly. “I had no skin. I couldn't even feel the breath of the air in a room without screaming in agony. When he was at home, he'd come in and taunt me, laugh at me. He'd hold me down and rip off the bandages to admire what he'd done. How he'd ruined me. What he'd done to my face.”

Just saying it brought it all back, just as he'd known it would. He hated it, because he could feel all of that fear and terror again, of Gregor. He hated himself for that. But most of all he felt hate for Gregor, all fresh and bright like a stab wound.

“For weeks I could barely sleep. I couldn't move on that side. I had to eat my meals as soup through a straw. I couldn't chew anything. It hurt too much. The Maester said I'd lose my sight, but I didn't. It took a good long while to come back, though. And when it finally healed, I swore to myself that I'd kill Gregor one day. I wasn't really serious about it until we got older, and I saw what he became.”

“What did he become?” Brienne asked.

“He became a bully who'd gotten away with torturing his baby brother. And when he became that, he decided he could get away with every nasty thing that was hiding in his mind. With anything. And he did everything he wanted to do, no matter how cruel, how depraved, how immoral. There's nothing inside him. Nothing at all. He's worse than any monster. The damned Night King has nothing on him.”

At last he'd done it. Let it all out, as much as he was able to at any rate. He waited for a minute, and they let him, then he drew in a deep breath. “There. I've said everything I'm going to say. I'm done.”

Again, he felt her hand on his face, and he shivered. He opened his eyes, and it wasn't her. His heart jumped as he and Tormund stared at each other.

“You have to kill this man, Clegane,” Tormund said seriously. “He is no brother to you.”
Clegane sighed heavily. "Neither are you."

Tormund only shrugged, then smirked. "Good job," he said, with a flirtatious and comical waggle of his eyebrows. Clegane laughed out loud, and it eased all of the tension in him.

"You daft fucking cunt," he said, and when he looked around, Brienne was giggling too, hand over her mouth.

Clegane remembered what she'd said, and drew her into his arms. "Did you mean it?" He tried to say it tenderly, but realised it came out as a bit of a growl. She nodded, and his heart went soaring beyond the ceiling, right up to play among the stars.

He kissed her slowly, and he remembered the kiss that had started it all. Not the first one. The one where she'd been drunk and she'd pulled him down to her by his hair. "I love you, too," he whispered in her ear. And because he made sure to whisper it wasn't a growl, it was as it should be.

She cuddled up against him, her body all warm and her curves soft. "Are you all right?" she asked, giving him a concerned look. "If you don't want to sleep, we can stay up for a bit." She said it, but he saw her eyes already wanting to close, and he grinned.

"Go to sleep, Brienne. I'm all right as long as you're with me."

There. No one could say he didn't know how to be romantic. He was amazingly pleased with himself as he felt her soften into sleep and the room went dark as Tormund put out the lamps. Then a minute later, a hand crept around him from the other side, and he jumped violently, startling her awake again for a moment.

"The fuck you doing?" he muttered, as quietly as he could. He was full of tension as the wildling snuggled up at the other side of him. He groaned. "I'm in the middle, aren't I?"

"Tonight you are," Brienne said tiredly. "Go to sleep."

Go to sleep? Sleep!? With him there all bloody night? Clegane gulped, looked down. Actually, it was too dark to see now, but he could feel Tormund's arm draped over his chest. The rest of
Tormund was pressed up against his side. And the wildling was hairy, but fuzzy. Almost furry. Kind of comfortable, in fact, like a living blanket.

“You're on my bad side,” he hissed quietly. “Get back to your half of the bed!”

To his astonishment, Tormund only patted him with that hand. “You don't have a bad side,” he said. Then yawned. “Anyway, you're safe with us. Even with me, for now. Sleep.”

Clegane blinked, with his arm around Brienne on the one side, and his other arm raised high above his head rather than... no! Absolutely not!

Several minutes passed by. Neither of the two of them moved. Tormund snored lightly and nuzzled against him. Slowly, Clegane put that arm down, and let it rest naturally over Tormund's shoulders.

A minute or so after that, he was drifting away himself to welcome dreams of sword fighting with Brienne while they were naked, and they were both winning.

“Huh, at last... Southerners!” he heard, just before he lost consciousness.

To be continued...

Author's Note: At last, the end of the scene. And it seems as though Clegane didn't need to be tied up for that confession, after all. As they get to know each other, it will be Tormund next, and I've really got a lot more scope to play with there. We really know next to nothing about his life. Hmm... I shall take the cues from his character and find a good back story for him. We know he has daughters. What happened to them? Did they perish when the wildlings were leaving Hardhome? That seems unlikely. Surely we'd have seen Tormund grieve for them if that was the case. What happened to their mother? Those are good questions to start with, I think.

Anyway, as ever, please feed the author. You're all fabulous, and I love you, every single one of you that responds.

I hope you enjoyed this update. That might be the last one until after the holiday. We shall see. For now, until later! :)
Chapter Thirty

Author's Note: A chapter from Tormund's pov. Hope you enjoy it. Erm, it is more smut, I'm afraid. Please check the updated tags listing.

Chapter Thirty

When Tormund awoke in the morning it was quite early, still dark outside, and Brienne was almost clinging to him in her sleep, warm, one arm and one leg draped over him in an unconscious statement of possession. During the night, somehow they'd rearranged themselves so she was in the middle again. His face was in her hair, and he could smell that sweet soap on her. Tormund hummed and drew her into his embrace properly, sleeping or not, and she stirred.

“Morning,” she said quietly, turning her head a little and pressing a tender kiss to his lips. “I must have fallen back to sleep. I was awake a while ago.”

“Morning, beauty,” he replied. “So you half on top of me wasn’t an accident then?” he queried, and she shook her head.

“You were so warm,” she confessed, “and snuggly. And since you are my husband, and therefore mine, I thought I’d take full advantage of you.”

Tormund smiled. “How do you feel this morning?” he asked directly, and there was no mistaking his meaning.

“All right,” she said slowly, blinking at him. “I mean, I don’t think I will feel it for a week. I think my body is adjusting, just like he said it would.”

He nodded. “Very good. That is right. Today we will try for two fingers. We will start now, while you are still sleepy warm and relaxed. Get on your knees for me.”

Immediately she became disconcerted. “All right,” she agreed, frowning slightly. “But... now? Are you sure?”
“Now.”

They kept their voices quiet, so as not to disturb Clegane, and now they broke apart to make ready, careful not to wake him, as if they were in unspoken agreement. These moments were for them.

As he got the oil, she did as he wished, and he turned back to find her on her knees, her upper body lowered to the bed. Tormund drew in a breath of desire, and he couldn't help stroking one hand over her back, the curve that her body made like that.

“Will you kiss me there?” she asked suddenly, turning her head so that her voice wasn't muffled by the pillows.

“You like it,” Tormund observed, “so I am certain I will.” He paused for a heartbeat, so that his next words were deliberately ambiguous. “I like it too.”

Two seconds later she'd moved to sit up in the middle of the bed, staring at him. “You like it,” she repeated thoughtfully. And then she smiled, and she leaned in close, as slinky as a cat. “Then you should let me return the favour,” she suggested. He'd been a fool to think he could disguise anything before her.

Tormund felt his jaw drop a little, the bottle of oil forgotten in his hand. She'd managed to unbalance him, surprise him, and his first thought was that he was glad Clegane was still fast asleep and unable to observe it. He swallowed, his mouth suddenly dry as he imagined it.

“You mean you would?” he murmured quietly, shocked, and he stared into her eyes. She suddenly frowned at him, displeased.

“Do you think I am some kind of hypocrite?” she responded, and he shook his head quickly. Her voice was hard, but her touch was soft as she trailed her fingers up his arm. It almost tickled. “I won't let you do anything to me I wouldn't do for you in return,” she said firmly, apparently decided on the matter.

At that, he smirked, beginning to enjoy this now. “Be careful what you say, woman,” he warned. “There isn't anything I wouldn't do to you if there was pleasure to be found in it. For either one of us.”
He was on his knees as she moved behind him, all sinuous moves and silky soft skin, her hands splayed over his chest from behind, her body warm against his back, breasts pressed into him there. “What else do you like? You tied me up. Do you want that too?” Her hands moved to his biceps and squeezed lightly. “You're so strong,” she said quietly. “If I bound you to my bed, would you break it?”

A low sound of desire came from his throat that he couldn't help, and yet he smiled. “I might,” he replied. “It wouldn't be the first time a carpenter had been brought to your room because of us, would it?”

She giggled in delight, and he turned to bring her back, encouraging her to get back on her knees. At last he remembered the oil, and he thumbed open the bottle. It made a little pop of sound as she waited for his touch, but then he placed it back on the night stand, unused. First, the kiss.

“I will teach you,” he said, his voice low. “Though you've felt this before, I shall explain exactly what it is I do.” She hummed in agreement as he spread her open with his hands, exposing her to his view.

“When you face it, you'll understand, because it's difficult to reach with your lips. It's less of a kiss,” he murmured as he moved his mouth closer, “more tongue than that.”

“Tongue,” she repeated dutifully, as if it really were a lesson. Then he demonstrated, and she moaned quietly. He made his tongue as stiff and pointed as he could at first, the better to explore the texture of all those little folds of skin around her entrance. He circled it a few times, and let his tongue relax into something much more pliable with each pass, breathing heat onto her, until she was whispering his name into the pillows, then he moved back.

“Hard, then soft,” he said. “Then hard again, to get inside.”

“Inside...” she said, longing, as he went back to it, and he felt himself smiling, but it didn't put him off, and he made his tongue rigid again, so he could push into her, just a little way, just far enough to tease the skin at the edge. He took his time about it, until she was trembling and gasping below him, and calling him “husband” again. Then at last he pulled away, picked up the oil.

He poured a little onto his right hand. “We'll start with one, Brienne,” he told her. “Are you ready?”

“I'm ready,” she said, and he took his time about that too, even though the teasing with his tongue
had relaxed her body for play. She seemed fairly comfortable with that once the initial penetration was achieved though, and so he soon went about adding another. She whimpered, but didn't complain, and soon she was making the same sounds as before.

“No pain?” he asked, and she shook her head against the pillows.

“No,” she said, her voice muffled. “Only,” she paused, “are you going to have me as well? Because I don't know how that might feel,” she admitted.

He halted, surprised. “Perhaps I might use a finger on you there,” he said, “if you want it.” Then used his other hand. Only, his finger slid into her pussy easily because she was all slick with her own arousal for it... for him. “You do want it,” he breathed, pleased somehow at this proof of her desire for him, for his cock.

“Yet I've hardly touched you,” he noted in wonder as she groaned. He wiggled that finger, merciless, because he knew where that groan came from. She felt full already. “You sure you can take me, woman?”

“I don't know,” she admitted. He pulled his finger away and sucked at it so as not to miss out on the taste of her, then spread some of the oil over his cock, running his hand over himself a few times as he thought upon it.

“We'll try,” he said. “I'm not moving my fingers. You tell me if it hurts, and I'll stop.” She was quiet below him, and he moved those fingers that were still deep in her. “Tell me you understand. If it hurts, you say so.”

“I'll tell you!” she gasped, and he relented.

Despite his instructions, there was a powerful lust in him as he positioned the head of his cock just there. He watched carefully as he pushed inside a little way. This first part would be the hardest, and she seemed to swallow the cry that came from her, but she didn't say anything. Once the head of his cock was in a little deeper, it got easier, but it was very tight, and he hissed with the sensation of it, moving very slowly, watching every inch go in.

“Oh, beauty,” he said, unable to help it. He growled a little then, feeling her respond to his naming of her. “Stay nice and relaxed for me,” he warned, “nice and open.” Now that he was mostly in her, his hand was free, and he stroked her lower back to soothe her. He pulled back a little, then went deeper.
It was like paradise.

“Let me take what I want from you, beauty, that is it. Yes,” he murmured, beginning a very slow movement back and forth, watching as his cock appeared and disappeared inside her. “Good...” She trembled beneath him.

“Tormund!” she breathed urgently.

“Shh... easy,” he said. “Soon, you will be ready to take us,” he told her, and he felt her tighten at that. He stopped moving, mostly because it was edging out of pleasure, even for him. “You are hurting?” he asked immediately.

“No,” she whispered.

“You are frightened?”

She didn't respond, only gave him a kind of broken sob of sheer need, and he felt his heart contract for her. “Don't be afraid. We will be so gentle with you, so easy on you, so good to you. Beautiful Brienne, don't you know how we will love you?”

Now her body relaxed again, and he resumed the slow movement while she moaned in pleasure. It would take a long time for her to come this way, since she could not tighten around him without making him stop. It potentiated her pleasure, and his. When they did it for real, it would be perfect.

At last, he pulled away and out, still hard, and Brienne seemed to slump a little, breathing fast against the pillows. Tormund didn't allow her to rest. He twisted his fingers inside her a little, so that she gasped.

“I want to finish in you here,” he told her. “Can I try it?”

“Yes,” she said, then turned her head so she could look up at him. “Will it hurt as much as the other way did?”

Tormund shook his head. “Not quite. I've loosened you, so you won't bleed. It might hurt a little, but
only a little, I promise. When it does, you tell me, and I make it better for you, yes?"

Brienne nodded, though she was clearly nervous as he withdrew his fingers. He rubbed his hand over her lower back again. “Relax for me again, beauty. I won't go near you until you do.”

While he waited, he used some more of the oil on himself, because there couldn't be too much for this, and by the time he'd done that, she was all warm and open again. That tension in her was gone. Taking a deep breath, he positioned himself again, this time higher, and pressed against her there but didn't enter her.

“One hard push now, beauty,” he warned, and then he was in, taking gentle hold of her hips to keep her still and steady for it. Brienne cried out beneath him, and then commenced a kind of quickened panting that slowly resolved into deeper breaths as he held himself still inside of her.

She felt just as gorgeous here as he'd imagined, and he realised he didn't know which he liked best about her, front or back. At first he'd felt her body clench upon him, hot and strong, but then she relaxed, and he breathed easier himself at that.

“Good,” he praised. “Very good, beauty. See, it is not so hard.” He waited another moment. “Now I move,” he warned, and he gave her the slightest back and forth motion, drawing a hiss of awareness from her and that tight clutching sensation again. “Does it hurt?” he asked.

“Sort of,” she admitted. “Not as much, not the same as the other way. Not sharp, but kind of deeper. Oh, it feels wrong!” she said suddenly, dismayed. “I don't know if I want you to stop. Should it feel like this? Help me, Tormund. Tell me. You've done this before, haven't you? You've felt this, for the first time? Tell me you have,” she pleaded.

He licked his lips, remembered. “Of course I have. I know what it is you're feeling. I've felt it too. If the feeling isn't sharp, it's all right. It's just because you've never been touched here before. My fingers didn't get as deep in you as I am now.” He tried to ignore the need to move. “Relax again. Trust in me. I won't harm you. Let me take you there, and in a few moments, it will get better, I think.”

“All right. I will try, I promise,” Brienne said, and she drew in a deep breath, her body letting him go again, to do as he would, and he did. Tormund moved in and out a few times, keeping those thrusts the same length and depth to allow her to get used to it. At first all he could hear was her stuttered breathing as she tried not to cry out, as she tried to stay accepting. Then, at last, he heard her moan.
“Oh, Gods,” she said. “Tormund!”

He grinned. “It's good now? Better?” he asked. He already knew the answer. She wasn’t concentrating on staying relaxed now. Her body was doing it all for her; he could feel it, that difference.

“Good,” she agreed. “Oh, I had no idea! How will I bear it?”

Tormund didn't stop moving, but for a moment he was confused. “Bear it?” he repeated.

“Both of you,” she managed, between moans. “Both of you, in me each way. How will I bear the pleasure? Perhaps you will break me, after all.”

Ah, now he understood! Tormund grinned, watching himself again happily, moving in and out of that tightness. “Perhaps we will,” he told her, “every time.” He reached beneath her now to tease her clitoris, making her thighs tremble as he fucked her this new way. “And every time you will recover so that we can break you between us again.”

“Ohhh...” She was tightening around him, but because she was climaxing, and she couldn't really take him with her this way. He continued through it, continued to touch her too, until she was whimpering, collapsing down onto the bed and he merely followed her, still taking her that way.

Clegane chose just that moment to raise his head from the pillows. Tormund looked around at him, but didn't speak, only grinned at him. He was close now, could feel it coiling in him as Brienne's moans rose in volume again.

“Yes!” he ground out. “Take it from me!” He could feel his face twisting in a snarl of victory as he let it all go into her, that stuttering feeling of need to get it all inside of her, all at once, and his last movements were hard and fast.

It was done. Tormund came back to himself and pulled out of her slowly, softened a little now. He drew in a deep breath, then before she could protest about doing any of it herself, he reached to the bedside table and squeezed out a cloth.

“Going to be cold now,” he warned, and he cared for her body while she lay still. Then he cleaned himself before using the last unsoiled remnant of it to clean off his fingers. He threw the cloth aside.
At last, he turned onto his back at the side of her and looked into her eyes. “Was it as bad as you feared?” he wanted to know.

She shook her head. “No. Not at all.” She heaved a great breath. “I could sleep for longer now, though,” she said. At the other side of her, Clegane cleared his throat, and she immediately turned to her other side, away from him.

“Good morning, you,” she said, her voice warm, reaching out with her arms as Clegane claimed a deep kiss from her.

Before long, he had her beneath him, and it was only then she seemed to realise what was going to happen to her – again – and the look in her eyes would have been enough to make him hard again if he hadn't given her everything just a few moments ago.

She must be exhausted, but she didn't rest, and she welcomed him completely as Tormund watched. Clegane groaned when he got inside of her.

“Gods, Brienne. You're so hot, and wet! Seven Hells!” He kind of growled and gave it to her hard. She didn't complain, but moved with him, arms and legs around him as she stared up into his eyes.

“I want this to last,” he said, then lowered his head to her shoulder as he fucked her, slowing and easing a little.

As Tormund watched, he saw her smile, kind of wickedly, becoming aware of her own power in this, and she turned her head to murmur into Clegane's ear.

“No, you don't,” she told him. “I know what you want. You want to come in me, and I want it too. Give it to me fast, and hard, and deep, until you can't keep it back.”

Every time she paused, she must have been tightening on him consciously, because Clegane was actually moaning as if on command. Tormund chuckled, enjoying the show, and a part of him looked forward to when it would be his turn.

Clegane raised himself up again, looked into her eyes. “Brienne, please,” he said, but she only tilted
her head back, still smiling slightly.

“Give it to me, Sandor,” she said. “Give me what I want.”

She turned her head, exposing her neck, and the fading mark there. It must be irresistible, and that proved to be so when Clegane dipped his head with a groan and set about refreshing that mark. When he'd done, he dragged his mouth away, and it was even darker than the first time he'd put it there.

“Hard and fast and deep is what you want?” he demanded roughly, his hands moving down to her hips, stilling her movements. She looked at him, nodded in silence. She must have given him another squeeze as incentive because he suddenly gave up on the easy in and out and snapped his hips, drawing a kind of strange, needy moan from her lips.


Clegane closed his eyes, and again with that hard, almost brutal snap. Then he looked at her. “This is what you want?” he asked, and she nodded again. The most amazing look of wonder came over him. “Brienne. I dreamed...” He seemed unwilling to say more.

“I know. It's all right. I can take it. Do it to me. Let go.” She drew in a deep breath, and Clegane seemed to lose it a little, giving her a series of those deep hard thrusts until she cried out, her body shaking suddenly. Clegane didn't stop, because he was there too, and he let it go into her, just as she'd told him to, burying his face in her neck at the last and resting there.

When it was over, Brienne stroked her hands over his shoulders and his back. “There. That's better,” she said. Her head fell to the side, though, and she exchanged a glance with him, and Tormund could see she was exhausted before they'd even risen for the day. At once it occurred to him that her behaviour with Clegane had only been half about playful dominance and half about finishing him quickly. Perhaps they were a little too demanding. He sighed as she closed her eyes. Maybe they should ease off on her, just a bit. He found himself trying to count how many climaxes she'd given them just since they'd retired the night before, and he couldn't think of a number. Really, he should have seen this, but he'd just been too carried away by the whole thing.

Troubled, he nudged Clegane, who raised his head and gazed at him with a question. Tormund tilted his head sharply. Get off of her, he mouthed silently.
Clegane did so, despite Brienne trying to hold onto him, then Tormund took hold of one of her hands, and she shook her head with her eyes closed. “No more,” she said. “Not right now. I have to get up at some point.” She yawned. “Honestly, can't you two play with each other or something?” She pulled her hand back, then curled up on her side.

Tormund bit his lip, then opened his mouth.

“Don't do it,” Brienne said suddenly, without opening her eyes. Tormund blinked, looked at Clegane, who shrugged.

“Do what?” Tormund asked, completely mystified.

“You're about to 'Beauty' me,” she grumbled. “That only works when I want it to. Let me have half an hour, then a bath, then breakfast. Then try and pick up my sword.” She groaned. “Then, maybe, I'll have something else for you. If you’re really good, perhaps that favour I owe you.”

Tormund opened his eyes wide, then Clegane started to laugh. At last Tormund held out his hands, nodded and bowed his head, waiting for the laughter to stop. When it did, he said: “We're overtiring you, and that is mostly my fault. I'm sorry. I'll make it easier from now on, I promise.”

“No, you won't,” she said, her voice muffled and drowsy. “You don't know how to be easy, Tormund.”

“No. You won't,” Clegane agreed, still smirking.

This entire situation was feeling very familiar to him, but last time he wasn't on the losing end of it. He grumbled a bit. “All right,” he admitted. “I won’t.” To his surprise, Brienne smiled.

“Good. Don't argue with me. Now lie down for a bit,” she ordered. “Both of you. It's still early, I can feel it.”

They all nestled together, and she got the half hour or so she wanted, though he didn't sleep, and neither did Clegane. They just stared at each other over her and tried to resist the temptation to touch her and start all over again, which was a little bit like torture.
When she did wake up, she stretched out, and then groaned, pulling a strange face.

“What is it?” Clegane asked.

“Ugh, what do you think?” she responded, accusatory, fidgeting in her place on the bed. “I really need a bath.”

Clegane laughed a little. “Want some more before you go?” he wondered out loud. “I could fill you up again.” Brienne gave him a disgusted look. “No, then, huh?” He leaned over her and claimed a kiss, and when he drew back, she was all inviting again, eyes dark. She shook her head as if to clear it. Tormund thought it was a good time to take a kiss of his own. When he'd done, she lay there for a moment, staring at them, one to the other. She sighed, very slightly, and Tormund laughed this time. She'd let them, he realised. She'd let them do it to her all over again.

“Come on, woman,” he teased, sitting up and pulling on her hand. “Time to get up.”

Clegane got her a robe, which she pulled on, and yet when she stood up she pulled a face again, then glared at him.

“What?” Tormund asked innocently, but he knew. He'd taken her virginity that way, and he knew how that felt. Not painful, not quite, but definitely all kind of loose and weird.

“You know,” she told him, and he nodded.

“A bath will make it better,” he told her gently.

“Will it?”

“Yes. I promise, you'll feel like more like yourself again after.” He dared to smirk at her. “And a little bit less like me.” Because it was the size and shape of him she could still feel, as if he'd imprinted himself on her. She stared at him and sighed as she tied the belt around her middle.

They watched her walk out, this time not shuffling or baby stepping, but there was a definite sensual sway to her movement that hadn't been there before. She closed the door behind her, then they
looked at each other, Clegane with a question in his eyes. Tormund thought about it, tilted his head, and kind of shrugged. “Depends how she feels later, but I'd say later tonight, or tomorrow at the latest.” He thought about it, and couldn't help wanting it. “Tonight, hopefully.”

Clegane’s eyes widened. “That soon?”

Tormund nodded. “I think she's ready.”

“Does she?” Clegane appeared doubtful. He laid back down on the bed and stretched out lazily with a deep groan as Tormund watched.

“It isn't as if we'll take it without asking,” Tormund commented, his mind slipping easily to something else as he spoke. Luckily for Clegane, he was completely oblivious as he laid there, eyes closed, all of his body out on display like that. Tormund let himself look.

“Yeah, I've seen how you ask for things,” he muttered, sarcastic, and Tormund smiled.

“That only works when she wants it to, remember?” He wondered, vaguely, if he could steal one of those hard kisses right now, because Clegane seemed to be all but begging for it. He moved slightly closer.

“You'll make her think it was her idea or something,” Clegane said. “That's what I'm talking about.”

“Ah,” Tormund said, crawling over Clegane's prone form on the bed. The man's eyes flickered open, hearing the changed direction of his voice. Tormund smiled and tilted his head a little. “Well, I always say there's nothing wrong with wanting to try something new,” he said, his lips just that little bit closer, and Clegane wasn't stopping him. In fact he'd reached up, tangling fingers in Tormund’s hair to pull him closer still.

“This isn't new,” Clegane growled, and Tormund winked.

“Not yet,” he admitted. Beneath him Clegane's eyes widened, and he rolled them over. Tormund let him, wondering what he intended by it. He didn’t really mind which way around they were.
“This is new,” Clegane said then, looking down at him. “You want it?”

Tormund bit his lip and nodded once instantly. Whatever was on offer, he would take. Except that as soon as he did, Clegane laughed and got up.

“We'd be late for breakfast,” he said, smirking. “Come on.”

Tormund groaned. “You bloody hound!” he complained. “Should have known you were too afraid to –”

He only got that far before Clegane's lips were on his, punishing and hot, his bodyweight too, pressing Tormund down into the mattress. It was over too soon, and then Clegane's breath was tickling in his ear, just as heated. “Just so you know, if one of us ends up in the middle after her, it isn't going to be me. I'll fuck you, while you fuck her. You hear me?”

Clegane's words made him instantly hard, and he knew Clegane could feel it against his leg. “Oh, you like that idea, do you?” he asked, all but snarling.

“You think this is a game of punishment?” Tormund asked, amazed. “I'm more than willing, Sandor Clegane. Give me pleasure if you can, if you want. I won't refuse it.”

Clegane let him go and stood up, his face twisted in lust and confusion at the provocation. He went around finding his clothes without looking back.

“Get dressed, you dumb cunt,” he said, his voice ominous, and threw some of Tormund's clothes at him.

“Aren't you even a little bit curious?” Tormund wondered. Clegane glowered at him, fully dressed now, arms folded.

“No. Now hurry up, or I go without you.”

Tormund smirked, but he dressed all the same. If Brienne indeed gave him that favour back later on, he’d tell her the secret of it where men were concerned, and Clegane would hear it too. After that,
he'd let her touch him, just like he'd touched her, so as to show them both. And if Clegane wasn't curious after that, he wasn't alive, even if he only ever let her touch him like that. At least he'd get to watch...

Bath and breakfast, then. All in all, a fruitful morning so far. Tormund was pleased.

To be continued...

**Author's Note:** Thank you for reading, I hope you had a good time. Please leave a word or two on your way out. Words are cookies! :)

Apologies for all the sex scenes of late. Outside the bedroom, they really don't have much to do but practice, and I have been dallying here to ensure Tormund gets what he wants. But that scene is coming up, and things will move a bit more quickly in the story after that, I promise.
Chapter Thirty-one

Chapter Thirty-one

It seemed to Brienne as she opened her door that it had been an awfully long day. After breakfast, she'd been initially unable to practice, but that feeling had soon passed, and she'd joined in at last, enjoying the return to her usual morning exercise so much that she'd lost track of the time. Indeed, by the time they'd put aside their weapons, it was lunch, and they were all hungry, having worked up an appetite, meaning they'd missed out on coming up to her room in the middle of the day altogether.

They'd lingered over lunch though, and she found that she enjoyed spending ordinary time with the two of them. It was strange, how she'd settled into their company, how she felt able to relax around them both. They were still themselves, crude and horribly vulgar at times. That didn't change at all, and yet, somehow she didn't mind so much. They made her laugh and it felt good. They had things in common, all three of them. They discussed swords and strategy, talked of battles they'd fought in, shared anecdotes.

Sandor tried to hide it, but he shared many of her own ideals even if he didn't call things by the same name as she did, and the more they talked, the more she saw it in him. He might not like knights, but he lived by a code of conduct, just as she did. He'd deny it, of course, if she mentioned it, so she let it pass, but in her heart, her love for him grew. Meanwhile, Tormund seemed blissfully unaware of codes of conduct and such, yet he was very astute where it mattered, and Brienne respected his opinion and his ideas deeply, even if at times they seemed utterly foreign to her.

Brienne was completely at ease, and she loved it all, especially that tingle of electric feeling she got whenever she felt the accidental brush of Sandor's hand on hers, or when Tormund leaned in a little too close, and she felt his body heat. It was all new to her.

She supposed they knew all about it, and some of their teasing might have got out of hand if she let it. She didn't let it. They might be guiding her on this new voyage of discovery, but they weren't going to rule her, and she made sure they knew it. Once most of the nervousness was over, Brienne was surprised to find her own sense of personal power didn't wane, despite the things she got up to with them, but it didn't. Which meant that she was quickly gathering a repertoire of subtle little ways to warn them when they went too far. For Tormund, some not so subtle. Often, subtle seemed to go right over Tormund's head.

Now she was excited again. After lunch there had been more practice out on the hill, and she made it clear as she had all along that when they were out there, it was to fight and to train. She didn't want there to be any confusion about what they were doing, what they were up to. They'd even started to help each other out with strength maintenance, sharing tips and tricks on their favourite exercises. Now, it was finally time to enjoy themselves this
way, and she felt her body become suddenly eager for it, beginning to burn with desire already, a slight tingling ache inside of her that she'd started to recognise. One of them would ease it soon enough.

Brienne strode through her door and left it open for them to follow her, already unbuttoning her shirt as she turned around to face them when she heard the soft click of the lock. She smiled secretly. Which one first? It was a wonderfully wicked, indulgent thought to have, and shocking. But Brienne found that she didn't care. She'd never say that out loud, probably not even to them, but it was true: she didn't care. Sandor had got it right with what he'd said at the beginning of all this – no one knew what happened between them, but them. It wasn't the world's business. But they were both hers, and the knowledge just made her lust burn all the brighter now that she'd let it live in her, now that she knew what it was, and what it meant. They had so little time. For years she'd wandered, alone in the world, and now she knew she'd been so terribly lonely. Shame could go take a running jump as far as she was concerned.

First, she looked to Sandor, and he stared back at her, all dark and hungry for it to begin. Brienne licked her lips without thinking about it, then turned her attention to Tormund. Oh, but she had something to do with him, something she'd meant to do at lunchtime. She took off her shirt and walked the couple of steps to him. She didn't feel self-conscious. Both of them had shown her, over and over, how much they loved her body. She no longer worried about being tall, or too strong, or ungainly. She felt differently about herself now. She felt desirable in their company, and she was aware of it. She was supremely confident with them.

