Stannis Baratheon runs a secluded boarding school. Some are there to be hidden away, others are there for sanctuary, some out of charity. Some never leave at all.
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Theon kicked at the sand, sullen and silent. The anger emanating from his father kept his mouth shut. Squinting in the bright sunlight, he watched as the seagulls swooped over the waves. The water looked like a silky blue blanket rippling, deep blue interrupted only by the gold lines that would appear as if to lure a person forward. Theon felt a sudden urge to just run down the beach, throw himself into the sea, swim until he cannot and let the ocean do as it will. Closing his eyes, taking a deep breath of salty air, he imagined how wonderful the cool caress of water would be on his aching, hot skin. For a brief second, Theon tensed all his muscles, ready to run for the ocean when he heard his father shift.

"The van is here. Last chance, Theon. Do you fucking HEAR me, boy? Stupid, worthless piece of shit and do you know how much I am paying for this fancy damned school? Last chance. I don't care what your mother or sister think, do you hear? If you fuck up here, it's over. I will cut you lose from our family." Theon smirked and swallowed his terror to meet his father's eyes. "Gee, Dad. I'll miss you too." Theon may not be thrilled about the new school but his true complaint was that the school was still too close to his home. Theon would have preferred leaving the state at least. This island was only a bridge or boat ride away from Pyke.

One good thing was parents aren't encouraged to pop in and Theon's family certainly wasn't a close one anyway. It was the only thing Theon could say he liked about his family. They wouldn't visit him or call or write unless they had to. That alone was worth this new boarding school forced upon him. The van roared to a stop and Theon was shoved by his father at it. Ignoring any further lectures, Theon hurried onto the bright red rumbling vehicle. The driver sneered at him from a face that seemed to just explode with hair a few shades lighter than the van. Beady amused eyes peered at him from eyebrows large and fuzzy like caterpillars.

Giving a wink, the man greeted the new student. "Mister Theon Greyjoy, I presume? I'm Tormund. Thank you kindly for joining us! Now get your fancy ass into a seat or Styr is going to PUT you into a seat. There's a good lad!" As Theon stumbled to find a seat, a large bald man loomed over him, grinning with far too many large teeth. Swallowing hard, Theon opened his mouth. "Styr, right? I...I am finding a seat." With a cheerful nod, Styr grabbed Theon and lifted him up. Theon felt humiliation and fear as the large man seemed to catapult him hard into a seat. He cringed, expecting to hear laughter and flinched as it happened.

Styr smirked as if he could tell exactly how Theon felt in that moment. "Did you think your daddy was sending you to a cushy, pretty castle where you just play tennis and swim? Talk to a therapist about how mean daddy is? Oh no, sweetheart. You are going to Dragonstone and we don't play that, darling." Moving away from Theon, Styr stood tall and made sure his eyes landed on each of the scattered students.

"All of you, tender little beasts, this is a private rich school but it's rather special. This is a school for rich little children with problems that make messes for mommies and daddies. We are going to try and help you with your troubles, sweet children. Some of you are already used to a bit of tough love, I can see that. Like you, boy. Pathetic child under daddy's drunken fists, I see it written all over your face." Theon flushed angrily and clenched his fists, he looked down at his sandy sneakers.

"Don't worry, we have many methods of helping you. Tough love is only a small part of what we do to pull your heads out of your ass."
The students stared at Styr with stony hatred and fear that seemed to feed him. Satisfied for the moment, the man swung into the front to speak to the driver as they sped down a long curve, the only view was water on both sides. A girl with curly red hair and a handful of freckles thrown upon her puggish nose grinned at him. With an eye upon the driver, Theon slipped into the seat next to the girl, nearly squishing another student he didn't notice before. Laughing, the girl hushed the yelp from the startled boy who had been asleep.

"I'm Ross. The kid you just sat on is Gendry. I heard the giants, how couldn't I, yeah? It's Theon, right? Let me guess, rich angry daddy sending you to be hidden, beaten into the right shape? Gendry is like, half that, I think. He has a poor fucked up mommy and a rich daddy that doesn't like him or his mommy. Since mommy lost control, rich daddy has to toss Gendry somewhere. And me? I'm one of those sad, special cases you hear about. Poor no good parents, trailer trash but since I'm pretty, I can be a poster board child for them all! My story was in the papers because my trailer trash drug dealer parents were prostituting me to get money for drugs. The sting was huge and I was the pretty sad girl everyone wanted to save. Like a puppy from some abuse commercial. They can clean me up and the cunts at some charity did PAPERWORK and a FUNDRAISER, the lovely dried up dears and here I am! They send off the whore trailer trash prodigy to be hidden, transformed into a real girl!"

Theon and Gendry just blinked at the amount of words and how the girl's hair and arms flowed continually. And though neither would admit it, they had trouble not staring at the heaving bosom that strained courageously against a thin white v neck tank top. Cracking gum, Ross took a moment to breathe and both boys smiled politely at each other. Gendry shrugged as he leaned against the rattling tinted window. Theon sat between him and Ross.

Gendry spoke in an easy husky way. "My step-cunt said she don't care if my mom is in detox, I can't stay with them cause I have a record. When the frigging social worker dragged me to Kings Landing anyway, step-cunt looked right at me and the woman. She said I don't match the furniture and slammed the door in our faces. So my father said this school is the best place for a trouble maker like me. He said if I do a year here, then step cunt will let me stay over there for holidays. Who knows if my mum will be around, sober or not. Here's a fucked up bit of information for you guys, the person who runs Dragonstone is my uncle. I mean, I never really ever saw or spoke with him much. My father and uncle don't really hang or talk much. But I don't think being related is going to give me any favors. It never has before. My cousin Shireen lives here, goes to school here and she has never done a single thing wrong that I know of. She is a bit younger than me, I think. Haven't seen her much either. She has a skin condition, psoriasis on the left side of her face. Always pulling her hair over her face or wearing hoods to hide it, poor kid. I won't mind seeing her again but I wish I'd be leaving after the small visit. Fuck this place. Fuck my step cunt and my fucking father."

Theon and Ross heartily agreed and the three of them named a very long detailed list of fucks. After snorting, Gendry muttered, "Hell, half of my family are already at the damned school anyway so it's not a real big deal. Step-cunt works there, her golden little brat goes to school there. Won't that be nice? And he's a fucking SENIOR year student. In this school, the senior year classes are in charge of the younger grades. I swear to god, if Joff tries to make me eat shit or crawl, I'll knock his teeth out. Ah, fuck, there it is. Doesn't it look cozy?"

Ross grabbed their hands and neither of them would ever admit how much it was needed. All of them stared at the huge crags of rocks that formed up, far up until it began a point. Seeming to balance upon the rocky point was a near fortress. As it came out of dark outline, out of the shadows, it began to look more like a crumbling old castle. The car went around a long road that circled and climbed, the sea always to their right. A widow's peak, iron wrought gates that rose high into the sky in peaks. A chimney, peaks and windows, some stained glass, some not, all these things peaked at them as the van drove endlessly in swoops.
After a bit, Styr leaned over to Tormund, "Alright enough. It's funny, yeah, but I'm starting to feel sick now. Hurry up and get us there. Next time use the regular road if I'm on the van, yeah? Asshole." With a chuckle, the larger and hairier man sped up and laughed more when he heard a few moans from the back of the van. "Just making sure they get the right experience for Dragonstone. If they are already miserable when they get there, think how much happier they will feel when they get to our school! Just making sure they have the right school spirit! Doing my job, you should try it sometime, buddy."

Chapter End Notes

http://playlists.net/nanners--dsa
This is a spotify playlist of each song that inspires the story and the chapters or characters. They are in order on the list and will also be listed on each chapter under notes.
This story idea as a whole was inspired by:
Howlin' For You by The Black Keys
Animals by Maroon 5
Carousel by Melanie Martinez
Sansa secretly loved the long ride, letting the wind rip her long carefully styled hair apart. It felt like rebellion, like freedom, like destruction and flying all at once to her. It used to drive her mother crazy with sticking her head out car windows. Her mother would spend hours, days and as far as Sansa was concerned, years, just crafting how her eldest daughter should look. Like a well used doll a girl got too obsessed with while growing up or something.

Whether it was her mother or her nanny, Sansa spent years with fingernails scraping her scalp, fingers yanking her hair into different directions, binding it tightly, only allowing a carefully designed amount of loose hair. Years of sleepovers, pretending to enjoy clumsy girl fingers to drag her hair into sloppier new designs. The last four years pretending to enjoy Cersei's manicured claws to teach Sansa's own swift fingers new ways to torment her hair. Small wonder that Sansa enjoys the feeling of a man's warm palm caressing and worshiping her long tresses. It drew her towards older men that had no need to pull on a female's hair unless she wished it.

When Joff touched Sansa's hair, he pulled, yanked, used it like a handle to get her attention or hurt her. Joff loved to destroy an elaborate creation upon Sansa's head just to watch her hurry and fix it before everyone else saw it. Sansa hated it when Joff touched her hair, skin or anything around her really. She didn't hate anyone in the world as much as she hated her boyfriend. He was rich, her age, blond and handsome. He was a sadistic sociopath and her family was trying hard to form a betrothal and wedding between them. His mother Cersei was a woman that Sansa respected, admired and despised. Still, she didn't despise that golden bitch as much as Sansa despised her golden runt of a son.

Sansa likes it best when Director Stannis or Uncle Petyr touch her hair. They caress, worship...taking another deep breath, she let her bee stung lips form into a lovely smile. During the summer, it was fun to see her family, to torment her mother and brothers a bit, to visit friends. But Sansa can't wait to return to school. She was actually a little sad that it would be her last year. Pressing harder on the gas pedal with a designer sandal, Sansa headed towards the long road towards the ocean. Jon sat slumped next to her, texting intently to Ygritte. Since she joined their school last year on a court mandate of some sort, Ygritte and Jon have become a very intense pair.

Arya stretched out in the back, ignoring Sansa's curt order to wear her seat belt. "Great to know that I am the only one sickened to go back to our prison yard. Jon can't wait to get back to Ygritte, you can't wait to get back to fucking every male teacher! And you get to have total power over the rest of us this year! So do the worst sadists of our whole school, including your sadistic boyfriend, Sansa! Have you thought of how much bullying and hazing I probably have to deal with this year? Joff? Ramsay and his merry band of fucktards?" Jon rolled his eyes and muttered, "I won't bully you, my friends won't bully you." Sansa smiled into the rear-view mirror. "I won't bully you but just like I did, just like Jon did, you are going to have to pull your way through it."

Jon gave a small twist of his lips and his eyes twinkled as he leaned over to stick his big hairy head into the backseat. "Maybe don't make yourself a target? Keep your opinions to yourself, don't mouth off and try to actually learn something this year. So maybe you get to graduate in two years?" Arya huffed and rolled to face the tan leather seat of the car. "Both of you know how bad hazing can get. I have seen you both cry, I've heard and seen the blood, damages that can't be undone. I have heard about the deaths, don't bother to lie. And yet, even though you both went through terrible things, you don't tell. You both just let me walk right into it this year of all years, the worst of sadists and yet, no words to mom or dad. Nice."
Sansa smoothly turned into the school parking lot and shut the engine off before responding. Her voice was kind, it was loving but it was hard with truth. "You knew all this time. You never said a word to mom or dad either. Instead, here you are back at school. And you said nothing about what you might face anymore than Jon or I could have." While Jon and Arya pulled bags and luggage out of the car, Sansa repaired her hair. Twisting, smoothing, forcing her wild goddess flame hair into a semblance of ladylike fashion, Sansa practiced her sweetest smile and got her eyes to fairly sparkle. It was time to begin her last school year and Sansa was determined to make it the best one ever.
Honey Bees

Ramsay's fingers were steady as always. He waited until the two plump honeybees were frenzied in the large mason jar before freezing them to sleep. Damon's fingers were steady as he filmed it. Once the bees were frozen, Ramsay muttered about the virtue of patience as he gently withdrew the slumbering insects from the freezer and lay them on a cloth. Carefully, with tender grace, Ramsay tied the strings around the bees. He moved slowly, using a pin, tweezers and a thin silk thread, never once did his fingers or the silver metal touch or injure the sleeping bees. When they woke up, Ramsay took them for a walk. Before he could teach them any tricks, his father reminded him he was late to head for school.

"It's your senior year, for the both of you. Perhaps you might try to actually graduate. Not just use your time to train insects and dissect wildlife. Save that for your vacations."

Damon silently nodded and had stopped filming to gather up their luggage. Ramsay took the time to argue with his father, a useless endeavor but one that Ramsay seems to be compulsively obsessed to do. When Ramsay began at Dragonstone four years ago, Damon, Alyn and Skinner were just landed at the school by court orders. It was half charity and half over population at foster homes. The three of them were too violent for any other facility but too young for any prison setting. The boys and Ramsay hit it off right away. Damon and Ramsay most of all. Ramsay had his dad pull some strings so on holidays Damon could stay at his mansion, go hunting with his dogs.

Ramsay's father was a cold terrifying man with a featureless face, eyes that peeled through pretense and a voice that softly shivered down spines. Damon took great care to be respectful and submissive at all times. He always acted humble and grateful, probably looked like a lumbering retard but Damon was okay with that thought. It allowed Roose to approve of Damon and let him stay with Ramsay. Roose knew of the hunts, he knew what his son did, what he did with Damon and didn't care as long as it was discreet. Damon often wondered if Roose did worse things in his own private basement than what Ramsay did in their private woods?

"It's our last year in that fucking mind sucking, soul fucking place! Then we are free, Rams!"

Damon's thick fingers drummed out a frantic pace on the steering wheel as he fiddled with the car radio. Ramsay sighed and aimed a kick at Damon's thigh. "Out of my seat, I'm driving, asshole. You are stoned out of your mind, think I missed seeing you eat that cookie? Idiot. We get a ticket, father will skin us. Move over, stoner." Damon gasped as he threw himself out of the seat and onto a disgruntled Ramsay. "Dude! That rhymes! You are a poet and didn't even know it." Ramsay closed his eyes and made a face as if he were pained, his voice sweet as syrup.

"You don't need me to drive you to school. You need a bright shiny padded helmet and a sticker activity book while you wait for the short bus, window licker. Straighten up your big boy diaper and get the fuck in the passenger seat! Buckle your seat belt, clearly you cannot afford a whack to your head!" Flushing slightly, Damon got into his seat and belted himself in. Both remained silent for the first half of the drive back to school. They stopped for burgers and Ramsay smirked. "This year we rule the whole school. Not just small portions of it. All those new busy bees coming in this year...it's one good reason to go back to school at least."

Damon laughed. "I bet Alyn and Skinner spent the whole summer coming up with ideas for us this year. In between cleaning the fucking school grounds and jacking off into the ocean, I bet they have a friggin list a mile long of shit for us to do!" Ramsay shook his head. "They always come up with such stupid things. I want to do something different. Something fun and dangerous, I don't know exactly what yet...but I do know that our new busy bees will learn to walk on my strings." Damon
glanced at the books in the backseat they had read over the summer for their mandatory school reading. "I want human pets, we talked about it. Like in The Collector and in that true crime book—"

Ramsay chuckled. "I favor the Collector movies and a more...Hostel kind of attitude. But I guess we have to start somewhere, right?"
Olenna Tyrell gracefully poured tea from priceless silver with arthritic hands, gnarled and bejeweled, twinkling in the bright sun that burned beyond the glass windows of the train. The lovely twin teenagers sat across from her. Both had identical loving smiles and shining eyes, hair exactly the same curly shoulder length, lithe well toned figures. With a crisp tone, Olenna sat back and spoke as her grandchildren sipped the tea she knew they despised.

"Now, let's think of what your essays on what you did this summer can contain. Hmm, oh, I have it! Marge, you won a beauty pageant, managed to get out of a criminal suit after that nasty little affair with the judge ended. You went to three fashion shows, starred in two of them before that small arrest for stealing from a boutique. You got new contacts, a new hairstyle, a quick bout of venereal disease and only one secretive abortion. Now you are sniffing around Joff, think I don't know about your plans? Not a very safe prospect, dear but who am I to deny you love or wealth and power of another family?"

Marge delicately nibbled upon a biscuit, used to these little lectures on the way back to school. Loras and his sister shared a grin, knowing he was next. Olenna pinned her old but sharp gaze upon her perfect looking grandson and snorted. "Don't even try to give me that innocent look, young man. As if I don't know about how you really won those two tennis trophies? Also, if you wish to keep your Renly interested while you are at school, you better spend more time speaking with him than having little quickies with coaches. Next year the world is yours, one year more. Keep your eyes and hands where they belong and keep your noses above water."

Smiling, Marge spoke with fond warmth. "Grandmother, you should retire after this year. What will you do once we have graduated? Aren't you tired of tormenting teenagers yet?" Snorting again, Olenna sipped her tea then patted her granddaughter's lovely hand. "No dear. I love it. There is nothing in the world like making a class clown become a dunce in the corner. I eat students for my meals, love. I need this to keep me sharp and mean, dear. And you both need this school, this education so you might rise in life in spite of yourselves."

Joff couldn't wait to start this year. So many possibilities, he shuddered and panted, thinking of how Sansa will be there, like a pretty punching bag. He thinks of how Marge is acting around him now, he can see she wants him, who doesn't? The hot mouth on his body, forcing his thoughts into shattered prisms sucking all the bad things out, leaving calm good things only. At least that is what his mother says as she had knelt over his lap in the private limousine.

It was nice to spend the summer back home with servants falling over him to do his bidding. Fun to torture and bully his little siblings and make the maids cry. Now it was time to go back to school and reign over this final year. Being home was boring once his father died this summer. Not that Joff particularly like or cared for his father, the man was a fat cheating abusive drunk and an absentee father. But everyone wandered around wearing black and pretending to be sad in front of all those strangers with greedy hungry eyes.

Now his little siblings will be rushed by nannies back to their own cushy cutsey school while Joff goes where his mother does, as always. The other two got a school with happy young teachers that use treats and smiles. But Joff goes with his mother and she works at Dragonstone. The day Cersei became a teacher at the boarding school, Joff was enrolled and has gone there ever since.

There was no financial need for his mother to work. There never was but Cersei hated her husband
as much as her children did and it was a job that took her out of the house. To live at the cold unforgiving damp rocks of a school rather than next to her sweaty fleshy drunk husband's fist. It seemed normal for Cersei to continue her job rather than stay home rattling around as a sad widow.

Joff made a gasping sound and arched forward, fingernails scratching hard into his mother's back. A moment later, he returned the favor, sinking between his mother's well toned thighs and lifting her silk skirt. Cersei smirked and lovingly ran fingers through Joff's hair just the way he liked it. She was the best teacher at the school, she was the best mother at home and Joff would murder anyone who said different.
The Pretend Game

Taking a last appreciative look at the tropical garden encased in glass and steel, Dany walked out of the fantasy jungle room of the brothel. No one called it that, of course, no. That would be distasteful, impolite and would wreck the fantasy world carefully created and violently enforced. Dany was to refer to this large fancy hotel as her exotic vacation home. A luxury home that she was lucky enough to have as an orphan. Dany was told how lucky she was all the time, she was used to hearing it, just as she was used to suppressing bile upon hearing it.

Dany was lucky to have survived the assassins that slaughtered her family. She was lucky that her twin brother survived it too. Lucky that they were kept together and adopted by caring distant relatives. Distant Blackfyre cousins were the only relatives to come rushing forth to help the poor little dear orphaned rich children. Varys with his bald head, soft reasonable voice and papers proving his relations had come forward with two others in tow. His own two younger cousins were also orphans, also twins and were half Targaryen themselves, with long whitish blond hair and violet eyes, just like the little orphan babes.

Having been only toddlers, Dany and Viserys do not have memories of their family, only of Varys and the twins. Varys kept them all in grand style in the Targaryen estates and he had sent Harold and Bob off to the Academy for their last four years of high school. They both ended up graduating and working part time at the school as well as at home for Varys. Dany and Viserys were sent off to the Academy as soon as they were old enough to go. All of them pretended that Varys didn't run a lucrative brothel, call girl service and a small but healthy drug trade from their home. Dany pretends that her twin cousins aren't really farming kids from the boarding school for Varys.

Dany thinks about her brother, about other things and shudders at how much she pretends. Viserys was tapping his foot impatiently as he stared at her slowly coming down the hall. "This is our last year at this school, do you recall that? Do you remember that Varys said the lawyers will release some more of our funds upon our graduations? I need that money, Dany, so can you get ready before the year ends? Do you think you can stop daydreaming long enough to get into the car with our luggage? I am not above spanking you right here in front of anyone who cares to see it." Biting her tongue as always, Dany smiled and nodded.

Dany knew her brother had a very bad temper and tried hard not to provoke it. She knew that Varys, Harold and Bob would all try to stop him and severely punish Viserys for hurting her. But by the time any of them intervened, Dany usually was already injured. "Sorry, Vis." Dany grunted as Viserys practically threw his luggage on top of her and put his own backpack on. He has been talking about how they can torture the younger classes all summer. Dany wondered which kids he will bully into doing his actual schoolwork this year and which poor girls he will probably rape.

With Harold and Bob pimping girls around them, with their home a brothel full of such behavior, why wouldn't Viserys treat all girls that way? Without Varys's knowledge, the twin cousins allowed Viserys to use the girls. It was only after they had discovered he was trying to molest his own sister, they hoped it would stop the behavior. It has kept Viserys sated so far but hasn't changed his bullying or overly intimate attitude with her. Dany staggered under the weight of the suitcases as she carefully went down the long hallway to the outer porch. Just before she might have pitched herself down the long stone stairs, she felt a steadying hand upon each of her arms.

Smiling down at her, Bob and Harold relieved her of the luggage, leaving her with only her backpack and handbag. "Silly girl. Stop letting Vis bully you so much. I know you don't want to set off his dragon, but I think he uses that as an excuse to just scare you with." Dany smiled back and
shrugged. "Not worth the fight over a few bags, really." Both her cousins were dressed as well as Varys could afford to dress them with Targaryen money. Actually, the pinstripe casual business suits and diamond pins on their lapels weren't paid in Dany's coin, not really. Myranda, Kyra, Violet and Tansy were the coin spent for Harold and Bob to dress in their rich splendor.

The four teenagers were all from disinterested services or absentee parents. All were enrolled at the school and were lucky enough to have Harold and Bob as foster parents. In spite of the fact that the two men were only in their early twenties. Bob fostered Myranda and Violet, Harold fostered Kyra and Tansy. At least on paper it looked good and it kept two girls off the streets and away from potential abusive situations. Even the parents of the girls didn't seem to care or question. After all, the men were rich through their Targaryen connection, they had steady jobs at the school, they had a permanent safe home at Tagaryen Estates.

Questions were not asked, money exchanged hands and the girls pretended it was a choice to work for the twins and Varys. They pretended they were lucky to have as much as they did. Myranda would graduate this year along with Tansy. Both pretended they would be free of the school and their foster parents once they had their diplomas. All they had to do was look at Olyvar and Satin to know the truth. Satin and Olyvar were fostered by Varys when they first entered the school, both recruited by Harold and Bob, of course. Satin got his diploma two years ago and he was still working for Varys in the brothel. Olyvar was graduating this year and he wasn't even pretending there would be freedom afterwards.

They all got into the large van and pretended to be normal teenagers heading back to a normal school.
Family Bonding

Polliver sucked deeply upon the last bit of nicotine before stubbing out the cigarette that burnt his fingers as he smashed it between them. He wished to hell that he was able to leave Dragonstone during holidays and vacations like the other students. It drove him crazy that most of the teachers and students had another home, one that was usually far away from this seagull shit covered bunch of rocks. Of course, a few of the students had no other home and spent the empty hours doing hard labor for the school.

That wasn't the case with Polliver, no, his problem was his family actually lived here, in a proper separate home. Like Stannis's family and a few others, Polliver's parents were both staff and their jobs came with a permanent place to live. Therefore, Polliver and his siblings found themselves in the most horrific situation of not only having parents that are part of the school but having to live at their school even on off school times.

Which is why Polliver never bullied Shireen in spite of her facial disfigurements, he just felt too damned bad for her since she was the child of the owner and director of the school. He felt almost as bad for her as he did for himself.

He heard a shifting sound and peered up past the steep looking rocks to see who was climbing towards him and the crashing surf. A halo of fuzzy, curly chestnut hair, large doe eyes and a overly wide foolish smile appeared just above him. "Mom said you better hurry back. Dad's gearing up for his yearly back to school speech, don't want to miss it." Polliver gave a scoffing noise then smirked at his sister as he stood up and stretched. His words came out in a slow, sarcastic drawl.

"Wouldn't want to miss that shit. Not unless I want my head twisted off. Speaking of twisted things, ever figure out how many seagulls live in that nest on your head, Jeyne?" Gasping in outrage, Jeyne's hands flew to her hair then her eyes narrowed and she whacked Polliver's arm. "Jerk! You are just jealous because I have a ton of hair and you have so very, very little." Polliver mimicked Jeyne by gasping and whacking her arm before tossing her over his shoulder.

Ignoring her curses, Polliver began to sing dirty limericks as he climbed up the rocks towards their house.

Unella tapped her foot impatiently then checked her gold watch again. Glancing up at the grey painted wall, the only colors upon it came from the silver framed picture and the mahogany thick shelf holding trophies. Most of the trophies were for her husband's high school years, only a few were from hers and less from their children.

The oversized silver framed picture was the only one of their family. A mountain sized man, bald, beady pale grey eyes and a smirk hinting at evil things. A tall, sturdy woman nearly dwarfed by her husband, shining blond hair sternly pulled back from a handsome face, sharp blue eyes and the mere suggestion of a smile. In front of the man and woman were three children. Two boys on the edge of their teen years and a girl that had a missing tooth in her broad smile, pigtails and holding a stuffed octopus.

A stocky boy with a crew cut, beady blue eyes and the same smirk as his father. The other boy had the same blonde hair and eyes of the mother, the features that made her handsome made the boy breathtakingly beautiful. The tall slim boy smiled into the camera as if he were well aware of how good looking he was. A girl was squeezed between the two boys. She did not look like either of her parents or her brothers.
Large brown doe eyes, shock of brown curls barely held by the ponytail holders, large smile and the
girl was so short and slim, nearly swallowed up by the others. Unella was always stunned how easily
that girl seemed to just fit into their lives even though she wasn't truly blood related. Years back,
before the boys were old enough to attend the academy, Jeyne came into their world.

Gregor and Unella had found themselves unemployed with two third grade boys and Stannis gave
them an offer they couldn't refuse. A real house, not a small city tenement, real education for their
sons, no more overcrowded public school. Stannis was impressed with their credentials and
overlooked why both had been fired from their jobs in the past. The same as he overlooked how
mean and shifty their family seemed to be.

Since the boys were younger than the age usually taught at Dragonstone which was seventh grade
and up, the boys were given classes along with Stannis's daughter. The classes were held in an
unused area of the large old school, in a wing with peeling paint and loud clanking pipes that never
actually offer heat. Unella can hardly believe time has passed so fast. This is the last year of her boys
at Dragonstone Academy.

Unella is aware the boys will run away the second they turn eighteen and have their diplomas.
Gregor has his own plans for his kids but Unella doesn't think the boys will stick around to hear
about it anymore. They hate this place, they can barely tolerate their parents and only Jeyne is a
bright spot for them. As she is for all of them even if none of them would admit that. The girl was so
tiny when they found her suddenly in their lives.

Even Gregor seemed to like the little imp when she started to appear at the school. She was the
daughter of one of the men who worked there but he couldn't care for her correctly. Or perhaps just
didn't want to. Regardless, the girl was everywhere, underfoot and took a real shine to the Clegane
family for no reason anyone could see. No amount of teasing or bullying from the boys bothered her,
no amount of sternness or iciness from Unella, no amount of sadism or verbal abuse from Gregor
stopped her smile.

When the girl started to sneak into the Clegane home to sleep there rather than endure her own often
empty home, her father offered money for them to let her live with them, to raise her for him. The
money was good and the girl was never a problem. It was a surprise to Unella when one day Gregor
came to her and the boys to announce Jeyne was being adopted by them. The father had agreed to it
for a small fee.

It was never resented and the boys were their gentlest and most protective around their little sister.
This year would be Jeyne's first year of the Academy, no longer forced to suffer a small room with a
yawning, bored or too intense teacher with other staff kids too young for the school. She was
bursting with excitement and her brothers were ready to tear apart any asshole that would dare haze
or mess with Jeyne. Gregor and Unella aren't very worried, they know what each kid goes through
in a general sense.

Jeyne has been taught by all of them to defend herself. And who would dare the repercussions of the
Cleganes or Jeyne's actual father's wrath? But even if they did, Jeyne herself could handle most
situations. After living essentially on her own as a child and then with the Cleganes, Jeyne is
prepared for most things cruel, sadistic or crazy. Not to mention, Jeyne had a bit of a temper and a
touch of sadism herself when pushed there. There weren't many little girls that could stand in the face
of Gregor's anger but this one has many times over.

Putting a hand up to shield the sun from her eyes, Unella left the cool, dim grey house to stand on the
front porch. She could see Polliver coming, a laughing and swearing Jeyne hanging over his
shoulder. Her lips twitched in amusement that she quickly hid as she saw her other son, Raff come
around the corner. He was muttering into his cell phone and hung up as he got into hearing range. The kids all crowded around the porch just as Gregor bellowed out the window.

"FAMILY MEETING TIME! I WONDER WHERE THE HELL MY FAMILY WENT? NO ONE TOLD ME THE MEETING WAS IN A NEW LOCATION?" Shutting her eyes briefly, Unella steeled herself and looked at the children, all of them rolling their eyes at the bellowing voice. "Every year, he does this, you know that, stop rolling your eyes, for shame! It's tradition and important to him. So let's go, kids." Ignoring the groans and muttering, Unella led her wayward little ducklings into the house, hating every moment of it.

Unella wished just once to tell Gregor where to stick his lectures. Marching into the dim grey house, they headed for the living room.
"It's a mistake." Selyse said flatly. Stannis fixed his tie and smoothed out his collar while grimacing into the mirror. He could see his wife standing in the kitchen doorway. "She's my daughter. It wouldn't look right not having her at the academy now that she is of age. I've told you that a million times." Another figure came from the kitchen, causing Stannis to sigh deeply. "This place was your dream and your daughter could ruin it. She saw him again last night." Stannis snapped with impatience as he turned around to face his mistress. "It's an imaginary friend. I am sick of hearing of it. Sick of you two nattering at me. My daughter is not sick. She is going. I won't hear anymore about it."

Stannis felt trapped between the women and tried to brush past his wife but she stepped in his way. "She saw him last night. Did you hear that part? The girl needs to be here with us." With a grimace, Stannis moved his wife gently but firmly out of his way. "An imaginary specter. A dream or a nightmare. The only reason this Patchface exists still in Shireen's head is because of you two! If you both had ignored it like I did, it would be over with. But no, you want to fill her head with demons and illness, tell the girl something is wrong with her instead of letting it all fade away! It's a little fiction her mind has given her to get by! Doesn't the girl suffer enough for you? Now enough of this."

Shireen studied herself in the mirror, squinting to see through the cracks all over the glass. Jeans, black t-shirt and royal blue sweater along with new black high top sneakers, hair brushed so it covered her scaled skin. The more she got stressed or excited the more prominent the psoriasis was and Shireen felt quite a measure of both so her skin was worse than usual. Taking deep breaths, she looked at her fingers until they stopped shaking. No one would dare tease her because she was the director's daughter, at least according to her father. According to her mother, Shireen was about to destroy her father's entire school simply by existing too close to it, never mind going to it.

Melissandra told Shireen that there was a sickness, a darkness, perhaps a devil within her. Which was always helpful and supportive. Shireen cannot comprehend how her father can allow this woman to sleep, eat and live with them. She understood that the woman was sleeping with her father and her mother but why did the woman get to live in Shireen's life? Not that Shireen spent much time around any of them if she could help it. She was always aware that her mother disliked her, that her father loved her in cold distant sort of way you'd love a family pet that was just always there. It stopped hurting years ago. What hurt her everyday was being treated like a pariah, like a crazy monster.

Shireen has rarely been allowed around the other kids except those that were in home school classes with her. Lyanna Mormont, Olly and Jeyne were the only kids that Shireen spent any time with. They didn't think she was crazy or infected with a devil nor has she ruined their lives in anyway. When she told them of Patchface, they didn't doubt her one bit. Only the adults disbelieve her. It was almost worse when Melissandra DID believe her, that's when the woman began a campaign to prove that Shireen was possessed by a demon and needed an exorcism. Shireen had become terrified that her parents would allow it, her mother seemed right on board with any cruelty towards her. Luckily, her father stepped in and halted it.

Instead, Stannis brought all three of them to Qyburn, the school doctor. The creeepy old man examined her, did tests, asked questions, then explained to all of them that Shireen simply made Patchface up to deal with her issues. That it should be ignored and it will go away. He scheduled
sessions with Petyr Baelish, the school therapist for her. Shireen gave up trying to get any adult to believe her about the existence of Patchface but she continued to mention him, mostly to irritate her mother and Melissandra. She stopped trying to love her loveless mother years ago and Shireen has never liked Melissandra. In fact, Shireen was of the belief that even her father didn't like them anymore.

It was noted that he moved into one of the guest bedrooms and the two women still slept together in the master bedroom. She hoped that Patchface was wrong and that her parents weren't heading for divorce. Shireen was terrified that her father would allow her mother custody. Patchface assured her that if that did happen, he would take her away but that thought always made her sob harder. Gagging briefly, she tried to get such terrible thoughts out of her head. Today was for positive thinking, it was her first day of real school, like a real teenager. Shireen turned away from the cracked mirror and grabbed her new backpack, ran downstairs to walk to the Academy with her father.
Theon stayed close to Gendry and Ross as they were led by their two burly guides towards school grounds. Tormund used one arm to easily manage to scoop all three nervous teenagers into his hairy embrace. "Now, listen carefully, little rabbits." He pointed carefully. "See that terrifying stone monstrosity? That will be your grand hall of learning adventures and see that slightly smaller monstrosity that lays within it's shadows? That is where you'll put your sweet little heads to sleep at night. Take your luggage and head over. Find Harold and Bob, they are twins with white hair and purple eyes, you can't miss them. They are in charge of the dorms. Welcome to your new home and school, now move or I'll kick your asses there."

Ross blinked as they started to lift their bags and she glanced up at Styr as Tormund walked away. "We all live in the same place, boys and girls? Progressive, huh?" Styr laughed and winked at her with a leer. "Stannis doesn't like to waste cost or space. Girls and boys share the same quarters but not the actual bedrooms. I can assure you that the twins know everything that goes on in there. If you want to fuck around, all you have to do is inform Harold or Bob. They can help you with that problem. Or bring your lady itch issue to Petyr, the school headshrinker. Now move that lovely rounded ass forwards or I'm going to give it an imprint of my boot."

Giving a nervous look at the two boys as they hurried to walk, Ross muttered, "That sounded cryptic and can't be what I'm thinking he meant. Right?" Theon shrugged and Gendry shook his head, giving a rather unsure grin. "I don't know my relatives well enough to answer that. But I have heard rumors...enough to know you should lock your door at night and maybe NOT ask those kind of questions." The three trudged past the foreboding school and narrowly missed being run down by two boys that shoved them out of the way. Ross cursed as the luggage fell into the dirt. A tall senior with stringy dishwater hair, pockmarked skin and bad teeth sneered at them before spitting on the fallen luggage. "Fucking newbies."

As the boy walked away laughing with another boy that was shorter, stockier and had a pallid flat face, Theon grimaced. "I just love this place all ready. So fucking friendly here."

The dorm house was dourly surveyed by the three tilted heads. Gendry spoke in a soft but desolate tone. "I can't. My O.C.D. is gonna go fucking crazy. It looks like a giant just grabbed house parts and tossed it. I mean, look at it! Windows all different places, those can't be bedroom windows, can they? How many doors and staircases are you seeing? It's all out of proportion and nothing looks right. Oh gawd, it's me, isn't it? Having a seizure or blood clot on the brain or something..." Ross patted Gendry's arm and reassured him, "No, we see it too. It's a optical nightmare and it's our new home until we graduate. Panic over that instead. I'll join you."

A voice came out of thin air and all three jumped slightly as they turned to see the owner of the voice. "The dorms look pretty messed up, don't they? Wait until you see it from the inside, it only gets worse. It was built out of an old fortress and gate tower. I'm Arya. I guess this is your first time at our lovely school? Welcome to hell!"

Arya and Lommy were the first friendly faces and Ross, Gendry and Theon were grateful for it. They tried not to look like they were clinging to them and Arya and Lommy were nice enough to pretend not to notice. "I'll take you to the twins for processing. If it's your first year, you'll get the worst rooms until you've either gone up in grade or unless you do something to earn it. Trust me, it's not worth earning a nicer room." Ross widened her eyes at Arya. "Earn?" With a lopsided grin, Lommy sang out, "Arya's older sister Sansa earned herself a private room with it's own bathroom.
Right next to Marge's own luxury place!

Lommy cried out as Arya slammed a fist hard into his shoulder. "Shut the fuck up about my sister or I'll put you in the infirmary. You should know better." Arya turned back to the others with a smirk. "Yeah, the other private bedrooms belong to Loras, Myranda and Olyvar. The two best double rooms are taken by Kyra and Tansy and Ramsay with Damon. Course those boys didn't earn the rooms the same way the girls did. Only other student here with their own fancy rooms that DIDN'T earn it, is Joff." Gendry groaned and muttered to Theon, "I knew it. Little prick is going to lord it all over me. I can see it now." He explained to Lommy and Arya his relations.

Gendry frowned as Arya and Lommy stared then burst into laughter. "I guess our worry about being the biggest targets from seniors is solved." Theon had no idea what Lommy meant by that but he was sure it wasn't very good.
"It's our last damned year and I demand better rooming conditions! Our parents were royalty, we will not stand for this treatment any longer!" Dany prayed for a spaceship to land upon her loudmouth twin but no such luck. For the years that they have gone to the school, they have never experienced regular dorm life as the other students did. They have always remained trapped in a narrow crumbling tower with their cousins.

Varys says it's for their own protection since they are royalty still on the run but Dany is pretty sure no one cares enough anymore to kill them or knows where they are. Of course, if Viserys keeps screaming about their heritage and what they are owed, it only reinforces Varys's reasoning. Every year when they return to school, Viserys has this argument. Though Harold and Bob are in charge of the dormitory, Olenna Tyrell is in charge of them. So each fall Dany finds herself before the old woman, dragged by her brother to have this useless argument. This time, Dany was shocked when the crone set down her tea cup with a shrug and a false smile.

The voice was cultured, conciliatory and cutting. "Oh very well then. It is your last year and no one has ever once cared that you were here. The kingdom your parents owned was a small insignificant one, really. So go on, I will send down orders to your cousins about rooming. Of course, since most rooms have been already assigned, the new roommates may not appreciate your sudden arrival. Can't be helped. Word shall be sent down. Scurry off before you make yourselves tardy for assembly. Never good to start a year with a tardy noticed by Stannis himself. Out!"

Half blinded from the jewels on the liver spotted hand waving them away, Dany stumbled out as her brother yanked her. The teacher's voice followed them out. "See both of you in class on TIME this year, I do hope!" The voice held a tone that assured them both that they will NEVER be marked as on time.

Their cousins were not amused in the least. "Fine. You'll have to have extremely private and good rooms because of who you are. We have none available so you'll have to deal with roommates. Varys will not be happy, the students you are infringing upon will not be happy either. Which means we aren't happy." Harold and Bob loomed over them, truly pissed about the chaos they were just handed. Dany blinked back tears but Viserys just stuck out his jaw and glared. "I don't care. I am sick of acting like we cannot survive without the two of you up our asses! Just give Dany and I a good double room to share. We don't want other roommates."

Scoffing, Harold slapped his younger cousin hard, his temper at a peak. "You are an idiot. We aren't breaking the rules for you, Your Highness. You will never share a room with Dany, not at home and not here. Not ever or I'll castrate you myself. Hear me? Your sister's royal pussy isn't yours to stroke. Varys has plans for each of you, grand plans that might allow you to live the way you really want to. If you ever manage to graduate, stay out of trouble and off your sister! You are royalty, you will marry royalty and live as such, but not until you are both ready. You need to learn some patience. Maybe a little strife to teach you humility."

Dany felt her face turn hot and she bit out, "Do not talk about me like that. I don't want a room near any of you! Give me a room farthest away, give me a room with a newcomer!" Bob shot Harold and Viserys dirty looks then he turned to turn a charming smile onto her. "Now, sweetheart, don't act like that. You don't look very pretty when you pout like that, Dany. Come on, you know Harold didn't mean to insult you, he was just angry at your idiot brother. Smile for me? Hmm?" Dany dared to turn...
and storm off, something she rarely would dare to do back home.

She made it nearly to the door when she slammed hard into a wall and saw stars. Damon frowned, confused then looked down to see Dany staggering, blood spurting from her nose. Ramsay giggled. "Queenie just ran right into you, like, bam! She didn't even see you and it was like a fly, you didn't even feel it, did you? Uh, want to catch her or just let her lay at your feet until someone notices? A blond runs into a blond...there's a joke there somewhere. Both of you are morons is what I'm trying to say, Damon."
It took very little time for chaos to ensue.

Joff refused to share his private rooms with Viserys, who in turn demanded that Joff give him the bed. This dissolved into the two boys having a rather inept sword fight. The winner wasn’t clear, what was clear was the boys destroyed the mattress, curtains, a chair and each other’s clothing. Bob ended the duel before the boys could finish ripping the room apart. Swords were confiscated, the furniture removed and orders for both of them to get cots from the basement.

Both boys decided to put up a screaming match with each other while refusing to sleep on cots. Joff threatened to go to his mother. "I'll tell her you stole my father's swords and forced me to share my room with a stranger!" Viserys screamed nearly high enough to make a nearby seagull explode. "I am no stranger, you fucking worm! I am royalty!"

The fact that the two of them were actually friends and that is why Bob chose to put them in the same room was moot at this point to mention. Bob's temper had reached Harold's own level and both boys discovered being privileged can hurt too.

Dany ended up being taken to Dr. Qyburn by Damon and Ramsay. The lumbering giant seemed to be embarrassed and sorry that he broke her nose but Ramsay couldn't stop laughing and making jokes about it. Harold sent a message to Dany that she must report to Sansa's rooms. Ramsay's eyes widened and he grinned.

"Really? You guys are rooming with the rest of us peasants? Interesting. Why? Why would that old bat decide to let it happen now? Maybe she's getting revenge or playing a game on you. Maybe she's the assassin everyone always says is secretly after you and your brother? What if someone here, a student or teacher needs access to you and here you are now! Served up to anyone who wants to kill you?" Damon guffawed then nearly felled Dany with a paw on her back. "Feel bad for you even worse now. Sansa hates you. She's going to set her little pit-bull sister after you, I bet."

Qyburn rolled his eyes and made a shooing gesture. "Thank you, gentlemen, for bringing Dany to me. Now get out and get your own rooming settled. Assembly is in one hour." Dany pressed her lips together and remained silent after the boys left. She understood that Ramsay was just trying to get a rise out of her but it was a worry she always had. It was instilled into her by her relatives. Viserys didn't seem to fear it, everyone else mocked it. So why did that sadistic jerk just manage to scare the hell out of her? Because...what if it was true?

What if there was an invisible threat just waiting to sink a knife into their throats? And speaking of savage cutting things, Damon was right, Sansa hated the Targaryens, all of them. Sansa had never been more than politely cold to her. Margeary offers a false friendship but at least it's the pretend game at it's best and Dany knows how to play that game. It's a false comfort, but it's still a comfort. Sansa refuses to play the game with her even if she plays it with everyone else. Sansa's hatred was personal.

The first year they all showed at the school, Dany made friends with Jon. They dated for a time and it ended brutally when it was discovered. Viserys, Harold and Bob beat the living hell out of Jon. Dany was sent home early and Varys locked her in her bedroom for two weeks of lectures and meals on trays. When she returned to school, Jon was on crutches, he didn't look or speak to her for the rest of the year.
Sansa and Arya had waited for a chance to catch Dany alone. When questioned later as to how Dany broke her arm, she told half a truth. She said she was running and fell down the stairs. Luckily the Stark sisters were there to help her up and to the infirmary. Ever since then, they all simply avoided each other and it works fine. Hard enough to do in a small boarding school but now it would be impossible. Sansa will never give up her private rooms to Dany and sighing, Dany looked at her fully healed arm. She silently cursed her family.

Ramsay and Damon were still joking about taking bets on Sansa and Arya murdering or disfiguring Dany as they headed back towards the dorms. A second later it was Damon that was laughing as Ramsay was knocked flat. "Ah, shit! Sorry, bro." A gangly looking boy gave a lopsided grin of apology and then ran off, following his new friends. Ramsay sat up and stared after Theon. "That one needs a leash." Damon gasped as he helped Ramsay to his feet. "Our first hint of prey? Can we hunt down fresh meat? Is he our first target?"

Ramsay peered up at Damon. "MY prey and target. But you can help me out. And when we find the right one for you, I'll help you out. For now, let's get our damned room locked up before some filthy Targaryen ends up in it."

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"I have no idea what my grandmother was thinking to do such a thing, Sansa! Want me to go speak with her for you?" As if a word from Marge would change Olenna's will, it was laughable but Sansa shook her head. "No, thank you. I don't know what I've done to earn her wrath but clearly I did something. Or there is a very large mistake. I can simply bypass the twins and Olenna. Bring it to Petyr or Stannis, ask them to scare the twins?"

Marge gave a tiny wince and Sansa sighed deeply. "Too petty and needy?" Tittering, Marge nodded and squeezed her friend's hand. "If you go whining about room placements to your clients, you remind them you are just another student." Setting her teeth, Sansa smiled carefully, her voice sounded like careful steps on black ice. "There are better ways to say things, better things, classier ways. I hate it when you speak so crassly about our love lives." Marge rolled her eyes. "Oh yes, our love lives. More like-

A gasp came out of her as she found herself shoved up against the wall. Sansa stared into those twinkling eyes. "One more time please, more like what? More like freedom, is that what you were going to say?" The tidal wave of hatred she suddenly choked on over this conniving little bitch who PRETENDED to be her loyal friend, Sansa used it. Just as her mentor has taught her, she felt it burn, felt the metal taste in her mouth, the lust well up deep inside.

Her voice came out silky smooth as she released Marge, staring deep into the fearful eyes. "You are really pretty when you are scared, Marge. Any of your CLIENTS enjoy that? I can put a word in about it for you with our...mentor?" Marge turned white and gasped out, "I'm sorry, Sansa. I was only joking, it wasn't funny and I didn't meant any offense." Sansa smiled and stroked Marge's trembling hand. "Thank you for apologizing. I understand why you get so vulgar sometimes, with a grandmother like that. Now, let's talk about how comfortable we are going to make my new roommate." Sansa thought about how her mentor will react to this clear slight.

A lovely smile formed on the bee stung lips and Sansa's eyes lit in a way that might be mistaken for charity. "Yes, let's make Dany very welcome here. After all, it's her first time among the rest of us. She should be included in...everything. Don't you think it's only fair?" Marge smiled back as she fixed her hair and silently seethed at the ginger cunt that was clearly taking every lesson to heart. "The twins are stupid to let my grandmother needle everyone this way. It's going to cause a whore war. Oops, sorry, words just slip out. Happens with a grandmother like mine, I guess." Marge had made sure she was out of reaching range before twittering at Sansa.

Both girls took a moment to make sure their appearances were as lovely as the smiling masks before opening the door and allowing others to see them. Linking arms, they headed towards the school for assembly. They took care not to look in the direction of the twins in the foyer but Sansa made sure the twins saw her toss the crumpled order to share rooms in the trash can on their way out.

Violet gritted her teeth and stood her ground before Bob. "It's not fair! The other girls have better rooms. Ygritte keeps her motorcycle in the room, not to mention Jon! I can't room with her! I deserve better as...your foster daughter!" Bob gave such a look of menace that the angry blonde jumped back. His voice was reasonable, as if speaking to a child. "You said you only like to use your hands and mouth when partying. Not much call for that yet, is there? When you start to gain some popularity here, you'll have a better room. Take your mouth elsewhere. Immediately."

She shoved past Arya, Lommy, Theon, Gendry and Ross. Bob's eyes narrowed upon Arya and
Lommy. "Our resident troublemakers. Lovely. Glad you made it back to school this year. Same rooms as last year." As the two began to argue over it, Harold came over and began to sing "What have you done for me lately?" Giving up on the usual fight, Arya and Lommy left to toss their items in their rooms. Bob and Harold glanced over Theon and Gendry, lingering briefly upon the muscles then landed upon Ross. Instinctively, Ross hid between the two boys as the men came forward like predators that found their prey.

Sighing, Ross knew this was going to be not very different than home, after all. Harold and Bob pushed the boys out of their way and smiled at Ross, taking her hands in theirs. "My dear girl, welcome to our school! What is your name, darling? Ross, what a pretty name. You can have a nice room, I bet you'd like a nice sea breeze coming in your bedroom window." Gendry made a face and Theon blurted out, "She doesn't need to earn anything!" Ross shook her head slightly at Theon but it was too late. Bob turned and smiled at Theon. "We already have a few big mouths around here. We don't need another. And we certainly don't encourage heroes here."

A creepy sound of bells clanging and Harold sighed as he checked his phone. "Fuck. More fresh meat. The city detention center sent us two more. Styr and Tormund are sending them our way. These ones have some uh, criminal and emotional issues." Bob tossed his pen and clipboard onto the desk. He glared more at Theon, stepping closer, hands behind his back now, inching closer until he was leaning over the cringing boy. "I have the perfect room for you and your friends here. Ross and our lovely muscle bound boy can earn their way up if they wish to, but not you. Not for the entire year. Next year, once you've learned how things work, then you ask for more, you can try and earn more."

Theon almost fell backwards before Bob straightened up and tossed a key card at Theon. "Sorry, I only have one. Guess you'll both have to share it." Gendry grabbed Theon and the key, backing away, nodding. Harold handed a key card to Ross with a suggestive look. "This isn't one of our better rooms, sorry, darling. But when you want to change that, you come see me or my brother. Come to us first, love. I promise that we won't treat you like those animals at home did. We take good care of our girls." Ross blinked tears away and staggered away, trying to keep from running away. The boys grabbed her and they ran for their rooms.
Girl Stuff

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Styr and Tormund were not worried about students that come from detention centers or mental hospitals. Similar places and vans have spit out Skinner, Alyn, Ygritte, Lommy, Damon and more. They have been attacked, had kids try to escape. They might argue that some of the kids that came from willing rich parents were sometimes worse than the ones from these centers. So they were ready for anything but not worried in any way. Just interested in escorting these two fuck ups to the twins and get on with their other work. When the two girls emerged from the van, both men grinned at each other.

Tormund asked, "Really? They needed our escort for a violet haired goth and a girl born to be a librarian?" Styr laughed and the girls looked up then. The men stopped laughing and started worrying as soon as they saw the eyes.

Gilly's eyes were a chocolate brown, her thick eyebrows, her shoulder length thick hair matched perfectly. Smooth face, round cheeks, unremarkable in every way, her lips set into a straight line. Her body was average in every way, her outfit was as non-compromising as the flat straight edged hair. A dark green turtle neck shirt tucked neatly into jeans that leads to a pair of tan work boots. She stood straight and silent, yet the way she seemed to judge the men, the more they fidgeted. Looking at the other girl wasn't any better.

Lollys had a short curly thirties look to her violet hair, her bee stung lips pursed in disapproval, glistening with purple lipstick. Her nose, eyebrow and ear piercings all glinting in the sunlight, her black lacy and plumed skirt fluttered in the breeze, clashing with her fishnets and high top maroon sneakers. Adjusting her black corset, Lollys snapped her gum and fixed the collar on her leather jacket. Her eyes were emerald and they seem to pierce hard into the two burly men waiting for them, in spite of the cat's eyes black glasses she wore.

After a moment Gilly arched an eyebrow and looked at Lollys. The purple head tilted and the girls both looked at the men with sudden brilliant smiles. Lollys spoke in a gravelly voice that sounded as if it was permanently sarcastic. "Hey. Hi there. Nice to meet ya. So. Are you the ones who brutalize and rape us on our way to the school? Or are you just kind of eye rapey in general and this is just your way of saying hi, welcome to school?"

Tormund took two large steps forward, feeling dumb for allowing two girls to judge him, two criminal teens at that! He loomed over Lollys and growled like a rabid bear. "Spit out that gum, girl. You are late, you still need rooms and it's almost time for assembly. Already starting on a wrong foot, girlie, want to adjust that attitude." As he moved back, Lollys looked directly in his eye as she spit the gum into the air.

It landed just before his foot and Tormund gave a fierce angry smile. He picked up the gum and pressed it hard to her nose. "If you take that off, I'll beat your bare behind like a bongo. Right in front of everyone. It's a promise, girl." Lollys let her eyes do all her talking but grimly wore the dirty wad of fading pink on her nose, her glasses sliding down as if to investigate the blob.

Gilly remained silent but her eyes seemed to suck in every detail and Styr grabbed her arm even though he had no need to do so. "Let's go, move. Let's make you two someone else's problem, yeah?" He couldn't help himself and leaned down a bit to ask, "Now what could a harmless looking, boring girl like you do to get you into a detention center?" Gilly gave Styr only the briefest moment
of her attention before walking on her own towards the dorms. "I murdered my family. I was too young for the correctional mental health facility." He stopped at that, wondering if she was telling the truth.

Lollys sauntered towards the dormitory as if she didn't have an angry bear man nearly stomping her. She stopped just behind Gilly inside the lobby of this screwed up looking building. Crumbling stone, mismatched bricks, peeling wallpaper, too many staircases, some seeming to only lead to other staircases or end in a small balcony. Who needs inner balconies? The angry bear man has wandered off now that the two blond men have noticed them. Stepping to stand next to Gilly, both girls stiffened, sniffed the air at the same time.

They could see a predator a mile away and these two men were silver wolves just waiting with their jaws open, slobbering, hungry. Gilly's lips formed into a high wattage smile, her eyes frosted over with civil politeness and her spine cracked in effort to become straighter than straight. Lollys gave a lopsided smile and she leaned on the long black desk counter. "Hey. Hi there. So we are transfers from detention and need a room. With a bathroom that has a door that locks and maybe, hot water?"

Harold and Bob assessed the two girls and they smiled back just as hard and insincere.

Chapter End Notes

Secret by The Pierces
Olenna walked in a slow measured pace, her arthritic ringed hand holding tightly to the lovely silver cane, her palm rounded over a smooth crystal ball. She watched Renly, the drama teacher give a wink to Loras as he flew past. Olenna pretended she didn't see Cersei coming at her like a demon ready to spit fire and brimstone. The smile that Cersei bestowed upon her was the same a honey badger gave to it's dying prey. Olenna was amused enough to pause, allowing the woman to catch up. They walked together from the teacher's dorm house towards the school for the assembly.

"Dearest Olenna, I hear you have created quite a stir already. And we have only all returned today! You are just always looking to keep things interesting, aren't you?" With a snicker, Olenna peered up at the tall, snooty golden haired socialite. "Dearest Cersei, I am simply an old and weak woman, befuddled by the dazzle of rich, royal and whiny students. It's the last year for the dragon twins. They are sick of rooming with their cousins and watching second rate pimping happen under their noses. At least this is what I hear from them every day for every year they've been here. They have finally worn me down." Cersei sneered. "I highly doubt your mind has become befuddled. I do understand allowing the twins a taste of student life but to have them intrude upon Sansa and my own Joff?"