Just like Tormund had taken that word and made it theirs, so the two of them had erased all of those hard, cold years of self-doubt, and she marvelled at how easily they had done it. She'd been convinced that she was lacking some elusive, ethereal feminine quality, and it had seemed so heavy a burden around her, not easily cast aside, and yet... they had stolen it while she wasn't paying attention. To be free of it was completely exhilarating. Her heart felt light and playful, and she wanted to play now.

This was new, what she was about to do, because she'd been all commanding with Sandor before, and he'd seemed to like it. Tormund... what would he be like? How would he respond? Brienne wondered, but then there wasn't anything to do but try it out. Before they began, and overwhelmed her between them as usual, she had to try it.

She rested her hands on his shoulders and leaned in close as he was working on his own buttons, felt his fingers stop in their work. She breathed him in, the scent of him. They smelled different to each other, but both of them pleasant. That scent... it made her want to be closer to him, to his warmth. She sighed, and had to resist the urge to reach out and bury her fingers in Tormund's chest hair. His body hair was exciting to her, just as it was on Sandor too. It marked them out as different to her, as masculine somehow, in a deeper way than the obvious.
She wondered if Tormund understood that part, that she was discovering as many new things about them as she was about herself. The things they'd shown her... before them, she'd never had truly lustful thoughts, not really. She'd never looked at a man and wanted him. Not like she wanted them now. That, just in itself, it was an amazing revelation, because every time she was near them she wanted them that way. Wanted to touch them, to explore and play with them, wanted them to do the same with her. And then... to feel them inside her. Just the thought of it made that ache deeper. She drew in a breath.

“Get on your knees for me,” she said, and paused, just for a moment, “husband.” She smiled at him, and then was astonished when he sank down before her immediately. She laughed lightly. “Hmm, you can get undressed first,” she said, and crouched down to kiss him briefly, to take the sting out of her laughter. “I want to repay the favour,” she whispered then against his lips, the bushiness of his beard against her chin. “You remember?”

“Oh, woman,” he said, and stood up at the same time as she did, feeling the palm of his hand warm on the side of her face as they stared at each other. “Do you mean it?”

The question made her pause. She wanted to say something now, because she wanted to be clear. And it wasn't about what she was going to do, specifically. “Tormund. I want to,” she said. “I want to do things with you, to you.” Here she broke the heated gaze and sought out Sandor for a second. “Both of you. I want to be more than just somewhere for you both to...” She closed her eyes and shook her head slightly, grimacing, because she couldn't say it. She knew the words, but she just hadn't the knack of speaking as crudely as they did. It was a force of habit, not easily broken, and anyway she didn't want to speak like that, didn't want to join in so deeply that she became as rough and tumble they were. Then she felt his thumb, stroking tenderly over her jawline, and she opened her eyes to look at him.

“I understand,” he said, smiling, and her heart suddenly felt warm, as if it was opening up inside her chest, and it was all for Tormund. “Just so you know. I've never thought of you that way.”

Tormund's eyes flickered to Sandor. “Neither has he.”

She'd confessed to a fear without meaning to, and he'd eased it straight away, but that didn't stop the blush that rose to her cheeks, and she could feel it burning there no matter how much she tried to will it away. Brienne looked down. “Good,” she said awkwardly. “Thank you.” She suddenly felt uncomfortable with it, with the intimacy of it, like there was something they were avoiding speaking of between them, and she knew what it was. She didn't want to say it first, because if she did, all of this might come tumbling down and she treasured it too much to risk it like that. She was happy, truly happy, perhaps for the first time in her life, and she didn't want it to end until it really was... the end.

“Get undressed, and get on the bed. On your knees,” she told him. She said that instead. Instead of saying 'I love you' and he didn't seem to mind so much. They broke apart and she watched him finish
undoing those buttons before turning her attention to Sandor.

His gaze was still hungry as he stared at her, already undressed, having beaten them both to it while they were talking, and she stepped out of her breeches, throwing them aside carelessly and striding over to him. Seeing him naked, it made her as hungry as he was. Looking was good, touching was better. He caught her up in his arms and drew her close to him. Brienne felt her eyes drift shut as she reached her arms up, over his shoulders, her hands in his hair.

Being in his arms felt like coming home. Just the sensation of his body heat, pressed against her, the hardness of his muscles. She was strong too, but his body was different. Like Tormund, there was no softness in him, and like the body hair, it seemed to speak to something primal in her, something deep. It made that ache in her tingle again, more insistent this time, demanding to be satisfied. Sandor was very slightly taller than her, and she leaned against him deliberately to enjoy it, turning her head to marvel at the way her cheekbone was on the same level as his jaw.

“What are you going to do to him?” Sandor asked, his breath hot in her ear, tickling in a way that made a shiver of pleasure run through her. His hands had moved down over the back of her waist, down to her buttocks, and now he squeezed her there, pressing her to him, and she could feel him already getting hard. It made her breath catch in desire, instantly imagining how he would feel inside her.

Without thinking about it she raised a leg to hook it over his hip in invitation, wrapping it around him, something deep in her pleased with the way he growled his lust into her ear. Perhaps, to other women, he would be frightening. To her, he was perfect. She'd never been afraid of him, not even when he'd taken her virginity. At least, she hadn't been too afraid to say those words to him, and she smiled as she remembered. She had all her weight on the toes of the one leg that was still on the floor as she tried to get up, tried to get closer somehow.

“What are you doing?” he asked again, and she frowned, wondering. She'd forgotten, perhaps. She let her head fall back so that she could look into his eyes.

“What am I doing?” she echoed, as if he might tell her. She saw his sudden grin, and felt one of his hands drag up her back, his fingertips trailing up her spine. She shivered. “Was it you?”

“Oh, Brienne,” he said. “Honestly, we haven't even got to the kissing part yet,” he teased, laughter in his eyes, and she tried to pull his lips closer to hers, but he was like a statue.

“So get to it,” she demanded, and then he did, and she was happy again. Their kisses were very different. Tormund was like some kind of giant tsunami, all tongue, and he had that great beard.
When he kissed her, it was like the end or something. Like after that he could have anything he wanted. When Sandor did it, he always let her play more, and she did.

They tasted different too. Both of them drank – there really wasn't any getting away from that – but on Sandor it tasted sweeter somehow. She indulged herself for a minute, maybe more, and because she could participate more with him, she did actually come back to herself a little, and remember. Tormund was waiting. She drew away, brought a hand back and put it to her lips as Sandor stared at her. Tormund's beard was soft and full, but his was rough and it always scratched. Sometimes, in the private moments when she went to bathe, she'd examine her own chin in the glass, feeling the burn of it where they'd both been kissing her. It was never as red as it felt.

“You get to watch,” she said, teasing as she lowered her leg again, so that she could stand on her own two feet. She reached behind herself to draw his hands back to the front and then turned to lead him to the bed where Tormund was indeed waiting, but not how she'd told him to.

“Will I enjoy it?” Sandor asked from behind her as he followed where she led, his voice warm in her ear again, and she smiled.

“He will,” she said with certainty, then stopped before him where he was seated on the side of the bed. “If he starts doing as I say,” she added, her voice pointed.

Tormund merely grinned, then patted the bed beside him. “Come here, woman,” he said.

Brienne let go of Sandor's hands, and he walked around her to lounge on the far side of the bed, leaving her to face Tormund alone. She bit her lip, wondering whether to obey, or insist on being obeyed. It didn't take long for her to decide, since Tormund always knew what to do, and she settled beside him with her hands in her lap, turning her head to look into his eyes.

All of a sudden, she felt nervous again, and she drew in a deep breath. “Did I do something wrong?” she asked at once, and Tormund shook his head, still smiling.

He reached out to hold her face in his hands, and then kissed her, just for a moment, not quite long enough for that inevitable sensation of surrender to kick in. “You don't have to do this,” he said, “if you've changed your mind.”

“But I haven't,” she protested at once. “I want –”
Before she could say more, he put a finger to her lips. “Then some last words of advice,” he said, taking a breath. “Don't think too deeply about it, and don't be afraid to stop any time you want.”

Brienne nodded. She'd already come to that conclusion herself, but Tormund wasn't finished. “I love you, Brienne.”

She looked down at her lap, then back up at him and smiled. “I love you, too,” she said, and felt immediately relieved for having said it. She felt herself slump a little. “I wanted to say it earlier,” she said, “I don't know why I didn't.”

Tormund's reaction was a little more spectacular than that. He got up, pulled her to her feet then gripped her waist as he picked her up and twirled her around in the air. Brienne screamed. Loudly. One or both of them had picked her up before, in their arms, but this was different and truly frightening. Her weight was completely out of her control, her centre of gravity being flung all over the place, and she clung to him for dear life as he laughed.

“Stop it!” she managed, beating at his shoulders with one of her fists while she clung to him with her other arm. “Tormund! Put me down! Right now!”

At last he did, and she felt the ground, nice and solid beneath her feet again. She looked around her, and Sandor was laughing his head off, rolling around on the bed. Tormund was all pleased with himself. She drew in a steadying breath.

“Don't do that again!” she breathed, shocked, her heart still hammering in her chest. No one had done that to her since she was a very young child. She stared at him in disbelief. “Gods! How strong are you?”

Tormund winked, and she swallowed, taking a step back. She looked him up and down then pursed her lips and blew out her breath. “Well,” she said at last, her own voice sounding a little weaker than she was used to hearing it. “I'm, erm, still going to want you to get on your knees for it I think.”

Suddenly the idea of telling Tormund what to do was incredibly funny, and she giggled, covering her mouth with one hand. “Sorry,” she said, but it was all right, because he was chuckling too.

“Oh, beauty,” he said, his eyes twinkling. “I don't do what you say because you can make me. I do what you say because you tell me to.” He nodded at her and then got onto the bed on his hands and knees, just as she'd asked of him, and that made her feel serious again all at once.
“Because I tell you to,” she repeated, almost a whisper, enchanted at the thought of having him under her control. He was stronger than she'd ever guessed, but he was also so free, savage, almost, compared to her and Sandor. That he was willing to obey her, it made her feel heady for a moment as she reached out to touch him. It was like having tamed a wild animal. He awaited her touch, and she dragged one hand down over his shoulders to the bottom of his back.

“I do love you,” she said. “I don't know when it began, but I do now.”

Deciding at last to do it, she got onto her knees behind him. She let her her hands move down over his buttocks, and couldn't help squeezing him lightly there, then she slid her thumbs between them and eased them apart. She could see it, dark and wrinkled, and it seemed so tiny, made him seem so vulnerable after what he'd just shown her.

Don't think too deeply about it...

Brienne deliberately kept her thoughts away from what this was, what it meant, how dirty it might seem to anyone but them. He'd done it to her, more than once. However dirty it was, it couldn't be dangerous. She remembered how wonderful it felt, and she truly wanted to make him feel that way. She licked her lips, remembered the lesson he'd given. Less of a kiss, and more tongue. She understood now, as she lowered her head, because she couldn't quite reach far enough into that crease with her lips. But if she used her tongue...

Hard, then soft. She made her tongue stick out and touched him there with it tentatively. Tormund inhaled sharply, and his entire body jumped, then relaxed. More, then, and she let her tongue trace the shape of it, the texture of it, bracing herself for the taste, and yet it didn't taste awful at all. They'd bathed very recently, and she could taste the water from that bathing. It occurred to her quick mind that Tormund had made sure to clean himself here, just in case she should want to do this, and she thanked him silently.

She was aware of Sandor too, sat up beside them, watching closely. No longer afraid, she licked at him delicately, curling the very end of her tongue, just exploring, and he was actually moaning for her. Not deep and low like when he was inside her, but breathy. His voice was pitched a mite higher than usual.

Brienne lapped, letting her tongue relax, just as he had with her, remembering the feel of his hot breath, and she tried to replicate that too.
“Brienne...” Tormund said, and he sounded broken. She smiled.

“More now,” she told him. “I'm going to push inside now.”

She made her tongue hard again, but she was surprised how much pressure it took to get inside of him. Inside he tasted of clean water too, and she hummed her approval at that. Tormund trembled beneath her tongue and lips. She wished she could ask him how it felt when she hummed like that. It must feel good. So she did it again, and again there was that trembling. Then she moved onto twisting her tongue inside him, trying to copy what he'd done to her, but she had no idea if she succeeded or not.

Compared to outside, the inside of him was so soft and hot, like velvet. On the outside that wrinkled flesh had been hard, the same way as the skin around his nipple would get when she bit him there. It was a fascinating contrast. By the time she decided to stop, some minutes had passed, and she was surprised how deep she'd got into him. As she pulled away, it was like his body was clinging to her tongue, and she had to pull harder than she imagined to get it back. Afterwards, she returned to gently caressing his buttocks, realising he'd let his upper body down to the mattress.

“Was that good?” she asked, and Tormund groaned. He drew himself up and sat back on his heels before turning around to face her.

“It was wondrous,” he said seriously. “I don't think I deserve you,” he said, “but I'll take you anyway, my wife, and I'll never let anyone take you away from us.” With that he took hold of her shoulders and pulled her close for a kiss. He was as overwhelming as always, and when he was done, he stared at her.

“Would you like to touch me with your fingers, the way I've touched you?” he asked.

Brienne felt her heart start an excited pitter-patter as she smiled. “You mean there?” she asked, her voice hushed, and he nodded. “Oh, yes! I would! Let me,” she said, trying her best to convince him. She didn't know why but it aroused her all the more, to know that she would give him the same as he'd given her. They'd truly be equal then. “Will you let me?”

Tormund smiled. “I wouldn't do anything to you that I won't let you do to me,” he said, almost the same as she'd said it earlier, and it was like a wonderful secret between them as they stared into each other's eyes. “I'll tell you what to do,” he said, “if you want to try it.”
Brienne nodded eagerly, curious to see what it would be like to touch him that way. “But there is something you should know,” Tormund continued. “It is another difference between us.”

At once she felt worried. “Is it bad?” she asked at once. “Will I hurt you?”

“No,” Tormund said, laughing a little. “No, you won't hurt me, beauty. The opposite. There is something inside me that is like...” He frowned and pulled her onto his lap. “Mmm...” He dropped one of his hands and let a finger slide over her down there, over that little spot that made her moan out loud. “You know this feeling, yes?” he asked.

“Yes!” she gasped, as he continued to tease her. “Oh, yes...” She couldn't contain a moan of regret as he moved that finger away.

“That is similar, perhaps,” he said, then shrugged. “I cannot say. I'd like to feel your touch, just there, in me. Maybe I will cry out just like you do, and plead, and beg for more.”

“You will?” she asked, feeling her eyes go wide at the idea.

“Would that frighten you?” he wanted to know.

“No,” she said, and smiled slowly, imagining it, feeling her own body warm up in response to that thought. Equal indeed! “I don't think so.”

“Let me see...” Tormund suddenly said, taking hold of her hand and examining her fingers. She pulled her hand away, suddenly feeling a little insecure.

“I don't have a woman's fingernails,” she said softly in apology, blinking.

“Good,” Tormund commented, then grinned. “See how perfect you are?”

She laughed, suddenly understanding what he meant by the examination. “It is impossible to argue with you,” she said.
“It's been said before,” Tormund agreed, amiable. “All right.”

He reached and got the oil, handing it to her, and then moved lie face down on the bed, turning his head to look at Sandor, who was seated with his back to the bed head. “You curious yet?” he asked, and Sandor was watching. He'd been watching all along.

Sandor puffed a breath out with a slight smirk, turning onto his side to watch properly. “Don't mind seeing if you're really going to moan like a woman,” he taunted.

Tormund only laughed, but Brienne frowned. She wanted to do this, was looking forward to it, and the thought of it was making something inside her feel all warm and fluttery, almost electric. It seemed like a perfect way to build up to what would come later on. And all at once she knew that she wasn't going to stand for Sandor's taunting, even if Tormund did.

“If you're not going to participate,” she said, her voice icy, “then you can stay there and be quiet.”

Sandor blinked. “Participate?” he asked sharply, glancing at Tormund. Whatever he saw there, it wasn't the answer, and Brienne waited for him to look at her again. “What do you mean?”

“I mean I seem to remember the two of you making me feel good with this.” She held up the bottle of oil. “So good that I forgot myself,” she said, remembering, and then she saw him smile as he remembered it too.

“You could help me. Show me what you both did to me, by helping me do it to him first. It would make him feel good.”

Tormund sighed but didn't say a word, and she smiled at him even though he couldn't see her do it.

Sandor seemed to consider it, looking up and down Tormund's body. He bit his lip, then looked at her. “And it's just the...” He held his hands up and wiggled his fingers. Then he pulled an exaggerated face. “You don't want me to start sticking my fingers in anywhere, right?”

It was the strangest sensation. Because a rational part of her knew Sandor was being deliberately flippant, probably to disguise his own desire. Yet another part of her imagined him taking over from her, doing what she planned to do, and she heard herself give a low warning growl that came from deep in her chest. It seemed as though all of her past life had suddenly been wiped away, and what
was left was ancient and savage. Sandor's eyes widened in alarm.

“Mine,” she said instinctively, leaning forward over Tormund's body, just in case Sandor was planning to steal him somehow.

He nodded slowly, hands still held up, but now in conciliation. “All right,” he said. “All right, Brienne.”

She was aware of Tormund shifting beneath her, turning over onto his back, but she didn't break the stare she had going on with Sandor, not until he forced her to, getting in between them, sitting up for a moment. She stared right into him, and there was something in him that was the same. He drew in a slow breath, then let it out.

“Yours,” he said, instantly soothing that ferocious, primitive thing in her. “And you are mine.”

Brienne blinked, and whatever spell had taken over her was suddenly broken. She shook herself. Remembered. “Tormund... I didn't mean to. It just... he...” She realised she couldn't explain herself and so she stopped, while Tormund just gazed at her in love and admiration. That was actually quite annoying, and she shook her head at him.

“Sandor, I'm sorry,” she said, and peered past Tormund, just in case she'd managed to scare him or something. He was still staring at her, just as if Tormund wasn't even there. “I think it was just...” And then she knew exactly what had brought that reaction out in her. She blushed. “I think I have to be first.”

“First,” he repeated, swallowing. “I can live with that.”

“Will you still help me?” she queried.

Sandor narrowed his eyes comically. “Aye, just as long as you promise to let me live if I do,” he joked, and she giggled.

“Yes, you idiot. Come closer. Tormund! Lie down again. You should be on your front.”
He obeyed, and she opened the bottle, letting Sandor take it and pour some into her open hand just as he did in his. She copied him as he rubbed his hands together, feeling the oil warm between her palms, the slippery sensation of it between her fingers. They took up position on either side of Tormund, and then Sandor smiled at her, moving all the way down to the bottom of the bed. Brienne remembered, and followed, and as Sandor picked up one of Tormund's feet, she watched everything he did and replicated it faithfully, while between them Tormund let out a long, deep, contented sigh.

To be continued...

**Author's Note:** Erm, ok, this looks like it might possibly end up in three parts again before I get to the end of it. I'll obviously be continuing with Brienne's pov all the way through. Thank you for reading, and I hope you enjoyed it! Please leave a word or two on your way out. :)
Chapter Thirty-two

Author's Note: Just so you're aware (if you weren't already), here is where the DP tag comes into play. Also, it's an extremely long chapter, standing around just shy of eight thousand words, but there was no way I could split it up.

Also, pity my poor brain, since it wasn't until I started writing that I realised Brienne doesn't think in terms of 'cock' so that's an extra challenge for this scene: writing double penetration without using the word 'cock' or 'cunt' or any of those other useful nouns. I hope I managed it without coming across as too convoluted.

Please enjoy!

Chapter Thirty-two

Though it wasn't sexual, something about what they were doing was not entirely innocent, and Brienne found her fingers sliding against Sandor's more than once as they worked on Tormund's body together. Having him lie still while she indulged herself in touching him this way, with Sandor alongside her, it felt very intimate, and they shared so many heated glances over the course of the next half hour or so that the ache in her was a constant, nagging need by the time it was all done. She longed for one of them to take her, and only the knowledge that they would soon be there stopped her from just asking for it, outright.

Once they were finished, and they lifted their hands away from Tormund, his body was warm and heavy beneath them. Brienne had felt the tension ease out of him as they'd worked, especially on his shoulders. Now he was so relaxed, more deeply than she'd ever seen or felt him, even while he was sleeping beside her in the night. She shared another of those secret looks with Sandor, leaning across to kiss him.

He took hold her shoulders to pull her close over Tormund's body, his warm palms still slippery with the oil, and it made her quiver in awareness. He seemed more dominant than usual, not pausing to let her play as he usually did, and some moments later she moaned into his mouth without meaning to.

Before she could get too carried away, she drew back. That ache in her was still there, begging to satisfied, and if she wasn't careful, she let Sandor have his way before she could do what she wanted to do to Tormund.

“How does that feel?” she asked quietly, laying a hand on his back, and Tormund let go of a deep sound that vibrated through that simple touch. Brienne felt the smile on her face, and she remembered how good it felt before, when they'd done it to her. She'd thought at the time it was the best she'd ever felt, only they'd gone on to show her so much more. Just as she would go on.
She leaned down, so the length of her body was pressed against his back, her lips near his ear. “Now tell me how to do it to you,” she said then, in a lustful whisper, needing his guidance. That warm fluttering in the pit of her stomach picked up some pace, because this too was something new. It was about more than doing to him what he’d done to her. It was another way to give pleasure at the same time as taking it. Before she'd given herself to them, she'd convinced herself women didn't feel pleasure like men, and in a secret place in her heart she knew that for most women, that was still true. She knew she was lucky, even if she’d had to wait her whole life to find them, even though they only had a matter of weeks or days left to know and to love each other. Most women would go their whole lives without knowing the kind of pleasure they'd shown her in these final days.

“All right,” he said, his voice as hushed as hers. “Use the oil. You know what to do. One finger at first, but your fingers are more slender than mine. You'll be able to add another soon.”

She moved back up to her knees and nodded, then saw he still had his eyes closed, though his head was turned on the pillows. “Yes,” she said, so that he would hear it, and turned to Sandor, who held out the bottle of oil for her. She took it, and they shared another of those secret, molten looks. He didn't stop staring, paying close attention to everything she did, and then she knew.

“You are curious,” she said in surprise, noting it, and he narrowed his eyes, looking put out. Tormund laughed, and it sounded as if he was coming back to himself a little.

“I knew it,” Tormund said, and then he raised himself to his hands and knees with a deep groan of lazy fulfilment.

Quickly, Brienne opened the bottle and got a lot of it on the fingers of her right hand. Tormund already seemed aware of her next question before she could ask.

“It's not very deep inside me,” he said. “The length of a finger at most, but it will be easier to find if I am on my knees like this. Feel for it, towards the front of my body. You'll know when you find it.” He drew in a breath and let it out with a shiver. “Be gentle with it, with me.”

“I'll be gentle, Tormund,” she promised at once, moved by his entreaty, even though she wasn't absolutely sure she knew how to be. But she did understand exactly how this felt, and so while she was nervous, she did not fear because she was so careful with him, and she used one hand to hold him open while she rubbed at that entrance with her index finger. When she pressed inside, it was only a little way, a very little way, and she let herself notice the way his body told her when he was ready for more, how he relaxed around her touch.
As he had said, once that initial ring of resistance was breached and tamed, it wasn't long before she could add a second finger, and then bit by bit she eased those fingers deeper until she felt it. Ah, just there! A difference in his internal wall, smooth and much larger than she had imagined, since she had thought it would be a tiny, hard little nub, as it was on her, but it wasn't. Very tenderly, she touched it, feeling it give way to the pressure of her fingers, and Tormund drew in a sudden breath.

“Easy,” she said, hoping she was getting it right, and then began to move her fingers back and forth over him just there, experimentally, keeping up that slight pressure, and Tormund moaned loudly. “How do you like it?” she wanted to know. “How should I touch you here?”

“It's good,” Tormund managed, then moaned again, “what you are doing.” Brienne felt a sudden warm surge of joy at her success, and she bit her lip as she watched her fingers move slightly in and out, shiny with the oil.

For all that he had said, and for all of Sandor's teasing, he didn't sound like a woman. He still sounded like a man. But really, seeing him respond this way to her touch was making her own body heat up still further, and she shifted her knees where she was knelt up on the bed, squirming a little, because she could feel that she was getting slippery with need for one of them to take her. And soon. She couldn't spare a glance for Sandor, but he was still watching everything she did, and she couldn't help imagining what it might be like if he moved behind her right now and just pulled her hips back and did it to her. Her lips parted as she breathed out, longing for it to happen, almost a moan.

“I'm going to kiss him,” Sandor announced suddenly, surprising her from her fantasy, and Brienne bit her lip as he went to the top of the bed, turning Tormund's head towards his. She watched for a moment as they did it. Tormund didn't move his hands from the mattress, but he participated. Seeing the two of them together like that, perhaps it should bother her, but it didn't. In fact, it made her feel quite the reverse. She enjoyed it, seeing them kiss each other, seeing them torment each other in these little ways. It made all of this between them seem right, somehow.

At last, Sandor pulled away slightly, and she could see their lips, mere inches away from each other. They must be breathing the same air. Tormund actually whimpered a little as he lowered his head. His hair was damp with sweat, and his body was beginning to tremble constantly.

She shivered, feeling like a voyeur. “What about a little faster?” she queried, and she did it, just as she said it, feeling a surge of power when Tormund's upper body collapsed onto the bed and he groaned. She knew how that felt too. That she could have such an effect on him made her feel as if he was doing something to her, and so she kept it up, greedy for more of his responses.

Her free hand flexed unconsciously and drew her attention. At first she had the most terrible, naughty thought of touching herself. She knew where that place was, after all, and how her own need would ease if she did it. The thought of it made a blush come to her cheeks, and she shot a guilty look at
Sandor. He narrowed his eyes and drew in a breath as if to ask, but she shook her head. She knew what to do with her hand, and so she reached below Tormund and wrapped her fingers around him. His response was remarkable.

“Brienne!” His breathing was suddenly loud and frantic in the hushed atmosphere that had descended between them all. “Ahh... don't!”

She halted, uncertain. But he was hard in her hand, clearly desperate for her touch. “Don't you like it?” She'd stilled with the internal caress too, afraid that she had done something truly awful. Tormund was still breathing heavily. He felt hot and she could see the sweat on his back now, adding to the sheen of oil she and Sandor had left upon his skin.

“Like it?” he echoed. “Woman, I like it so much you'll make me come, and hard.” He shivered deep. “How long you want to wait for me to fuck you?” he asked, his voice rough. Then she understood, and she suddenly relaxed, beyond relieved. But it was a considerate warning too, and she slowly withdrew her fingers, letting him loose.

“I want you,” she said, somewhat apologetic, in case she had disappointed him. “And I don't want to wait.” She stole a glance at Sandor. “I want both of you, and I can't help it.”

With those words, it was as if she had reversed something about the whole atmosphere, and she felt a flash of that prior nervousness as Tormund turned himself over on the bed. Suddenly he didn't seem submissive or accepting, but dangerous all over again. And yet, his hair was darker, clinging to his forehead with sweat, and his face was flushed. Dangerous he may be, but after the things she'd done to him he looked irresistible, and she felt her body actually pulse with need to feel him inside her. She immediately made to straddle him, only for him to hold her off with a slight laugh, turning her over onto her back with the help of Sandor. Brienne sighed and pouted between them as they held her still.

“Give me what I want,” she demanded, staring first at Tormund, then at Sandor. “Please!” she added, just in case that would help.

“We'll give you what you want,” Tormund said right back at her. “Tonight, you will take us both, if you're willing.” He stared at her, still all delicious as she slowly nodded. She knew what he meant, but she thought that she'd agree to anything if only he’d ease her a little. Just a little, right now. He smiled down at her, having gained her acceptance, and she wondered if he knew she'd do anything at all to see him smile like that too. He was impossible.

“But you'll help me, won't you?” she asked, aware that she'd given consent, prepared to carry it
through, and now it came to it, just a little afraid. But the fear didn't stop her from wanting it anyway. He wouldn't hurt her, somehow she knew it. Tormund reached out and traced the shape of her lips with his thumb.

“Don't I always, beauty?” he chastised gently, and she nodded. “Mmm...” he deliberated. “You've given me a lot of pleasure. I think you should use your mouth on him while I get to work on you.”

Just the suggestion, and she wanted it, turning her gaze to Sandor instantly as Tormund moved down the bed. She glanced down his body and saw him touching himself, licked her lips. “Move,” she said automatically, and he did, bringing himself nearer to her, to be kissed and licked and sucked, turned onto his side, his hip near her shoulder.

First she handled him, because she liked the feel of his hardness in her hand. He had a shape that felt good against her palm, that she felt respond as she wrapped her fingers around him, already opening her mouth as he moved closer. He said her name like it was a prayer, and she rewarded him with a long lick of her tongue.

At the bottom half of the bed, Tormund was encouraging her to spread her legs wide, bent hard at the knee, and she let him arrange her how he wanted, anticipating his touch keenly, until he was leaning against one of her bent legs, and holding the other out of the way. Meanwhile she was moving her hands over Sandor, getting the head of him all wet with her spit and letting him in a little to her mouth so that she could drag her tongue all over him there. It was true that she liked the taste of him then. It was addictive, slightly salty without being bitter, and he groaned quietly as his hand caressed her cheek. It made her feel powerful, to hear him respond, just like Tormund had. Perhaps she was getting better at this. The thought made her smile as she looked up, and Sandor narrowed his eyes in lust.

After that she tried very hard to remember what she was doing, and she let her eyes drift shut as she let Sandor in. Every time, it came as a surprise how large they were for her mouth, and it was slightly uncomfortable, but she persevered. She had her eyes closed but she heard the pop of the oil as Tormund opened it, and then a few seconds later, one finger rubbing over the entrance at the back of her. She broke off her attention to Sandor to sigh loudly.

“Oh, touch me, Tormund,” she said, displeased and frustrated. “You know where!” She drew in a sharp breath, because just saying it made something in her jolt, aware of how close he was to doing just that, and she tried to move her body to make him, but only then realised he'd got her so that she couldn't really move. She could only rest, wide open, for him to touch her wherever he wanted, and he did. He didn't respond to her words at all, and just continued where he was until she relaxed deliberately to let him in and have done with it, hoping he would move on quickly. She needed his touch!
She might have said more, but Sandor was pressing himself against her lips and she let him in again, this time deeper, sealing her lips around him and sucking lightly while she used her hands to make it better. One of his hands was on her head, resting gently there, while the other... she made a muffled sound of shock as he rolled one of her nipples in between his fingers, losing her concentration. Once lost, it was hard to get back, between Sandor's teasing of her nipple, and Tormund's easy in and out down below. Tormund added another finger, and she moved her head back as she began to pant.

With one finger, it was easy enough, with two, it was like teasing, because she could feel herself so full at the back, and it made her realise how empty she was at the front. Brienne tensed and relaxed without meaning to, over and over, because she could almost feel it, and she heard Tormund chuckle.

“Very good,” he said, praising her. “I'll give you more, if you want.”

“Yes! More!” she said. Sandor had moved his hand from her head, and was holding himself at her lips, almost painting them with it. “Please!”

As if she were being commanded, she took Sandor in her mouth again, and opened her eyes to look up at his face, feeling his fingers still teasing her tenderly. That feeling was travelling down her body, or so it seemed, making her hot, making her want it, and then at last she felt Tormund's other hand. Well, one of his fingers at any rate, slippery with the oil again, although she was so wet herself that finger slid right in deep. Brienne moaned around Sandor. At last!

It seemed even easier to take than before, even when he slid his fingers about inside her like that, against each other, and she tried her best to concentrate on what she was supposed to be doing. So much so that it took a moment for her to realise he'd slipped another finger into her at the front, so there were two each now, front and back.

At last she gave up, and turned away onto her back as Tormund touched her like that. It was different to before, felt different, as if he were pushing at her in odd non-sexual places, testing her limits and it felt slightly uncomfortable, but not unbearable. Yet there was too much sensation to think about anything else, and it seemed like what she had wanted, so why wasn't it satisfying her? Even though she felt full to the point of near pain, and it was slippery and easy, she was still desperately longing for something, and she let go of a long moan as Sandor moved back down the bed and began to torment her other breast with his mouth, her hands getting all tangled in his hair.

She tried to raise herself up a little so that she could see, but Tormund was resting at a strange angle on her lower body so as to keep her legs from moving, and all she could see was his shoulder. She dropped back down onto the pillows and groaned, writhing as much as she could until Tormund chuckled again.
“Don't laugh,” she complained bitterly, frustrated beyond words as he toyed with her, as they both did. “It's not fair or funny,” she snapped. “Give me something, please!”

He seemed to consider it for a long moment, while she tried to contort her body so that it was working better for her. She didn't manage it. “How is your stamina?” he asked. “I could let you have one now, but you'll need to have enough left to stay with us later. Do you think you can do that?”

Didn't he know she'd say anything, agree to anything? Brienne moaned. “I will, I promise! Tormund...” She'd tightened her hands in Sandor's hair to the point that he pulled away with a little laugh of his own, laying himself down beside her, apparently content to look into her eyes as he held her hands to the bed, fingers threaded through hers.

Tormund adjusted something about where he was pressing inside of her, and that full feeling was suddenly fantastic. All at once, it was like he was touching her in all the right places, so that she would have bucked up if he wasn't holding her down with his weight.

“Ah!” she cried out, over and over, because it was wonderful! Now at last she felt herself opening up. It wasn't relaxing. It felt as though her body was deliberately making room for him to touch her that way, more, again, and again. Yes. Everywhere. Sandor smiled as he watched, and she closed her eyes.

“Everywhere,” she moaned, out loud, almost unaware of it. And then it was everywhere, because Tormund lowered his head and she felt the heat of his breath on her clitoris before she felt the tip of his tongue. When she felt his tongue she moaned loud, and long. Her body moved, or at least tried to, back and forth, as if they were already taking her. It was completely beyond her control.

She felt the heat, and her body went from opening up to closing around his fingers hard, over and over again. It felt amazing, just his fingers, and she was crying out, orgasming around those thick, hard digits until it was done and she lay back, gasping. Tormund raised his head, and after a few moments of stillness, she felt him begin to move his fingers again, the way he had at first, and she grunted a response, but it wasn't quite as uncomfortable now.

At that, Tormund slowly withdrew from her, only to go back in with more oil. This time he didn't press upon her, though, only slid them deep before withdrawing again.

“I think you are ready, woman,” he announced, and Brienne hardly even knew what it meant any more. What she understood was that he finally set her free. They both did, and she curled up onto her
side with a wanton moan, wondering how to make them take her. She recalled her thought when they'd first returned to her room about choosing who she would have first, and had to stifle a giggle at herself. They were never that easy.

They were discussing something without her, she could hear them, but couldn't even be bothered to listen. It didn't seem to take long anyway, because then Tormund was pulling at her hips to get her to move across the bed.

“Now it is time,” he said, but instead of doing what he wanted, she turned to face him, needing something else, more. She looked into his eyes, and as always he seemed to know. “Oh, beauty,” he said, and he gathered her close into his embrace.

Brienne smiled, feeling warm and loved in his arms, on their knees before each other, and then he kissed her, properly, overpowering as always. His tongue was deep in her mouth as she buried her hands in his hair, trying not to let it overcome her. His palms were roving over her back, and his touch was electric, setting off sparks all over her body wherever his hands passed. It was as if he knew just how to touch her, just how to kiss her, as if he knew everything, and she let go of needing to stay in control. It was all right. She was with Tormund.

When he drew back, she just breathed, eyes closed and lips parted for a moment. “Husband,” she whispered, remembering all over again. Lost in him, nothing else existed.

“Yes, and what will you do for me, beauty?” he asked. She breathed in deep, and then sighed, happy.

“Anything.”

She startled herself with that unthinking response, and blinked her eyes open, only to find him staring at her. He smiled. “Everything I want you to do will give you pleasure. Do you trust me?”

Now she remembered what it was that he wanted from her, and she swallowed, but nodded. She'd agreed to it, hadn't she? And so she couldn't renege on that. But she did trust him, completely, and she couldn't even explain to herself precisely why. She let him turn her around, and then she saw Sandor laid out on his back. He was awaiting her, one hand on his hardness that glistened with yet more oil.

“Take him inside you,” Tormund whispered, slightly wicked, “just like you did before.”
He let her go, and she didn't need any further bidding. She moved astride him, looking down upon him as she shivered in anticipation, then she sank down onto him as he held himself steady for her. All that oil, it was so easy, so deep straight away, and she groaned at the sensation of finally being filled like this, by one of them. But this wasn't like before, because Sandor was free, and she felt his arms around her hips as she let out her breath in a shudder.

Perhaps she should move or something, but feeling him inside her at last felt so good she wanted a moment to appreciate it, and she felt herself tighten around him. He felt fabulous. “Sandor,” she said, and his hands moved to her legs, suddenly pulling her knees forward so that she leaned over him helplessly. “What are you...?” And then before she could even finish her question, his hands were back on her hips, low down, and he was moving instead of her, thrusting upwards into her and back out again.

“Oh, Gods!” she cried out, staring down at him. He grinned in response as he continued, and she was suddenly overcome again, this time by Sandor. She bit her lip to stifle the moans that rose in her as he did it to her, and her hands were planted on the bed just above his shoulders, her breasts brushing against his chest with each movement, the hair on his chest just tickling at her nipples.

“You feel so good,” she said, and then gave in to a high pitched sob of pleasure.

“So do you,” he said, his voice warm. He seemed to look past her then, and smirked. “Going to feel even better in a minute.”

Brienne gasped and tried to look back as Sandor stilled, and she saw Tormund moving into place behind her. It was too uncomfortable to twist around like that, though, and so she contented herself with looking at Sandor as she felt Tormund's hands on her hips, raising her up so that Sandor was only inside her a little way. Then one of his hands was on the small of her back, pressing her down and she submitted until she was resting with her upper body pressed to Sandor's chest.

Sandor's arms closed around her, and his lips were close to her ear. “Don't be frightened,” he said.

“I'm not!” she protested, but that was a little bit of a lie, especially when she felt Tormund so close to her. She could feel his body heat, and she whimpered, unable to help it. Yet it was one of his fingers again at first, and he said soothing words to her that made her body remember what he had done just a short time ago, and she felt herself make way again, just like before.

At that, he pulled his finger away, and there was no mistaking what was pressed against her then.
“Tormund...” she whispered, apprehensive, feeling as if they were all on the verge of some great precipice, as if after this moment, nothing would ever be the same again... and he didn't move.

“It's all right,” he said. “You can take this, I promise.” Hearing him say that made it true, and yet he still didn't do it. “You can let me in, can't you, Brienne?” And then her name, from his lips, it did something to her, and as he pressed himself against her just there, she felt her body try to welcome him.

It didn't work, because at first it hurt, and she hissed in real discomfort as he kept up the pressure, relentless, but then a moment later it was done, and the pain passed as if it had never been there. Just momentary. She could feel him slide in deep, and where he passed Sandor it felt impossible, but it was happening. Brienne whimpered again, not sure why, except that she suddenly felt so fragile between the two of them, and Sandor wasn't even moving at all, wasn't even really very deep in her.

At first being taken that way felt wrong again. But then for a few moments he took her like that, as gentle as he'd ever been, moving slowly forward and back, until the sensation settled into the pleasure she'd felt before and she moaned.

“There it is,” Tormund said, and he sounded pleased. “Does it feel good again now?”

She nodded against Sandor's shoulder, silent now, face pressed into his neck. “She says yes,” Sandor said helpfully.

“All right,” Tormund said, those movements easing a little. “Turn by turn now, Clegane,” he instructed.

“Aye,” he replied, and she trembled. Tormund drew back, but kind of pressed down with his hands a little on her hips as Sandor thrust upwards, and she cried out loudly. Then before she could come to terms with how that felt, Sandor drew back, and Tormund went in again. At first it was slow, but it began to get quicker as they established a rhythm between them. Where they passed each other it felt amazing. Where one of them gave her pleasure, rubbing against her, instead of dissipating, it almost seemed to be reflected back, so that it built up inside of her with each of their movements.

The more they did it, the better it felt, and she could feel her body making way again – adjusting – and she wanted it to. Desperately she wanted it to! She was constantly trembling, sobbing in pleasure, and she raised her upper body so that Sandor might be able to get deeper. When she did that she could feel Tormund against her back, his body heat, and Sandor moved one of his hands to capture her right breast, squeezing at it as he watched her face.
It was as though she didn't know which one of them to respond to, and she didn't have the smallest instant of time to respond to either of them. If only she could respond to them both together, but that was impossible. They were different, and they were doing different things to her. She looked back at him helplessly, and he was smiling, occasionally biting his lip in pleasure. “I think she likes it,” he commented, and Brienne could barely comprehend the words. She was far too busy.

They'd been alternating, and they continued to do so, but they didn't withdraw as far, and every time she moaned it was like she couldn't stop until all of her breath was gone, until she feared she might really be screaming.

“Mmm...” she tried to keep it in, biting her lip hard as he watched her. “Don't let me scream!” she managed on an outward breath, thinking that it was still important somehow, her body shaking from the effort, and he grinned at her again.

“You're not screaming,” he told her. “You're not far off, Brienne, I'll admit,” he said, his eyes dancing with mischief, “but you're not screaming.” He paused. “Not yet.”

She closed her eyes with one of those long, desperate wails, needing to let it out, then opened them again, and for the first time in her life, Brienne felt small and utterly helpless. Trapped between the two of them like this, both of them inside her, their hands all over her body, she felt completely overwhelmed... and she loved it.

“How are you doing, Clegane?” Tormund asked.

“All right so far,” he said, smiling at her all the while. Her body tightened momentarily before relaxing again, just a portent of what was about to happen, and Sandor groaned, taking his time about it. “Might want to ask me that again in a minute or two,” he said.

Tormund laughed, and Brienne shivered. “Are you going to come?” Sandor asked her, and she nodded tightly, then let go of one of those moans that didn't want to end. Again, and then again, and at last it happened. Her body tightened around them, and they stopped moving for it as she felt it sweep through her, so strong that as soon as she could breathe again she was almost sobbing it out as it passed, her thighs shaking helplessly. Then as soon as her body relaxed they began again.

“Fuck,” Sandor said, and he growled a few times as he moved inside of her, then wrapped his arms tight around her waist and held her close, pressing his lips wherever he could reach.
“How is it, beauty?” Tormund asked, and she was trying to breathe, but she tried to say his name. Only a kind of helpless, high-pitched keening came out of her. Then she had to try and breathe again. Sandor was nibbling at her ear, and it was all building up again, much faster than the first time. Her legs were trembling constantly at either side of Sandor's hips, while Tormund's palms were stroking over her back slowly. It was too much! She turned her head away from Sandor's teasing, and the first of those long moans came out of her again.

“All right,” Tormund said, his voice low, still touching her that way to reassure her. “All right. You just take it. You don't have to tell me.”

“You okay Clegane?” Tormund asked then.

“You know what? You needn't worry. I don't think you give me enough room to come inside her like this, no matter what she does.” Brienne was listening, but she'd managed to contain those near screams, condense them into a kind of extended growl.

“Yeah,” Tormund said slowly, a smile in his voice. “Perfect, isn't it?”

“Don't...” Brienne managed, having listened to them speak, all the while without stopping what they were doing to her. She tried to glare at Sandor, but wasn't sure she managed it, going by the way he smiled at her. Another long noise they got from her, and then she sobbed.

“Oh, Brienne, don't take it to heart like that,” Sandor said, as sincere as she'd ever seen him, one hand curling around the back of her neck to draw her close. “He just needs to know if I'll last the next one. You feel so good like this, with him inside you as well. I can feel him, pressing on me. Don't you know?” He laid his forehead against hers, and through it all she felt him tremble. “I've never been here before either.”

Never... her heart felt as full as the rest of her as she looked at him, but the next one... that was coming too. Brienne stared helplessly, and she bit her lip to keep it in but her breathing was already stuttering again in advance of it. “Sandor!” she cried, and then she was squeezing her eyes shut as she felt herself kind of shut down, that build up reaching a point where she had to let it go or die. She felt her thighs squeeze Sandor tight as it happened, and she might have tried to move but she didn't manage to get anywhere, not so far away as an inch.

She didn't know if they even stopped this time, she only knew that when she came back to herself they were either moving again, or they were still doing it to her.
“Beauty?”

Tormund was saying her name, and she was trying to come back, because it was important somehow. Something about staying with them. “Mmmm?” she said, and that was all she could manage, but it seemed to satisfy him, and he stopped calling upon her. Instead he talked to Sandor, and she didn't even listen, only tried to lean upwards again, bracing herself with her palms flat on Sandor's shoulders. He could take it. They stared at each other as he was saying something to Tormund, and as if she'd invited him, he began to knead at her breasts with his hands as it all continued, every movement they made feeding off the last, reducing her to a wreck of sensation and loud carnal growls.

Tormund was adjusting her lower body somehow, precise and deliberate, making her hold the position properly, his hands like restraints on her when she tried to lean. She made a face and yet she obeyed, somehow.

“More now, beauty,” he said, and she almost panicked.

“No! Please, Tormund,” she begged, frantic, unable to imagine what he wanted. “I can't!”

“Shhh...” he soothed, one hand stroking her hair, while the other moved in front of her body at the front, sneaking in between her and Sandor, but stopping before that place where he was buried in her, and then she understood.

The first touch of his fingers on her clitoris made her want to swoon, but she couldn't. Between the way Tormund was holding her head, and the way Sandor was pressing his own palms against her chest, she couldn't fall, only stay where they wanted her to stay. She cried out as he began to rub her there. Gods, it felt so good!

Faster and faster now, and deeper, and Tormund's fingers, her legs shaking again, and perhaps she was screaming, she didn't know, didn't care. It was like a whirlwind of sensation and it took her with it until she didn't know what was happening to her any longer. She'd felt like this before with both of them, but it was so much more intense this time. She fell quietly in the end, broken between them at last, and it didn't matter any more what they did. Her eyes were closed, she could breathe, and she took in great lungfuls of air as they murmured quietly to each other, the exquisite sensations drawing to a slow close.

Sandor pulled out of her and then they were letting her body fall forward, resting on Sandor as
Tormund took what he wanted, pulling her hips back to meet him as he did it. She moaned slightly, her lips pressed against Sandor's ear, and she felt a little more complete when she felt him come, all that heat inside her. He pulled away at last, leaving her empty. But not for long.

Between them they manipulated her, Tormund holding her up while Sandor pressed inside her again. She inhaled, but her body was caressing him for her. As Tormund moved away to the side, she felt Sandor's knees behind her, keeping her steady as he took hold of her thighs and moved her up and down on him. It was so deep, and he was harsh and rough, as if he'd been holding it back for a long time. His fingers were digging in to her soft flesh and she wondered if she'd have little fingerprint bruises there tomorrow. She'd let him apologise for them, she thought, and it seemed so ridiculous that she tried to laugh, but she couldn't. Instead she almost cried.

“Sandor,” she said, and then she felt that he was there too, suddenly huge inside of her, and that hot, wet feeling as he came too. He didn't let her go immediately, but held her in his arms, held her close to his chest, and she was trembling. Actually, she didn't know if she'd even stopped shaking from when she gave in.

At last, he moved, and let her free to rest upon the bed. She could feel them, laid with her, one at each side, lazily caressing her, stroking her skin while she came around. After some time, Brienne opened her eyes.

“Wellcome back,” Sandor said, smirking, and she smiled. They kissed each other slowly, little kisses that changed to something deeper – just a taste before it was done. She sighed, and let her head fall to the other side where Tormund was staring at her. This was all his idea.

“Is that what you wanted?” she asked, her voice all kind of high and floaty, the way it had been when she was a mere young girl, before she'd deliberately deepened it to ensure it carried. “Did I stay with you for long enough?”

“You're everything I want,” Tormund said. “Everything I'll ever want until the end.” He drew closer, and she licked her lips, anticipating the kiss. It was kind of heavy and it was Tormund, but it didn't last for long. He seemed to hold back a bit, and she was glad of it for now.

“Will you care for me,” she said, then blushed a little, “for my body, like you did before?” she asked, because she was sure she couldn't move for at least half an hour. Tormund smiled.

“Of course. Always, I said.”
It felt wonderful to let him do it, feeling him move her legs wide so that he could clean everything away. Brienne relaxed in Sandor's arms, staring into his eyes while he stroked his fingers over her face. It was inevitable those little kisses would start again, and as they did, she felt something change.

Tormund had finished his task, and now he was pressing tender little kisses to her just there, down below. At first she wondered if she'd need to tell him to stop, because she definitely was not ready for any kind of repeat performance. But it seemed as if he was just being weirdly affectionate, and he continued with those little kisses before slowly making his way back up her body.

At last it was all done, and they settled, all together, tangled up in each other's arms. Even Sandor leaned across to bestow a lingering kiss on Tormund's lips, of his own volition. Eventually, Brienne sighed.

“How can I possibly fight with you after this?” she said out loud, without meaning to, but her thoughts were turning in a darker direction now. She'd asked a similar question right at the start of all this, but then it had been fun. This wasn't fun any more. When they began this, she had everything to gain, now, it seemed there was everything to lose. She swallowed, and there was something awful trapped in her throat as she looked between Sandor and Tormund.

“How can I bear to see you cut down before me? How can I bear to lose you out there?” She tried to blink the sudden tears away, but they fell instead, and she sat up suddenly before one of them could hold her or something, because if they did she might not be able to stop.

Pull yourself together, she told herself sternly, wiping angrily at her face with the heels of her hands, and she shook her head as she let her arms drop, feeling both of them reach for her hands. She clasped them in hers. “I'll give my life for either of you. You know that, don't you?”

Even after everything they had done, she knew how men tended to see her, and she cringed, awaiting their laughter at her vow, which she had made very seriously in her heart, but there was no laughter. Before she could draw another breath they were both sitting up too.

“We made that promise too, for you and him,” Sandor said seriously. “To myself, anyway.” He sighed. “I don't know how it will go, but we'll be fucking angry out there. I'll make sure you're furious,” he promised, then he smirked. “Even if I have to tease you first.”

She laughed a little, but it still stung, and she squeezed his hand as she looked into his eyes. “I can't save you,” she confessed. “All that I am, all that I've become, and I can't save either of you.” It hurt more than anything. It was like the world had one final cruel joke for her. All of her might, and she would still see them fall. There was the strangest look on Sandor's face then, as if he'd somehow
faced this already.

“I can't save you,” he said back. “All that I am, and I can't. I'm sorry, Brienne.”

“It's not your task,” she said to him immediately. “You've already saved me, both of you. More than you know.”

“Woman,” Tormund put in. “Then you should already know that it goes both ways. It's not your task to save us, only to stand. Only to fight. You already saved us.”

For a moment, Brienne let that pass as the reassurance it was. Then she and Sandor looked at each other. Easy enough to understand how she might have saved him, what with the confession he'd made about his brother. He'd needed to let that out. But Tormund...?

She turned her head sharply. “How? How did I save you?” she questioned, and Tormund pulled a strange face, as if he'd been found out. He cleared his throat.

“Oh, you don't need to think about that,” he said lightly, nodding. Brienne raised an eyebrow, feeling the melancholy ease as she considered Tormund all over again.

“Oh, right,” Sandor said, and there was a smile in his voice. “It's finally your turn, wildling. This should be good.”

“Tell me,” Brienne demanded, her voice hard now. She wasn't going to let him get away with a hint like that and then not say it all.

“Fuck,” Tormund said, and puffed a breath out through his lips. “All right, then. If it will make you happy for the rest of the day,” he grumbled. Then he lie back down. “Come back down here. You can listen just as well in my arms,” he suggested.

It was sneaky of him, but it was also true enough, and Brienne did as he wanted, noting that Sandor had moved to Tormund's other side. She grinned, already feeling much better with her arm draped over Tormund's chest. Then when they were all comfortable, she prodded Tormund in the ribs.
“Now, go on and say it. And don't try to hide anything from me,” she warned.

Tormund frowned. “All right, woman!” he said, getting a little belligerent, then he sighed. “I suppose, if it started anywhere, it started when I climbed the wall that last time.”

“You climbed the wall?” she echoed, shocked, leaning up on her elbow so that she could look down at him. Tormund grinned.

“Aye. With a rope and some ice picks. I've done it more than once,” he said, proud, and Brienne saw her own incredulity reflected on Sandor's face. He seemed to realise they weren't taking him entirely seriously. “How do you think wildlings get south of the wall to raid anywhere?” he asked. “You think the crows just let us through?” The conclusion was inevitable. Brienne felt her mouth drop open a little in awe. She shut it with a little snap, seeing as he was staring at her, and getting more than a little enjoyment out of her surprised admiration.

“And?” she prompted.

Tormund's face darkened. “We had a traitor in our midst,” he said carefully. “A crow. Going by the name of Jon Snow.”

To be continued...

Author's Note: Thank you for reading, I hope you had fun :) Please leave a review on your way out so that I can feed the muses! Until next time, then... love to all! <3
Author's Note: Special thanks to reviewers of the last chapter, Jades, fofanna and SheBear – you're all amazing, and you inspire me so much :) 

ETA: I should probably warn you all there's a bit more slash content in this chapter than usual. But to be fair, after what they did to her, Brienne is mostly out of the game. At least for a short while. Hence, the boys have to amuse each other a little bit.

Chapter Thirty-three

Tormund's face darkened. “We had a traitor in our midst,” he said carefully. “A crow. Going by the name of Jon Snow.”

Clegane blinked in surprise. He'd thought the two of them were close friends, seeing as how Snow had gifted Heartsbane to him.

“Wait,” Brienne said, frowning, before he'd even started. “I thought you liked Jon Snow?”

Tormund's face cleared then, and he smirked. “I do. I did, from the moment we first met, when he knelt before me in Mance Rayder's tent.”

“He didn't!” Brienne said, looking a little askance at him. Clegane had a strong suspicion the wildling might be prone to ridiculous exaggeration during the course of this story, especially going on previous evidence, but said nothing.

“What can I say?” Tormund asked, managing to shrug, all kind of nonchalant. “Poor mistaken fool. He was completely overcome and in awe of me. Prettiest thing I ever seen, him falling down at my feet like that.” Despite the light tone, Tormund sighed. “Yes. He was a kneeler when he came to us. Should have killed him then, really, before it went any further. Before he could learn another way to live. But the girl, Ygritte, liked him even better than I did. So did Mance, after a fashion. Probably the prettiest thing they ever saw too.”

Clegane rested easy as he listened, and it occurred to him he really didn't mind the sound of Tormund's voice. Even that strange wildling accent. It was kind of soothing somehow.
“Well, that and he'd killed someone we all wanted to see dead,” Tormund said. While he'd been speaking, Clegane had reached to tease the back of Brienne's hand where it rested on the wildling’s chest, up and down with his fingertips, although of course doing that meant he kind of had an arm thrown over Tormund as well. It wasn't an accident. The wildling looked down, then directly at him, eyes wide, missing nothing. “So.”

“And then?” Brienne prodded, only an amused sparkle in her eyes to hint that she was aware of what was happening between the two of them. Tormund finally blinked, let his head rest back. One of the wildling’s arms was around Brienne's shoulders, the other was folded behind his head, on top of the pillows.

“Ygritte took him for hers, so when he betrayed us after we'd all climbed the wall together, it was her who felt it the most. She should have killed him then, really, but she couldn't quite seem to do it either. She put a few arrows in him, and she was an expert shot too.”

Tormund raised his eyebrows in a comical fashion. “Got to be said, that boy's got more lives than a shadowcat.”

Clegane smirked. “Literally,” he put in. Tormund seemed to be a bit busy blinking, since he'd actually given up the pretence now, and his arm was definitely stretched out over Tormund. His hand was nowhere near hers either any more either. Kind of lower down, so that he could feel the narrow path of body hair that led to the wildling’s navel, right against his palm. Tormund seemed to be pondering whether to say anything about it. He cleared his throat with what seemed to be an act of herculean effort, and continued...

“Anyway, did I ever tell you about the time I befriended a shadowcat? You have to wrestle with them and win,” he said seriously, and Clegane sighed. Brienne too. They both stared at him, until he understood they weren't falling for it. “All right,” he said then, sighing.

“Ygritte died when we attacked Castle Black,” he confided, and of a sudden his voice was soft with grief. He drew in a breath. “I should have died in that battle too, but I didn't. Instead of a clean death, that cunt put me in chains, and from there I saw Mance fail, and I saw him die too.” He swallowed. “The one man who'd done the impossible for us all, and united us so that we stood a fucking chance. Who'd brought us to make war with the crows so that we could get behind their fucking wall, and be safe, perhaps, through the winter.”

As he'd been speaking, his grief had turned quickly to passion, and Clegane flexed his fingers against Tormund’s skin, tracing the shape of the muscle there, but he didn't move his hand, and he didn't look, though he was sure he could feel the heat of the wildling’s reawakening interest. Tormund was blinking again, and Clegane smirked.
“That was the point of it all,” Tormund went on, trying to be ignorant. “It's all recent for you, dead things and white walkers. Not for us. Mance knew it was coming for years. We've all got our own stories to tell. We just needed to get south, to survive, that's all.”

“And then, when I couldn't hate him any more, Snow came and freed me with a plan: to get all of the free folk south of the wall.” Tormund puffed out a breath. “Yeah. Because now he was Lord Commander of the Night's Watch. And Mance was gone, and it was all down to me. Fuck. I never wanted to lead us all, but I agreed to do it anyway. Mission accomplished, right? Not a life lost for it until we got to Hardhome and I had to kill the Lord of Bones for being a cunt. Then the Night King realised we were taking his livestock away, and so we mostly failed. That was a bad day. A sad day.”

The wildling shuddered at the memory, and his eyes were closed now.

“I hope you two realise I'm going to see more of my dead friends and lovers than you can ever know. You might not see anyone you recognise when we get there. How will I face Karsi if I see her? How will I end her? I saw her get up again, on the shore. Blue eyes...” Tormund shook his head in grief.

Clegane stole a look at Brienne, and she was biting her lip in concern, but unwilling to interrupt. So was he. He was no longer playing any kind of game, and he kept his hand still, waiting for Tormund to continue. It took a few long moments.

“And then here I suddenly was,” he said at last, “stuck in this world of yours with a load of twats for Kings, who believe in strange Gods and demons, mostly just to keep the rest of you down and in your place. All of you so fucked up and hard over hating each other you won't even notice until the dead are upon you and it's too late.”

Here he shook his head slightly. “I've always known my way. Always. Forward is the way. And just then there was no forward, only the war and death. Always coming, ever closer, and Snow knew it too, until they killed him. They killed him because he saved us, because he knew what it would take to survive, because their hate went deeper even than their own will to live. Fucking idiots!”

Tormund took another deep breath, calmed down.

“I liked him again then,” he said, nodding, he eyes open as he stared at the ceiling. “I liked him even more when he came back.” He frowned. “But I don't forget what he did. Not to Ygritte. She was
young, but fiercer than he'll ever be. Now she's gone and there'll never be another like her.” He whistled quietly. “She had skill with a bow you wouldn't believe.”

Clegane frowned, and it occurred to him how alike they all were. For all the hatred between the wildlings and the Night's Watch, didn't the Watch say something similar about their dead? We shall never see his like again. That was it, or something like it.

“I have two daughters,” Tormund announced, and Brienne caught her breath. Clegane too. He hadn’t been expecting that, but then why not? “One of them will fight with us. The other, my eldest, has babies of her own. Their mother died giving birth to the youngest. It happens north of the wall. I had other women over the years, but for one reason or another they ended. A couple of them died, or we drifted apart. That happens too. So I was here, and I was more or less alone, and for the first time there was no path before me. No way forward. All I had to do was wait for the end, like it was all done.”

Tormund sneered. “I like life. I haven't had nearly enough of it yet. So I was getting fair pissed off with that feeling.”

“And then there you were, riding through the gate,” he breathed, smiling, staring at Brienne. “The most beautiful woman I'd ever seen, and I knew it wasn't over for me.”

Brienne suddenly rolled her eyes, sighed, then prodded him in the ribs. “I came with Sansa Stark,” she pointed out, as if she’d just realised he’d been leading her down the garden path or something. Tormund turned his head properly to stare at her.

“Yeah,” he said, apologetic. “I didn't even notice her at first.”

Brienne's mouth dropped open in amazement, but it was clear he was telling the absolute truth, and Clegane laughed, his voice low. He was letting his fingers idly caress Tormund's skin again, just below his navel now, still not looking down. Brienne seemed to be struggling to work something out still.

“Wait,” she said, shaking her head. “...wasn't over?” Her eyes widened as she sat up a little. “You don't think we're going to die!” she accused, pointing a finger at him.

Tormund shook his head. “Well, I don't know, but I'm sure I haven't fucking given up yet. I'm still breathing. So are you, and so is he.” The wildling paused for a beat. “And he's still thinking about
Clegane smirked, didn't move his hand. “Still going to think for a bit,” he said, teasing. Tormund groaned and let his head fall back again.

“Anyway, don't tell me you don't feel it, either of you?” When they didn't respond, just looked at him blankly, he huffed, a little exasperated, as if they were both being a bit dense. “That weird God you were on about, the one that made us into a little clan? It's still there. I mean, I take it the thing wants something from us?” Tormund looked from one to the other of them. “Whatever it is, we haven't done it yet.”


“Because he's about an inch away from wanking me off, and he's still thinking about it.”

Clegane felt a sudden urge to move his hand, but he didn't. “I think it's probably got more ambition than seeing us get each other all hot and sticky,” he muttered darkly.