Olenna shrugged as they kept walking. "I simply gave the order to Harold and Bob to allow their cousins rooms in the dorm, I said nothing further upon it. That is the delight of hiring Harold and Bob, you see. They get to do the thinking and moving, I just give the order and they take it from there. I guess the men decided that your son and Sansa could benefit from the experience of roommates. A pity. Not for Joff, he gets along with Viserys, both spoiled little boys and he will get over it soon enough. But Sansa, that is quite a different matter. After all, I hear all the time from my Marge that earning these special rooms and favors aren't easy. You are a bit of a slave driver as well as a very harsh mentor and these children must feel they've earned what they suffer for. Will Sansa see this as an insult from the Targaryens or a betrayal from her mentor?"

Cersei's mouth opened to offer a scathing insult but she shut it to glower at Bronn as he shoved past her. "Sorry, sweetheart. Still have a hangover and am clumsy this morning. Why don't you ever use your own lovely charms on Stannis, eh? Or use the ginger to convince the old stern fuck to stop with these assemblies, no one listens to the bullshit speeches anyway." Olenna cackled and stamped her cane down harder. "Bronn, you are only mad at Cersei because you can't afford her girls! Are you wanting a taste of a higher caliber sweet meat than Harold and Bob can offer you?" Sniffling, Cersei walked away from both of them muttering about finding company with a better sense of comportment and taste. Snorting, Bronn waved goodbye, keeping pace now with Olenna.

Alliser Thorne snarled at the young couple trying to steal a few moments to make out before assembly. He wasn't sure which offended him worse, the girl or the boy. Alliser despised each for very different reasons. The girl made him cringe with her ratty crimson braids that started tight against her scalp and sprouted in a thousand directions to her waist. Her leather and denim clothing that jangled with chains, her loud old motorcycle all offended him. The way Ygritte spoke and acted as if she were some young gang thug offended him. Then there was Jon. A handsome young boy that was rich, entitled, handed everything and shits on it all. Because his step mother is a cold woman and this ignorant whore is a hot one. Alliser was raised in a time when to be a boy like Jon was a blight. When being called a bastard could've been cause for a serious fight.

This boy has no idea what his fate could have been like. Has no appreciation for all he has. And the girl, why, in HIS day, Ygritte would have been called a LESBIAN! She would have been gossiped right out of his little town! She wouldn't have had a gentle compassionate gentleman for a boyfriend
in Alliser's old town. Shuddering, Alliser forced himself away from such thoughts and he stormed over to the squirming flesh. "First day, first morning and you've both already earned detention. Very bad way to start the year. Move, both of you!" Jon gave a humble apology but Ygritte just grinned cheekily at Alliser. "Alliser! How was your summer, Sir? Mine was amazing! I went dumpster diving. Ever try it, Sir?"

Alliser glared at the girl sternly. "I am glad to see that your poverty is just a joke to you. Most poor kids would strive to use their opportunities here to pull out of poverty. But not you. You use it for comic material." Ygritte stuck out her chin belligerently. "Maybe I plan to be a comedian." Jon started to yank the angry redhead away. "Let's go, don't get him to add anymore detentions on us." Alliser smiled and nodded. "Too late. Today and tomorrow, detention. Both of you."
TroubleMakers Roll Call

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bob peered at the folders before him before looking at the girls again. "Gilly is guilty of murderer. Lollys of carjacking and manslaughter. Impressive for two young ladies. I hope your senior year is much less eventful. You two are very lucky it's an election year and our judges needed to seem sympathetic along with our politicians. You will room together until we know how well you can be trusted to room with other students." Neither twin mentioned how the girls might earn better conditions though both sets of female eyes seemed to nearly beg them to dare.

Something about that knowing stare, that judgemental blank face on Gilly drove Harold to snap. "Each year your rooming conditions improve along with your higher grade level. You are plain, easily forgettable, far too judgemental and unstable. You are not suitable for any earning jobs I can think of. Your freaky friend is too irritating, strange and rude for our use. Get to your new room and then to assembly! Hurry up, move! Follow us, this way." Bob wondered at his own unease as well as Harold's sudden abruptness. Harold grabbed Gilly's arm and then let out a squawk when he found himself flat on his back, the girl staring down at him.

Giggling, Lollys turned to explain to the dumbfounded Bob, "Gilly doesn't like to be touched without permission. And I bet you thought I was the harder one to get along with, right?" Bob knew he had to gain control of these girls fast. Harold was rising fast but Bob was even faster. Sending a sharp fast foot into Lollys's knee to drop her, he threw a fist at Gilly then gasped as she caught it. Harold finished rising and put a choke hold on Gilly. "Release his fist immediately. This is a terrible way to start your first day of school, young lady." Without more than that blank, almost bored expression, Gilly threw her head back to break Harold's nose with her skull.

Lollys deliberately tripped Bob as he went to assist his brother. In a flash, she had the silver pen from Bob's pocket and was trying her best to plant it deeply within his left ear. Harold managed to hit a button on his phone as blood gushed from his nose. He refused to admit to himself that he was not only in need of bigger assistance than his own twin, but that Gilly had him running in a circle around the counter.

Moments later, Styr was summoned, followed by Tormund. To the shock and gossip of both students and faculty gathering for the assembly, Gregor was also sent to help subdue Gilly and Lollys.

Petyr stepped past Sansa with a warm smile and she smiled back with bright eyes. "Hello, Petyr. I missed you, how was your summer?" If his eyes were any hotter, Sansa would have turned to ash on the spot, at least that's what Marge whispered to Walda Frey as they kept walking. Petyr leaned closer to Sansa, leaving only room for rumors. "I missed you too, dear. I truly hope this year you'll join me on my summer travels now that you'll be an adult." Sansa simpered. "I hope so! Of course, Stannis offered to take me for a sail on his yacht this summer. I am sure I will have plenty of time to visit with both of you before I head off to college."

Unella stepped between them, giving a censuring frown to Sansa until she stammered a good morning to Unella and walked away fast. Only then did Unella turn to match sneers with the shady therapist. "You are needed in the dormitories. I have sent for the doctor and nurse already just in case. It took Gregor, Tormund and Styr to get the two prison girls off of the twins." Petyr's eyes
grew sharp with interest and he nodded. "I will head over. I read their folders only this morning, interesting children, both killers. I can't understand why Stannis is allowing it? We have enough killers here, don't we, Unella?"

Ignoring the jab, Unella snorted and shoved away from Petyr. "You'd best be careful when dealing with killers, Petyr. You never know when one might decide to make you their next victim."

Shireen had been trying to escape her father's shadow to go find Jeyne. Her father has kept a strict hold upon her as they got ready for assembly. She wasn't surprised that her father paid her no more attention once they reached the school. Her father's real passion, his true loves were here, this cold stone building and his students. Well, Shireen was aware as anyone else which student truly held her father's attention. A familiar pang of hurt rang in her heart when Stannis spent her first hour at the school pretending he wasn't staring out the window at Sansa Stark.

A phone rang shrilly into the dusty silent air of the office and Stannis answered it, frowning deeply. "My dear, I must go to the dorms. We have a mild wrinkle to smooth out before assembly. Why don't you go find the staff and see if they need help setting up for assembly?" Shireen sighed but smiled and nodded dutifully. "No problem, dad. Hope everything is okay. See you at assembly. Love you, dad."

Stannis patted her head absently as he rushed out of the room, barely slamming the door onto her ass as she left the room. He muttered, "Yes, me too, kiddo." It was empty words, his mind already on the problem and his feet not far behind. Shireen had no intention of helping staff set up damned chairs for assembly. She waited until her father ran off then went into the milling throng of teenagers. It was time to launch herself as a proper teenage student. Fixing her hair to cover the psoriasis, Shireen melded into the other students.

Ramsay felt something brush past and he looked at Shireen with wide eyes. "AHH! Oh, sorry, just a little troll girl going past us. Don't be scared, Damon, just close your eyes, hold your breath and stay still, it will move on that way. Or do we need to say some sort of chant?" Shireen tried to blink away angry tears as she tried to get past the two bullies but someone tiny got in her way. Jeyne glared up at Ramsay, then way up at Damon. "Jerks! Leave her alone. Want the director to come after you personally?"

Damon grinned and looked at the tiny girl filled with indignation for her scaly little buddy. He patted Jeyne's head and guffawed at the look of pure frustrated rage on her face at his actions. "Aww, don't get so riled, don't want my big toe bit or nothin'." Jeyne sniffed and folded her arms, a smirk growing on her face. "You two think you are the worst bullies, the strongest, most dangerous things here? You both just got beat, you are nothing now. Those two girls that just showed on a prison bus? They just took down Harold, Bob, Styr and Tormund. It took Gregor and all of the others to take both girls down. What do you think they can do to the two of you? I can't wait to watch them grind you into the dust."

Damon growled, he didn't like seeing that look on Jeyne's face, he wanted to remove it personally. Ramsay shoved Damon back, pushed Shireen into the dirt, so he could get before Jeyne. He leaned down into the girl's face and glared at her. "No one will take us down, dear, no one will fuck with us and win. You just made yourself a target, stupid of you, girl."

Ramsay barely finished his last word when Polliver's ugly mug was in his face, rather than Jeyne's pretty elfin one. The two men went into a frenzy of fists and curses. Raff struck Damon from behind...
with a large sharp rock to his back. Jeyne and Shireen walked away, leaving the four boys to try and kill each other on the school lawn. The fighting boys never saw Olenna come over but they all felt her presence when her cane found a soft target on each of them to break up the fight.

Chapter End Notes

Petyr Baelish: Hello by Lionel Richie
Stannis Baratheon: I'm On Fire by Bruce Springsteen
Shireen Baratheon: Pity Party by Melanie Martinez
"EEEEYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!" Two doors opened allowing dim light to enter the cobweb filled hallway as well as releasing copious amounts of smoke and smells. Theon, Gendry and Ross went from ninja dancing away from the large spiders that startled them to weavning and coughing. Two red rimmed eyes peeked blearily out of a mop of sandy brown hair to stare at the three new kids. "Uh, yeah, so...what's going on? Wotcha screaming about? Scared the shit outta me!"

The second door held a girl that looked similar to the clearly stoned boy. "New students? They always send new ones down here to the worst rooms." Jojen snorted at his sister Meera's words. "The BEST rooms! Might be a bit spider filled and cold in the winter but it's private as hell! We can get away with murder down here and no one will know about it. Hey, so welcome to our school, come in, get high before assembly. It's the only way to deal with shit here. I have a bit of everything, first bit is always free to a new student."

Theon and Gendry stared in horror at their new room which was in on the other side of Jojen's room. "My dad's hunting shed is bigger, cleaner and better insulated than this room." Gendry moaned and Theon replied, "My dad HATES me, like, truly, no drama, just plain hates me and my bedroom was nicer than this." Ross felt terrible for her new friends but she felt grateful for at least the meager upgrade. Meera's last roommate transferred schools and Ross was to take the space. At least Meera's room was clean and had a television as well as a space heater. Jojen's room boasted a fridge and microwave, he used thick blankets on the damp walls rather than bother with a space heater. He also sat in a gamer's chair, at a desk that couldn't have been cheap, the computer he gamed on didn't look cheap either. The most interesting thing about the siblings rooms were the copious amount of drugs they seemed to have. Jojen's entire closet was rigged out to grow pot and the shared bathroom looked more like a chemistry lab. Meera's room was full of small bins labeled with emojis that have tiny locks on them.

A heavyset boy snored on the second sagging bed in Jojen's room. "That's Hot Pie, he's my roommate and works for me. Don't wake him until we have to leave for assembly. Poor fucker had to drive all night, making the last of our off island deliveries until late fall." Jojen swung his arms out and gave a silly yet formal smile. "So, my newfound friends, smoke, snort or want a pill?" Gendry declined anything beyond a bottle of water but Theon decided a little weed couldn't hurt, take the edge off. Jojen explained that he shares his narcotic business with others as he rolled a joint. Gendry tried to crack a window and Meera slammed it shut, frowning at the startled boy. She rolled a joint of her own but when Ross suggested smoking it after school hours, Meera shrugged and handed it to Jojen. Taking a deep lungful of the finest sativa, Jojen passed his joint to Theon while he lit the one his sister handed him. Gesturing as he spoke, Jojen explained more about himself and how things work around the school.

"Ramsay and Damon are my partners. Not because I like them, trust them or want them to be my partners. But because I like my face not flayed, I like Hot Pie not cannibalized and I like my sister not hunted to death. So when the sadistic duo told me I was working with them, you can bet I was all smiles and nods. On the other hand, no one dares to steal from us, attack us, report us or cheat us. Let Ramsay and Damon sell to the elite and get their fancy rooms for it. I'm happy with my lab and privacy, happy to be lazy when I can about it all. Around here you have to find ways to earn your
way up. Whether its a better room, a better grade, fucking, better lunch selections, whatever it is you
need or want, you find a way to get it. Some of us earn it, others are rich or entitled enough to just
have it like the royal twins. Others just fight, steal or do whatever they can to take what they want."

Jojen whipped his head at the door as it cracked open. Pointing the lit joint at the door, Jojen sang
out, "Well, speaking of fuckers like that...here's a damned good example of fighting, thieving
assholes!" A head popped into the doorway, followed by another two. Jojen hollered. "Ah, Meera,
shut the door on those freeloaders! They want to try and trick me into giving them some goodies for
free! This is only a one time free sesh for the newbies! You three ain't new and one of you is way too
young. Get your damned hopeful pug face out of my damned doorway, Lyanna! I see you!"

Leaning forward, Jojen bellowed at the pouting girl, who stuck her jutting jaw at him with challenge.
"I KNOW you were sneaking around trying to get into my room while we were gone! Think I can't
tell when someone tries to pick my locks? Huh? You are lucky that I don't send Ramsay or Damon
after you! Get away!" Arya and Lommy laughed as Lyanna swore at Jojen before storming away.
Jojen argued with Arya and Lommy even as he allowed them to take several drags of the joint. Ross
hollered as a spider the size of her thumb bit her thigh and scuttled away into a crack in the wall. This
was hysterical to everyone in the room.

Even though Gendry, Meera and Ross weren't partaking, they were getting a pretty good contact
high. Meera and Arya grinned as they finally asked Ross if the twins offered her a chance to earn a
better room. "Oh yes. They mentioned that but Theon pissed them off and they sent us down here. I
hate to tell you guys but, it's not like it would be new to me. I really hate spiders, I might do some
earning if it meant leaving the bugs behind." The whole room went silent, staring at Ross until she
burst into laughter which sent the rest of them into further braying. All of them too stoned to care that
Ross was telling the truth, including Ross herself.

They were already ten minutes late when they woke Hot Pie and started to float towards the stairs to
the lobby. "I know a shortcut straight into the school, we can slip in and don't worry, these things
always start a bit slow, they won't notice us missing or coming in and so what the fuck is this?" The
others seemed to have been just following Jojen's slow steady stream of words and when he shut up,
they blinked into awareness.

Each at first might have wondered if it were the weed except Jojen voiced this concern to clear it up
for them all. He spoke in a whisper as they all tried hard to stay in the shadows but remain to see
what was happening. "Uh, okay, so are we all seeing the same thing? Are we all lapping the ocular
delights of Harold's broken nose, Bob's bloody ear and black eye? Can you also slap your peepers
on the new jack-o-lantern smile on Styr? Or could we please spend a moment contemplating the
beauty of Tormund's fucked up knee?"

They all nodded dreamily then managed to notice Gregor holding two peculiar girls they have never
seen before. He had them by their necks, one in each hand, holding them while they flailed about,
trying to dislodge him. Arya commented dryly, "He looks a farmer getting ready to strangle his
chickens for dinner." Snorting, Lommy added, "Are you...commenting about Professor Clegane
choking his chicken?" Grins and stifled giggles began.

Seeing Stannis and Petyr come rushing into the lobby along with the medical staff was enough to
scare the humor away. The group pretended they were ghosts as they fumbled out of the lobby and
out the door. They were ready to congratulate themselves on sneaking out without being seen when
a voice boomed after them. "Detention! Idiots!" Jojen winced at Tormund's voice and then he stage
whispered to the others. "Maybe he won't know who each of us were? We can just keep going.
Shh."
"MORON! YOU ARE STILL HOLDING THE JOINT IN YOUR HAND! YOU EACH STARED AT US AS YOU SLID ACROSS THE DAMNED WALLS WITH THE FULL SPEED OF A SALTED SNAIL! DETENTIONS FOR FOR A MONTH! PLUS COUNSELING! AND I DAMNED WELL KNOW EACH OF YOU! THREE OF YOU I BROUGHT HERE MYSELF THIS MORNING! AND THE REST OF YOU I KNOW FAR TOO WELL IN MY WAKING HOURS AND NIGHTMARES! NOW GET TO ASSEMBLY!"

Chapter End Notes

Jojen/Meera Reed: Re: Your Brains by Jonathan Coulton
Shireen rolled her eyes as they settled in seats near the right side of the still empty stage, the most shadowed area of the auditorium. "It's not like we haven't seen this room before. Calm down and sit still. Don't embarrass me in front of my dad, not on our first day!" Jeyne let out a mighty sigh, adjusting herself to sit nearly sideways in her seat. "Hasn't started yet. Kids are just coming and no one sees us or hears us. We have always been invisible to them, just little kids all running around with safety scissors! Now its our turn and everything is running late! Not fair!"

Olly giggled at Jeyne's antics as he sipped from a thermos that he passed onto them. "I managed to steal some vodka when I cleaned Joff's rooms. And now Viserys shares the rooms with him, can you imagine what I can lift from them? I was so lucky to get this new position! No more spiders in my bed with me!" Jeyne put a leg over the armrest and wiggled her bare toes at Olly. Shireen gasped out, "Where the hell are your shoes?" Shireen began to search under the chairs for the girl's sandals while Jeyne lightly taunted Olly. "A rise up, a grade up, but now you are earning your keep! No more having to go to our kiddie classes and no more poor orphan Olly sleeping in a cold basement room. So now they cleaned out a supply closet on the fancy floor so you can sleep closer to your new masters! When Vis needs someone to wipe his royal bum and Joff needs a boy to kick around, you have to go running."

Olly narrowed his eyes. "You are lucky that you never have to go through it. So shut up about it and let me be happy with earning my way out of the pot stench and the spiders!" Jeyne nodded and used her foot to pat Olly's nose while Shireen began to wrestle the sandals on Jeyne's feet. She was putting them on the wrong feet but didn't care. Jeyne winced and shook her fist at Shireen but then turned her large eyes onto Olly. "I'm sorry, Olly. You are right. I was provoking you and it's wrong. Just like I am provoking Shireen right now. Mom and Dad, plus father all say it's my worst quality. It will get me in trouble sometime. As if I don't have the ass dents to prove it already and I have a mark from Unella's shoe still imprinted in my-" Shireen hissed, unable to take it. "Jeyne! Sit right! Olly, don't encourage her." Olly gave an open mouthed look of dramatic shock to Shireen. "Me? What did I do? She's the monkey, I'm just preening."

Shireen moaned and muttered, "Fuck me. Thanks, guys." Olly swallowed hard and Jeyne stared as a figure stood before them, regal, cold harsh icy eyes judged them, found them wanting. With a dignified clearing of her throat, Cersei made all three of them shrink deep into their seats. Arching a perfect golden eyebrow, the woman they all dreaded gave a smirk that all three knew meant bad things. "It's wonderful to see eager students showing early. Good of you to remember to start that teen drinking problem right off the bat. We aren't going to be distasteful and try to deny it, are we, children? No? No. Excellent. Young man, you will hand me that flask. Immediately. Don't bother saying you didn't steal this, it's clearly not yours and I don't care who it belonged to. It contains liquor and it's confiscated by me now."

Cersei let her eyes dismiss Olly and land upon Jeyne, upon Shireen the longest of all.

"Well, what a terrible impression for your parents, what shameless girls you two are. Young man, I will see that you are scheduled for counseling and you can report to detention for two weeks. Since I am aware it's your first day and I am a merciful person, I will see to it that my son doesn't kick you from your needed position when I tell him of your penchant for thievery." Jeyne's eyes widened and she blurted out, "That isn't a mercy! If you tell Joff and Vis that Olly stole that, they'll hurt him!" Olly
tried to shake his head at Jeyne.

Shireen just looked wildly around, hoping no one was watching. At the very same time, Shireen wished someone would show that could help. Maybe drop a ladder from the ceiling so she could climb away before things got worse. Of course, it was the wicked witch of the school which means it can always get worse. Cersei leaned down, staring at Jeyne intensely, studying her as one would study an exotic creature. "I saw the files on you, dearest. You aren't very smart, you are very pretty. You are so dumb but cute, like one of those anime girls, it's painful. When you open your mouth it only gets worse. I see why your father has to pay the Cleganes to care for you. The fact that they haven't cut out your tongue attests to their saintly patience."

Grabbing the tiny hands and squeezing them until tears appeared in Jeyne's eyes, Cersei gave her a cruel but earnest lecture. "I am only saving you the pain of discovery, dear. You will hear nice terms for it from the staff and your family out of pity. Impaired, learning disability, they will give you a thousand titles and diagnosis, maybe therapy and pills. But the truth is this. You are dumb. Stupid, full of daydreams, static white noise and now you've added a little vodka to the mix. You are going to turn from stupid to toxic fast. Even faster once the pretty fades away. Now, you may enjoy three weeks of detention and god knows, they will want to give you counseling." The look of revulsion, pity and a cruel honesty was more than she could take. Jeyne let out a sob, tears rolled and she looked away. Olly fumed silently and Shireen wished she could go invisible.

Tilting her head, Cersei studied Shireen now. "The director's daughter. It's quite a title and I imagine it's one you've never fully ben able to enjoy wearing. Did you decide that you would come in, affix your crown and title, therefore school rules no longer applied to you? Darling, it's always the seniors that rule and I'm afraid you have a very long wait for that crown. We have royalty and aristocrats all in battle for the top, you are just the daughter of a staff member. It means nothing unless your father is noticing. And this, he would notice this. You have made yourself just another one of his daily school problems. One week detention and since you are already scheduled for counseling, I will leave it to you to confess to Petyr about drinking. I won't tell your father this first time. Now that is the appropriate amount of deference being the daughter of Stannis, gets you. Be grateful."

As Cersei headed towards the stage, signaling to a group of rich, fancy students to follow her, Jeyne wiped her eyes. "I hate her so much." Olly wiped his sweaty forehead. "Joff and Vis are gonna fucking kill me. I'm dead. She knows they'll kill me and probably has a hole already dug for my body. Fuck. Fuck!" Shireen sat with her head between her hands. Trying not to panic. Okay, the bitch won't tell about the alcohol, I am safe. Father and Mother will be angry over detentions but they would have gone insane over drinking. Shireen tried to calm herself and ignore Patchface's dire warnings still in her head.

Patchface had heard mother and that whore talking about leaving Stannis, taking Shireen. It didn't bear thinking of but hearing of Shireen drinking might tip them into action. Might cause the women to run and kidnap Shireen, probably to drown her like a witch or something. Shireen was grateful for the out from Cersei and vowed to be more careful in the future. Slumping in her seat, she was relieved when the lights dimmed slightly and it looked like things would happen on time, whether everyone made it or not.

Chapter End Notes

Welcome To The Academy: Glory And Gore by Lorde
Proper Student Bodies

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Qyburn administered a fast acting sedative to both girls and suggested they be brought to the small clinic next to the school. "I can restrain them in beds until Petyr and I can assess them properly. I must say, Stannis, we haven't had a student this out of control in some time, not to mention two of them at the same time." Grimacing, Stannis gave a small empty gesture with his hands.

"When a judge like Tywin Lannister and a prison warden like Roose Bolton ask us a favor, we do it. They are our largest benefactors and suppliers, if they deemed these two girls safe for our school, then we shall strive to live up to that. If by some reason, we cannot, we shall return them. But not until we've given a damned good try, gentlemen." Stannis left the half unconscious girls in the care of Doctor Qyburn and his nurse, Barbary. Stannis rounded on the twins as they just finished getting patched up by the nurse.

"You two! What did you do to provoke them? According to Tormund and Styr those girls were calm the whole way to the dorms. It was only after speaking with you two that they exploded. We are all late for assembly, otherwise I would taking the time to get a full accounting. But I want one tonight after school hours. Now, let's all hurry before we come the very bad examples we are trying to teach these kids not to be!"

When they entered the auditorium they saw that the staff had kept everyone going on time. Stannis watched as Marge glittered on the stage, speaking sweet and clear, leading the classes in affirmations. A smile that included all and excluded everything not false and sweet. She spoke with clear delight about where the sign ups will be for various activities this semester.

Stannis quickly got onto the stairs that led to the backstage area as Sansa got up to smile sweetly at Marge as the young lady sat down. Sansa welcomed everyone back to school and expressed her own joy at coming back. She extended a welcome to all newcomers and gave a general description of the rules and the vision statement of the school. Sansa sat down as an impeccably dressed Loras stood up along with Joff, who dressed just as richly if not as fashionably.

Both boys gave wide smiles and spoke with a tinge of warm humor as they took turns. They invited all to try out for the few sports related activities and reminded them all of the few exciting job opportunities the school offers for those who wish earn extra credit. Loras wrapped them all in a smolder as he breathlessly reminded the kids that they all needed remember to vote for their class politics. Joff winked as he added it was a good way to get involved in their school.

Dany and Viserys walked to the podium as they exchanged cheerful smiles with the other two boys as they sat back down. Violet eyes beckoned and clipped silk voices with a tinge of mysterious accent spoke of new opportunities for students this upcoming year. Dany informed them of a talent show, of sign up sheets to create, join or vote for other clubs. Viserys reminded them there were still field trips to consider this year, also giving them a last little jolt of excitement by reminding everyone that today was only a half day to learn their class schedules and teachers.

Arya openly yawned and muttered to Jojen, "Have they ever once said anything different? Acted it out in a different way even? Maybe before I came here?" Shaking his head, Jojen whispered back as he slumped deeper into his seat. "Nope. Always the same. I remember your brother Robb saying
Joff's part the year I came to the school, the part Sansa is doing was said by Rosaline Frey. Robb graduated that year, I think. This is so fucking boring and I want to sleep. But they have their eyes on us now, can't risk it."

Theon nudged Ross. "Okay, I don't know which one of us is target, but we are being watched in a really creepy way by some mutant redneck and a kind of cute looking troll." Ross tilted her head back and Ramsay waved at her with a cutting smile. Damon grinned cheerfully and twiddled his large fingers. "Oh god. Just what we needed. Great. Maybe if we ignore them they will drown in their own slobber." Gendry had been dozing but cracked open one weary eye to cast towards Ramsay and Damon.

Now that Ross and Theon were pretending to ignore them, Gendry could see who the boys were really looking at. "Theon. It's you. Not Ross. There's an actual surprise. Damn." Arya, Jojen and Meera all turned. Meera spoke first, giving a quick middle finger back to Ramsay and Damon, who returned it happily enough. "Ramsay is bisexual but not Damon. Theon, if Ramsay is looking at you my advice is to kill yourself. Save yourself trouble and pain, just leap off the cliff while you can. I have no idea what Damon's staring at, but it's never good be on the end of his attention or Ramsay's. Ross, if Damon is looking at you, might want to join Theon in the long final jump, just sayin."

Theon slid down in his seat along with Ross and he pretended he didn't feel a mix of dread and excitement about the scary eyed but kind of cute looking guy.

Finally Stannis himself took the podium. And both staff and students prepared to turn to dust as he extolled the virtues of the small boarding school. In time, Stannis wound down.

"This year we have a few new students that I would personally wish to welcome. My own daughter Shireen begins here this year and I am very proud to watch how she will exceed my expectations." Shireen pretended she wasn't trying to sink under her chair, through the floor as everyone looked at her.

"I would also welcome a few of Shireen's classmates, also having spent their time at the smaller classes, finally released into our academy. Jeyne, Olly and Lyanna join us for their freshman year. We have three new juniors this year as well. Theon, Gendry and Ross will be welcome additions, I am sure. There are two new seniors this year. Gilly and Lollys. Now, I am sure gossip has spread. They are from the detention center and they are having some trouble adjusting. I am positive that everyone hear will offer their empathy and understanding. Let's have an excellent year, children. For the seniors, let us make it fun, relevant and memorable."

Stannis smiled, breathing in the wonderful fresh air of the first day of school. The students and staff all clapped and roared.

As soon as Stannis allowed a dismissal, Cersei made a beeline for trouble, her eyes glinting with joy. Leaning over a hung over tiny man that looked up at her with weary disgust, Cersei spoke, making sure that Unella and Gregor could hear. "I just gave that worthless retarded child of yours her first three week detention stint. She didn't even make it through assembly without corrupting the director's daughter and another boy."

Unella and Gregor shared a glance and came closer as Cersei tossed a silver flask into Tyrion's lap. "My flask! Did your vile son finally admit to stealing it?" Cersei smiled. "No. A young boy named Olly stole it, encouraged by Jeyne. They were drinking liquor from it and Jeyne was even offering
some to Shireen. You should pull that girl out now before I get her expelled.” Tiredly, Tyrion defended the girl and himself.

"Petyr can up her medications. The girl can't help being hyper and a bit slow, maybe you shouldn't go finding more things wrong with her. Concentrate on your own spawn who is the real one that stole my flask. And my girl goes here and stays with the Cleganes BECAUSE of you." Laughing, Cersei shook her head. "Pathetic. You sold her to the Cleganes because you are scared of your older sister? Hmm? Get others to protect your own child from scary evil auntie. What a joke you are. You should have given her to me back when I offered. When that whore spat her out, you should have let me have her then."

Snorting, Tyrion muttered, "You tried to drown her twice before she was a year old. You figure if you can't kill me, you'll kill her, get away, sadist." Cersei leaned closer. "The only reason the girl is here, the only real reason the Cleganes raise your child is you are a drunken loser who couldn't even be bothered. You couldn't stay sober long enough to feed and care for a child or even yourself. I remember seeing that filthy toddler, crying, trying to roll you over, to force you awake. If Gregor and Stannis didn't force you to make a decision about Jeyne's care, I would have stepped in. And both of you would have had a tragic accident. Of course, it's always a new day with new possibilities for me, isn't it?"

"Did you say Jeyne was drinking?" The quiet rumble of Gregor's voice was enough to make Cersei stand up and both to focus on the angry giant. Cersei's voice was light and full of sunshine and kittens with huge eyes. "Oh yes! Drinking. This silver flask was full of vodka and I personally saw Jeyne take a long drink and pass it onto Shireen." Unella pressed her lips into a thin line. "We shall take care of this and it won't happen again." Cersei trilled laughter and waved a hand at Unella as if she told a saucy joke.

"Oh, come now! Of course Jeyne will drink again. She's HIS daughter. The daughter of drunken lecher, she will become no better. Worse, actually, I'd think. At least my brother is a smart, clever drunk and can hold a job. Jeyne is dumber than dust and her host of issues aren't going to get any lighter for her, she will drink, drug, fuck and who knows what criminal delights that could lead her into?"

The Cleganes looked murderous and Tyrion clenched his teeth as he got to his feet. "Have you ever met your own son, dearest sister? If anyone is a drunken, lecherous criminal in the making, its Joff. At least I found a stable home for my kid and it's not MY KID that is turned out as a pretty, dumb wh-" The slap resounded through the hall. Tyrion staggered slightly under the open palm blow as Cersei marched away.

Chapter End Notes

Dany, Sansa and Marge: Sippy Cup by Melanie Martinez
Viserys, Joff and Loras: Model Citizen by Alice Cooper
Ramsay and Theon: Didn't We Meet by Alice Cooper
Tyrion Lannister: Blow by Theory of a Deadman
Goal Setting

Chapter Notes

this was posted on the ninth but i edited a bit more. if you read this already, the only addition was Olenna informing the students this was their homeroom.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lyanna stared at her three main companions as they had come up with another idiotic idea. She wants so badly to hang with the older kids but here she is always stuck with losers. Now Jeyne has come up with a harebrained plan since the three of them couldn’t possibly stay out of trouble without Lyanna around. If Lyanna hadn’t been still angry about Jojen yelling at her like that, she would have sat with her friends. But she was angry and sat alone in back. If she had known Olly had a stolen flask or Jeyne was going to act like a hyper loon, Lyanna would have sat there to whack sense into them. Now she is only here for the clean up. How do they exist during the summers without her counsel, she’ll never know.

"Listen to me. I know you are all dreading some heavy shit. I get it. But this plan is pure idiocy. We discussed this so many times. Why won't any of you HEAR me? So I will say it again. I don't care what Patchface says, running away doesn't solve the problems. Also, we all decided that leaving with him is ALWAYS a bad and dangerous idea, right? I mean, we might as well run up to Ramsay and Damon and ask for a hunt. I mean, no one but us ever sees him, no one believes he exists but us, creepy enough as it is. It's not that bad, detention isn't that awful, I am sure. In fact, probably where all the real fun cool kids are."

Jeyne sniffed and shook her head. "No, it's not detention that is the problem. I was caught drinking and that is going to make everyone come down hard on me. Really hard, like as bad or worse as they get on Raff or Polly for it. Plus I have to see my drunk father give me that pity sad look that I hate...it makes me feel so awful about him and me. I know I am small but I hate FEELING small. And I feel real small right now." Olly kept hugging himself tightly muttering about how the boys will literally kill him.

Shireen was biting her nails and feeling the misery of her friends and her own. She has escaped getting in trouble for the drinking but her parents will be all over her over detentions. Patchface could take her away before her parents ever knew of it. Before the whores talk her mother into taking her away. Better odds with her friends and Patchface. Lyanna grabbed Shireen and shook her thoughts away. "No. Nope, it's stupid. Nothing that will happen is going to be bad enough to need to make deals with devils. Even if it's a devil we know and like."

A stern voice reminded them that the five minutes allotted to get to their first class is almost over. "Then I kick your ass to class and give you a tardy strike on your report. This isn't kiddie school anymore. You four need to stop jabbering, jumping and staring at everything like its a damned museum. Get!" They ran from Tormund towards their class. Huffing, Shireen gasped out, "He used to be so nice. Remember he dressed every year as Santa and come to our classroom? And he always gave us extra desserts from the Academy lunch!" Olly skidded into the room with seconds to spare and grinned in triumph. Shireen, Lyanna and Jeyne spilled in at the same time, almost falling on each other.
Olenna stood in front of the class, leaning on her cane and making tsking sounds at them. "Pity. Well, fear not, children, on the first day I do not punish those that are tardy. You need not crawl into the classroom as if you ran a marathon. Once you have learned your way around, you'll find easier and less dramatic ways to be on time. Find seats for yourselves, please." She waited until they all took a seat then she gave them a moment to settle in. Unlike the other classrooms, this one was full of chalkboards and was clearly a throwback into time. Every poster on the wall depicted a historical event. An entire back wall was a painted map.

"My name is Olenna Tyrell. Because our director is a tender hippy soul deep down, he asks us to allow you to use our first names. Please, I beg of you. Do not make the mistake of assuming this allows us any true friendship or warmth. I do not bother with such idiocy. If you are a teacher's pet in my room, it's because you worked your buns off for it. If you are the class clown, well, then, we shall clash and you'll learn humiliation. This is your homeroom as well as your first class of every day. Welcome to History."

Giving her cane a quick thump down, Olenna continued. "In this class we raise our hands for questions. We ask permission before leaving our seats unless we are sharpening a pencil or throwing something away. I expect everyone to give reports in handwriting, yes, children, actual penmanship. Cell phones are turned off, put in your desk or in your backpack during my class. Or I confiscate it until the end of the day. That is for the first offense, of course. Now. If you open those wooden desks you will see a strange object. Please do not be afraid of it. It is called a book. It has pages made of paper that contains words you shall read. Let's give this a try, shall we? Find chapter one. What can you tell me of the time of Spartans? Anyone?"

Olly raised his hand. "Yes?" "Uh, it was made into a really gory movie. It was pretty good. They all died and there was some transvestite guy that wanted to take their space or something." Olenna closed her eyes and inhaled deeply while grasping hard onto her cane. "Begin to read aloud, young man. Let's have a more realistic accounting of the Spartans."

Chapter End Notes

Patchface: Tag, You're It by Melanie Martinez
Welcome To Class

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Cersei stood formidable, like some evil towering queen, the ruler of this class, which she was. When she shut the door, the click could have been a bomb. This homeroom class was seniors only and these seniors knew Cersei wasn't a teacher to mess with. Not if you wanted to live with any measure of peace.

Giving the slightest lifting of her lips, Cersei gently clasped her hands together in front of her waist before speaking.

"Good morning, seniors. I imagine this is the most exciting and important year to you all. This is your last year of being cared for, coddled, sheltered, educated and fed for some of you."

Jon rolled his eyes, Myranda and Olyvar refused to do more than stare in defiance at the pointed look from Cersei. The teacher continued as she allowed her eyes to briefly land upon Joff, Viserys, Sansa, Marge, Loras and Dany.

"Others of you will continue a life of comfort once you leave, but it will still be very different. But you are not there quite yet. This will be your homeroom as well as your math class. Let's go over a quick review on rules, shall we? I expect you to be on time, to listen, to do your assigned work. Do not waste my time or I shall most certainly waste yours. Cell phones may be out on your desks, but if you are using it and I catch you, I best see a calculator or research for educational purposes. I don't confiscate phones for the day. I toss them into the ocean and let you swim to retrieve it."

With a smile full of such icy glee, that Sansa was expecting to see fog come from Cersei's mouth, the teacher changed the subject.

"Now that we have established our rules, let's discuss what is really exciting this last great year for you entitled darlings!"

The words were so mocking that each of her entitled students winced. Cersei began to slowly stroll among the few desks in the small classroom. No one mentioned that the slight smell of wine drifted from her along with an expensive perfume.

"Seniors have duties, responsibilities to be good examples for the lower classes. First, you will teach them how to run a student council, elections, you will also be in charge of assigning certain school activities, you will learn to chaperone the lower classes, tutor them in academics when needed, help them by running various clubs. Teach them fund raising, show them how to do their best in everything. Also, as tradition, you will monitor the lower classes behavior and lead by example. Then we have exclusive senior work, don't we? Yearbook, Prom and more. I suggest that you spend as much time as you need with your guidance counselor to make sure that the best colleges and placements have been made for when you graduate. Jon, Myranda and Olyvar, I urge you to discuss options, perhaps you might get a scholarship or...patronage for yourselves. Or a good work training program?"

Cersei smirked and spread out her elegant hands to them all, palms out.

"I am thrilled to be your guide into young adulthood. Please don't forget that I will be holding a small tea party later with Olenna for the senior class to discuss all your possibilities this year. I extend this..."
invitation to all seniors...regardless of station."

Alliser slammed the door shut then twirled the keys as he headed towards the center of his classroom.

"This is the junior class homeroom. For our newcomers, Theon, Gendry and Ross, my name is Alliser Thorne and this will be your first class of every day this year. I lock that door and take attendance at the exact moment of seven forty five. If you aren't sitting in your seat, you'll be marked as tardy and you will receive a beating in front of your peers. I will have no problem breaking a cell phone that is being used during my class time. I have no issue with treating you like the spoiled brats you truly are."

Even though his raspy voice was targeted at the newcomers, Alliser's eyes were hard pinned on Ygritte, Violet, Kyra, Jojen and Meera.

"In this classroom, you will learn manners, you will learn to be the young adults everyone yearns for you to be. Welcome to Life Skills. Now, let us discuss what that means. It means that I will attempt to turn your sad, depressing lives into something meaningful for society. I will attempt to get you ready to face life outside of these walls and we shall strive for a life without prison or poverty. It can be done, even sad sacks of shit like all of you can achieve it if you truly try."

Alliser gave a smile that looked like it died back when the man was a child.

"There is homework every night. Projects for every weekend. Essays for when you are on vacations. If you cannot pass a class called Life Skills, you might as well jump off the cliff and save us all the embarrassment by drowning quietly."

Chapter End Notes

Alliser: Hated You From Hello by DownPlay
Cersei: Bad Influence by Pink
Tyrion entered his classroom after the bell, he had to refill his thermos and speak with Gregor before trying to figure out what homeroom he was running this year. Gregor had stared down at him with a thunderous frown as Tyrion rambled. "She doesn't know any better, I can talk to her myself, just let it be."

Gregor tilted his head as Tyrion listed every reason, every excuse for Jeyne's drinking and antics. Finally, Gregor leaned down so he was in Tyrion's face in the silence of the staff break room.

"Is that what your father did? Just let it be? Maybe that's why you are unable to walk out of a room without a thermos in your little hand? You let us have Jeyne so your mistakes, so the dangers you faced, won't be hers." Tyrion flushed then retorted angrily. "Maybe Jeyne drank because she gets a bad example from your sons! They drink, drug, hell, they didn't make it to assembly before having a fist fight with Ramsay and Damon!"

Gregor lifted the dwarf by his shirt collar and tie, dangling him like a pinata.

"Lannisters drink, fuck and bribe their troubles away. Cleganes smash their troubles down. I'd rather Jeyne fight every kid in this entire fucking school than turn out like any of you. I would fucking celebrate her being an asshole before I'd celebrate Jeyne acting anything like you or your vile sister. Like every thing else in her small world, I will handle this drinking issue. You can't keep trying to play father when it suits you to do it. Only confuses the girl. Go drink and teach your classes."

With a scowl, Tyrion looked at his homeroom class and his heart sank further to see Arya and Lommy giving shit eating grins and waving at him mockingly. Lommy was openly yawning and Arya was giving herself a manicure with a small blade that was clearly stolen from Ramsay Bolton. Hot Pie's snoring from the back of the classroom was like a small earthquake. "Good morning, sophomores. Welcome to the wonderful world of language arts."

"You were all asked over the summer to read at least one good book. Starting with the first row, please let us all hear of your favorite reading over your break."

Tyrion drank deeply with each student's muttered response, getting more depressed with each child's reading selection.

Arya said her favorite story over the summer was about a man that did things that she couldn't quite remember. Lommy gave a stunning dissertation on a comic book about scantily dressed teen girls that slaughtered zombies. Grenn read an ad for Viagra from an airplane magazine and Pyp told Tyrion he was almost done reading the humor section of a newspaper he stole from the staff meeting room.

Hot Pie's mumbling was unable to be deciphered but his pudgy hand held up a full report in smudged pencil. Tyrion stared at it, nearly in tears of frustration. The words were all misspelled, no punctuation anywhere and yet, it was an entire well thought out essay on A Selection of Jane Austin's Great Works, Special Edition.
Unella's steel gaze landed upon Polliver, Damon, Skinner and Alyn.

"This is the alternative senior class homeroom. It is also your science studies. We shall examine a bit of all you've learned from me for the past four years. We shall revisit geology, biology, take a refresher on astronomy and attempt some chemistry as well as forensic science. If you wish to learn, I will do all I can to assist you. If you wish to act like a fool and not pay attention then you will have a lesson in discomfort instead."

The wooden long pointer in her strong hands left no question in the mind as to what the teacher meant. "It is NOT something to be proud of nor to be ashamed of to be in an alternative classroom. It just means you need to work harder than the others. Do not waste my time with your shenanigans, children. I have no problem with breaking your knuckles and blistering your backsides. The first one to think to pull that chain for the emergency lab shower will-"

She inhaled deeply as the hand connected to an innocently sly looking thin tall boy yanked the chain. Water streamed down and they all watched the tiles pop up and float away. The woman moved so fast, they all ducked as the sound of a whistling stick went through the air. All that could be heard for the next few minutes was the sound of Skinner screaming while the others laughed and the deafening crack of Unella's wrath.

Ramsay and Raff stood silent and still, hands before their backs. Stannis stood before them, his ponderous frown greeting them to the dim chilly room.

"It is often our most intelligent students that cause the worst problems. You both have excelled in every subject and when you grow bored, you create your own challenges. Both of you have demanding fathers that notice flaws faster than your successes. So I shall offer you the rewards you deserve for your talents and allow you a chance to redeem your flaws. Every morning you will check in with me for attendance and you will have a teacher sign off on every independent study. You will work as academic partners. I expect you both to offer tutoring classes, you will offer assistance to any staff member that needs it."

Both students gave earnest smiles and clever eyes that sparkled.

Chapter End Notes

The Geeks Will Inherit The Earth by I Fight Dragons
Day Dreamers

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Petyr's eye twitched very slightly as Lolly gave him a relaxed grin.

"I mean, thanks for the happy drugs, I really like them. Really not needed though, like I said a few times now. Simply tell your pimps to keep their hands to themselves along with their eyes. We aren't for rent or sale, we are just your average crazy chicks trying to get an education on a pile of rocks."

Petyr cleared his throat and shuffled papers, twiddled with a gold pen. "We need more constructive ways for the both of you to voice your grievances when you have them. Violence is not the answer."

Tilting her head, Gilly studied Petyr as if he were another species and she spoke slowly. "All our lives, we were told not to use violence and all we received for it was pain. Prove us wrong and we'll stop being violent in response."

Petyr wanted to be thinking about Sansa. He wanted to think about how to make his wife's death look like a suicide, he wanted to ponder what to do with his retarded stepson. Sansa was a kindhearted girl but he simply can't ask her to raise her own cousin. No, Petyr will impress Sansa with a clean death for her aunt, a quick transfer for Robin to a boarding school far away and a shiny rich estate for his redheaded bride. Surely Sansa will choose him over Stannis, it was laughable really.

What could Stannis hope to offer someone like Sansa? Stannis wasn't the type to divorce his wife or even kick out his mistress. He certainly wouldn't abandon his creepy daughter and where does that leave him with Sansa? Does he expect that Sansa will actually wish to leave for college and the world, then be content to come back here to play part time mistress? Sansa is smart and desperate to escape her gilded cage. She isn't going to let Stannis clip her newly grown wings and Petyr must use care to lure Sansa into wanting to fly with him.

That idiot Renly has bought a ring to give to Loras upon the boy's graduation. Their engagement and marriage will be touted as a romantic story for Dragonstone Academy even as it had been anything but. Petyr wanted to be the one to give Sansa a lovely engagement ring upon her receiving her diploma but he had to employ tactics that take time. Renly had youth, wealth, connections and romance on his side.

Petyr had to marry his obsession's aunt in order to gain the wealth and connections. Having no youth or romantic gestures of handsome young men, he had to rely upon Cersei to provide the rest. No different than Renly. If it weren't for Cersei, Renly wouldn't have found his true love and he is going to pay dearly for it. Petyr's way takes it out of that bitch's realm and into the real world. Sansa will be making a choice of free will to marry Petyr. He is sure of it.

Narrowing his eyes at the two girls before him he spoke.

"Since it was clearly a tense misunderstanding, there will be no punishment for your outburst this morning. However, for the rest of the school half day, you'll be shadowed by Tormund and Styr. By tomorrow, Qyburn will have your medications in the file correctly and you will hopefully be ready to attend full classes without further assistance."

If he expected any form of thanks, he was wrong. Petyr watched as the two stone eyed girls stood up
and left in perfect unison. Creepier than the twins and Petyr knew there was a wealth of mystery and mental illness there. This type of thing usually gave Petyr a great spark of interest but it and everything felt dampened compared to the thoughts of flame red hair.

Bronn smiled and Ross simpered while Theon and Gendry rolled their eyes. Violet and Tansy were also drooling all over the gym teacher. Arya and Meera were too busy drawing in marker all over a dozing Hot Pie. Lommy was mimicking the girls, making Jojen giggle. Bronn looked over at the others and frowned. "Ey! Where's the gym clothes?"

 Arya gave the most innocent look any Stark has ever given. "Sansa ate my gym clothes. It's the bulimia, makes her get all crazy. She had a glass of water last week, said it would hold her until she could binge. Well, it hit in the car on the way back. Jon and I barely got out with our lives! She ate my crackers, Jon's hair gel and most of the clothes we packed. She really mowed down on the gym clothes though. Sorry."

 Bronn stared at her then pointed at the ground. "Ten." With a sigh of someone carrying the weight of the world, Arya dropped to the dirt and began to count out ten push ups. He looked at Jojen and Meera with an expectant look. "Uh, ok, so we got like, some Shelob level spiders in our room, other day one of them went by wearing my shorts." Jojen and Meera joined Arya in the exercise. Lommy didn't bother with an excuse, he just got down next to Meera and began his push ups.

 Hot Pie wore sneakers, shorts and a t shirt. He was also asleep, splayed out on the bleachers. Bronn chuckled at the sight of the artwork the girls did upon the arms and legs. With a hard kick to a pale doughy thigh, the boy startled awake. "OW! Hey! Oh, sorry. Just tired." Nodding, Bronn leaned closer and said, "I am going to give you a minute. You'll see why in a just a second. I'll just wait."

 Blinking blearily, Hot Pie's eyes widened at the sight of heavily muscled naked sailors winking jauntily at him from his legs. "WHAT THE HELL! OH MY GOD!"

 Bronn and the others laughed as he ran for the bathroom.

 Luckily, the janitor was close by and lent Hot Pie special soap that can clean up nearly everything. Davos wasn't a counselor but he knew some of the kids way better than any other adult in the school. He was the one they saw when bad things happened, when they were usually at their worst and weakest. Davos always kept that in mind and always tried to act accordingly. He never gives up their secrets and probably knows of way more bodies than Stannis does.

 Giving Hot Pie some liberally laced hot chocolate, Davos sat with him in his office, near the boiler room. "It's the first day, Bronn won't expect you to make it back. I'll tell him later you were with me. He probably figures it anyway." Hot Pie wondered about bravery. He wasn't brave, allowing his own friends to taunt and bully him shows that. But Hot Pie has one thing, one goal he needs to get brave for. Just before he graduates this school in two years, he wants to sneer something directly into Petyr's face.

 "The school janitor did what you couldn't. He helped me more than the damned therapist did. Suck on that, Petyr." He says it in his head all the time. All that time sitting in that damned therapists office. Anytime a kid arrives from a criminal past or with a family story, Petyr has to pry it out for his own damned amusement. Petyr hated Hot Pie because he came from a forgettable family that was part of a famous crime. This made him a target for the slimy therapist and Hot Pie refused to give in on it.

 Hot Pie has told his whole story to Davos. But to Petyr, he barely said hello.
How anyone could see Petyr as a therapist is beyond both Hot Pie and Davos. But one isn't brave enough and the other isn't powerful enough to say anything. So they drank laced chocolate while sitting in musing silence among old school supplies.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Theme: My Songs Know What You Did In The Dark by Fallout Boy
The classroom was a jungle of predators. Taylor Swift's latest scent mingled uneasily with the Axe body spray as the hot blooded creatures slid in their designer clothing.

Marge and Myranda displayed their cleavage the way birds showed their most colorful undercoat of feathers. Sansa and Dany tossed their flame and sun manes like sleek cats arching to show their tawny coats. Joff, Loras and Vis straightened their swag, inviting the others to admire the way their bodies were framed.

Jon and Ygritte noticed no other predator other than each other, sharing one metal chair, shoving the desk away. Polliver and Damon flexed their muscles and grinned with far too much teeth at females who ignored them. Both grimaced when Loras blew an appreciative kiss at them for the show.

Olyvar giggled and Kyra preened, catching a few appreciative glances from Skinner and Alyn.

It was the new Health and Sexual Education course, offered to all students for the first time. None of the kids knew who would be teaching it but all had their guesses. Then the teacher entered the class and promptly the entire room went cold and numb.

"We will explore healthy sexual relations and we shall delve into the WRONG sexual relations. We will go through every sexual disease, every stage and every prevention that could have been used to halt it. I brought movies, slides and pictures. Let's start in alphabetic order. So...AIDS!"

Gregor smiled as he darkened the lights and set up the projector.

Olly watched the girls drool over Renly while he sat alone and pretended to paint something.

The drama and art teacher was gay but what does that matter? It was irritating as hell, is what it was, how was Olly or any boy supposed to get a girlfriend with guys like Renly around? Didn't matter that Renly only liked guys or that it was clear he was in love with that fancy senior, Loras. For some reason it made the girl students climb over him even more.

If that wasn't bad enough, they had gym together with Bronn later and Olly knew girls did the same thing to him. Bronn wasn't gay and everyone who went to the school knew being a teacher wasn't a deterrent to dating and mating, just meant that you were an earning student.

Course, Olly knew earning through sex wasn't something that Lyanna, Jeyne or Shireen did or would do. Lyanna had too much pride to rent her body. Shireen and Jeyne were staff children and their parents would murder them if they dared such a thing. Nor did they need it. Both went home at night, not to the dorm house.

Not that Olly wanted to date any of the three girls he has spent years learning in small rooms with. He knew them all too well and it would feel strange. But he hoped to meet new kids this year, to break away. Problems was, it was a small school, not too many students and most of the girls Olly would wish to date were older.

It wasn't fair that Olly not only had to compete against every other male student in the school but the
teachers as well.

He daydreamed of asking Arya Stark out to a gaming convention while the girls acted like Renly painting a tree was on par with the Sistine Chapel.

Tormund rubbed his swollen knee and Styr's tongue kept prodding at the sore spot where his tooth was as they glared at Lollys and Gilly. The girls didn't spare the men a single glance as they followed their fresh schedules to the academic building just for the bell signifying lunch to ring. Tormund sullenly directed them towards the lunch hall where other students and staff were heading.

Styr sneered at the girls. "Since we all share the same lunch area, I hope we can trust you to get lunch without outbursts?" Gilly looked up as if assessing this and without a single tinge of humor she stated, "Probably not. I do not know if anyone will threaten or bother us. If you can promise that nothing will trigger a violent response, then I can promise not to have any issues."

Lollys smiled as the two men swore in frustration and hollered at the girls to get in line, to grab four trays instead of two. "Oh goodie, a lunch date with staff! I'm honored, Gilly is honored too." Gilly arched an eyebrow and spoke in her soft deadpan voice as she began to survey the food. "I am honored?"

Lollys nodded firmly. "You are. We are. Does that menu say what I think it does? Yes. Mystery meat pie. Well, scoop me a big piece of that with extra mystery gravy, please! Can't be worse than the brown stew at the detention center." Gilly grimaced. "Well, mystery meat does sound a bit better than just the description of brown. It left far too much to contemplate."

The two men groaned as they listened to the continual running commentary between the girls as they accepted whatever was piled on their plates.

No one seemed to notice Harold with his bulky bandaged nose watching the two girls with ice cold eyes of a hunter. Bob was the only one to notice and when he approached Harold, he was rudely blown off.

"Harold, watch your temper. Last time you lost your temper, we almost lost our positions here, almost cost the little royals cunts their school. I know you'll say that was different. You'll say it was about Jon and Dany, that we only did what was needed. But let me remind you that you have a dragon of your own. Just last summer, do you remember how Myranda cracked wise at you and you broke three of her ribs for it? She wasn't able to work most of the summer, thanks to your temper. These two students are disturbed, Harold. They can't help their vile behavior yet and they aren't for us anyway. Who'd ever want to rent a girl that would kill you as easy as look at you? Not any of our lily bellied clients, even Cersei and Varys together couldn't campaign that kind of crazy as hot."

Harold's eyes stayed on the girls as he followed behind at a distance, heading for the same lunch area. "Bob, fuck off. I'm not starting anything. Just curious. Now I'm curious about what dreadful lunch we are about to receive?" Bob groaned and slapped a weary hand onto his forehead. "Mystery meat pie? On the first day? Who pissed off the lunch staff? Did Stannis cut the meal budget down to ten dollars a week?"

Ramsay's head popped up from behind the steam table glass to give a charming and toothy grin at the twins. "Sirs! Please, I apologize for the error. Our sign fell down and needs to be fixed. This lunch counter is now for students only. Staff meals are going to be served in the staff area by students."
Bob and Harold watched as Ramsay disappeared, a thud and cry was heard before a sullen Alyn came rushing forward to fix a fallen sign.

A holler was heard from the kitchen and Alyn went running back in. Damon and Polliver were laughing their asses off at Skinner, who accidentally dumped flour on his own damned head. Ramsay wasn't laughing, he was leaning close to the others, as if to speak in cheery confidence.

"I hate using my own peers for work. I like to use the underclassmen, I like to use those that have talent and cowardice when I can. Because they fear and respect me, they obey my fucking orders. I asked for your help for just one day and Polly, Raff asked for your help for this one damned day. Tomorrow we will have the rats running shit around here for us but just for two meals can you hold it together? Because it's bad form for me to have to plan revenge upon each of you already. But I will do that, I will hold my failure today against every single one of you and Raff will too. Does anyone here want to spend their year waiting for that day that we get you back? Really take a second and reflect on that, gentlemen."

Chapter End Notes

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Sansa shook her head in disbelief. "What's happened to my perfect first day? First the usurping of my dorm, Gregor teaching sex ed and now meat pie?" Marge shuddered. "Only the rooming is yours, I share the rest of the outrages. And since I spend most of my time with you already and Dany is in your rooms, that is my problem too. You'll do nothing but bitch about her and steal my room for your privacy."

Sansa shrugged. It was true. She raised a beckoning hand to Ramsay, who promptly came over to the line, grinning with antagonistic flair. "Sansa, Marge, how's your new classes? Damon said the new sex education class might turn him into a monk. Are you two ladies considering joining a convent for reformed whores?" Marge gave a tinkling laugh of a fairy about to eat a live mouse. "Are you still sore that we've never thought you worthy enough to fuck?"

Sansa leaned over Ramsay, using her natural height and she spoke slowly, almost a freezing sensuality. "The problem with you and I, Ramsay..." Sansa allowed her cold eyes to light upon Ramsay's full length as a tiny almost smile played upon her lips. Sansa raised a hand just above his head then inched it upwards until it was just above her chin. "You must be at least this tall to enjoy this ride. And you have to have way more money than you'll ever make. Ramsay, I'd fuck your father before I'd let you hold my hand."

Ramsay looked as if he might launch at the girls. For a brief moment, Sansa and Marge seemed to think so too. Time seemed to halt until Ramsay took a deep breath and his mouth twisted into a calm but dangerous sneer. "Take your lunches and stop holding up the line." Joff ended the standoff by shoving the girls and snapping that he was starving. Then he saw the actual food and started a shriek that caused Vis to join in.

The girls didn't bother to take more than some old fruit and milk, leaving the boys to squawk and screech. Ramsay left Alyn and Skinner to dish out food, snapping at them, "Tell the Douchebag Duo they can eat it or starve. I don't have time for this shit. Have to get some recruits." Polliver and Damon were being ordered to assist in bringing food to the staff section and Ramsay grinned at the harassed looking faces. Damon might not like how Ramsay gets but he likes Raff's snooty and neurotic command even less.

Arya unloaded all the pudding and custard cups that she stole onto the table. Shaking the sleeves of her coat dislodged several mini bags of generic potato chips and shimmying her legs gave uneasy birth to several cookies.

Cheers from Ross, Gendry and Theon rose but Jojen grinned with stoned craftiness at the glint in Arya's eyes. "Uh huh. Our savior. What do you want for it? You know mystery meat isn't tolerable to humans, we must have your sugary treats! So out with it, you damned gangster!" Lommy came over and his backpack revealed chocolate milk, brownies and several small covered salads.

"Stole this shit as they were taking it into staff section! Fuckers are getting the good shit! Not that any of it really looks too good, guess no one bothered to tell Ramsay and Raff to make sure someone in there knows how to cook." Lommy frowned as he started to display the stolen goods. "I hope the whole year won't be like this. I mean, I like the power and income but I like edible meals even
Spreading her arms wide, leaning back in her chair and crossing her legs upon the table, Arya wiggled her eyebrows. "Musn't complain, m'dear, as Olenna would say. And as my beloved sister would tell me, when you have lemons, stuff them in your bra or use them to make poisoned lemonade! So...Bids are open!"

Theon's yelp and watching him, Gendry and Ross nearly get trampled by most of the students, sent Meera into hysterical laughter that sustained her enough to wait until supper.

A shadow loomed over Jeyne and for a moment her heart stopped. It was going to be Unella or Gregor and they were so enraged they couldn't wait until later in the day. No, they were here to murder her now in front of the whole school.

Lyanna scowled, Olly frowned and Shireen simply looked at the person above Jeyne with the look of a bullied child. Jeyne sighed in relief after peeking up and seeing Ramsay. "Oh...it's just you. I got scared for a second. Don't sneak up on me."

Ramsay blinked. He blinked again. It was expected that someone like Sansa would try and take on Ramsay. For Sansa to be able to shut Ramsay down, to bite at his swollen ego, it was expected. She was a predator, she was his peer and most even believed that Sansa was his equal. Jeyne challenging him, even in such an accidental way, it wasn't bearable. The girl managed to pull herself right onto Ramsay's shit list and he smiled sweetly at her.

"Starting tomorrow, all underclassman will have jobs here. Jeyne, you will work in the student kitchens for all meals. Every day."

Olly shook his head frantically when Ramsay looked at him. "No! I am already working for Vis and Joff!"

Ramsay gave a small chuckle and then his face began to droop in dramatic sympathy. "Oh, that's right! You are the stupid little boy that stole a flask from them and tried to get both the director's daughter and Clegane's girl drunk. You are right, by the time Joff and Vis finish with you, there won't be anything left to work for me in the kitchens. Poor thing. A pity but, if you live, you'll learn. So there's that at least!"

Winking at Shireen, Ramsay spoke in the voice of a kindly man offering an orphan a kitten. "Aw, don't worry, kiddo! Don't despair, I am not gonna forget you, my little goblin! It would be silly to only take one of the freaks, the two of you come in a pair! I know you were hoping the fancy girls would ask you to do what Olly does for the Douchebag Duo, but it isn't going to happen. You really shouldn't have been left to think it, kind of cruel. That is the point of being a mean girl though."

Ramsay savored the lie as it crushed the leprous little bitch and then he proceeded to nail the coffin shut. He looked at Lyanna and smirked.

"In fact, you are who they chose. Fucked up, I know but...it was right after the decision was made for Dany to share a room with Sansa. That's when it switched from possible Shireen to certainly Lyanna. Who hates you guys that much, I wonder? Oh wait...everyone. Everyone hates you or feels nothing about you. Now, let's summarize, I know you guys are not all that smart. Olly will continue to work for the Douchebag Duo until they've maimed or murdered you, that could be tonight since they are already looking for you."
Giving a sharp nod to the pale boy, Ramsay continued in a cheerful voice. "Lyanna will have to go live in the closet of two simpering fancy girls. You'll have to learn to wait on their pampered asses like a good little girl." He batted his eyelashes as the tomboy grit her teeth then he tilted his head, resting it on two folded hands as he regarded Shireen and Jeyne. Ramsay's voice was a sing song taunting in it's well formed sound.

"Freaky Food Service debuts tomorrow! Jeyne will work three meals, Shireen will be responsible for breakfast and lunch. Wonderful! Enjoy your mystery meat pies and don't worry, they weren't anyone you knew."

Chapter End Notes

Sansa & Marge: Self Esteem by Garfunkel and Oates
Ramsay: I'm Gonna Win by Rob Cantor
Arya & Lommy: Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap AC/DC
Working Together

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jojen gave a low whistle and Theon blinked as things happened fast. Suddenly the crowd dispersed, with only a few quick movements, Arya and Lommy hid the rest of their booty. Wide insincere smiles adorned their faces along with innocent eyes. Ramsay's eyes narrowed upon the two of them as he closed in on the table. "Popular table. Where's everyone going? Hurts my feelings when everyone runs from me."

Arya chuckled. "Aw, don't feel so down over it, Rams. You LIKE it when others run from you, I thought. And I didn't think you had any feelings." Ramsay glared at the impudent cunt then turned his eyes towards his main target. Hot Pie opened one eye as he felt Ramsay's eyes land on him, he also felt strange because a dozen pudding cups were just shoved under various parts of him. "Uh, hey, Ramsay. What's up?" Smiling, Ramsay pointed at Hot Pie and spoke as if telling him he won the lottery.

"Great news for you, Hot Pie! You just got upgraded! Starting tomorrow morning, you are the new school cook! You'll make some easy slop for the students and some simple better food for the staff three times a day. We can discuss perks later, okay, buddy? Awesome!" Hot Pie sat up carefully, to not disturb the hidden pudding cups. "But...who's going to do all the deliveries? I can't do that much work, plus school and all the school deliveries, never mind the ones off grounds!"

Ramsay went still and his eyes remained on Hot Pie. The large boy started to go pale and he dropped his eyes. "Gotcha. School cook. Yay me." Ramsay smiled and patted the chubby shoulder. "Congratulations. You might want to take time to check out the kitchens later, see what you'll have to work with. Raff and I will have a food order budget for you by end of the day. I'll see you in the kitchens to talk about it around suppertime. In fact, why don't you just show up and help us set up supper tonight? We can chat then! Great. Enjoy your lunch!"

Jojen and Meera glared at Ramsay, who was already giving Ross a once over. He gave a brittle smile to her and his voice was polite but clipped. "Hey there, want to earn on your feet instead of your back and knees for once?" Ross knew boys like him, they bought girls like her and abused them, sometimes killed them. "No thank you. The twins already offered me work." Ross was smart enough to keep her voice polite and to keep her eyes twinkling as if Ramsay wasn't a bug she wished to squash.

Ramsay shrugged and it was clear it was as he expected and hoped. He turned to Gendry and smiled. "You are a nice strong boy. You'll do great in the kitchens. You start in the morning. Three meals a day, every day." Gendry's voice couldn't have been drier. "Sounds fun. Can't wait." Ramsay didn't even hear Gendry, he was busy watching Theon pretend not to notice him. Jojen stopped worrying about his deliveries not getting done to holler at the disturbing scene.

"Ramsay, good gods, man! You look like the big bad wolf about to eat our poor Theon! It makes the mystery meat pie become the mystery meat pie that has seen things! Spoils the terrible taste." Ramsay glared at Jojen and Arya giggled. "Why don't you worry about how you are filling in Hot Pie's spot in our business dealings? Maybe make Arya and Lommy do it, be nice if they did something to contribute and earn." Meera snorted. "You want us to let Arya and Lommy work with us? Did you hit your head, Rams?"

"I was joking, Meera. If I found out you two stoners let those two thieves touch our supply, I'd skin
you both. Then I’d skin them. Now, why don’t you get the fuck out of my space so I can speak to...Theon, right?" Theon looked up at Ramsay and he felt fear, lust and had to actually search deep just for a response. His name, right? Yeah. Confirmed, just nod, how fucking stupid do I look? Ramsay smiled at those stupid puppy dog eyes and thought of invisible strings.

"I'm Ramsay." He extended his hand and watched as Theon grabbed it, shaking firmly but Ramsay detected the tiniest tremble. It was a lovely mix of fear and lust that flared up in Theon's eyes and Ramsay thought, oh, this boy is mine. There was a mild disappointment that the hunt would be so easy but Ramsay knew this one wasn't really meant for hunting. This one was for the sport after the capture. Theon was going to start out as a pet and can only go down from there.

Perhaps that was the mistake Ramsay made with his past failures? He always started out with the hunt, making them prey and then pets. Maybe Ramsay will finally show his ultimate patience and create his perfect pet. His father indulges Ramsay in his projects but always puts them down. Its really the only reason that Roose allows Ramsay to hunt or to own pets, it's so Roose can be there every single mistake, Ramsay is sure of it.

"I need someone to help out in the kitchens, I can give you weekends and holidays off?" Theon flushed. Ramsay was asking, not just telling him like the others. "Uh, yeah, no problem." Ramsay gave a charming sideways grin and spoke in a low husky tone. "Uh huh. Great. Thanks. Do you always speak in small grunts? I hope not. Your face might be handsome but not so much that grunting will get you any dates." Lommy rolled his eyes and Arya started to gag loudly.

Ramsay turned fast but before he could release any ire upon the pair, he saw that Stannis was frowning at something. This made Ramsay smile and forget the students before him, even Theon. He started forward so he could watch the frowning Stannis pass his frowning onto Cersei and Olenna, who turned their frowns upon the twins. Then they all turned their frowning onto Sansa, Dany and Marge.

Ramsay has always been proud of his forging skills and it brought a prideful joy to see how angry the staff was that the mean girls dared to deny the director's daughter a coveted position. Watching the highly offended Stannis walk sadly away as he always does, Ramsay tried so hard not to laugh. Adding in Sansa's dainty handwriting that she feared an allergic reaction to the girl upon touching most of the beauty products in their rooms was a nice touch.

In Ramsay's own scrawled words, he had written that he was HONORED to have Shireen on his team. That he felt she showed leadership skills and also perhaps the deft touch of a sous chef. That was contained in the paper Stannis still held as he walked away.

Chapter End Notes

Ramsay/Theon: I'm Your Man by Wham
Whore Pie

Dany has always sat with her brother for lunch, which meant she sat with the other fakers, like herself. She has always believed two things strongly. She believed that she was rich, royal, decreed and entitled. Dany also felt that she didn't deserve to be rich, royal, decreed and entitled. It played uneasy in her soul as she spent everyday living as if she were both a pauper and a prince.

The only semi decent person at the whole table was Loras, at least in Dany's opinion. Compared to Joff and Vis, any verbal insulting Loras does was nothing more than minor spiteful prose. Sansa and Marge play the pretend game with Dany and Walda for school purposes and to show minor social interaction. For the most part, Sansa and Marge engage in keeping their mean girls status while Walda eats her feelings, while Dany pretends she doesn't have any.

Sansa gave Dany a warm smile when the girls had all sat down to the depressing mystery meat pies they couldn't eat even if it wasn't blinking back at them. Walda peeked at the glowing smile and muttered under her breath to Dany, "After they find your body, can I have your hair dryer? And the other hair products, you have that gel that smells like strawberries." Dany wished that Walda hadn't spent so much time today whispering about how badly Sansa was going to take the room insult.

Dany swallowed hard and decided to bite the bullet first.

"Sansa, I am sorry for the inconvenience you've been caused. When Viserys demanded rooms, I had no idea that I would be roomed with you. I offered to stay in the basement rooms or just go stay with Harold and Bob but I was denied. I am sure we can make the best of things without too much trouble. We can create a schedule so we don't bang into each other." Marge and Walda shared the kind of glance that is offered by friends about to watch drama begin before their eyes. It's similar to the eyes of a child at the first sight of a circus.

Sansa tilted her head and reached out to stoke the soft skin on Dany's overly pale hands.

"I keep meaning to finish Twilight then I forget until see your skin and remember, ah yes, vampires, tragic angsty girl, and I simply MUST finish that book. How is your arm? Is it better, dear? Good. That's all behind us now, we are older and I see no reason for us to act like children. It's a waste of our last year here and I truly just want this last year to be perfect. How about we can just try very hard to get along. With a carefully made schedule, if need be. We can have the dorm girl write down and sort out all of our times and needs."

Dany searched Sansa's eyes for the lie and knew it was there but it was invisible.

Walda shuddered as she shoveled more sliced canned peaches into her mouth and muttered, "Who ish dorm gurrl?" Margery closed her eyes then delicately reached out to take the silver fork away from Walda and slam it down. "Walda. If you ever speak with your mouth full in my presence again, I will put it to the vote to have you go sit with Jeyne for a full month during lunch."

"I'm sorry, I'm just starving. Not even salad or jello, no toast, not even soup and crackers! Just whatever homeless person they hunted and gravy with mashed potatoes and dough! What if it's one of Ramsay's last hunts and we are eating herpes ridden whore pie?" Sansa sighed and snapped,
"Shut up and eat your whore pie, I will allow you one week of full meals without censure or lecture if you'll never, ever eat like a pig again. Or, I will agree with Marge. You will go sit with Jeyne, you two can fidget and talk while shoveling food and picking at each other like monkeys, if you'd like?"

Marge grinned nastily at the humiliated Walda. "The new dorm girl is Shireen, director's daughter."

Ratty red braids nearly whipped Vis in the face as Ygritte flew past, thudding a small tray just between Joff and Sansa. "Compliments of Arya. I took the puddings for me and Jon."

Sansa sighed as Walda clapped her hands and dove into the salads and custard cups. A mini fight ensued on the table as everyone tried to find something on the tray to eat. Joff looked up and grimaced. "Uh oh. Cunt brigade coming our way. Who did what this time?"

Sansa couldn't even be surprised when Olenna and Cersei descended upon her and the other girls. It was just a bad day after all and Sansa was going to have to just work with that. A paper was thrust at their faces and Olenna made a clucking sound, giving a very grave look of disappointment to each of the girls, lingering on her own granddaughter.

"My dears, please inform me if these are your lovely signatures upon this insulting letter of rejection? Looks like your signatures and might I remind you that I have seen your signatures for four years now. If its forgery, its excellent. Well, ladies, you've finally reached a stunning pinnacle of mean girl status. Congratulations on truly showing everyone your scales underneath the silk clothing."

Cersei towered over them and her icy gaze landed directly on Sansa. "Its in your handwriting, this letter, on your own perfumed paper with your own favorite red velvet pen. And yet, when I spoke with you this morning, you had decided to take on Shireen in spite of the possible awkwardness."

Sansa gave a shake of her head, scanning the paper. "It's my pen, my paper and writing style but I swear I never did this. I agreed with the other girls that if the director wished for Shireen to be dorm girl that we would accept it and even planned to go easy on her. Why would I ever upset Stannis this way on purpose, Cersei! I was framed and I know by who." Her eyes narrowed on a joyful Ramsay, leaning in a doorway nearby with a wolfish grin.

Cersei let a tiny smirk play on her pale lipstick coated perfectly defined lips and a perfect eyebrow arched. Her voice was silk, it was pure delicious raw honey and every well dressed and coiffed child trembled at the table. "Sansa, sweet, has this day been so trying on you that you are about to point fingers at others for your problems? Do you think Stannis will be better served by whipping an insolent prankster? It would erase the ache or the sting of humiliation, will it?"

With a graceful hand, Cersei drew Sansa up from her chair and led her to an alcove nearby. Sansa turned only slightly and could see the lingering evil ugly faces upon the twinkling rich so called friends as she was led just out of sight. Sansa was pushed gently back by the teacher until her back was against the colored window glass, only Cersei's back could be seen at the angle of the cafeteria entrance. Cersei held the paper on top of a folder full of freshly copied papers.

With a nonchalant look upon her face, Cersei ran the edge of the folder along the front of Sansa's dress. It was almost as if they both were pretending that Cersei's other hand wasn't unbuttoning the two buttons just over Sansa's breasts. Once Sansa's right breast was freed, as soon as the rosy hard nipple was in the exposed air, Cersei began to carefully run both the edge of the folder and her own long manicured finger nail to stroke over the tender bud, making Sansa turn red and breath in tiny pants
"Do not act the little girl and tell on another. Act like the woman you want Stannis to see you as, Sansa. Or all our hard work is for nothing. Fix this, I know you can do it. The paper played on his fears for that little sad pitiful daughter, so you play upon those same fears to fix it. Talk slowly, with feeling, like this and stroke his arm, or his back, leg or hell, cock, like this as you talk."

Sansa was soaked, trying not to squirm, biting her lip not to beg Cersei to use her hand or to let Sansa use her hand. She allowed the thick sweetness of Cersei's voice touch her, stroke her in unreachable places. A sudden sharp pain and a small bead of blood on her nipple. Cersei licked the crimson bead up with a tongue that was long but she only flicked the very tip of her tongue over the straining nipple. "Sorry, love. Paper cut. Now go fix things. It is alright if you are late to our senior get together later, this is more important."

Chapter End Notes

Mean Girls Club: Little Lies by FleetWood Mac
Tyrion was glad that he mostly drinks his lunch. After seeing a few wilted salads, lukewarm canned chicken soup, stale tasting grilled cheese sandwiches and what seemed to be a small amount of assorted cookies and cups of possible jello or custard, he was more grateful than ever. Munching on a few cookies, he listened to the others bitch about the strange lunch, about their new students. He watched the cunt fest over the placement of students and grinned joyfully.

He has already tossed the Jeyne drinking problem away, the Cleganes will handle it there wasn’t anything he could do. All Tyrion can do is remind himself that as tiny and fragile as Jeyne is, the Cleganes have never broken her. In fact, she CHOSE them, always heading into their strange battle clan rather than towards anyone else here. Jeyne was very little when she figured out that survival was not going to be easy for her. By the time she was three, Jeyne understood that she had to stay far from Cersei.

The tiny tot would get lured by candy or toys and the evil bitch would destroy whatever she was offering to Jeyne, with that famous Cersei smile. If Jeyne was too loud or annoying, Cersei would beat the girl, try to drown her on occasion. But Jeyne didn’t drift towards the Baratheons, she didn’t wander to visit the women at Stannis’s home, even though both Stannis’s wife and his mistress run the lower classes. Jeyne would let the women treat her injuries but never said how they happened and never asked them for help.

No, the little tyke would find a Clegane and simply stay in their shadow, babbling away whether she was ignored or not. It was an amazing thing to the whole school that Gregor and Unella, the two coldest and most brutal couple were the ones that little Jeyne seemed to want to be with. More amazing was the fact that they let her, in fact, went to Tyrion and Stannis and offered to take and keep her. Tyrion knew he was a shitty father and yet, he did love and care about his daughter.

Giving Jeyne to the Cleganes was the best thing Tyrion could do for the girl, he always tells himself that. Tyrion wants to believe that keeping the girl with the Cleganes, keeping the girl on this rocky island for most of her life has been the safest option. It never occurred to Tyrion that he might pass his alcoholism onto Jeyne. He hopes that Gregor and Unella will find a way to keep Jeyne on the straight and narrow. He hopes that they won't maim or murder Jeyne out of misguided tough love.

Tyrion is sick of hoping of things and drinks a little more as he squinted at the schedule newly created for the teachers. Because it was a small school with a small staff, the teachers were always stuck with extra classes and work. The detention classes are on a rotation and Tyrion was happy to see that he was not on the list. He groaned to see he was running the Fall Festival this year. Paired to work it with him is Olenna Tyrell. His head thunked onto the table and Tyrion let out a terrible moan.

As lunch began to end, Gregor came out and announced, "Half day of school is over. Those that need medications, go see the nurse at the clinic. Those that have detention will meet in the Student Support center in ten minutes. Supper is served here every night between five and six. If you do not make it here before six, you have no hot supper. No excuses or exceptions without a written note from a teacher. All student activities and chores are listed and posted in the hall. Take a look as you leave. If you have a problem with your placement, we are sorry to hear it. Better luck next semester."
A mummified elderly woman with a mean squinting look sucked on a hard candy and stared at the children standing before her half door. "Ah, medication time. Here you are, tiny trouble, take your pills so others may have peace from your jumping around. Don't forget the orange one! I know you don't like it but they don't come in a smaller size. Funny, most girls in this school can swallow any big thing that gets stuck in their mouths."

While Jeyne struggled to swallow a huge pill, Shireen was handed one pill and a small tube of cream to use quickly on her face. "Here you go, lil' leper! Not that it ever really helps, does it? Pity." Barbary lit up with an even meaner smile as she handed Hot Pie his medication. "Here you are, big guy! Hey, have you thought about trying to actually lose weight instead of taking these pills?"
Coldly, Hot Pie responded. "The pills are what cause the weight gain. But if I stop taking them, I will be thin and trim when I strangle the life out of you. So best I take those pills."

The entire line was laughing now and Barbary was quick to take control of the situation with a mean smile pursed on her thin crimson painted lips. Her teeth showed briefly as she spoke and they were nicotine stained with a bit of lipstick on a particularly large fang. "I think you just threatened me, boy. Detention, fatso. Enjoy." Hot Pie snorted. "Already have detention. No biggie." Barbary sneered and stared down Gilly who stared back flatly. "A true crazy. You and that purple haired one behind you. With meds like these, you should be in someplace with bars."

Shrugging, Gilly took her meds and tossed them down her throat like a pro.

Ramsay, Damon, Polliver and Raff all sauntered into the old stone house that was designated as the detention hall. They sat in the dark damp space at warped old desks, still discussing their plans to run the cafeteria. They grinned as they watched Theon, Gendry and Ross nearly tip toe into the house and gingerly sat at the old desks. Polliver shout whispered about fresh meat to watch the three newbies squirm. The grins became frowns as they watched Arya and Lommy come in with the Reeds, high as kites, all of them. Shireen, Olly and Jeyne came in next.

Polliver arched his eyebrow and yelled, "Shrimp! What did you do?" Jeyne turned red and mumbled. Polly blinked at Raff. "What did she say? I can barely hear her." Jojen yelled out helpfully, "Jeyne was caught drinking during assembly!" Jeyne groaned and tried to sink under the desk. Everyone was looking at her now and her brothers looks were the worst of all. They looked disappointed and worried which wasn't fair and she said so. Raff and Polly walked over and with one hand, Raff lifted Jeyne up to stand on the desk. "Not fair?"

Jeyne sniffed and wiped her eyes, she HATED to disappoint her family, they were all she HAD, all she will ever have and she started to cry unable to help it. Stupid fears. "You drink! I saw both of you drinking lots of times! Don't LOOK at me like that when you've done it too! I never LOOKED at YOU that way!" Most others looked away, they saw this was no longer just a chance to tease someone about their failures. Polliver shoved Raff out of his way and looked Jeyne in the eyes with sternness, even as he wiped at her wet face.

"Difference is, Unella and Gregor aren't alcoholics. Tyrion is and he might have passed it on to you. Look at him, look at his sister, both can't stop drinking if they tried. Look how mean Cersei is, look how fucked up Tyrion is. You don't want to be like them, do you? You can't drink, can't take the chance, Jeyne." Polliver was shoved out of the way and Raff grabbed Jeyne and shook her briefly. "Hey, why did you do something so fucking stupid, huh?"

"Young man, release that child and find a seat immediately. Young lady, get off that desk and sit in a chair. Detention has begun."
The sight of Alliser Thorne with a cheerful smile was terrifying.

Jon and Ygritte entered the room and Alliser went into a frenzy of excitement. "LATE! TARDY! LATE FOR DETENTION!" The exuberant beating of Jon and Ygritte took his focus from the others that slumped onto their desks.

Chapter End Notes

Barbary & Alliser: Teenagers by My Chemical Romance
Sansa walked up the long outer stone stairs towards the top of the crumbling tower of stones that she knew Stannis went to when he was upset over things.

On her way there, she looked at all below and gave a tiny smirk. Good to see she wasn’t the only one already back to work. Marge, Walda and the boys might have the day free but it looks like the twins haven’t giving their girls a day to adjust to being back at school. Kyra and Tansy were both draped all over Podrick, the music teacher, until he finally walked off without a girl at all, they only pouted until Tormund and Styr came by. The twins were quick to give each pouting girl away for an hour or two. She saw Violet walk off with Bronn after they briefly spoke to Bob. Myranda winked at Harold before leading a stumbling Tyrion away. Sansa grinned, remembering the one time that Tyrion was so drunk that he deliberately took on Cersei in front of her girls.

She must have been only a sophomore and it was around wintertime, just after the holidays. Dark, cold and everyone longed for warmth, lights and company even if the company was irritating. If the storms got bad, they were all confined to the dorm houses and had to use an underground tunnel to reach each house as well as the kitchens. Tyrion had stumbled into Cersei's parlor along with Bronn and Podrick.

Cersei had been insulted and stood up with wrath that was icier than any winter storm. "You two will vacate this room or I will be sure to write your families about your tragic deaths. Tyrion, as my blood relative, I'll let you in but I make no promises that you'll leave alive." Tyrion blustered but Cersei walked forward, staring directly at Podrick and Bronn. In spite of Tyrion's protests, Podrick saw the look in Cersei's eyes and ran for his life. Bronn openly yawned but as Cersei came ever closer, he lifted his hands in surrender and turned to saunter away.

"Sorry, Tyrion. I'm going where there are pretty girls that are warm, nice and enjoy humor. I like to know that my girls actually enjoy themselves, real honest girls. Have fun at the feline breeding program, I'm heading to the shelter, gonna find a girl that don't care that I mess up her fur as long as I make her cream."

Sansa remembered feeling a mix of shame and anger at Bronn's insult. Tyrion had laughed long and hard and Cersei hotly told him to go join his friend at the shelter. Tyrion helped himself to Cersei's best wine and sat in her favorite chair. "Why? Why should I? You have pretty girls, a crackling fire, I am tired of staring at the same things, saying the same jokes, seeing the same faces. So here I am." Cersei had sneered as she drank straight from the bottle as she perched on the arm of her chair, instead of kicking her brother out of it.

Marge, Sansa and Walda had been so shocked, they'd never seen Cersei act anything less than her perfect self before. Even drunk, Cersei has always worn her mask of perfection, seeing it drop even a bit was disconcerting and awkward. Rosalyn, Cersei's most popular girl and Robb's public girlfriend, leaned over and had explained quietly that this is how she got when too drunk or with her brother. They were to ignore it and just act as things were normal. They sipped their hot cider, nibbled at gingerbread men and pretended not to hear the two arguing. Finally, Cersei had yelled, "Fine! You feel you are worthy of one of MY girls then you may prove it to me."

Cersei stood up, nearly swayed but grabbed onto the back of the chair with a death grip, pulling herself up high. "Walda Frey. She is yours for tonight, free of charge! You will take her in front of us
all and if you get her to squeal for you in honest pleasure, I’ll let you use my girls from now on. Are you worthy, we shall all find out! What else do we have to do and it’s a nice change of pace for Walda. Usually, we only have a few rare clients that enjoy her...body type.” Tyrion was drunk enough to accept the dare and neither thought of the cruelty to Walda.

Sansa remembers how awful and awkward it was for them. The girls all had to sit on chairs in one of Cersei’s lovely side bedrooms, crowded around the bed. Walda tried so hard, she truly did but tears ended up spilling even though she kept the small smile. Cersei had sneered, slopping wine in her gold goblet that her son had given her as a gift for Christmas. "Try just a bit harder, darling. Cows tend to have very tough hides, Walda. Think of yourself as a cow. Hard on the outside, full of sweet milk for all to suck out of you until your a husk. And think, a husk is so light, honey!"

Only Cersei was laughing and taunting, the girls sat silently, wincing at the scene before them. Rosalyn took a second to slip a lipstick out and apply it. As she did so, she lowered her head and whispered to the younger girls. "In a second, she’s going to look at us. When that happens, we have to tease Walda and Tyrion. Don’t look so shocked. You wanted to be mean girls, you wanted to fuck your way in and out of things? That is what this is, right in the dirty unfair shit of it all. This is what is under all the glitter, baby dolls. If you don’t do it, you might as well leave now. For good."

And they had done it. Sansa remembers feeling a terrible embarrassment and empathy with Walda the entire time. She also felt that Rosalyn and Marge felt the same as she did. But they teased, taunted and laughed. And they enjoyed it. Sansa knew it was wrong but she loved every mean awful terrible second of it. By the time they were done, Cersei had not only laughed herself into a stupor but the couple did not succeed in pleasure for either of them. Walda ran naked and sobbing into the bathroom while Tyrion hurried to dress and leave.

Walda did not leave her dorm until school opened again. Even then it took a week or so before she spoke to them again. Rosalyn had taken her time before trying to counsel but decided a week was long enough to let the girl lick her wounds. Rosalyn had forced Walda over to their table and sat her among the others, speaking hard and clear to Walda but all of them as well.

"You wanted to be in the group, right? Want to show your molester daddy that you can be in the glittering throng? A swine among pearls and here you are! You have earned it, you have truly earned it. Perhaps even more than Sansa and Marge. Which is why Cersei has just authorized a line of credit for you at that swanky clothing store you enjoy. Its only a thousand dollars so do be frugal, dear. And don’t worry. Think of it this way. Soon enough Cersei will be just as cutting, just as repulsive to Marge and Sansa. It’s equal cunt-tunity here. We all get bled by the sharp toothed bitch at some point. And you get to deal out as much as you take. Though, Cersei did have a good point, ladies. About having thick skin? You cannot dish it out but not receive it. That won’t work here. Remember that."

Sansa remembered it well. She wasn’t scared, apprehensive about appeasing Stannis’s hurt pride nor was she hurt by Ramsay’s prank. She was pissed off and had every intention of paying that evil brat back in kind. But first she had to focus on Stannis, turn the anger into lust, into sweet clear focus so she can soothe the dusty pride in the director’s soul.

Arms wrap around his stiff back and she leans against his back, breathing deeply of his cologne. With a sigh, Stannis gently placed his hands on hers as he continued to look out at the ocean. "I see that it was my own fault. I tried to force you all into a bad situation. Of course Shireen would be allergic to almost everything girls have! She would have to wear gloves all the time and it’s not like you could even give her make up tips. Its not like she’s going to suddenly change, lose her skin condition, act normal, like a teenage girl should."
Sansa rolled her eyes behind his back but her voice was reasonable, sweet and soft, the tiniest hint of a stinger.

"It's not only her allergy problems or about her appearance. Those are small and easily dealt with issues but I couldn't write the real truth, Stannis. But...I would like the chance to tell you the truth in private. I did not want Shireen put in that terrible and awkward situation. I didn't want to put either of us in that awkward space. Stannis, you deny it but Shireen knows. If you ask her, she knows that you are not only sleeping with me but that we love each other. She accepts it but I can't ask Shireen to take care of the sheets and toiletries of her father's lover. Think of that, Sir! Shireen would be washing my underwear after I've been with you."

Stannis shuddered and rubbed at his face as if to erase the vision.

"I didn't need to know that! But, you are right. I wasn't thinking. I honestly thought it would just be helpful for her to be with the elite class. Oh no, Shireen must be so relieved...she must have been upset that I just stuck her in that position without asking. She never said a word." Sansa smiled and rubbed her hair along his neck until goosebumps rose. "That's because Shireen is a good daughter. And I wanted to be a good girlfriend but as an elite girl of the school, it was my duty to help and protect the lower classes. So I wrote the letter so Shireen would not be stuck in a bad position."

A small curve of Stannis's lips as he raised a hand to run a finger across Sansa's right cheek. "Thank you. You were wrong in doing it so publicly we all know everyone here talks. But you did the right thing by letting me know it's wrong to put Shireen and yourself in that position. It was nice of you to watch out for Shireen, even if you do it in a semi mean way." Sansa blushed and tartly responded, "I am a mean girl, after all. Must keep up my reputation, Sir." Her clipped voice was spot on, even as Stannis's thumb was caressing Sansa's sore nipple, causing her bra to push fibers into the tiny slit wound.

Stannis took her against the rough stones of the wall that kept them from plunging to their deaths. His mouth was hot, teeth just grazing along her skin, making Sansa start to feel flushed and shivery all at once. Arching like a cat, she invited him in, guided with a smile and long legs that wound around his hips. "Hard and fast, Sir, we don't have very long. I must have tea with the students and staff." Stannis grunted and bit on the nipple he was lavishing with his tongue. It was a light bite, of course but it was the paper cut nipple and Sansa bit her lip to stifle a cry. "Damn them. I have duties as well."

Sansa giggled as Stannis rubbed his face into her breasts as he groaned and acted like Tyrion having a hangover. "Why? Why do they torture us this way, Sansa? Why are we so in demand?" Her laughter was husky but real as his muffled voice lamented into her skin. His words vibrated pleasantly through her breasts and his light stubble tickled her good nipple. Sansa put a kiss on his greying head then he was on her, pressing her into the cold stones as his kiss came hot and hard. He thrust his tongue into her mouth as if it were a battlefield and he was going to win.

Sansa was aware of only heat, need and flesh. She worked Stannis's body as if it were a safe she knew the code to and in return, drove Stannis to a level she enjoyed. The feelings he produced on her skin were pleasurable but it was the knowledge of how wild she has driven him that truly makes her wet. Her panting excitement was driven by her need of power. Stannis knew how to move his hips in a way that Sansa loved.

Purring in delight, Sansa tightened her muscles to cause Stannis to gasp, swear he has never known a girl that had that kind of talent, to squeeze and release with such precision. Waiting until he was nearly begging before releasing the muscles, Sansa began to pump herself as if Stannis were her own favorite dildo. Stannis groaned and thrust harder, licking at her neck, nibbling on her ear. Sansa kept
the pace steady, keeping it at how she would use her sex toys, loving this thought. She wondered what Stannis would think if she slipped and called him her fucktoy?

That thought alone sent Sansa into a harsh peak that made her clench hard while softly crying out. Stannis was lost himself then, watching the raw pleasure on that angelic face caused his own sweeping orgasm.

Chapter End Notes

Cersei’s Cattery: Lady Marmalade by Moulin Rouge
Mean Girls: If God Were A DJ by Pink
High School Ninjas

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Theon, Ross, Gendry, Lyanna, Shireen, Olly and Jeyne had never experienced a detention like this before. It was nothing they could have prepared for because this was pure Allister at his element.

To hell with counseling and understanding. Forget coddling or letting the little bastards use the time to pretend to study while they are really just up to their usual ways of just fucking away their lives! Not on his watch, thank you very fucking much! Alliser loves to get detention duty, in fact, he has put in several times to be made permanent detention counselor. He would be happy to use Unella as an extra if Stannis truly felt the need for a rotation.

Stannis always rotates it so everyone has a turn, trying to be fair and not stick everyone with a single thing. That means when Alliser's turn at detention is over, he will have to do something repulsive. Like run a holiday festival or overseeing some sort of stage production or teaching sex education. He thinks of the year that he and Unella got stuck running the damned prom. That was the worst year ever and the worst prom by everyone's standards.

Alliser brought his long thin reed down upon Jon and Ygritte until he was sure they would be too sore to fuck for the night. With a grim smile, rubbing at his sore shoulder, Alliser fed upon the sobs the two were trying to suppress. He breathed in the terror of the new students and relished the wary looks of all the students as he began to tap the end of the reed into his palm, strolling calmly around the room.

"This is detention, ladies and gentlemen. It's not a time for reflection, jokes, passing notes, making out, getting high, reading a comic, playing a game, texting, sexting, googling, twittering, trending, Instagram, snapchat, tumblr, no more reddit, look for memes and Pokemon on your own time please. No music, no laughter, this room does not contain rainbows, understanding of your concerns. The walls and I do not care about your problems or wants. I am here to provide what you need. Which is good old fashioned discipline. And if you didn't need it, you wouldn't be in this room."

Each teenager received a copy of their school rule book. Tattered and torn, old copies that Alliser amends himself as the school rules have changed over time. He slammed a copy down before each child, hard enough to make them flinch. Pacing between the rows, twirling his beating stick, Alliser nearly purred, "Everyone will take a turn to read out loud. Then at the end of each chapter, I will ask questions. I suggest you pay strict attention so you will know the answers. Jon, begin with the preface."

Alliser was a high school ninja.

If a child stopped reading along silently, he knew, he struck. If one of the kids was sneaking to look elsewhere, write a note, text or daydream, he knew, he struck. A word said wrong, breathing too loud, shifting too much, twiddling with a pencil, he knows and he strikes. Never looking or speaking to the offended, just the quick sharp red line of disapproval from a whistle of wood and crack of brilliant pain. Before the end of the detention every child will bear at least one mark on their flesh to remind them to behave.

Jeyne stumbled on a bunch of words during her time to recite and received enough hits that her brothers stood up. Alliser saw them and glared at them. "You aren't allowed to defend your sister. This isn't a fight outside, gentlemen. This is detention, she is here for a reason, just like you two."
Don't worry, I'm coming for you next! Now, retarded half dwarf, have you ever heard of phonics?"
Shireen closed her eyes and took a deep breath as her friend burst into tears. Just as she opened her
mouth about to use being Stannis's daughter to try and save her friend, Polliver yelled.

"Alliser has an erection! A fucking discipline boner! Look! You can fucking SEE it!" Raff joined in
as he pointed. "HEY! Get your discipline boner away from my little sister!" Within seconds, Ramsay
and Damon joined in along with the Reeds, Arya, Lommy and even the dozing Hot Pie jeered.
Ygritte and Jon laughed and Alliser went at Raff and Polliver with a vengeance as well as the rest.
Shireen comforted Jeyne while Olly and Lyanna stayed low and tried not to look like they were
laughing.

As soon as detention ended, the kids ran as fast as their stinging flesh let them to get away from the
clearly sadistic teacher.

Arya and Lommy barely made it out of the small stone hell before Skinner and Alyn stood in their
way with ugly menace twisting their mediocre faces.

Rolling her eyes, Arya sighed and gave the two older boys a pleading look. "Does it matter to you
that all I want to do is take this one quick chance to see Marge in her new dress at the fancy cocktail
party? She's got a plunging neckline and I want to rub one off to her heaving bosom. Can we do this
later?" Snorting, Skinner grabbed his crotch and sneered, "I can help you if you need a quick rub,
honey."

Laughing, Arya slapped her knee as she adjusted her backpack tighter. "Nope. Not my type. Too
much cock and too little brain. No heaving bosom either. And no offense Skinner, but a tight cocktail
dress won't help your looks any." Alyn growled, shoving his insulted friend aside. "Raff and
Ramsay don't want you poaching on the school cafeteria menu. Same rules as the Reed project.
Understand?" Lommy and Arya shared a look.

Lommy lifted his chin. "Not the same rules. It's not the same thing. We aren't going to fuck with
something that turns deadly. Drugs go deadly eventually. This is food and drink. So we are going to
take our chances. Sorry." Lommy and Arya bolted as Skinner and Alyn launched at them. They flew
past several students, weaved through a few staff members, leaped over two rock piles and skidded
down a ravine. The two bullies were fast on their heels. Arya began to climb up the side of the ravine
using roots to hold onto, helped pull Lommy up and they stumbled towards the rock buildings from
behind.

They had already a few feet on the boys as they climbed up the side of a rock wall gate to fling
themselves into the bushes on the other side. Arya landed hard and grunted when Lommy landed on
her. Rolling out of the bushes, she looked up and grinned in spite of her pains, at Marge, who was
standing in her fancy cocktail dress, staring down at the children that nearly landed on her, her
bosom heaving in shock. "YES!" Arya cried out, pumping her fist. Lommy half cried and half
laughed as Skinner and Alyn fell into the bushes behind them.

Olenna Tyrell appeared to watch this disgraceful scene of four leering, nature smeared hoodie
wearing teenagers all fall from the heavens and crawl from the bushes.

"Young whippersnappers! Gates often have entrances, are you aware of this? Did you all just watch
that Spiderman movie and decide to give it a try? Is this a panty raid? Loras, be a dear and throw
these hooligans your underwear so that they can stop crashing our tea party. Marge, it's clear the
rapey looking girl before you simply wants to observe your mammary splendor. Just give her a good
look and she'll crawl away like peepers always do."
Chapter End Notes

Alliser: Peace Sells by Megadeth
Arya, Lommy: Hoodie Ninja by MC Chris
Lyanna had spent a great amount of time bemoaning her new position, making her late to actually follow through on her new job. By the time she reached the gates of Olenna's party, it was in full swing. She grimaced looking at all the sleek fashionable figures with their delicate treats on fragile and fancy plates, sipping expensive tea from priceless teacups. A step into the garden was barely taken when someone was already bearing down on her.

A round face of pure foundation to hide any flaws on the alabaster skin, desperate eyes of a Frey girl were disguised by peacock colors and extended eye lashes. Her perfectly formed fire engine red lips formed a perfect smile of false happiness. Walda's voice wasn't as nice as her smile, her words were the hiss of an angry creature. "Where have you been, you little worm? We needed you BEFORE the party!" Lyanna sneered up at the heavyset girl and snarled back. "How the hell would I know that? Not like I am used to this kind of fancy shit. If you lay a single manicured nail on me, I'll fight you, fatso."

Suddenly something changed, Lyanna's world went upside down as things just didn't go the right way.

Walda gave a tiny laugh then widened her eyes while giving her head a bit of a pull back, as if shocked. "Did you...did you just try to fat shame me, little girl? Oh dear." She shook her head then tried to smother another small titter which brought others closer. Lyanna felt a little hemmed in by the fat bitch and Loras as he wandered over. "Is this child lost?" Walda's tone was of bland amusement as she answered Loras. "No, she is the new dorm girl, sadly. And she is trying to fat shame me. It's quite amusing, you should let her insult you, its adorable. Like a little kid trying out slurs for the first time."

Loras surveyed Lyanna then gave a very delicate shudder. His perfectly glossed lips pursed and made an insincere smile but his eyes showed kind patience, mocking and sharp. In a sickeningly sweet voice, Loras spoke to the rapidly flushing girl. "Lyanna, is it? I remember seeing you running around in the lower classes, picking flowers, making valentine hearts out of construction paper and covering the windows with them. So adorable, all of you. At a distance. It's a pity that cannot be helped. You being here, that is. You shouldn't be. A Mormont, correct?"

Walda and Loras gave each other a look then turned identical frozen smiles and cold eyes upon Lyanna. Walda's tone was of bland amusement as she answered Loras. "Right pedigree...just barely. Wrong temperament. I guess we will have to work on that." Loras leaned down and took out an actual monocle and used it to further survey Lyanna. The girl was speechless, were these fucking elite jerks from another planet? Why was she feeling scared and ashamed, how was this happening? Loras spoke again and his tone was cutting through her.

"Might I suggest you spend less time trying to shame others and spend more time causing less shame to yourself and family. Look at her skin, Walda! It's like looking at the texture of a paper plate after it's been thrown into the trash, still a bit greasy but mostly just...ravaged. Ugh." Lyanna spat back, "I don't give a shit about my skin." Loras and Walda both gave sarcastic laughter softly, with Loras responding, "Clearly, you don't. We've established that you don't care what you look...or smell like." Loras put a finger to his nose delicately and sniffed as Walda tittered and nodded slightly.

Lyanna was at her limit and didn't care that her voice raised far above social level. "Fuck you, fairy
A hand descended upon her shoulder and Lyanna looked up into the sparkling perfection of Renly, a teacher with an angelic smile. Except the smile has now become a polite moue of his lips and the deep expressive eyes were dulled by disapproval. "I would appreciate it if you wouldn't finish that sentence, young lady. It is quite clear that this position will not suit you. There were far nicer ways you could have expressed this. After seeing your actions here I think there is a much better purpose you can serve."

And that was the moment Lyanna understood what hell was.

Olly saw them pull Lyanna into the perfectly oiled and aligned jaws of the sparkling elite and chew her up. There was nothing he could do, he had his own cannibals to contend with.

Joff and Vis were happy to let Olly know his punishment was coming after the tea party. So he would have time to dread it, think on it, listen to them taunt him over it. The whole time Olly ran to dress them, make sure their grooming was perfect, make the monsters flawless as they used whispers and small threats to keep him running. He also was in charge of Loras and Ramsay's room technically. Luckily, both Loras and Ramsay told him if they needed him they would text him. This was a great relief to Olly. It was a full time job just to care for Joff and Vis.

Here in the gardens, Olly was to serve all the males of his dorm as was the formal job. So he had an excuse to get a little relief from Joff and Vis, to make sure that Ramsay and Loras have anything they might require. He was happy to make sure they had drinks, food, napkins, someone to carry things for them, to throw things away, anything at all, really. Ramsay and Loras weren't mean to Olly, they just acted like he was a servant. The Douchebag Duo kept calling Olly back to them, to deliberately spit food or blow their noses into napkins and shove it open into his waiting hands, with a smile.

Marge shoved Skinner, Alyn and Lommy out of the back gate as instructed by Olenna. Then as she went to toss Arya through it, she whispered harshly into her ear. "That wasn't funny! You promised to never tell anyone, this is our secret. Is our relationship a joke to you?" Arya rolled her eyes and one hand drifted to caress Marge's breast, making sure to do it in a way no one can see. "Aw, it was funny to see all those prudish faces. I'm sorry. Won't happen again. I was running to get away from the trolls, wasn't really trying to pull a prank on you."

Not responding, Marge shoved Arya out the door as hard as she could. Slamming the gate shut, she straightened her clothing and headed for the bathroom. As she weaved her way into the powder room, she briefly caught Loras's eye as he was towering over that tomboy. Flushing, Marge continued into the bathroom. By the time she got all her hair and make up products laid out, her brother was in the room, behind her. Resting his chin on her bowed head, he wrapped arms around her perfectly formed waist.

"Marge, you had a surgery to remove a rib to get this perfect waist. All the work you've put into making yourself perfect in every way, flawless and I admire you for it. How can you go so far and then set yourself up for destruction? It's like you want to be the prettiest girl for the longest fall."

Loras stared at his sister through the mirror with true concern. Marge sighed as she started to repair her face. Loras started to repair the lovely auburn hair, resetting her careless look as he continued to speak.

"When we were younger we would go to those awful holiday balls for the families of the Rich and Boring of the North. We would naturally spend time with Sansa, Jon and Robb because it was expected. It was tolerable enough. We would taunt Arya, we called her Horseface. I remember you joining in with vigor. Then Horseface becomes a student and with that same vigor, you jumped her bones." Marge shrugged. "She keeps it as secret as I do. We've been together since she was a
Loras finished her hair and covered her face lightly with one hand while the other practiced hand sprayed the perfectly formed locks. "There. All better, my shining star of a twin. You only told me because as your twin, I knew something was happening for you. Darling, I'll never tell, I am forever on your side as you are on mine. But I warn you, if anyone finds out that you are having an affair with a lower classman that also happens to be the greatest class clown and thief of the school, oh and ALSO happens to be the younger sister of Sansa, all my influence and support will mean nothing."

Marge turned and stared up at Loras with a look that made him suck in his breath. "No...no. I refuse to accept what I am seeing on your face, sister." Loras gave an almost pleading look and lightly stamped his foot in denial. Marge finally spoke, her voice heavy with both dread and grave acceptance. "I love her. It's not a fling, not an affair or just something strange to date experimentally, it isn't a rebellion. I just...fell in love with her and she fell in love with me. We are so different but the same in other ways. We match, we balance each other out in strange way."

Loras lifted her chin with one finger. "Marge, think about this. Logically. You leave, you graduate this year. Then it's college, proposals from men, career offers and so much more, the whole world. Arya will be here at the school then locked on her parents estate on holidays. Are you officially going to announce your relationship with her then? Do you think her parents would be okay with that? How do you think our grandmother would react to that? Just because you won't be at school or working with clients anymore doesn't mean grandmother won't have her grip on you."

Marge gave a small grin. "At least Arya comes from an acceptable family and so do I? Arya and I have planned it out, how we can be together. I don't want to spend the garden party telling you all about it in a bathroom. We can discuss this later. I'm missing the destruction of that little tomboy and you could be trying to save that poor little boy from his fate with Vis and Joff if you have such an urge to be a hero to someone?"

Loras sighed and kissed the air next to his sister's perfect cheek. "Tonight we have a party and tomorrow we can discuss this."

Loras gracefully allowed Marge to put her slender hand on his blazer covered arm and he led her back into the fragrant air of the garden, mindful of the stinging bees lingering over roses.

Chapter End Notes

Mean Girls Club: Run Run Blood by Phantogram
Douchebag Clan: Nobody Speak by DJ Shadow, Run The Jewels
Sansa entered the garden as if she owned it. Her lovely hair was in a rather carelessly styled loose bun with an overly large scarf trailing behind her. The nineteen forties tea dress in lemon hued floral was a perfect foil to her fire tresses and porcelain skin. Delicate leather sandals, winking with small rhinestones, high thin heels that somehow managed to not sink into the lush grass. Though she was mostly careful to stay along the crushed rock pathways, Sansa did manage to float across the lawn with practiced graceful steps.

Dany was also fashionably late simply because she didn’t wish to come and took her time at it. She had her long blonde hair in a fancy double braid that Bob taught her how to do years ago. Without much care, she pulled out a sapphire sleeveless ruffled wrap dress and carelessly added some silver jewelry. Dany wore silver chain sandals that were flat and her steps were like watching a studied dancer try to march across the garden. Graceful, dainty and yet wishing her steps were harder, more assured.

Cersei entered the garden with the walk that Dany wished for, with the pull of attention that Sansa lusted for. The short sleek hair was covered by an Elegant Papyrus Fascinator, black and white pinstripes which were reversed for the just above knee length skirt upon her slim figure. The tight high collared sleeveless black blouse that Cersei wore seemed to be made of shining material as hard as a beetle shell. Her shoes, nails, lipstick all matched perfectly with her earrings, a ruby red mixed with golden flecks.

Along with Marge in her cocktail dress, a plunging neckline on jasmine silk with delicate silver thorns writhing through it. Silver sandals with tiny heels, long cascading twists of hair threaded with flowers, pastel colors somehow made her hotter. Even Walda would have been a princess among the Frey girls in the garden tonight. She has been taught by these terrible females how to make herself attractive, polished and refined enough to someday catch a rich suitable man. Or so she is assured by them all.

Tonight she believed the women even though she is aware they lie to her and each other quite often. Even Olenna, the most blunt honest female of them all told Walda that the Adrianna Papell Pink Sheath dress looked quite nice on her. "It makes me almost forget the horrors of what lies underneath, so to speak." Walda didn't need the other girls to tell her that was as close as a compliment she might ever hope to receive from the great Olenna upon fashion choices.

Walda has followed strict diets, corsets and exercised until she's fainted in her own vomit to fix her weight. Walda will begin to eat nervously then the girls will force her back into dieting. This causes her weight to fluctuate but since she recently found a good bike for long rides and discovered hiking, her body has gained more muscle in place of flab. She is tentatively toying with the idea of liking herself but doesn’t want to blow a good thing by giving too high of expectations.

Vis and Joff might be rotten on the inside but on the outer shells they presented quite well. Both wore Livingston brushed cotton vests with silk shirts with dress pants. Equally they shined upon seeing everyone twitch slightly. Olenna came forward in her own splendor of royal purple turban and floor length robe with a copper bejeweled belt, beaded slippers with enough jewellery to strike others blind in the right lighting. Next to her were Renly and Loras who made quite the dashing and interesting pair.
Tyrion walked over and couldn't help himself. "Good god! The elite set has gone insane and outdone itself this year!" He peered at Renly and Loras. "Are you in costume or something? I mean, I know that young gay men like to get into fashion but this is getting rather strange. I mean, it's a garden party for kids and staff to see each other out of a class atmosphere, right? So why would you show up dressed as gay Charles Ingalls and gay Mark Twain?" Tyrion was satisfied at not only getting the two men ruffled but by seeing Cersei nearly choke on her drink.

Petyr slid among the few shadows in the garden, holding his untouched drink, observing more than participating. He was relieved to see that Stannis had his wife on one arm and his daughter on the other as he entered the garden. Regardless of his personal life, Stannis would never dare insult his wife by paying attention to his mistress in front of her, well, at least a student one. Petyr is positive that Selyse knows who her husband's fucking.

Just as they are all aware of who Selyse is fucking. There is no way a divorce will happen between these two. If it didn't happened over that woman in Selyse's bed that used to warm Stannis's, then it won't happen over Sansa. Petyr knew how he was going to kill his own wife now. Just thinking of it makes him feel a slight stirring and he sips at the tepid tea, forcing himself not to grimace. He fucking hates tea. But he drinks it as they all do because Olenna has always served it so they drink it. Traditions are important to these idiots and there's no telling them any different.

However, Petyr senses a shift coming, things are going to change and he will be ready for it. Olenna might die, might retire, anything can happen. He wanted to give Sansa some time before he approaches, letting her give him a small or two first. Just as he went to join her, Alliser nearly trampled him. The man was still in the same strange cheap plaid suit he wears to every event they throw ever since he began there. He gave no excuse and rudely cursed as Petyr deliberately shoved a chair with a quick move of his wrist into the man's path. Alliser lost his focus and prey, fighting a chair.