“I'm sure,” Brienne said, her voice dry, “but he is right. It does seem to want us together. All of us.”

“We don't spend more than a few minutes apart from each other every day,” Tormund said. “I don't mind, but you two? I should think you two'd be willing to kill for a bit of alone time by now.”

Clegane began to feel a little uncomfortable. Tormund had a valid point. He was usually kind of private – well, all right, he was mostly anti-social. As much as he liked having fun with the two of them, this every hour of every day business should probably be wearing a little bit thin by now. Even in love, as they were. And yet... “I'm not,” he said, troubled.

“Neither am I,” Brienne put in, frowning at him, obviously coming to the same conclusion, because in some ways she was just like him. She wasn't afraid of her own company either. So what did that mean?

“We aren't done yet,” Tormund noted. “And as far as I'm concerned, that means we get to live for a bit longer.”
They were all quiet for a few moments, considering. “Maybe a lot longer,” Clegane murmured, disturbed. “What about Snow? Beric Dondarrion? You think if we do die we’ll just get right back up again, like those two?”

A chill crept over him, imagining it. May as well be a wight. It wasn't fair, really. The two weren't really comparable, except... Beric couldn't die. He had a lot less fingers and toes now, but he was still breathing too, just the same. Maybe Jon Snow couldn't die either. And a conversation that had started from a certainty of going off to their deaths had turned all around on him in the most horrible way. What if they couldn't die? He'd always believed that if there was one thing he could count on, it would be finally getting to a day when all of this shit was finally over. At one point he was sure Brienne had given it to him, but he'd survived that. Now it came to this.

“Well, I'm not about to test it out,” Brienne said, her voice brisk. “I've had enough of this. I'm not even thinking about it. We've got enough to do as it is.”

Clegane nodded, then he had a sudden optimistic thought, and it actually made him smile. “Yeah, besides I don't see a priest or a witch anywhere around here, do you?” They both shook their heads. “Right. So we're safe. We can die just as easily as the next man. In fact, even Beric can die now that Thoros is gone.” The frostbite must have been a fluke. And as soon as he thought that, it struck him that he wasn't really all that good at being optimistic.

Brienne smiled slightly back at him. “Do you know, in a weird way, that's kind of comforting just now,” she said, and Tormund chuckled.

After a moment, he looked Clegane's way. “You still thinking about it?” he queried, and Clegane looked down. Tormund was still hard, so close to his hand. He switched to look at Brienne.

“I don't suppose you're up for a round two, are you?” he asked, hopeful, feeling something in him begin to burn just at the thought of it, but she shook her head with a long and sensual sigh.

“Maybe when I'm more used to it, but definitely not now. Not unless you really do want to find out what happens when one of us dies,” she said, completely deadpan, and Clegane laughed. All right then.

“Fair enough,” he said with a wink. He turned his attention back to Tormund as if he'd been given permission, moved his hand so that he could wrap his fingers around the wildling's cock. Tormund's eyes narrowed and he drew in a hissing breath.
“What do I get out of it?” Clegane wondered out loud, just squeezing gently. Tormund blinked, surprised.

“I said I'd repay you, with interest, remember?” he said quickly, and Clegane suddenly shuddered, remembering that promise, and the exact context of it.

Without hesitation he pulled his hand away and brought it to his mouth, dumping all of his spit in the middle of his palm before putting it right back there. He rubbed it over the head of Tormund's cock before sliding over him, nice and tight with his fingers, and then gave it to him, nice and quick.

“Oh, fuck!” Tormund groaned quietly, his body raising up into Clegane's touch. Brienne was watching, clearly fascinated by the two of them in some way. His hand must feel a hell of a lot different to hers. He was experienced for one, even if only with his own dick, and he was purposeful with that caress, not teasing.

“Right here,” Clegane demanded, his voice rough, turning Tormund's head towards his own with his other hand so they were staring at each other, and then there it was – that same intense, almost violent kiss again. One of Tormund's arms slid around his body to pull him closer, and the wildling was so strong Clegane had the sense of being handled somehow. It made him more ruthless in response, and then Tormund was making helpless little noises as they kissed, becoming more passive.

Clegane backed off a little to listen, nipping mercilessly at Tormund's lips with his teeth. The wildling's breath was hot, but not unpleasant. His cock was hot too, and hard, but close now as Clegane pulled it from him. There was a catch of breath in Tormund's throat, a tell that it was near.

“Give it to me,” Clegane growled, and then it was there, spurting all over his hand, and he slowed for it, but didn't stop, taking Tormund right to the end until it was all done, listening to the involuntary groans Tormund couldn't help. There was the strangest sense of victory in him, as if he'd won somehow, and he let Tormund go with a low laugh and a grin. So easy.

“Very nice,” Tormund commented, lazy with pleasure, as annoying as ever.

Holding his hand clear of the bed, Clegane looked around for something to clean it off with, and he only remembered what had been promised when Tormund suddenly moved down the bed.

“Oh, fuck me,” Clegane said, but he moved his legs out of the way regardless. Tormund looked up
at him, his eyes dark.

“Bit late to wish for that,” he teased, but then didn't even wait for a response before lowering his head, and his tongue was hot and heavy, followed by exquisite friction from that beard, and Clegane shivered helplessly in pleasure and anticipation.

He had one free hand which he rested on the wildling's head, only to have Tormund pull it away and press his wrist into the mattress. Well, it was true he didn't need any help. An undignified moan was drawn from him when he felt Tormund's lips slide over him, just so, just tight like that, and inside, so fucking hot. He was still holding his other hand up, at least until he felt Brienne take hold of it.

There wasn't much going off in his brain, all of his blood was down at the bottom of his body, but he saw Brienne pull his hand to her lips, tongue darting out to lick at his palm and up between his fingers and he suddenly felt like they were doing some kind of team job on him.

“Seven hells!” he said, and then bit his lip, because he thought he might actually whimper. Tormund’s mouth felt so good, even though it wasn't very deep at first. The wildling drew back for a moment and looked up, then he laughed, mouth wide open around Clegane's cock, as he saw what Brienne was doing. Clegane looked from him to her, then back again, groaning in pleasure because he could feel the heat of Tormund's breath as he laughed like that, could feel the vibration of it all along his length.

With a shudder of need, Clegane twitched his body up a little, but Tormund only drew back further, drooling spittle on his cock and massaging it in before going back for more, and it felt fantastic. Clegane threw his head back and half laughed, half moaned as he stared at the blank ceiling. And he'd learnt his lesson in that one instant: don't move. He didn't move. He let the wildling do exactly as he wished.

Then he felt himself sucked and pulled deep, right into Tormund's throat, back and forth a few times like that – in Heaven – before the wildling drew back again to breathe. Meanwhile, Brienne had nearly finished cleaning his hand, sucking gently on his fingers one by one, taking her time, and he turned his head on the pillows to watch her doing it.

It occurred to Clegane that maybe he was in the middle of the two of them again, and it felt so good he couldn't possibly resent it at all. Tormund, like himself, knew exactly what he was doing. Again and again with that deep throat action. It was bliss, and he felt himself drawing closer to the end fast – too fast – Gods make it last. But he couldn't, not like this, not with the two of them.

“Tormund...” he managed, thinking to warn him, but the wildling didn't let up for an instant. In fact,
it seemed to egg him on, and Clegane couldn't help moving just then. His body was not quite under
his own control, and his hips moved up and back in little jerky movements as he spent, harsh deep
sounds pulled from his throat as he did it.

Clegane closed his eyes as Brienne let his hand go, and so he missed seeing the exact moment, but
he felt it when Brienne and Tormund exchanged places, and it was her, then, licking the last of it
from his softening dick while Tormund moved back up the bed.

At last he opened his eyes, and the wildling was just staring at him, all amused. He groaned again,
for longer this time. “All right,” he conceded, “I don't want to die. Even if it means we never do.” He
didn't care that Tormund laughed at him, nor that the wildling encouraged Brienne to come and take
her place between them. He was done. In a secret part of himself, he wondered if he'd ever have the
courage to repay Tormund for that. He wondered if Tormund would teach him how to do it, the
same way he'd taught her.

“You need me to ease you?” Tormund was saying, and Clegane came around, paying attention again
as Brienne slowly nodded, staring into the wilding's eyes. Tormund kissed her lips, then went down
to pleasure her too with his mouth, and he watched her face as she moaned, turned her head towards
him, and he reflected with regret as he kissed her that he was probably too late, that the salty
bitterness on her tongue was the taste of him now, and not Tormund.

Tormund was right about them. What's more, they were all getting closer, more intimate all the time.
When Brienne was done, between them they made sure Tormund was in the middle, and he didn't
protest at all. Clegane decided that any pretence at resistance could start again tomorrow. For tonight,
he wanted something new perhaps. Just for tonight.

It was getting easier and easier to deal with the mild horror of putting out the lamps, because there
was always something to look forward to after. Usually, it was Brienne, in his arms through the
night. But this time it was different, and he threw his arm over Tormund without hesitation,
dislodging her a little until they settled. Brienne muttered something under her breath in the dark, and
he smiled.

“Share, now, woman,” he murmured to her, happy with the wildling between them, and Tormund
laughed, but it still didn't put him off. Gods, but he really was sensational to snuggle up to. To think
he'd been letting Brienne have this all to herself every single night since they'd started. Even if it was
only once in a while... He laid his head on Tormund's shoulder, felt a large, muscle-bound arm wrap
around him, pulling him close, and it was all right. Nothing about him or who he was had changed,
because it was Tormund. And it occurred to him at last that, like Brienne, Tormund wasn't just
anyone.

To be continued...
Author's Note: Thank you for reading! If you're enjoying this story, please leave a review! :)

Chapter Thirty-four

Author's Note: With apologies for the extended wait, here is the next chapter. In a change, this is written from the point of view of the Lord of Light.

This chapter beta read by the wonderful BronxWench over on AFF.

Chapter Thirty-four

A place like Winterfell was never truly asleep, even during the darkest, deepest night. Even in times of peace, and these weren't. Guards patrolled, dogs yapped, and the sleepless stayed up into the small hours, burning oil and wax. In the night, a place like Winterfell was a beacon of light in the north of the world, and it shouldn't be so, because night was night no matter the season, but it seemed especially true at the beginning of Winter.

Those who were sleepless turned up their collars and muffled themselves against the chill winds that crept into corridors, the cold that seemed to sink into the very stones, layering over and over like the snow itself in frozen days and frosty nights. Fires were lit to keep the cold at bay, but the wind always prevailed. It whispered around windows, moving draperies. It found its way inside clothing, touched the faces of those who slept.

Someone in Winterfell never really slept now. He closed his eyes and he rested, he was even sometimes unconscious, for the most part, but Bran was awake in the way that mattered, in the way of Greenseers past, present, and future. But even the newly awakened three-eyed-raven could not perceive what visited Winterfell at present, though he may observe its effects in his dreams.

It passed Bran's door without pausing and moved on, invisible and unnoticed by those it passed in the corridors. It needn't keep to constructs, and the stones of Winterfell itself were no barrier to it, but it was a courtesy, perhaps, to observe such things at a time such as this. And so it came to a door, and instead of passing through, without hesitation it slipped into the gap below, emerging on the other side in an amorphous cloud of invisible light.

Light could not be seen. It was only light's reflection that could be seen by the living. The world was its mirror. It was only the existence of other things that made light present. In this way it appeared. Light was not autonomous. Only in the belief and faith of others could it claim agency. In this way it had a will and a purpose. In this way it moved to the far side of the room, where Beric Dondarrion lay sleeping and looked upon him.
The motes of dust in the air sparkled suddenly, as the light attempted to settle upon an appearance. It shifted, golden and indistinct, between several well used incarnations. For a moment it was the Crone, ageing in reverse to become the Mother, and then the Maiden. Unsatisfied, it shimmered, sexless and skeletal, and shuffled quickly through the other identities of the seven. It lingered for a few seconds as Jaqen H'ghar, then seemed to melt, its arms raising to the ceiling as it drowned itself, becoming something new again. For a moment it seemed even to be a face in a weirwood tree, but then it was done, and a small, pale child stood by Beric Dondarrion's bed, the gender impossible to determine. A child with a sword. Just and right for a soldier to its cause.

Having decided, it seemed to solidify, and it leaned close as he slept, reaching out with its free hand as if to touch him. Beric's form was suffused with golden light, and he awoke gasping, staring out into the darkness of the room above him as the lines of pain on his face eased, as something about him seemed to rejuvenate.

At first, he didn't notice the child stood by his bed, but when he did, he didn't seem entirely surprised. “There you are!” he said, his voice full of warmth and wonder. “Again. Why don't I ever remember you?”

It said nothing, and Beric Dondarrion smiled, happy. Then that smile faltered. “You've come to tell me, haven't you?” he asked, and it nodded in silence. A look of pain and horror came over him, and he shivered, but he did not move.

“I understand,” he said faintly, memory returning, as if aware that this was a nightly occurrence. “Tell it to me once more. Tell it to me so that I'll remember, when the time is right. Tell me what I have to do.”

It smiled, leaned in closer, and whispered into his ear. It whispered a story, one that it had repeated over and over like a lesson. But this lesson was not for Beric Dondarrion. It was for all. It might have been a song, with each repetition a verse and a chorus. Or perhaps the song was a fugue, and there was hope for a change, no matter how gradual. Hope that in the end, this repetition would cease, that they would learn the lesson of it. A song of ice and fire.

Beric listened very carefully, bedclothes pulled up to his chin, shivering, eyes wide open and staring, but unseeing. At the last, he listened to his own part in the song, his purpose, and he shuddered, but did not refuse. He murmured assent through trembling lips. It was over.

When it had done, it helped Beric Dondarrion to forget, because to remember too soon would be to leave him insane as well as scarred. As a bedtime story, it left more than a little to be desired. But he slept again, peacefully, and as it relinquished its hold over him, so its influence waned, and in his sleep Beric Dondarrion remembered his pain once more, and his age. As it should be.
The child had gone. Now there was only invisible light again, and it left the room, having no other business here, except... now it moved again in search of another place of sleep. Again it eased itself under the door, and this time it did not make itself known, only watched the three of them. They'd been clasped together when they fell asleep, arms around one another, as if they couldn't get close enough to each other. Now they were more naturally all taking up their own space.

For a while it hovered over them like a shimmering cloud, peeking into their dreams, just a gentle investigation. First, it attended to the one named Tormund Giantsbane...

_It was a perfect time, these minutes just before the true dawn, when the light was grey and pale, and the night was beginning to retreat. The inside of their tent was no longer so dark, and they were both awake. Warm and pressed close together, huddled under the furs. Tormund cuddled happily against Brienne's back, his arm over her waist. His hands were longing to wander, but he kept them still with an act of effort, just for a while._

_It was almost quiet too. They'd both been awoken by a terrible screaming, but their first child was suckling happily at her breast now, making occasional gurgles of satisfaction. Tormund watched, placing adoring and loving kisses to her shoulder and the back of her neck. The first of their children was a boy, ginger blond hair, lighter than his, but still... Tormund grinned._

_He was six months old now, and he had no name yet. Not even a milk name, though she seemed to have a hundred names for him when she thought no one was listening to her. It was all good. Now the feeding was over, and she was holding him close, rubbing gently at his back with her hand. This had brought something out in her, a particular kind of tenderness. Tormund could never watch it without being moved._

_Having waited, now he let his hands begin to roam, capturing the curves of her body, so fantastically voluptuous now. He already wanted it, but now he worked to make her want it too._

_“Tormund,” she said with a sigh, not quite protesting. “Let me settle him first.”_

_With a deep chuckle, he allowed that. She'd insisted on a cot, but it was so close to their bed she didn't have to get up. He’d wanted the child to sleep with them, but she’d been horrified by that idea somehow. They had strange ways, the southerners. Yet he'd been right about her all along, the north suited her. She was fierce, yes, but strong, and she was thriving here._

_She settled into his arms again, back pressed to his chest. “Let me guess what you want now,” she_
murmured, but she was moving sinuously against him, a smile in her voice. He nuzzled at her ear while his hand moved down over her thigh. She had such wonderfully long legs. He took hold of her knee and pushed it up.

“How about we make another?” he suggested, and she shivered.

“You know I'm already doing that,” she said, and he moved his hand to the front of her tummy, feeling the slight swelling there.

“So you are, beauty,” he murmured back, loving to touch her there. “Well, maybe I just want to fuck you then, woman. You're irresistible like this.”

It was true he couldn’t think about anything else apart from getting inside of her just then. Usually, he prided himself on getting her to the point of begging for it, but she was so warm, so soft, so eager. He’d got her in the right position, on her side, her body all open for it, and he pressed his cock into that welcoming crease to find her pussy. She was so hot already. Pregnancy made her want it all the more, and she moaned for him.

Without saying a word, he reached to rest his hand over her breast, so tender, so sensitive, and she trembled in his arms as he pushed deep into her with a low rumble of satisfaction.

“Ohh...” she moaned. “Yes...”

Tormund smiled and looked at her face, saw her eyelashes shivering on her cheeks as he began a very slow movement. Her pussy was clutching at him, encouraging him deeper, as beautiful as she was. Suddenly he broke off to slide his other arm properly beneath her body and she held his hand in both of hers, raising that hand to her lips as he resumed his slow fucking of her.

She was moving with him, breathing fast, trying to stay quiet so as not to wake the baby again. But she was close already, her body quick to pleasure. He moved the hand that was on her breast just slightly, enough so that he could gently flick a finger across her nipple there. His finger came away damp because she was so full of milk, while her body tightened instantly, so much so that he instinctively felt himself give her a couple of harder thrusts in response.

“Tormund!” she cried in an agonised whisper of need. He grinned, enjoying himself. A little faster then. Just a little, and a minute or so later she was climaxing around him, her body shaking. Every time it felt amazing, and he closed his eyes as he continued, but he didn’t bother to hold back after
that, and he held her close to him when he came, shuddering.

When he moved away, she sighed gently, as if aware he'd cut it short, and Tormund smiled.

“How many husbands do you have?” he asked her, not quite chiding, and she turned her head to look up at him, blushing.

“Two,” she replied, and he nodded.

“That's right,” he said, and he got up, managing to force himself into his clothes ready to go walking out while she was still all sleepy warm in bed. She would get up and join him soon, afterwards.

The tent flap moved wide, and Clegane ducked in, shaking the snow from his hair as he let it drop behind him with a tired yawn. He'd been on watch all night with the others in their new clan. Now it was almost sunrise outside and time for him to sleep.

“All clear,” Clegane said, “all night.” He began getting rid of the layers of furs he wore. They suited him. Life in the north suited him as well as it did her. They were both strong and hardy folk. Before Clegane made his way to the bed, they stood before each other.

“She's all yours,” Tormund teased. Clegane flashed him a look.

“Yeah, you say that every day. It's never true.” He didn't seem upset by it though. They shared a smile, and then a kiss. Just something quick and hard. A little reminder of what they were to each other. Tormund cast a glance at the bed.

“I think she might have fallen asleep again,” he noted with love. “Wake her up first.”

Clegane laughed quietly. “You wake her up?” he queried.

“The little 'un did for us both.”
They embraced, not quite like brothers, and it felt extraordinarily nice to be held in Clegane's arms, though there was no way he'd ever, ever say it. He went off out into the snow as Clegane got comfortable, and he heard Brienne's surprised exclamation as he lingered outside their tent.

“Oh! You're cold!” she complained, and then hissed in a loud breath. “Ah! Watch your feet!”

“You're warm, woman,” Clegane replied. “Mmm... nice and warm. Let me have some of that. Yes...”

And he walked away to the sound of Brienne's quiet moans, smiling. Perhaps their second would be Clegane's first. That would be good too...

The light twinkled for a moment, like the myriad stars in the night sky above, expressing the joy of the dream, and then attended to Sandor Clegane. The other dream had been dark, intimate and loving, but in Sandor Clegane there was a sudden vivid flash of sunlit green woods and silver steel. Violence...

It was a tremendous duel, and Clegane was grinning beneath his helm, his heart exhilarated, wild and free. It was a cool spring day, just cool enough that he wasn't too warm despite his armour. He wondered if the same held true for his opponent.

How the sun seemed to be drawn to that armour, gold and silver, shining bright, and the helm! The attacks came fast and fierce. It was difficult to compete, and for that he loved it all the more. His muscles were warm and limber, and his blood was flowing easy. He felt young again, and all the aches he'd felt recently were gone. He knew immediately he was dreaming. For a moment he looked beyond the two of them, and saw his house in the background, the banners blowing in the breeze.

This was a dance, and he knew all the moves. So did his opponent. And yet he managed to carry out a nuanced technique that had bothered him for years, so easily he shouted his glee. He also got the win, and his opponent lowered their sword in defeat, stepping back and removing the helm.

He caught his breath, even though he had half expected this, because sometimes in his dreams it wasn't her. Sometimes it was a stranger, a real enemy. But not this time. Brienne's hair was longer, falling in gorgeous blonde waves to her shoulders. It caught the sunlight, shining as she ran a hand through it. Clegane took his helm off too, putting it aside on the ground, then strode to her. She was too beautiful for there to be any distance between them. Once there he took her in his arms and kissed her deep, her hands on his hips, pulling him close.
When he drew back, she smiled at him. “You don’t want to fight any more?” she asked, and he shook his head.

“If you want me,” he responded. “Here. Now.” He dropped down easily onto the grass and pulled her to the ground with him. She tumbled down with an astonished laugh, only to end up in his arms, still smiling slightly.

“I always lose,” she said, talking of the duel, and he smirked.

“Well, it is my dream,” he responded, happy. “Sometimes, I think I make you too easy.”

“I’m not easy!” she protested, and he kissed her lips.

“Oh, yes, you are,” he told her, already wanting it, and she began to fight him, making him laugh.

He wasn’t sure what happened to their armour. He’d probably just wished it away, but now they were wrestling in the grass, and that was fabulous too. She didn’t hurt him in his dreams. Not even close. Soon enough he had her pinned beneath him, staring up into his eyes, and he knew it wasn’t real. Clegane could always tell his dreams. They were too pleasant for reality. Didn’t stop him enjoying them to the full, and he wanted her now.

She looked beyond him, her eyes widening. “Wait!” she said. “If this is your dream, what is he doing here?”

Clegane turned to see, and there he was. Tormund was walking towards them, just coming out from the cover of the trees. “Oh, I think he’s here to make the numbers up,” Clegane murmured. Brienne trembled beneath him, and he grinned, already imagining it.

He dedicated himself to doing exactly as he wished, and perhaps he might have been buried inside her in the next moment except that he looked down, and the buttons of her shirt were just begging to be undone. He moved his hand to pop them open, one by one, parting the material to uncover her breasts.

He placed his hands over them and squeezed gently, watching how that made her nipples stick out, longing for his lips. Clegane felt his mouth water as Tormund came to join them out there on the cool grass. No one would disturb them. It was his dream, and he was in control of it now. He was in
control of Brienne and Tormund too, and to be fair that wasn't perfect. In fact, that took the shine off a little, but not enough to make him wish the dream away. Far from it.

In fact, he began to imagine things he might indulge in that they'd never know about. Especially with Tormund, now there would be no consequences...

The dream continued, but it was of little interest. The light turned away from Sandor Clegane, and drew closer to Brienne Tarth. Here, there was a difference straight away. There was less imagery in her and more sensation, more depth, as if the things she dreamed of held connotations beyond their literal occurrence. Her dreams were disjointed too and jerky, shifting from one scene to another in dizzying leaps.

First, there was a feeling of weight around her. She had her eyes closed, head bowed, and the light understood. It flickered in excitement and paid attention...

“You may bring the bride under your protection...” The words, at last, and they were real, and it was Sandor and her heart felt so full of emotion. She'd long ago stopped dreaming of this, and even when she had, she'd thought the best she could hope for was union to someone she didn't even know, or possibly didn't even like. But she was in love.

What is more, it didn't seem like a joke to consider herself under Sandor's protection. He was well capable of it. It was more than a dream come true. It was a marvel. The cloak over her shoulders felt heavy and warm, and she knew her father was smiling as he watched her in this moment. It was all he had ever wanted, for her to be happy...

Later that night, in the dark of her bedchamber, and they'd somehow managed to sneak Tormund in without anyone seeing them. All together, and Sandor was so passionate it made her giggle at him.

“Is it different, now that I am your wife?” she teased, and he smiled back at her.

“Now you're truly mine,” he said. “Yes, it's different. You've been his for months. Maybe,” he pondered, the look on his face comical, “maybe you'll do what I say now.”

Brienne laughed out loud. “Maybe I will. Would you like to command me for the night?” she asked, daring, well used to their games now, and his eyes darkened. “Imagine it, if I were to surrender to your every wish. Perhaps, if you obey me tonight, I will give you that tomorrow...”
Now the scene shifted again, and it was daytime, the sun sparkling on the water just off the coast that made this the sapphire isle, because it was a deep blue. Some of the seawater had been captured and led to a private paradise surrounded by trees. Brienne dove into the clear water, happy to be home. It was cool and refreshing against her skin, and she'd missed the pleasure of swimming. She laughed at the two of them, stood watching her on the bank. It didn't take them long to join her though, and then they were all naked in the water, playing and splashing. Laughing. It was good to be home at last.

Again the dream altered, and it was night time again, but this time she was restrained, her wrists bound together and helpless. Her legs too, bound wide apart so that no matter how hard she fought, there was nothing she could do. It was a very wicked game, and yet she loved them so much it was impossible to keep up the act, and she was soon begging for what they did to her. Every single thing...

At last, unworried by them, untroubled by their dreams, the light withdrew. They would fulfil their fate, one way or the other. This time it withdrew from Winterfell, though it would return to haunt Beric Dondarrion again and again, until the day of his eventual demise. His success or failure would make all the difference, and it was still uncertain. Until it was decided, the light would continue to visit him. It had brought him back again and again in order that he should succeed.

To be continued...

Author's Note: Thank you for reading. I hope you enjoyed it. Next chapter shouldn't be as long to wait for now, given that it's partway written, and it's a return to their usual fun, if only for the one morning. Please leave a cookie for the muses! Love to all, until next time :)
Chapter Thirty-five

Author's Note: Ok, so here you have almost 5.5k words. Hope you enjoy them. More plot to come next chapter. They might not have chance for more smutty stuff for two or three chapters, so get your fill!

Chapter Thirty-five

As Clegane awoke the next morning, he was already placing sleepy and affectionate kisses to the warm body in his arms, until his lips encountered the ginger body hair, then he blinked his eyes open. Tormund was still in the middle between them. It wasn't as if his sleeping brain hadn't been able to tell the difference, just that his inhibitions had been lowered, his defences too. Or perhaps he was simply more honest about his desires right then. He'd forgotten all the reasons why loving Tormund was a bad idea. They'd disappeared one by one. For a moment he wavered, and then went right back to pressing those little kisses to Tormund's skin, only this time he was grinning.

“You awake?” Tormund murmured, his voice low and blurry with sleep.

“Nope,” Clegane replied. He trailed his fingers through Tormund's chest hair as he made his way up, greatly daring. “When I am, I'm definitely going to stop doing this,” he noted.

“Mmm...” Tormund said, and then suddenly there was a hand in his hair. “You keep right on dreaming,” he advised.

Clegane laughed, and at last he'd gotten far enough up so that they were face to face. He looked down into Tormund's eyes, then glanced sideways to Brienne. She was still fast asleep, one palm resting flat on Tormund's opposite shoulder, her head pillowed on his arm. Clegane felt himself start to rise, imagining what they might do to her together.

“We going to do it to her again?” he asked, tongue darting out to moisten his lower lip as he looked upon her. The way it had felt the night before came back to him all at once. So tight, so exquisite, the way he'd felt Tormund moving alongside him. How wild she had been between them. She'd enjoyed it too. She must want it as well. She had to!

“I hope so,” Tormund said, and Clegane looked back to him. They smiled at each other slowly, both of them imagining it.
“We're going to need to get her in the middle,” Tormund said, ever practical. Clegane nodded at once.

“All right, but that's not all. What else?” He was prepared to trust to Tormund's greater experience in this, if it would get them what they both wanted and what she wanted too. Something in the wildling's eyes quickened, and he smiled again, pulled Clegane close to whisper.

“We get her nice and warm between us, and when she wants a cock, tease her with a finger. You can have the front, I'll take the back. Use the oil, get it in nice and deep, work it, until she's desperate. She'll want us then.” He paused. “Both of us, but we'll do it different this time. Just follow my lead.”

Clegane felt wicked, and he was hard against Tormund's hip, the wildling's hand twisted in his hair. To plan it out like this, and yet she would love it... he raised his head a little, and quite suddenly he found he was thinking of something else entirely.

“How good did it feel, when she touched you like that?” he asked, curious despite himself, his guard still down for now, and Tormund suddenly smirked.

“Maybe you should let her do it to you, then you'll know,” he suggested. Clegane licked his lips, remembered how it felt when Tormund had sucked him off the night before, how it felt to conspire with him now, how well he seduced Brienne and how much she'd enjoyed it right from the start.

“Or maybe I should let you do it,” he said back, only half teasing, and there was a flare of desire in Tormund right then. Clegane saw it, clear as day, and it didn't frighten him away from the idea at all. It surprised him to find he had some level of trust in Tormund, that what they were involved in together was deeper than he'd ever suspected. But there it was. At last, Tormund nodded.

“You still want it tonight,” he said, dead serious, “and I'll show you.” Clegane felt his heart beat heavy at the promise. “Even if she wants to be first with you, too.” They stared at each other, and Tormund's eyes were dark, like he'd be up for fighting over it. Over him. Clegane was privately astounded. Well, at least it would mean they'd all gone first, one way or the other.

“For now, we do her,” Tormund said, beginning to smile again. “We give her what she wants. What we want. In the meantime, I'll give you the day to think about it.”

With an act of will, Clegane looked to Brienne again, and despite what they were planning, his heart
suddenly filled with real love for her. She was worth all of the long, hard years he had spent waiting for her, even if it was to end so soon, but he really did want so much more time. In an instant, he realised there wasn't anything he wouldn't give if they could just have that life together, the three of them – the one they were all dreaming about. It was a new sensation, the idea of an actual future. He'd never wanted anything so badly, but it wasn't to be. Not for them.

He reached out to wake her up, and Tormund grabbed his wrist. “No need for that,” he murmured wickedly, and he jerked his head. “Make room.”

“Wait,” Clegane replied, before he did that, because they were still stealing these moments together, and Tormund's lips were so close to his own, and they were not being watched at all.

Careful not to nudge or disturb Brienne, he turned Tormund's head and then kissed him. This time it wasn't like their others, because he was ready for that difference, the difference between Brienne and Tormund, and he embraced it. Clegane didn't expect gentleness or surrender and he kissed the wildling with his eyes wide open.