It gave Jon and Ygritte just enough time to escape Alliser, just to turn and be confronted by Olenna Tyrell. "Ah, look at this. Our school's most romantic couple and soon too be teen parents if they cannot manage to stop copulating at every available moment! Jon, Ygritte, I command you to stop gripping each other's hands. I worry greatly for your circulation. How do you ever manage to do things like unbutton your clothes or go to bathroom or put on a condom with your hands clenched together at all times?"

Chapter End Notes

Garden Party: Push It by Salt-N-Pepa
Raff and Polliver stopped home along with the rest of the Clegane family to change for the tea party. Jeyne was hiding behind her brothers, sliding into her room fast and locking the door. She knew that was a useless endeavor at best. Everyone here knew how to break down a door and Jeyne really wasn't dumb enough to refuse to unlock the door if it was ordered. Wringing her hands, Jeyne waited to hear Gregor's roar or Unella's cold sharp voice say her name like a condemnation. It didn't happen and after a bit Jeyne started to get ready for the party.

As usual, Unella had left a dress, matching shoes and jewelry for Jeyne to wear. Jeyne had very little say in what she wore, she has never gone shopping, she just wears what Unella and Gregor bring her. She frowned at the mirror as she yanked on the short sleeve A line dress and hated the pink and white flowers that lay among a forest green background. Sticking out her tongue at the large white bow left on her dresser, pointedly left next to her hairbrush. Sighing, Jeyne tried hard to get her fingers through her riotous curls and snarls. Adding the brush and the ribbon to the mix only made matters worse.

Raff was heading past his sister's room from the shower when he heard Jeyne burst into tears. He ended up spending the next ten minutes trying to release the hairbrush and a ribbon from his sister's hair. Polliver ended up coming into her room as he was heading for the shower. It took him some time to point, laugh and take pictures with his phone before he helped release Raff's right hand, the hairbrush and the ribbon from Jeyne's hair. Both boys assisted in putting the ribbon in Jeyne's hair and reassured her that their parents were only getting ready for the garden.

They all went every year regardless that they only stayed a few minutes and rarely spoke to anyone. Gregor insisted, they were staff and their children all students of the school so they must attend every single school event. Jeyne waited upstairs in her room while her brothers finished getting ready. She sat at her desk, setting up a make up mirror and attempting a smoky eye. Polliver wore a polo shirt, clean jeans and high top sneakers. Raff had his long hair styled like he was in a photo shoot and both Polly and Jeyne started to tease him.

"I love you, bro and that's why I have to tell the truth. The outfit just won't do. You look like Charlie Pluth fucked a Jonas brother that raped a drunk hipster. What the hell is on your feet?"

Jeyne came closer and added her own commentary. "Why don't your pants go all the way down? Is there gonna be a flood? Your hair looks really nice though. The zippers on your shoes don't work, what is the point of that?" Raff sneered at them both and told them they were heathens that didn't understand fashion. "It's called a boating outfit and I liked it. Shut up. Bad enough that I have to go at all. But if I have to do it, I will do it right and use it however I can. And here I go, with Generic Teenage Boy and...Jeyne, you look just like the garden. It's going to work like camouflage..."

Polliver muttered, "Only until they get to her face, then they will think it's the Joker. And what do you mean generic boy?" The laughter and teasing of each other carried the children downstairs and into the path of Unella and Gregor.

Unella wore a light grey dress that is one of three nice outfits she owns. The children have never seen her exchange these three outfits for any other. The dress was a 1980's Choon California Cotton Sailor Dress that was quite a pretty penny back in it's day. The kids know this because they've heard their parents say this about any article of clothing they own. Unella had her sensible flats on, a hint of
mascara and lip balm, tiny gold crosses in her earlobes. Her gold wedding band and a gold thin chain around her neck sufficed for any of this fancied nonsense.

The kids might have cracked up at Gregor stuffed inside the same of three suits in varying shades of black or grey. He had the same garish plaid tie that nearly matches Alliser's horrific one suit. There was no laughter at Unella's faded old dress or Gregor's silly tie and old fashioned suit. Jeyne hid as far behind her brothers as eyes came down to observe the children's outfits. When Gregor finally spoke, it made all three kids jump.

"I expect none of you to embarrass us further today if possible. First day, a half day at that, each of you still managed to get detention. After the tea party, Polly and Raff will eat at the cafeteria with the other students. They may attend the night events with the students and be in by curfew. We can discuss their personal failures tomorrow." A hand suddenly reached between the boys, causing them to part instantly. Unella snatched Jeyne forward with one hand as if she were a seagull catching a small fish.

"Look at her face! Jeyne, who hurt your face?" Jeyne thought the concern and outrage on the very faces of the two that would kill her soon was nearly worth smiling over. As the tiny smile started, Jeyne offered, "No one hurt my face. I was practicing with make up that Arya gave me. Her sister gave it to her and she doesn't use it. I thought I would try the smokey eye that Marge wears." The looks of concern dropped and went back to neutral smoldering which was way worse and Jeyne stopped that smile.

Unella wet a dish towel and wiped Jeyne's face until all traces of make up were gone and red blotches appeared instead. "There. Until you can properly administer it, you should not use it. After the garden party, you will come back here, Jeyne. Now, I want all of us to at least pretend we are civilized for at least twenty minutes." Jeyne felt her stomach drop and knew it was going to be so bad, they were sending the boys away! This might be the last time she ever sees her brothers so Jeyne hurried to walk with them and avoid seeing her impending death in Gregor and Unella's eyes.

Barbary and Qyburn were the first to encounter the Cleganes as they entered the garden. The elderly doctor and nurse team were certainly a sight to see if it was a first time sight. Luckily for the Cleganes, they have grown numb to it over the years. Like the Cleganes and many others that rely solely upon their pay as a staff member to survive, they only wear a limited amount of outfits too.

Qyburn graced them all with a brown rayon suit with double lapels on the blazer. The threadbare collared shirt underneath the blazer was mustard yellow, which perfectly matched his pointed and overly shined platform shoes. Barbary's face was a sight to behold and Jeyne, along with the boys found themselves having trouble not staring at her. Her foundation was off color and the woman looked older than ever, foundation seeped into her deep wrinkles and created a look of an elderly witch found guilty.

The dark brown thickly filled eyebrows, the false thick unnaturally black eyelashes both gave Barbary a disturbing look of being both shocked awake and bored to sleep all at once. An angry crimson smear across greedy thin strips of flesh that barely covered up a lipstick stained, nicotine coated dentures. The steel grey bun on Barbary's head had no decorations, just bobby pins bristling in strange places. Fake pearls in each earlobe, fake pearl necklace with a gold plated leaf in the center.

The waffle design of Barbary's bra cups pressed hard and aggressively against her red wool turtle neck sweater. Every time the woman moves, her maroon leather trench coat with waist tie and oversized buttons she bought in the late seventies, starts to creak alarmingly. A pair of pull on rayon pants with a seam line prominent on each leg and it's navy blue color has been faded by time. The
clogs on the woman's feet sounded like being stalked by a blind and tired tap dancer.

All who attended this garden tea were always grateful for two things. That it was catered by Olenna herself which meant the tiny food treats were actually edible and that it was an outdoor affair. The smells of strident, sharp medical air seemed to follow the doctor around and brought to mind sterile rooms and searching latex fingers. Walking near Barbary was asking for a disturbing whiff of Chiclets, denture cream, menthol cigarette smoke, butterscotch and Chantily.

Heavy perfume from the flowers, the crisp breeze from the ocean, the fall leaves that are only starting to change colors, yet the air itself was still warm. Warm enough that the heavy scent of Axe spray upon the males in the garden couldn't entirely hide the scent of sweat. The scents were mixed and confused enough to allow the Reeds to enter the garden and add the scent of another type of plant. They stayed long enough to steal as many snacks as they could and to arrange a meeting time with certain other students after supper before the student parties begin.

In spite of having school the next day it was always a tradition at the Dragonstone Academy. The night they all return to school, there are parties in the dorms. It's a tradition and Stannis never bothers ending traditions. If problems arise out of it, they are usually handled by the twins or Olenna, if need be. Only a few times did Tormund and Styr need to be called. Children need to release their stress in order to concentrate on their studies. Stannis believes this and keeps his blind eye as he moves around the garden past the Reeds, gracing them with a small nod, that they returned.

Lollys and Gilly showed up and acted as if none of the stares were directed towards them.

Lollys had her purple hair swirled into a high tight swirl that had a tiny nest and miniature raven perched upon it. She wore a high collared Victorian lace blouse with a skeleton cameo fastened at the ruffles gracing her long neck. A high waist black corset cinched her waist and a long ruffled skirt fell straight to her high heeled boots that clinked with tiny silver chains as she moved. Her hands were encased in lace black finger-less gloves allowing one to observe the tiny silver skulls upon each of her black painted nails.

Gilly wore a pair of form fitting brown leather pants, steel toe brown leather boots with gold stitching that created small skulls and winking emojis. Her shirt was a simple olive green tank top, silver dog tags graced her neck and her outfit was completed by a threadbare brown sweater that looked like the skin of a deer. Gilly wore it as a poncho. Olenna was not relieved to hear the girls made everything they wore, getting their materials from anywhere they could.

Fanning herself slightly as the weather just seemed to get relentlessly warmer, Olenna warned the two girls, "Well, unless you find a way to earn some money, you'll have trouble finding too much material up here. That is the main complaint of our students. They live for field trips, vacations and credit lines to get online or at a mall to shop!" Lolly and Gilly smiled with polite intent. "We always can find a way. I am sure just even the leftovers the girls toss in the dumpster after any charity event would provide us with an entire wardrobe! After a single one of their fancy dinners, we could dumpster dive and have a feast afterwards."

Olenna blinked, sniffed and seemed to consider this. "How true you are. Sharp, frugal fashionable tarts. You've got a job here at school as of now. You'll both run the charities and class funding organizing for school student events to raise money for the classes! All that goes with such events, drives and whatnot. I am sure that if you can beat up staff then you can withstand the sharp greedy tongues of the students. Excellent. I like you two. What are your names again?"

Ross abandoned Theon and Gendry to hover with other girls around Podrick as soon as the man entered. Gendry stayed long enough to grab a few finger sandwiches then couldn't take Cersei's continual frozen stare and Joff's scathing comments and fled. Theon stood around awkwardly for a
few minutes and was about to leave when he was approached by a wall of a student. "Theon, right? I'm Damon, do you remember meeting me? Ramsay wants to talk to you. I'll walk you over, you look scared. Don't be. Let me bring you to the right group since yours abandoned you."

Chapter End Notes

Theme For Chapter: Little Conversations by Concrete Blonde
Olenna/Lollys & Gilly: Opportunities by Pet Shop Boys
Sansa sipped at her tea and watched as Walda stole some of Cersei's wine to wash down another pill. She sighed and shook her head, wondering when Walda will end up dead or in rehab over her body? Sadly, she was a boring girl who needed huge amounts of work to look pretty and just couldn't get down past a size fourteen even at her best. Last year in a moment of true warm glowing mercy, Sansa ended up as Walda's secret Santa at school.

Sansa bought the entire line of Val cosmetics, the most elite and daring new make up artist with the hottest and latest products. She bought everything she thought could help Walda's skin and face. Taking another sip of herbal tea that she has liberally added lemon slices to enhance the taste, Sansa did admit to herself that Walda has tried harder than any other girl she has ever known. To look different but have the pedigree is something that Sansa has never gone through but understands that it must be so much more awful.

Others like Walda, Arya and Shireen have problems like that but Sansa has watched them go through it and shudders at it internally. Shireen quietly stays in her own place, Arya fights against it by deliberately ignoring what her place and name could give her. Not Walda, not her. Sansa remembered when Walda first came to the school, hiding behind her older and quite popular sister. Rosalyn was the queen of the mean girls under Cersei and Sansa had loathed and loved her. It was hard to look at the lovely, svelte Rosalyn and then the fat squat faced girl with black oily hair that part wrong.

Walda fought for her place. She fought her body and mind, taking every bit of advice regardless if it worked or was a prank. And Sansa had to admit with a tinge of guilt, they did torture her as much as they tutored her, perhaps a little harder than each other were treated. Cersei had allowed Walda into their dorms as the assistant girl and encouraged them to pick on the girl, insisting it will motivate her. It did, Cersei was right on that account. Walda spent longer than any other female as the dorm girl. Just as of this year was Walda fully one of the mean girls, not just a dorm girl that chases after them. Which is why this mix up of dorm girls is bothering Walda so much. Until a new girl is picked, Walda was just cast back into an old and detestable role. My god, what hasn't Walda done to be one of them? Sansa agreed it wasn't fair. The poor thing has gone through hazing for years on end and has done things that nearly killed her in order to have her place. She has EARNED her spot and then some. That is probably why as soon as Cersei reminded Walda that she was back in her old position until a new girl was found, that Walda started to drink and drug.

Sipping until she quenched her thirst, Sansa pushed Walda's issues from her mind, catching Petyr's eye.

Sansa gave a tiny bit of a smile and gracefully stood while putting her teacup down. She started to wander the pathways, heading closer to Petyr, talking her time. Seeing that dark needy look in his eyes, it gave her a tiny thrill, a dark wetness that grew from her stomach and went lower. The man was beyond wild in love with her, perhaps more than Stannis. This is terrifying and exhilarating to Sansa, even more dirty and exciting that this man is her mother's friend and her aunt's new husband.

Sansa takes a great joy in calling him Uncle while they fuck, scratch deep into his back while she
screams for Uncle Petyr to take her to an orgasm. She wonders when he goes to visit his family, if he sleeps with Lysa while Sansa's scratches are still healing? She wonders if Stannis goes to bed with his wife with the bite marks still fading on his shoulders? Sansa loves the idea of marking her men and wishes she could borrow Ramsay's brand. Sansa had almost reached the greedy looking man whom is creepy, obsessed and dangerous, knowing this only makes her hotter for him. A fault of hers, she is aware.

Petyr could no longer wait and took his own hurried steps forth until he stood in her lemony sweet presence. It took every bit of willpower for Petyr to not touch, not embrace her. "I hoped to see you tonight. You don't need those silly parties with silly children, do you?" Sansa smiled and leaned into his warmth, breathing deeply of his exotic scent. She briefly used a hidden hand to caress Petyr's chest, her fingers lightly running over his crushed velvet vest.

"I cannot, beloved uncle. I have duties. As the most popular girl in school, as the president of our senior class, I must be seen tonight. It will be dreadfully boring to walk through all the different stupid kid parties and I'll be thinking of you the whole time. Naughty uncle, to tempt me so. Do you want me soaking through my dress disgracefully?" Petyr drew in a shaky breath as Sansa moved back to a more respectable distance and gave him smoldering eyes briefly. "Tomorrow, Uncle Petyr. I have a therapy session with you, I asked for one. I have SO much I must share with you."

Theon already felt incredibly out of place in his jeans and blue faded button down cotton shirt, he didn't bring any good clothing, he didn't have any fancy clothing. His family was rich and famous but they weren't known for their fashion or their parties. Well, the parties might be legendary but the Greyjoys didn't dress for their kinds of parties. He felt better next to Damon because the blond redneck mutant wasn't dressed fancy either. He wore clean jeans, button down flannel shirt and clean sneakers.

They weaved their way towards Ramsay and Theon saw that Alyn and Skinner were dressed the same as Damon. Ramsay was perched on the garden stone wall, waiting for them with a smile. Theon flushed slightly as the cold intense blue eyes landed on him, surveying him. Ramsay was wearing quite the outfit. He wore a white tuxedo shirt, complete with ruffles and a red velvet bow, oversized and floppy. Jeans and black leather boots completed the outfit along with a very long velvet cape that Ramsay allowed to flow in the wind behind him.

"Are you a vampire?" It was stupid, why does he always say something stupid? But even as Theon started to look for a crack in the ground to sink into, the boys all laughed along with Ramsay. "Do you know, the boys all asked me the same damned thing. I will tell you what I told them. You'll know if I am a vampire if tonight you find my teeth in your neck and me sucking you dry." Theon's knees went weak at the thought and he replied again without thought. "I wouldn't mind that." Ramsay's eyes lit up as Theon slapped a hand over his mouth, blushing as the boys all guffawed around them.

Ramsay jumped off the wall to land in front of Theon with a flourish, as his cape did float about him before settling just as a vampire would do. "You speak and act before you think. That is what got you here on this pile of rocks, I bet. That's fine. It got you here to me and that is just what we both needed." Ramsay couldn't believe how hot this kid already was for him, this boy was too easy to catch, it's like the prey wanted to be caught. He found himself smiling at the foolish grinning, bug eyed boy and giving in to an urge by running a hand over the boy's terrible haircut.

"Who cut your hair, Theon? It's a pure mess, like an angry father took a razor and lost the battle with your hair." Theon was happy to allow this man to play with his hair and speak in that rich yet soft
voice to him all night. "That is kind of what happened actually. My dad got sick of the long curly hair I was trying to grow out. I woke up one morning to find him over me with his best razor and a bottle of rum. He nearly scalped me before I got away. That wasn't more than a few weeks before I was sent here. My hair grows fast."

Ramsay and the boys laughed a bit and Theon noticed they all seemed to be hemming him in. With a bit of timid nervousness, Theon looked at them all and then burst out, "I can get us refreshments?" With a bit of a crueler grin, Damon leaned over the boy and rumbled out cheerfully, "Oh, buddy! You are refreshing enough for all of us! Not like these uptight assholes and you don't hide your words behind socially acceptable lies. We are allowing you to be part of our group, our club, our clique! Welcome to your new life, Theon."

Chapter End Notes

Theme of Chapter: Gonna Make You Sweat by C&C Music Factory
Sansa & Petyr: Smooth by Santana
Ramsay/Theon: You Spin Me Round by Dead Or Alive
Arya spoke with a gleam in her eyes, a brashness to her tone and a careless attitude that made Lommy back away. "Do you know why I think Alliser likes to beat on my brother and Ygritte so much? I think it's because he hasn't been laid since, well, probably forever." Marge glared from a distance but it was damage done. Alliser stopped beating and harassing the couple to narrow his beady eyes on Arya. She wiggled her eyebrows at him while giving him a shit-eating grin and they both moved at the same time. To Arya's dismay, she was taken down by the most humiliating thing of all, hubris.

All of them laughed as she miscalculated and slid into a patch of deliberately dropped cake as Ramsay applauded Damon's efforts. Allister crowed in delight so unprofessionally as he landed on the girl, that he earned the frown of all staff. Even Olenna, who normally would toast such a grand catch was giving a moue of distaste. Only one person wasn't watching the antics of teacher and student. Cersei was watching Marge's face instead. Her lips curved when she flicked her eyes to Arya who was grinning cheekily at Marge the whole time she received a rather brutal paddling.

Cersei sipped her wine and watched Sansa frown at her sister and brother but not catch onto what her sister's been up to. With a small smirk, Cersei thought of how Sansa was like her father in one very sad way. Deliberately obtuse to things done under their noses. Its truly what makes Sansa too weak to ever rise to Cersei's level. She can teach the girl everything she knows but Sansa never has the sharper gaze and on the spot creative sadism that Cersei has.

It was a pity because Cersei had sort of hand picked the girl years back as a mate for Joff. The darling boy needed a girl strong enough to survive his attentions, clever enough to find others for his more...dangerous needs and loyal enough to do all Cersei wished of her. Cersei found all of that in Rosalynn but her damned father said the girl was too old for Joff and not rich enough for their family name. Joff liked redheads and Sansa was lovely, biddable, teachable.

But it was clear that Sansa had her eye truly upon Stannis and Petyr for any further relations after graduation. Cersei knew that if Joff proposed, Sansa would lie, say yes but the second she graduated and could leave the island, that she would break her word. It angered Cersei that anyone would dare reject her son but the truth was that Joff was a bit difficult and had some impulse control issues.

Cersei had led all to believe she worked at the school to be far from Robert. She let all think it rather than face the truth that Robert kicked her and her son out of the home. Cersei had too much pride to go back her father and brother with her tail between her legs. She couldn't allow her father or another to raise her precious boy or possibly put him in danger of jail or an institution. Robert had long ago accused Cersei of molesting Joff and even once walked in on a paying customer that wanted to adore her son.

Robert always blamed Cersei for creating a monster out of his son but the man never bothered to stop his wife from her activities. Not once did Robert attempt to stop her from anything, he just enjoyed a reason to beat her. Robert told her he didn't want her near her own darling babies, Myrcella and Tommen. He threatened to divorce her and take full custody of them and it was the last
nail in his coffin. Arranging Robert's death had been a thrill and his dying was the only time the man ever brought her to orgasm.

To her extreme anger, Cersei couldn't simply leave and return to the Baratheon estates, reunite with her other children. The bastard had managed to fuck her over one last time before he died. He had begged Stannis to promise to keep the youngest children away from Cersei and Joff for their own protection if anything ever happened to him. Stannis took his duties very seriously and when Robert died, the children were promptly sent to live at a wonderful school very far away.

He allows Cersei to leave with Joff and the younger children on vacations and holiday times. Stannis had warned Cersei if she ever tried to run with the kids, he would track her down, both she and Joff would have an unfortunate accident of their own. Luckily, just like his brother, Stannis allows Cersei to do as she wants as long as she obeys his rules and stays out of his way. So Cersei plays with her girls like toys, she runs her favored elite like a fancy whorehouse and she does it simply because she can. Because making others grovel, cry or squirm is amusing.

Because if this is Cersei's only kingdom for now, so be it, she will rule it with her own spiked velvet fist. Stannis might own the castle and land but Cersei is the one with devout followers and cringing subjects.

It was a pity that Sansa won't work as Joff's fiance but Cersei has other plans for the girl so it's not a problem. Did Sansa really think getting Stannis or Petyr would allow her freedom? Does she really think the cost won't still have to be paid to Cersei? Foolish, the old men and the lovely daydreaming ginger. Cersei had her eye on another for her son and she knew how to go about it. But first, this tingle of joy over a new secret to hone into a blade.

Cersei beckoned to Marge and nearly purred as she gave an order that must be obeyed. "Darling, you've been a very busy bee, haven't you? I understand most of your summer affairs and of course, what you do out of school is not my issue. But sweetie, I market you as a lovely innocent girl that enjoys the company of sophisticated gentlemen and women. I am glad you chose at least a pedigree family but it's the particular person I object to. The elite mean girl cannot date a thieving, rebellious and ugly rude thing like Arya Stark. Now you've done well to try and hide it but if I can see it, so can others."

Marge paled and Walda simpered from nearby. Cersei glared at the fat girl. "You aren't here to make commentary in any way. You are here to be a witness to my order and to get some lecturing of your own after I finish with Marge. Shut your mouth, lower your eyes and simply observe. Like any good servant, which is what you are back to." Walda's face fell and watching her suppress tears usually gave Marge a feeling of sadistic joy mixed with uneasy pity. But right now Marge was too busy dreading Cersei's next words.

"Darling, you are done with your little nasty affair with rebellious ugly beasts. You will go to Arya's table during supper and publicly break it off. I know that will expose you and the affair to all, including Sansa and your classmates. However, it must be done in a way that I can be sure it's truly over and that you have learnt not to do such a thing again." Cersei waited, watching the pretty thing squirm, bite her lip and tears filled her eyes. "Cersei...please. I think I might love her. I want to go public with it if I can keep her. I can weather the storm, it won't change me or what I do for you, for others."

Cersei gave a small laugh that tasted like ashes, like burnt dreams and it was delicious. "Oh lovey, how young and sweet you are! It doesn't work that way. You are going to break up with her the way I asked you to. Or you'll find yourself in Walda's place as dorm girl. Ah, that twinge in your face.
See, how deep is your love for this girl when the mere thought of losing your status makes you decide to tear her apart at my bidding? Which is what you will do at supper. Go away and fix your eyes, they are red and it's quite displeasing on your features."

Chapter End Notes

Cersei: What A Feeling by Irene Cara
Finding Your Light

Ross and Gendry spoke about how the supper was much better. Jojen said it was because Hot Pie was already cooking. That was the last chance any of them had to talk. Because Theon wouldn't shut the fuck up. He told them all about Ramsay and his friends, mostly Ramsay. When Theon ran out of things to say about him, he started to ask the Reeds, Lommy and Arya about him. That only brought deep concern from Ross and Gendry and a mulishness from Theon.

Arya explained that Ramsay was famous for his little hunts of humans, not all of them come back. Theon responded that rumors aren't what he was looking for. Meera shrugged and asked if it bothered Theon that his crush was one of the most brutal bullies in the school. Theon replied by pointing towards Joff and Vis who have been torturing Olly into actual tears. The boy was covered in bruises from being kicked or tripped and was being denied supper. He had to stand on one foot, holding the napkins and every time he had to steady or fall, they would kick him all over again.

Jojen leaned over the table, dragging his elbow through pudding to stare into Theon's eyes. His eyes might have a rather permanent stoned glaze but they were clear about this, his voice wasn't slurred or rapid paced, it was hard, heavy and fell like stones among them all. "Ramsay is a charming sociopath. You won't be his first catch and you won't be his last. He will lure you in, make you think you are consenting and by the time you figure out exactly what you've agreed to, it's too late."

Theon frowned but sat back, silent for the first time. He looked up and caught Ramsay's eye from in the kitchen, just behind the serving counter. Ramsay winked at him and Theon blushed. The handsome guy that had jokes and magic tricks along with a flattering flirtation seemed to cast a quick signal. Damon rose from his table with Skinner and Alyn to beckon Theon over. Ramsay did have some rather thuggish friends but none of them had been mean to Theon at all. But they did sort of worry Theon, he felt they were secretly laughing at him even if they hid it well.

"If you head over there, he's got you right in his web. His buddies will keep you for him, nice and juicy for the meal." Theon sneered at Lommy's words. Jojen added, "They aren't called Ramsay's Boys because they are a new boy band. Have you considered getting yourself expelled and running away from home? It's safer than being Ramsay's prey."

Marge toyed with her salad and then quietly snapped at Walda who was sitting next to her, not touching her food. "So excited for my show that you can't even eat? Wow. Didn't know you hated me that much that it would give you a reason to not eat. Glad to know my humiliation and pain is the perfect diet for you. If you get to see Sansa and Dany get hurt, you'll go positively model thin!" Walda blinked and looked flatly at Marge. "Why should I be sorry for you? I feel sorry for Arya. All you have to do is not do it, Cersei would switch you with me and you get to keep Arya, the one you love."

A fairy laugh and Marge's eyes glistened with a mix of mirth and pain. "You are just upset to be stuck back as dorm girl. Should I feel sorry for you, Walda? I mean, you could tell Cersei to fuck herself, go get a dorm from the twins, maybe earn another way? Arya will understand that I still love her, we can find a way later to keep our relationship. I mean, Sansa has shown Arya what we must do and go through, I'm sure my girlfriend will understand. Why don't you use your non-eating time to find a new dorm girl instead of bemoaning your fate and enjoying mine?"
That brought a smile and titter to Walda's round but perfectly done face that almost gave Marge a pause of concern, if Marge didn't have bigger issues of her own. "Ah, yeah. I'm working on that, Marge. Trying like hell to find another girl and I'll keep trying. I am sorry for worrying about myself when you are about to go through this. I am not just your dorm girl or another social marker, I am your friend. I've always wanted to be your friend and I'll support you now. I wish you good luck with Arya and I'll be here for you afterwards."

Marge smiled and nodded, putting on a brave face and patting Walda's hand. "Thanks, hon. I appreciate it. I have already created a small statement that I texted to your cell for you to say when others pry you for information on this little drama. I wish I could at least give warning to Sansa or Arya...but there's no hope for it." Walda was already no longer interested and that alone should have worried Marge. If she wasn't concerned with her own huge problems.

With a small gasp, Marge hit Walda's arm lightly. "Oh my god! One second you offer concern for me, the next you can't even be bothered to make sure my make up and hair are perfect! I have to do this, Walda, I am already going to suffer, must I look shitty while I do it? So much for your support. Get out your compact, hurry up!" Walda mechanically pulled out all the beauty implements the dorm girl would carry and she fixed Marge with a practiced hand that has been fixing and plucking other girls for years.

Loras tutted with sympathy, choosing to sit closer to the ladies rather than have to witness the cruelty of Joff and Vis. He felt physical cruelty was taking it too far and poor Olly did try so hard to be accommodating. Loras tried to protect the boy by reminding the other two over and over since the start that he was to serve all three of them. How was he to teach Olly how to serve him if he was always running in terror from the other two or bleeding all over the rugs? But what did those two entitled sadists care for Loras's needs? Selfish and cruel, just like Cersei, forcing his sister to publicly expose her heart and break it.

"I warned you, darling. You should have broken it off before school started and that bitch found out. At least you'll look wonderful doing it. Now remember, be catty and lovely, act out the part and it's all over. You can work it out in private tonight during the parties. I can't see Renly tonight and I certainly don't want to watch whatever they intend to do to poor Olly, so I will be your escort."

Loras smiled at his sister, who tried to make sure she was ready for an audience. They both ignored Walda who finished and began to pack up the supplies.

Cersei had already alerted the staff that there would be a small show by keeping her eye upon the students. Tyrion never remembered her sister ever deliberately showing interest in the students eating before not unless she has a little something planned. He kept his own cup full as well as hers and didn't bother to ask. It was noted with glee by his sister that Unella and Gregor were not at supper but the boys were. Jeyne wasn't. Cersei gave Tyrion several gruesome thoughts of how the sadist couple might be torturing his daughter for her drinking.

A faint cry was heard before Renly shut the only open window with a firm thud. Cersei nearly crows with delight. "That was her, I recognize the screams from when I used to cause it. Such a wonderful sound, isn't it? I wonder if it's Unella or Gregor causing it? Maybe both at the same time? I hope my girl does her duty soon then I can go take a walk in the healthy fall air." Tyrion called her a vile sadistic madwoman and she warmly thanked him for the compliment.

Petyr smirked at the siblings and spoke quietly. "I could use a good show myself. Whatever your sister has planned, Tyrion, it's far better than any show you've offered us. I still haven't forgiven you for last year's performance of Romeo and Juliet. Most of your cast showed stoned, drunk and naked if
I remember correctly." Tyrion muttered, "That was the cast party afterwards you are thinking of. And it was perfect that show, except for my nephew being an asshole and taking a part that he refused to learn lines for. Adding fake words then breaking into song didn't help. Certainly no reason for Stannis to go and hire a new drama teacher! Good thing that I like Podrick or else I would have to give him to Patchface."

Petyr glared at Tyrion but Cersei rolled her eyes. "How droll of you to bring up our local urban legend. I fear many a girl here would cry if our boogeyman stole Podrick. From what I hear, Harold and Bob have actually had girls have fistfights over him as a client. I warned my own girls to keep their distance from such a common man even if he is an excellent lay. Do you like him because you are hoping to learn his techniques with the ladies, Tyrion? If so, brother, I can assure you, no talent on earth will matter once a girl has laid eyes on you."

Lyanna sat without her friends for supper. Lollys and Gilly sat at the end of the table along with Tormund and Styr. Watching the girls subtly irritate the two staff members was amusing. She heard Jeyne's scream through the window and she could easily see Olly's suffering. She hoped both of them survived their tormentors. Shireen had to go home with her father and mother for supper. Which means she will have to suffer her mother and father over the detention. So Lyanna wished for her to survive along with Jeyne and Olly.

Lyanna wished the same for herself but expected no such mercy to come. Renly wandered over and cast a stern eye at her. "Well, let's see the damage." With a shuddering breath, Lyanna stopped eating to show Renly the slogans she had created upon his sickening orders. His eyes scanned her work and he gave a sharp nod.

"I think this is going to work out well for us. How long have you been hiding your excellent talents from me? Silly girl. Hang these in the morning." Renly hand patted her shoulder as Lyanna slumped in defeat, bitter humiliated defeat. "Welcome aboard, kiddo. You'll make an excellent Good Cheer ambassador and a shining beacon of hospitality. Stand up against bullying, shaming and inequality with a smile rather than a frown. With practice, you might have a very bright future in the arts of advertising, that should cheer you."

Lyanna wished for one of Alliser's beatings rather than Renly's discipline. She muttered this after Renly walked away and blushed when Lollys and Gilly giggled in agreement. "Its awful when others force you to be something you don't wish to be." Lyanna shrugged at Gilly's words and hid the fact that she did have a tinge of excitement at Renly's flattery. Was her work on the posters good enough for an advertising agency? What if she showed him her fantasy work, would it be gallery worthy?

Raff and Polliver concentrated on the staff supper being served, helping out Ramsay with the student area as well. Normally, they wouldn't offer any further assistance than they had to but both brothers were trying to ignore what might be happening to Jeyne. They were pretty sure of the method their parents would use and already they felt bad for their little sister. So when Marge stood up, cleared her throat and clapped her hand for attention as she headed for the trouble maker table, both boys were interested in watching the show.

Chapter End Notes
Theon: Disturbia by Rhianna
Lyanna: Underclass Hero by Sum 41
Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

Jeyne followed her parents home in a delirium of anticipatory terror. Her bladder was cramping even though she'd gone to the bathroom before they left the gardens. Hands ached as they clenched tight, her nails digging into sweaty palms and she fantasized of every punishment method they have ever employed. Then her mind crazily went with glee into methods of torture that she has heard of, read about or ever saw on a screen. By the time she has returned to the house, Jeyne was sure that movie Ramsay once showed her, Hostel, was about to be her fate.

Gregor and Unella entered the house and said nothing to her. Jeyne wasn't brought out back to the wood shed or the barn and that was good. That meant it wasn't a Gregor specific punishment. Now Jeyne knew it must be Unella's turn for discipline. Jeyne wasn't relieved but before she could brace herself for whatever Unella was about to unleash on her, she watched her parents keep going. She followed them as they headed towards her room. Her parents would sometimes strip a room, leaving only a mattress, school items and clothes. It usually came with a lecture, a beating and a time period before things can be earned back.

Jeyne was already sad about the loss of her stuff and was nervous about whatever beating was coming that involved both of them. Then she grew confused. Unella had stopped at a closet in the hall first and pulled out luggage. Gregor started to pull all the clothes out of the dresser and closet in Jeyne's room. Unella folded it and placed the items neatly in a suitcase. Gregor got out a cardboard box from the hall closet. He started to pack up all of her items, even her school stuff! "What are you doing?" Gregor never even looked at Jeyne as he replied coldly but with a dreadful calm firmness.

"Packing up your stuff. We wanted to raise a daughter to be a great woman capable of big things. Not a little alcoholic that will just turn out rotten and mean like Cersei or weak and hopeless like Tyrion. I don't want my sons around that kind of thing. Plus, why put myself and Unella through that kind of heartbreak?" Jeyne's mouth dropped as she processed what his words meant. They continued to pack her entire room up and Jeyne squeaked out finally, "I won't ever drink again! Please! Don't! Give me one more chance!"

Unella shook her head and lifted her chin, her stony eyes assessing Jeyne. "How many chances do you think Tyrion had? So many if he tried to take a drink for every chance he had, he'd be dead of alcohol poisoning. No. You don't understand how important it is for you to stay away from alcohol and drugs. You clearly remembered we have a rule against such things and having no urge to respect your family and obey the rules, that's just the first sign of what's coming. I won't watch you destroy yourself, Jeyne. I won't have your brothers go through the pain you'll end up causing them."

Jeyne tried begging, pleading, bargaining, apologizing and they ignored her stonily from that point forward. As they packed up her life. Finally, she screamed out. "Where am I gonna go? I want to stay here with you! I don't want to stay with Tyrion or Cersei! Please, she will kill me and father won't want me around anyway!" No words, just an exchanged glance between them and they started to carry the boxes and luggage downstairs and out the back door. Where a very deep freshly dug hole was, a shovel stuck in the pile of dirt next to it.

That's when she started to scream, clutching Gregor's leg as Unella began to tip luggage and boxes into the hole. Gregor pried the girl off his leg and tossed her in. As he grabbed the shovel he leaned down and said, "Welcome to rock bottom, Jeyne."
Damon frowned and started to saunter over towards Theon when he didn't immediately get up. Theon conceded that Damon wasn't as ruggedly good looking or cheerful when he frowned, he looked downright scary now. The large, really large man was coming straight for him and he looked predatory, kicking aside an empty pill bottle that rolled out from Walda's hand. Theon got ready to stand but Damon paused as Marge started to clap and head towards the table.

Sansa had been silently congratulating herself on working so well with Dany as they sat eating together. They have been working out a schedule and planning of how to divide the suite between them. Now they looked up at Marge. What the hell was this? Cersei leaned forward and Loras crossed his legs and held up his monocle. Joff and Vis paused in their torture of Olly.

Arya widened her eyes and put one hand in her chin as Marge headed over so dramatically. She had no idea what the crazy bitch was doing but it was going to be amusing. Arya was getting ready to tell Sansa and Jon about their relationship. She was sure that once Marge graduates they can be open without any of these stupid school politics in the way. Arya isn't sure how her family will take it that she is a lesbian but no matter what, she will be true to herself and her girlfriend.

She is planning on telling her siblings first then hitting the rest over the holidays. That way by summer, they will have had time to get used to knowing that Marge was coming for her. That she will not only be dating this girl but maybe marrying her someday. Arya made herself sick with such sloppy romantic bullshit and yet, Marge has brought this side of her out, this romantic crappy twilight shit. And Arya stares with goofy eyes as her girlfriend comes closer, almost losing her gangster attitude for a second.

Arya was surprised when Marge came to face her, she figured the girl had come to buy party drugs from the Reeds. Then she remembered earlier and grinned, this was probably Marge getting her back for it. A few mean girl comments that Arya can give smart ass responses to and Arya loved doing it. She didn't mind the masquerade that much but it was easier knowing that the truth will be out soon enough. On her finger, Arya wore a little turquoise ring that Marge gave her when they managed to get together over the summer. Twirling it, she smirked at Marge.

Jojen looked up at Marge and mumbled, "Why is she wearing a mourning hat complete with net on her damned head? How did she find one to match her garden dress? Damn, that's fashion magic." Ignoring the stoner, Marge cleared her throat, folded her hands neatly before her and spoke in a stage tone. "I am making a confession. I have been in a secret relationship with Arya Stark. Now that I have publicly revealed this, I will publicly break up with her."

Sansa and Jon were both pale and staring, everyone else watched with at least some sadistic enjoyment but not them. Though Sansa did admire both how Cersei tricked Marge into such a thing and how Marge went about it, she couldn't condone what they did to her little sister. Sansa long suspected that Arya played for the other team but felt it wasn't her right to bring it up. She did not have any clue who Arya had been sleeping with. She was aware that Arya had a secret romance but never figured out who. Had Sansa known she would have made Arya end it before something like this came.
Marge cast a glance towards Cersei who gave a tiny shake of her head, lips slightly parted as if trying to suck it all in. Cersei's gesture made it clear that Marge hasn't gone far enough, hasn't destroyed herself or Arya enough. Loras gave his sister a look of support and encouragement. She knew if she defied Cersei, Loras would continue to be there for her but would her grandmother? Or anyone else? There was no choice and Marge drew herself tall, giving Arya disdainful eyes. Her lovely lips formed into a sneering smile.

"The little Horseface grew into an ugly dangerous little ninja with big tits and I had to try it out, sweetheart. I mean, even the elite need a little strange sometimes. But, it must end. It's not fair to the other students here to think they have a chance at this." Marge gestured to her full self and simpered as Arya slowly stood up, holding tightly to the table. "So, it's over because you're done slumming?" Marge flinched at the pain twisted anger coming from Arya, making her voice go husky. "Not exactly slumming. Right pedigree but wrong temperament. Amazing tongue but the face needs to match."

Arya took the ring off her finger and threw it, watching it hit Marge in the chest and fall to the ground. "Take your fucking ring, Marge. Go to hell. Might be a thief but I would rather starve and go naked than use anything that came from you."

Chapter End Notes

Cleganes: Hit The Road Jack by Ray Charles
Marge/Arya: Twisting by They Might Be Giants
Fat Fucking Pig

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Fucking pig, gods, you love this, don't ya, little porker. Daddy's little piglet.

Walda floated over to Jojen after the supper drama ended and everyone was leaving supper, ready for partying. She wasn't hearing the gossiping over what happened, she didn't see Arya run past trying to hide tears. Walda didn't care about the elegant elite that were surrounding Marge over both her affair and the execution of it. Jojen and his sister were walking with Gendry and Ross heading for the dorms to ready for a night of heavy party drug sales.

Stop crying, stupid sow. You should be grateful that I have friends that want to play with a fat thing like you anyway. Getting too fat for me, how does an eight year get so fat, Walda?

"Holy fuck, Walda! Your eyes! Pupils blown to fucking space, man. Did you take that whole bottle? I told you that they will help with suppressing the urge to eat and would give you energy. Also told you they are full of all sorts of shit, you can't just take it like that. You are already flying, you want more? No. Not of that shit, ask me tomorrow when you come down. I am not going to have your overdosing extra chub-a-licous ass on my conscience, thank you. Want something else? Here, a little something to calm you. Why don't you go let your fancy friends take care of you?"

You should be willing to do anything for this, sister. Trust me, it's your only way out and away from father and his sick friends. Cersei will drag you through hell and the girls will too. You have thick skin and can take it, I know you can. I don't care if you throw up and shit yourself half to death, exercise and diet all you can, it's the only escape you'll ever have out of father's grip.

Meera pulled Jojen back as Walda let out a braying laugh that abruptly cut off, her eyes flat as pennies. "I don't have friends." Walda handed Jojen crumpled bills before walking away and Meera shook her head. "Something is wrong with her. She has never kept money like that. It's always folded in her stupid little purse that her dad gave her." Shrugging, Jojen put away the money. "Never saw her that fucked up before either. I'm sure she'll figure it out. Probably just upset that she's stuck as dorm girl, sick of painting nails and following orders."

Good thing I have a few clients that like fatties. You will serve the other girls, learn from them. Probably useless considering how fat you are and how ugly you are. But we must try.

Walda lit the joint and stopped only long enough to let Gilly and Lollys each take a hit. Tormund and Styr glared at Walda. "Are you fucking serious? Right in front of us?" She slowly inched her eyes upward and stared at the two men. "So stop me. Intervene and take me to Petyr. Go on. Do it."

Walda took the joint back from Lollys and sucked in as much as she could. Gilly and Lollys both watched the staff with grins. "Fuck it, go away, Walda. Fuck off or we'll steal your drugs and kick your fat ass."

Fat bitch. Fat. Stupid. Useless. Fat whore, chubby stupid fat whore useless cunt. Walda, pay attention! Bring me the RIGHT thing, stupid and fat. And a whore. Some guys like fatties. Fat little girls.

Another one of those braying laughs that sound almost hysterical, another creepy flat face. Walda walked away and sang out softly, "That's the power of being one of Cersei's girls." She went into the dorms and smoked her joint all the way into her room. Her room was on the same floor as Sansa,
Marge and now, Dany. Walda's room was the smallest, of course and held not only her own things but anything the girls couldn't store elsewhere. Walda was careful to allow the smoke of weed to linger upon everything with a small mean smile.


Making sure to blow a stream of Durban Poison directly from her perfectly glossed lips to Marge's favorite dress coat, Walda reached into her hidden box, always hidden in the closet. Counting out eight tiny pills, Walda hummed. Rummaging deeper, she found a small bottle that Sansa asked her to stash. It was some kind of fancy little liquor and she swallowed her pills with it. Nodding to herself, Walda stood up unsteadily. Giggling, she danced slowly in her palace made of rich textures, fur, silk, linens from around the world, her dancing partners.

*Blow Joff for me, Walda. Here, you can take anything from my hair supplies you want if you'll blow him. I need to get his drunken fists away from me. Come on, he likes to beat on redheads, he won't hurt you. Joff didn't hit her, Sansa was right. He only called Walda names and spit on her as she sucked his cock, strangled on it as he poured himself down her throat. It scalded and soured thick on her tongue as he called her a fat traveling cum bucket.*

Foundation, mascara, tears, sweat and Durban Poison smeared along the expensive materials as the coats gave Walda the most warm and loving caresses she's ever had. Hearing the sounds of others entering their dorms, she hummed to herself. Her name was called several times and she ignored it. Someone knocked on the locked door and hollered insults then went away. Sounds of parties began, thumping music, squeals, arguments and more surrounded her.

*Sophomore year Walda had bent over in the cafeteria to pick up a dropped napkin and the sound was horrific. It sounded like a long ponderous fart as her tight dress ripped from ass to middle back. The laughter was a sea of pounding humiliation and it drowned her. She had stumbled away and sobbed for hours. Marge and Sansa teased her about it as they forced her to get them ready for a night of fun with Rosalyn. They left Walda behind since her embarrassment had been seen by Cersei. The kids didn't let that joke go for some time. Hey Walda? Gonna show us another pair of your panties after you blow a hole in another dress? Ramsay's boys are still blind from your huge fucking blue panties. Wasn't a blue moon, more like a fucking space station!*

The closet released a smeared, stumbling Walda. She went to her bed to survey her party outfit, set out so carefully earlier and laughed, brayed like a hyena while pounding her fists into the soft mattress. The laughing fit ended and she stripped out of her garden dress. Sitting naked in front of her make up mirror, Walda used wet wipes to clean off her face. With a dreamy cloud over her, the pain was dulled and her hand was steady like never before.

*Fat Walda. Fat, stupid, ugly, useless, whore, cum bucket Walda.*

Walda did up her face better than ever before with a careless hand. For once it didn't matter so it came out perfectly. She had sweeping coral pink glitter wings on frosted eyes, her lips were painted into a heart shape. Surveying her hair, Walda delighted in deconstructing it. A quick treatment, a little teasing and a ton of hairspray later, she brayed at the results. Her hair was now a bright pink temporary color with silver glitter dusted ends. Bangs that went to the frosted eyebrows, straight until it reached her neck then the hair curled upwards.

*Should be grateful. You have to escape daddy. This is the only way how. Fat ass.*

She disregarded the party outfit on the bed and headed back to the closet. A dress that was a near recreation of a flapper dress from the twenties, Walda had bought it on a whim. Rolling up the thigh high nylons, adding the pink dress with the tiny silver beads on it, Walda declared herself ready. At
the very last second, she remembered the silver clunky heels that went with it and of course, how could she have forgotten jewelry? A hyena brayed while she added a silver choker, pink diamond studs in her ears and silver bracelets on her wrists. They slid easily over the slits just starting to bleed.

_Cersei leaning over her. If you don't find someone this stays your role. Is that what you want? It does suit you, not that is has enhanced your body any, all that running around. Fascinating, you have everything else, well, almost. Frankly, I just don't think you were ever meant to be in our caliber, darling. I have been generous and patient with you through the years, almost motherly, I'd say. And yet, here we are. You are still fat, still dumb and on the bottom, just barely one of us._

Walda took a deep breath then grabbed the small bit of cocaine she had stolen from Loras's coat left in the back of the closet. She sniffed deeply and endured the burn, gasping.

_Walda had tried to find another dorm girl at the garden and all the way until supper. She couldn't ask Shireen after that stupid prank of Ramsay's, of course. Asking Jeyne brought wrath. Gregor nearly tore her head off, saying he didn't want Jeyne near Cersei or mean girls. Lollys and Gilly laughed at her, Arya stopped her before she could even start asking. Cersei tsked at Walda. Face it, this is your role. You will graduate high school as the bottom of the elite group. At least you made it that far and that's something you can always hold onto. I meant to tell you. I heard something from Petyr, I guess your father has written him. Not to bother with any encourage of college. Walder plans on marrying you to some fat old man that he wants to partner with._

Unlocking her door, Walda stepped into the chaos of music and teenagers. Shutting her door firmly behind her, Walda left a red dripping spot on her brass doorknob. A wide smile on her face, throwing her head back, arms out, she sashayed down the hall. The cuts in her wrists gave her a reverse red carpet.

_Uh oh, here comes fat ass. Fucking fat pig, bleeding stuck pig._

**Chapter End Notes**

_Walda: Airplanes by The Ready Set_
Arya ran to her dorm, she ran like a baby as if she were a little kid again. She didn't care how it looked, she had to get away before everyone wanted to either comfort or jeer. She slammed into the basement, past the Reeds rooms. Kicking open a door, Arya climbed a small stairway then found a green painted door with five locks on it. She quickly opened her locks and entered her room. Her upset didn't bother to remind her to lock the door. Going across the splintered floor boards fast, causing them to creak alarmingly, Arya grabbed a bottle off her bookcase.

Her room was a former tower that held long windows to launch arrows or fire cannons from depending upon the time era. Arya chose it for herself freshman year. Fought for it and when denied, simply stole into it anyway. Harold and Bob tried twice to remove her from the room with no luck. Every time they pick the locks, they get hit with booby traps. If they toss everything out of her room and lock it, Arya finds her way back in and refills the room. Eventually the twins gave up.

It gets tossed like every other room when the twins are annoyed at everyone enough to bother checking rooms. She gets most of her stuff stolen by the twins and the detentions and beatings are extensive but never enough to stop her. Arya has been beaten and teased by staff and students alike. The first year was the worst and by the end of it, Arya had understood how she had to make her own way. She wasn’t pretty or popular, mean or talented. She didn’t have Sansa or Jon’s charms but Arya had some skills of her own.

That is when Arya went from awkward class clown to thief, rebel and the girl who could get anything needed. She made herself indispensable, she learned to be invisible, to be a ninja and to fight because even a ninja can get caught. And the whole time Arya did this, it was Marge who supported her through it. The idea of turning herself into such a thing sort of came from Marge. The girl had been tutoring the very awkward freshman who couldn’t understand geology science. It was Marge who reminded Arya that she was worth more than meat for the bullies after all.

Arya recreated herself while she learned about her own sexuality. It was the only two good things that she ever received out of this nightmare of a school. Now the romantic moment has ended, blown up in her fucking horsey face. She cackled at her own joke and toasted herself as she chugged the vodka. Tossing the bottle into her wastebasket, Arya reached into her small mini fridge and took out a red bull and started to chug it. Lighting a clove cigarette, Arya started to rummage through her antique trunk to find her party clothes.

Jon and Ygritte entered her room. Arya hurried to remove any sign of tears from her eyes and continued to puff her smoke while finding clothing. Jon wrinkled his nose then blurted out, "You stole my damned cigarettes again!" Jon rolled his eyes, noting that Arya took a trunk from Olenna's room, a bookshelf that had gone missing from the dorm lobby and Joff's missing fridge. Sitting on a worn couch that Ygritte dimly recalled seeing in the teacher's lounge last year, she put her feet up on a coffee table that had Ramsay's initials in it.

Arya started to curse and toss things around the room of stolen treasures. Jon dodged the missiles and hugged the short angry girl as she struggled then sagged, bursting into tears. Ygritte found the discarded cigarettes and lit one for herself while Jon drowned in Arya's bitter tears. "I hate her, I fucking hate her. I hate her." Jon and Ygritte both nodded in wordless support. They waited for Arya to calm down, to get it all out. Ygritte lit a joint and rummaged until she found a bottle of some fancy liquor and downed it.
Sansa watched her sister run out of the cafeteria with a deafening stillness. Marge headed quickly back towards the table and her brother was there to grab her shoulders, whisper into her ear, hugging her. Dany looked shocked and was giving Marge a look of extreme disapproval, in contrast to Cersei, who looked like a lion who just had a fine meal.

Sansa stood up and ignored the stares of all the hungry elite. Marge looked terrified and sad all at once, a lovely tragic figure awaiting her trial. Sansa stared at Marge without any emotion then without breaking the eye contact, she gestured to Dany.

"The impossible has happened, darling. Turns out you have just moved to my second. Marge has placed herself as our third. Congratulations, Dany. Marge, our condolences." Sansa turned to walk away, leaving all to start taunting but Marge was stupid enough to touch her arm and beg her to wait, to let her explain. Sansa swung herself with such military precision into Marge's personal space that even Alliser was impressed.

Joff and Vis leaned forward, thrilled to see the show continue. Ramsay had Damon taking bets across the room and Hot Pie was tallying up points instead of recipes. Cersei refilled her wine along with Tyrion's. Petyr and Renly pretended they weren't signaling Tormund and Styr for some betting of their own on the cat show. Podrick watched with distaste as Bronn also placed a bet with the twins. When he caught Podrick's eye, Bronn laughed and muttered, "It's a small school on a secluded island. We don't have much else to do around here."

Sansa started to move forward, forcing Marge to begin to walk backwards, Loras fluttering near her. Her voice was crystal clear, as loud as Marge's had been when speaking to Arya.

"I understand why you did it. Why you had to do it. I would have suggested a break up myself had I known but not a public one. Because you are poison. Each of us here, under Cersei, each of us are pure poison. Why would you deliberately poison my little sister? Because you thought with your perfumed drenched honey den rather than whatever lies in your crown shaped skull. You are a dollar store hiding behind a brand name awning and that's the part of you that had to seduce Arya."

Cersei's mouth opened, Joff laughed and Vis was giving a golf clap. Petyr's eyes were glistening with pride and lust while Bronn winked at Styr, who was about to lose money. Gilly and Lollys gave him mock sympathetic smiles. "We told you that you should never bet against a ginger."

Loras put his own hand over his mouth as Marge lost all of her color, Sansa's insult striking hard and deep. Sansa smiled and licked up the wounds with a cutting tone.

"Funny, we always joked that Walda was the pig we put into pearls but I think I was wrong. I think I owe her an apology. Because after all, we accepted you without any hesitation. You are imitation Hello Kitty, you are the clearance rack at Henri Bendal. You are the beauty pageant girl crown with pasted rhinestones and over-polished dentures. If we took away all the surgeries, what would we have, after all? A flat chest, the rib you removed, if we took out your contacts, if I got your old kind of squishy nose back? What would happen if your jacked up teeth couldn't have been fixed? Would we have accepted a snaggle tooth, wide waist, flat chested wildebeest that snorted like a masturbating pug?"

Sansa smiled at Marge's tears that could no longer be repressed.

"You are third. One more mess up and you'll be switching with Walda. I don't know which I am angrier at you for. For hurting my little sister or for forcing me to be allies with Dany. You have taken her place on my vengeance list so buckle up, sweet discount store generic pop tart. Now I'm
leaving with Dany to get ready for the parties, I suggest you make sure we don't leave anything behind. It's suited to you since you like to dumpster dive like a venereal disease ridden trash panda.”

Dany followed Sansa out of the cafeteria. Vis and Joff tossed trash onto the floor and for the first time Vis told Olly not to pick it up. "Leave it for the trash panda. Come, Olly, we must all get ready for the parties this evening. I promise you'll be a better show than our girls gave us!"

Others began to file out and that's when Damon remembered his original goal. Theon yelped one a large hand landed on his shoulder.

"Hey. When one of us calls to you, you come. When Rams tells us to move, you think we just tell him no? Since you are new, you don't get to ignore any of us. Let's go, Ramsay wants to have you be his plus one tonight. Don't worry about dressing up, he already has your outfit all picked out. You'll love it." The others gave a nervous glance but said nothing. They had warned him and would do no more beyond that. Ross and Gendry slightly shook their heads but said nothing as Theon shrugged helplessly at them.

Theon let Damon draw him out of his seat and lead him away. Ramsay smiled reassuringly and called out that he just had to finish up in the kitchens. Without a backwards glance, Theon let Damon sling a heavy arm over his shoulders and the other boys surround him. He could just hear Jojen whistling Taps as the much stronger boys pulled Theon away into the night air. The boys talked about the drama they just watched but not for long. Damon smiled down at Theon as they all headed towards the dorm house.