For all of Brienne's strength, she could never be like this when he kissed her. She held the promise of a woman's softness, of tenderness and comfort. Tormund held no such promise. They were the same, and yet this time the kiss between them wasn't a fight. Or at least, not quite. They'd become closer, they knew each other better, and there was respect on both sides. There was trust, getting deeper every day. The promise in this was to give as good as they got. It was to stand together, come what may. It was to know each other, to know every sensation, because every sensation belonged to them both. He could feel the wildling's interest against his leg, and knew how it felt. Tormund had no secrets from him. Except one, and perhaps he'd know that tonight, if he had the courage to ask for it again.

Suddenly it was as if he couldn't get enough, and the kiss became hard and rough, biting, and yet somehow still friendly. When he pulled away, Tormund was breathing heavily, half laughing. Clegane too, until he calmed.

“Mine,” he said without thinking of the consequences, feeling a peculiar kind of lust he couldn't quite put a name to. But then it seemed there were no consequences, or at least none that bode ill for any of them.

Tormund merely grinned at him. “Yes,” he said, as if it were the easiest thing in the world to admit to. For all he had learnt, Clegane still didn't really understand any of it, could barely comprehend it, and yet he suddenly felt invincible to hear Tormund agree with him. How could it even be possible, that they should all belong to each other? Yet they did. Clegane turned onto his back, making a space between them for Brienne. For all that they might play together, she would always be the centre of all this, and it was just perfect.
He watched as Tormund turned away from him a little, to get his other arm around her, and he moved her without bothering to wake her first, easily, letting her body roll over him until she was resting between them both, her back to Tormund's chest. She murmured something sleepily as she stirred, then stretched and yawned.

Clegane lost sight of the wildling as he went low, probably to kiss the bottom of her back if her response was any indication. She laughed, slow and deep as she opened her eyes, that laughter morphing into a sensual moan as she noticed him watching her.

She reached out with one hand and he caught that hand in one of his, turning his head to kiss the inside of her wrist, and she narrowed her eyes, moaning again, this time pitched slightly higher. He had his other hand on her ribcage, and he was aware that Tormund was sweeping his fingertips over her stomach. He let his lips travel down over the inside of her arm, to the elbow.

“I'm awake,” she said, as if trying to convince herself, and Clegane smiled. He moved down as Tormund moved up, letting go of her arm so that he could kiss her waist, tracing the path of those ribs, teasing the sensitive skin there with his lips and his beard, deliberately, making her shiver.

“You two,” she said, her body moving between them already, inviting more of their touch, and they indulged her fully. “You're so nice to me. Just like in my dreams.” She smiled. “Mmm... I love you.”

Tormund moved his hand lower, and she gasped. “Oh, wait. I know why you're being like this...” She began to breathe faster, more noisily. Tormund chuckled.

“Wait!” She said, more loudly, and they both halted, but didn't move. Clegane glanced up, and she was leaning her head back against Tormund's shoulder so as to look into his eyes. “I know, don't I?” she asked him. He didn't say anything, only nodded.

Clegane moved back up the bed as Tormund shifted his hand. And then he was hard, pressing against her from the front, so she was trapped between them both. A reminder. Brienne swallowed audibly, and she seemed to think for a moment, as if she was making her mind up. Her whole body trembled then, right down to her toes, Clegane was certain of it.

She closed her eyes, then suddenly moved so suggestively against them both that Clegane swore. Tormund's eyes darkened. “Gods, yes!” she hissed. “Do it to me, please,” she said, and there was a note of sheer need in her voice that he'd never heard before. “Again.”
Immediately, he lowered his hands to her hips, but Tormund had gotten there first. And yet he was using that hold as a restraint, keeping her still. Clegane was staring at her as she opened her eyes again, and she was suddenly wild once more. He was enchanted, and he couldn't look away.

“Clegane!” Tormund said, his voice sharp, and it temporarily broke the spell, made him pay attention. “Get the oil!” He half turned, fumbling for it behind him without looking, somehow managing to close his fingers around it as he continued to stare into her eyes. He handed it over, but to take it Tormund had to let her go, and she instantly knocked him onto his back, settling astride him all slinky and seductive, her breath in his good ear a slight whisper of want.

For a moment he was far too pleased to stop her, closing his arms around her as she leaned forward over him, her breasts squashed up against his chest, the familiar perfume of that soap she used in her hair as she nuzzled his neck. He drew in a deep breath, and he couldn't help holding her close, welcoming her lust as she nipped at his collarbone with her teeth.

“Now, do it to me now,” she demanded, over and over, between those little bites, and he didn't even realise what she was up to until he felt her hand wrapped around him, strong, guiding him to penetrate her. Clegane hissed an affirmative, and he moved to help her, only for the wildling to drag her away, one large hand around her waist. He groaned in dismay, and he didn't miss Tormund smirking at him.

“Sorry, can't let that happen,” Tormund said, in an undertone, then paid attention to Brienne, holding her down to the bed easily.

“Now is impossible, beauty. You need to be ready first. I won't hurt you.” She stared up at him without understanding. She frowned, and struggled. He raised his eyebrows. “Not even to satisfy your own impatience.”

As if he'd given her an instruction, she sighed and relented, becoming quite still, then seemed to decide on a different tack. With a slight smile she rubbed the soft skin of her cheek against his forearm, her eyes half closed, eyelashes fluttering.

“Husband,” she whispered, and then she actually purred. It should be ridiculous, but somehow it wasn't. She carried it off splendidly, and she arched her body beneath Tormund, completely wanton, managing to lift him an inch or two from the bed. Clegane struggled to find his next breath, while Tormund gulped.
“Ahh...” he said, his voice kind of ragged. “Not even to satisfy my own,” he told her, but it sounded like he was trying to convince himself right then. “For fuck's sake, Clegane. Can you help me out here or something?”

Clegane couldn't take his eyes off Brienne. She was utterly captivating like this, so beautiful, and she wanted them both. It was all his brain had room for. “What do you want?” he intoned automatically, flickering his eyes to Tormund. The wildling sneered at him.

“Haha! Funny!” he managed, eyes wide. “Look in my clothes. Get the restraints.”

That made him move, though his limbs didn't seem to be quite as co-ordinated as usual, and he felt all kind of jerky and clumsy as he searched for them. Brienne... but then, it should have been clear that she would be like this. From that first time out on the hill. Now she knew what she wanted, and they'd spent days teaching her exactly how to get it. He fumbled around, but found the restraints and handed them over without a word, watching as Tormund applied them to her, securing her bound wrists to the bed again as she protested and threatened him. Once he'd done that. He took hold of her legs at the knee, bending them and pressing them into her body.

“Help, Clegane,” he said again, and now he joined in, at the other side, taking one of her legs to restrain her completely. He looked upon her, quiet now, then at Tormund, and shrugged.

“Sorry,” he said. “It was just that she... I mean, she...” He shivered a bit, feeling kind of cold with need to get inside her. Tormund nodded.

“I know.”

Brienne sighed. They both looked at her, and she was still quiet, looking at them both, but she remained as wild as a bird. Her muscles rippled slightly as she undulated her body, aware that they were watching her, and she threw her head back. “Take me,” she urged. “Please. I need you inside me.” She pulled alternately with each of her arms, drawing attention to her helplessness, and Clegane heard himself growl in sheer desire, his hand lowering to his cock as he moved to do what she wanted.

Suddenly there was a hand square in the centre of his chest, preventing him. “Clegane!” Tormund said again, shaking his head. He held up the oil in his other hand as a reminder. “In five minutes we won't need to argue over who goes first. Right?”
Clegane licked his lips, grinned despite himself. “Right,” he replied, remembering what they were up to.

“Don't look at her. Look at me.”

Clegane nodded. It was good advice. “Yeah. You're not irresistible,” he noted. Tormund smirked at him.

“Well,” he said with a wink. “Not right now. Not yet.”

For a moment, Clegane frowned, then he got it. “You daft cunt!” he said, laughing.

“You feeling more in control?” Tormund queried, and Clegane nodded. “Good. Now pay attention so that you know for the future.”

There it was, that word again. Clegane shook it away. Future meant hope, and there was none. Tormund had hope, and he didn't know how the wildling could live with it. Much better to take reality, however bitter. It might hurt some, but it didn't disappoint.

But he watched as Tormund covered his fingers in oil, and he took the bottle, getting a fair bit of it on his own right hand before putting it aside. The way they were holding her legs meant she was exposed to their touch completely, and he saw Tormund slide his forefinger over that rear entrance again and again, just lightly pressing. Above them, Brienne was quiet, just breathing, her body still and quiet, almost as if she was waiting.

When Tormund finally penetrated her with that finger, she moaned once. He didn't go far at first, just let her get used to it, only gradually going deeper before adding another and beginning the whole thing again. At times he withdrew them to replenish the oil. “All right,” he said at last, and then he must have crooked his fingers or something, because Brienne suddenly uttered a surprised sound of protest. It wasn't pain.

“Now you, Clegane. From the front. It'll be tight, but I've moved my fingers as far back as her body will allow.”

So that was it. Clegane nodded, but he bit his lip and put his finger just there, so close to Tormund's own. Actually seeing it made him want it all the more. This is how close they'd be when they finally
got to be inside her, and for a moment he looked up into Tormund's eyes. They shared a slight smile. Clegane pressed inwards.

“Ohhh... please!” Brienne cried out. “Please do it!”

She was tight, but easy enough with the oil and herself that he was soon there, and he could feel her heat, and that lovely sensation as her body seemed to wrap itself around his finger, all over. At the back he could feel Tormund's fingers too. “Nice,” he commented, imagining how it would feel soon when it was his cock.

“Work it deep,” Tormund instructed. “Time for nice later. See if she can take two from you.”

Clegane pulled back, and he tried for it, and she could take it after a couple of minutes or so. The skin was stretched so tight around his fingers. He could see the deep pink shine of it as he pulled them in and out. Brienne was moaning, but her voice was deep, and she seemed to be concentrating on taking it, her legs trembling occasionally.

Belatedly, he realised both of his fingers had naturally scissored to avoid pressing too hard on Tormund, but now he made an effort to keep them together, to angle them up to please her, and she cried out. She also tightened, and clutched at him, making it impossible to move his fingers at all.

“Hmmm!” It was almost like a growl she gave, and he heard the sound as she pulled hard on the restraints. She rocked her lower body, desperate, and then it was there, gushing all over his fingers, hot and wet as she relaxed.

This time, it seemed her body eased further than before, that she made room for them, and Tormund seemed pleased. “All right,” he said, and he withdrew slowly, getting some more oil and pressing it deep with one finger before leaving her be. “Now you,” he nodded. Clegane copied, and then Tormund covered himself with the oil and turned her onto her side, with one of her knees still raised up so that he could get inside her from behind.

Brienne gave a quiet, startled cry when he penetrated her, but then went quiet, her eyes squeezed closed for a moment or two.

“While she gets used to this, take the restraints off, Clegane. They're not needed now.”
He did as he was bid, and Brienne was different now, calmer, though she still seemed lost and not quite herself. She was shivering in Tormund's arms, biting back the cries, and when she noticed him looking at her, she opened her eyes wide. “Please,” she said. “I need you.”

“Soon,” Clegane told her, because he wanted her on his terms, not hers. On their terms. That's what all this had been for, after all.

For a minute or so, it continued in this fashion, until Brienne closed her eyes, and gave Tormund a deep moan of sexual pleasure. She reached behind her with one arm. “Tormund!” she gasped.

“All right, beauty,” he said. “Good. I want something different from you now.” Then he withdrew, only to turn onto his back, pulling her so that she was resting on him, her back against his chest.

Clegane watched, and it was like a repeat of before, the way she hooked an arm around Tormund's neck, tilting her head back for a kiss. Only this time, as he kissed her, the wildling used his right hand to guide himself right back into her, fucking her again. She seemed to freeze, breaking the kiss, her breath stalling, and then she trembled.

Tormund's lips were right next to her ear. “Open your legs wide now, woman, so that Clegane can fill you up, get nice and deep.”

“Oh!” Brienne whimpered, and she bit her lip as she looked at him, but she did it, and he'd be damned if it wasn't the most wonderful invitation he'd ever had, ever seen. His hand was actually shaking as he sought out the oil and covered himself with it. How to go about it? There were several options here, and he went for the one that suited him right then, however challenging. The one that would give him the most control and leverage. Let him get deep, just like Tormund had suggested.

He got his feet in the right place, and then fell into a crouch over her as she looked up at him, pleading for it. He looked down, and she was spread wide open. He could see where Tormund was in her, and just above that, where he wanted to be. It looked impossible, but he knew it wasn't. He positioned himself and used his hand to hold himself steady as he pressed in.

She was so tight! He glanced up, thinking to take hold of her shoulders, to keep her body still for it, but Tormund had already thought of that, and he found himself staring at her as he did it, saw her shoulders hunch slightly as she hissed in a sharp breath and turned her face away. But then he was there, and it seemed whatever real discomfort there was had only been brief then, because she moaned.
“Sandor,” she said, and she trembled slightly, turning to look at him again. “Ohh... yes...”

As before, she reached forward with her free hand, her palm in the centre of his chest. He merely leaned forward, and over her, to anchor his weight on his hands on any free parts of the bed he could reach. Her eyes were wide as she stared up at him, but he was dominating her like this, and he knew it. That's why he'd chosen it.

He glanced behind her. “You got a good hold of her there?” he asked, and Tormund grinned in answer. All right, then. He turned his attention back to Brienne.

“Going to start now,” he said to her, and she nodded.

“I love you,” she said, and he paused for a moment trying to marry that statement with what he planned to do to her. The two things seemed incongruous somehow. Her lips set in a straight line, and she frowned. “Are you going to say it back?” she demanded.

“I love you, too,” he said, and all at once it wasn't difficult at all. All she had to do was look at him like that, and it didn't matter what position they'd gotten her into. He leaned forward slightly to kiss her, and could just about reach the tip of her nose without leaning too much of his weight on her, and by extension Tormund. That would have to do.

He pulled back, and as if it were a signal, he felt Tormund slide alongside him, going deeper, and they began an easy, slow, alternating rhythm between them while Brienne all but flailed. She moaned and cried and sobbed, and every time she drew in her breath it was noisy.

The position he'd taken did grant him a lot of power, and he let it go into her, so that it wasn't long before she was clutching them both tight, making them stop, her pussy trying to milk him as he dropped his head onto her shoulder and tried to ignore it. Oh, but she was hot! And there was something about how wet she was. Oil could never compare to that. He concentrated on keeping his weight where it should be, his muscles taut with the effort, and that probably saved him just then, if he was honest.

When it had passed they began again, only this time, Brienne seemed to change. She grunted with each of their movements, loudly. Tormund changed his hold on her, keeping her steady with one forearm over the back of her shoulders, while the other hand sneaked around between their bodies to tease her. First, her breasts, then lower down, and she did scream. Not a high scream. This was like the scream she given him during that first time, but it wasn't pain now, it was pleasure.

“Brienne! Come on... Shhh...” He hushed her, smiling, and she shook her head. Clegane was sure
she tried. But then she screamed again, and he managed to arrange his weight so that he could put a hand over her mouth as they continued, her eyes blinking at him.

They'd been alternating, but they seemed to have lost that knack now, and he wasn't all that sure if it mattered anyway. She came again around his cock, and again they halted, and since his muscles were actually beginning to ache, this time he decided to change things up, retreating so that he could kneel in front of her, her legs over his shoulders as he went back in.

This time when she screamed, Tormund silenced her.

She didn't last after her third, and he withdrew, letting Tormund finish first. The wildling didn't take long. Then she was his. Her body was still shaking as he plunged inside her, and she felt so amazing he knew he wouldn't last long either. He held her close as he came, and again he appreciated her height, because she felt like a real woman in his embrace. But her pussy was still squeezing him, and he had to pull away from her a moment later because he was just too sensitive to stay there.

As usual, they laid beside each other, all three of them, Brienne in the middle. Tormund cleaned her while she was still a little out of it, and when she finally began to come around, she was all affectionate and loving. That wildness in her was sated. At least for now.

“Are you still you when you're wild like that?” Clegane asked, curious about it. She seemed so far removed from the ordinary Brienne. He wondered if she even knew.

They were laid on their side, staring at each other. Tormund had an arm flung over her waist, and she was absently caressing his arm, but he thought the wildling might be dozing. He hadn't said anything at all for at least five minutes.

“Of course I am,” she said, frowning a little. “I remember. I just get a bit...” She sighed. “Do you remember that first night, when I got all carried away?” she asked, and he grinned. Oh, yeah, he remembered.

“Yep.”

“It's like that but more so,” Her eyes were open and honest, and such a beautiful blue. Where she was laid a stray beam of strong winter sun was shining through a chink in the curtains, catching her hair, crowning her with silver and gold.
“Why do you get carried away?” he asked her then, curious as to how she felt. He knew how it felt for him. But for her?

“I can't tell you,” she said, shaking her head a little. “It would sound silly.”

“It won't,” he said quickly. “Please. I want to know. You said it was like an ache before.”

“Sometimes it's like that,” she admitted. “Sometimes it's worse.”

“How do you mean, worse?”

She sighed, but this time it was long and heartfelt, as if she were feeling it all over again, just by recalling it. “Like, when I want you so much, I... when I get that carried away, it's... It's difficult to describe.”

She gazed at him earnestly. “Do you know that feeling, in battle, when your muscles are full of adrenaline, and there's an enemy coming right towards you, and just before it hits, there's that moment sometimes when you wonder if it's all going to work, when it feels like everything in you has turned to jelly or something? But then it passes, and you get into it, and it's all right?” She paused, suddenly looking quite worried. “You do know that feeling, don't you?”

Clegane smiled slowly, and he didn't even consider lying to her. Not for a moment. “Aye. I know it.” He glanced behind her at Tormund. “Not sure he does.”

“I know it,” Tormund rumbled, proving he was awake, and that he was listening intently to every word. Brienne smiled.

“So, it's like that,” she said. “But, it's just there in me.” She suddenly reached for his hand and pulled it to her, down to her labia. It was such an unexpected and sensual thing to do that Clegane caught his breath, closing his eyes as he curled his hand around her, feeling her heat. She let him, her hand around his wrist, holding tight.

“It's a kind of horrible formless feeling. And I need you inside me to make time move, to make me real again, so that it passes and so that I can win. It's as if you can remind me somehow. It feels like I'll die without you. But when I have you, I remember myself again, and how strong I am.”
She sighed and let his wrist go. “I'm sorry, I told you it would sound stupid.”

“It doesn't,” he reassured her, and thought she'd given a fair description. It probably defied description, just as it would if she asked him the same question.

Tormund chuckled. “She's saying you're like her sword or something.”

“Tormund!” Brienne said, elbroweing him playfully.

“That's all right,” Clegane said with a grin. “I don't mind being a sword.” He paused for a beat or two, just long enough to stroke lightly over her pussy lips with his fingers and see her sigh. “So which one of us is Valyrian steel?” he asked with a wink, and she laughed, turning over onto her back between them, her breasts jiggling as her body shook with helpless giggles. He moved his hand up to capture one of them, smiling.

“We are so late for breakfast,” he noted, when her laughter had eased, still tenderly squeezing that breast in his hand as her eyes darkened a little. He could feel her nipple, hard in the centre of his palm.

“True,” Tormund said. “We should get up.”

Not a one of them stirred.

“We should really make a move so that we get there while breakfast is still on the menu,” Brienne observed, and a few seconds later, wrapped up in robes, all three of them were out of the door.

To be continued...

Author's Note: Ok... I am wondering because it's so quiet and I get worried. Did this work? It seemed okay, but then I've just had a really stressful few days. Maybe I'm not quite... well, maybe my writers' brain is not fully functioning again just yet. I'm sorry if that's the case, but I love writing them so much, and I needed the out. I'm sorry if the standard isn't quite there this time. Very sorry.
Chapter Thirty-six

Author's Note: With thanks to fofanna and MLS for reviews on the last chapter. You are wonderful! :) 

Chapter Thirty-six

“No.”

Tormund folded his arms and glared across the table, unblinking, while Clegane sighed inwardly. His answer appeared to be final.

Snow had found them all at breakfast, and urged them to join him here as soon as they were done. He'd announced his intention to leave at once, letting the Lannister army catch them up on the way. Preparations had already begun while they had been wasting time lying in bed with each other and Winterfell was a hive of activity. Even with them already being on high alert, it would still take a day or two before they could move out. But, as Snow said, the longer they waited, the more chance the army of the dead would find pockets of civilisation and grow itself.

Since then he'd outlined his plan for them in detail, and even Clegane wasn't overly taken with it, but it made sense. It was the best way, really, to ensure they got to where they needed to be. He thought, looking at Brienne, that she'd seen the wisdom of it too. But Tormund? His face was like thunder, and Clegane could understand why, but he needed to get over it and fast.

“That all you got, crow?” Tormund demanded. He'd reverted to calling Snow that, which meant he was beyond angry. Snow narrowed his eyes, and then switched to gaze at Brienne, as if to appeal to her, for her help.

“Oh!” she said, and got up from the table, holding up her hands as she backed away. “You settle this between you, without me.” As Snow looked away from her, she folded her arms too, and she didn't look very pleased with him either. Clegane could understand that, too. She wasn't anyone's pawn, and whatever influence she had over Tormund wasn't to be used in games of consent.

“Clegane,” Snow said, and he shook himself, paying attention. He couldn't refuse to help though, not after pledging himself to Snow as King of the North. Shit. He looked to Tormund.
“It's a good plan,” he began. “I mean it gets us where we need to be to do the most damage. Puts the odds in our favour.”

Tormund banged his fist on the table. “I said no!” He shook his head. “I will not be coddled!”

“For fuck's sake,” Clegane swore. “I don't think I've ever seen you act childish before. It's just like a shield. That's all it is.”

Snow had told them they would ride in with the infantry, on horses, and that had roused Tormund at once. But it wasn't that which had got his outright refusal. It was the indication that they would be protected by that section of the infantry for as far as possible, both on horseback, and when the horses were abandoned, in order that the three of them should reach the back end of the dead army without loss. Upon hearing that, Tormund had become completely uncooperative.

Tormund's lips twisted, and he didn't look at either of them. “A shield of living men, who'll fall to the army of the dead instead of us? Do they know about this plan of yours, crow?”

“Yes. The men who will do it are men of the Watch who survived along with you. All of them have volunteered. And that's exactly what it is,” Snow said, his voice hard. “Because it will work, because it's the only way, because it's a sacrifice that is necessary. They know that.”

Again, Tormund shook his head. “No. I will not. I will not abandon them.” He sat back, as if the discussion was over, arms still folded.

“You dumb cunt. They're volunt –” A harsh noise stopped him, as Brienne cleared her throat, staring at him meaningfully, and he understood what she did a second later.

“So,” he said, reconsidering. “You're prepared to risk our lives for your pride. Is that it? You're not even fighting with them, you're fighting with us.”

Tormund looked right at him. “It's not pride,” he sneered. “You wouldn't understand.”

“Duty then. Means fuck all at this point.”
Tormund laughed without humour. “Southerners. You'll never get it.” He leaned forward. “You're not a Knight,” he said, and Clegane felt his hackles rise as Tormund smiled at him. “I'm not a King. I'm one of them, just like I'm one of you. We're all the same, and I will not be shielded!”

A thought seemed to occur to him then and he sneered again. “Why are you arguing for the crow, anyway?”

Clegane tried to match Tormund's stare, and failed, blinking first. He drew in a breath. “Because I'm bound to. I pledged myself to him as King of the North.”

There was a shocked intake of breath from Brienne, and then a sudden deep scraping on the wooden floor as Tormund got up, pushing his chair back. Clegane got up too, and they walked around the table to face each other. Tormund's eyes were all but bulging out of his head. He'd never seen the wildling look so furious, and yet he couldn't back down. He wouldn't.

“Crow. Get out,” Tormund growled, and from the corner of his eye, he saw Brienne jerk her head at Snow, to get him to move. She followed him to the door, locking it behind him, locking the three of them in together.

“Come on, then. What?” he challenged.

“You're ours,” Tormund told him, narrowing his eyes. His voice was so deep Clegane was surprised the walls and furniture weren't vibrating. He'd thought this give and take between the three of them meant there weren't any feelings of possession involved. He was wholly wrong. Because he was aware of the possessive intent in Tormund right then, over him, and it made something in his brain go all kind of pleasantly muggy.

“You've got no business giving yourself away to anyone else,” Tormund said, threatening.

“Oh, come on!” Clegane cried out with a derisory laugh, trying to ignore the effect Tormund's words were having on him. “That's not fair and you know it.”

Tormund took a step forward, and Clegane held his ground, snarling. “He'd given me Blackfyre, for fuck’s sake! What was I supposed to do? Besides, it's not like it matters. We're going to die here! Or did you forget that bit?”
“We aren't going to die,” Tormund said, taking another step, as if he, the Hound, could be intimidated! He spat at Tormund's feet.

“Fuck, have you checked up on reality lately? How do you even live like that? Yes, we are! We're all going to bloody die! Look, I'm sorry to be the one to break it to you, but...”

He was stopped short because Tormund suddenly punched him in the gut, making him kind of double over in pain. They were facing off against each other, but he really hadn't expected it to come to this. The wildling grabbed a handful of his shirt and pulled him up while he tried to get his breath back. Hissed into his ear.

“There you go,” Tormund said, right into his ear, as if it had been a gift. “Any more excuses?”

Clegane growled, formed his right hand into a fist and pulled back enough to land it right on Tormund's jaw, forcing him to let go. Any normal man would be down and out at that, but this was Tormund. He was half turned away, wiping at his mouth with one hand as his lip trickled with blood. The wildling turned back to face him, laughing. “All right,” he said. “Let's do this. You need to. I can tell.”

Clegane grinned. “Oh, I've got plenty more,” he promised. “Come on at me!”

The wildling charged him, and he obviously hoped to knock him off his feet, but he wasn't that easy, and Clegane merely laughed as he turned Tormund's momentum against him, throwing him to the floor. He got up with a growl, his face deep red with anger, and it was going to be so simple to best him. Hardly a challenge at all. Clegane smirked.

Later on, he would wish he didn't know how it happened, but he did. It was easy. He was easy. Tormund came at him, right fist coming towards his face, so Clegane blocked it. And instead of hitting him, that hand grabbed a handful of his hair. His own right hand was ready to pay Tormund back for that punch in the gut, but the wildling had anticipated him, and he found his fist caught and held for a moment before his hand, and his arm, were twisted painfully behind his back and he was bent over the table. Held there face down, which ordinarily would be impossible of course, but... Tormund was strong. Really, ridiculously strong.

“You fucking cunt!” he shouted, realising he'd been tricked, the side of his face pressed into the slightly worn oak. He couldn't move. Tormund's grip on his hair was hard, and the hold on his arm was painful. One of his arms was free, but all he could do was reach back and touch the side of the wildling's body helplessly.
He could see Brienne had seated herself again, because he could see her long legs, stretched out in front of her chair, but he couldn't look up far enough to see her face.

“We aren't going to die,” Tormund said calmly, leaning over him to speak directly into his bad ear, or what was left of it after his first fight with Brienne, since it was his scar that was exposed. “Say it.”

“Fuck off!”

He struggled, enraged, all of Tormund's body pressed against his, but the wildling's grip on his arm only tightened, and he feared it might break. He became deliberately still, pulling air in and out of his lungs noisily, his eyes squeezed tightly shut.

“Wrong,” Tormund said, and the wildling was doing something, but Clegane wasn't overly good with sensation on that side of his face, and he couldn't understand it right away. In fact, he had to hear it before he knew. “Say it,” Tormund said again, and it sounded as if he licked his lips first. The bastard was actually licking his face! Clegane growled.

“We're all going to die, because you won't agree to the fucking plan,” he said, furious. “You know what? You're right. We're all the same. Even you, which means you get to do things you don't like and be miserable about it, just like the fucking rest of us. You're welcome. Now let me up!”

Tormund didn't move.

“So. If I agree to this plan, you'll agree we're going to live?”

“All right, whatever. Yeah.”

Tormund waited. Eventually, Clegane sighed. “If you agree to it, then I agree, we'll live. All right?”

“Good. You're going to have to let Snow down on your own. However you do it, I don't care. But you do it... you belong to us, with us. Now. And after, for as long as it lasts. Am I clear?”
“Don’t,” Clegane said, because instantly that muggy feeling was back, and he wanted to agree, but he couldn’t. Not like this. Not held down and made to... it was impossible.

Tormund chuckled, his voice deep, and for a moment his lips were just behind Clegane’s ear, and there was no scarring just there. He could feel the smile they made. “Mine,” Tormund whispered, and he remembered that moment between them, just a couple of short hours ago. Only now he had to give the answer.

“Yes,” he said back instantly, forgetting everything else but Tormund’s body heat, the strange reassurance of his weight, his hot breath.

Tormund hoisted him up, but didn’t let him go, and he hissed in pain when the wildling’s grip tightened to remind him not to struggle. “Beauty,” Tormund said as he opened his eyes at last. “Is there anything you want before I let him go?”

Brienne got to her feet, and Clegane watched her walk to stand before him. At last it occurred to him how he might have upset her with his casual admittance that he’d pledged himself to Snow, but before he could even open his mouth to apologise she slapped him across the face – hard. Clegane let his cheek rest against Tormund’s shoulder for a moment, biting his lip as the stinging set in.

Tormund hissed, then laughed. “Even I felt that one,” he said in amusement, then set him free.

Clegane instantly put about five feet of space between himself and Tormund, all but snarling again. He stomped to the door and pulled on it. It didn't budge. “Where's the key?” he demanded, turning around. They both just stared at him.

Brienne sighed, then glanced at Tormund with a slightly mischievous smile. The wildling laughed and tried to peek down her shirt. Clegane rolled his eyes. “I'm not going in there to get it,” he said, sullen, holding out his palm. “Hand it over.”

“Oh, I know you're not,” Brienne told him firmly, returning to the table and straightening a chair. She and Tormund took their places at the other side. “You're not leaving here until we're all on good terms again. So you'd better sit down.” She stared at him, unsmiling. “Now.”

With a heavy, frustrated sigh, Clegane seated himself at the other side of the table, facing the two of the them. After what had happened, he couldn't seem to get comfortable, and he fidgeted. He also couldn't stop shaking his head. Belatedly, he remembered how Tormund had licked the side of his
face, and he spent at least ten seconds wiping all the dampness away with jerky motions of his hand as Tormund watched him.

“How can there be any terms between us after that little stunt?” he asked, already making plans. “Fucking dick!” He said it, but he couldn't help thinking of Brienne, and then it really hurt, and he laid his forehead on the table in defeat, groaning.

“Will it help if I let you hold me down over the table?” Tormund asked, and Clegane looked up, startled, only to catch him smirking. He instantly imagined it.

Tormund made to get up. “We can do it now if you want,” he said, actually eager.