"You don't know any of our traditions here yet. This one isn't on the official school calendar but it's a tradition as old as the stupid garden party! The first night back at school we all party. The best dorms open up and the drugs, dancing, drinking, sex, just depends on what rooms you land in! The staff knows about it and steers clear as long as it doesn't get too fucked up. Harold and Bob pretend to keep everything in line but they don't care what we all do as long as they get paid for it."

Theon smiled and swallowed hard. The social anxiety bite with sharp teeth and Theon knew he needed drugs and drinking if he was going to survive partying. Balon threw Theon in here because of his partying habits. Theon wanted to fit in so badly, he would fill himself with every poison he could find then throw himself into clubs, raves, anything at all. He doesn't like himself sober or fucked up and which kind of himself will Ramsay like better? The sober Theon or the party one?

"I'm glad Ramsay has something for me to wear. My dad burned all of my party clothes."

The boys all laughed and Damon nearly knocked Theon to the ground with a hearty smack to his back. "Your dad's an asshole. Rams knows what size you are and he gets great fashion ideas in his head. He does it to all of us, dresses us like we are his damned dolls sometimes."

Theon smirked and Skinner raised his eyebrows. "Share the funny thinks?" Theon shrugged as they headed into the lobby of the dorm house. "I was just thinking, how Ramsay rules and dresses his group. It's not any different than those girls. Instead of elite mean girl cliche, it's elite gangsters."

It was silent for a moment while they processed this then Damon gave a slow grin. "Yeah, okay. I can see that. I like that. Elite gangsters, that's gonna tickle Ramsay."

Chapter End Notes
Chapter Theme:
Milk and Cookies by Melanie Martinez
Jeyne stared from the bottom of the dirt hole, it looked so far to the top. Gregor and Unella looked like unforgiving giants, unreachable, untouchable. She shifted, using her boxes, her luggage to try and climb back up. Gregor shook his head as Jeyne slipped and fell, burying herself under her own belongings.

"Rock bottom, Jeyne. It's where drunkards and junkies end up, might as well try it on for size. This is what happened to Tyrion, it's where your next drink could lead you. You lose your home, your family, friends, all your possessions, everything. You find yourself at the rock bottom with nothing and no one to help you crawl out of it. Some die there, Jeyne. Will you? Can you climb your way out of this hole, pull everything you have out and back in place? Or will you just sob down there and be content to die in it?"

Jeyne watched them leave her and she screamed, cajoled but she heard them shut the house door and windows. She sobbed and started to grimly force her way up and out, only to slide back down further each time. She screamed in frustration and terror to an uncaring night that came on fast and chilly.

Unella peeked from a window while she finished cooking dinner for herself and Gregor. "She's still trying to climb, almost got there the last time." Chuckling, Gregor rattled the keys on the controller as he turned on the boys' gaming system. "Damned right she is. She's a Clegane not some fucking Lannister. She will be here sore and filthy before breakfast."

The sounds of parties beginning made Jeyne sob harder. She was missing everything stuck down here. Jeyne furrowed her brow and started to stack her items and begin the climb again. Wailing and crying the whole way, Jeyne pulled herself up by roots. She made it to the edge and reached to pull her luggage up with her. And rolled back to land on her mattress in the dirt hole.

Selyse put her fork down as Shireen continued to look longingly out the window at the dusk and beginning of music.

"At least its a better sound than the little retard screaming." Shireen gave her mother a rather pointed look that Selyse didn't appreciate. Pointing her steak knife at Shireen, Selyse intoned, "You aren't going to the parties." Stannis sighed and gently spoke. "We spoke of this a thousand times. Shireen is a full student and must show up for at least a short time. I have already spoken to Harold and Bob, a sharp eye shall be kept upon our daughter."

Melissandra knew enough to keep her mouth shut and pretend the family arguing meant nothing. Or at least that is what Shireen was praying for to no avail. "If you go, little girl, you are setting yourself up for humiliation. Why ask for bullying and teasing and mocking when it comes all too easily naturally? I am not trying to be cruel, rather spare you the cruelty of those children." Stannis cleared his throat gruffly. "Shireen will go if she chooses."

Shireen had been amazed to discover her parents had no idea that she had detention. Apparently Cersei did not tell on her and Shireen knew that would mean owing something to Cersei. Fine. She can handle it. "Mother, Melissandra, thank you for your concern. I am fine, I survived all day and if I
got teased, I didn't even notice it. I know what parties to avoid and where I can enjoy going. I will be fine." Selyse threw down her knife and stood up to glare at her husband and daughter. "They will corrupt and destroy her. And you will let them with a smile, Stannis."

Lyanna knocked at the door to collect her just as the two women went storming past. "Shireen! Each person is wearing crazy costumes, I can't understand the themes! Different rooms are different things, we have to dress and hurry!" Lyanna stopped just short of slamming into the director. "Oh, sorry, Sir!" Stannis put his hands behind his back and sternly looked upon the small loud girl. "I will thank you kindly to stop shouting down my house, young lady."

The girl blushed and muttered an apology. Clearing his throat, Stannis nodded. "Well then, I will give you girls some tips for your celebrating tonight." The girls rolled their eyes and Shireen recited along with Lyanna, "Do not put down our drinks. Do not drink anything given to us. Do not take drugs, do not-" Stannis interrupted with a slight twinkle to his eye. "Ah, very clever, two clever girls that I won't worry about being roofied or defiled." Lyanna snorted and repeated "Defiled."

Stannis gave the merest sign of a smile and his voice was tinged with a slight humor. "I happen to know a little about student parties and their own little traditions. Each faction dresses different to symbolize what they are. It's no different when they wear costumes. I also got a fashionable person to assist you with your outfits tonight." The girls were curious and excited until the door opened and Olenna appeared. "Oh dear, this will be greatest fashion challenge, Stannis! You'll owe me, Sir!"

Shireen and Lyanna stood in misery and horror as Olenna thumped her cane around them and spoke haughtily.

"Let's see. You certainly are not within our elite group, you are not top, middle or even bottom rung in popularity, your status is invisible. You are not famous, not pretty, not talented nor are you rebellious or witty. At least not yet. We don't know what might grow out of your fungus heads yet. You are two young girls trying to fool your way into a world not made for the likes of you. It will eat you up and you don't care. It's already killing that poor Onion you pal with. No, that can't be his name, can it? Orn? Oliver? Well, doesn't matter, he won't survive the night I don't think."

When the girls tried to speak in concern of Olly, Olenna waved at them dismissively. "Oh hush. There isn't a single word that either of you might utter that could ever be interesting to me. Are either of you pregnant, possessed by the devil or have you been bitten by a vampire? Ravaged by a werewolf or contracted an infectious plague? No? Then be silent and let me do the thinking for you. We cannot help your disfigurement, Shireen, nor can we get rid of Lyanna's ugly personality. I suggest we start with making your flaws the theme of your costumes. I am thinking jesters."

Olenna set to work and soon she sent for Renly. "My hands are no longer steady for make up or to thread strings. Get to work, fancy pants. Don't step on the feathers!" Renly stared at the pained faces of a misery so fine, he wished to stop and just paint such raw human emotion. Instead he muttered, "What the hell have you done to them, Olenna? I get the concept, I think I understand but might I suggest tweaking a thing or two?" Olenna begrudgingly admitted her eye might not be as sharp as it used to be.

With a secret smug look about her, the old woman sat down and snapped for one of Selyse's servants to bring her tea and their best treats. She pulled one of Shireen's thick fur blankets about her arthritic legs and sighed in pleasure as she directed another servant to light the gigantic fireplace. Within moments of inhaling the tea and treats, Olenna was comfortably napping. Renly worked fast and sent the overly harassed servants to the art room and drama storage room for new materials.
Soon Stannis watched with his wife and mistress as Renly presented two new girls they have never met before. Stannis got tears of pride in his eyes and took pictures while Renly openly declared the girls a work of art. The girls preened and seemed to gain confidence from the costumes. They actually dared to pose in silly ways for the pictures.

Melissandra leaned towards Selyse and muttered, "Do you see what I mean? Do you see it now?" Selyse breathed her words out in heavy agony. "Yes, yes I see it now. The sign." Lyanna was a dizzying sight in her hoodie bodysuit, black and white dominoes with a corset and plumed crimson skirt. Shireen wore a dress made of orange and red plastic leaves, her face painted in streaks of fall colors, her hair wild around her, twigs and leaves weaved through it. In the shifting kitchen lights, she almost looked like she was on fire.

Ygritte was grinning as she snapped on the latex gloves and set up her trays and needles. Jon shuddered and watched as Arya finished shaving her head down to a fine dark stubble. "Are you sure about this? I mean, how the hell do you think you'll feel tomorrow about these changes?" Arya gave Jon the middle finger and drank more. Jojen flew into the room, wearing a sexy crayon costume, sunglasses and scuba flippers on his feet. "Here ya go, sweetheart. Suck on this, baby and it'll make it easier." Giggleing, Jojen stuck his fingers and a heart shaped pill into Arya's waiting mouth.

Ygritte worked carefully and Jon held Arya's hand through it all. Jojen left to finish his own preparations, this was a busy production night for him. Arya let her tears fall, let the pain wash it all away. When it was all done, Arya carefully dressed and by the time she applied her make up, the tears were gone for good. Jon and Ygritte got ready in Arya's room while she applied her black nail polish and jackboots. Arya was glad for the theme they had chosen as it matched perfectly with her new look.

"Fuck Marge and her fixation on jewelry and fancy things. So here's some sparkly pretty jewelry and fancy things she'll never get to touch."

Lommy came in and whistled in appreciation at Arya. "Fucking yes. I love that on you! Fucking ballsy bitch, that's why I love you. Okay, gave Ross and Gendry some neutral costumes to wear. Told them to meet us here or go to Jojen's and wait for us. Not to wander around. I warned them that the carnivorous spiders aren't the only predators down here tonight." Lommy started to take pictures of himself, of Jon and Ygritte as they put on their finishing touches, but mostly of Arya. Her nearly bald head was only one part of this new look.

"A wide belt made of pink stone grinning skulls snugly wrapped around her thick hips as camouflage jeans hugged muscular legs. An olive cotton crop top was clinging tightly to Arya's ample breasts. In her navel was a brand new ring, an over large ruby shaped like a rose with a silver dagger through it. Seven silver skulls were pierced into her ears, from earlobe all the way up, each connected by a tiny chain to the next. Each of Arya's thick eyebrows held three small silver hoops. Her left nostril twinkled with a tiny diamond and her bottom lip sported another three tiny silver daggers.

Arya's neck held silver dog tags on a fancy silver chain, her arms had black armbands with pink
rhinestone skulls, her wrists had black leather cuffs with more sparkling skulls. Her eyes were smudged with black and green, her top lip was smudged green, her bottom pierced lip was blackened. The addition of a black leather general's hat with a shiny skull on it was only perfected by the mean smile on her face. Lommy proudly offered his white linen arm, smartly dressed in a naval officer uniform, complete with oversized blue rhinestones everywhere and neon green tap shoes.

Jon and Ygritte both wore ragged foot solider fatigues, using old boots they have tied up with bandanas, tears made in the pants and jackets patched with fishnet or faux fur. Ygritte's braids and Jon's long curls just fit naturally. They joined Lommy and Arya in pictures then they all headed out. By the time Arya finished setting her traps and locking her room up, Gendry and Ross showed up. Both of them looked very uncomfortable in their crisp Norwegian Cruise staff uniforms.

Chapter End Notes

Jeyne: Cry Baby by Melanie Martinez
Shireen/Lyanna/Olenna: You're Never Fully Dressed by Annie
Arya: One Woman Army by Porcelain Black
Ramsay was dressed in a mixture of hunter red and gold, a thick overlay of wool and expensive silk thread. The tight pants were golden silk and left nothing to the imagination, making Theon's tongue feel too thick in his mouth. The matching gold blouse was under a tightly laced red vest that had golden thread woven creatures running across it's crimson canvas. A long old fashioned red hunting cloak completed the look. The only relief from the red and gold was the matching polished black top hat and knee length boots. Even the small tear drop earring and pinky ring were both rubies.

Damon was more menacing than ever, with black latex pants, a thick whip attached to a studded belt made of silver links. He wore no shirt at all, just a long black velvet coat and he painted both his eyes black. His large fists were encased in fingerless black gloves that each had day glo happy faces painted on them. The same happy face he has painted onto his massive smooth chest. The blond hair was carelessly wild and a black bowler hat perched upon the mess. Every step he took made the chains on his black boots chink with menace.

Alyn and Skinner both dressed in Lycra tuxedos with jeweled codpieces, jester hats with bells upon their heads. Raff and Polliver had forced their way inside, stating they had nowhere else to change. Ramsay had been rummaging around to get Theon's costume perfect and didn't care. Theon blushed since he was nearly naked but the two new boys paid him no mind. At least they didn't tease him like Damon and the other two did when he was forced by Ramsay to strip. The outfit was a bit snug for Theon's taste and it was certainly strange but he didn't complain. He's worn way worse than a Norwegian cruise ship captain's uniform.

Polliver and Raff simply smiled and gave him a thumbs up while somberly saying, "Hail traditions, virgin aboard for his first freaky tour. May you sink or swim, fishie." Ramsay assured Theon that it wasn't a singular prank. "I had one sent to every new student, they have to wear it. It is a tradition. I even sent them to the little shrimps fresh from little kid school and I hate them. But only you get to be the captain, honey. Shows favor and for politics sake, I should have chosen the leper but I like you way more. You are way cuter too."

Ramsay smiled. "You see, it's one of those silly things that the adults don't know about. They like the idea of us all having costumes at our parties to help obscure new kids and statuses. We all ignore this and allow us to single out the new students to our school by these outfits. Makes hazing you all that much easier. But don't worry, since you are already with us, it won't be nearly as bad. Most of the students wouldn't wish to fuck with you at risk of possibly upsetting me. And every new student must wear the uniform or make the fatal error of daring to flaunt our traditions and spit upon our own spiked welcome wagon."

Raff called out from Ramsay's walk in closet, "Why is there a dead body in your closet? Do you know how hard it is to maneuver around both Polly and this fucking corpse?" Ramsay swore and stormed over to curse. "Dammit. Must've happened right after supper too. And I fucking missed it completely. Fuck, it's gonna stink up the whole room and all my shit! FUCK! WHY DID HE HAVE TO COOK WITH SO MUCH GARLIC!" Kicking at the body on the rug, Ramsay kept yelling.

"Damn you! Wake up, Hot Pie! I told you to shower then pick any damned item you wanted for all your extra work! I didn't say drag your stinking kingdom of dumpster grade lunch lady blended ass meat smell into my small womb of comfort and good smells! Oh gods, now it's churning up worse,
it's because everyone is in here now. I'll never get this smell out of the room, not ever, I might as well burn this fucking room to the ground and save Stannis the trouble of every student forevermore committing suicide upon entering the room. I want to rip off my nose. I want to sniff Damon's bad potty nuggets where he forgets to clean well. I think my eyes are burning."

Hot Pie didn't stand up, he simply crawled out of the closet as Skinner shoved past Theon and unlocked it. Hot Pie crawled out of the room and curled up to sleep in another random spot. Raff and Polliver decided to change in the main rooms while Ramsay sprayed deodorant everywhere. Raff and Polliver wore pin striped gangster suits, updated versions of the romanticized mob bosses. Theon thought somehow it seemed to suit them, even though they looked nothing like each other. Polly wore blue and black stripes and Raff and black and white stripes. Maybe it was the identical shark grins?

Theon helped with the last finishing touches on the main room that their hall was using for the dorm party. He felt better when he saw that poor little kid wearing the cruise staff uniform when he went over the fancier dorms. He felt bad for the kid a moment later when the golden haired brats made the kid hold a chamber pot for them to piss in. Grabbing the box of decorations from a fancy looking boy with a monocle, Theon fled towards a staircase. He had gone the wrong way and encountered a girl standing with a flat smile, her arms outstretched and there was blood dripping from her wrists to the floor.

Theon turned ran the other way until he nearly catapulted down the opposite staircase that turned out to be a low balcony in a place that should have no balcony at all. Damon caught him with a frown just in time and slung him around like a rag doll. "You are way more trouble than you are worth. You need a leash before you get lost and break your own neck. Ramsay HATES it when his toys break themselves." Theon would have tried to explain but that's when Damon decided to toss him over his massive shoulder. Suddenly Theon was being bounced and his stomach was objecting strongly.

He decided to concentrate on not vomiting and forgot about the scary girl. Damon set him down near a boy wearing a mankini and a rubber cowboy hat who introduced himself as Grenn. "I'm about to DJ this fucking madhouse. Help me set up, would ya? Made it to captain of the freaky virgin cruise, huh? Nice for you." A slender man wearing a matching mankini and a police cap introduced himself as Pyp then started to set up lights everywhere. Theon watched with round eyes as a unicorn skated into the room and started sticking her hands in everyone's mouth.

With a smile, Theon opened his mouth when Ramsay nodded encouragingly and the unicorn gave him a sweet tasting pill that melted fast. The world repainted itself and Theon's mind exploded before the music and lights did.

Chapter End Notes

Lowlife by Poppy
"This simply isn't forgivable. She better be in the clinic dying of a plague. You'd figure that Walda would use this chance to impress me."

Sansa fussed with her complicated hairdo and commanded Marge to spray it lightly. Sansa surveyed her image in the mirror as Loras finished helping Dany and his own sister with their complicated costumes. Loras stepped back and then made adjustments to each of them, stepped back again, giving a critical eye to all three expectant debutantes.

"Okay, let's see the timing on your big reveal, ladies!"

That took another ten minutes before Loras felt they were ready for their public. Loras took off to see if Joff and Viserys were ready. Sansa and her girls were a vision as they sashayed carefully down the hall towards the main staircase. The tradition called for them to all begin in the main lobby where the DJ will work, his speakers and lights were hooked onto every floor.

Sansa could see that most of the others were already below in the lobby, allowing for their elite to show fashionably late.

As soon as Sansa heard the boys with Loras, she and her ladies made their entrance. The spotlight from the lobby suddenly landed upon the girls at the top of the stairs and all eyes followed it. The girls had truly outdone themselves this year and Sansa felt bad that Walda was dumb or sick enough to miss it.

They stood still to allow everyone to drink it in. Sansa in the middle, Dany on her right and Marge on her left. The ladies were dressed for a tea party run by a Mad Hatter.

Sansa's hair was rolled in thick cylinders piled high on her head, a sideways fascinator on her head that sported a gold teapot on it. Face painted white, eyes and lips painted in crimson hearts. Her dress was a proper ball gown that swept lemon ruffles in a bell shape to the floor. Only her shoulders and plunging cleavage could be seen of her skin, long arm length gloves gleamed with glittering lace. A lace choker thick enough to cover the entire swan neck with the same skull cameo that Arya sported.

Dany's silvery hair was rolled into fat braided loops on either side of her head, held by thick bows that each were covered in tiny tea cups. Marge's hair was teased beyond normal limits then bound straight up in a frightful yet artful poof, only tamed by a tiny hat that was holding a sugar and cream set. Dany's dress was lavender and Marge's was mint, each dress was the same style as Sansa's but with less flair. Both Dany and Marge had the same make up style as Sansa except in the colors of silver and gold.

As all eyes came to them, the three ladies moved two steps closer to show how their skirts brush against the stone floor. Then they each moved a tiny string looped around their right pinkies in a dainty fashion. All three skirts suddenly rolled up with snap on the fronts of their dresses like window blinds to reveal long legs, draped in old fashioned silk nylons and delicate glass slippers. The applause and cheering was thunderous and all that Sansa could have asked for.

The ladies curtsied in triumph as the boys came to join them for the walk downstairs. Joff came to stand next to Sansa and dramatically the glittering couple intertwined nothing more than their
fingertips as Joff slowly led his queen down the stairs.

Sansa's lion king was resplendent in his antique smoking jacket of crimson and gold paisley. The robe was tightly fastened with black frogs and the red velvety ascot on his neck matched the fez upon Joff's head. The carefully brushed camel hair slippers were a lovely tanned gold color and had tiny red tassels upon them. His finely threaded gold and crimson striped pants were painstakingly iron and pressed and Olly's work showed. Joff puffed on a long curved ivory bone pipe that clearly burned with one of Jojen's mixes.

Viserys held tightly to Dany's wrist, nearly crushing it as he surveyed her outfit for flaws, glaring with jealousy at her heaving bosom. He was wearing a long Victorian style silver and lavender style smoking robe that fell around him like a cape, open to display his bare chest. To display the magnificent dragon tattoo upon his taut muscular flesh. The long black pants he wore were loose and made of the finest silk the west could offer. The brushed slippers curved up into points with lavender tassels.

Loras offered his arm for Marge to wrap her hand around and gracefully led her with a warm smile full of careless charm. Though he came last, Loras was the fashionable star among the three elite males. Dancer's legs encased in a majestic gold and mint plaid pair of leggings. Flowing satin blouse, mint on the left and gold on the right, a floppy bow at his neck entwined both colors. Loras wore a mid thigh length waist coat of the same crazy plaid design of his pants. Boots were black but with thick ribbon laces of mint and gold, matching his enormous floppy black velvet hat that sat upon his teased out curls. The hat also boasted floppy ribbons that tangled and hung down his back.

Applause broke out one last time as the elite finally joined the rabble of the lobby.

Gilly and Lollys looked rather smart in their Norwegian cruise ship uniforms, both wearing their hats jauntily. Lollys and Loras spent some time staring at each other, studying with their identical monocles. Ramsay hugged Theon and whispered that tonight would be amazing. Even the bad parts of being a newbie, of being hazed, Ramsay said he would make it easier to take the humiliation and pain. Theon knew this should worry him but the haze of drugs was too heavy and nice.

Harold and Bob wore floral pattern early eighties pantsuits in fall colors along with platform shoes as they came around. Myranda and Kyra wore high shouldered, elegant yet somehow slutty dresses that looked like they were stolen straight from the set of Dallas. Violet and Tansy wore two dazzlingly tight and glittery dresses with shoulder pads that would make a football player jealous that seemed taken from the set of Falcon Crest. Olyvar was dressed like some eighties summer detective. None of them understood anything but the twins were tickled to stick them in the outfits.

"No means no. Stay the fuck out of any areas that isn't made public for the partying tonight. Don't blow anything up, do not cause fires or broken bones, no overdoses and no alcohol poisoning, no death, no rapey shit. Have fun, children. DJ, these fucking animals are waiting for you to turn shit up!" With that, the twins stepped back and allowed the students to give their attention to the DJ. Bob noticed that Harold's eye was wandering towards Gilly and he sighed. Before he could say anything, his own eye was caught by the sight of Shireen and Lyanna entering.

"Holy shit. What the fuck are they doing dressed in...whatever that is. Someone is either forgetting their outfits or daring to try and break traditions. Very foolish either way. Director's daughter or not, with a face like that, it's just plain social suicide."

Chapter End Notes
Mean Girls: Tea Party by Kerli
Mean Boys: Let's Kill Tonight
Gren was well oiled up both inside and out, he rocked out his mankini and let his voice boom along with the bass.

"PREVERTS OF DRAGONSTONE ACADEMY, IT'S OUR FIRST DAY BACK TO HELLISH HAUNTED ROCK! GIVE YOURSELF A ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR SURVIVING AND NOT COMMITTING OVER THE SUMMER!"

Thunder of stamping feet and roars from all and Grenn nodded with a serene smile. Pyp swung his spotlight around towards Meera, who was lifting her brother in her furry arms, her skates firmly set.

"LET'S HAVE A MOMENT OF LOVE FOR OUR VERY OWN CANDY STORE SIBS, JOJEN AND MEERA! OUR STUDENT COUNSELORS OF LOLLIPOP FLAVORED HAPINESS, THE BLISSFUL UMBRELLA WE ALL NEED TO COVER OUR BABY SELVES IN, SO LOVE THEM, RESPECT THEM AND KNEEL BEFORE THEIR WONDERFUL CHEMICAL ALTERS! THEY COMMAND OUR CANDY CENTER AND CHURCH OF RAINBOWS AND PEACE! JUST VISIT THE EXCUSE FOR PAPER LICE FARM OF A ROOM THAT USED TO HOLD SOMETHING CALLED BOOKS, THE REEDS HAVE THINGS THAT WILL LET YOU SEE WORDS WITHOUT BOOKS!"

The unicorn rolled skated in a circle while carrying a sexy crayon that now held roses, pretended to cry and wave like a queen as all cheered. Grenn licked his lips and loved his microphone a little more.

"YES YES YES! OUR FAVORITE ROOM MIGHT BE WITH OUR LOVELY REEDS BUT WE HAVE TO KEEP CLIMBING! TONIGHT IS THE ONLY CHANCE THIS SEASON TO RIDE THAT LADDER UP AND DOWN. ANYONE WANT TO DO A LIL SLUMMING, MYRANDA HAS A SPEAKEASY OPEN. RUMOR HAS IT THE MOONSHINE IS REAL AND SO ARE THE DANCING GIRLS. WE ALL KNOW THE TWINS HAVE GIRLS THAT TURN IT THE FUCK UP FOR US ALL! WANT TO LET IT ALL LOOSE? LET'S DELVE FURTHER INTO THE CESSPOOL, LETS LET MY FINGERS DEEP A LITTLE DEEPER. I WANT TO GET YOU WET, ARE YOU DEWING YET, PYP?"

Myranda gave a quick twirl and the other girls gave a twiddle of their fingers over and around her body at the cheering crowd. Grenn started to sway as he turned up the music, taunting, flirting with beats but never giving them enough to dance to.

"NOW LET'S TALK ABOUT A LITTLE HIGHER, LETS GO UP A LITTLE, YEAH, YOU LIKE IT, PYP? HE'S JACKHAMMERING TO IT. SOME LIKE IT ROUGHER, LET'S GO THERE, YEAH? JOIN ARYA, YGRITTE AND JON IN SOME PAINT GUN HUNTING, THEY GOT A LITTLE GAME FOR EVERY KIND OF BLOODLESS WARRING!"

Marge stared briefly at Arya's new look then away. Arya and Jon held up rifles and shot into the crowd as they all cheered. Grenn howled and then Pyp turned the light towards Ramsay.

"OUR PATRON OF THE WATERSLIDE ON THE SOUTH STAIRS IS RAMSAY FUCKING BOLTON AND HIS MERRY PARADE OF SMILING BAD BOYS! HE PROVIDES ALL THE BEST RIDES, TRY THE BOUNCY HOUSE IN THE SECOND FLOOR DINING..."
Ramsay had given a flourishing bow and Damon linked hands with Skinner and Alyn who all gave a small prim curtsy. Olyvar blushed as he got called out. Pyp turned the light to caress upon the elite in a lighter softer shade. Grenn boomed out with a wide smile and a dramatic almost sweeping gesture.

"AND FOR ALL THE REST OF US SCUM, WE FINALLY GET TO PEEK INTO THE FIRST CLASS! ITS TIME TO WIPE OUR FEET AND STEP ON A FANCY RUG! TAKE A PEEK INTO THE ELITE TEA PARTY HOSTED BY OUR VERY OWN SANDA, DANY AND MARGE! REAL Refined LADIES AND ONE OF THEM ROYALTY, ALL OF THEM ALLOWING US TO HAVE A VERY SPECIAL BLEND OF TEA AND SOME SPECIAL TREATS NOT MADE BY FUCKING ONELLA! PUT OUR PINKIES IN THE AIR AND NIBBLE A LITTLE BIT OF THE LADIES SWEETNESS, LICK UP THAT SUGAR."

Sansa, Marge and Dany moved as one. A finger twitch and the dresses were full and grand, just like the gestures of Queens offering to their adoring subjects. Grenn and Pyp gave the cheering an extra second before turning voice and lights towards Joff, Vis and Loras.

"NOW GENTLEMEN AND GENTLE LADIES, WHEN YOU ARE DONE WITH YOUR TREATS AND TEA, GO STOMP ON THE RUGS IN THE SMOKING ROOM AND TRY OUT A NEW PIPE BLEND OF JOFF'S, PERHAPS HAVE VIS SET UP A NICE HOOKAH SESH FOR YOU? OR LORAS MIGHT HAVE A BIT OF REFINED PUNCH THAT HAS A SPECIAL KICK TO IT."

The three males raised their hands while all cheered and the crowd ate up all the posturing.

"OF COURSE, WE HAVE ONE LAST ORDER OF BUSINESS BEFORE WE OPEN UP THIS FUCKER! WE HAVE OUR VIRGIN TOUR TO LAUNCH, DON'T WE! ALL NORWEGIAN TOUR STAFF PRESENT YOURSELVES!"

Shireen and Lyanna had stayed in the background and watched as Olly, Theon, Ross, Gendry, Lollys and Gilly all formed a line, squinting in the sudden spotlight. It hit both of them at the same time and they grasped hands hard.

Shireen whispered, "Oh no...it's everyone that's new. We should be there. And I bet we are supposed to dress just like that. We should run, right now before anyone sees us. Oh gods, Olenna just got us cut dead." The girls turned to do just that and found a wall in their way.

Damon grinned down at the two strange costumed girls and shook his heads.

"Aww, you two done messed up. What the hell are you dressed up like that for? Too late now."

With one large hand on each, he swept them forward and both found themselves skidding to a halt just in the spotlight. A temporary silence happened and all eyes were focused hard upon Shireen and Lyanna. Grenn groaned loudly into the microphone.

"UH OH. DOESN'T HAPPEN OFTEN BUT SOMETIMES WE HAVE AN UNRULY CRUISE STAFF. SEEMS WE HAVE REBELS! THAT'S OKAY, IT'S FINE, IT'S CHILLY. WE CAN HANDLE THIS, WE KNOW ALL ABOUT GETTING IN LINE, DON'T WE, DRAGONSTONE PREVERTS?"

The cheering was savage now, heated and almost starving with jaws that the girls could almost see.
Chapter End Notes

All I Do Is Win by DJ Khaled
In a tiny microsecond of miracles, most of the students did not instantly taunt and jeer at Shireen and Lyanna. The looks on their faces, the tears tracking down Shireen's face, the pale mortification told them it was an awful accident. Not all however, which is why Sansa knew it was a matter of who spoke first, Joff or Ramsay, perhaps Vis? The winner was all three but started off by Joff.

"Excuse the fuck out of me, but what do dominoes and leaves have to do with a Norwegian Cruise staff? Is it art? I am afraid I don't understand art very well but I am sure I can get a better opinion." He was already walking around the girls, making them move away from the line of uniformed students.

"I am an art student, I'll come assess this edgy but badly timed artwork!" Vis nearly pounced upon them as Ramsay crept up like a vulture wishing to devour a just killed animal. Viserys pretended to assess the girls, making all sorts of educated sounds. Grenn echoed these sounds on his system, hoping to use music and comedy to keep it as light as he could. "It could be a statement, a dramatic living art statement! About a chessboard and fall? Perhaps a statement against the constraints of society and the rigid rules of our forefathers that have passed down but will be tolerated no more?"

Ramsay nodded as if what Viserys said made perfect sense and gravely stared at the girls with his hands folded. He grew a wide grin, even wider eyes and spoke loudly, like a kindly aunt speaking to her kittens. "Did da widdle ones forget a biggie, biggie biggie thingie wingie? Hmmm? Did your brains just take a big ole boom boom stinky doo doo in your heads so you FORGOT to wear your uniforms?" Lyanna blurted out, "Olenna and Renly dressed us this way! We didn't get any uniforms!"

Grenn was not a bully but even he couldn't resist hearing such a juicy stupid thing.

"PREVERTS OF DRAGONSTONE, WE HAVE A REPORT THAT OLENNA AND RENLY CREATED THE ART SHOW BEFORE US! THE GIRLS SOUGHT THE HELP OF AN OLD LADY WHO REMEMBERS MEETING AND FUCKING THE ENTIRE CAST OF SOMETHING CALLED PERKINS PLACE! THE WOMAN HASN'T BEEN IN FASHION SINCE THE FEMINISTS DEMANDED THE RIGHT TO VOTE! THEY GOT HELP FROM A TEACHER THAT HAS WON A THOUSAND AWARDS FOR HIS BODY BUT CAN'T ART HIS WAY OUT OF HERE. SORRY, LORAS, YOU RAGING FUCKING WONDERFUL AMAZING SMELLING MODEL QUEEN!"

Loras gave a graceful nod but his eyes were pinned on the two girls with a mixture of disdain and pity. Sansa had no idea how to repair this and she saw how eager that Vis and Joff were for the kill. Ramsay was merely enjoying the meal, nibbling at the edges, encouraging the blood thirst. Just as Sansa went to open her mouth to try and see if there was a way to cajole Joff, Dany stepped forward.

"If the girls wish to be living art, then by all means, they should be. How clever of you to see that, Vis. Of course, as an art major there isn't anyway you could have missed it. Your eyes are more refined than anyone's. Only you and Joff could have seen it! The girls should perform in every room for at least an hour or two, what an amazing punishment you two have thought of! I wish we could think that clever!" Sansa was impressed at the quick save and of course the boys were stupid enough to accept it. Seething, Sansa smiled at Dany and spoke softly, carefully.
"That was excellent and clever of you. Just be very careful about how often you play the hero. I can very easily put you first on my revenge list and forgive Marge. You know how it goes, Dany."

Grenn boomed out, "THE PUNISHMENT SHALL BE CONDEMNED TO LIVING ART FOR THE NIGHT! WATCH THEM PERFORM IN EACH PARTY ROOM! IF YOU DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU SEE, YOU CAN ALWAYS USE SOME PAINT OR GLITTER TO FIX IT? SO WE ARE GOING TO BE KIND AND PRETEND WE AREN'T LOOKING AT ABSTRACT NIGHTMARE ARTWORK CREATED BY A WOMAN WHO FLIRTED WITH SOCRATES, BY A MAN THAT WON THREE DOLLY PARTON CONTESTS. GET IN LINE WITH THE CRUISE TOUR, CHILDREN!"

"I think they should give us an example first." Vis was staring at his sister as he demanded with a flourish. "I utterly love living art and since they went through so much trouble, I want to see a bit of their show. I am sure they have lovely original dances or performances for us to view and critique. I truly welcome new artists, it's refreshing to see artists that aren't always perfection themselves. After all, some of the best art come from extremely flawed people, you know. So. Show. Us. Something. Now."

Shireen cried but grimly began to twirl and Lyanna sighed but began to sway around her. Dead silence then everyone started to laugh. Shireen stopped and took a deep breath. "Lyanna, remember our dance classes and gymnastics? Let's do something, okay?" Lyanna swore but ignored the laughter and cartwheeled past Shireen. Ramsay was nearly in tears when the girls whacked into each other. Joff was holding onto Vis, both of them in an agonized moment of sadistic amusement. Olly looked ready to cry for his friends but didn't dare move or speak.

Grenn couldn't take it anymore, all of them were laughing and feeling monstrous at the same time, he had to change the rhythm. Just as he was about to end the focus, the stupid director's kid did the unthinkable. She ran. Just up and took off into the shadows of the staircases, gone. Lyanna stood there frozen and Ramsay shoved her into the cruise line. "What a soggy biscuit! Okay, you sad eye test, get in line. Let's get this started so we may fucking party, thank you very much."

Shireen couldn't take the humiliation but she would be damned if she would go home and admit it. She could see her mother and Melissandra giving her that knowing look. It filled her with such a desperate anger, she ran blindly up stairs, seeking darkness and solitude. It was knowing that even the damned teachers seemed to be setting her up. There was no way that Olenna can have been here so long and NOT know of this tradition. The woman is the ultimate guardian of the dorm house, of course she knows, damn it. And I fell for it so easily.

Shireen found an alcove that hid her perfectly within a red velvet curtain but allowed her to peer downstairs. The line of tour guides and Lyanna were on their knees now and the unicorn was giving each of them something tiny to put on their tongues. Whatever it was, Shireen wished she had some. The DJ was getting things going again, the group were being forced to do silly dances that they couldn't truly do. Roasting began and then they were all told what their jobs for the night would be.

They would all serve in the party rooms, forced to perform at anyone's whim. Lyanna would be living art instead of a server for the night. And anyone who didn't like her performance would be allowed to decorate her. Shireen felt guilty that she dragged poor Lyanna into this. She couldn't believe that her friend was taking it when Shireen herself couldn't and felt so ashamed. Shireen knew that her mother was right, that Patchface was right. How much that stung. Fuck it, Shireen was leaving and going to Patchface. It was easier than facing anyone again.

A failure Shireen might be but she still didn't wish to be murdered. That is what she sees in her
mother's eyes, in her parent's mistresses eyes, flat out murder. Why they want to make their victim Shireen, who knows but it's the truth and Shireen just knows it. Patchface told her but she had long suspected it on her own. Patchface might be dangerous or not but Shireen at least could make that choice on how or what way to go out. Whether it's running away or stuck in an underground bunker all chopped up, at least she chose it. Shireen felt bad that she even failed her father. Damn it.

Stupid fat tears wouldn't stop rolling and she brought her hand up to wipe away the tears. Muttering to herself at the new ick, "Great, now I can add red paint on my face because why the fuck not? Can't get any worse, holy shit, oh shit, you are really bleeding, do you know that? Ugh, I am wearing your blood, you are wearing your blood and it really needs to be on your insides, is this shock, I am pretty sure this is shock, yeah." Shireen took her own pulse while Walda watched her.

"Between that outfit and running like that, you've gotten yourself cut dead. They will never stop hunting you or ignoring you unless they are in front of your father." Shireen shrugged, more concerned with looking at the wrists of the limp girl. Shireen gave a small giggle. "You did it wrong." Walda blinked. "What do you mean?" Shireen was still tense but not as much. "Well, Patchface showed me exactly how to do that if I wanted to, if I had to escape my mother. You cut the wrong way. Course, if you don't get help soon, I think you are going to bleed out. You are high as a kite too. That can't be helpful to your survival."

Walda snorted. "Fucking Patchface. He didn't tell me about that method and I didn't want to hang myself, even with instructions. I haven't seen him in ages. I don't want to be saved, dear. I am content to just bled out, thank you very much. Can I tell you a secret, Shireen? These are my last words so I want to get them right and I think you are the perfect person to hear this. Because you will someday be the new leader, if you want it. So listen carefully, okay? Great. Ready? All this fashionable cliche stuff? Fuck it. Hear me? Fuck it and shove it into a crack of whatever sewer you find that stinks the most."

Shireen was caught between wanting to get help and wanting to hear this girl say such shocking things. Things that Shireen has thought of herself and the fact of hearing someone else acknowledge Patchface. The girl was only speaking because she was dying but when would Shireen ever hear such honesty ever again? And be known as the person to have heard Walda's last words? So she leaned closer but also tried to wrap the girl's wrists with the curtain hiding them.

"All this silly work, all this desperate stupid bullying degradation, all the humiliation just to be part of something where everyone hates you anyway. All that work and it's useless. It will mean nothing once you leave the school. Look at all I've done and gone through to be the BOTTOM of the elite girls. Now I hear that my father has decided to sell me instead of letting me go to school or work. I am supossed to marry some fat old man. Just a sow to breed if the old man can do it anymore. And fatties stay with fatties, right? So what did I get out of all of this? Zip, nothing, fucking nada."

Shireen shook her head. "That's awful and really not fair. I remember hearing my father talking about it with Cersei. Of course, I wouldn't call Roose Bolton fat but he is kind of way too old, like my father's age. What did I say? Why are you looking at me like that?" Walda leaned up slightly. "Are you sure? Are you teasing me? Don't tease me right now, Shireen. Don't tease a dying woman." Shireen tried to help Walda as she struggled to stand. "I am not lying. You are going to marry Roose Bolton, Ramsay's dad. That is really awkward but you can just say no."

Walda fell forward and Shireen watched as the girl crawled across the hallway, leaving twin streaks of blood behind her. Shireen forgot her own problems as she followed the crimson streaked tracks that had small bits of glitter and beads in it. Walda entered the first room that was open and Shireen winced to see Walda leave streaks across the lovely expensive carpet from Highgarden. The girl went past the fancy dressers and over to a small crafts area. Tossing the cute little crafts Marge has...
been making for the school, Walda found the glue gun.

"Come here, I need your help. I don't have time for Qyburn! You need to use this to halt the bleeding or I'll die! You and I are done with this bullshit. Tell me you don't want things to change around here? I have an idea, I have lots of them and no one gives a damn because who cares what dumb fat ugly Walda thinks! And think of what they will put you through, how they will force you to change everything about you just because of a little shit on your face? It's time to end this shit, don't you think? Fuck them. Glue me and let's talk."

Chapter End Notes

Preverts of Dragonstone Academy: The Dismemberment Song by Blue Kid
Shireen/Walda: White Teeth Teen by Lorde
Grenn leaned into the microphone.

"NOW NORWEGIAN STAFF, THE FIRST THING WE ALL LEARN AT OUR EDUCATIONAL HALL OF DRAGONSTONE IS HOW TO DANCE! RENLY HAS TAUGHT US SALSA AND JAZZ! OLENNHA HAS FORCED US ALL TO WALTZ AND FOX TROT! CERSEI TEACHES US ALL TO SQUARE DANCE AND LINE DANCE BECAUSE SHE'S A FUCKING SADIST! NO OFFENSE TO YOU, JOFF! A PRINCELY PIECE OF PEACHY POOKIE LIKE YOU CAN'T BE AT FAULT! YOUR MOM IS THE HOTTEST AND MEANEST WOMAN IN THIS FUCKING PLACE AND WE ALL BOW BEFORE HER BECAUSE DID I MENTION SHE'S FUCKING HOT?"

They all cheered as Joff flushed then raised his red solo cup to the DJ. Normally if Grenn had spoken that way to Joff, he'd be beaten, publicly humiliated and probably tormented for the rest of the year. During parties the lines become blurred and all is allowed and forgiven as well as forgotten the next day. At least some things. Others might just be made worse, like how Arya and Marge kept looking at each other in between sips of liquor, between doses of Jojen's blends.

"SO LET'S SEE WHAT YOU HAVE FOR US. WE CAN START WITH EASY STEPS, BABIES. OKAY, WIDDLE CHERRY BERRY BABIES, LET'S TRY A LITTLE DANCE!"

They destroyed the Electric Slide, each of them fumbled out of time on the Macarena and their country line dancing was all stomp and no rhythm. The students exploded in laughter while they turned red but laughed too.

"THAT WAS BAD. I MEAN LIKE REACHING INTO A BAG OF CORN NUTS TO ONLY FIND ON SOGGY LITTLE NUGGET IN THE BOTTOM KIND OF SAD, BAD."

"I NEED GINGER, WE NEED SOME SPICE TO FIX THIS UP, THIS NORWEGIAN CRUISE IS NOT READY TO TOUR! THEY ARE A COLD RAMEN SOUP, THEY ARE A CASSEROLE MADE THREE DAYS AGO. GIVE ME MY REDHEAD! WHERE'S THAT GINGERBREAD, THAT LEMONY, GINGERY DOLLHOUSE PRINCESS! GET YOUR ASS ON THE FLOOR, TEA PARTY GODDESS AND HELP THESE POOR GROCERY STORE BAGS LEFT OUT IN THE RAIN! IF I NEED A TEA PARTY GINGER LADY, I NEED A MAD HATTER! LORAS, YOU DELICIOUS KEN DOLL! YOU GOT MOVES THAT NO ONE ELSE DOES! HELP THIS GROUP OF CANNED GRAVY FROM A TRAILER TRASH UNCLE'S CABINET. SAINTS AND ANGELS WEEP AT THE SHAMEFUL SIGHT OF THIS TOUR OF THE HOPELESS, TELL US THEY AREN'T CONDEMNED TO NO RHYTHM! SAVE THEM!"

Grenn kicked on each form of dance they've had to learn one after the other fast and mixed. Loras and Sansa didn't fail to entertain by showing their years of dance classes, the bodies moved in sync, in rhythm.

"THAT IS HOW WE DO! NOW, TEACH THESE LEFT LEGG-ISTS HOW TO USE THEIR STUMBLING LIMBS!"

Theon, Ross and Lollys were capable of at least some of the fast past dance mix once shown but it
was hopeless for Olly, Gendry, Lyanna and Gilly. The DJ condemned them all to learning and performing the chicken dance.

"FOR THE REST OF TONIGHT, AT ANY MOMENT YOU MUST PERFORM A DANCE IF REQUESTED! I KNOW WHICH ONES WILL ALWAYS NEED TO DO THE CHICKEN DANCE! NOW, GET THESE NORWEGIAN THUGS OFF MY DANCE FLOOR! THEY ARE SO BLAND THAT CATTLE MIGHT BRAVE THE OCEAN JUST TO COME EAT THEM LIKE THE OFF MARKET BRAND PILE OF OATS THEY ARE! I WANT THEM BUSTING ASS TONIGHT, I WANT THEM GROOVING ON COMMAND TONIGHT!"

Grenn got a conga line going of the Norwegian staff to send them off to the different parties areas to work. The students cheered, jeered and threw things at and on the new kids as they were led off. By the time they each were shoved into an area to work, they were all decorated a little more. Glitter, beads, confetti, silly string and more clung them as they melted under Jojen's pills, grooved to the DJ's beat and obeyed their teenage overlords.

Jeyne managed to pull herself and two suitcases out of the hole. She stared down dismayed at the mattress and three boxes still in the hole. Tears tracked through the dirt on her face as she tried to think of what to do. There would be no parties, not even going into the house to bed until Jeyne has managed to pull everything up. Jeyne started to head towards the backyard, hoping to find rope to try and haul up her stuff. She also looked for the ladder that she and the boys used for the small tree house they used as kids.

Jeyne remembered that Gregor had taken the small ladder off the tree and stuck it in the barn.

"I know you are there. Go away, unless you want to help me. I don't need to feel worse than I do and you only tell me bad things, Patchface. I don't need it tonight, I plan to win. I can beat this game."

Jeyne ignored the moving shadows, the quick glimpse of the painted face as she ran past. Jeyne dragged the ladder to the hole then went to find rope. She never saw the long thin painted figure stand up and glide closer. Jeyne ran back to the hole and climbed down to start tying her boxes and mattress with the thick rope.

She never saw Gregor train a rifle upon Patchface in warning as the slender clown tried to inch closer to the hole. Never heard a soft curse as the figure melded into the darkness and fled. Jeyne climbed out of the hole and began to drag her items up as Gregor silently stayed near the side of the house, unseen. Unella was sitting on the roof with her own rifle, trained on the woods that Patchface fled into.

It took almost into the middle of the night before Jeyne managed everything out of the hole but her mattress. Jeyne just wasn't big or strong enough and she had a screaming, sobbing, kicking fit on the lawn before figuring it out. Gregor and Unella stayed silently watching, amused and impressed at the little girl. Grimly, Jeyne tiptoed inside to steal the truck keys out of Polliver's laundry and fired up the old truck. She dragged a thick chain with hook and another fifteen minutes later, a mattress came out of the hold and Jeyne crowed in triumphant.

Jeyne fell upon the dirty mattress, she was equally as filthy. She rested for a second, planning to go shower fast and run to the party. That was her last thought as she fell into an exhausted sleep, a tiny dirty figure splayed out upon a dirty mattress on a lawn.
Harold and Bob strolled through the dorms and saw nothing alarming. They were hoping to catch sight of Shireen, can't have the director's daughter go missing or get hurt. Also, there had been a mild mention that no one has seen Walda since before the party. That was slightly concerning since the twins know that girl has gone through the rigors of hell to be an elite that goes to ALL the parties. So as they walked, they kept a sharp eye out for both girls.

Screams brought the twins to Ramsay's area. They watched students slide down a rubber yellow slicked down tube to land into a huge pool full of whipped cream. It was the Norwegian cruise captain that had to fish the rattled and drunk person out of the whip cream. Most of the time, it was the drunk or drugged person that yanked Theon right into the mess with them. Every time that happened, Damon would have to pull them out and he would use his tongue to lick his unwilling victims clean of the cream. Ramsay beckoned others into his bouncy tunnel. This was an opportunity for his boys to attack from the other side of the bouncy house. The victims of the bouncy house found themselves having to fight or sneak their way out of the sensory overload of the bouncy hell.

Skinner and Alyn were jumping on the top of the bouncy when the twins made them stop. "Might flatten on someone that we give a fuck about. Who might that be? Who knows, surely we give a fuck about someone." They all laughed at the joke and the twins kept moving. Raff and Polliver came by on skateboards, the two of them carrying a keg between them. The twins each got a cup before letting the boys head over to Ramsay and Damon. Theon had to serve each of the boys and when he tried to get his own, he was denied. "I WANT A SALSA DANCE! THEN YOU GET SOME!" Turning red, Theon started to dance. Ramsay grabbed Theon and danced with him, the dance changing into something savage and sexy. The boys all seemed to watch with a hungry glee.

The hooch being passed around by their girls was premium and so were the rolled joints that Jojen had sold them. The twins stopped in and Myranda wrapped around them like a drunk octopus. Bob gave her a long hug and let her talk him into a dance. All the other girls cheered and yanked Harold onto the floor too. They danced only long enough to get out of breath and sweaty before they recalled their jobs. Harold smiled at his good girls that were just trying to have a good time but felt compelled to entertain the men that have literally become their lifeline. "Ladies! Don't hang in here all night! It's your one chance to go tell those uppity bitches to stick it. Go have tea with the ladies and eat cake with the gentlemen! Surely, the tour staff can handle this for you?"

Gilly gave a smart salute, a smile and dilated pupils to them all. "I am here to serve. I love bar tending, please enjoy yourselves and I promise to not get your speakeasy destroyed." As the girls started to head to other areas, Gilly continued to serve students without an issue in spite of being high. In fact, whatever she was on, it made her just go faster. Meera came rolling by, took a fast chug of moonshine and howled. In return, the unicorn gave Gilly another pill and Harold feared that Gilly would move at such a speed that she would enter a new dimension. Before Harold could see if this would happen, Bob dragged him off.

The twins went into the candy store of the Reeds and lost more time. Jojen offered a lovely treat encased within a jello shot that created colors Bob's never seen before. Harold shared jar of moonshine with Meera, who shared a brownie that made Harold feel like he could float. Ross was there as the luckiest Norwegian tour guide ever. She thanked the twins warmly when they walked over to her. Once she had approached them earlier, she was put right to work as well as shown instant relief. Jojen let her know that the twins paid for her to get picked to work in his area. Harold wasn't sure when he and Bob decided to move on but to his surprise, his feet were walking, not floating down the hall.

Harold was sure he levitated on the stairs. Bob started to laugh when they were attacked. If they hadn't visited the Reeds first, the paint slugs hitting them might have hurt. Instead, like the Avengers they are, they walked right into the wild battle. Ygritte laughed and offered them each a beer in a red
solo cup. Toasting the fighters around them, the twins chugged. Bob remembers seeing everyone and everything in smeared colors, as if through a window pane during a rainstorm. Bob saw Lyanna, that savage little beast reloading paint guns for the party goers and made a comment to Harold about a suitable match. Harold nodded, laughed and got them each another beer filled cup and another toast, another chugging session.

It seemed like no time and too much time before they moved onward. Still no Walda, no Shireen but that was okay, they had more searching to do, more rooms to patrol. Harold tilted his head as they climbed stairs, holding tightly to the railing. "Uh, do you see blood?" Bob looked down and took far too long to assess the situation. "It's dried blood." Harold smiled and relaxed. "Ah, good. That means it happened earlier. Good. Let's go. Two more rooms to visit." Bob nodded in agreement and decided to let go of the railing and run up the stairs. He grinned down at Harold like this was an achievement. "Hurry up!" Harold gave him the finger and stepped on the blood stained steps.

Lollys was serving tea and drug laden pastries with a careless grace and confidence unknown to any Norwegian Tour staff of this school. She did not attempt to outshine anyone, she truly just didn't seem to care. Cracking jokes to all and insulting without fear of repercussion, she has become a mild miracle that all have come to see at least once. The twins became as fascinated as the students and had the girl give them the same treatment. She gave them each tea and a tart that let the world melt around them. With a smirk, Lollys answered every question they had with a sarcastic or insulting retort, never giving up anything. Marge was the only mean girl there and she forced the twins away with polite grace. Lollys gave her a silent look of thanks that Bob caught and decided to sulk about it. Nevertheless, Harold pulled him forward towards the smoking room the blond entitled brats have set up. They saw Sansa flounce out of the room and head towards the raging battle on another floor.

Joff and Vis were hosting in their party area, loud and acting like assholes. The students in the room were all drinking, smoking, vaping, playing pool, playing poker and enjoying a rather unique game of darts. The twins were tempted, offered even, but didn't take the chance to play though both were former dart champions. Olly was tied to a large circle painted to be a dartboard and they were spinning him while shooting darts at the board. Harold tried to see through his haze to make sure the few spots that were bleeding on the boy weren't serious. "Be careful with that boy. Take him down soon. Bring him to the clinic before morning."

The twins staggered into the hallway and tried to remember what they were looking for. "Girls. Looking for Shirley and Wendy." Harold was nodding then shook his head at Bob's declaration. "No. Its not right. Its. Shuureeen an...uh...Ralda!" Bob chuckled. "Yes. We didn't though. See them. Did we? No. Nope. Things are melting, did you notice that, brother?" Harold grinned foolishly and threw a hand past his increasingly paranoid brother, watching the fleshy fingers multiply. "Pshaw...nothing melts. It multiplies. Take math, dude. Do you smell gas? Is it a lighter being filled or something?"

Staggering, one seeing the hallway melting, the other one seeing several hallways at once, the continued to search for the girls. Sniffing, they followed the smell and only stopped when they heard their cells phone dinging insistently. Frowning, they tried to understand why their cells were ringing and then saw what was right in front of them in real life. As the fire burst upwards, as their faces and eyes seared, as the twins screamed in horror, they both thought the same thing.

How do they tell the director that they not only lost two students but found them in time to watch them die? And how do they do it while this fucked up?

Chapter End Notes
Jeyne & Norwegian Cruise Staff: Epic by Faith No More
Dragonstone Preverts: Tipsy by J-Kwon
Harold and Bob: Red Solo Cup by Toby Keith
A Good Night Gone Up In Flames

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Not a single student saw the text, not a single student saw or heard it. They were running with smeared colors, stuffed full of sweet slick designer drugs. Drowning, swimming, soaked in expensive liquors that their young bodies couldn't handle.

None of them looked at the message on their phones, a few of them took pics of each other, texted stupid things to each other but that was all. The roar of fire, the stink of gasoline never touched their noses, eyes or ears.

They partied and did it with an ambition and thoroughness that they have never shown their schoolwork. And party on, they did.

The staff might have all been doing personal things with their own night off but they all heard their phones. All of them watched the live feed with loud and varied reactions.

Stannis had been standing rigidly, hands making tight fists, his jaw grinding hard, eyes like bullets. Selyse and Melissandra were standing tall, hand in hand before him. "It's over, Stannis. I am divorcing you and we want to take Shireen with us. She can't spend her whole life on this rock with your students and staff. I want to take her to a real dermatologist that can help her, I want her to experience just a bit of the real world! We can't live isolated like this forever, Stannis. It's over."

"You think that by divorcing me, living in full public sin with my former mistress and taking Shireen with her face like that...forcing her to be in a public school, living on a regular street in some bustling city where all eyes will be on your demented disgusting little family? No, that's not what you plan on doing, I'm not stupid, Selyse. Melissandra spent years trying to talk me back into her cult and when she failed, she latched onto you. Now you want to drag my daughter off into some disgusting lesbian witch fire club? I'll see you dead before I see my daughter forced into a cult!"

The startling shrill sound of a bell broke through the tension and Stannis fumbled with his phone. Seeing it was from Shireen, he clicked the link on his phone, as Selyse and Melissandra did the same. Selyse screamed as Melissandra fell to the floor and started to do one of her freaky chants. Stannis dropped his phone and began to run for the school, agony in his heart and the sight of his daughter enveloped in flames seared into his retinas.