“No. It won't be the same,” Clegane complained. “You'll only enjoy it, you mad fucker,” he said slowly, and as he said it he knew it was true. He shook his head again and looked away, rolling his eyes. Brienne laughed lightly, catching his attention.

“You want some advice?” she asked, and he shrugged, frowning. “I've been where you are. He'll get what he wants in the end, so you might as well give in now. Save yourself some time.”

Clegane looked back to Tormund, and it was suddenly impossible to remain angry with him. “Oh, fuck it,” he said with a sigh. “No, don't get up! It's fine. I'll live without having you over the table.” He thought about what Brienne had said. “At least for now,” he added in an undertone, and she smirked.

“So,” said Tormund at last, settling back down in his seat. “All we need to do now is decide on your punishment for betraying us. Then we're done here.”

“Oh, fuck me!” Clegane groaned. “Doesn't this shit ever end?” He waited, head held in his hands, but no one said anything, so he looked up.

“Well, go on then, what'll it be?” He felt kind of disappointed after everything. Everything came down to pain in the end, even this. He shouldn't have expected anything different, should have known better. How much pain was he prepared to accept to know her? To know Tormund, even. Perhaps that would be endless. He sighed heavily. He'd gone and walked into Hell with his eyes wide open. It was a sure bet he'd do it one day, but he hadn't thought it would look so much like Heaven. “Say something, will you?”
Tormund stared at him, and then whispered to Brienne. She smiled and nodded, then whispered back. At last Tormund sat back in his seat. He looked like he'd won the game. “Me, I get to touch you tonight, just like you invited me to this morning. Brienne has agreed to it.”

Clegane felt his jaw drop. “W-what?” Tormund tilted his head, as if he was enjoying it, to study his reaction. “Are you completely demented?” He thought about that question for a second or two. “Yeah, you are.”

“It's what I want,” Tormund said, shrugging.

Clegane shook his head. “No. That can't be all. That can't be it. I don't believe it. What else?” The wildling frowned for a moment, then he brightened.

“Oh, yes, there is something else.”

Right, Clegane thought. This was it, then. The real thing. He steeled himself to hear it. Probably some weird wildling torture, like being left naked in the wilderness to see if you can survive the exposure. Or maybe something to do with stoning. They had a lot of stones north of the wall. Then he recalled what Tormund had done to that follower of Bolton's and gulped despite himself.

Tormund cleared his throat. “When I use my fingers to fuck you tonight, I get to do it until you come.”

What?! Clegane felt suddenly weak limbed. He was kind of glad he was already sitting down. He stared at Tormund, and all at once he realised this was serious. This really was what Tormund had chosen. “If that's the kind of thing you want, why not just fuck me with your cock?” he demanded crudely. Tormund smiled, nice and slow, letting him work it out all for himself.

This morning, he'd all but asked for it. And then he remembered how it had started with Brienne. So slowly as this. What he'd said when Clegane had been involved too, and Tormund had told him to relax...

*You want her to like it, or not?*

This was about making him like it. So that later... Clegane gulped again and stood up, twitching and uncertain. That wasn't fair!
“You!” he accused, pointing at Tormund, who sat there grinning. “You can't do this! You can't just seduce whoever you want!” He scowled. “I won't bloody well go along with it!”

“Yes, I can. Yes, you will. Do you understand?” Tormund asked, still with the lunatic grin. “If so,” he said, crafty, “repeat it back to me.”

His mouth was suddenly dry. He hesitated. Oh, no! No way! “Seven hells! I can't do it!” He growled in frustration. It was only words. “Come on, Tormund! This isn't fair!”

“If you want, you can come over here and whisper it to me,” Tormund suggested, and Clegane shuddered in horror. He didn't know which one was worse.

He took a deep breath. Looked into Tormund's eyes. “Tonight,” he repeated, as quickly as he could “you can do whatever you want. I won't protest. And you're just going to have to make do with that,” he said pointedly. He slumped back down into his chair in defeat, shaking. “I fucking hate you. Ginger cunt.”

Tormund smiled and nodded. “Good. That'll do.” He sighed as if he were already imagining it. “And now, it's her turn.”

They both looked at Brienne, and she looked from one to the other of them, then something seemed to occur to her, but instead of saying it, she blushed. Leaning in, she whispered it to Tormund, and he grinned. “Shall I tell him?” Brienne nodded.

“Beauty says that she would like it if, when I've finished fucking her tonight, you would clean her. Only, she'd like you to do it with your tongue.”

Brienne was still blushing and now she hid her face from him. This seemed like a gift, not a punishment. “I agree. I mean, I will. Gladly.” He waited until she dropped her hands and looked at him. Until they were both looking at him.

“I'm sorry,” he said, much more seriously. “To both of you. I didn't think, and the sword was in my hands. Blackfyre, and I was overcome by what it meant to be given something like that, and I just didn't think. I should have waited. And if I couldn't do that, I should at least have told you straight away, instead of letting you find out like this.”
“You let Snow down,” Tormund said seriously. “You find a way. Because when this is all over, you go where we go.”

Clegane nodded, and he felt thoroughly chastised. A small part of him knew he deserved it. Only Brienne seemed to understand the complexity of what Tormund asked, and she shook her head slightly at him, her face full of concern.

“Do we practice, or make up in your room, beauty?” Tormund asked as they all stood up.

Brienne finally smiled and withdrew the key, walking to the door with it. As she passed Clegane, she embraced him briefly in forgiveness. “As much as I'd love to play with you both,” she said, regretful, “if we really are on the move, I need to send a raven to Tarth. My father needs to know.”

There was a kind of thoughtful hum from Tormund. “I should see how my girls are, and how my people are getting on with being organised. We've never been great at that.” He sighed. “Clegane?”

“It's been more than a week, and I've spent all my time with you two. I really should go and see Beric. No doubt he's got something mysterious to say about it all.” The other two nodded.

Brienne paused, then turned and looked directly at Tormund. “He's right, though,” she said. “You were being childish. It's a good plan. I'm glad he got you to see it. Otherwise, I'd have had to knock some sense into you.” Then she unlocked the door and they left together. Snow was stood outside, loitering like a guard.

“The plan is on,” Clegane told him, standing still as the other two filed past. “But we need to talk, and soon. After this war, I can't remain pledged to you.”

Snow blinked. “I thought we knew it was suicide,” he said slowly, as if Clegane had gone mad. Perhaps he had. Perhaps it was catching. “Didn't we?”

“Well, just in case it isn't. I got... certain prior commitments. I just got reminded about them. Forcibly.”

Snow suddenly grinned. “Oh, so that's what all the...?” He nodded. “I thought you were killing each
other in there. We'll talk soon. All bets are off for after if there is one. I won't hold you to a vow then. But we'll talk about it. You know it's not as easy as that, for the sake of honour.”

“I know.” Clegane clapped him on the shoulder, and hurried about his business.

To be continued...

Author's Note: If you've enjoyed reading, please leave a tip on your way out. Thank you :)
Clegane expected to be in a bad mood for the rest of his life after all of that, so it was a surprise to him to find he was kind of cheerful. In fact, it almost felt as if he had something to look forward to at the end of the day. He deliberately set his face into an unbecoming scowl and flatly refused to think about it, any of it. It was a punishment, and he would treat it as such. He would definitely take it as such. There was no way he was looking forward to it. Not at all.

So he was looking mean, bad and dangerous as he strode along the corridors on his way to see Beric Dondarrion. He also wasn't really watching his feet, or where he was going, so he almost walked right into her before he even realised she was there.

He stopped dead. Sidestepped as he looked down at her. So did she, getting herself in his way again with a slight, infuriating smile. He frowned and stepped the other way. So did she. At last he sighed, realising he wasn't going to get away without at least acknowledging her, no matter what kind of mood he was in.

“When I heard it I almost didn't believe it, but it's true. You're alive,” he noted.

“So are you,” Arya responded, as if that was just as much of a miracle. Perhaps it was, but he didn't like the way she said it. As if he shouldn't be. Especially after that conversation they'd all had the night before about not being able to die. If it was true, just how far back did it extend? Had it been going on all his life? Was he supposed to be walking around, or should Gregor have killed him right at the beginning?

“So what?” he said with an angry curl to his lip that had nothing to do with her. “After all this time...” he said slowly. “You finally going to finish the fucking job now, girl? Because if not,” he said, jerking his head towards the other end of the corridor. “I've got plenty of other people to do.”
“What?!“ Arya said, clearly astounded, shaking her head. “No!” She looked at him as if she'd just scraped him off the bottom of her boot. “Why are you always so rude?”

Clegane grinned. Or perhaps he scowled. He was aware that sometimes it was difficult to tell the difference. But honestly he was beginning to enjoy himself. She was older, but she hadn't changed a bit. “Why are you always so annoying?”

“I'm not annoying!” Arya argued. “Anyway, I'll never 'finish the job' as you put it. I've got other people to do, too. And besides, you're not even on my list any more.”

“Oh?” he queried, privately stunned. Maybe there really was something to this not dying business. “How did I manage that?”

For a moment, she looked slightly uncomfortable. “Because you taught me something.”

Well, now he was even more intrigued. “Taught you what?”

She looked up and down the corridor, then took a slight step towards him. “Where the heart is,” she said, her voice somewhat quieter. They stared at each other, and he understood without her needing to spell it right out for him. He actually felt damned proud of himself for it too. He'd done some good, at least. Perhaps Beric was right, and there was hope for him. But then the moment passed, just like they all did.

“Oh, right,” he said. “That's it, is it? I see you didn't take my other advice,” he noted, gesturing at her, “about the sword and the armour. You still got that little needle of yours.” He smirked and jerked his head up, making her raise her eyes to his instead of looking down at her own clothing. “You still doing your water dancing, too?” he sneered.

Arya grinned. “Yes. I'm much better at it now.” Something about her seemed suddenly wicked, and Clegane recalled Brienne's brief assessment of Arya in King's Landing. That warning about getting in her way. “Want to dance with me?”

Fuck it. Maybe he'd said he wouldn't, but... warnings were for other people.
“For old times' sake?” he asked, grinning, hand already going to his sword. He wanted to see what she was capable of. She'd impressed Brienne. He had to see it for himself. “I'm game if you are, girl.”

They stared at each other, eyes twinkling, and he almost missed the figure that hurried by them down the passage. But Arya didn't. She suddenly frowned and motioned at him to hold off. He took his hand away from the hilt of his sword as she turned around.

“Wait,” she called out. “Hey! You there! Stop!”

He watched as Podrick, of all people, froze in place.

“Turn around. Come back here.” And he did, slowly, obedient as a pet dog, looking from Arya to him, mystified and slightly worried.

“You're Podrick Payne!” Arya said, like it was an accusation.

“Yes, my Lady.” He lowered his eyes, and gave her a short, formal bow.

“He's not his cousin,” Clegane warned in a low voice, because he knew some of the other names on her list, after all. “Be nice to him.”

“I was going to be nice!” she protested, turning to glare at him. Then she gave her attention to Podrick again, who seemed slightly alarmed at the reference to his cousin, Ilyn.

“So you're the one they talk about,” she said thoughtfully.

“Who?” Podrick asked, bewildered, and yet Clegane got it straight away. He laughed slowly as Podrick's face paled in comprehension.

“Oh... no, really...” he intoned, shaking his head, holding out his hands, and then he glanced up for help. Clegane shrugged.
“Yes, it's you,” Arya surmised correctly. “But why do they talk about you?” She looked him up and down, once, as if she were deciding on a purchase. Podrick just stared back at her like a startled deer. He didn't stand a chance.

“I want to try something!” she said suddenly, and the boy looked uncertain.

“Will it hurt?” he asked her. Arya smirked.

“I like you already.” Podrick's eyes widened, then he blinked. It was a startlingly good impression of an owl.

“Clegane. Turn around,” Arya said. “Give a Lady some privacy.”

Smirking a little, he did as she asked, seeing Podrick shake his head in a plea for help or something. He was on his own. It was almost entirely silent for a long moment. Clegane amused himself by looking up and down the corridor, ready to see off any would be interlopers.

“Now, I'm going to do that again,” Arya said behind him, “but this time, I want you to join in. You hear me?”

“Yes, my Lady,” Podrick stammered.

“Just Arya,” she told him.

“Yes, Arya.”

This time, the moment lasted much longer, and it culminated in a slightly more definite sound. A kind of intimate scuffling followed by a sensual sigh. The sigh didn't come from Podrick. Clegane frowned, somewhat disconcerted, and tried very hard not to hear it when it happened again.

“All right. You can look again now,” she said, a little while later. Clegane turned back to them. Podrick appeared very satisfied with himself, while the girl seemed a little less hard, a little softer around the edges. Interesting. Clegane studied Podrick all over again, as if he was new.
“You. Are you fighting?” she asked of him. “In the war, I mean.”

“Yes, my...” he stopped, then corrected himself, “erm, Arya.” She looked up at Clegane and smiled at him as if she’d won.

“He trains with us,” Clegane told her.

“Do you?” she asked, clearly suddenly impressed, considering him all over again. “Mmm...”

“Only a little bit!” Podrick said with a gasp of alarm. “He doesn't mean it like that! I'm not one of them!”

Arya sighed and frowned. “Really? Well, that is disappointing.” She shrugged. “Still... that was kind of nice. Maybe they're right about you.”

She stood there, unnaturally still for a moment, and Podrick twitched, as if he didn't know what to do or how to save himself from it. At last, she seemed to come to a decision.

“You'll meet me later, in the courtyard. An hour. You understand?”

The boy nodded quickly, eyes wide.

“If you aren't there, or if you're late – I'll find you and kill you,” she told him, sweet and simple, then waited, staring. At last he jumped, startled, as if suddenly aware she was waiting on him.

“Yes, Arya,” he replied. As soon as he'd said it, she withdrew her attention from Podrick, and turned to him again.

“We'll continue this later,” she said, smiling. “I still want to dance with you. And after that I have a proposition for you, once all this mess is over and done with.”
Clegane sighed and rolled his eyes. Not another one! “We're all going to die,” he said bluntly, tired of saying it.

“No. We're not. Not before I finish my list. Yours too. We have someone in common, remember?”

Before he could argue the matter she was gone, so quickly it was almost like she vanished. Clegane shook his head.

“Seven hells!” he said, feeling suddenly disgruntled, both at the reminder of Gregor and her casual acceptance that the war would be won. “What the seven blazes is wrong with everyone?!” he asked out loud. It was as if they didn't even see it. “We are all going to die!” His voice began to get louder. “I'm going to die! She's going to die!” He pointed at Podrick. “You're going to die!”

The boy stared back at him in fear. He clearly hadn't heard a word. “I'm going to die,” he said, numb with shock.

Clegane thought about that. In an hour he had to meet up with Arya, alone. Probably for more of the same, and she clearly expected to be impressed. Or else. The girl he remembered had certainly grown up a little bit. “Huh. You may be right,” he agreed, nodding, and Podrick moaned like he was ill or something. Clegane pulled a face.

“You want to sit down?”

Podrick nodded gratefully. “I think so.” He paused. “Is there somewhere to sit?”

Clegane looked up and down the corridor. “No.”

“Right.” Podrick nodded again, then simply sank to the floor on weakened and floppy legs.

“Woah!” Clegane exclaimed, finally lending a hand and getting an arm around his shoulder to hoist him. “Up you get!”

He kind of had to hold the boy up for a good minute, then at last, he seemed to come around a bit.
“Any advice?” he asked, when Clegane let him go. Then he narrowed his eyes. “Any useful advice?”

“Do whatever she says,” Clegane suggested seriously, shrugging. It was the best advice he could think of right then.

“Is that what you do?” Podrick wanted to know.

Ah. Clegane suddenly saw the same parallel that the boy did, and he nodded. “More or less.”

“What do you do? Exactly?” He asked it as if his life might depend on it. Maybe it did. Clegane smiled, and he said something that Podrick would understand. It was a kindness. No doubt he'd be made to pay for it at some point, but it was necessary.

“I try my best to make her happy,” he said, completely genuine.

“Really?” Podrick seemed surprised. “Does it work?”

“Seems to be working so far.”

Podrick nodded, somewhat reassured. “I think I can do that,” he said quietly, to himself. And then he drew in a sharp breath. He grabbed hold of Clegane's shirt, naked terror in his eyes as he looked up.

“Oh, Gods! Tell me true. Do you think she's going to want to...?”

The boy needn't say it all. Clegane knew what he meant. He puffed out a breath as he considered it, startled himself by the question. He'd never thought of Arya that way, and he still didn't, never would, no matter how old she got. But she was certainly old enough now for someone like Podrick. “Couldn't say,” he responded. “She precocious enough to want it.”

Suddenly miserable, Podrick gulped. “Do you think she's done it before?”
That was a good question too. Arya was no fool. “Couldn’t say,” Clegane repeated, thoughtfully, narrowing his eyes. “She’s careful and wary enough not to have.”

Podrick slumped. “Oh, no,” he said, his voice dull. “This... it's terrible. Please, you've got to help me!” he cried out. “What do I do?”

At last it occurred to Clegane just what kind of trouble Podrick was in, and how deep it went. He stared back. “Fucking hell!” he swore.

“Right. You listen carefully, boy, you hear me?” Podrick nodded. “You go from here to the kitchens,” he instructed, nodding in that general direction. “You get some oil. If it comes to that, you use it on her. You take your time, and I do mean hours. As long as you can both bear it. You make her very, very happy. Ecstatically happy. Then, when the time comes, you warn her it'll hurt like a bastard.”

“She'll kill me,” he breathed, with a shiver.

“No. She won't.” Clegane grinned at him.

Podrick shook his head. “How can you know that?”

“Because I'm still here.”

The boy blinked. Then his eyes cleared as he suddenly understood how far that parallel went. “You mean, you...?”

“Me.”

Smiling faintly, Podrick finally let him go. He seemed much calmer. “Thank you.” He drew in a steadying breath. “How long have I got?”

Clegane considered. “Now? About forty minutes.”
“I've got to go!” he said quickly.

“Yep.”

As soon as he was a good few steps away, Clegane called him, thinking of something, and it came as a shock to realise he still cared about Arya enough to need to know the answer. “Podrick!”

“What?” he asked, turning back.

“You do want her, don't you?” he asked. And now at last, Podrick smiled.

“Are you kidding? Arya Stark? She's terrifying, yes, but...” He put a hand on his heart. “She's amazing!”

Clegane nodded. “Well then, run!”

As Podrick's footfalls echoed off the walls, and finally died away, Clegane smiled to himself. “And good luck,” he breathed quietly.

About a second later he remembered Tormund, and what the wildling had planned, and he dropped the smile. He stalked off, scowling again. Good job the boy only had a dangerous girl to deal with, and not a wildling too.

Amazingly, he reached Beric's door without further incident, and he rapped sharply before walking straight in without waiting to be invited. Dondarrion was sat up in bed, reading with his one good eye. There were pages of the manuscript strewn about him on the bed.

“Come here, Clegane,” he said, as if he'd been expected. “Sit down.”

There was a chair by the bed, and Clegane took it, studying Beric carefully. He'd lost two fingers on his left hand, from the top knuckle, but on the right, there were three whole fingers missing. He'd never hold a sword again. Though he seemed to be quite handy with pieces of paper.
“How are you, Beric? And what are you reading up on?” Clegane fished a page from the coverlet and skimmed over it, going back to make sure he’d got it right. He shook his head. “Fairy tales!” he exclaimed. “You soft cunt.”

“It’s as good a way to pass the time as any,” Beric commented. “But these are more than that. Bran has been recounting all he remembers now of the old world, as it was before. Memories that have been passed to him. He can’t make much sense of them, and neither can I.” Beric sighed, then looked at the page Clegane held.

“Oh, but that one,” he said. “That's an account of all the folklore he can remember Old Nan telling him about the last Long Winter.”

“Ice spiders big as hounds,” Clegane said, unimpressed. “The dead are enough. I don't need children's stories.”

Beric gave him a strange smile. “Maybe you should ask your wildling friend about them,” he suggested gently. “The wildlings must have folklore too. Perhaps some of these 'children's stories' match.”

“I don't have a wildling friend,” Clegane grumbled, struck by a sudden surge of temper. “Anyway, I see how you are. We're leaving soon, and you're not going to be coming with us, Dondarrion.”

“No,” Beric said, putting down the papers in his hand. “You're right. I think those days of fighting are finally over for me. But it means there's hope.”

“Oh? And how do you make that out?”

“I still haven't fulfilled my purpose.”

Clegane picked up a couple of the pages and let them drift back down to the bed. “How do you know this isn't it?”

Beric shook his head. “I know. I feel it. Something in my dreams, I can never quite remember. Like it's on the tip of my tongue. Something I have to do. It's not a scholarly pursuit, Clegane.”
Clegane rolled his eyes.

“If you go to war, and you lose, the army of the dead will sweep south and hit Winterfell. But Winterfell is where I am. That can't happen. Ergo, you're going to win.”

Clegane shook his head. “Not you too. You were there. You've seen them. You know it's fucking impossible. Most of these poor bastards gathered here will be dead in the first ten minutes. And then they'll be fighting again, for the other side. So you tell me, Beric, how the fuck does that equate to a win?”

There was silence between them for a full minute, and then Beric's face hardened. “All right,” he said. “Ask.”

“What?” Clegane muttered.

“I know you're not here to enquire after me. You never were any good at making conversation. You want something. So ask. What is it?”

Drawing a deep breath, Clegane nodded. “All right. We'll do this now. You'll answer me Beric, and I'll know if you're lying. You told me you could tell. So I know you know the answer to this question.”

He paused, because he was afraid of the answer if the truth be told. And yet, he had to know. It was why he had come here. He didn't owe Beric Dondarrion anything at all. Didn't even like him all that much, despite having been one of the Brotherhood for a time. Damned fool was just a mite too sure of himself, and that never boded well in Clegane's view. Fanatics were bad news.

“I see the frostbite, what it took from you. But I want to know. Tormund can't tell me, because he was a bit busy himself. But you know. That night, up on the wall, as the dead army marched past. Did you die again, Beric?”

They were staring at each other, and Beric Dondarrion's one remaining good eye suddenly widened. He didn't need to answer. Clegane could see it in him clear as day. He stood up quickly, backing away. “Oh, fuck, no. You didn't!”

“I can't die, Clegane,” Beric said. Clegane continued backing away. But he wasn't trying to escape
Beric, or the horror that he represented. He was trying to escape a conclusion that had everything to do with him.

*When I found you I thought you'd been dead for days. Well you were stinking already and you had bugs all over you, and bone was coming through, right there.*

*There's a reason you're still here... God's aren't done with you yet.*

*...whatever it is, it's got plans for Sandor Clegane.*

“Fuck off,” he muttered, shaking his head in denial. “No. It's not true.”

“If you lose,” Beric argued, raising his voice in desperation, a world away from the calm cadence he normally displayed. “If they come here, Clegane, they can kill me again and again, but I can't die. You have to win!”

Clegane opened the door and went through it, heedless. “Don't you see?” Beric cried out after him. “They can kill me. But I can never be dead!” He shut the door and closed his eyes, and a shudder ran through him.

He breathed, and interestingly, his first thought wasn't for himself, or for Beric, whose fate was clearly worse than death. No, instead it was for Brienne and Tormund. Were they caught up in this too? The very idea made him feel like someone had stabbed him in the gut. He calmed himself down deliberately, and he reasoned that if they all had a purpose, it was likely tied up in this war. They would fulfil it in the act of going out there. Fuck, maybe this God liked Snow's plan. Then, when they had done their bit, they would die too. After thinking that through, he felt a hell of a lot better.

He turned back to Beric’s door, but he couldn't deal with that yet. Not just yet. Not even if it would give Beric comfort to hear what he'd just surmised. He'd learnt his lesson well from this morning. If he talked of this to anyone, it was going to be them. And maybe, if he was right, he wouldn't have to. No reason to create alarm where there was no need for it. As much as he hated doing anything for any God, they were doing what they were supposed to do, and that would free them.

For an hour he paced up and down, thinking, swearing to himself. People kept out of his way. Again and again he found himself outside Beric's door, and he knew he couldn't leave it the way that he had.
Eventually, he strode back in, steeling himself for that mortal panic he'd seen as he left, but Dondarrion was sleeping, the pages of the manuscript scattered around him on the bed, just as before. With a heavy sigh, Clegane tidied up the papers, then took his place again and waited, feet up on the side of the bed. He waited until the sun was low in the sky and the room had darkened. A couple of times he caught himself drifting off and jerked awake in the chair. A servant came once or twice to refresh the fire, lit the lamps.

At last, Beric stirred, and he smiled. Clegane shook his head. “I had a nightmare. I thought you'd left,” Dondarrion said, seeming confused.

“I did,” Clegane replied, troubled. “You weren't yourself, Beric.”

There it was again, only this time, Beric didn't speak his fear out loud. Clegane bit the side of his lip. Damn it, he would probably pay for this act of kindness too, but it couldn't be helped.

“Look. I still don't think we'll win,” he said, his voice gruff, “but you have your purpose, and I don't think it's to be killed over and over by the Night King's army. Perhaps something will happen to take you away from Winterfell before they get here. I don't know.”

Something changed in Beric's eyes. A calmness descended. The same surety he'd displayed all along. Clegane didn't like it at all. He was still of the opinion that certainties of the kind Beric Dondarrion displayed meant trouble. But the alternative was clearly torture for the poor bastard. He couldn't leave it like that.

“You believe?” Beric said, his voice quiet, almost reverent. Clegane scowled.

“I don't know what I believe,” he snapped. “What I know is that you can't die. I don't think it's happening just so that you can live out some kind of horrific fate. So, there's that.”

“You believe in me?”

Clegane rolled his eyes. “Don't push it,” he advised, and Beric laughed slowly. At last, Clegane stood up. “Get some more sleep, and dream of better things.”

To his surprise, Beric suddenly twisted the sheets in what remained of his hands, anxious. “Dream,” he repeated. “Yes, I should dream. It's almost time.”
“Beric!” Clegane said, more loudly, and Dondarrion looked at him again, becoming calmer. “Stay with us, even if you're not coming to the fight. Don't fucking lose it.”

“I'm trying, Clegane,” he said, aware of his own behaviour. “It's just sometimes, now, there are too many pieces missing.”

Clegane nodded. At last he felt like he could leave, and he did, with Beric already sinking into a light slumber as he closed the door behind him.

To be continued...

Author's Note: If you enjoyed reading, please leave a tip on your way out. Thank you! :}


Chapter Thirty-eight

Author's Note: Some more for you. And another piece of the puzzle at the end for you to wonder about.

Chapter Thirty-eight

After Clegane left Dondarrion, he wandered aimlessly for a while. It was still too early to go to bathe before dinner, and yet there wasn't time to train either, even alone, which was a shame because he was full of frantic, nervous energy. Every time his thoughts turned towards the evening ahead his mood blackened.

No matter how he put it to himself, there was no escaping the conclusion that he had agreed to become Tormund's new toy for the evening. Clegane thought he would rather have endured something more conventional. Perhaps a lashing, or something... anything. It wasn't that he was averse to what Tormund wanted, especially since there was a good chance the evening would have ended up there anyway. No, this was all about being told. Worse, that he knew Tormund intended to make him enjoy it. But then, what else did he expect Tormund to do? Did he want to suffer? Why? What was the point of that? Would it ease the guilt he felt?

His thoughts went round in endless circles, until he felt all tied up in ridiculous knots, and it wasn't a sensation he was used to at all. Clegane didn't entertain dilemmas much, as a rule. He had made for himself a set of fairly basic principles, which he tended to stick to, more or less, and they had served him well. This was eating him alive!

Instead of wallowing, he decided to focus on what was happening around him instead, and here he found fault with everything. All over Winterfell people were making preparations to leave, and yet, as he watched them, he heard himself growl under his breath. Why, you would think these people were going on a pleasure trip!

As he strode through the courtyard, a group of three or four young men were joking around together about the best way to pack a tent. They were clearly practising for when they would be on the road. Clegane shook his head. They were laughing, shoving each other, completely oblivious to what awaited them. All of a sudden, he found he could keep quiet no longer.

“You!” he called out, and one of them turned.
“Sorry,” the lad called back. “Me?”

Whichever one it was, didn't matter. Clegane nodded. “Yeah. You. Come here,” he said. “I want to tell you something.”

The man walked away from his group, completely unguarded, an inane grin on his face. About five feet away he stopped.

“Closer,” Clegane said, and then he saw a whisper of nervousness as the easy smile fled.

“Like, how close?”

Impatient, Clegane took a couple of steps and grabbed hold of his tunic, pulling him forward so they were eye to eye. “This close!” he growled, then lowered his voice still further. “Now, listen to me, because this is important.”

He waited for a moment, just to make sure he had the man's full attention. “You're going to die,” Clegane said carefully. Finally, it seemed to get through, and the youth seemed frightened at last.

“Oh, Gods, no... please!” he begged.

“Yes,” Clegane confirmed, his voice grim. “You, and all your friends,” he said, nodding at them. “Your family. Everyone you know.”

The youth sniffled in misery. “But I haven't done anything to you,” he gibbered.

Clegane shook him, suddenly angry. “Not me, you dumb cunt!” he shouted. “There's a hundred thousand strong army out there made up of dead people,” he explained, like he was talking to a child. “They can't be killed. They're going to win. And then they'll come for everyone else. Do you understand?”

“Oh, that!” the lad said in relief. “Yeah, I get that.”
Letting him go, Clegane pulled a face. He was utterly disgusted. “No. You really don't.”

As he ran back over to his friends, Clegane called after him. “Fucking idiot!”

The group made a quick exit, and a few minutes later, another likely candidate hurried through the courtyard, smiling like a moron. Clegane grabbed him, a stout middle-aged man carrying a shoulder full of bows.

“You! You're going to die!” he said, vehement.

The man went pale as a ghost. “Gods! Please, make it quick!” he cried out, trembling in Clegane's grip. Clegane dropped him at once in abhorrence. He ran.

It occurred to him that this wasn't exactly what he had agreed to earlier when he'd been with Tormund, and the wildling had accepted the plan, but fuck it. He was being rebellious.

The courtyard was empty again. Or was it? Now he could see people huddled at the edge, clearly afraid now to venture out into the middle, where he was. He shook his head and began yelling at them. “You're all going to die! The army of the dead is going to kill you! Every last stinking one of you is going to die!”

Behind him, a soft, familiar voice spoke out, and he whirled around. “I see you're doing your bit for morale, Clegane. Very effective. Though I might be able to provide a couple of pointers.”

Tyrion Lannister was seated on the edge of the well, watching him. Somehow he'd missed spotting him when he'd scanned the courtyard before. “What the fuck are you doing here?” Clegane demanded.

“Daenerys is here,” Tyrion told him. “She and Snow have personal business. So I thought I'd come and remind myself of the place. It hasn't changed much.”

“What business?” Clegane asked, bored already.