Cersei and Tyrion were together in her opulent living quarters, drinking wine while exchanging endless insults. They watched the video and Cersei snickered while Tyrion groaned, shaking his head. "There's going to be meetings, rule changes and more. These kids are always being so damned dramatic about their messages. Burning themselves alive is just a tad overboard." It took a few moments for them to put in eye drops and splash their faces with a little cold water before heading for the dorm house.

Barbary clicked her butterscotch hard candy against her dentures in irritation as she watched the small video over Qyburn's shoulder. "Well, damn. Looks like we have more than the usual and earlier than I expected. Stupid kids. Always being creative and causing us more trouble to patch them then they are worth. Pointless to bother, they only hurt themselves again later." The doctor patted the ancient nurse on her bony birdlike shoulder bone. Qyburn had made sure he and the nurse were up
and the clinic was fully ready anytime there was a party. He expected overdoses, alcohol poisoning, beatings, concussion, a possible broken bone and the usual sexual assault or two. Quickly, they began to set up what they might need to treat severe burns and they headed off fast with stretchers and medical emergency bag to the dorm.

Olenna dipped an arthritic finger into her favorite kind of lube and just managed to get ancient blood moving when she heard the annoying device go off. Sitting up in her silk sheets, trying to find her cabbage rose cotton panties somewhere around her ankles, she finally got the phone in a rather lavender scented and greasy hand. With a heavy sigh of frustration, Olenna managed to turn the dastardly thing on and see the video. "What a lovely powerful message. Why couldn't they do this during a respectable hour?" With a rather sharp curse, Olenna forced herself out of the bed. Refusing to rush, Olenna put on her wig, washed her hands before adding all her rings and a voluminous wrapped silk robe before heading towards the dorms.

Bronn and Podrick had been playing poker with Alliser and Davos. The more they drank, the more Alliser and Davos tried to outdo each other with "In My Day" stories. Podrick and Bronn were almost relieved to see a message until they actually played it. The two younger men took off at a rapid pace in shocked horror, the two older men watching the video and moving at a steadier but slower rate. "Stupid hooligans with their pranks, with their foolish ideas and now this. Why have sit ins, walk outs or picketing when you can turn yourself into a human candle of hope and love? Ridiculous. Such a waste. I wonder if they would have ever been something off this rock, we will never know now. Such a waste." Davos scoffed tiredly. "You are just upset because it's two less kids for you to torment." Alliser didn't deny it and his tiny mean smile said it all as they walked towards the dorm house.

Gregor had swept the dirty and out cold Jeyne into an arm and ran inside, launching her boneless body onto her bed. Unella met him at the door and they flew towards the dorm. "Aren't you happy that I didn't let the girl go tonight? If I had let you have your way, you would have beaten her, let her go and she would probably be burning alive with Shireen right now! Jeyne would have followed because she wanted to support her little freaky friend." Unella rolled her eyes and ignored her husband's jabs. "Polly and Raff would have never allowed it. They would have watched her!" Gregor laughed sarcastically. "Like how Bob and Harold are apparently keeping a close eye on the director's daughter? The one who just went up in flames next to fat Walda?" Unella went silent, pouting as they headed towards the dorm house.

She spoke in a very faint disturbed voice after they walked into the shadow of the dorm house. Like all staff, they would enter from the south door that only staff uses to come and go in the dorms if they wished to be fast or unnoticed. "Besides, Jeyne doesn't burn...that's not for her. Not our girl, she..." Gregor stopped and swung his arms to engulf Unella, pulling her too close and his growl was threatening, menacing. "Don't you dare say it. I won't hear that shit from you or anyone. I don't give a fuck what Patchface is, I don't care about legends, predictions or any of your creepy shit. Go visit Davos if you want to talk about that shit. Our kids are fine and will stay that way." Unella nodded and stayed silent even after Gregor released her.

Renly and Petyr were sitting together on the balcony of the staff house. Each with a perfectly crossed leg and a snifter of expensive brandy. Both wearing authentic smoking robes and slightly frayed from so much use. They didn't speak very often, happy to be in silence. Petyr was so jealous of Renly's upcoming wedding to Loras, he couldn't quite keep it out of his voice. That made it harder for Renly to keep the gloating out of his own voice. "Is your brother truly going to let you leave this pile of rocks without his supervision? Stannis has only let Robert out of his sight, look how that turned out? We lost Robert and gained a horrific mother and son combo from hell out of it. Or will you stay and let Loras run off with a ring and a credit card? He will come visit on occasion or Stannis will let you take holiday with your absentee husband? Your very young handsome husband
that will want to try all sorts of other things he's been sheltered from for so long? Also, considering
the current state outside of our bubble, are you ready for it? It will be shell shock after staying here
so long. Small vacations to resorts and small city trips by ferry for field trips don't really count."

Renly had thrust his chin up, sniffed his brandy then replied crisply. "I am leaving here with Loras in
the summer to rent a home. I am aware of the culture, I'm not stupid. Things change and it does seem
to change so much, so fast. But I can handle it, I know I can. This can't be all to me, this is where
Stannis wants to molder away, that's his problem. I can't ask Loras to live here, of course not. I've
been in touch with someone I remembered from my youth, before I came here. Andy has become
quite the artist it seems. He has recommended a place that he thinks Loras and I might be quite
comfortable." Petyr gave a sly look to Renly then delicately folded his hands upon his silk laden
knee as he asked softly, politely, "And where are you having this hopefully private wedding
anyway? Is Stannis going to officiate it, have the staff and students as guests? Or is your friend going
to wave silk over your heads while painting your naked bodies and announcing you mated for life?"

The phones went off and both shuddered. "I hate these things. Why do we allow such irritating
things here? Didn't we have a beeper before this? Why can't we just have those rotary phones back?
At least it wasn't so damned jarring." Renly smirked but silently agreed with Petyr. He enjoyed being
able to make dirty texts with Loras but otherwise, Renly detested the cell. Loras loved the stupid
things and laughed at him for it. His love was blown out of his head at the message and Petyr was
already grumbling and heading for the door. "Those damned twins had one job tonight! Just one!
Keep Shireen alive at all costs! Don't let her burn herself alive didn't have to be specified, did it?
Renly, are you coming or do you need to powder your damned nose first? Is this too delicate for a
gay man?"

Tormund and Styr had their own stash from both the Reeds and moonshine from Myranda. They had
taken it out past the staff housing, past the permanent small cottages of year rounders, snickering at
the sight of a hole with Jeyne and her items in it, they growled briefly at a shuddering bush. "Fucker,
if you're there, you better keep moving. Cleganes will kill you if you go near her and you get any
closer to us, we'll fucking EAT you." They continued onward, weaving to keep a distance from the
Baratheon home and headed to the jagged black rocks above the cliffs. Letting the waves crash and
lightly spray them, they drank and ate brownies. It took them the longest to answer their phones, to
watch the clip and process it.

They watched the video just once more then put their phones away to look at each other. "Just once,
just once fucking time, I wish these kids would NOT have a party that has to end in death. Just one
fucking time can they not fuck up my night?" Styr nodded then shrugged. "Creative though. I mean,
you have to give Fatty and Lil Leper that much. Fucking powerful message. Too bad it's lost on
folks like us." They floated towards the dorm house while everything melted around them. "We are
gonna be fired for melting in front of the director." Tormund laughed at Styr's drug induced anxiety.
"We aren't on duty tonight, we can do what we want off the clock. Besides, it's his daughter and the
elite piglet that melting, can you imagine what that must smell like?"

That was a terrible thing to imagine and Styr vomited for a full thirty seconds upon Tormund's shoe.
"See, this is why you shouldn't do drugs, baldie. It just doesn't sit right with you. Gross, really gross,
man. Now I can have vomit stench in my nostrils instead of fried-" He jumped back as vomit spewed
from his friend. "This is why you SUCK at the clubs! Some fox has a drinkie poo with you and it's
fine! Then a fucking disco queen decides to share a little coke with you and your lunch comes flying
from your nostrils and mouth all over them!" Tormund threw up his hands as Styr bent over again.
"This is what will get us fired! Not showing up when his daughter just killed herself because you
can't stop upchucking!"

Selyse screamed as Stannis had run out the door. She screamed while Melissandra prayed to the Fire
Gods for power, mercy and guidance. Selyse screamed until Melissandra stood up and tried to touch her. "Don't. Don't touch me. What Shireen did, what she wrote on herself, what she said about us, about everything, everyone, did you hear it? See, hear, read it? All of it? Did you? Hear that? See, oh god, what have I done? What did I not believe, if I had only listened, truly tried to connect with her! I didn't know that's what she thought, she didn't understand, my poor daughter, she's burning to death because....don't touch me! Don't ever touch me again. Please. You have to pack your bags and I want you to never go near Stannis again. Get out. Now."

Selyse fled to her room with a sob and Melissandra for the first time, had no idea what to do. She sat numbly with packed bags neatly at her feet in a kitchen chair when she heard a sound from Selyse's bedroom. A sudden thump then a very disturbing repetitive creaking. A sharp inhale of breath and Melissandra felt something terrible, something very new to her. It was tracking down her face and it felt awful, it seared like a small drip of lava. A trembling finger touched it and the tear glistened on her cold finger. She found herself speaking into the awful feeling behind the bedroom door, as if in defiance of that terrible creaking sound. "I am leaving the second I can from this place. The very first light of dawn I will be gone. I'm not going to open that door, Selyse wanted privacy and it's over so why look. Door is mostly likely locked. She threw something or dropped something then fell asleep. It's a tantrum and Selyse is looking for attention. I will not favor such behavior. No."

Chapter End Notes

Selyse/Melissandra/Stannis: Nowhere To Run by Martha Reeves & The Vandellas
Dragonstone Academy Staff: The Lion Sleeps Tonight by Token
Suck It Up

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The party raged onward and good sense was lost along with logic, it was slick, sharp and melting all at once. It had become a melding pot, no room was exclusive and all roamed as if they were all drug and liquor soaked perverts, just partying until they can be old enough to be actual perverts. Things have gotten out of control as expected, some for the better, some for the worse.

Vis and Joff didn't let Olly off the spinning dart board until he not only threw up but passed out several times. When he seemed to have more than six darts stuck in his arms, legs, stomach and one perilously close to his right eye, they reluctantly released the boy from his wheel of torture. They allowed Olly to slump to the rug that he has already made tacky with blood and vomit. Joff giggled and asked Olly if he ever planned to steal from them again. Olly gagged and shook his head violently. "No, never, I swear it, please!"

If it had been anyone besides Joff and Vis, that might have been the end of it all. Olly would have been tossed at the clinic door for the nurse and creepy doctor to find and fix. But the mix of liquor, drugs and privilege made Vis and Joff give each other a nasty grin.

"We accept that you'll never steal from us again." Viserys condescendingly announced but then his eyes, those lovely violet eyes narrowed and his voice became too soft, too dangerous and Olly shuddered. "I guess your torture and discipline for stealing has been seen to sufficiently. However, for making a mess on our rug, you'll have to miss out on the fun of this party because you have so much to clean. Using your tongue, of course. I want this entire rug spotless of your vomit and blood before the party ends or you'll find yourself in traction by daylight."

Olly was past sick and shame as he started to sob harshly as he contemplated the disgusting and nearly impossible chore before him. "Aww, you made the baby cry, Vis! So mean of you, tell you what, little Norwegian tour guide, I'll let you have some medicine, some incentive to keep going. Might make you stop sobbing like such a fucking toddler. Ever hear of boofing, boy?" Joff's voice had been so mockingly kind but his eyes were almost crueler than Viserys. Olly tried to crawl away when he heard what boofing would entail, only to have Joff pull him back easily by one foot.

Sansa and Dany both tried to divert the boys from this particular torture, they even offered to take Olly to the clinic. Joff punched Sansa in the left breast and told her to fuck off unless she wanted to join Olly on the rug. Dany received a harsh tug on her hair and Viserys whispered into her mouth, the fumes from his breath making her think for one horrifying second that she might throw up directly into her brother's mouth. "Sweet sister, I don't want to see your little judgemental pout on your pretty face. I am considering spanking you bare bottom right here, would you like that? No?"

Dany squirmed out of Vis's grip and ran out of the room behind Sansa. The ginger said nothing of Dany's flushed face and the tears that fell before she could wipe them away. The blond said nothing of how Sansa bent over and screamed into her own hands before straightening up and pretending her breast wasn't aching bad enough to wish for a bag or four of ice. With a practiced ease that was trained deeply within them, the girls smiled brightly and proceeded to find another party on a different floor.

Sansa started to search out her little sister, after seeing the drastic change Arya had done to herself, she was a bit concerned.
Dragging Dany with her, they delved into the line of paint fire, dodging and squealing as if they were enjoying being painted and pawed by the commoners. Myranda came out of the crowd to grab a hold of Dany, begging for someone to dance with that wasn't going to try and fuck her on the dance floor. Grateful for the distraction, Dany gyrated against the pretty slut in rhythm. Myranda rewarded her new dance partner by kissing her deeply, allowing a small candy flavored acid tablet to slip into Dany's mouth.

Ignoring Sansa's sharp gaze, Dany surged into colors, sounds and music. Sansa didn't particularly care what Dany or Myranda did, but every thing, every sin that Dany could commit to, Sansa wanted to have evidence of. She spent a few moments using her cell to discreetly film Dany but then remembered she wanted to see Arya. After a moment of searching, Sansa found Jon and Ygritte starting a laser tag game as the paint guns ran dry. "Where's Arya?" Jon shrugged but his eyes had concern in them.

"She is all over the place and way fucked up too. I tried to grab her but she just slipped away. I think she might actually be with Marge right now. Sansa, I think Arya planned to actually come out to the family for that bitch. Cat hates me for being a bastard, can you imagine how your mother will take it that Arya is gay?" Rolling her eyes, Sansa huffed. "Our sister can't be THAT stupid." Ygritte gave a drunken burping laugh and drawled, "That stupid to tell your prudish family that she's gay? Or stupid enough to let Marge fuck her some more?"

"Both, I guess. If you two see her, tell her I want to talk right away. And don't let her wander in public view with Marge no matter what." Sansa narrowed her eyes as Ygritte muttered something about not being Sansa's hired help. Jon nodded and assured Sansa he would keep an eye out. "Thank you, Jon." After Sansa flounced away, Ygritte snorted and weaved as Jon gave her a rather prim and irritating pout. "We are concerned for our little sister, does that bother you? Sansa wasn't being bossy, she just wants to find Arya before more damage is done."

Ygritte stretched out and nearly fell on top of a cursing Lyanna. "Oh, get the fucking stick out of your ass, Jon, okay? I am so sick of it, truly. Sansa is no different than Cat once you strip away the socialite pretty facade. You both are like that, every member of your family. Assholes and hypocrites. It's fine with both of you if Arya fucks every ovary on the island but god forbid it should be known anywhere else that she's a lesbian. Both of you know damned well that wouldn't go over well at home, would it?" Jon gave a nasty look to his girlfriend and simply walked away without a word.

"Fuck you too, Jon!" Ygritte yelled and then she was busy trying to defend herself against a spitting angry and mostly crushed Lyanna. After a few moments of this, Meera intervened with a gigantic lollipop. "Enough, let's have some sisterly love, peace out, babies! You both have to finish this sucker before you can fight, dance or whatever the fuck you do next. Start licking, bitches. I know that Ygritte knows how to use her tongue, we've all seen her nearly wrap her tongue around Jon's whole body. Lyanna, you want to survive here, you best learn to suck things up and lick when told to."

The two girls obeyed and the many chemicals that were covered by gooey sugar did their work. Meera gave them an approving nod as she moved on. "I hope I didn't add too much Black Beauty to the sucker. Oh well." Meera skated away and found herself going top speed on her skates for the long yellow slide. Screaming in wild triumph, the unicorn flew past the speed of light straight into Theon, crashing them both into the churned and dirty cream pool. A moment later, she was squealing as Damon's long tongue came to lick the cream off her costume. "I'm not a sucker, Damie!"

Theon couldn't find his tooth or understand why he was even bleeding when the impact didn't hurt at all. Ramsay laughed and pulled the battered and hopelessly fucked up boy out of the churning mess.
He licked the blood off Theon, leaving the cream then Ramsay pulled his staggering little new toy away towards the upper floors. "Oh shit, Rams...look, that poor fucking kid, he's too young for that stuff, isn't he?" Ramsay was more interested in his own catch but he did widen his eyes briefly.

Sighing, Ramsay ordered Theon to stay still and wait for him, the last thing he wanted was anyone else to play with his prey. Ramsay HATED being the moral compass but Theon was right. Joff and Vis were always sadistic but they were literally killing this little kid. Olly was naked except for costume shirt, his ass and legs covered in blood, beer and actual shit. He was shuddering, heaving and seizing on the stained rug. His eyes were rolled to the whites, his mouth agape with foam trickling from it and his little face was covered in vomit and snot.

"You fucking idiots, are you trying to murder him? Darts is one thing but I think you just gave him alcohol poisoning. Best get him to the clinic before you get pinned for his death." Vis and Joff pretended not to fear anyone but they all feared Ramsay to an extent. When Ramsay gave that shark smile to the blond morons, he saw them both become uneasy, eyes darting around. Reluctantly, the two agreed and Ramsay laughed at how fast they moved to roll the boy into the stained rug he was laying on.

Joff spied Gendry and beckoned to him. "You, boy! Take this rug to the doorstep of the clinic then come back here. You can take Olly's place for us." Gendry was full of sloshing, golden courage and sneered. "I'm not your fucking boy and I won't take orders from you, Joff. I won't let you do even a fourth of what you just did to that poor fucking child. I'll take him to the clinic but I am not coming back to kiss your fucking rosy bleached asshole."

Shaking his head as if he couldn't believe what was said, Joff spoke slowly. "You don't get to talk to me like that. In fact, BOY, you shouldn't talk to me at all except to say yes, how high can I fucking jump for you?" Gendry towered over Joff and growled. "I am going to bring Olly to the clinic before he dies. If you call me boy again or try to fucking order me around, I'm going to give you a whole new reason for plastic surgery on your weaselly face." Joff saw that Viserys has wandered off, so has Ramsay and Theon, he had no back up.

"Fine. Take Olly and fuck off then. I'm going to make you regret this if you don't come back and apologize. You won't know when or where, boy, but-" Joff flew backwards with the strength of Gendry's fist and he heard the sickening sound of his nose crushing into a new shape. Gendry left Joff to thrash on the floor and squeal like a pig as he hefted the rolled blanket over his shoulder and stumble down the stairs with his cargo. Gendry didn't know the place well enough yet to have any idea how to reach the clinic.

He did remember that it was drilled into all their heads that they were NOT allowed to leave the dorm house during the party unless it was to visit the clinic. Gendry was too miffed at Joff to bother getting directions or assistance. He finally found the lobby and a small door that was opened slightly. Crowing in delight, Gendry burst out of it and for a second, the clean crisp night air was nearly euphoric. He squinted then saw several buildings and set the rug down, using one foot he rolled the blanketed boy in front of a small building that seemed to have full blazing lights on.

Gendry ran back to the party, ready to enjoy the sight of Joff with his tomato squashed nose. He instantly forgot about Olly, as did everyone else.

Well, almost everyone has forgotten Olly.

Olly struggled until he managed to untangle from the rug. He crawled, tried to walk and fell back down to vomit and he could feel himself shitting more without any control whatsoever. He cried out for his dead mother in misery and scratched weakly at the door. Was this even the clinic? Why was he outside naked, shitting himself, was this part of the damned hazing or more punishment? It didn't
matter anymore, he couldn't do it, he was done. Fuck this. He has run away from foster homes, he can find a way to run away from this hellhole too.

He didn't want to leave Lyanna, Shireen and Jeyne but Olly had no choice. Crawl, crawl and heave, shudder then Olly dragged himself up a tree, the harsh bark yanking off abused flesh. The bushes rustled and Olly bit back a sob. "Yes, yes, you were right, I know, I see it now. I'm ready, Patchface. Please, I don't want to die here like this, I need to get away, get a boat or hot wire a fucking car or I'll just follow you, take me away, okay? Please? I'm sick and can't do it by myself."

Olly shuddered and sobbed, clutching the tree as if were a teddy bear, but didn't resist when the painted tall man seemed to just slither up his flesh to whisper into his ear. "Good boy, MY BOY, Olly." Too late did Olly figure out that Patchface wasn't leading him away. Sharp rocks dug into Olly's bruised and slicked flesh as the painted horror dragged him impossibly fast to the edge of the cliff. Olly couldn't fight back, he could do nothing but plead and cry softly. Too long fingers with too sharp fingernails dug through the harsh bit of soil and leaves before the full rock edge over the crashing surf.

The fingers moved so fast, the hands were blurs as they dug into the earth. Olly screeched when he felt himself being buried alive but it was really only a shallow grave, anyone sober could have got out of. Patchface sighed in gentle excitement as he slid over the poor boy and started to BITE, BITE and how the boy screamed, it was like wearing a lovely bloody fur coat and the monster luxuriated in it. "Dirty little boy, how can you be so filthy and taste so SWEET?"

Olly discovered that dying can take it's time, even if he started to beg to die.

Patchface hasn't had a good meal like this in some time and planned to enjoy every second of it. He felt some regret when the boy finally shuddered his last breath and Patchface sighed sadly as he flung what was left of the boy over the cliff.

Chapter End Notes

Olly: Dirty Night Clowns by Chris Garneau
Suicide Is In

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stannis stared unblinking as if to punish himself, to commit this sin to his memory, to imprint the pain forever upon his breaking heart. Qyburn and Barbary did everything they could but the smoking twisting blackened limbs were already in throes of agonizing death. Stannis gave a sharp nod to the doctor, who plunged the large needle full of morphine into the young dying heart. He touched the small, impossibly small bald blistered head as Shireen gave up her mortal coil without a care for the aching father she has left behind.

Walda had severe burns almost everywhere but she might have survived with quick intervention from a mainland hospital. If she hadn't already lost so much blood, if she hadn't already been halfway through a massive overdose of whatever the Reeds were offering. And if Stannis had allowed the girl to be taken immediately to the mainland. This was out of the question and Stannis had grimly given Gregor a nod before he gave his attention back to his own daughter. He still gave a tiny flinch when he heard Walda's neck snap and pressed his lips together so hard they nearly disappeared.

Qyburn and Barbary concentrated on Harold and Bob, hoping to salvage something for Stannis to blame. Bob was moaning, sometimes it rose up to as shriek as he tried to escape his pain, struggling against the restraints upon his wrists and ankles, pinning him to the cot. The smooth handsome face was gone, as if sheared away, red, raw blistered skin, two rolling blinded eyes and his hands were mere claws, flesh having become more a smudged soot barely covering bone. Harold's ears had melted like candles, his nose was a overripe burst cherry, hair gone and the burns on his hands, arms and chest were giving off a horrid heat that they could feel at least a foot away.

Stannis wanted badly to hurt them, he DID blame these idiot chaperones for the tragedy, but they were already tortured by their own fiery hubris. The rest of the staff looked at the twins and the dead girls with utter disdain and disgust. Stannis couldn't bear the looks directed at him that he imagined must be a mix of pity and amusement. Of course, Cersei always had that look but the deep sadness on Tyrion's face almost made tears come to Stannis's eyes. This was unacceptable. "The rest are still partying? Leave them be. You know where to prepare and store the bodies, so do it."

He wanted to leave and go to his home. Stannis had to care for his wife, who was probably still screaming and kick out that fire cunt. Then, only then when his peace has been restored, Stannis can nurse a broken aching heart and allow a few staunch tears to fall. If only Tormund wasn't carrying a small wrapped thing into the clinic. A blanket that used to be a light blue but was mostly crimson and the body encased in it looked...wrong. "Sir, when I went to make sure that no other students were missing, I did a quick check around the grounds. I found him over the cliff, smashed onto the rocks below."

Stannis sighed and Petyr shut his eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose to stem a headache. "Another suicide? Why didn't this one just join the human torch experiment." Stannis gave the most menacing cold look he could muster to the sly therapist. "Can you tell me how I have three suicides in one night in spite of having a full time therapist here for them to receive assistance from? Has the boredom and dullness of the job just taken the talent right out of you? How can you have THREE students killing themselves on campus all in one night?"

Petyr went to hotly defend himself but Tormund shook his head as he unwrapped the bloody blanket to reveal what was left of Olly. "Sir, with due respect, this boy wasn't committing suicide. Not unless he was trying to kill himself by self cannibalizing before getting full and throwing his remains over
the cliff." They all shuddered at the gruesome sight of the half eaten student. His ears, lips, eyes, cheeks and tongue, most of his throat were missing. Olly was missing his right hand, the fingers of the left hand, both of his thighs, his buttocks all were all gone. His belly was wide open to display cold slick coils of intestinal tract.

Qyburn frowned as he quickly began to assess the young eaten student."This wasn't done by carving with a knife, these are clearly teeth marks. Olly was dead when he hit the rocks. Whatever was eating him, ate him alive and when the boy expired, the cannibal tossed him over the rocks like you'd toss a meat bone. Looks like our Patchface finally caught himself another victim. It's rare but sadly it is the truth. We can try to drive Patchface out again. Let the sociopath Bolton and his friends go with all the staff and flush out the monster. I'd prefer if you catch him alive, I would LOVE a chance to study him, ask him questions."

Stannis nearly wrapped his hands around the doctor's throat, he tightly kept his hands gripped behind his back but it was so hard to keep control now. In a rather husky yet menacing tone, he spoke.

"There is no damned Patchface on this island and I am so sick of seeing even the staff fall to stupid urban legends! You have attempted to drive this imaginary creature out into the spotlight so many times I've lost count. The creature is a figment of the imagination of overanxious children! I don't care that you've all said you have glimpsed him because you never have brought me any proof of his existence. Perhaps Olly was hazed fatally, crawled to the cliff and was attacked by a coy dog or something before he fell to his death?"

Olenna snorted and stamped her cane. "Absurd, Stannis. Why do you deny what is clearly in front of you? Perhaps if we really want to point fingers we should point out your OWN daughter was our first suicide of the new year. I can't imagine that one day out of her highly sheltered life suddenly shattered her entire will to live. Do we start examining each motive of each child rather than accept two suicides and one clearly EATEN student?"

Cersei smirked as Stannis was clearly struggling not to commit murder himself. Keeping herself just out of the director's reach but close enough for him not to feel she was in face, Cersei spoke in a very cold and clear voice.

"Fat Walda had every reason to off herself and judging by their method and messages, I would say Shireen was easily manipulated by the older girl into her sickening production. But if we decide to believe in murdering cannibal ghosts eating our young male student, we also must accept that a murder involves police, investigations, nosy reporters and could destroy all of our careers. I say we handle this privately and allow whoever wants to chase ghosts to go about it on their own time. Let us call Olly's unfortunate accident, a suicide or a simple hazing gone wrong. We have no witnesses, we have no cameras installed that far out, we have no way of knowing what really happened. All we can do is contain and protect the LIVING."

Tyrion, Davos and Allister all gave short rough barks of laughter that hadn't a touch of real humor to it. With an impatient gesture, Allister muttered, "Being eaten alive is now called an unfortunate accident. Young females becoming human torches while taping themselves doing it is simply written off as two sad suicides. And we hide the mess and go on from there. Until it happens again then we can all create new words to the same old tragedies."

If Stannis had enough hair to do so, he might have yanked it all out in frustration instead he clenched his hands tighter, behind his back, so tight the fingernails created bleeding half moons into his palms.

"I will not lose my school because of your imaginary monsters. Nor because the students decided to get too rough with a hazing. I certainly will not allow a single other word about my daughter unless its respectful. Olenna, if you speak of my daughter a second more within my presence tonight, you
can pack your bags. I will fire you and expel your grandchildren without a single hesitation. I want the bodies taken care of, we shall all speak more of this in the morning. I want all staff to report to our conference room in the school by six. We will have to plan an assembly to address the apparent suicide craze of three students. We shall also have to inform them of the loss of two staff members.”

Stannis gave a pointed look at the two badly damaged twins then looked at Gregor and the doctor.

"I will not waste our resources to take these two degenerate excuses for chaperones over to the mainland for care. Not to mention that alone will draw attention. I want it taken care of, I don't care how and we shall discuss in the morning who can take the twins places at the dorm. Olenna, I would remind you that you were overseeing the dorms and the twins work. So I expect you to be responsible for the dorms until replacements have been found. I am also leaving you to explain to our teen royals about their cousins. Which means you will bear the responsibility of contacting Varys. You will explain how when they tried to rush to the girls, they were burned to death in the fire. Petyr will of course, assist you in anyway he can while you speak to Viserys, Dany and Varys. You will contact them after our six o'clock meeting. I must go inform my wife about our daughter's death. I am sure you all can at least pretend to be decent enough to give me the time I need to grieve with my wife. I shall see you all at six."

None of them said a word as Stannis strode past them. His jaw was clenched, his frown so deep his lips were nearly gone but his eyes they were chilling in their grief and anger. Stannis headed for his home, his building of rocks that have contained and sheltered his daughter all these years. It will never hear the sound of Shireen laughing or playing with her friends ever again and oh did that hurt. Walda might have talked Shireen into this suicide, the most awful death he could have contemplated for his dear child.

Yes, Walda might have convinced Shireen to set herself on fire but it was Selyse and Melissandra that Shireen had spoken of. He disregarded that Shireen had also mentioned her father as well as that Patchface that Stannis is cursed with forever hearing about. Shireen had spoken of inequality at school but it was her beliefs on what her mother and mistress were doing that Stannis couldn't let go of. The girl had been utterly aware of Melissandra's place in their home, first as her father's mistress, then her mother's.

The girl had been completely sure that her mother hated her, that her mother was gong to kidnap her and that they were going to burn her to death in the fire cult. Shireen had written in black sharpie and in sharp relief of a Gerber blade all over her naked body before dousing herself in gasoline. Some of the words were ones that haunted Stannis now because they were true words he had heard Selyse or Melissandra use on Shireen.

Cursed, Leper, Tainted, Freak and they echoed in his head in a jumble that he could actually feel driving him insane.

He went into his house and stood very still, taking in the way too deep silence. Stannis cast his eyes towards a flash of red and there was Melissandra, sitting in a kitchen chair. She was tense and terrified, she looked unsure of herself and Stannis had never seen this side of the woman. She was dressed in her best crimson wool dress, a long matching shawl wound around her and her luggage was at her feet. Stannis realized that the strange cold silence wasn't as silent as he thought.

The bedroom door was firmly shut and he did not hear Selyse sobbing or screaming. But he heard something alright. Creak. Thud. Creak. Thud.

Stannis looked at his former mistress who simply stared back then finally whispered, "She locked herself in her room. Told me to leave by morning, to never contact you again. I am honoring that." He found himself smiling and her eyes widened. Stannis pulled the key to the bedroom out of a junk
drawer and tossed it at Melissandra. "Go open the door. Now." She hitched a sobbing breath and shook her head frantically. "No, I can't. Please, I don't want to see or know anymore. Stannis, I promise to leave, I will go now, on foot, okay?"

Stannis walked over to the redhead that used to make his pulse go faster. Now he was filled with disgust at the sight of her and yanked her to her feet by that damned thick long hair he used to wrap around himself. "Open that fucking door, do it now, we can go see together." His grip was steel as he forced her forward then made her use the key. The door swung open and Melissandra shut her eyes, but Stannis shook her like a naughty puppy with a fist of her hair. "Look, look what you've created with me."

Selyse's eyes bulged, her tongue hung out of her blue face, like a pink rag just lolling against her bottom jaw. It was clear that her death had not been instant and it somehow pleased Stannis to know that. Her body was heavy and limp, swaying in the breeze from all four open windows and the open balcony door. The rope creaked and the thud was her sensible sneakers whacking into the closet door. Melissandra gave a sob. "Oh gods. Please, just let me go, I never thought this could happen. I never meant to hurt you or your family, just be a part of it!"

Stannis buried his face in the thick red hair, hoping to get the stench of burnt flesh out of his nostrils, the sickening ashy taste of his burnt daughter on his own drying tongue. But Melissandra's hair stunk of clove cigarettes, of burnt fall leaves and faintly of the perfume that Selyse wore that Stannis hated. His voice was harsh as he started to wind her hair into a very thick rope of it's own, ignoring her struggles against him.

"You invited yourself into our lives. You seduced me, convinced me to allow you into my home. You poisoned my family, against each other. I allowed you to wreck our home, you used me up then turned onto my wife until you sucked her dry. Why would my daughter ever think you wanted to burn her alive in a sacrifice? Why did my young girl understand what you were when Selyse and I were blind to it."

He strangled Melissandra slowly, winding the strong red hair over her lovely thin neck. Ignoring deep scratches in his cheeks from the sharp fingernails, Stannis bore her to the floor. He lay upon her and shoved up her dress and her underwear down with one clumsy free hand. He continued to strangle her as Stannis ripped a crimson silk thong off her and he shoved the damp pussy stink of the cloth into Melissandra's open mouth.

He thrust himself inside the squirming woman, his body keeping her pinned, one hand shoving the underwear deep in her mouth as her thick strong hair leeched air from her. Stannis sobbed into an orgasm as the woman went limp and he didn't get off her until he was sure she was dead. Even after he was sure she was dead, Stannis lay on her and allowed himself a moment to cry and shriek into her cooling flesh, his grief was so great he feared he might die too.

Chapter End Notes

Stannis: Choke by I DON'T KNOW HOW BUT THEY FOUND ME
Shireen/Walda/Olly/Harold/Bob/Selyse/Melissandra: Knockin' On Heaven's Door by Guns N Roses
Catfight

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The copious amounts of drugs and alcohol that Arya drowned herself in helped to numb the worst of her pain. Even the usual thoughts of revenge were stuck somewhere under the grinding music, pulsing lights and warm bodies. She saw everything in smears of color that she could touch and smell. Arya was aware that Marge was watching and stalking her, she just didn't particularly care anymore, at least not while she was wrapped in sugary strands of rose colored fantasy. Arya was successful in evading her ex girlfriend for most of the night.

She was boneless, floating from area to area, never staying anywhere for very long. The longest time she spent in a room was when Arya was engaged in a paint gun battle then came back an hour later for a dizzying intense game of laser tag. When it ended, Arya found herself laying on the rug, just watching the decorations on the ceiling above her, they seemed to be melting and that made her giggle. A hand came and pulled her up. Continuing to be boneless, Arya allowed the graceful hands to drag her towards a shadowy alcove in the hallway.

Arya found herself pressed against the torn wallpaper in the hallway, sweet lips on hers, sweeter body pressing against her and for just a second, she gave in, let the lust build. But then the pain and memories returned and Arya actually felt her entire flesh turn into pebbled stone. Shaking her head, Arya continued to softly giggle but her hands shoved away the soft sexy body. When Marge gave a little coltish pout and tried to kiss her again, Arya stopped giggling and shoved harder.

"Come on, don't be this way, honey. You know how the game gets played, you know I had no choice. Cersei made me do it, even Sansa understands the politics, surely you do understand it. I love you, I want to be with you and I know you love me, want me too. Don't think of what happened earlier, it was just bad politics, okay? Look, here is your ring, still in my pocket just waiting for your finger. Please, it's not fair to hold my actions today against me. You know the power that blond cunt has over us. I did what she wanted and it's over, we can go back to usual. Nothing has to change, love."

Eyes as cold as ice glared into Marge's lovely pleading ones.

"I understand the game, Marge. I get why you did it but the way you did it, that was all your choice. You made your choices and now I've made mine. Fuck off, honey before I remember how much I want to hurt you back. Now that is me being fair. Go away. Find another pussy to stroke." Marge crossed her arms in a defensive gesture but refused to get out of Arya's way or personal space. "I don't want any other pussy, just yours. Why are you being such a pill over this? Who else will understand you like me? Who else is willing to keep your secrets, who else is willing to go through what I have to be with you?"

Now the icy eyes narrowed and Arya pushed from the wall directly into Marge's chest, pushing her backwards.

"Have you made such a sacrifice for me? Huh? Yeah? When? Was it when you spent most of our summers and vacations fucking anything that breathed, that had money or had something you needed? I said nothing, I trusted that sex was just sex but your love for me was real. That's what I thought but clearly I was as fucking wrong as a person can get. I'm not stupid, I know that I'm not pretty, not socialite material, I am something strange and a really good dirty fuck. But I thought you were in love with me and it was magical to me, Marge. Do you understand that I was going to tell
my fucking parents and siblings that I was in love with you? I was ready to ditch everything, to lose my family, my inheritance, my friends and start over with you if need be, anywhere, anyway we had to do it."

Marge's eyes seemed to get wet but her words remained cajoling. "I never asked you to do that for me. You know we can't be publicly seen like that, you know that your family and mine would never accept it. I have to marry a rich smart man that brings something for my family and you can't be so cruel as to force my family and yours to know the truth. I do love you, I love what we have and maybe I went too far, I pierced your thick skin and I'm sorry for it." She dropped to her knees and kissed Arya's limp hand. "Do you want me to beg for forgiveness? I was a terrible jerk, I was an asshole and I am so sorry that I hurt you so much. I'm on my damned knees for you, Arry, please."

"Don't call me that. You lost that right. Those adventures, those secrets don't belong to you anymore. You can find another or just keep going with Loras, he might be the only person that truly could love and forgive you no matter what. Too bad you don't take a page from the Lannisters, you could just put your brother in a dress and fuck him? You think I don't know that you are angling to try and marry Joff from under Sansa's nose? Joke is on you. Sansa doesn't want Joff and planned to let you have her sloppy seconds anyway. Enjoy getting the shit kicked out of you and don't mind the fact that he finds his mom a better fuck than you. Have a nice life, Marge but have it far away from me. I gave you everything and you spit it all back at me in front of the entire school. I don't forgive you, I don't care if you are sorry, I truly just don't care. Get off your knees and go away."

Marge stood up slowly and her lips were tight, her eyes were reflecting the same coldness and anger that Arya's had. Her voice was louder, it was full of hot indignation, rejection was not something that she seemed capable of comprehending. "I just knelt and begged you. I shamed myself before you and you throw it back at me? Who will you ever find as good as me? No one. Not a single pretty girl with a pedigree would ever be with you. If you are lucky maybe you'll find some hulking, stinking truck driving lesbian to spend some time with. Who will go to those special clubs with you?" Marge bristled, quivered with rage as Arya burst out laughing.

"Some trucker lesbian is the best I'll ever have? Damn. You are so fucking full of yourself, you have never heard no before, have you? My poor rich bitch mean girl has never been rejected before?"

Arya tenderly put each of her hands on Marge's face where a few tears were falling, causing the girl to just become more embarrassed. "Aww, someone is not letting you have your way and is holding you accountable for your actions. It's hard to understand but you'll get there. Does it hurt to know that I don't want you anymore? Good, I hope it fucking chokes you to death. Then you can feel as shitty as I do. Move out of my way, barbie doll. We are over. We are done and have nothing further to say to each other. Fuck off."

Marge didn't even know her hand was about to connect into Arya's cheek until her hand was there and it stung like fire. The slap resounded and Arya's head flew sideways as she gave a grunt of pain. Gritting her teeth, Arya started to head towards the rapidly backing up girl, holding her swollen hand.

"You hit me? You fucking just slapped me into last week because you can't handle a little rejection? It's fascinating, you know. On the outside you are the loveliest thing I've ever seen, you have culture, poise, everyone wants to be you or be near you. But really, once you get past the rocking body, you are nothing more than a bag of meat. You are a three day used tampon, you are low tide, you are a fucking cum dumpster, a walking credit card slot between shapely legs. There, now you have a reason to really smack me. Go for it, then I'm gonna tear your arm off and shove it up your sweet delectable bleached asshole."

Marge couldn't stop the tears, she couldn't stop the sting of her hand or the flushed face. The
rejection was as if someone was speaking a foreign language and she turned and ran away, hearing
Arya's mocking laughter the whole way. Lommy and Loras were sharing a hookah pipe, Lommy
was wearing a huge towering purple turban upon his head and Loras had achieved a tiara from
somewhere as well as a pair of thigh high boots. Jojen came by wearing a viking helmet and waving
sparklers, nearly got mowed down by Marge. With a sigh, Loras extracted himself and tried to go
after his sister. Lights pulsed, students were draped over every surface and Loras couldn't keep up
with his sister.

Hot Pie was fresh from a shower and riding an old wheelchair wearing nothing more than a pair of
fuzzy green pajama bottoms and bear claw slippers. His smile wreathed his whole face and he
sported a bright pink boa as he rode the wheelchair through the lobby. On his lap was a very
impressive looking three tier strawberry shortcake. He almost made it to the Reeds to trade the cake
for some good drugs when Marge came flying and couldn't stop in time. Hot Pie hollered in dismay
as Marge tripped and landed face first in his lap, her perfect features now fully part of the cake.
"Great, first time a pretty female sticks her face in my crotch and I'm carrying a fucking CAKE!"

Loras winced in humiliation for his sister and tried to pull her upright. Marge coughed cake, spraying
it all over herself, Loras and Hot Pie who squealed in disgust. She pulled away from her brother and
ran mostly blind through the crowd.

Chapter End Notes

Dragonstone Preverts: Don't Threaten Me With A Good Time by Panic! At The Disco
Arya: Big Shot by Billy Joel
Marge: Big Girls Don't Cry by Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons
The first blush of dawn could be seen from a few of the windows of the dorm. But the party wore on and there wasn’t a single sober person within the house. Whether reeling from drugs, liquor or both, every student was as fucked up as they could get.

Theon found himself hanging half out a window, Ramsay's hands the only thing holding him from a free fall as they made out. Breaking the kiss to take a quick breath of chilly early morning air, Theon mumbled something. Ramsay tilted his head and smiled. "What, sweetie?" Theon gave a silly foolish grin back that Ramsay thought was made more beautiful with the swollen lip, bloody teeth and the new gap where a tooth was lost earlier. "It's just...I don't know if it's the drugs but it's like....this night lasts forever."

Licking at the swollen bottom lip until Theon whined in pain, Ramsay whispered, "Does it matter? Are you bored with me, hmmm?" Theon shook his head fast and wrapped himself around Ramsay. "No, I want to party with you forever. I just...it is so strange here. I mean, tomorrow is a school day, right? How? How will we party so hard all night and go to class in the morning? The staff KNOWS how hard things are going in here, right? I mean, they have to know about all the drugs, the twins did. And it just seems like time has stopped here."

"You worry so much. Are you always so nervous or is it the drugs? I don't think the staff gives a shit what anyone does as long as it doesn't affect the school or them. I can promise you, the night ends somewhere. I mean, look, see the pink streaks in the sky? It's early morning and the party always ends when the sun rises. Your hangover can be cured by the Reeds and we will go to class. It always ends and starts again, just like it should, I promise. You are just getting a little freaked from too much partying. Let's go get you some water, you look a little dehydrated."

Ramsay really just wanted to fuck him till he cried but Theon was way too pale suddenly. What Ramsay wouldn't admit as he dragged his boy towards Myranda's bar to get a glass of water, was that Theon's questions made him uneasy. Maybe both had a little too much but that is always how it goes, what teen knows when to stop? Gilly was there and gave a glass of water with a brilliant smile and eyes that showed clarity in spite of the joint hanging out of her mouth. "Here you are, gentlemen."

Theon took his water and sipped it as Ramsay leered at Gilly and fixed her Norwegian hat over the messy bun of hair. Gilly thanked him dryly and handed him a glass bottle of Nehi. Ramsay steered Theon out of the way just as Meera came cruising past. She has ditched the unicorn outfit, her long messy, greasy black hair plastered to either side of her head, bare feet guiding an old taped skateboard past them. Her face was thinned out by bliss as Meera's body rocked and rushed with her own special concoctions.

Her long shapeless body was not enhanced by the dirty old army jacket with a faded written peace symbol upon it, her pink and orange striped pajama bottoms were so full they seemed to act as a sail as Meera sped by. Theon almost shrieked as he watched Meera roll up the sleeves of her jacket. A trick of the light made it look like both her arms were full of tiny black holes that squirmed. Before he let out his shriek, the light seemed to change and her arms were smooth. "I think I'm done with anything but water tonight, Rams."

Jon was sitting on the small stage that Grenn had commanded. Pyp and Grenn were leaving pulsing
lights and left music on a track to just run on its own. Hot Pie had been sharing his crushed cake with them and they all washed it down with copious amounts of beer. Jon glared at Ygritte who was dancing with Ross, Kyra and Tansy. "Always has to break my fucking balls over every little thing. I mean, WHY do I still go out with her? I love her, she loves me, is it really enough? We are so different, you know." Rolling their eyes, Grenn and Pyp shared a glance.

Hot Pie was the one to speak for them all. "Jon, dude. For real. I mean, you two fight, you fuck and then you whine, pout and bitch to us about it all. It's something that never ends and it gets old for us." Jon pouted and mumbled, "So sorry that my problems just seem so boring to you guys. Thought I could talk to my FRIENDS over this shit, you know? I mean, Grenn, when you dated Violet, I listened and Pyp, I remember letting you drunk cry all over me one night when Kyra broke up with you."

Grenn and Pyp nodded but Hot Pie continued to be the mouth piece. "Yup. You are there for any of us when we have love problems. We know and we find you awesome for it. But notice that you can actually name very specific times....we can't do that because with you and Ygritte, it's ALWAYS. Gag me with a fucking spoon but it is truly never ending and so we just get sick of it. If you don't like wondering if she's cheating on you, if you don't think you can stand to keep fighting with her over everything, then try breaking up for a bit. See if it helps."

Jon shoved his curls back from his sweaty forehead and blew out a long breath. Shrugging, Jon stared at the redhead with a moping stare that she was noticing and pointedly ignoring. "She never actually does something though. I mean, Ygritte never actually cheated on me. Giving out her number to guys doesn't count, I mean, she gave her number to lots of guys that hire her to fix their bikes. And sometimes if they pay her by taking her out to supper or to a bar for a drink, it's still not cheating."

Hot Pie snorted but this time he refused to speak which made Jon give the guys a questioning look. Grenn sighed and slumped to lay back on the stage.

"Okay, let's just get it all out so we can fucking end this paralyzing, tiring frigging discussion. Ygritte has cheated on you twice and we said nothing so we wouldn't have to listen to more of your angsty shit. She blew Tormund for that new bike last spring and Ygritte got way too fucked up during one of the parties and had a quickie with Damon. So there is that. Why don't you just break up with her, take a break, be single, get your wick wet somewhere and then see if you want to try with Ygritte again?"

Ygritte crowed in delight when Footloose came over the stifling airwaves and her red hair spun and tangled with Ross's as they danced hard. The other girls couldn't even keep up with them but they tried valiantly.

"SLUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUT! SLUT! WHORE! CHEATING, LYING, SLUT!"

The thunderous declaration cut through the music and the girls stopped dead to stare at a furious, drunk Jon who was pointing at Ygritte with a self righteous finger. Ygritte stood dead still, her eyes full of startled anger that was building rather fast into indignant rage. "What the fuck did you just call me? WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU SAY TO ME, YOU PIECE OF FUCKING DINGUS MEAT?" Ygritte stormed towards Jon and the girls followed her. This made Hot Pie groan and roll to his feet and Grenn yanked up Pyp so they could stand with Jon.

Jon stood tall and sneered. "Did you think I wouldn't eventually find out you were cheating me? You gave a blowjob to that Sasquatch for a BIKE? I OFFERED TO BUY YOU A NEW BIKE BUT NO, WHY DO THAT WHEN YOU CAN WRAP YOUR LIPS AROUND BIGFOOT COCK? NEVER MIND THAT YOU THEN FUCKED THE BLOND YETI! AT LEAST I CAN
UNDERSTAND GETTING DRUNK AND GETTING A QUICKIE!" Ygritte glared at the boys with Jon.

"Did it make you guys feel better to tell him that? Yeah? Jon, you pompous little prick, I don't live like you, remember? I don't get a silver spoon and a lil bib in case I spill my fucking caviar! Your step-cunt is a meanie to you but you've never had to work a day in your fucking life. Know what its like to go hungry? No, you fucking don't! Don't you dare fucking judge me for what I do! Yeah, you'd give me a bike, you'd take me to a five star fucking restaurant and just offer the world to me like its a pretty fucking bauble, right? Should I fall to my grateful knees for you? Want me to wear a pretty dress, throw on some pearls and beg you for a shiny diamond for my finger? I could marry you and spend my life washing the skid marks out of your undies and pretend I love you as much as the sling-load of dirty diapered babies you'll fill me with?"

Jon dropped his jaw and then his hands became fists at his sides. "YOU COULD HAVE WORKED FOR THE BIKE THEN! IT'S BETTER FOR YOU TO FUCK FOR A BIKE INSTEAD OF TAKING ANYTHING I CAN OFFER YOU? IS IT REALLY INDEPENDENCE IF YOU HAVE TO USE YOUR BODY FOR IT? AT LEAST MYRANDA AND HER BAND OF MERRY SKANKS ARE HONEST ABOUT WHAT THEY DO! HAVE YOU ALREADY GOTTEN YOUR NEXT LIST OF CLIENTS FROM THE TWINS OR ARE YOU JUST A FUCK RESERVIST?"

Sansa and Dany were walking with Myranda and heard the screaming match. Before they could get close enough to say anything, Ygritte and the other girls launched at Jon and his friends. They all went down into a bloody, shrieking tangle. Others came running and everyone found themselves either part of the fight or trying to yank spitting, kicking dunk teens apart. Jojen got his turban stomped on by Skinner who was eager to join the fray. This caused Meera to attack Skinner with her skateboard, trying to break it over his thick skull.

Lommy was trying to help Arya extract Jon from the fury of Ygritte's fists, Joff and Vis leaped into the battle with war cries of glee. Ramsay tossed Theon at the stage and ordered him to stay out of the fighting as he then leaped on Damon's back to ride him into the battle. Dany and Sansa couldn't move away in time and Myranda's bony body shoved them both into the squirming mass of angry flesh. Lyanna laughed wildly as she tossed herself into the fight and Gilly smiled at Lollys as they both cracked their knuckles and waded in with steel smiles.

None of them but Theon noticed Marge heading for the stage with heavy machinery. Theon was more scared and fascinated by Marge then the drunken brawl before him. Marge did not look like the composed, socialite beauty any longer. Her eyes looked like empty holes and she streaked black tears down her face. Her hair was wild, as if she had stuck a fork into an outlet to style it, her fancy artful designer dress was askew, the front panels looked deliberately broken and twisted around her legs.

He scooted out of the way as the girl dragged a projector up onto the stage, mumbling to herself the whole time. Theon kept one eye on the raging battle and the other on the crazy girl that was apparently setting up a show for them all.

Chapter End Notes

Theon: Hotel California by The Eagles
Ygritte/Jon: Revenge by Pink and Eminem
Marge hummed to herself as she set up her projector, ignoring both the inquisitive boy and the raging battle below them. She has sniffed a powder that Meera had sold her earlier along with four black plastic capsules from Jojen. The heartache caused by Arya might have been dulled but what wasn't drowned, what couldn't be hidden or bared was the rejection. That only seemed to sharpen like the switchblade Arya carried around in her back pocket.

Marge has never heard the word no from any girl or boy she wished to be with. She has never begged for anyone to stay with her before but she was sure if she had, they would have been grateful for the chance. There were a few times in her life that boys and girls have chased, begged and declared hopeless love for her, even after she broke things off with them. She would always find a way to soothingly reject them. But Marge has never been broken up with, she has never been insulted and rejected as Arya has done to her.

It was a sharp bitter terrible monster with teeth that rode Marge right now and she let her shaking hands do their busy work. Who the living fuck did Ms. Arya Stark think she was? Considering her secrets, considering how much Marge had accepted? Arya should have understood that Marge had a role to play, she should have played the fucking game. But no, that bitch always wanted things to go rough, everything was a fight and now she had finally driven the wrong person too far.

Did Arya truly think it would have been safe for her to come out to her family and drag Marge with her? Arya couldn't have been that deeply in love with Marge to have lost all common sense. Besides, the fact of Arya's actions earlier proved that the girl mustn't have really loved Marge. No person who declared love for Marge ever spoke to her that way, no one who LOVED her would have BROKEN UP with her. Anyone who said that they loved her would have watched her go to her knees, pleading and forgiven her. Not insult her, not force Marge into hysterical actions and then laugh at her tears.

Marge tasted copper and discovered she was vigorously chewing her lip as she worked. She felt a certain icy cold numbness, a floating above, a disconnection like a heavy pane of glass separating her from the rest of the students. But the anger, the rejection ate through her like acid and that's another thing to lay at that crazy cunt's fault. Marge couldn't even get a proper high going, the pain was so deep, the metaphorical knife was planted too deeply into her back.

She had no choice but to strike back hard and fast like a snake hiding among the garden flowers. Marge couldn't live with this type of loss, with this awful fucking feeling. Olenna has accused her granddaughter of being too kind, she has accused her of being too impulsive as well. Well, one out of two is the best Marge can go with right now. Marge has been sucked dry by a vampire, leeching of any kindness or good intentions. Impulse, drugs and the need to hurt was driving her and it was clear that the revenge monster had no brakes, had no limitations.

Giggling in between the humming, Marge kicked on the old projector and dragged the long old white movie blind down. Shoving Grenn's equipment out of the way to make sure NO ONE would miss a second of her little slide show, a tiny voice kept trying to whisper to her. Casting a quick eye at Theon showed it wasn't him, he was watching her from the edge of the stage. It wasn't any other student since they were all caught in the fighting below.
The voice might have been her own, might have been her grandmother or Loras or hell, could have been the fucking Grand Poobar of Broken Hearts, didn't matter. Fuck it. Let it all burn bright and merry and who gives a flying donut about consequences. This was time for Arya to face her consequences for daring to throw a prized rose into the mulch. Marge didn't care if Sansa managed to black ball her to the sluts quarters for it. She didn't give half an owl pellet if this caused Arya and her little thug buddy to put her in traction like they did Dany.

It was going to be worth it to see the pain and fear grow in Arya's eyes. Something nagged in the back of her head, like a tiny but determined bunny nibbling at the garden. A tiny warning but it couldn't make it past her defenses, her drug addled brain couldn't see the danger looming due to her actions. Marge was ready, it was time to show Arya that perhaps she wasn't the most dangerous and ruthless thing around after all. Dimly, she could see how awful this was, what she was going to do, how it could prove to be truly catastrophic to Arya.

This might ruin Arya's entire life, true, she could SEE that but in this moment, it was GOOD. Let the girl fall for her secret sins, see a real dirty taste of the world, the part that she has been hidden from no matter how much the girl thinks that isn't true. The world Arya has seen out of home and school has always been rose colored safery glass, the chances taken were always carefully planned so that the worst things wouldn't happen. Well, Marge was about to introduce Arya into the world without the pretty fantasy.

She was going to show Arya what she just gave up. How Arya just tossed away not just someone who cared and loved her, how Arya just assumes that another would come along and keep Arya safe and entertained was sheer fantasy. Marge was about to show that little upstart cunt just what it would be like on her own with those same secrets and actions. In a way, Marge was probably doing Arya a favor by ripping the safety net from under her while they were still stuck on an isolated rock.

It would be much worse if Arya was exposed elsewhere, so in a way, Marge guessed she was still being kind. She was going to also show the girl how stupid, pointless and dumb it would have been for her to try and come out to her family, to the world. Marge gave a trilling laugh as she finished all her preparations and she walked over to Grenn's equipment, trying to understand how to shut the music off. After playing around with buttons, switches, slides and record player, she managed to produce a terrible screeching sound that cut through the mosh pit on the floor.

The sound was so awful that Theon curled up with his hands over his ears, begging her to shut it off. Most of the students below reacted similar and the rest looked up for the source of the demonic sound. Flicking it off, Marge instead spoke into the large microphone. "Sorry to interrupt the brawling but we have one last show for tonight! It's a quick little story with a really killer punchline." Grenn and Pyp quickly started to extract themselves from the human soup. "Hey! Don't touch my shit, Marge!" Ignoring Grenn, Marge smiled and hit the lights so the entire room went dark.

Loras, Arya, Sansa and Dany managed to find their footing and weren't even sure how they had all become tangled together in the first place. Pitch black was replaced by the dim lights of the projector and it caused everyone to look like ghouls hiding among flickering shadows. Grenn and Pyp had become disoriented when the lights were out and couldn't seem to get to the stage and stop the clearly maddened socialite. Not that it mattered, the girl had no further interest in going near their equipment, she was over at the projector taking only the microphone with her.

Sansa was both shocked and repulsed by how Marge looked. That expensive dress that had been personally designed by Sansa was irreparably destroyed, Marge's hair and make up has gone far beyond reparable as well. It was deeply disturbing to see the normally perfect Marge in such a state. The last time Sansa can remember after seeing Marge look bad was when she got food poisoning last year. The girl had gone the color and texture of oatmeal and even then she managed to comb her hair...
and had the decency to stay hidden until her skin and health repaired.

What is the world turning to when the only girl Sansa can depend on was Dany? First Walda acting strange then just disappearing and now Marge clearly gone over the edge of common sense and in defiance of every fashion tip on earth. Loras felt a shiver of fear at how awful his sister looked, Marge seemed totally unhinged and the smile growing on her face was straight out of nightmares. He took some steps forward in true concern then halted in a dreadful shock. He had a frozen terror suspicion of what his twin was about to do.

Arya also was watching Marge and in spite of her anger, she too felt concern at how bad Marge looked. Then she seemed to catch on to what Loras was also suspecting and Arya felt as if someone dumped a bucket of ice over her as Arya's school picture filled the white screen. Oh no, what was she doing? Arya found herself grabbing Loras's hand hard, he squeezed and tightly held her hand. Both knew, Marge was always impulsive and they just KNEW what was about to happen. And couldn't do a damned thing but hold hands to withstand the storm.

The smile on Marge's face wasn't just malicious or smug, it was stone cold crazy.

"This is the Arya Stark we all know and love. The little mean thief from a prestigious old family, the little class clown and adorable fucking thug that will break bones over a two dollar debt. I would like to show you the REAL person behind this facade." The picture clicked away and another slid in it's place that caught everyone's attention immediately. Jon turned pale and moaned in sympathy for his little sister. Sansa stood like a statue, staring and feeling a shock that nearly felled her.

"Please meet who I was really fucking and dating. Welcome to my love life with Arry Stark. A young girl that made one hell of a boy and will be as soon as she can afford to pay a plastic surgeon to give her the cock she needs and shears off those useless annoying tits."

This picture featured Arya with her hair that had been carefully crafted by comb and oil to resemble a good pompadour. She wore a pristine white male t-shirt, one short sleeve rolled over a back of Lucky Strikes. The shirt was tight on her, tight enough for all to see that her breasts had been ruthlessly taped down to nothing. The shirt was tucked into a pair of peg leg jeans, very clearly male jeans that neatly tucked into male motorcycle boots. A thick tan belt wrapped around the jean waist and had a huge silver buckle that held a carved howling wolf head.

Those who remembered Robb Stark recognized his favorite belt. Carelessly held over one shoulder was a leather jacket full of chains and buckles, the very same jacket that Alyn had lost last year. Alyn pointed and started to yell about the jacket but Ramsay punched him before gesturing for Theon to come to him. He slung an arm around Theon and watched Marge's sadistic show with hungry eyes.

Arya did look like a male version of herself and it was clear she was sitting at some bar she was not old enough to be in. She was sitting next to Marge who was dressed in a borrowed dress of Myranda's. Next to them was another pretty girl with a bit too much makeup and very little cleavage to speak of. Loras briefly closed his eyes and for the first time in his life felt a flash of hate towards his sister. Arya held her breath, she couldn't believe Marge was doing this to her not to mention to Loras.

A deafening click in the shocked silence as another picture filled the white screen. Another bar and there was Arry Stark playing pool with a bunch of other males that might not have been males after all. The next picture showed a rather fancy yet cheaply colored club and Arya wore a tuxedo, her hair slicked back, lighting a Virginia Slim for Marge. Another way too revealing and tight dress with absurdly high clogs, Marge's hair high upon her head, held by a velvet bow. Behind them was a stage that had several drag queens competing in evening gowns.
It only took a moment for the winner of the contest bathed in spotlights to be recognized. Blinking in disgusted but sadistic thrill, Joff hollered, "Holy fuck, is that Loras? If Arya becomes Arry, if Marge becomes Myranda, does Loras become Lora? Yeah, that's what that name tag on his glittery fake cleavage says!" Viserys's lip curled in revulsion and his voice was cheerful in a nasty way. "Is Lora waiting for a surgery too? Does Renly know he's marrying a fucking transvestite? Oh fuck, wait! He has tits in this picture, how did he make the tits, can we play with them?"

Joff burst out cackling. "Is that a bulge in Arya's pants? It is! Was it a pair of socks or just a nice thick sausage? Or maybe Loras and Arya traded body parts?" Marge narrowed her eyes and hissed, "You aren't paying attention to the right thing! This is about introducing you to your REAL classmate, Arry Stark! He/she used a pair of socks to make the bulge, but when it comes to sex, Arry has a special belt with a wonderful dildo that is more impressive than anything any of you have for real."

Alyn pointed at Arya and roared, "You owe me a jacket! I can never wear that one again now, you owe me a new one, you fucking freak!" Damon chuckled. "Ladies better start wondering what Loras has borrowed from them. Do you wear your sisters delicates or Olenna's? We know that Arry uses her brothers stuff, so you must use Marge's. What a pair you two must make." Ramsay shrugged and gave a cold smirk. "I have to say, she looks better as a male. And Loras does make a real pretty whore, doesn't he?"

Theon rubbed his temples. Why was it so upsetting to them? It didn't seem to bother anyone that Loras and Arya were gay so why did being transgender bother them? He opened his mouth to ask this but Lollys spoke first. "Leave them the hell alone. What's it matter to any of you what they are or do? If they want a sex change, who cares?" Dany stared with rounded eyes at Lollys as if she couldn't believe something so dumb came out of her mouth.

"A sex change IS a very big deal. They don't come from families that will take such things lightly. The fact that Arya likes girls is enough for her family to freak out. Some of our families are very old fashioned. Which is why what Marge is doing is so hateful and distasteful. I suggest we keep this all right here and speak of it no more." Scoffing, Gilly crossed her arms mutinously. "You are all so damned backwards. What the hell year do you think it is that anyone cares what sex they want to be?"

Theon was haunted by that question but it wasn't answered. Instead Marge stomped her foot and declared that everyone needed to focus less on Loras and more on Arry. Joff instantly sniped, "Don't you mean Lora?" Sansa finally broke out of her horrified paralysis. Marching up to the stage, Sansa walked up to Marge and spoke calmly. "Shut the projector down, please. You've made your point, dear. You simply must go fix your makeup and hair. Perhaps a fresh dress as well."

Marge gave Sansa a sunny smile. "Fine. I think I've made my point." She shut the projector down and a weak sunlight came leaking into from the windows. Sansa gave the girl a stone cold look and her voice was as sharp as any of Arya's blades.

"You are done here. By here I mean the whole school and outside of it, if I can get the chance. I'll make sure your brother is as ruined as Arya, if not more. You should leave school, maybe leave the country. If Arya herself doesn't break every bone in your body, I'll make sure it's done. In fact, I think I'll talk to both Stannis and Petyr. I will get you expelled. I'll have the Reeds plant cocaine on you during class time. Maybe I'll just decide to poison your tea at our next garden party. The possibilities are endless, really."

The sunlight grew slightly brighter and Theon's eyes became so heavy in spite of the drama surrounding him. Loras had tears in his eyes that he was trying to hide as he stared up at the one
person he thought would never betray him. Arya was frozen, panting slightly, hands in fists as if unsure what to do next. The pale light seeped into the stone building and as it touched the students, Theon passed out into Ramsay's arms. He wondered if the party would still be happening when he woke back up and he also kept hearing that question Gilly asked that somehow scared him.
Chapter End Notes

Marge: Cold As Ice by Foreigner
Arya: Dressed For Success by Roxette
Loras: Dude Looks Like A Lady by Aerosmith
Stannis Baratheon has never in his entire life indulged in narcotics of any form. When he broke his leg, he only took aspirin and copious amounts of whiskey. He has never taken medication for mental illness, for bad moods. He did not indulge in vaccinations or Novocain during dental surgery. If whiskey can't handle whatever the pain is, then he gets a rare bottle of something from the Lannister's stock. He firmly believed in such things for his daughter and wife if needed, they were weak, not like him.

Stannis was not into parties, he didn't enjoy social gatherings and even in his college years, he preferred to be studying during others nonsensical rituals. Stannis treated sex with the same weak contempt he offered to drugs, partying. Dating was a waste of time, he allowed his family to arrange his marriage, he had no time for such things. Stannis did not need to work to support this wife, he continued to remain in school while she made an empty designer apartment for no one to ever see.

If Selyse had expressed an interest in trying social gatherings, perhaps Stannis might have at least tried. But Selyse was nuttier than a fruit bat and a recluse. She struggled to try and fit in socially for his uncaring sake and drove herself into a mental hospital for seven months. He didn't hate her, he pitied her and the only time that he had initiated sex, it was drunken and messy. Luckily, it produced a baby and Stannis was so relieved that he never had to do that again.

Except the girl wasn't what Selyse wanted and Stannis found himself in a nightmare. The woman hated sex and was obsessed with having it to achieve a live baby boy for herself. Stannis couldn't tell others that he had to hide from his own wife. How would he have gone to Robert's door, begging sanctuary because his own wife tied him to a bed and tried to rape him? That the woman has gone deranged and has bought a house with seven nurseries in it, nearly causing his financial manager to have a heart attack?

Stannis had no defense against this woman, she was a whirlwind and Stannis couldn't live in her shifting, violent world. She would attack him, one minute scratching at his face, the next crying into his chest. It was a child or suicide and Stannis silently would wish she'd choose the second option. The worst part was watching how it would affect this baby that Selyse wanted nothing to do with. She hired nannies and the child wanted for nothing, but parents. Stannis had no idea that Selyse was perhaps hurting the baby, he was too busy making another thesis.

The night that Selyse threw infant Shireen into the snow drift for the plow truck to scoop up, Stannis had just been hired by a prestigious college to teach classes and he was nearly skipping home late. He was told by the police later that it was a miracle that the plow driver saw the naked baby kicking in the snowy air. Another blink of time and the baby would have died. Stannis made sure his wife never saw handcuffs or court. She saw bars but only of a rather cushy and private mental home until Stannis was positive she was no longer a danger to the child.

Out of guilt, duty and a mild affection, Stannis began to visit with his daughter at least for twenty minutes every other day. He found himself rather looking forward to these visits and it seems to be enjoyable to the child as well. Stannis could daresay it was the only time he was ever not angry or bitter in those trying times. Due to the horror of what his wife did, it simply leaked out and the college withdrew their offer. He found himself taking his daughter and pedigrees to move far away from whispers and prying eyes.
Stannis did not need to live humbly, he did not need to work but that just wasn't him. He was always restless, needed to be focused and education was his game. He found them a nice village that needed a principle for a grade school. It was a nice safe quiet place and his little house Stannis had built was just cozy enough for him and his daughter. Robert and Renly sneered at the meager house that only held enough bedrooms for Stannis, Shireen, Nanny, a maid and one cook.

Then his wife got better and moved in. It was like the second she stepped in and the house grew shadows. It didn't take very long for them to understand that Selyse was never going to be able to truly mother Shireen. The girl was left to her own devices and the orders of those hired to care for her. It didn't take long for Shireen to steer clear of her mother and Stannis often became preoccupied with work. Too much to always visit with her. But he made sure to pay the staff extra to tell him if Selyse ever went near his daughter in violence.

It was into this bleak existence that Stannis saw Melissandra and discovered what narcotics must feel like. She was color, heat, life, hope, feeling that needed no explanation or attachment and Stannis could just FEEL. Even when he discovered that she used drugs in her wines, when he discovered that sometimes her sweets were poison liquid deeply baked in, it didn't matter. What was addiction against FEELING? He was brought to life. The religion bullshit she spouted, he could give a fuck about but he agreed to everything she wished so he could keep the magic flowing through him.

Now he buried his former mistress under the mulch, along with Selyse's body and Shireen's. He had no shirt or pants on, he was deep in the woods, close to where the superstitious speak of Patchface's home. Stannis chuckled as tears poured down his throat since he could not let them fall down his lined face. The dirt was all over him, streaks of ghastly grey from Shireen's body striped him like lashes from a whip. Suddenly, Stannis heard a rustling and his voice came out like a startled croak of laughter.

He could have looked as he has been tempted to do through the years. Stannis did not believe in monsters, ghosts, he did not believe in whatever Patchface was. And he crunched the aspirin for his straining back and kept digging, not turning to see what watched him in the early morning light. But the pain was too great this time, the guilt was killing him and it was a startling moment for Stannis to understand that he felt suicidal.

So taking a shaky breath, for the first and only time, Stannis addressed the silent stalker as he continued to bury his women. "I often wondered if you were HERS. Did she bring you to life in one of her freaky rituals? Did I have a hand in making Lommy your dinner? Were you here when I bought this place? What were you living on before I provided you with succulent children to feast on? Don't answer, if you have a voice, I'd rather not hear it. Don't come closer or I will beat you to death with this shovel and bury you with the girls. Just a warning in case you were thinking it."

But there wasn't any shifting nor any sounds but Stannis knew eyes were watching him closely. He had a strange sense that it was straining, tilting it's head, trying to study his pain better. "I wonder if your name is truly Patchface? Why don't you ever attack the adults? And why only those children that are always in pain, what a detestable thing to prey upon. I will never know and frankly, I don't really care. We do what we can to keep them safe from you and it's all I can do. I tried to keep things together, but I always fail at that."

Stannis gave a bitter smirk to himself and finished the first layer of dirt over the women, he couldn't see them any more and it was a little better.

"I just buried my family and the witch who helped me kill them. Oh, not a real witch, mind you. No, sir, not at all but not quite a whore either. She was clever and knew how to ply a person with drugs and pseudo-science bullshit. Sex made it all seem like it was worth the parts that didn't seem to fit
quite right. But it wasn't just the sex, you see. After Selyse, everything was gray and she was RED. Then the discovery that she wanted to meet and help my family, not break it up. To think I would even consider this harebrained idea? But I was under her spell still."

Stannis gave himself a firm nod as he shoveled and shoveled. "I brought her home and suddenly things were insane but in a good way. I don't know if it was the drugs, the words or the sex but my wife worshiped my mistress more than I did. The sex was hot between us all and even though little Shireen never seemed to care for her, she was kind to our daughter. Selyse actively tried to be a mother to her daughter and it might not have gone very well, but dammit she tried. Our lover made that happen, how could I not have been grateful?"

With a shrug, a grimace at the brightening sky, Stannis spoke heavily.  

"I grew bored, believe it or not. I am a restless man and no cult can hold a man that needs science and logic, I needed ambition. So I bought the pile of rocks and here, no one could judge how we lived. There was no hiding here and that was the idea. It was for children that lived in families that needed to be sheltered and educated. Exactly what I was trying to provide for my daughter, a safe place to grow and learn. Instead I created hell. I hope I didn't have a hand in creating whatever you are, Patchface. Fuck off now, I'm done chatting. I need to shower before the teachers meet for this distasteful assembly."

Theon hurt, oh gods, he hurt, the sun was breaking into his eyes and screaming full volume at his brain. His entire endocrine system tried to vacate his body along with his angry and abused liver. It was a tiny flashlight and then the face of doctor Frankenstein grinning at him. "Someone had a little too much to drink and was found on my doorstep. I see nothing adverse and I shall leave you to the tender ministrations of Nurse Barbary. Don't blush, you weren't the first one dumped on my doorstep this morning, and you were one of the living ones, so there is that!"

Theon heard Gendry and Ross retching nearby. He heard Gendry squeal like a little girl and cry as Barbary cackled and he shivered. Qyburn gave a pitying smirk to Theon as he patted his arm and reassured him. "Nurse Barbary has a perfected ritual to assist those with extreme hangovers. It involves purging and a rather warm stringent enema then drinking some castor oil mixed with a bit of vinegar to invigorate you to be at class attentive for the day."

Theon remembered when a coconut fell on his head as a child on the islands. It knocked him senseless and he had a headache and seizures that lasted half a year. Theon wished for that back instead of the cure for partying.

Chapter End Notes

Stannis: Alive by Pearl Jam
Theon/Gendry/Ross: Banana Boat by Harry Belafonte
Everyone reacts differently to tragedy that isn't theirs. Some feed off it, enjoy themselves with the drama, others find challenge in trying to create out of it or just generally enjoy pomp and circumstance of sad things. Others pretend it isn't happening or try to obfuscate it with another focus. So many ways to express emotions brought by tragedy, from tears, rage to humor. As the sun relentlessly forced secret night sweats to be seen in it's white light, all forms of reactions were starting.

Cersei and Olenna sat with Renly and Petyr in the old woman's garden, their faces all wearing a small smile of extreme catlike satisfaction. They were all relaxed as if they just returned from a massage with a happy ending that involved a hefty tip. Though Olenna and Petyr both shared a penchant from rising very early, Cersei and Renly both believe being part of a school already forces them up early enough. But this morning they were already heading for the impromptu breakfast before the servants were finished with their own coffee and breakfast.

This particular group is not normally close. However, the same as certain discussions only can happen with Petyr and Renly on a balcony, certain things can only be discussed with Cersei and Olenna in a tea parlor or the four of them together in a garden. Without friends, even the ones you hate, it can become intolerably long stuck on an island surrounded by teenagers. If there was a pregnant teenager that tried to give herself an abortion, a suicide, a shooter or bomber, this would be the reaction of these four. If they could make popcorn and watch a car accident, they would.

When presidents, kings and queens of strange foreign soil were murdered, it was an ambrosia that could be remembered over and over. Their faces had always glowed when they had to still observe the funeral services when they didn't live on this rock. Oh, the delights of funeral clothing, death parlor etiquette and the gossip was like being rubbed in that right spot. They spoke of what the girls had done, over and over. With loving strokes of featherly delight, these teachers never showed as much attention or care to Walda and Shireen while they were living.

In this one moment, both girls have achieved what few have ever done. Walda and Shireen have briefly become beloved and worth every second of attention to the bored, jaded four instructors. The ramifications upon the families, the scandals that could have brewed, it was also gone over. The potential shores of shame and scandal of the two girls was winding down as the servants finally brought out breakfast. By the time they were sipping coffee and picking at crepes, attention was turned to Olly. His case took a longer time to play with, so much gory sadness to it and a darker mystery.

Unella and Gregor sat numbly at the table, they flinched a bit at Jeyne's scream from her bedroom but did not move. They let their eyes shift away and left the boys to deal with their foster sister's grief. It wasn't personal, they wouldn't have responded if it were Raff or Polliver. If it were each other they would have not responded but to walk further away. Emotions weren't easy for either of them, weakness wasn't allowed and the mere fact that they didn't punish their children for showing any feeling proved they were better parents than their own.

Tyrion and Alliser were speaking with Viserys and Dany, explaining gently to the half awake royal teens that they have lost all protection. Alliser kept giving them this exuberant smile and his eyes sparkled in a way that was entirely creepy. Nodding, reassuring them in a jolly voice, Alliser informed them, "Luckily, you two already moved out of their little Tower of Babel, so all the teens
they moved there can flood back into the dorm house. That means all sorts of special favors are over, that means more kids to each dorm! No more special privilege and won't the other elites thank you for that!"

Tyrion rolled his eyes at Alliser's overindulgence but he did give a very cutting smirk to Vis. "This means you have no further protection or favor beyond your status. You'll have actually purchase or fight for things now, young man. Or work for it. You don't have a clue what I am saying, do you, young man? Gods, you are so dumb and savage, you'll have to learn by experience now. It will be hard for you." Viserys sneered groggily at Tyrion while rubbing his temples. "My cousins are dead. Fine. Tell Varys to send us two bodyguards. How hard is that? I am not paying for shit and please kindly fuck off."

When Tyrion backhanded Viserys, there was a rather striking moment for Alliser. He had grabbed the arms of his chair and nearly had the first of few true orgasms of his life right then and there. Which would have caused some exceedingly tense and rather awkward explanation or apology to the girl sitting next to him. It was a near thing but Alliser kept control as Dany stared at Tyrion in shock. Viserys held his red cheek and his eyes were wild and wide at the teacher. "You can't hit me! How dare you strike me? I'll have your fucking JOB! DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?"

"AH! See, now the lesson really begins. Yes, I know who you are and I still struck you. Because I don't care who you are, I don't care at all. I wanted to hit you and I did. It was very satisfying, I must say. Now, when Harold and Bob were alive, I would never have done that. Because I like living and I like living with all my parts intact. They weren't just pimps and dorm managers, that was just what they became in order to hide the real reason for their measly existence. They were your personal bodyguards. They kept everyone from being meanies to you. Their biggest job was to keep assassins from killing you two. They were trained to watch and kill anyone that would kill you. In return, they got to become predators of teenagers and bring a fresh whore supply to your uncle, play with their drugs and pimp lifestyle."

Alliser leaned closer to Dany now that he was under control and patted her hand rapidly. In a kindly voice, he breathed out more reassurance. "Your cousins hated the both of you so much. They would speak of the two of you as if you were repulsive little animals. Don't feel bad, everyone thinks that way, dear. They protected you out of sheer duty and to abuse your fortune on their human trafficking projects and smoking all the cocaines."

Tyrion raised an eyebrow at Alliser. "I don't think that last bit works that way, Alliser. Regardless, yes, the pimp days are over. I am dying to see how the girls recover, I am sad about only that one bit. I really don't think Cersei is going to let me, ah, well, that isn't here or there. Maybe they will all freelance?" Alliser frowned deeply then it turned slowly upwards as they all watched in horror as his apparent delight. "The detention center should create a new punishment for the act of prostituting oneself!"

"GOOD GOD MAN! YOU WILL CALM YOURSELF OR VACATE THE PREMISES, THERE ARE CHILDREN IN THIS ROOM!" Tyrion slammed his hands on the table and Alliser looked slightly wounded before he composed himself. "Sorry, I do apologize. It's early." Viserys glared at them and stood up, wrapping his robe tightly around himself. "Okay, get out. This one wants to strike students and I fear for my sister's virginity next to the old pervert! I am speaking with Stanis and Varys, we are done with this mockery of a school!"

No one was shocked but Viserys this time when Tyrion struck him.

Tormund and Styr were expressing anger at the clean up they were always stuck with. Dump a body, dig graves, it comes sometimes with their job. But to mop up vomit, blood and shit from these
stupid parties on top of that? None of the damned teenagers are going to clean it! Now that the stupid fucking twins got themselves killed, who was doing it? Who else but the lowest on the rung of course! Both had no trouble helping the twins clean the damned dorms after these parties but they got PAID for it!

Stannis did not feel it was pay worthy but he wanted them to do it. No one else would help unless they were paid. "How much fucking damage gets done after these fucking things every time? I mean, they never really break anything but my god, the mess and stink! It smells like a party rotting for a decade or so! It smells like they buried Hoffa and Tupac in here." Tormund felt no twinge of guilt at yelling as loud as they were while they cleaned. Damned kids can wake up and he hopes their heads are fucking KILLING them!

Due to the drama of the party, Loras and Marge barely noticed the state of their rugs and items. It took a full HOUR for it to register to the three elites, the mess before them, the STINK! Marge threw a tantrum that could be heard throughout the entire dorm. Loras chose to have a silent cry under his covers. Sansa was the first to see the text and the quickest to alert the others so she could watch their faces. Reactions are weaknesses and she was going to need to find those cracks more than ever. The others might be on their personal dramas but Sansa was about to head a war.

It was sad about Walda, yes, so shocking. And poor little Shireen. Stannis will certainly need Sansa to help him through it and she will. More importantly, some KFC Bucket oil slick just tried to destroy her sister's entire life. In front of everyone and did it without a shred a fucking fear? This cannot stand. Regardless of whatever stupid fucking fantasy Arya has been living in, she must be protected. Her reputation will be kept intact and Sansa and Jon will find out just what the hell the girl needs. Sansa didn't really care what Arya wished to be as long as was DISCREET.

Arya had been trying that and here comes that backwards beauty queen pile driver Polly to rip that right to shreds. Never in her life did Sansa see her sister look so hurt, scared and devastated. It wasn't to be borne, if it had been a bad boyfriend, Sansa would have gone after him just as strongly. Hell, she was already planning Ygritte's downward spiral. This is all instinct, this was the stupid Stark that she cannot shut off, none of them can resist it.

Whether with a fist or an open palm of poison, if the invitation of the fight was already given, the choice was made. Like any wolf, they have to charge, they have to fucking present. Until all know to sniff carefully at their fucking tail and slink the fuck away or the blood will flow. Sansa had never even attempted going to bed when the party ended at dawn. She got Jon and dragged Arya to a private location to have a talk with her lovesick siblings.

"It's over, Jon. She's gone too far and that is that. You know her temper and if you think she isn't already planning to come at you then you are a fool. When she wants to call the battle off, we'll talk then. Arya, we don't even have time to be scandalized if we cared to be! You know I am very open and so is Jon, I mean, we still don't even know what Ygritte is" Jon snorted. "Really?" Sansa gave her sniffing sister a tissue and a small grin.

"Is that girl worth this? No girl could be worth letting you sob like some weak little chick. Is your reputation here safe? No. Have you ever had a problem with such bullshit before? No. I will make sure this never leaves the school. You will make sure that our family doesn't find out your little secret by being discreet and not dating broken barbie dolls. That girl does more whoring under her grandmother's care than I have done for Cersie! Marge had been prostituting herself younger and for less than any of Harold and Bob's girls! She wasn't a great choice for such a delicate thing."

Arya sneered and threw away the used tissue. "I need to continue being who I am and make sure I haven't lost my business. What else can I do? I don't want to talk to you guys yet, not about my
lifestyle outside of school. I don't know how long I can keep the secrets. Marge was right, I do plan to get an operation. There's a guy in the West that I have been told of, he does these things. The operation will change me and then, I mean. I can tell them or just fake my death someday, get my change and run to somewhere I get judged."

Jon stared and had to shut and open his mouth several times. Sansa patiently waited to let him feel that he was at least giving it a good try. He finally blurted out, "Arry is a pretty good name. We will cover you if you fake your death after graduation. And I promise to visit no matter where you live." Giving a kind supportive smile to them both, Sansa internally rolled her eyes so hard they creaked. "We stand together and fight it, smash down our enemies. Show our teeth for a little bit. It's been sometime since I've gotten dirty, maybe I'm changing this time too! It's graduation year and so far I have not had it go any way good! So I am done being passive about this. I'm done being a nice mean girl. It's time for us to be who we are, correct? Fine. Let's do that."

Loras had only finished his good cry when a knock came at his door. He called out, "If that's you, Marge, FUCK OFF! All others, please just text." Sansa knocked again then let herself in. "I just came from seeing my siblings. It's like being in Heartbreak Hotel with those two so I figured to see how your damage was. Did you know your sister was that fucking crazy? Perhaps a rare moment during a family dinner when she accidentally stabbed a servant? Maybe a little howling at the moon? Does she understand that if this ever leaves the island, she might truly die? Hmm?"

"Is there any fucking way on this entire planet that you could think I was in CAHOOTS WITH MY SISTER OVER MY OWN FUCKING EXPOSURE! Do you understand that RENLY does not know of my...other interest. I DREAM that I could be brave enough to get the operation, to live that way! My true form, my natural self! This is the best I can do though and it was the one thing that was MINE! Marge never really understood, she just thought it was fun! She met Arry and I found a secret best friend off this dreary fucking lizard warming rock! I found a bit of freedom!"

Sansa hugged the devastated boy and smiled down at him. "I'm sorry. I know you aren't part of it. She's hurt you incredibly, hasn't she? So you must stand with us, with Arry, Jon and not try to stop us from our revenge. Going near the mocking sadist elite boys isn't the answer either. They are going to tear you apart no matter what you do or say anyway, so let's make it worth it them. Arry and you are going to embrace who you really are, I will do the same and so will anyone who chooses to do so. I am changing the rules."

She had finally started to feel better, heading to her room. All was sorted out, planned and begun. Instead of attempting to sleep for an hour or so, Sansa focused and worked out what fashion will become this time around? She wondered about so many ideas and how she would get them all done. That's when the text had finally caught her eye and Sansa sat hard into a chair. Seeing Shireen and Walda naked with black or red smeared words on gasoline covered bodies, Sansa couldn't even understand.

Was this an art performance? No, it seemed very real and they didn't talk like it was scripted, this was heartfelt, this was two girls simply at the end of their rope, man. They spoke of being bullied, terrorized and unable to respond in any other way. If the bullying or uncaring students and adults couldn't hear them alive, maybe they can hear them through this. The fiery death was horrible and Sansa knew she would need days to get that terrible shit out of her head.

She also didn't feel she had any guilt over either of them. Why should she? Walda made her own choices and Sansa barely knew the little girl. She understood that the correct responses will be made but Sansa really had bigger issues. She must balance Stannis, Petyr and change school rules, plus help her sister and Loras act themselves in the staff's view. This could all get ugly fast or it could go smoothly. Sansa focused back on her work.
Then a light bulb hit her and she KNEW! For the first time, Sansa thought kindly upon Shireen and Walda. They killed themselves over not being bullied, no it was because they were suppressed, like Loras and Arya! Yes, just connect it for the teachers. Maybe it's time for a new balance, a new kind of leader.

Chapter End Notes

Cersei/Olenna/Renly/Petyr/Tyrion/Alliser: Just Like Paradise by David Lee Roth
Sansa: I'll Bust Your Knee Caps by Pomplamoose
Ross bemoaned the fact that she made it into a good situation just for it to blow up in less than two days. She made it back from the hellish clinic just to hear about the twins deep frying. Instead of the new room she had been promised, she watched the other girls all flock around the lobby like chickens. They were heartily and rather brutally woken by Alliser and forced to pack to be rearranged. With glee, the repulsive old bird told them of the twins death. "You have no pimp, no hen to keep foxes out of your hen house. Actually, you lost your hen house too. I have closed the Tower of Babel and I am afraid you'll have to find roomies. You will give Olenna the room number of wherever you can get a bed in the dorm. Good luck!"

The girls milled and panicked but Myranda quickly gained control. "Alright, enough. Shut up, please! Our most pressing concern has to be how to survive. Once everyone knows that the twins are dead, foxes really will be coming for the chickens, the creep is right about that much. We need to decide right now, do we keep our work going? If you are willing to try it, I'm willing to play madam. But we are going to need protection, there's no doubt about that. Ramsay and his boys will try to hunt us, Raff and Polly will try to not pay us, fucking Lommy and Arya will try and steal anything we gain if they think we are easy pickings. I can't fix our new room situation but I'll get on it right away. First, our protection."

Gilly and Lollys were groggy but delighted to be asked. Cracking their joints, eyes shining like delighted children they agreed. "You should consider changing your packaging as well. You aren't under some pimp who tells you what to look like. Make yourselves look stronger, have you ever considered dominatrix work as a specialty?" The girls were full of ideas and by morning Myranda and the girls were ready to rock a new world. Marge had blinked in surprise to answer her door and see Myranda there. "Hello, love. It's time to pay me back for all the outfits you borrowed."

Jojen blew a plume of smoke that made Lommy's head swim. Meera was laying on a messy bed, injecting something that made her whimper. Her face was getting so thin and paper white that Jojen slapped her lightly a few times. "Hey, baby, come on, sissy, back to me, open your eyes. Lay off this shit, okay? Too much and you'll float off, never come back. I need you." Shaking it off, Meera sat up languidly and put away her small kit. "Sorry, Jojo. It's just...it's harsh then so fucking sweet. I have to jack up the price because it's too good, this batch. Fuck. Wow."

Lommy finished putting on his outfit and showed the siblings. "What do you think? Sharp as fuck or what?" Raising a critical eyebrow, Jojen slipped off the bed and approached Lommy to make a few quick adjustments. "Okay, now you look badass. So you know that when staff sees Loras and Arya they are going to maybe go ballistic on your asses? On the good side, you'll have a first sighting of Sansa Stark getting in trouble." Lommy shrugged. "Arya or Arry, I don't give a fuck. As long as our partnership stands, I don't care. I don't care at all about Loras one way or another. I am supporting my friend."

Meera grinned lopsidedly and asked if he had to oil all that leather. "It's not. It's sharkskin or something like it. Sansa found it for me, it's not comfy but damn, I like how evil I look!" The shiny hard look of the tan pants matched those of the wing tip shoes he wore. It was also the same as his lean jacket, his tight silk long collared shirt buttoned neatly and tucked into the pants, complete with a belt that has a howling wolf on the buckle. Jon had a similar suit but his was a dark blue, his jacket was longer, tight on the top but allowed to flow as it went to his knees.
Sansa fixed the smudges on her face from the brawl earlier as she listened to Dany's plight. "So, you have no protection, no way to snap your fingers and have things fixed for you? You haven't lost your fortune, thank goodness. I must say, Princess, you are so lucky that Walda went crispy and Marge has lost her fucking mind. You will be my cheerleader, my smiling second but you need to learn to act like pack not like a damned princess. It's only a matter of time before your brother is all over you. We will protect you as much as we can but eventually, you'll have to fight."

Dany nodded and clasped her hands on her lap, ready to learn. "I'm done with letting my brother push me around and try to act like my body is his. Teach me how to take him down and I'm yours." Sansa smiled slightly. If it made the girl feel better to think she had any choices then by all means and Sansa smiled, patting the girl's hand.

Arya and Loras stared at themselves in the mirror. They allowed no one to help them get ready after Sansa dropped off the needed items. They helped each other and wondered if they were crazy. "Renly will break off the engagement if you do this." Loras shrugged. "Your family and mine might cut us dead. Out of the family, out of any inheritance. But I still would rather be a full woman than a half man. And I think your family plans for you to be a nice girl that marries and does her duty. That's not you." They held hands tightly and squeezed before heading out the door to meet the others.

The teachers sat in hard wooden chairs in a straight line across the stage in the assembly room. Stannis sat in the center and the eyes of all staff laid upon the entering students with a bored impassivity. Lyanna and Jeyne came in with red eyes and silently found seats, slumping down, missing Olly and Shireen. Grenn, Pyp and Gendry all staggered forth and fell heavily into back seats. Ramsay and his boys came in, dragging Theon in tow. Theon sat between Damon and Ramsay, Alyn and Skinner napping just behind them.

Joff and Viserys entered and headed for the front row, wondering where the hell the girls went? They had looked for Loras in order to cut him dead but he was missing too. Probably hiding out in humiliation. Joff was thrilled to have new ammunition to use against the girls, siblings that were transgender? Oh, it was so many meals worth of pain to dine on there. Bereft of victims, the boys went to their normal seats and dozed. Raff and Polliver sauntered in and sat in chairs near the other rougher boys.

Hot Pie, Jojen and Meera came in and found a seat in the middle where no one would bother them.

Ygritte and Marge entered, an unusual pairing and thus began the beginning of the social crash. Suddenly from staff to student, all eyes were on the entering students. The redhead was wearing her crazy braids, her leather jacket, ripped jeans and ripped shirt. Marge was wearing a baby-doll dress in soft ocean blue with kitten heels. Her make up was lightly impeccable and her chiffon bun was understated. The two heart breakers sat alone in the second row, ignoring all.

Eyes got wider when Myranda entered with her posse. Myranda, Ross and Violet strode forth sporting tight leather boots that went forever up their long legs. A small band of flesh above the boots then the sheath dresses in dark colors. Iron flat hair, a smoky eye and crimson dress made Myranda look taller and more mysterious than she ever has. With a deep purple dress and her hair in a long yellow bouncing tail tied with a velvet thick bow, Violet looked playful. Crazy curls allowed to artfully riot within two ponytails, impressive long lines encased in forest green, Ross seems warm, inviting.

Kyra and Tansy wore velvet heels on their fancy ankle boots and both sported lace and denim mini skirts with tiny jackets that barely covered the corsets that covered their flat stomachs and cleavage. The two shorter girls wore hints of peach and pink among the washed out denim look and they both
had blown and teased out their hair, adding a little glitter to the tips. Olyvar wore a jean jacket, tight jeans and a pair of good high top sneakers, his hair was fashionably messy. Flanking the group, were Lollys and Gilly.

One on each side with a brilliant smile, eager bright eyes and a stance that let everyone know not to fuck with them. Both girls wore a burnt orange prairie skirt and a long white blouse that had ruffled sleeves, a tight black vest held together by a slim silver chain, silver skulls on a lovely chain completed the look. Only the barest tips of shoes could be seen, the steel toe of the work boots slipped in and out of sight. Hair braided to fall like a rope down Gilly's back and the bowler on her head seemed to just fit. Lollys had her purple tresses in a tight bun and her bowler hat was slightly askew.

The last entrance was the one that dropped jaws and caught everyone's eye. Stannis did appreciate Sansa's outfit, it was very Bonnie and Clyde, that tight sweater, the long pencil skirt, same brown wool rich colors that Bonnie had favored it only brought out her hair like flames. The roguish wool cap over thick long curls allowed to fall down her back, it made Stannis and Petyr want to leap at her. Both of the men have only seen her hair long if they unravel it during sex. It was a rather wild and alarming look but it worked for her in a way no other look ever has. She almost looks as if she's been freed.

The sight of Jon away from Ygritte, in his uniform next to his sister made Alliser give a small frown of suppressed joy. Jon and the bitch have broken up and this time it's bad, it's going to be bloody. He would be there for every heart wrenching second. How many detentions can he force them both to sit through? The possibilities were endless for Alliser. Viserys was amused, his little sister was Sansa's new lackey. Already trying to figure out how to play the games the elite commoners tried to play.

Viserys thought Dany looked sexy in the tight high waist skirt and jacket combo, crimson and black were unusual dark for her, yet it worked. With her pale skin and white blond hair, it forced the blue of her eyes forth. With her hair only held back by a small black wool beanie, all that blonde in crashing waves, it made Dany look almost fierce for once. Viserys wasn't sure how he felt about that last bit but he had plans for his sister. She wouldn't provoke his dragon and Dany understands that he is her only protection now. Dany might think for now that Sansa can help her, but he will remind her that it's only family that she can rely on.

Then Arya Stark came in wearing a shaven head covered by a Fedora in black velvet with a grey pinstripe. Her outfit was grey sharkskin, the pants, the sharp jacket, even the silk button down shirt and the black thin tie, it was all a male's outfit. Even the wingtip black and grey shoes. All of it male and the girl has managed to remove or hide her breasts. Just in case this wasn't enough of a showstopper, Arya has walked in hand in hand with another. Loras was wearing a lovely pink outfit that was a Jackie O. favorite style. His hair was curly perfection and the pillbox hat was just so.

Renly dropped his pencil, Olenna almost laughed out loud, Cersei, Petyr sucked up his distress. His friends were about to feed so well.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Theme: Emperor's New Clothes by Panic! At The Disco
Pack Sansa: Drink The Kool-Aid by Ice Cube
Myranda Posse: Roxanne by The Police
Suicide And Bullying Are Out

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Olenna pinned those eyes upon her car wreck of a granddaughter and her whacky grandson who might be wearing her underwear under all that. "Oh dear. This is going to make me have to change room policy in the dorms again. Dastardly paperwork." Renly was sitting with blazing eyes and his jaw rather low hanging. Giving him a small tap on the knee, Olenna cheerfully spoke. "Poor Renly. Now you have to buy a wedding dress after all. All those fittings, I wonder what dresser you'll let Loras visit?"

Cersei gave a small tilt of her head. "Loras does wear that quite well. His legs are perfect in those tights." Petyr stroked his chin to hide his grin. "I wonder if Arya is the new man in Loras's life?" Renly snapped his mouth shut then roughly whispered, "Fuck you all. Eat it up while you can." With a charming laugh, Petyr leaned slightly towards Renly. "My friend, would you deny us such a wonderful meal? It's only sweetened by your pain and someday it will be one of us that you feed on."

Stannis didn't know if he should address the mockery before him or ignore it for the sake of the somber reason for assembly. He frowned sternly at the two offending children and those around them, including Sansa. The results were not what he expected. These weren't shamefaced children or laughing ones, mocking his grief by wearing costumes. All of them stared back calmly, Arya and Loras meeting his eye, Sansa met his eyes. Hers were somehow both warm, welcoming personally and yet distant, full of cool challenge.

Feeling knocked off balance, Stannis walked over to the microphone and spoke. "I do not appreciate such distractions during this assembly. We have experienced a tragedy here at this school. Last night my own daughter, Shireen and a senior student named Walda Frey burned themselves alive. They have sent the clip to us all and I am sure to all of you. When they set off the gasoline, the fire was worse than they must have expected, it not only burned them to death but also burned Harold and Bob. There were no survivors of this grisly suicide."

Lifting his chin higher, trying to pull his eyes off the strange sight of Loras and Arya, he rested his gaze briefly on Sansa. She looked back up at him with tender love and an innocent sympathy. "My wife hung herself in response. Olly must have also been grieving as he jumped off the cliff onto the rocks. Judging by his body, he had been beaten, he was suffering alcohol poisoning so I don't think he was able to make any good decisions. Another case of bullying causing students to commit suicide. It's clear that we need to have suicide prevention and bully defense classes."

Sansa clapped lightly, as did Dany and the entire group, encouraging Stannis's flame again. Seconds after Sansa's group clapped, Myranda's squad gave enthusiastic thumbs up. His voice became clearer, more sure of things, he has taken a stance against something and it was good. The other things weren't as important as his usual focus. It was the same power that allowed him to ignore his insane wife and guilt form of a child. Stannis spoke of how they can help someone being bullied or feeling like killing themselves.

Alliser kept his beady eyes upon Loras and Arya already dreaming up punishments for them both but he kept getting distracted. Watching Jon and Ygritte give each other small death glances was too good to pass up. He couldn't wait to stick his hands in their drama pie and just churn it up. Alliser cannot remember the last time he has been has happy as today. This whole morning has provided him so many chances to spread misery among the students and he is grateful to whatever gods, devils...
or miracles that has caused this.

He wasn't the only one having some trouble concentrating on the students and assembly. Unella didn't give a shit about whatever the students latest crazes and fads were as strange as they got. It wasn't their outsides but their inner minds that she dealt with. Today Unella was worried about her own children, she was worried about Gregor and most of all, she wondered if today was going to be a piss red kind of day again. According to her kidneys, it was going to be.

Like any family, hers had their secrets. Gregor and Unella raised their children with a strict and heavy hand, there was no secret there. How Gregor sometimes had a temper wasn't a secret either. The other staff eyes crawled on her like ants when one of the kids ended up in a cast on the rare bad day. She could feel those damned repulsive lizard brains of the four fancy vultures whenever Unella made a rather urgent visit to the clinic of her own. Like the time Unella accidentally dislocated her jaw, lost three teeth and broke her foot. Must have been a real nasty fall into the basement.

It was only when Gregor's temper was set off. Only rarely. Never more than once or twice a month and didn't always result in a clinic run. Only if it's broken bones or that one miscarriage. Or those few rare moments when Gregor hits too hard and Unella simply can't stand back up. Except it's driving a wedge between the kids and their parents. Unella hates it if the kids try to intervene when she tries to draw Gregor's ire off them and onto her. What they don't understand is Gregor's ire is always on her first anyway. She would rather it stay there than land on the children.

Gregor's temper has never landed on Jeyne, except once. It was the only time that the family fought back as a whole against him. The boys and Unella knew that the girl was simply too small, Gregor's temper would kill her there was no doubt of it. So when he was on one of his rages and his eyes landed on the girl, they all landed on him. Gregor had been shocked and enraged when he reached for the tiny girl to find himself blocked by his boys and wife. For the first and only time, Gregor's family defied him in full force. Unella held a steak knife, Polly had grabbed an iron skillet and Raff wielded a shovel.

Jeyne had gotten away, Polly received a broken wrist, Raff ended up needing some stitches in his head and Unella spent three nights in the clinic with some serious damage to her kidneys. Gregor never went after Jeyne again but it changed nothing else. Having Jeyne so upset over the death of her friends, the deaths also caused Gregor less sleep and more work once Stannis got himself going again. And this put Gregor's temper up. While the boys were trying to comfort their sister over the death of her buddies, Gregor decided breakfast wasn't up to par.

Unella wore the breakfast that Gregor threw on her and then she took the usual fists to the kidneys, bladder and back as silently as she could. Gregor backhanded her hard enough for her to nose to bleed and only the sight of her shaking hand streaked in red raised in silent plea finally satisfied him. He took several harsh shuddering breaths over her as she cowered quietly at his feet and to her relief, Gregor stormed off. Most of the time, Gregor was a silent companion, a good provider and a strong leader of their family.

It wasn't enough anymore of an excuse. Her sons were despising him for the abuse, they despised her for protecting him rather than leaving him for it. The children didn't understand how someone can't suddenly drop an entire life. They didn't understand there wasn't anywhere else for Unella to run to. Unella is sure the boys are going to run off this island upon graduation and never return. She hopes for it as much as it breaks her small silent heart. Her ribs, kidneys and bladder all throbbed and Gregor shot her a stern look as she squirmed slightly in her seat.

When Stannis finished speaking, Petyr slid into the place behind the microphone and spoke into it so softly while he stared at Sansa, that every young man in the audience felt violated. The man spoke of
how he was available any hour to speak with any child that felt suicidal, felt threatened or bullied. He also mentioned that he will offer outreach classes for all.

"As we know the arts is a wonderful way for anyone to express themselves. Please report to Renly, Podrick or even Tyrion. All three have options ready for you to use art for your emotional needs. Some work out their feelings through other means. Please, visit Bronn or Gregor to use sports or perhaps some wood or metal working or gardening."

All of them had a moment of silence while staring at the photos blown up behind the teachers of Shireen, Walda, Olly, Harold, Bob and Selyse.

"Today will be a day of observance and reflection on our grief and what we must all do together to stop this grip of suicidal tendencies. After breakfast report to your homerooms. We shall only have a small amount of academics today. Then the rest of the day, you can choose the different therapeutic environments that shall be set out for you. You may use these resources for the rest of the school day. And please, do not forget that my door will be open to all of you today and everyday. Please reach out and I promise to reach you back."

As the students stood and left the room to head for breakfast, some students were instantly challenged. Loras and Arya had barely managed to stand before Petyr and Stannis descended upon them and Sansa found herself standing between her two lovers to defend her sister. Myranda's group were almost to the door when Cersei came at them like a runway model with severe PMS and a late dresser. Both girls took deep breaths and plastered their best smiles on their faces. Loras and Arya straightened their spines until they cracked.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Theme: Heaven Is A Place On Earth
Unella: I Used To Love Her by Guns N Roses
Cersei smiled with polite hungry violence and Myranda smiled back as if she wished she could lick the teacher like an ice cream cone. "Good morning, Cersei. We are so saddened by the deaths of our beloved Harold and Bob. Our foster fathers truly cared for us in every way and we are still just processing our grief." Myranda's voice was sweet, sticky thick and full of the burden of a child who just lost the closest and best of foster fathers ever. The other girls dabbed at their eyes and gathered fast around Myranda as if to console her and be consoled back.

"I am sure that Harold and Bob did the best they could for all of you. I am sure they would be touched at your depths of grief. Alas, they are gone now and as regular wards of the state, you'll be here under Stannis's generous mercy unless Varys decides to adopt or foster you. I imagine it will be difficult for you girls to get along without using the talents you've always known. Surely it won't take long for you all to learn more domestic and fitting talents for yourselves. I mean, ladies, don't sell yourselves short. I read an article about how girls are making a solid entrance in repair work, factory work, there is always trade school to be considered?"

Gilly and Lollys turned their sunny faces, inspirational smiles and dead eyes upon the teacher. Gilly spoke. "We have been lucky enough that our new friends have allowed us some creative license in their marketing. Every lady should have a consultant for such things as their own personal advertisement. Each girl should be a brand, a unique personality. We are taking a page from the most famous and lovely Sansa Stark herself, in fact. She has changed her own personal fashion and that of her pack as we all see this morning. We have done the same thing and we are going to try a few other paths before we head off to trading school."

Cersei tilted her head and her eyes were serious, her voice was low and as close to actual curiosity that she could get these days. "Do you mean to try it without adult supervision? Without any large strong male protection at least? This...little game of yours wasn't a game to your foster fathers, you do understand that, correct? It's not a very safe idea, every single male that can will take whatever they can get from you. Girls can get very hurt or even killed that way, you do understand that, dears? Best that you stop now and allow your brains a chance to dust off, maybe one or two of you will learn to open wide for a book instead of other things."

Myranda grew a soft smile and she got as close to the matron as she dared, nearly touching her breasts against Cersei's dress. Her voice was lyrical, childlike and somehow dirty all at once. "I have been playing this particular game since I was a girl way too young to play. My daddy, my granddaddy, got things started with dirty movies while I was still wearing mickey mouse underwear. A rather prominent and dangerous man bought me when I was eleven. I was smart enough to be enthusiastic and wild just like he wanted me to be. So I got to learn so many things, more than I bet you'd even know. I truly, honestly would feel comfortable making that bet, Widow Lannister."

Cersei stiffened and caught her breath, the warm surge of lust and did this upstart dollar store scrub brush just insult her? Did this whore, this side show circus slut just challenge her? A smirk grew upon her lips that was quite reminiscent of the Grinch when his heart finally grew. Giving a sharp nod, Cersei spoke with a breathy tone. "Alright then. I shall watch as the dogs sniff then rip you apart. I shall even send business your way if need be until you are crushed under your own hubris. I truly hope the other girls will be smart enough to distance themselves from you and your plans. Two crazy girls aren't going to be enough to stop hunters like Ramsay. It's certainly not going to be
enough if a staff member decides to get a little rough or doesn't wish to pay your rates."

"Thank you so much for your concern, Cersei. I am sure that Sansa can offer us tips about boys that
get rough and don't pay for what they get. She has first hand experience I've heard." Cersei sucked in
her breath at the daring of Violet. Myranda shut her eyes in annoyance briefly then faced Cersei.
Lollys and Gilly shared a look of irritation at the loud mouth. With a sweet but slightly bitter tone,
Myranda spoke. "I apologize for her. Violet isn't very tactful in her current upset. She did just lose a
foster father. That remark was below the belt and I won't support a personal shot like that." Cersei
gave a loving smile and gave a tiny kiss to Myranda's cheek.

"This is what I predict. At least one of you will probably end up hunted in the woods to death. At
least two of you will be so badly beaten that you will perhaps never be able to return to full normal
again. All of you will be tormented, raped, stolen from, harassed and tempted to follow in the
footsteps of our sad suicides. I encourage you to give up your ideas before you are forced to
contemplate going to Petyr for suicide prevention. If that is still a thing by then, if not, guess you'll
make us your own special clips."

Cersei sauntered away while everyone spun to stare at Violet. "That wasn't very smart. It's too soon
to get personal. If we get personal then she will too. And as good as I am at some things, I will never
match that devious cunt when it comes to revenge. So we have our work really cut out for us and she
is going to make it worse for us. She was going to be a fucking plague towards us anyway. Let's
head for breakfast, we are going to need every second of energy we can get. We have a lot of plans
to make while we eat. Provided the assholes let us eat before they come sniffing around."

The dreamy smiles that overcame Gilly and Lollys told the girls that at least two of them welcomed
the dogfights.

Sansa managed a hand to land on Stannis's arm and Petyr's at the same time, maneuvering so Arya
and Loras had time to move away. "Oh, my poor Director Stannis! I am so sad to hear of your lovely
daughter and your wife! Please allow me to offer my condolences to you! And Petyr, I wished to
speak with you too. I know you are both a little confused by the clothing of Arya and Loras. I can
explain things for you both, I am sure."

Stannis allowed Sansa to maneuver them back up on the dais so the three could sit in an appearance
of cozy professionalism. Petyr watched as the rest of his prey took off and curled his lip up at Stannis
who only had eyes for Sansa. "Excuse me, but I cannot allow this to stand, Director. Those two
cannot go to breakfast and classes that way. No matter how pretty the excuse." Petyr itched to slap
Sansa for using such a silly but easy ploy to favor her way. He was eaten with jealousy over the
sympathy the girl was going to offer Stannis.

This was the same sympathy Petyr had imagined for himself when he killed Lysa. It wasn't fair that
Stannis got to feel that first. He lost a daughter and wife through his own damned fault! Clenching
his teeth, narrowing his eyes, Petyr watched as Stannis shook his head. "I will hear our young lady
out before making judgements, Petyr. Perhaps if we had all listened a bit more before we wouldn't
have had these tragic deaths." Sansa nodded, wide eyed and solemn in agreement. Petyr cursed and
sat down. "Fine. I shall hear her out first."

Sansa tried to delicately explain how Arya and Loras have always felt they'd been the wrong sex.
How it adversely affected their whole lives and if it was the only thing they could do besides suicide
then so be it. Stannis and Petyr listened, Stannis scratching his chin and Petyr rolling his eyes and
sighing. "Don't you both see? The bullying comes from attacking those who are allowed to be left
weak and insecure in themselves. The suicides come from a feeling of helplessness that no one can
fix! Talking to Petyr isn't going to make Arya not need to be Aryy, it's not going to make Loras any
"I won't allow my sister to commit suicide, Sirs. If need be, I will make sure that Jon and I suffer fate with her. If you tell her that she is denied her reason to dress as she needs to purely because you find it too strange, she will defy you. If you expel her for it, my brother and I will leave the school with her in the same moment. Never to return. If my family chooses to cut her off, then they can go on and cut me off too. Do you understand the gravity of this situation?" Both men paused at the threat of Sansa leaving them without a second glance.

They exchanged heated glances for a quick second then looked away.

Petyr was about to comment that their parents make such decisions not the children when Stannis spoke. "Our dress code shall not be challenged. However, they are not breaking the rules as far as I can see. Loras wore a dress that was within our standards, Arya's suit was within our terms. If they break dress code they will suffer the same consequences all students do." Sansa smiled and clasped Stannis's hands briefly. "I knew you would be open and understanding, Stannis."

Leaning close enough to smell a faint lemon scent in Sansa's curls, Petyr spoke rather cuttingly. "Stannis, since you are grieving, perhaps you should leave such matters to others with clearer heads. I love our honor student as much as you do, but this is beyond the pale. Sansa, you cannot expect this to end well. Even if they wear those outfits with the Director's blessing, do you not think the bullying you want to avoid won't happen in abundance? Consider Viserys and Joff, Ramsay and his droogs. What of bruisers such as Polliver and Raff? I daresay what Renly will have to say over this?"

Sansa smiled gently. "Petyr, I am not upset, I know you are finding it hard to change with the times. It's part of your amazing charm. But if Arya and Loras don't face what they must be as well as face their detractors, how will they ever evolve? They aren't alone this time, we are all behind them. If they are bullied then we are all going to defend them together as a big family. As for Renly, he will either love and accept Lora or he won't."

Petyr's lip twitched with a cold secret amusement at that. Sansa is still such a young innocent thing in so many ways. This goes a long way to soothing Petyr's temper. Stannis looked at Sansa. "You are publicly seen as Joff's girlfriend. He might break up with you over this. Cersei might have a dislike to this too." Tossing her hair in a carefree manner, Sansa leaned closer and gave a confidential smirk. "I was going to break it off with Joff this year. As for Cersei, she cannot control everything about me, Sirs. Otherwise, I wouldn't exclusively have chosen my own...subject matter this year. And whatever power she does have over me ends with graduation."