“You don't know?!?” Tyrion asked, clearly shocked. “Clegane, where have you been?” Then he
suddenly smirked. “Oh, wait. I'll bet I know exactly where you've been.”

Clegane shook the innuendo away as if it were a bothersome fly. “What business?” he asked again, more interested now. Tyrion motioned him closer, and then lowered his voice.

“Snow is a Targaryen. Not a Stark at all. Bran told him, and he told her.” Clegane reeled a little, but only a little. It wasn't really anything to do with him.

Tyrion's voice resumed a more natural volume as Clegane leaned away from him. “And so naturally, everyone who is anyone knows now. And quite a lot of people who aren't anyone at all. They all know too.”

Tyrion regarded him thoughtfully. “And yet, you don't. Why is that?”

Rolling his eyes, Clegane sighed. “Ah, right. Shit. I've been kind of busy.” He frowned then. “He didn't say anything to me.”

“Should he have?”

“No. I suppose...” his voice trailed off as he realised. “Wait. Yes. Yes, he should. If this is really true, then it makes a difference. He's not who he was. It means I'm free.”

If Snow wasn't really Snow, then how could he, Clegane, be expected to honour a pledge made to him? It was simple. Clegane was sure he felt his heart lift. That it should turn out to be so simple.

“Free?” Tyrion echoed, none the wiser.

“Completely.” Clegane nodded, mostly to himself.

“I wasn't aware you were imprisoned here.” Still digging, but Clegane was in no mood to humour Tyrion Lannister right then.

“I'm not,” he replied, without explaining any further. Just then, the bell rang announcing that dinner
was served, and he realised he was going to be late.

“Fuck. I'd better go,” he said, quite a bit more sombre, already walking away towards the baths.

“Where?” Tyrion called after him.

“To find the others,” Clegane said, stopping and turning to face him. “I'm free, and we're not going to die. Or, maybe not. Either way, makes no odds tonight.”

“And yet, you sound like you're going to attend your own execution,” Tyrion pointed out, clearly at a loss.

“Yeah. I've had that day once or twice already, I think,” Clegane told him, remembering Gregor, and his first fight with Brienne. “They were a piece of piss compared to this.”

“Hmm, well, good luck.”

Clegane smiled, remembering the news Tyrion brought with him. “You know what? I don't think I hate you as much as the rest of the Lannisters.”

“Good to know.” Tyrion nodded. “Well, have fun with whatever it is.” He paused. “Whoever's brains are involved.”

Narrowing his eyes, Clegane curled his lip. “Yeah, I don't hate you as much. You're still a cunt.” Then he turned and walked away quickly, leaving Tyrion alone.

He was late, and so thankfully the baths were empty for now. Everyone else was already at dinner. Clegane sank into the warm water gratefully, with a groan, hoping the heat would soothe the racing tension in him a little. The closer it got, the more wound up he felt.

He made quick work of getting clean, and then just relaxed back against the side of the bath, closing his eyes. He kept them closed when he heard someone join him. A minute passed, then two, and he couldn't help himself. He sneaked a look, and then sighed heavily, a little bit of a grumble thrown in for good measure.
Tormund was in the bath opposite him, arms spread out along the side, muscles bulging, ginger hair everywhere. His eyes were closed, though, and so Clegane indulged himself in the looking. The wildling was a slightly different size and shape to himself, but their bodies were similar enough, so why did he inspire this strange interest? Clegane tried to puzzle it out as he stared, letting his gaze linger on the lines that Tormund's body made, on the planes of muscle that lay at rest above the level of the water.

Tormund wasn't just anyone. That made this different too. The wildling let his head fall back as the steam from the bath rose around him and Clegane felt his cock give a little twitch of interest that stunned him. If Tormund wasn't threatened by what might happen between them, why should he be? Clegane struggled for a long minute or two, and then privately conceded that everything he'd ever been led to believe about men loving men was probably wrong. Obviously, both of them were still hard and dangerous as fuck. It was clearly no longer useful to him to hold onto those old ideas. He made a deliberate decision to let them all go, and sighed again.

“You can touch as well if you want,” Tormund said, having opened his eyes and noticed him looking. Clegane bristled immediately. Just because he'd had some kind of private little epiphany, didn't mean that the wildling couldn't annoy him, and he scowled.

“Will you fuck off?” he said, as exasperated with Tormund as ever, and dipped his head under the water for a moment or two, letting it rinse through his hair.

When he surfaced, Tormund had moved closer alongside him, and he splashed about, startled. He remembered it was the evening, and he'd promised not to protest. Deliberately again, he made himself still, waiting, but Tormund didn't do anything.

After a moment or two, he turned his head to glare. “Well?” he snapped. “Get on with it then, whatever it is you want.”

Tormund only shook his head. “What do you think I want?” he queried, and Clegane scowled.

“Mostly, to annoy me to hell and back. All seven of them. Just...” He sighed heavily. “Stop talking and get to it.”

“Clegane. If you were any tighter you'd snap. I don't think so.” Tormund rested in silence for a few seconds. “There is something we should discuss before we leave here, though.”
Here it came. “What?”

“You remember last night?” Tormund questioned carefully. “You remember the things Brienne did to me?”

“Yeah.” He'd been trying not to think of that all day.

“If she becomes involved, and she does those things to you...” Tormund suggested slowly. Clegane's heart thudded heavily. “Mostly the kissing part, because, I won't leave her out of this.”

At once he knew Tormund was telling the truth, and instead of the evening ahead seeming like a fixed thing that had to be endured, it was suddenly full of new and exciting possibilities. “If that happens, you're going to want to be clean for her. Do you understand?”

Swallowing, Clegane turned his head again, stared. “Uh-huh,” he said, not really getting it at all.

“You can do it? Or you want me to help?”

At first, Clegane didn't understand what Tormund was offering at all. His mind was still imagining what Brienne might do, and hadn't moved on from that. When it did, and he truly understood, he shook his head. He tried to imagine touching himself there and failed. “Tormund. I can't...” he said, but then didn't know how to continue.

To his surprise, the wildling knew exactly what to say, exactly what to do. “Well, you could say that what we do here, we do for her,” Tormund said seriously. “I won't be lingering over you or enjoying it. It is a job that needs doing. That is all.”

“All right,” Clegane said slowly, then bit his lip. He'd agreed with words, but he was quite sure the rest of him hadn't agreed at all. He wondered how to tell Tormund that before things got kind of violent and out of hand.

“There's just one question that matters,” Tormund said then. “Do you trust me?”
They stared at each other, and really it was a ridiculous question. They’d shared her between them twice. Couldn’t get any closer to fucking each other than that without actually doing it. They’d tasted each other, touched each other. In a matter of days they would be willing to entrust their lives to one another. If there wasn’t trust here, it wasn’t anywhere.

“Daft fucking question,” Clegane spat. “Course I do. I just... you don't know me as well as you think, wildling,” he grumbled. “I'm not used to it. Do you know how many people I've trusted the way I trust you and her?”

Tormund shook his head. Clegane huffed. “None. That's how many.”

“I won't betray you,” Tormund promised, and Clegane suddenly remembered earlier, and what he'd said and done. The casual way he'd revealed it. He had a sudden sense of what he'd done to them both, how he'd hurt them, and he felt terrible.

“I'm sorry,” he said immediately.

“I know.” Tormund gazed at him, calmly assessing again. Then at last he nodded. “Turn around now, and rest against the side of the bath.”

Clegane closed his eyes briefly and gave a humourless bark of laughter. “Time for my punishment, right?”

To his surprise, Tormund's hands were suddenly on his face, forcing him to look. “No,” he said firmly. “You still don't understand yet?” Tormund's voice was louder. “I thought, when I teased you earlier that you might have got it at last.” There was a kind of strange intensity about him now that made Clegane wonder. “There is no punishment, Clegane. I'd as soon hurt her.” He paused. “And I'll never hurt her.”

Clegane swallowed. “All right, then,” he said, even more uncomfortable now. “No punishment. If you say so.” Though in his heart, he still didn't believe it.

Tormund let him go and he did as the wildling wanted, closing his eyes and feeling his body tense up despite himself. There were pots of salves at the side of the bath, for wounds and such, waterproof but slick, and he heard the ceramic scrape against the tiles as Tormund used one of them. He shuddered in expectation.
“Just to ease the way a little,” Tormund murmured.

Then the wildling's forefinger was sliding down between the crease of his buttocks, under the water, and Clegane growled low. “No,” he said, threatening, without even meaning to, and every muscle in his body became poised for action. Tormund stopped, dead still.

“You want to hold my other arm?” he asked, and suddenly it was there in front of him. Clegane nodded and clutched at it, holding it close to his chest with both of his hands, because really it was either that or he was going to knock Tormund out and dash his head open against the tiles. He could actually envisage himself doing it. He squeezed Tormund's arm and screwed his eyes tightly shut as the wildling's finger continued that slow downward journey.

When it got there, Tormund rubbed at him, and it felt so sensitive. That finger pressed inside a little, and before he could do anything he regretted, Clegane bit Tormund's arm to keep himself quiet and still.

Gods! It was all wrong! Burning and fierce. How could they enjoy this, either of them? The further that finger went, the more he hated it. Tormund withdrew the finger completely, only to go back in again. And again. It never seemed to get easier, but it must have done, because it didn't hurt as much. He realised he could feel the warmth of the water as it got inside him, and it was different to the burning sensation of the penetration. Then he felt Tormund press against his internal walls, rubbing there, cleaning him out, just like he'd said he would, and it felt so intimate. Deep grunts came from him that he couldn't help. He bit down harder.

At last, it was over, and it couldn't have been longer than a minute or two at the most, but it seemed to have taken forever.

“There and done. Let me go now,” Tormund said, amused, but with a little hiss of pain as well. Clegane realised he was holding onto Tormund's arm as if for dear life, that he was still biting deep and hard onto the wildling's biceps and he let go.

There was a row of deep, dark reddish-blue crescent shaped bruises just there, exactly the same shape as his teeth. Clegane drew in a breath. “Sorry,” he said, as he straightened up, seeing Tormund flex his arm as he attempted to restore some feeling to it.

Something occurred to him though, and he just couldn't help himself. “I didn't feel it,” he blurted, and Tormund raised his eyebrows comically. “That thing,” he said. “When she did it to you and you liked it. I didn't feel it. I didn't like it.”
Tormund laughed. “You didn't expect to like it,” he pointed out. “Moreover, I didn't expect you to like it.” He grinned. “You hide under a rock and wonder why you don't feel the sun. But it's all right. You're clean. That is something. For now. I teach you the rest later.”

Wait, was that it?! “Now what?” Clegane asked, frowning.

Tormund only smiled. “Now we get out, and go to dinner. We're late.”

It wasn't until they were nearly dressed that Tormund spoke again. “So. You thought it was punishment. You thought I was going to make you suffer. And you were still going to show up for it?”

Clegane stared at Tormund, then nodded. “Well, yeah,” he said, easily. Avoiding it hadn't even occurred to him once. He looked at Tormund as if he were an idiot. Pain came easily to Clegane. It was the other stuff that was hard, really.

The most endearing expression of confusion came over the wildling then, and Clegane grinned. “Why?” Tormund asked.

At last, it felt as if he had regained some equilibrium. Tormund might understand a lot, probably much more than him, but he didn't know everything. Reaching out to get a little of his own back, he ruffled the wildling's hair and winked. “What's a little torture between friends?” he teased.

Tormund seemed even more taken aback. “What does that mean?”

“Means you're worth it,” Clegane said, grinning as he did up the buttons on his shirt.

“Ah,” Tormund said then, smiling at last. “You mean she is worth it.”

Shaking his head, Clegane frowned. “You think I can imagine being with her and not with you? It's both of you or neither. You're worth it. Both of you.”
He began to walk away, counting on Tormund to follow him, but then the wildling's hand was on his arm, and he turned. “You mean you'd let me torture you?” Tormund seemed horrified. So was Clegane – the wildling had gotten him entirely wrong.

“Are you fucking with me?” he asked, sarcastic. “No, you bloody lunatic! I'd kill you!” He sighed. “Look. What I'm saying is that I'd endure it, if that's what it took to be with you. If you don't get it after that, I can't really explain any better. You'll just have to live without understanding.”

Something occurred to him about Tormund, and he laughed a little. “You'd never endure torture, would you?” he asked, smirking. The wildling scowled.

“Death first!” he said. Clegane nodded, reached out to stroke fingers over his cheek and teased him with a quick kiss.

“That's what I figured,” he said in amusement, laughing a little. “Let's go!”

As they walked to the dinner hall, Tormund strode alongside him, all kind of bemused and bothered. It was interesting, having the upper hand for once, even if it wasn't going to last for that long. Clegane was enjoying himself immensely.

“Why are you smiling about it?”

“Because I finally found a weakness in you, my wildling friend,” Clegane said in his ear as they found their table, and he didn't miss the fact that Tormund flinched.

Brienne couldn't have been waiting long, because the food wasn't there yet. She looked at them and smiled a little. Clegane thought she looked good enough to eat. But she seemed pensive and quiet, but then writing to her father must have been difficult.

“Did you say everything you wanted to say?” Clegane asked her gently. She shrugged.

“Never that,” she said. “But enough, I suppose. I told him I love him. I told him if we win the war that I have a suitor. I told him that endings are never happy, or sad, they just are, and he should not grieve, for I would have fallen doing what I was meant to do.”
“I told him that life is a series of beginnings, and that if we survive he should expect to see us
beginning something new together, because we will travel to see him to be wed.” She took a deep
breath. “I told him I am as unconventional as ever, but that I recall his words just the same, and if I
am going to marry the boys, I may as well do it properly.”

She flashed Tormund an apologetic smile. “I'm sorry,” she said. “It's the best I could do.”

Across the table, Tormund reached for her hand, and held it in his. “It's clever, beauty,” he reassured
her. “I like it.” Brienne smiled. Clegane approved too. She'd put Tormund into her words without
admitting to him outright. It was more than clever.

“Did you tell him who I was?” Clegane asked, and she shook her head.

“No.”

“Perhaps you should have,” he noted darkly. The Clegane name had become tarnished thanks to
Gregor. It might not be received as positively as Brienne hoped. But she only shrugged, careless.

“He will find out,” she said. Then she drew in a deep breath and gazed at him. “But there is
something you should know. My father, he is the Evenstar.”

“I've heard of it,” he said, nodding. “What does it mean?”

“It's a kind of title,” Brienne began. Just then, their drinks arrived, and Clegane was glad of the ale
after the long day. “There is a little more to it than that, on Tarth. But, the Lords of Tarth were Kings
once, and the people of Tarth still call him King, even though in the eyes of Westeros he is a Lord.”
Brienne poured herself a beaker of water from the pitcher that had been brought to her.

“I am his only child,” she said, looking down, becoming reflective. Clegane took a deep pull on his
ale as she continued to speak. “When he passes away, on Tarth I will be regarded as Queen. If we
are married by then...”

Mid-swallow, his throat kind of closed up, and he ended up coughing out a mouthful of ale in a fairly
undignified fashion as Brienne's voice trailed off. Some of it was still caught in his throat, and he
coughed again, over and over, for almost a minute.
“Clegane. You okay?” Tormund said at last, hitting him hard on the back. That actually helped, and he sat up straight again, the coughing fit over.

“Just... went down the wrong way,” he said in a strangled voice, then he looked at Brienne. “You didn't think to say this earlier, woman?” he asked bluntly.

“King, huh?” Tormund wondered out loud.

“King. I don't think so.” Clegane repeated, not looking in Tormund's direction. “No fucking way. Can I decline it?”

Brienne frowned at him. “No, of course not! What are you two blathering on about?” she demanded, clearly getting annoyed. “If you'd let me finish, you'd understand!”

She drew in a calming breath, and then continued. “If you were married to me, you would be my consort. I could bestow a title upon you, but it would only really count on Tarth.”

For a while they were all silent, mulling over what it all meant. Brienne too, since it seemed she hadn't realised it until she'd brought it up, and said it out loud. They looked at each other.

“Right, just so we are clear,” Tormund said, very carefully, his voice low so that it didn't carry beyond their table. “If we live. Not really a King,” he said, pointing at Clegane. “Not really a Queen.” Now he gestured at Brienne. “Not really a King.” He finished with himself, holding out his hands. “That right?”

Brienne seemed a little uncomfortable. “I'm afraid so.”

“No, it's not,” Clegane put in, seeing it. “It's more like: King in all but name,” he said to Tormund. “Queen in all but name,” he said to Brienne. Then he paused, and looked down at himself. “King in all but name.”

“Yes,” Brienne said slowly. “That's definitely more... well, that's one way of looking at it.” She seemed to realise something with a gasp. “And if that sword really is Blackfyre, you're wielding the sword of Kings.”
He didn't like the conclusion to this one bit. “One hell of a coincidence, huh? Or is that just me?”

“It's not just you,” Brienne said.

“No,” Tormund said.

They stayed in silence for a short while, thinking, until their plates were placed in front of them. None of them seemed to want to be the first to eat, but Clegane felt his mouth water helplessly. It was chicken tonight. To avoid looking at it, he stared around the hall, and saw Tyrion again, staring right back at him from a few tables away. The cunt held up a tumbler of wine in a kind of salute. Clegane pulled a face and looked back at his dinner. At last, he gave in.

“Well, fuck it,” he said at last, breaking the atmosphere. “I'm too hungry to worry about it now. I missed out on lunch.”

“Gods, me too!” Brienne put in with a relieved sigh as she picked up her knife and fork. “It's been a long day, to say we didn't get any training in.”

“Hmm... yes!” Tormund rumbled, grinning again. “I am starving, and we have a long night ahead.” The wildling nudged him playfully. “Ha! Clegane, you should eat hearty. Get your strength up.”

Clegane sighed, but could not be put off his food. It would take more than Tormund to do that.

To be continued...

Author's Note: I hope you enjoyed it! If you did, please leave some encouragement for my muses – thank you! Next chapter will be a return to the smutty stuff. I think they've waited long enough now. Clegane has no idea what he is in for, lol.
Author's Note: It's time for a fairly lengthy note here, if you'll bear with me. As I've been writing this story, it's occurred to me how much I love these characters, how much you all love them, and, how much they love each other. Towards the end, this story is going to go to very dark places. I have been known to write horror from time to time. I like to believe I'm good at it. Particularly despair-filled 'worse than death' endings. However, my plans have undergone a very drastic change. I can take them where they're supposed to go, but I won't leave them there. The Lord of Light, while being capricious and busy playing the longest game of all, is not all that keen on leaving them there either, so that helps.

For a few weeks I've been letting my brain turn it all over, how to stay true to the original plot while suggesting some kind of rescue, and I finally have it. I had it a week or two ago, and I envisaged it as an alternate ending, but now it's growing, which means it's become part of the rest and it will be written. It won't be an alternative ending. It will be one ending. It's added a bit of length to this story, but it will result in a happy ever after, not just for them, but for the whole of Westeros. And when I say 'happy' I mean happy as in everyone will be smiling and it'll be fluffy and you'll feel good. So that won't echo Martin in the slightest.

I am going to save everyone that I possibly can, because I detest killing characters. I never ever kill characters for emotional impact (I like to make them suffer instead). Having said that, there will need to be at least one major character death, possibly two (one of them has kind of been foretold in the show). Not any of the three. There will be a wonderful ending for them, something they probably don't quite deserve. I'll be clear here, I don't much like redemption arcs. All three of these characters are killers. They know they are, and we've seen them at it. Characters have histories, and those histories should not just inform us who they are, but also the limits of their future potential. Kind of like a credit score based on behaviour. If someone is a killer, they can never not be a killer afterwards. There is no redemption in that sense. Luckily, I've decided that if I can piss Clegane off enough when he is rescued, that might just balance out the scales. Plus, it'll be hilarious and provide some light relief leading into said happy ending.

But someone you have seen won't really get out of this. So that's a warning. If it's any consolation, I don't think Martin is going to let this character get out of it either. So there's that.

With all of that in mind, please heed the updated tag listing.

And if you're still here, on with the show!

I'll admit, some of this is just shameless Tormund/Brienne pornography, but I hope you like it anyway. Also, a little bit of Dom!Tormund comes out, with her and and with Clegane. He can't help
himself, lol. Thank you to my reviewers for the last chapter: Jades, fofanna, SheBear and KellyDay. For some unknown reason, I lost a bookmark somewhere between that chapter and this, but you guys make me happy that I'm doing okay regardless. Thank you. :)

Chapter Thirty-nine

All things considered, by the time they were at Brienne's door, he was feeling a hell of a lot more positive than he had all day. They went in, and almost before Tormund had closed the door behind them, she was pressed close to him, arms around his neck, lips crushed against his. That helped some if he was honest. It had been a long day without her. Beric Dondarrion just didn't compare at all.

He hummed in appreciation, his hands on her waist, and he turned his face just a bit so that he could murmur to her. “Can't even wait to undress, huh?” he teased, happy, nuzzling into her neck a little.

“I've missed you all day,” she said, “both of you.” And she moved her hands, her fingers already working on his buttons. He smiled and then kissed her again. He fully expected Tormund to appear behind her, trapping her between them once more, so it was something of a shock to him when he felt the wildling’s body heat against his back.

Startled, he jumped, breaking the kiss. But Brienne had finished with his buttons and it was Tormund who drew his shirt back and off down his arms. Her hands were on his chest, warm palms touching him already, skimming over his skin, and Tormund's body hair felt electric against his naked back. He'd took his shirt off too before joining them.

Before he could do or say anything, Brienne's lips were on his again, and he let his hands move forward to her hips, pulling her body flush against his with a little groan of desire. Then Tormund kissed the back of his neck, and a delicious shiver raced down his spine.

Again, it put him off, and he turned his head. “Wait,” he murmured, his thoughts already pleasantly cloudy as all of his blood rushed downwards. “What are you doing?” Only, he already knew really.

“Nothing more than we said earlier,” Tormund whispered into his ear, his lips tickling in a way that made Clegane want to groan. He'd lost his focus, and unconsciously loosened his grip on Brienne. Now she crouched down a little before him and teased one of his nipples with her teeth, making him cry out, his hands moving to her hair. Gods, is this how it really felt to be in the middle? One of them he could deal with. One of them he could control. Both of them and suddenly he didn’t know where he was, what to do with himself, or what they would do next. If this was even a pale shadow of how it felt when they did it to her... Clegane swallowed. No wonder she screamed about it.
“You need me to promise?” Tormund whispered wickedly, and he bit his lip hard.

“A promise?” he echoed then. “From you?” He laughed harshly. He put his right hand down, maybe to try and push Tormund away, only to have it grabbed by the wildling’s own, dragged behind him so that he could feel how hard Tormund was already, through his breeches. He hissed in a sharp breath of awareness.

“No fucking,” Tormund said, a note of amusement creeping into his voice. “I promise. But you can touch me.” He paused. “Can’t you?”

Clegane hesitated, all the while being slowly driven onward in lust by Brienne. She was at his other nipple now, one hand untying his breeches already, and his dick was already surging hot in anticipation of her touch. Just like it must be for Tormund. Touch him, and pass it on? Why not?

“Come on, Clegane. I won't hurt you, remember? There is no punishment here between us.”

It was as close to a 'please' as he was going to get from Tormund. Clegane closed his eyes and curled his hand around the shape of the wildling's cock, prompting a series of ardent kisses to his shoulders and the back of his neck that made him moan.

While Tormund used his other hand to free himself, he tried to encourage Brienne back up with his own free hand, but she backed away out of his reach. Clegane opened his eyes, but she hadn't gone far. Just far enough to pull off her tunic, and he drew in a breath as she got naked up top, then came close to him again.

He kissed her happily, his free hand squeezing one breast as she worked on his dick, long slender fingers wrapped around him. It felt tremendous. At the same time, Tormund had managed to uncover himself and his cock was hot in Clegane's palm as he slid it up and down slowly. Fuck it. This was likely their last night indoors. Why waste it?

“Mmm...” Tormund was almost growling in his ear, hands on his hipbones, fingertips tickling there. “Good.” He realised he could feel the shape of the wildling’s mouth again – just like earlier – that he was smiling, that Tormund’s lips were dragging over the back of his neck, soft and hot. It felt glorious. That beard of his was a sensation all of its own. A series of those lovely shivers travelled down the length of his body; it made his hips jerk forward, pushing his cock into Brienne's hand.
Brienne's kiss was wonderful though, and he would not break it again, not while he had her breast in his palm, warm and soft, not while she was touching him. He realised his hand on Tormund had fallen into the same rhythm as hers. So what? It felt right. It was right, dammit! He angled his head slightly to make way for Tormund's kiss on the side of his neck, and then all at once it wasn't a kiss, it was a harsh bite.

Clegane cried out, but it was swallowed up in the kiss with Brienne, and neither of them gave him room, gave him space. He might have faltered, except that Tormund's hand was suddenly on his, making him carry on, and he did.

For a brief moment he wanted them to stop, and then he was suddenly certain he wanted it to continue, no matter the consequences. He felt Brienne's hand on him, drawing on him, and he was closer already because of Tormund. Perhaps, even with all of his strength, he staggered on his feet at the onslaught of sensation, caught between the two of them, but they went with him and didn't set him free.

She was the first to back off, breaking the kiss and licking her lips, though her hand still continued to pull at him as she smiled. “Brienne!” he said, almost trembling as he felt it building in him – so quick!

Then Tormund ended the biting, moving those lips to his ear again, close and intimate. “Now you won't ever forget,” he murmured, “who you belong to. Will you?”

That was enough. His body shuddered and broke, and he was captured in the wildling's arms from behind as Brienne milked his orgasm from him. He kept his eyes closed for a long minute as she continued to squeeze his dick, shuddering as she teased the rest of it out of him. He'd given up touching the wildling, and his arms were half-folded around his middle, his hands clutching at Tormund's where he was caught.

When he opened his eyes, Brienne gathered up a fingerful of his essence from the back of her hand and sucked at it, deliberately making a show of it for him, and he groaned as he watched. Then she gathered a little more, and this time held it out. He didn't realise what for until he turned his head slightly and managed to catch Tormund tasting him too, sucking Brienne's finger deep into his mouth. That was the end for him, and he dropped his head.

“All right,” he said, defeated. “Fuck it, you win. We've been in here five minutes and you got me. Both of you. So I give in, all right? Just tell me where to go and what you want me to do with my mouth.”
Tormund laughed out loud, then nudged him forward. “Go over and lay face down on the bed, Clegane. About time you put down a bit of that weight you carry with you.”

Stunned, he turned, stepped back, breeches hanging loosely around his hips, and couldn't avoid dropping his gaze. The wildling was still hard. “You trying to tempt me?” Tormund teased, and Clegane shook his head quickly, amazed at how easily he could imagine himself on his knees. He was on the bed so fast even Brienne giggled at him, then he felt her tugging at his breeches, to get them down his legs and off.

So then he was laid there, just waiting for whatever was going to happen next, and he could hear them conspiring in low voices. Clegane turned his head to look at them. They were stood before one another, quiet now, naked, staring at each other – in love – and they were so beautiful it hurt his battered and blackened heart to see them. They were his, too. How had he managed that? Yet it was true. Content to watch, spent, he expected at any moment to see Brienne go down on her knees, so when it turned out the other way around he was astonished.

Tormund sank down in front of her, just as he had before, and Clegane didn't know why, but there was something surreal about it. He knew without being told that the wildling had been on his knees by choice before just one person in the whole of his life, and that person was her. Perhaps it was just that, but for a moment... Tormund was a King, on his knees before his Queen, in love, and he though that perhaps Brienne had that fairytale dream of hers, after all. Daenerys and her dragons couldn't have outshone Brienne and Tormund just then as the wildling looked up at her.

If he thought he knew who was playing what role though, he had it entirely wrong, because Tormund reached forward, his hands on Brienne's hips, pulling her forward with a sudden jerk. She gasped, and her arms flailed as she looked around her for something to hold onto, finding one of the chairs as Tormund grinned up at her. There was something wicked in him, it was true. Clegane could see it even more clearly when it wasn't bestowed upon him. As he watched, the wildling crouched lower, and poked out his tongue, dark red and shiny for a moment before he buried his face in the front of her pussy.

Brienne cried out, her eyes half closed, hands gripping the back of the chair behind her tightly. Tormund's jaw was moving in a quick rhythm as he worked his mouth and tongue on her, and then he dropped one of his hands to take hold of her ankle, and had her rest her foot on his shoulder. Her moans increased in volume as he continued, and Clegane realised he could see it all. Gods, but it was delicious to watch, and he moistened his own lips with his tongue as he lay there.

She was soon trembling, biting her lip and falling silent as she got closer to the edge. Tormund didn't ease off at all. Brienne breathed loudly in the quiet of the room, just the slightest catch of it in her throat and then surely she was there. At that point, Tormund moved. He stood up, moving her foot from his shoulder until it was over his biceps muscle instead, bringing her arms forward to embrace him. Then he simply reached down and guided himself with his hand, and gave a single sharp
There was a loud, startled cry from her, and she held onto him tightly, but he'd stolen her equilibrium. Clegane could see that. Her hands were sliding over his shoulders, fingers spread wide in an effort to find some kind of anchor for her bodyweight, and Tormund didn't even give her a second to find it.

“Tormund!” she cried out, her eyes wide and distraught as she looked down at him, because she was higher than him, and yet every movement he made almost lifted her clear from the floor. She was clinging to him, every muscle in her tight. And it must be every single one, Clegane realised, as he watched. Tormund was grinning, all wicked again, his other arm around her arse now, holding her steady for it.

All at once the wildling narrowed his eyes and hissed in a breath of sheer pleasure. “I've missed your pussy,” he said to her, and she shivered, but he didn't stop. True enough, he'd only had her up the arse for the past day or so, while they'd been sharing her. Little hissing breaths and growls were coming from him now each time he moved in her. Brienne closed her eyes, still trying to find her balance, but it was impossible.

At last, Brienne, reached out blindly behind her with one hand for the back of the chair, desperate. She found it, and he could see her relax when she did, her hand grasping tight. She moaned then, and let her head fall back as Tormund chuckled, licking a line up the centre of her breastbone to the hollow of her throat.

When she raised her head she was smiling slightly, her eyes dark, one hand on the chair behind her, while the other was on his shoulder as he fucked her. “Please me, husband,” she said, commanding, just as if the past few minutes hadn't happened at all.

“Oh, woman...” Tormund looked down and seemed to concentrate on what he was doing, breathing faster as he did it. Only Brienne's hand moved to his face, making him look up at her again.

They stared at each other, and she was close again, her eyes changing shape as she moaned brokenly. “Yes,” she said, over and over. “Oh, I've missed you too,” she cried, but it was hard and fast now, and the chair was beginning to scrape over the floor, until it was too far away and she hugged Tormund with both of her arms, clearly too lost in what they were doing to care any more.

When she came, she relaxed, and it was easy to see, because all of her body did it, and yet somehow Tormund managed to keep hold of her like that. He closed his eyes, and he'd stopped, his lips dragging over the front of her shoulder. Then he grunted and thrust upwards again, almost brutal,
prompting a surprised moan from Brienne. Then again, and again, until he let go too with a long
groan of his own.

For almost a minute, neither of them moved, and then she wriggled. Tormund's arms tightened
around her. “I love it when you come inside me,” she sighed. “It feels hot, and right, and I don't
know... so nice.”

“Hmm...” Tormund said, and grumbled. “I didn't mean to, beauty,” he admitted, “not yet, anyway.
You just felt so good, I couldn't help it.”

“All right,” he said at last, and lifted her off of him, letting her down to her own feet again. He didn't
raise his eyes, but looked between her legs, then pursed his lips and puffed out a breath.

“You're a hot, sticky mess now, woman,” he said in fake regret, smiling a little.

Brienne sighed, and embraced him. “Well, I think, after all, I'm getting used to it,” she murmured.

Clegane smirked, and Tormund laughed. Suddenly, Brienne buried her face in his shoulder. “He's
listening, isn't he?” she asked, her voice somewhat muffled.

“And watching,” Clegane said out loud.

Brienne lifted her head up, and looked around at him. “Well now you have work to do,” she said
loudly. “So how about that?”

Tormund grasped her arm. “No,” he said at once. “The agreement was, when I've finished fucking
you.” He shook his head. “I'm not done with you yet, woman. Not for the night.”

They stared at each other for a second. “Go do what you need to do,” Tormund told her, “and bring
the oil with you to the bed.”

She hesitated, looked between him and Tormund, then suddenly grinned. For a second she looked
almost as wicked as the wildling did, and Clegane's heart somersaulted lazily in his chest. “Yes,” she
said. “All right.”
She pulled one of the curtains across as Tormund walked to seat himself on the side of the bed. Clegane shifted up slightly to make room, and tried not to flinch when he felt the wildling's hand come to rest on the back of his shoulder. He closed his eyes.

“Are you going to do it now?” he asked, hating it that he was actually nervous. No protest, that's what he'd promised. Clegane gulped. Tormund didn't answer, just kept his hand still. His palm was large and warm, heavy. Eventually, when nothing happened to him, Clegane opened his eyes again.

“You are as bad as her,” he noted. “No. It won't be now. Now we enjoy ourselves.” The wildling sighed heavily. “And you learn to relax, Clegane.” At last the weight of that hand eased a little, until Tormund's fingertips were sweeping down his back, then up again, over and over. Clegane wasn't entirely sure his situation had improved. He'd seen the wildling use this exact same technique on her first, after all. He itched to turn over and make Tormund stop.

“You'll become used to my touch by the end of this night,” Tormund promised, serious.

“Is that what you want?” Clegane queried outright, unable to help shivering. The wildling's caress now was slow and sensual, and everywhere those fingers passed his skin seemed to be prickling in expectation of his return.

“Yes,” Tormund said, nodding. He drew in a deep breath through his nose. “Even if we only ever share her, Clegane. Even if you decide you aren't prepared to go any further. Still can't have you jumping like a startled deer every time we are close to each other. No. We need to be a team. You need to be comfortable around me.”

Clegane bristled at the description, even though, if he was honest, it was fairly apt, considering. “I am,” he protested, despite himself.

Tormund laughed slowly. “Ah-ha,” he said. “Course you are,” he noted. “Tell me, where does 'I won't bloody well go along with it' fit into being comfortable?”


Tormund only grinned at him.
Just then, the curtain moved, and Brienne came to the bed, putting the bottle of oil in Tormund's other hand. She went around drawing the other curtains that belonged to the bed. Before they'd arrived back, servants had been in the room and built up the fire. They'd also lit the lamps. With the bed curtains closed, all of that fire was on the outside, and it meant the light inside was muted and soft. It was much more relaxing for Clegane, who naturally was always a little edgy, even around the smallest of flames.

“What are you two talking about?” Brienne asked lightly.

“Clegane here is just losing an argument,” Tormund told her. She raised an eyebrow, and the wildling shrugged. “Well, he'd just started complaining how it wasn't fair,” he said, and she laughed. Clegane rolled his eyes.

“All right,” he said. “For fuck's sake. You win again. Now what?” he demanded, fairly pissed off. “If it's not now, what do you intend to do?”

Tormund got his hands covered with the oil, and rubbed it between his palms, nodding at Brienne to follow his lead. “What do you think?” he asked. “It's your turn, Clegane.”

“Fuck, no,” he groaned. “I'm no good at relaxing, I swear. Really, I'd rather you just get on with it.” Actually, he'd strongly suspected this, but deliberately denied it in his head. Just the thought of it raised a kind of terror in him that even the war against the dead couldn't conjure. Even the memory of the Blackwater burning didn't inspire horror like this.

Tormund was smiling. “Right, I'm serious,” Clegane said, licking his lips, a little stirring of panic in his heart. “Look. I swear I'll be good without you needing to do this first. See, I'll get on my knees.” And despite the humiliation of it, he actually began to raise himself up, only for Tormund to push him back down to the bed, one large strong hand in the small of his back.

Once, many years ago, he'd been in a whorehouse in some unnamed town somewhere, and a couple of women had tried this kind of ridiculousness out on him. It didn't go well. At least for him. Not really for them either, thinking about it. He swallowed, remembering. “Fuck, no,” he said again, this time in a dull monotone. “Tormund, come on. Please. Don't do this. It's not fucking necessary.”

“Oh, Clegane,” said the wildling, all amused again. “You're just making me more determined.”

“And me,” Brienne put in. “You'll like it,” she said, enthusiastic now. “I promise. It feels
“No,” Clegane argued. “No, it doesn't.” He buried his head in the pillows, and felt every muscle in his body become taut. “Shit.”

Then he felt their hands on his back, lightly stroking, and he groaned quietly. If he didn't give in, if he could somehow endure it, then maybe it would be all right. Clegane held his breath.

“What are you afraid of, Sandor?” Brienne asked, curious.

“I think I know,” Tormund said quietly. “Hmm...” He didn't sound as amused now, only thoughtful. “Whatever happened before, Clegane. When you reacted to this, they didn't go far enough. Trust us. Trust me. I won't give up on you.”

“What is it? Is he going to cry?” Brienne sounded uncertain. In contrast, Tormund didn't sound uncertain at all when he spoke.

“No. I don't think so,” Tormund said. “I think it might turn out to be quite different.” He paused. “Am I right?”

Clegane groaned in embarrassment. Somehow, he already knew, even if he hadn't said it in as many words to her. “Fuck you, ginger cunt,” he swore. “I won't do anything.”

“We'll see,” Tormund said ominously, and Clegane's heart thudded. “But whatever you do, I'll take you to the other side of it. Then you'll feel better, Clegane, and that is a promise.”

To be continued...

**Author's Note:** I hope you enjoyed reading. Please be kind and leave me a christmas present by way of a word or two! Thank you! I will try to get the next chapter up as soon as possible. I don't know when it will be, but I don't get time off for christmas unfortunately.
Chapter Forty

Author's Note: Hope you all had a good Christmas, and Happy New Year to all my readers! Sorry this is a little late, but better than never. Clegane finally gets to relax. Amongst other things...

A special thank you to my reviewers on the last chapter: fofanna, Jades, Sceletor, Purplemonkey36, Thalaba, and SheBear!

Please enjoy!

Chapter Forty

“Let us begin then,” Tormund said. To Clegane, there was a very definite air of finality about it, and he shook his head.

“Wait!” he tried, desperate to put it off, to get more time. “Can I have a drink first, at least?” He half twisted as he tried to get up, but Tormund's hands were suddenly heavy as irons on him. Brienne's too.

“No. No drinking. You don't need it,” Tormund told him.

Not of a mind to surrender, he continued to struggle for a moment, flailing his arms around behind him, but there were two of them and one of him and they overpowered him easily – too easily. For the first time during the course of all this, he regretted not becoming involved with much smaller, weaker people. Normal people. The kind he didn't really want. “The sooner you lie still, the sooner it will be over and done with,” Tormund pointed out.

“Fuck me,” he swore, and let it go, burying his face in the pillows again, giving up the fight.

Their hands went back to the smooth stroking of before, until the prickling feeling of waiting for their touch resolved itself into a more sustained tingle of sensation. There was heat, as if their hands were getting warmer, their touch heavier. He could feel his shoulders tensing in expectation, and yet that wasn't where they began to massage him properly.

At the end of a particularly light downward caress, Tormund kept his hands at the bottom of Clegane's back, and Brienne matched him. Everything he did, she faithfully replicated, and Clegane groaned despite himself when he felt Tormund's thumbs pressing against the small of his back, moving upwards and out, unerringly finding the right muscles there to manipulate so that he felt like he was sinking into the bed.
“Ahh...” he said. It was such a little movement, such slight pressure, and yet it felt amazing. He kind of remembered doing this to Brienne, and to Tormund. How it felt was something else entirely. Immediately he began to think this might be a little different, after all. Those women hadn't had the sense or experience of Tormund. The wildling knew exactly what he was doing, except...

“Hey,” he said slowly, frowning, suddenly suspicious. “Wait. I thought you start with the feet?”

Tormund didn't cease in his efforts, trailing fingertips down his sides only to begin again, Brienne mirroring him on the other side, and Clegane couldn't help voicing a sensual moan before he received an answer.

“With her, I start at the feet. With you, this is where we start. We'll return here again when we've taken care of the rest of your body.”

Clegane could feel it working on him no matter what he did, and very slowly the wildling moved up his back. It was always the same repetitive movement, up and outwards, then the light touch back down. It felt like the massage had a direction. Even when it was broken up by more of that easy, warm stroking, their palms seeming to hug the shape of his body.

Their touch was heavy, but the bed was soft, and their hands were like heaven, except for that direction. Soon, they would be at his shoulders, and he drew in a sudden deep breath of alarm. Perhaps he became tense, but the wildling responded by going right back to the beginning, low in the centre of his back, until he felt like he was melting again, and then Clegane knew he had a stupid grin on his face because he could feel it.

He didn't even mind that they talked about him in soft murmurs, just as long as they kept touching him like that.

“Why do we begin again?” Brienne asked quietly.

“Did you feel how his body responded?” Tormund said. “That sudden tightness? The most important lesson you should learn here with me is patience. Good relaxation can never be rushed.”

“I see. Why did he respond that way? Did we do something wrong? Did I do something?”
“No, beauty.” Tormund sighed. “It's because he expects pain.”

“Oh, Sandor! Why?” Brienne breathed, her hands faltering.

“Pain is coming.” Clegane put in, disturbed by the tenor of his own voice. It sounded lazy and slow. “It's always coming. As reliable as night following day. You'd think the Starks might have learnt. Mmm...” he groaned, stretching a little, then relaxing again. “Maybe they should change their motto.” He smirked to himself. Arya might even like it better, given that list of hers.

Everything went quiet except for the sound of their touch. Clegane kept his eyes closed, but easily now. Tormund encouraged him to bring his arms down, relaxed and long, by the side of his body, and he didn't mind that either. In fact, he felt almost sleepy, with both of them touching him like that, their body heat so close on either side of him, so much so that he didn't realise they'd reached his shoulders again until it was really too late.

It seemed to him just a continuation, completely seamless. Tormund had been using more of that wonderful heavy stroking on him, Brienne too, and so he hadn't even really noticed that Tormund's thumbs were working away at his shoulder blades until he got the first urge to move away. Then he kind of growled.

“Oh,” he said. “Wait, fuck, no.” And he tried to move his arms, only to realise that his hands were trapped between their knees, clearly on purpose. When had they immobilised him? Clegane gulped. Tormund didn't stop, though Brienne had halted. “Tormund, don't...” he said, but it was too late to struggle. His body didn't seem to be under his command any longer. It was relaxed and apparently wanted to remain so.

Tormund's thumb touched upon the edge of something deep in his shoulder, and he felt his upper body twitch as he grunted. “No!” he said in alarm, because it was close. He could feel it. This was something that didn't want to be found or investigated.

“It's all right, Clegane,” Tormund said, and his hands were suddenly sweeping, large circles, reassuring, moving away from that place now. Clegane relaxed all at once with a loud sigh.

Only suddenly it was back, and this time time the wildling was right on the money. This time he did more than twitch and grunt. This time it happened again, just like that first time, and he had no idea where it came from, but he hated it just as much. Clegane heard himself laugh.
At the same time, his body twisted violently away. But then Tormund was holding him still. No longer touching him there, but restraining him. In the ensuing silence Brienne giggled, but that was cut suddenly short, as if the wildling might have warned her with a look.

“It needs working out, Clegane. Let me do it.” Tormund was all matter of fact and reasonable. Said it like it was an easy thing to ask.

“I can't, you fucking idiot! I don't get to choose! If I got to choose, do you think I'd make a damned fool of myself like this?” Clegane growled in maddened frustration and shook his head a little. He tried to turn his head to look back at the wildling, but with Tormund holding him down to the bed it was impossible.

He could see her though, and that giggle kept running through his head, yet she wasn't doing it now. He was angry, because if he wasn't angry he would hurt. Then at last it occurred to him she seemed concerned. She wasn't laughing at him at all. “Help me,” he said suddenly, without any idea he was going to do it.

“How?” she asked. “What can I do?”

The world waited, holding its breath, and then Clegane made a decision to cooperate. He hoped he wouldn't regret it. “I can't stay put,” he said quietly. “It's not me. I need you to keep me still while he does whatever idiot thing it is he thinks is going to help.” He rolled his eyes. Perhaps when it didn't, Tormund would admit he'd been right all along.

“Put your knee here on my other shoulder, and your hand on the back of my head. You're going to want to pull my arm up, let it fold at the elbow, so as I can't use it.” She did as he asked, and he tested the restriction hesitantly at first, then with all of his strength. “That's it,” he said, because she had it right straight away, and he couldn't escape the hold. His heart was beating more rapidly.

“All right, then,” he said to Tormund, his voice muffled where his head was pushed into the pillows. “Do whatever it is you want to do to me.”

The wildling didn't say anything. First, there was more of that damned heavy petting, and despite himself – despite knowing what was coming – it worked on him. Then again it was there, and he laughed again, an involuntary reaction, his body trying to wrench itself away, only this time it couldn't. Tormund didn't increase the pressure much, only teased at it for an agonising minute or two, until all at once it was gone.
Clegane couldn't believe it. Tormund went back to the bottom of his shoulder blade, working up again, got to that place and there was no resistance at all, no sudden need to escape. Further he went, and hit another one of those bits that made Clegane jerk. He explained what he was doing, called them knots, and worked another two or three of them out of the muscle before they were all gone.

Brienne let him loose, but he didn't move an inch as Tormund went about squeezing the plane of his shoulder in a way that made him moan into the pillows, then followed that with the same kind of delicate manipulation, this time from the other side of his shoulder, all the way up into the back of his neck. This too he remembered from when he and Tormund had done it to her. It felt bloody amazing.

Since it had worked so well that way, Tormund and Brienne changed sides so that she could restrain him again while the wildling did the same magic trick on his other shoulder. By the time it was all done, Clegane thought he might be in heaven. He'd been so afraid of that weird laughter. When it had happened before, it had been beyond humiliating, and it hadn't ended well. Those women had laughed at him, and he'd become furious in turn. Tormund hadn't entertained it at all. He'd done exactly what he said he would, and gone right through to the other side.

Experimentally, he straightened one of his arms out and moved it around a bit, feeling how loose and limber his shoulder felt. It seemed like he might be about fifteen years younger. “Gods, what have you done to me?” he drawled, his voice still coming out slightly lazy. “This is amazing!”

Tormund chuckled. “Wait until you pick up your sword,” he teased, and Clegane immediately sat up, turning around, imagining how Blackfyre would feel in his grip like this. They hadn't trained all day, and at last he was really missing it.

“I want to go out!” he said. Both of them pushed him down onto his back, playful and laughing, but their laughter couldn't hurt him now.

“It's the middle of the night!” Brienne pointed out, still giggling, her eyes full of love. “Even I won't go there with you. Wait until morning.”

Clegane smiled and pulled her close for a lingering, deep kiss. She tasted lovely as always, and her body was soft and warm against his. Oh, yes, this was heaven. But she hadn't made him feel like this. He let her go and turned his attention to Tormund, pulling him close then instead.

This time he kissed Tormund without thinking about it first, and without the bond working on him. It was simple thanks and affection without an ounce of drama involved. As such, the kiss didn't kindle and burn out of control like some of their others. Not that he failed to notice the difference between Tormund and Brienne, it was just... easier to accept somehow.
In fact, if he'd had to put a word to it, Clegane might have called it tender, at least until the affection in him changed to desire, then things began to get a little strange. Perhaps his defences were down or something. Perhaps it was all about how he'd been made to feel, or perhaps it was even about the thoughts he'd been entertaining earlier in the bath, but suddenly he wanted things he'd never even really allowed to cross his mind before.

How would it feel, to be inside him? Would it be at all like it was with her? Would it be soft and warm? Hot? He'd lowered his hands and was squeezing Tormund's buttocks in his palms, eyes closed, still kissing, only Tormund pulled back far enough to laugh softly, the heat of his breath on Clegane's lips.

“Oh, I see,” Tormund murmured. “You want it now. But it won't be tonight, Clegane.”

“Why not?” he demanded, jerking upwards a little, to let the wildling know just how much he wanted it. He was hard, and so was Tormund. He drew in a sharp little breath as their cocks touched each other – so hot! “You want me, wildling. Admit it.”

Again that laugh, more amused this time, and Clegane opened his eyes to glare. “Clegane, have you forgotten what you owe me?” Tormund asked, looking him up and down. “And besides, you know we haven't finished with you yet. You don't get to sneak out of it this way.”

“Clegane is my brother's name, too,” he grumbled. He squeezed harder with his hands. “You call me Sandor if you want me to pay attention, do you hear?”

Tormund smiled then, genuinely, and he did too. Couldn't help it at all. “Sandor,” Tormund said, slowly, as if tasting it on his tongue. “All right. Turn over again, so we can carry on. And then after, you will give me what I want, won't you?”

Clegane sighed heavily, but did as he was bid as Tormund moved away. There really wasn't any escaping it, and he had to admit it wasn't the bad thing he had been expecting. Perhaps the other would be a surprise too. He remembered Tormund's casual remark that he wouldn't keep Brienne away from being involved, especially with the kissing, and it made a kind of strange tingle of forbidden excitement loiter around in his stomach as they went back to the massage.

This time they began with his feet, and he let his thoughts drift pleasantly as they did it, hardly noticing how relaxed he was becoming as they worked. He'd never felt like this, so well attended, so... cherished, almost. It was like everything he'd ever learnt about the world was turned upside
down when he was with them. As if between them they made their own rules. A secret smile played on his lips at that thought, but then they reached his thighs, and he was put off his musings by another attack of that ridiculous laughter. Thankfully, Tormund seemed to know how to get past that too, and before long they were at his back again.

It wasn't like any punishment he'd ever heard of, and he relaxed utterly, until he was almost purring into the pillows.

He was aware that they finished off with some kind of silliness around his arms. It didn't matter. “Sandor,” said Brienne, as she encouraged him up onto his hands and knees, and he did what she wanted without a second thought. “Has he forgotten?” she asked Tormund then, uncertain, and the words broke through the strange and pleasant haze that had settled over his brain.

“Wait!” he said suddenly. “Will it be now?” He twisted his head, and he could feel their hands on him, sliding over his buttocks. Tormund nodded.

“Yes, Sandor. It will be now,” he said. Clegane gulped. Thought about it. Then definitely didn't think about it at all. On purpose. He stared at the bed head as if it might tell him how to survive. Behind him, Tormund heaved a great breath.

“You okay, or you need tying up or something?”

Clegane looked down at his wrists, and then instantly imagined how it would be if he was tied to the bed head while they... while they... “Fuck off,” he growled. “You're not getting that from me, too, wildling!” He ground his teeth together. “I'll manage.”

There was a hushed whisper of conspiracy behind him and then: “We start with kissing, Sandor,” Tormund said. Clegane didn't know how to respond to that.

“I get to go first,” Brienne put in, and he shivered at the intent in her voice. All at once, he was very glad for Tormund's attention earlier on, just as the wildling had said he would be.

There was no enemy he'd ever faced that made him feel the trepidation he felt then, when between them he felt himself spread open, exposed to their sight and touch. He couldn't help recalling how it had been right at the beginning, when they'd kind of done it to her. She'd been nervous but she'd let them explore her. He had to be the same now, show the same courage. He bit his lip, his eyes tightly closed as he kept himself still, trying not to quiver. Then he felt her lips, not there, but on his left
buttock, pressing in a flurry of little kisses, getting closer and closer to the centre of him.

“Brienne...” he said, helpless, pleading, who knew what for. Then he felt the warmth of her breath, in that place, and he drew in a deep sudden breath. The warmth came closer, turned to heat, and the breath he held was exhaled in a quiet moan of awareness. The first touch of her tongue was indescribable. He'd never even imagined this. Of course it was a service offered in some of those brothels he'd occasionally visited, but he'd never indulged in it. Stupid fancy nonsense.

At once, Clegane understood how sensitive that part of his body was, how receptive to pleasure, and he whispered her name. Humiliation and delight were at war within him, and he could feel his face burning, and yet, he didn't want her to stop. She was exploring him with the very tip of her tongue, around and around, pressing lightly against the centre every so often, and always the heat of her breath. It felt amazing. And then her tongue softened, became malleable and large – wet – and he groaned.

“And now it's my turn,” Tormund said with relish as she backed off, as if this had been a mere trial run. Just a sampling.

Once again there was that instant of nervous fear as he awaited it, their hands still on him, holding him open like that. He could feel the air, cool against his newly wetted skin, and this time he did shiver, there was no denying it.

At the first touch of Tormund's tongue, he jumped slightly, because the wildling did not play at all first as she had, but went straight for it. He deliberately relaxed, drawing in a deep steadying breath, believing he knew now what came next – but he was wrong.

Tormund's tongue was hot and soft, large and wet straight away as the wildling pressed his face close. Clegane opened his eyes wide, but saw only the head of the bed. He could feel the shape of Tormund's face, his cheekbones and jaw, even the nub of his nose, and the tickling touch of his beard against the sensitive skin below. And then that tongue became harder, pressing for entry, going in a little way, only to withdraw in a teasing little flicker that made Clegane's eyelids flutter in response as he tried not to moan. But it felt so good!

Tormund only withdrew enough so that he could lick upwards from the back of Clegane's balls, and back to the prize again, and this time Clegane did moan, his eyes rolling upwards. He couldn't help it, and he dropped his head in defeat as he felt that same eager closeness again, the shape of the wildling's face, and this time as his tongue pressed, it seemed as if he'd sealed his lips there somehow, and was sucking, his jaw moving so that Clegane felt his body opening up to that gentle coaxing.
“Tormund!” Clegane gasped. “Oh, fuck...”

His tongue was deeper now, and it was suddenly formed as if into a spiral that felt amazing. It was a technique he’d used on Brienne before now himself, but to feel it – this way, from this perspective – it put him beyond thought.

It might have lasted a minute or two, but it was ecstasy, and by the time Tormund drew back, Clegane was shaking. He could feel his own cock, long and heavy between his legs.

“Ha!” Tormund exclaimed, and he sounded more than a touch evil. “Want to have a go at that, beauty?” he asked. Clegane shook his head, but it was too late, and besides, neither of them were paying attention to him. Or at least, not to his head.

“Yes,” Brienne said, then she said something that made Clegane gulp. “His body is opening up,” she pointed out, as full of earnest wonder as she had ever been with them. “Is that how I...?” She didn't finish the sentence, but she didn't have to.

“It is, beauty. And it makes me want to kiss you, and fuck you. Just like you want to kiss him now.”

Brienne sighed, and it was a happy sound, as if something had clicked into place for her. Clegane had no time to think on it though because a moment later she was trying to replicate what Tormund had just done to him.

He cried out. She managed a fair enough representation of it, that was true. Tormund she wasn't. She didn't have his experience, but it was her, and he could tell the difference. The shape of her face was slender and feminine in comparison. Her skin was smooth and soft. Her tongue was different too, less insistent but just as sensational.

Clegane was lost.

Back and forth they went for a while, until he'd lost count, until he'd forgotten everything else except for them, and how hard he was. His body was hot and desperate. Then, something changed. He wriggled on his hands and knees when he felt a dribble of oil poured onto him from above. It oozed down between his spread buttocks, over his anus, and carried on over the back of his balls, catching in the hair that grew there. At once, Tormund's finger was there, massaging gently, around and around, not quite entering him, and he remembered.
“Now it's time, Sandor,” Tormund said. “Are you ready?”

He thought about it, and realised that he was. Somehow, between them they'd done something impossible to him. He was ready. When Tormund did this, it wouldn't be the violation he'd been expecting since he'd heard of it. He wanted it now. Like it was somehow what he expected, rather than what Tormund expected. How had the wildling made him feel like this?

“Yes. I'm ready,” he said, his voice uncharacteristically quiet, still stunned by the revelation.

“All right. My finger will feel harder than a tongue to begin with,” Tormund warned him. “But you can take it.”

Why was he saying that? He'd done it once already, in the bath. So didn't that mean he already knew how it...

Ahhhh!

There it was, and it was hard, and kind of burning, but not as painful as it had been before. Then he had hated it. This time, it was as though his body wanted to make way for it, but didn't know how. Clegane hissed.

“Help me,” he pleaded, assuming Tormund would understand what he needed, and he did.

“All right. Relax for it. Let me in. Become used to it.”

Then Clegane comprehended that the movement of Tormund's finger inside him was the same gentle in and out. Very shallow, very slow. He relaxed deliberately and let it be in him, the oil made it easier, and then at a certain point, he no longer needed to relax. He grinned, and laughed a little. “Yes...” he said.

“Hmm,” Tormund said, in pleasure. “A little deeper now, and then perhaps I'll change your world for you, Sandor Clegane. We will find out who you are.”

Deeper, and there was no pain. Most of that pain was at the beginning of his body. Deeper inside, it
was a strange sensation, as if the wilding was somehow connected to his entire self by touch alone. It made him want to voice it, and he let out a low groan. Tormund rumbled a response that seemed to speak to him on some primal level.

“Yes. Nearly there,” Tormund said, reassuring.

One moment, it felt like Tormund had his entire being in the palm of his hand, then the next, it was entirely different. That finger brushed against something inside him, and Clegane's cock, which had begun to soften, gave a sudden eager jerk. “Ah! Fuck!” he said, startled into awareness. Tormund chuckled.

“Yes,” he said, encouraging. “Now you see it, don't you? Now you feel it.”

That finger brushed against that spot again and again, and Clegane felt the most incredible sensation of slowly spreading heat as his body begin to move. He couldn't help it at all. All of his blood was back in his cock, and he was hard as ever. In some part of his lust-filled mind, he realised how it might look, like he was fucking himself on Tormund's finger, but that wasn't it. Not at all.

“Oh, seven hells! You could have said something, you fucking cunt!” He broke off from his swearing to growl in pleasure. “More, wildling,” he demanded, without an ounce of shame now. “Faster.”

“Would you have believed me?” Tormund queried. Clegane managed to laugh.

“I'd have called you a desperate liar,” he said, all but panting.

Clegane turned his head, and caught sight of Brienne, staring at him. She seemed curious. “What does it feel like?” she asked, straight away. Clegane grinned at her.

“It's like he's wanking me off, but from the inside,” he told her, and then grunted in pleasure. “That's exactly what this is.”

Brienne seemed to realise a number of things at the same time, and she glanced back to Tormund, where he couldn't see. “So,” she said. “That's why you begged me not to touch you when I did it,” she said.
“Woman. It was like you were doing me twice,” Tormund confirmed. “All at once. Inside and out.”

She looked back at him, and something seemed to occur to her. “We could do you together,” she said wickedly, her mouth turned up at the corners. “Both of us. How long do you think you could hold on?”

Clegane grunted, still moving as Tormund continued to touch him, just there. “Try it and see, woman,” he grumbled. “I'm not laying any bets!”

Tormund laughed. “Okay. Let me get you better, Sandor,” he said, and with that he withdrew his finger, much to Clegane's dismay. When it returned, there were two fingers seeking entry into him, slicked with oil, and it was easy this time since he knew where they were headed. His body seemed as eager to allow it as he was.

“Now, kneel upwards a little,” Tormund instructed, moving to the side so that as Clegane knelt up, the backs of his thighs were on Tormund's folded knees, with the wildling's fingers still buried deep in him.

Now at last they could look at each other, they were closer to each other, and Clegane turned his head as he laid his hands on Tormund's face, dragging the wildling's lips to his for a rough and passionate kiss. It didn't last very long.

In front of him, his cock was standing up straight, and as he broke away from Tormund, Brienne was already coming forward to wrap her hand around it. Clegane gasped. Tormund found that spot inside him again, and between them they made him move. Whichever way he moved, one of them was giving him pleasure. It was quite simply the pinnacle of anything he'd ever felt, even when he'd shared her with Tormund. He felt so hot, as if the moment of release was upon him but was being stretched out moment by moment. Everything was vivid and sharply poignant; Brienne had never looked so beautiful. Leaning forward, he kissed her too, and she gave way sweetly at first, only to then kiss him back so aggressively that he broke it off, leaning his head against Tormund's shoulder as his body began to shudder with approaching orgasm.

He tried to hold it off, squeezing his eyes closed and straightening up, shaking his head, but even as slowly as this it was impossible. Brienne's hand... Tormund's fingers... they felt so good! “Seven hells!” he muttered, throwing his head back, and still everything in him seemed to wind itself up into the smallest point, despite his efforts. His right hand was on one of Brienne's breasts, her flesh perfectly warm and soft against his palm. His left hand was gripping tight to Tormund's shoulder.
As he opened his eyes, he saw Tormund and Brienne in front of him, kissing. Tormund's free hand was on the side of her face, thumb on her chin to keep her mouth open slightly, enough for him to get his tongue in there. That was enough!

They broke apart as he finally came, both of them holding him then, slowing him down via their touch, drawing it out so that he felt lost in their combined embrace. He didn't know whose name to speak.

When at last it was all done, he lay back down on the bed, utterly finished, and they kept him between them for a short time, touching and loving him. It was wonderful. Finally, Clegane began to understand the possibilities. It didn’t have to be fingers. This was merely the beginning. “I think I know why you want to be in the middle, wildling,” he said to Tormund, amused. “And I'll admit. I'm curious enough about how it might feel to fuck you to let you go first.”

“Good to know,” Tormund said. “But you still have a condition to satisfy before we are done here. You've given me what I want. You still owe our beauty her wish.”

Clegane smiled. As if this night couldn't get any better. “So I do.” He turned his head to stare hungrily at Brienne. “You'd better get on with it then, wildling,” he said, “and make her come. I want to taste you both.”

To be continued...

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