Petyr bowed out with a rather icy grace but he took the threats seriously. "Very well. I shall let this matter go for now, but I cannot say it won't be brought up by other teachers later. They might feel very strongly on the matter."

Stannis glared and snapped out, "If I give an order it shall be obeyed. I said it's fine within the guidelines of our dress code. That is the end of the matter." Petyr gave a rather birdlike incline of his head as he stormed away quickly. He didn't look back to see the redhead of his dreams lavishing publicly acceptable amounts of sympathy upon Stannis.

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Chapter End Notes

Myranda's Squad: Lady Marmalade by Christina Aguilera
Stannis/Petyr: The Girl Is Mine by Micheal Jackson and Paul McCartney
Napalm Breakfast

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Marge was the first one to get in Loras's face as they headed without Sansa into the cafeteria.

"Loras, don't do this to yourself. I never should have involved you and I am so sorry that I did. But this isn't for you, you KNOW you can't do this. Please, please, don't be on my side if you don't want to, but don't join this circus. Please, just go change and things can blow over. You can laugh this off, pretend it was an art statement or something. Renly is always impressed by wacky art statements. Please. Don't ruin your life because I did something stupid! Renly is easygoing, he's a forgiving kind of guy. Just go change and don't lose the one person who loves you as much as I do!"

Loras stared down his nose coldly at Marge.

"You betrayed me. You exposed me and now that I choose to live in my truth, you regret it? Too late for that now, sis. I love you but you hurt me and it's going to be a bit before I can forgive you. Don't worry about me, I'll be fine. Renly can take me as I am or love what I was and move on. I can't pretend any longer." Marge gave a jagged laugh and tried to catch hold of Loras's arm as he tried to move past her towards a table. "Don't be such a blind fool, Loras! Love or not, Renly is a powerful and rich young gay man as fickle as they fucking come. He met you through school and Cersei Lannister! It's more than just an engagement ring and a slightly cracked ego, brother!"

Sharply, Loras pulled away and sniffed.

"I don't know what you mean by that and I frankly don't care. Please leave me in peace, sister. And if you know what's good for you, you'll leave Arry alone too." Marge grimaced, her pretty face scrunched in pain. "Fine. Don't come blaming me when Renly hurts you before the others lynch you." Flouncing away, Marge went into the lunch line with Ygritte, who's laser eyes haven't left Jon's once. Even the sight of his sibling and Loras couldn't break her hate filled focus. "All I have to do is wait until everyone's distracted trying to beat down the gender benders and I can shiv him." Marge gave a side glance at the wild girl and shuddered delicately. "I really hope it doesn't come to murder on either side." Ygritte gave Marge a dubious glance. "Uh huh."

Loras was nearing the line when a very hard grasp on his arm pulled him sharply away from the others.

Renly looked terrible, he looked both devastated and humiliated, Loras had never seen him this unhinged before. His eyes seemed to be on fire, his teeth were clenched and his voice was like a heated blade slicing into Loras's brain. "Whatever this is, it's over. This second or you'll regret it. Get your ass into the dorm and change! This will never happen again, this will never be acceptable to me. Not even in private! Now move!" For a brief second, Loras almost obeyed, it was deeply ingrained and he fought himself to stay still.

Tears fell and ruined his lovely make up because he hated, loathed hurting Renly, he truly did love him.

"I can't, Renly. This is the real me and it's not going to change. I love you but I need to be truthful to myself, I need-" Renly's raised hand didn't fall but it froze Loras's words in his throat, his eyes wide with shock. It didn't matter that staff and students alike were watching avidly. Renly and Loras have shrunk to this one raw moment and emotion between them. In this last moment of their love, they
had their first true meeting of each other.

Renly looked like a child denied his favorite treat.

"Shut up. Shut up. Don't you dare, don't you say another fucking word. Shut up, go change. Now. I won't hear a single word out of you. Go." Loras slowly shook his head, ready to let the blow fall if it did. The hand didn't fall, it shook then Renly lowered his hand and the look of contempt, of hate, almost childlike in it's simplicity of something denied. His voice was thick was sarcasm, with true bitter surprise.

"Really? You want this, you want to be this rather than mine? I was going to such extreme lengths to offer you that stupid illegal marriage ceremony just to nail down your flighty golden ass and that inheritance. But all along this is what Cersei fucking sold me? This is an insult. I bought you and you weren't worth what I've paid."

Theon scratched his head and turned to Ramsay.

"Did he say illegal marriage? Why would it be illegal for two men to marry? Where the hell are we, when are we?" Damon clamped a large hand over his mouth and whispered moistly in his ear. "I want to see this, stop with your dumb questions." Ramsay shot a glance at Theon that showed agreement with Damon's orders. Theon looked down to show compliance and Ramsay nodded for Damon to let go. Ramsay shoved Theon behind him so he can watch the drama with glittering eyes.

Loras sucked in his breath and raised his chin in defiance.

"I was not bought, I thought you loved me! You told me I was your fiance, you were willing to risk being publicly gay with me, willing to risk a marriage to me! So just love me in this part of my life too! I still love you even if you are acting so hateful! To say I was bought! My grandmother would have told me if she was willing to sell me and my fortune!" Renly laughed. "You stupid little fool. Oh gods, you dumb high class whores never learn. You were bought, sold to me as my exclusive and very permanent mistress, if you will, dear. Cersei sold me a golden fuck-toy, a nice young complaint stud I could trot out in fashionable circles. Clearly, I will expect my money back now."

"You cocksucker." Loras blurted out softly and the hand finally fell with a crack that was deafening.

Olenna's birdlike gaze took it all in but remained silent, this was the boy's own bed and he was going to have to lay in it or at least face it. She took true pleasure in every second of Renly's pain as did the others. Renly leaned further over Loras.

"You are nothing now, you will never be welcome in polite society again, sweetheart, I'll see to that. After you graduate, if you manage to survive that long, you should consider working in gay porn to survive. This trick will cost you everything, your family will have to cut you off. I hope you haven't already managed to contract some filthy disease from whatever you've been rubbing against. To think that I was fucking a tranny, it makes me sick. But it's you that's sick, isn't it? If your grandmother has any common sense, she'll stick you in one of those camps I have heard of for special cases like you."

Renly started to slowly back Loras up, he was in control and he was ready to dish out some pain on this little boy who dared to fuck with him.

"In fact, I think that is an excellent idea, little twisted up boy. Maybe instead of breaking up with you, I can have you fixed. Oh, such fun I can have with you, you'll be on your knees begging me for mercy, to let you out of the gay stomping hell I would find for you. I would visit you on every visiting day just to watch you breaking, watch you frantically trying to please me, to get me to let you
out. What if that didn't work, what if I decided that wasn't enough and tossed your ass into a mental institution for a few months? Oh, the things I can pay for, the things I can have done until I feel you've gotten all your crazy shit out of your system. If I ever do."

Loras's face was full of terror as he was nearly bending backwards as Renly was stealing his air and his courage. He couldn't believe the level of evil and spite that Renly was made of and Loras knew that no matter how intimidated he was, he must fight for himself. "What an evil spiteful person you really are. And...jealous much? Back off me, teacher. Wouldn't look good if Stannis came in, would it?" Renly dropped his jaw and that damned hand shot up again but was stopped by a new voice. Olenna's voice was making it clear she was impressed at Loras facing such dragons or at least amused by it.

"What part of your addled brain makes you think I would ever allow you control of Loras's money? I can red tape that forever if I must, dear. And if Loras ends up in an institution or one of those camps it would be because I put him there. And I'm just not inclined towards doing that much paperwork, with my arthritis the way it is. Back off my grandson or I'll cane you personally, Renly. Take your pouty feelings over being denied anymore candy over to your breakfast. Take your ring with you."

With a sob, Loras tore the ring off his finger and shoved it at Renly, who took it and gnashed his teeth in Loras's face. "You'll regret this, do you hear me? I am going to make you so sorry that you dared to do this to me. Who the fuck do you think you are? If you have any sense at all, you'll beg me to forgive you, you'll-"

Renly let out a shout when Olenna's cane poked into his side, making him leap away from Loras. "Get away! Take your middle school sad first crush stalking tendencies and go away! This is the real reason that your family couldn't find you a wife. Not because you couldn't fake it well enough but because no woman wants to marry a spiteful little brat that likes to hit pretty things in the face. I bet you kill small animals in your spare time, don't you? Fly away, fairy and leave my tranny grandson to me! Go bitch to your madame over money losses!" Renly took stiff strides to get away, leaving the cafeteria completely.

Loras managed to get into the line for food and only Arya could see how badly his hands shook. His grandmother gave him a bracing wink as she headed back to the staff table.

Arya was already at the hot counter, pretending not to notice the slurs being tossed at her from some of the boys. Hot Pie and Jeyne were serving and held no malice, only food. Joff sneered and hollered, "Retarded fucking little dwarf bitch! Spit in their food or don't give them any or throw it on them! Don't be nice, do not serve them! Hot Pie! I demand you take their food away or shit in it!" Hot Pie glared coolly at Joff. "Only Ramsay can tell me what to do with the food." Ramsay gave a small smirk to Joff. "It's true, we are in the food service, not the hate service."

Jeyne simply glanced over then dismissed Joff's existence. Joff growled, "Little cunt, I'm going to beat your ass!"

Something came hard and fast into his head, knocking him onto the floor. Joff stared at the exploded cabbage and then up at the angry face of Polliver. "You are forgetting the target of our upset, fucktard. Or do you want me to beat your ass? You touch my sister and it'll be YOU that will find yourself fucking lynched, hear me?" Joff grumbled but put his hands out to appease. "You can't protect that little girl forever, you know. But I'm not going after her, leave me be!" Polly kicked Joff twice, making him squeal before letting him back up. Polliver and Raff don't need their main fears rubbed in their faces.

It took a gesture from Raff to remind Ramsay he was supposed to be behind the cafeteria counter
along with the others. He dragged Theon with him and shoved a ladle in the boy's hand and threw aprons on both of them. Switching out Hot Pie to free the cook to go back to the cooking area, Theon began serving food along with Jeyne. Ramsay started to put out more milk and muffins as Raff rushed past with items for the staff table. Loras found himself in front of Theon and Jeyne with his tray. The yelling to refuse him food started again.

Defiantly, Jeyne gave Loras extra pancakes and syrup for which Loras gave her a sunny smile. "Thanks, Jeyne."

Theon added scrambled eggs and hash browns. "Here you go. I think you have every right to be anything you want to be, dude." Loras blinked at the newbie that gave such a rousing boost. "Thank you, uh..." Theon grinned. "Theon. You're welcome." In spite of his unsettling questions, Theon felt he had to support the poor kid and felt better for doing it. Until he caught the searing look in Ramsay's eyes and understood he made a mistake even if he didn't know what that was yet. Shivering, Theon went back to serving quietly but it was too late.

Not only were some of the other guys all glaring at him but Joff threw a carton of milk at him, splattering the front of the glass counter.

Arya held her tray and waited for Dany and Jon to flank her then the waited for Loras.

Vis and Joff were standing now, directly in front of the two tables they have always reserved the for elite. "We don't have enough room for any of you. We certainly have a no freaks policy at this table, we want to be able to stomach our food. Why don't you sit in the back of the room or maybe somewhere else, like off the fucking island?" Joff's face was as cruel as it's ever been and his eyes sparkled with malice.

Sansa walked in the cafeteria along with the director. Stannis smiled down at Sansa as she headed for the food counter. Stannis headed over to the staff table without more than a quick nod towards Arya and Loras.

The kids all waited for the man to give some sort of dressing down or questioning to Arya and Loras but nothing came of it. The director headed behind the panel to sit with the other staff members. It was more than some could take and they reacted as any child in a pressure cooker would. As Sansa passed into the line for food, Polly rushed past Arya and used his full weight to smash her tray onto her outfit. Eggs, potatoes and maple syrup covered her new suit and some of her face. Arya cursed and started to try and find napkins.

Lommy tripped Polly, quick as a snake and moved out of the bully's range just as the enraged boy jumped up. Joff threw another full carton of milk to explode upon Loras but most of it landed on Jon who got in the way. Ygritte threw an apple like a grenade to bounce off Jon's temple, making him stagger and curse.

Sansa strode forth and got in front of her pack, bravely facing all of the them.

"The Director himself has said that Arya and Loras have done nothing wrong. There is nothing in the dress code against it. Leave it alone. If Arya wants to be Arry and Loras wants to be Lora then so be it. Anyone who doesn't like it can learn to accept it. We won't back down."

Joff gave a startled laugh. "Do you think I want a girlfriend who's sister is a fucking freak of nature? You want to support them? You think it's okay for your sister to wear a cock and the fag to just go all girl? What's wrong with you? Enjoy your new freak status, Sansa. I think I need a new girlfriend and you need a new table to sit at. Oh, and let little Lora know that her room is being taken away. We need it for storage, for anything else besides his fucking filthy sex toys or whatever he used it for.
We'll make sure to throw his shit out the window for him or is it her..or it maybe?"

Myranda and her girls raised a hand towards Sansa. "We have an extra table near us, if you'd like."

To Jon's sinking horror, he noticed that Pyp, Grenn, Jojen and Meera didn't offer an invite, rather just slid their eyes away. Ramsay called out with bright sadism, "Sorry, Poppets. As long as the Reeds work with me, they keep as neutral as the kitchen. We aren't saying no to your food or supplies but we aren't supporting you either. So take your tray of food, Sansa and move on. Looks like your sitting with the skanks."

Chapter End Notes

    Renly: You're Crazy by Guns N' Roses
    Theon: High School Never Ends by Bowling For Soup
Choosing Your Place

Chapter Notes

As Sansa took the long walk to Myranda's table and the one next to it, she ignored the shock of hostile stares, insults called and some trash thrown at her. Arya gave a small chuckle and sidled up to her sister. "How's it feel not to have the love and adoration of the whole room?" Sansa thought on it for a second and replied, "Real. It feels real, raw, honest and I'm not sure if I like that." Nodding, Arya deflected an apple with her empty tray and grinned at her sister as if she wasn't covered in food and slightly terrified. "Not sure I can take all of them if they jump us all at once. I don't suppose those nails are strong enough to stab out some eyes if need be?" Sansa snorted. "For what I pay to strengthen them, they better be like spears."

Sansa smiled at Myranda and the others all welcoming them and pulling up the extra table. Olyvar kissed Loras's cheek and Kyra brought some wet paper towels for Arya and helped clean off her suit. Violet got some ice for Jon's bruised temple and Tansy flirted with Lommy. Ross struck up a discussion with Dany that was rudely interrupted when Viserys decided to march his way over. He pulled Dany's chair out and gestured abruptly at her. "Let's go right now. Some siblings maybe don't care about reputation but this one does. You aren't going to associate with these freaks, you are a Targaryen, you are royalty and not a freak. Get up or I'll carry you." Dany shook her head and frowned at Viserys. "I'm with my friends and they aren't freaks. Leave me alone and go back to your own bigoted buddies."

Viserys sucked in a breath and then he reached for Dany while hissing, "You do not talk to me like that. We are going to the dorms now and you can feel the wrath of the dragon, you little bitch." He had one hand one Dany's arm and then he just...didn't. Viserys couldn't even understand how he had hit the floor until he saw Arya standing over him. "Dany said to leave her alone. Now I'm telling you, fuck off. She's your sister, not your fucking property." Breathing hard, he picked himself up and spit full into Arya's face. "Fucking queer butch cunt! You have no say over me or her! Get out of my way, I have a right to my sister!" Standing up, Gilly drawled out, "No, you don't. Just because you are her blood, doesn't mean you get to fuck or beat her! Go away, Vis. You aren't welcome at our tables."

Lolly, Lommy and Jon stood up to join Arya and Gilly before Viserys backed down and stormed away. Joff walked over to the table that held Marge and Ygritte, who looked up in wary surprise. "You can come back to the table, Marge. Considering their behavior, your nervous breakdown is understandable now. Bring your viking warrior buddy with you." The two girls followed Joff back to his table and sat with him and Vis. They all began to talk and Marge at least had the decency to look slightly embarrassed and worried about what she was hearing. The table that held Damon, Alyn, Skinner and Polly was louder and Jon's friends and the Reeds all looked disgusted at whatever was being said. But they stayed silent at their own table helpless in their own need to stay neutral.

At least a portion of their meal was eaten before it was round two. This time it wasn't Loras and Arya that was the main target. "Hey, Myranda! So, are you gonna have a blow out sale? Or at least a discounted price or a dollar menu?" The droogs all laughed at Polliver's questions but Myranda simply smirked at them all. "Our prices have changed and so has our menu. You'll have to visit our new grand opening party." Damon looked over into the cafeteria to meet Ramsay's amused eye. Theon groaned at the mere mention of another party, he felt his hangover return with a vengeance. "We'll need another day or so to find the right location for our needs." Viserys snorted. "As if we should pay for your diseased bodies in the first place, but now you don't even have a professional to
Skinner openly licked his lips and sidled up to their table, too close to Kyra and Tansy. "We could just chase you down like cute little rabbits and fuck you anyway." Wrinkling her nose, Tansy replied, "You like to fuck little cute bunny rabbits? Which of your mommy's special friends fucked you up that much that you want to rape cute animals?" Skinner's face reddened as the table laughed and he moved towards Tansy fast. He found himself on the ground, Lollys kneeling on his back, twisting his wrists up high between his shoulder blades. "Ah, fucking bitch, get off me!" Lollys spoke loudly and calmly. "You don't touch them. Unless you have paid them and been given permission, you do not touch them. Is that clear enough for you and everyone else here?"

Damon and Alyn both gave the girls a smile like a wolf ready to devour a meal as Ramsay's voice cut through the tense air. "Sure. We hear you. Skinner, apologize for your rudeness and go sit your ass down." Skinner muttered an apology and Lollys moved off him, to let him slink back to his buddies. Ramsay's eyes glittered as he stared first at Lollys then Myranda and Sansa. "I hope you guys team up. Oh yes I do, truly! What a challenge that will be for us. Gender bender gangsters and a brothel run by little girls, I think it sounds very promising. Like a fine meal I can't wait to savor." Myranda gave a smile like a Madonna to the wolfish boy and calmly shared out her last batch of sugared lemon and lime slices created by the Reeds.

"Ah, Ramsay! How thrilling. I've always loved doing business with you and your droogs. Trading with the Reeds and through some of you as clients, I've gotten a chance to really know you these past four years. I am looking forward to seeing your reactions at our new services. I promise you that it will be worth any price. I also promise that you'll pay very, very high for any hunts." For a moment, it was silent as female eyes clashed into so many hard and hungry male ones. "I can't wait." Ramsay solemnly promised her. Cersei has already sent Ramsay a text that she has some work for him and his boys. Ramsay hoped it had to do with the whore squad, he so hoped it. They had no true leader or protection, not a single adult to hide behind.

He just couldn't decide if he wanted to hunt them all or try his hand at being a brutal pimp for awhile.

Only two children weren't seated, Gendry and Lyanna. They had left assembly to start hanging her stupid posters. Stannis had ordered the Good Cheer Ambassador to make new suicide prevention and anti-bullying posters immediately. Gendry made the mistake of being near the girl and was instantly told he was to help the girl by hanging all the posters for her. While the explosive breakfast was going, they were hanging posters on the walls, dodging the food being thrown. Before Gendry could decide where he was going to sit after finishing the last poster, he got the shock of his life. "Boy! Attend me, young man!" Gendry nearly fell off the footstool and impaled himself on all the tacks as he stared at Cersei.

With a wicked curve to her lips and an arch in her perfect eyebrow, Cersei coldly spoke. "Joff and Viserys need a new valet. As my stepson, I am obliged to offer you the best of advantages while here at the school. After your father died, I did file papers with that very annoying social worker that dragged you around. So as your beloved only relative and guardian, I've decided to raise you with a life that could leave you comfortable, useful and with a small inheritance. Provided you can show me a modicum of obedience and respect. Your stepbrother and the Prince need a valet. I do believe Loras's room is available, no need for you to live in a closet or a spider infested drug den."

Gendry fought himself, he dreamed so long of having this moment so he could tell her to fuck off, to throw it in her face. And he found himself looking right at those ice cold eyes while giving a nod. "I can be their valet. I can use the room. Thanks." Ross and Theon both dropped their jaws and exchanged shocked glances from across the room. "Excellent. You start immediately, you may go sit with them for meals as of now." Gendry fumbled the tacks and thrust them into Lyanna's hands.
Forcing his chin to stay up because dammit, he has gone hungry and lonely for so many fucking years. It was bitter but Gendry couldn't turn down this opportunity to have at least something. To have a small damned piece of his own father, to have at least a bit of money in his pocket.

Silently, he got his tray and food, heading straight to the elite table. Joff and Viserys said nothing as he sat next to Ygritte, as far from the others as possible. With a smug look, Joff commanded him. "After you eat, you start. First thing I want you to do, boy, is strip the tranny's room. Wash it out then you can wash yourself and see us for better clothing." Gendry stiffened and then smiled over at Joff. "Sure, no problem. And Joff? Don't call me boy." Gendry's eyes clashed with Joff's, who clearly remembered how he reacts to that. With a quick clearing of his throat, Joff gave a sneer. "I will call you a lot of things. But I can take that one off the list." Gendry gave a thumbs up and went back to his breakfast.

Lyanna was alone, standing in line, getting her tray and feeling eyes on her. Jeyne was behind the counter, their friends dead and where does that leave Lyanna? Jeyne stared wildly at Ramsay. "She's last, let me go sit with her! I can come back and do clean up right after." Ramsay grinned at Lyanna. "Too bad you aren't on breakfast shift. Where will you sit, dear heart? Such a very hard question, do you sit near skanks and gender benders and put a target on yourself? Or does the good proper student sit alone in the shadow of the bullies? Oh, dear and being a Cheer Ambassador too! But wait, this is a title given to you by Renly, that makes it even worse. He won't like you associating with the circus but can your own morals let you sit with bullies? Are you going to cave so easily like Gendry to a place he was TOLD to go? No, Jeyne, you can watch with us as Lyanna tries to figure out where to sit. It's going to be a fascinating sight, like watching a snake eat itself."

Jeyne frowned at Ramsay. "You are really a mean person." Ramsay patted Jeyne's head. "Thank you but flattery gets you nowhere with me. Your brothers won't want you to be anything but neutral and that is exactly what all my workers are. Neutral because that let's us deal with everyone. The staff would never allow us to not feed someone and that would put us in trouble. And I believe that anyone that wants to use the Reeds service is welcome because that gives me profit. I don't care who's money we take as long as we take it. Right, Hot Pie?" Dully, his own eyes on the show, Hot Pie replied. "Neutral all the way, Rams. Got it." Ramsay glared at one last person who wasn't looking at him or responding. "Theon, are you hearing me talk? Do you understand that we are all neutral?"

Theon tore his eyes away from Gendry and he nodded. "Uh, yeah, sorry. We are neutral and I am sorry that I showed favor during work times." Ramsay snapped, "No! Not only during work times, you are just plain neutral at all times. You and Jeyne are really window licking helmet wearing rainbow suspender kind of special. Hear me. You are neutral. You do not support the bashers and you do not support the trannys or anyone with them. You have no opinion. Do you both understand me?" Theon and Jeyne both nodded but they looked at each other with mulish support. Jeyne simply had no fear and Theon couldn't overlook his own ethics and morals. As soon as Ramsay looked at their faces he groaned.

"We are going to have a long talk later. We will have this talk until you are both unable to scream anything but the word neutral." Jeyne and Theon both flinched a bit at the threat but said nothing.

They all watched as Lyanna took her tray into the silent stare of the students. Lyanna felt the gazes grow hot and heated as she took her tray over to where Myranda and Sansa's tables were. Walking right up to Loras and Arya, she held tightly to her tray, shaking, pretending she wasn't. "As the school appointed Good Cheer Ambassador, I welcome your bravery and support you. I am going to help you deal with your bullies. That's part of my job." Loras and Arya smiled, seeing how solemn and determined the girl was. "Thank you very much, Lyanna. Would you like to sit with us? We have space." Lyanna blinked sudden tears of relief away as she slid next to Olyvar who instantly
attacked her hair. "Oh, look at this! Oh darling, this hair is begging me to braid it, please say yes!"

Ramsay grabbed Jeyne and Theon by their throats and spoke very carefully and cheerfully. "Now, see that Lyanna, how brave she was, oh yes! And in that one move, Jeyne, you've just been cut dead by her. Your brothers won't want their precocious little china doll playing on the wrong side of the field. So you can say goodbye to your last friend, so sad. Truly, the heavens and I weep for you. Now, on the other hand, Theon, you've lost one of your two pathetic friends. You may continue to associate with Gendry because he is firmly in his place. You may not hang out with Ross the redhead whore. In case you haven't noticed, redheads seem to be causing a lot of trouble right now. As long as Ross is with the whores and gender issues, you won't be speaking with her much."

Hot Pie rolled his eyes as he started to load the dishwasher as he heard the two idiots actually try to argue with Ramsay. "That's not fair! I will choose my own friends and sides, Ramsay! Even my brothers can't change that!" Theon joined in instantly. "Ramsay, I believe in being straight, gay or transgender. I always stood up for-" The chef watched in sympathy as Ramsay dragged both of them into the pantry. Raff came flying as the first screams began and his voice raised behind the thick door along with Ramsay's. "IF YOU DON'T WANT ME TO BEAT HER WITH A FLY SWATTER UNTIL SHE UNDERSTANDS THEN DO YOU HAVE A BETTER WAY OF REACHING HER PLANET? IT WAS FIVE HITS AND SHE DIDN'T BREAK!"

Jeyne and Theon came flying out of the room while Ramsay and Raff were arguing in each others faces. Both acted with the impulsiveness they were both born with and flew out from behind the counter. They would be damned if they didn't have the same chance everyone else did to show their sides. Theon was still holding the smaller girl's hand and they moved fast towards the tables. Ramsay and Raff came out too late to reach them. Damon and Polly both saw and frowned deeply. Both jumped up to get in the way and Theon skidded to a halt, unable to get past them. "You meant to come to our table, right, Theon? It's okay, you just got a little lost." Damon's voice was too deep and menacing, his eyes as dominant and threatening as Ramsay's.

Theon numbly shook his head, not quite knowing how much danger he might be treading in. "No. L..." The sight of Damon's growing anger stopped Theon's voice and he loathed himself. Poliver reached down and lifted an embarrassed and protesting Jeyne. "No. I know and I don't care, Jeyne. No. Go back to the kitchen. Take the scrawny boy with you before Damon eats him. You are both neutral. If you don't stay neutral, we'll make both of you sit with us." Jeyne started to struggle then caught how Damon was staring down Theon, who was nearly in tears and gave in. "Okay. We are neutral. Please, let me take Theon back to Ramsay, I don't want Damon to eat him!" Polly hugged his little sister quickly and whispered, "We can talk later."

As soon as Jeyne's feet hit the floor, she grabbed Theon's hand and slid in front of him. She stared up at Damon, forcing him to switch his focus to her. "Leave him alone! I'm taking Theon to Ramsay. He's confused is all. He forgot we were neutral. See, like me, Theon believes transgenders should be who they are but he's unable to say it because he respects and fears you all too much. So since we are caught between what is right and what we are forced to do, we messed up." Damon's face just broke, he couldn't understand if he was disrespected or complimented. Poliver just started to chuckle and Jeyne yanked Theon away, heading straight back to the kitchen. Where Ramsay and Raff stood and this time it was Raff who had the fly swatter.

Jeyne was lucky in a way because Ramsay had a small cooking blade in his hand. Hot Pie understood he would be doing the clean up from breakfast mostly by himself, dammit.

Raff pulled Jeyne over his lap in the storage room and ruthlessly brought the swatter down over her covered bottom. Jeyne was more shocked and humiliated than hurt by the blows. It was very rare that her brothers ever hit her, only Unella and Gregor really use corporal punishment on her and that
wasn't very often. Jeyne knew her brothers only ever hurt her if she's done something really bad or that scared them badly. "Do you know how dangerous that was? Huh? And I tell you not to talk to Damon, not to provoke anyone! Are you trying to get hurt? Polly and I are killing ourselves and our reputations to keep you safe and here you go just stepping into trouble! Do not take sides! Do not provoke others!"

Ramsay sat on a crate and forced Theon to his knees in front of him, holding tightly to Theon's finger. "I warned you to behave. I warned you to obey and I was clear about what I wanted, right? Some only learn the hard way, my friend, you are one of those. A slow learner but you will learn. Do you have any idea what my boys could do to you? If you had defied Damon, do you have any clue how bad things could have gone for you, my dear? You can't keep your mouth shut, you can't obey simple orders or keep yourself out of trouble, so I really have no choice. This pain is going to be your own fault and you need to remember that." Theon shrieked as Ramsay's knife slid under his nail and his feet pattered a pained beat on the floor.

Every person there, including gender benders, pretty gangsters, whores, drug dealers, bullies, haters, elite and the neutral all did nothing while they heard the muffled screams of Jeyne and Theon.

Chapter End Notes

Gender Bender & Whore Pack: We're Not Gonna Take It by Twisted Sister
Marge/Ygritte/Gendry: Wires by The Neighbourhood
Theon/Jeyne: Through Glass by Stone Sour
Small Talk

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

 Aware of the eyes of both students and staff upon them, Sansa and Myranda smiled warmly at each other. "I propose that we meld forces." Sansa and Myranda spoke with the cooler voices of business even as their faces radiated joy, uncaring of the stress around them. "Darling, that is the first thing you've ever said that has interested me. I will be honest, this is a whole new view on life." With a light trill of laughter, Myranda replied, "You never were one for slumming. Welcome to the burlesque side of things, dear. I have to say, I truly have to hand it to you. When you want a change, boy, you get right to that, don't you? Even I don't have a tranny in my group and I am the brothel! I applaud you."

Sansa inclined her head and nibbled upon some fruit. "Arya is my sister. Loras is my friend. I support them even if I don't understand it. I believe we could help you out with some additional protection." Myranda took another tiny bite of her eggs and nodded. "We as a group will support Loras and Arya and will shield them as much as we can. We are trying to find a good room to work out of and we are working on a presentation of sorts. Perhaps you could help us with it?"

Sansa finished her coffee and patted her lips with a napkin. "That is acceptable and I am intrigued to see if I could help your marketing. Do you understand that if Cersei is coming for you, you will be doomed? We can fight off a few droogs, hunters, and douche bag rapists but one staff member can end it all. And if that staff member is Cersei, she will take you out slow and painful." Myranda giggled and leaned back in her seat to idly stir at her tea. "Sansa, I know these staff members, the lower ones that come to us, they will come out of curiosity or because they think they can cheat us. Like you with your two leading men, I know how to play these men. I know what I'm doing and they haven't a clue what's about to hit them. I've done my research."

"I'm eager to hear this research, you've caught my attention with that. Damn, I'm starting to actually think I like you, Myranda." Leaning closer, Myranda spoke in a sweeter tone. "Each of us have certain talents and we are going to allow ourselves to use these talents to their fullest. We will offer the men all a brief show and taste of what we each do. They won't be able to resist and they will pay. That's when they receive not a quick cheap fuck but a fucking FANTASY. And we fulfill more than just a quick orgasm, it becomes an experience. They will pay for it and the boys will wish they could afford it. The boys will only get a taste until they work to fucking afford it."

"A fantasy? You mean how myself, Loras and Marge treat our clients like boyfriends?" Sansa's head was tilted but she didn't understand and Myranda grinned. "Not really like that. More like a dominatrix, another is a masochist, I have a contortionist that also knows how to give massages like you'd never believe. For years Kyra's been fixing our backs and cramped thighs. On a man, I've seen her massage four different men to orgasm without touching their cocks once. Everyone has little secret talents that we are letting out of the closet and allowing it to turn into a man's fantasy. For the first time, the men can afford the fantasies that the elite have. Or at least we thought they get. Clearly, you guys don't have to do more than us, you do less. Just pretend to be a girlfriend? With normal sex?"

Sansa smiled as she put her coffee cup on the tray. "I don't kiss and tell, dear. But I guess you are right. We only have to act perfect, match exactly what the client wants and act that way on a continual basis. Not for an hour or so but everyday. And if you happen to have two conflicting clients, you have to find a way to appease both in everything from deportment to sex to fashion and
attitude. It tends to become stressful. So yes, I am the girlfriend of Stannis and Petyr and I provide
them both with the fantasy version of me they each need. Today I chose my own fantasy version of
me and I was lucky that it worked for them too. I am being bold, I am taking chances I've never
taken before. I won't compare my work against yours, we weren't treated equally and we both were
treated badly in many ways."

Myranda smiled and finished her tea. "Yeah. We can agree on that and I want you to know I have no
urge to step on your turf. I don't want any of your power, just an alliance while both of us still have
a bit of our asses showing. I admire you and I would learn from you. I hope that goes both ways."
Sansa smiled and grabbed Myranda's hand, squeezing it lightly. "It does. I still worry, Cersei doesn't
give idle threats. Let's hope it something we can manage. I fear that she will hire someone to take
you out one by one." Myranda twisted her lips briefly then remembered to smooth her face out. "It
wouldn't be the first time Ramsay's fucking dogs came at us."

Sansa folded her hands under chin. "If Cersei hires Ramsay, he'll hunt you all one by one. And if it's
just the droogs, you'd be better off. You might survive them better than Ramsay himself. Well, I don't
think most survive Damon either. At least that's not what I've heard staff say. Tread carefully,
Myranda. I know what I'm talking about." With a little shudder, Myranda nodded. "We will be
careful with our eyes and our mouths. I will make sure the girls all learn defense from Gilly and
Lollys. Dany and Loras should take the classes too." Sansa declared it a good idea. "I have an idea
of where you can set your brothel." Myranda was delighted and Sansa changed her posture one last
time for her men that watched silently from a partition.

Cersei walked into the kitchen to see the fat cook, sweating as he mopped the floors. "Where's
Ramsay, young man?" Yawning, Hot Pie pointed to the storage room and Cersei made a frustrated
sound as she swept past him. Barging into the storage room, she barely stopped in time before
ruining her shoes in blood. "Ramsay, have you never heard of towels or holding your work over a
bucket?" Rounding fast past the screaming Theon, who was holding a finger without a nail that
needed stitches, Cersei pointed at the softly sobbing Jeyne. "Raff, shut that wailing kewpie doll up
before I see if she's microwave safe!"

Ramsay smiled pleasantly up at Cersei as he wiped his blade. Raff paled and was cuddling Jeyne on
his lap, one hand over her mouth. A kick to Theon's stomach sent him curled, gasping as Ramsay
leaned over him. "You need to be stop screeching. Right now. I don't care how much pain you are
in. I am ordering you to stop screaming. You can cry softly, you can groan or whine a little but that's
it. Or after Cersei leaves, I'll take another nail." Theon shuddered and shook his head while he bit
into his lip. He managed to gasp out, "No, please! I won't scream, please. No more." Ramsay gave a
heavy ruffle to the sweaty hair and Theon cried into his fists. "Good boy."

"A new pet, I see? Does this one get to live? Or am I confusing pets with the whore hunts?" Cersei
lingered briefly upon Theon's misery and then met Ramsay's bright inquisitive eyes. "They are
separate things, but you are right. I've had a pet or two that didn't make it. And I've hunted whores.
But I've never killed a pet on school soil. How may I help you, Cersei?" The vindictive smile made
Ramsay's smile warmer by the second.

"Myranda's brothel will open soon. I am sure it's going to be a smash, she is far too confident. It's
going to be a bustling little place and I will let her taste the triumph, just a good warm swirl of it in
her mouth before it all falls. For every success, I want a tragedy. I don't care if it's gang rape with
another one ending with a brutal beating. If one or two is fatal, I will forgive the slip up. One by one
I want those girls taken down before her eyes. I want you personally involved, I want Damon and
that lovely whip of his to play out any fantasy he'd like. Let each of your boys use their own unique
talents. No hold barred, dear. Well, don't kill more than one or two."
Ramsay smiled but his voice was calm, almost bored. "For murder, I expect a far greater payment than usual. You understand that, don't you? For our usual cost we can offer everything else including at least one girl flayed by me and whipped by Damon. But murder is one hell of a risk if we ever get caught, Cersei." Theon's head might have raised in shock over this terrible conversation but Ramsay's hand has forced his head into his thigh. Jeyne might have verbally protested if Raff's hand wasn't muffling her and his other hand wasn't crushing her into his chest. After a moment of bargaining, it was decided that one death would happen. The others savaged or not according to each hunter's mercy and Ramsay assured her that they had no mercy.

Suddenly, the warnings to leave Ramsay, Damon and the boys alone sunk into Theon and Jeyne's heads. Too late for it too do any good now but it was cause for both of them to cry harder. What monsters they are and worse, an adult knows and is a worse monster! Some actual student will die and others hurt so badly that they might wish they were dead! To know this and have no way to warn them, to help them. The guilt settled on both heavily and they found themselves wanting the security of being hidden and silent. If Cersei decided they might talk, she could easily order their deaths too. And Jeyne knew damned well her aunt would take any excuse to kill her.

Cersei ignored Theon but did glare down at Jeyne, who was curled into Raff's chest, silent. "Raff, do I need to remove her tongue? Or gouge out her eyeballs?" Raff spoke in a terrified whisper. "No, Cersei. I promise that she'll never speak. She is loyal, I swear it." Cersei's lip curled up as if Jeyne turned into a cockroach before her eyes. "Very well." She left in a quick series of clicks from her heels and then the door thudded shut. Only then did Ramsay and Raff finally breathe. "Holy shit, that was intense. I think I got a good deal, what do you think, Raff?" Raff told Ramsay to go fuck himself as he relearned how to breathe. He shook Jeyne. "These are dangerous people that we live with, Jeyne. Do you understand that yet? And you never, ever will tell anyone what happened here. Do you hear me?"

Before Jeyne could even respond, Ramsay was there, in her face, his bloody blade flashing by fast. "I'll get to you before Cersei does if you speak. Your brothers will try their damnedest but I will get your tongue or your eyes. You will never tell about what you see or hear. Say it right now, both of you. I want to hear it. From my very stupid and very stupid worker bees. Say, I see and hear nothing. I am loyal and I am neutral." Theon and Jeyne spoke in harsh fast bursts, repeating what Ramsay said. "Good. Raff, your sister is done until lunch time. Why don't you take off and let Hot Pie finish for you?" Nodding, Raff yanked Jeyne to her feet and then he stared deep into Ramsay's eyes. "That is the last time you ever touch my sister. I won't let it pass next time."

Ramsay gave a tilt of his head but smiled.

"It was an emergency situation, you lovely bit of strange. No one has hurt your beloved boopie but if you want me to help you protect the little freak to keep our partnership, you'll have to start allowing me to train her. And discipline her. Letting her run around without fear is not doing her a kindness, Raff. What if you didn't shut her up in time? Can you imagine what could have happened if she opened her mouth to Cersei? I don't have Damon on a fucking leash, you know. He's my best friend, it's not like Skinner and Alyn. If Damon loses his temper on Jeyne and I'm not there to calm him? And we can't stop Joff or Vis if they go after her because she pissed them off. Let me train her alongside Theon, it's easier that way, quicker too. My pet needs to learn how to act in front of Damon, as well. He needs to stop his provoking, so does Jeyne."

Theon was shaking his head, clutching his finger and nothing made sense, this awful pain even felt unreal. It was like glass separating him from the others and he cried, shaking his head to reject all of this. None of this could be happening, it just wasn't right and he knew he's finally paying for all those years of being impulsive. Did Ramsay say something about pets that don't survive? Was he Ramsay's new pet? What the hell does that mean? Training? Theon and Jeyne looked at each other and finally
dared to look up at Ramsay and Raff. "Raff, please, don't let Ramsay train me. I don't need training. I get it. I won't say anything, I promise. I won't bother Damon or the boys ever again, I won't even look at them. I didn't know...how dangerous it was. I do know. Please?" Ramsay snorted as Raff gave in to the girl and they left quickly.

Ramsay turned to look down at Theon, who flinched away. "I won't say or see anything, I am neutral. I won't set off anyone anymore, I promise. Please, don't take another nail, I'm...I will be good, okay?" Smirking, Ramsay patted his thigh and spoke in a voice that was way too soft and kind, Theon whined in terror. "Here, pet. Let me see your poor finger, rest your chin on my knee. What's so scary? Just do as I tell you and I won't have to hurt you. See how easy that is? I wanted you to come here, don't make me repeat myself. That would make me upset." Theon whined but he scooted over and reluctantly gave his hand up, resting his chin nervously on Ramsay's knee.

"Good boy. See, I like this, I like it when you obey me. Your fear of me is like an aphrodisiac to me. Don't worry, I can teach you to find pleasure in that fear. I'm going to treat your finger, wrap it up for you. Aren't you grateful, Theon?" Forcing himself to stop crying, Theon nodded, his chin banging into Ramsay's jean clad thighs. Ramsay chuckled as he started to put ointment on the wounded nail bed, Theon tried hard to not react to the burning pain of it. "You are my pet now. I have had pets before and it doesn't always work out. I hope it works out with us, Theon. I'm sure you do too."

Chapter End Notes

Sansa & Myranda: Mama Said by The Shirells
Theon/Jeyne: DEVIL by Shinedown
Leaving the cafeteria and heading to the few classes of the day brought no relief for a good amount of the students. To others it was only getting better. Olenna was extending sympathies to Jeyne and Lyanna for their loss of friends. She was sucking up their pain like a fine wine when Renly rudely entered her classroom. "Excuse me, Olenna but might I borrow Lyanna for a moment? She is my Good Cheer Ambassador and we need to have a little chat about that." A small look of detached pity to the girl, Olenna sighed and nodded. "Very well, I have no reason to say no to it. We weren't going to learn much today I daresay. If it will appease your rampage against my grandson, then I dismiss Lyanna to your care for the rest of her class period today."

Jeyne watched with helpless and frustrated eyes as Lyanna dragged her feet as she left the room with a clearly upset Renly. Was he going to take out his anger at Loras on Lyanna? After what Jeyne has seen so far today, this no longer would shock her. This was a horrid school and how could their group have wanted so badly to come here? They were better off in the little deranged classrooms of the director's wife and mistress. All Jeyne wanted was to go home, she felt sick to her stomach, to her mind. She prayed that Renly doesn't strike Lyanna or order someone to hunt her.

Renly's grip on Lyanna was pinching her left shoulder and making her wince. He kept his grip and stared silently ahead as he led her to his classroom. It was empty and he led her through the class into his office. Only after that did he release the terrible hold on her so the door could be locked. Lyanna stumbled away from Renly and rubbed at the sore shoulder. Renly didn't come after her, he sat at his desk and pointed to a chair. "Sit down. We need to talk, my little helper." Warily, Lyanna sat in a chair as Renly fiddled with a gold pen.

"You are MY Good Cheer Ambassador, Lyanna. My worker, my little helper. Clearly, this isn't the right time for us to be attempting to spread good cheer. We are going to change your branding and your posters as of right now. Oh, you will NEVER again go near Loras, Arya or anyone at those tables, dear. Not unless it's as MY mouthpiece. It was nice of you to take your good cheer so far but it won't be happening again. You support what I support, that's why you are MY helper, silly."

Lyanna held tightly to the sides of the chair as she dredged up her courage. "Renly, I do take their side and I only will be sitting there for breakfast, I work the other meals. I can still do work for you without believing what you do." She cried out as the pen struck hard on her left temple. Renly leaned forward over the desk, his eyes bright, his head tilted in a way that reminded Lyanna of a vulture ready to eat a weak but still alive baby.

"Do you know that I saw Olly's body? It wasn't just liquor and drugs that did that boy in, no, oh no. He was raped, he was beaten and he had been EATEN!" Renly's voice was jolly as if Lyanna should have appreciated the joke. "The general silent agreement among staff is that Patchface got him. That is usually what the creepy pervert likes to do, find weakened girls and boys, rip them apart, fuck and eat them squirming and sobbing till the very juicy bloody end. Are you surprised that most of the staff believes in or has actually seen Patchface?"

Lyanna was forcing herself to composure but refused to answer his taunts. Renly didn't seem to care, he just gave a smile that was so devoid of anything but the urge to hurt that Lyanna shivered a little. His voice was so bitter and yet his dramatic flair made it all lyrical and scary enough to throw
Lyanna off balance. "I have seen him and I've seen his work. Olly was one of his victims and according to Dr. Qyburn, Patchface took a very long time with him. While Olly was still alive, that monster had done so many terrible things. You are very lucky that you never went with Patchface. Very lucky."

Renly's voice got lower, it had a tinge of a monster lurking just under the surface and his words dropped hard into her ears. Each word produced more silent tears and her face grew steadily paler.

"I can bring you to where Patchface loves to lurk. We can wait until no one sees us then I can simply drug or strike you. Once Patchface sees a weak, helpless girl just trying to get away, he will thank me heartily for the gift. I wonder how long he would take with you? He would make sure you lived while he violated you in every way he could. I wonder how much of you he will eat before you finally die in his mouth under sharp teeth? I wonder if he would still have bits of Olly in those teeth? I must admit, I've always wanted to watch the sick fucker in his work. I wonder if he'd let me watch this time?"

Lyanna's mouth trembled and she was pressed as far back into the chair as she could get. Renly gave her a kind smile and he sat back down to fold his hands gently on the blotter. "You are only supporting who I support. You will make new posters, you will have a new agenda and you will obey me, be a very loyal helper. Or I'm going to bring you to Patchface. Do you understand, Lyanna? You are MY helper or you can be Patchface's supper. Which is it, dear?" Lyanna whispered, "Your helper."

"Excellent! Let's get those markers and poster boards out and I'll tell you what to start with. Oh, bring me back my pen first, child!" Renly was graceful enough to pretend not to see how Lyanna sobbed in a frozen sort of way as she brought him his pen. Lyanna flinched when he took her hand suddenly. "Please! Don't! I'll do what you want, don't bring me to HIM!" Clucking with amused censure, Renly spoke crisply.

"Foolish girl, as long as you obey me I won't offer you up to Patchface. I am a touchy person, get used to it. Now, I am going to tell you what I want you to draw and write. Pay attention. And that is enough crying. If one single tear lands on these posters, I'll make sure you can't help but cry every last tear until you never can shed a tear again." Lyanna paid attention, forcing her eyes dry.

To only see the instructions not the intent of her new poster works.

Ross spoke with Gendry and Theon as they entered Alliser's classroom. Theon told them about losing his fingernail and his courage, Gendry said he just needed this break in life and Ross forgave both of them. "We can still be friends even if only in the classes and in private." Ygritte burst that bubble when they went to sit together. "Hey, Gendry, you don't associate with whores, remember? Don't care if your near Theon unless he's stupid enough to sit near them. Can't believe after Ramsay's lessons earlier he'd be that stupid but you never know..."

With a hearty sigh, Gendry went to slump down near Ygritte's seat, leaving Theon to make his own choice. With a red face, Theon moved away from Ross and the other girls. Alliser watched all of this with a light heart then he sang out, "New seating arrangements!" With languid movements, a cheerful smile and a song in his heart, Alliser commanded Ross to sit between Gendry and Theon. He then had Kyra sit on Theon's other side and Violet on Gendry's other side. "Perfectly wonderful arrangement! Yes, it's lovely!" The students all looked at him with a small modicum of alarm as Alliser clapped his hands softly in sheer anticipatory delight.

Alliser nearly skipped as he then ordered Ygritte to sit between Arya and Lommy. "There. Though it would look more even if I had Lommy in the middle. Two freaks on either side of the delinquent. But I do like it better this way." After making a quick text, Alliser produced a special weapon for
discipline today. It was a wooden paddling board with holes drilled into it and Alliser stroked it with love as he singled out Ygritte first. "As always, you must find ways to draw my attention, young lady! How dare you try and dictate where others will sit in MY classroom? Drop those disgusting excuses for jeans and whatever animal skin you use as underwear. Grab your ankles!"

Regardless of what side anyone was on, they all winced and flinched at each hearty whack of the paddle. Ygritte was reduced to yelping with each strike after only a few swats, her ass growing redder with tiny purple swollen dots all over it. Alliser got a rhythm going and was playing her flesh as if he were in a concert until she was yelling with each hit. A knock on his door brought Alliser out of his bliss and he stopped. "Pull up your pants and sit down, girl. Hurry!" Alliser waited to answer the door until the flushed girl sat down with a pained hiss. "Come in! Ah, Damon, there you are! Did Unella give you those folders I texted her about? She always hoards the good folders at the beginning of the year. Thank you, young man."

Damon entered the room and he frowned at Gendry and Ygritte's seating arrangements. Alliser tried not to laugh, he knew the idiot would go running to Joff and Viserys to tell on Ygritte and Gendry. Alliser did forget about something though. Damon's eyes landed on Theon, who moaned softly. Damon's eyes blazed so fiercely at what he thought was brazen disobedience that he actually forgot he was in the presence of a teacher. He headed straight towards Theon, kicking the boy's desk out of the way. Theon put up his hands beseechingly and tried to speak. "Wait! Please, it's not my-" Damon lifted the boy by his neck, squeezing as he held him high then slammed him hard into a wall. Alliser swung with all his might and Damon flinched. "OW! MY FUCKING ASS!" He turned and saw Alliser trembling as if he was having a fit. "I CAUSE THE PAIN IN THIS ROOM, YOU OVERBLOWN GORILLA!" Damon pouted and released Theon to crash to the ground. "Fine, I'll just attack him after your damned class is over! Didn't need to HIT me!" Alliser screeched as he used the paddle to drive Damon out of the room. Theon started to panic and yelled, "Damon, Alliser is making us sit in these seats! It's not our faults, we didn't choose this! PLEASE, YOU CAN'T TELL RAMSAY I WASN'T OBEDIENT!" Alliser squawked as Damon turned and actually walked right past him back into the room.

"I can't? Did you say that, you little prick? I CAN'T? DID YOU JUST TELL ME WHAT I COULDN'T DO?" Theon gasped and found himself yanked forward by a large fist in his shirt and dragged out the door. "Hey!" Alliser was startled and debating if he wanted to bother going after them. He saw the kids all looking with a mixture of concern for Theon and amusement at Alliser. He slammed the classroom door shut after yelling that Theon has detention. Starting with Gendry, he gave every student a few whacks for their inattention and disrespect. When every student tasted the paddle but for Arya, Alliser stopped to massage his arm. For the girl, the little freak, he had other plans.

With a brilliant smile, Alliser tossed the paddle down and spread out his arms, giving Arya's stained male outfit a quick once over. "Well now, what have we here? Please tell me, if I pull down your pants, am I spanking a girl's ass or a boy's?" Turning red with indignation, Arya growled out, "It would still be a girl's ass for now." Alliser grew so happy that his heart seemed to swell and rainbows sprinkled his world. "For now? What does that mean, girl?" Arya stared the man in his overly excited creepy eyes. "It means I have to be over eighteen to have surgery to be a male." Alliser nodded and his smile nearly grew to his ears. "Ah, I see. So you mean to cut off your breasts and have them make you a penis. But right now, you are still a girl, correct?"

Arya snarled, "Yes, I am still a girl." Alliser crowed, "You are a girl with taped breasts in boys clothing. With a shaved head. Did you have some trouble with lice? Are you sure it's not another kind of bug and another area you should have shaved? Considering where you've been and who you've been with, you might want to see the doctor on it." Arya snapped, "I shaved my head because
I wanted to be bald, I have no lice or diseases." Tilting his head, Alliser asked dramatically, "You thought shaving your head would somehow make you look better? Or did you think it would help you look like a boy?" Arya smiled coolly. "Both." Alliser leaned very close and stage whispered, "You were wrong. On both accounts."

His lips touched her ear and he yelled loud enough to make Arya wince. "YOU LOOK LIKE A Freak!"

Alliser pulled a long flexible cane out of the small closet and slapped it into his hand with glee. "I do not appreciate you mocking my class by coming in dressed as a freak! I must put up with the whores and I have to allow that filthy piece of used bubblegum with braids in here. Now I must suffer a freak to add to the disrespectful rabble! Then you must suffer my displeasure of it!" Arya found herself circled over and over by Alliser, the hits came from everywhere along with a blistering sermon on freaks and disrespect. Arya took an impressive amount of whacks before her cries grew into true distress.

Chapter End Notes

Jeyne/Lyanna/Gendry/Theon: Brave As A Noun by AJJ
Alliser: Walking On Sunshine by Katrina and the Waves
Whetting Appetites

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Sansa smiled politely at Cersei, who spoke to her in chillingly polite tones. "Petyr has requested you come to his office. I expect that his displeasure of earlier will be soothed by you immediately. And you will find time to offer your much deeper sympathies to Stannis before the end of the night. I do not appreciate this stunt you are pulling, young lady. If you were any other girl, I'd cut you dead. Sadly, no other polished whore will do for our director and therapist. If I were you I would tread very carefully, dear. You are dangerously close to losing all you've worked for. And being this close to such controversy is going to get you hurt."

Sansa smiled at her mentor and spoke with true honesty and respect. "Cersei, I do try to take your advice whenever possible as I find it usually quite sound. But I am afraid that regardless of my personal feelings, I must support my sister. I will do my best to keep both Petyr and Stannis satisfied with my new style and attitude, I promise you." Cersei stared at Sansa with eyes like a shark then allowed a small smirk to play about her lips. "It will be interesting to watch you juggle this. Go on, see to Petyr. We shall speak more later." Sansa ignored the eyes staring at her as she exited the room, moving with a careless grace. That grace lasted until Sansa was in the hallway and was nearly knocked over.

Theon collapsed in a graceless heap having been tossed yet again by Damon. Every time Theon tried to speak, to plead or defend himself, Damon tossed him again. "Go on, say something else. I'm tired of throwing you, I'm going to start kicking you instead. Just until I get your ass somewhere private, then I'm going to teach you how to dance to my whip. So go ahead, talk some more, stupid." Theon curled into a ball and kept his mouth shut this time. Damon kicked him twice. "Get the fuck up now." Scrambling to his feet, holding to his sore ribs, Theon mutely watched as Sansa paused. Damon curled his lip up in disgust at the redhead. "Keep walking, bitch. This doesn't concern you unless you want my attention? Doesn't look like you have anyone with you. Better keep moving." Sansa wanted to help the boy but Damon was right. Sansa knew enough of the big asshole's temper to steer clear and she simply turned and walked away. Damon stared at Theon until the boy started to cry huge tears and shake hard enough to chatter his teeth. With a terrible smile, Damon walked Theon into the wall, he enjoyed how the clearly terrorized boy cowered from him.

Damon curled his lip up in disgust at the redhead. "Keep walking, bitch. This doesn't concern you unless you want my attention? Doesn't look like you have anyone with you. Better keep moving." Sansa wanted to help the boy but Damon was right. Sansa knew enough of the big asshole's temper to steer clear and she simply turned and walked away. Damon stared at Theon until the boy started to cry huge tears and shake hard enough to chatter his teeth. With a terrible smile, Damon walked Theon into the wall, he enjoyed how the clearly terrorized boy cowered from him.

He grabbed a handful of Theon's hair and yanked him as he walked into an empty classroom. Shoving Theon into the room, Damon shut the door then incredibly, the door opened and Jeyne came flying inside. She was still holding the bathroom pass in her hand from Olenna's room. Jeyne had seen Damon throwing Theon around then taking him in the empty room. At first she hoped that Sansa was going to do something but the girl just walked away texting on her cell after Damon yelled at her. Jeyne wasn't surprised after seeing how everyone was forced into sides.

Sansa probably knew about how Ramsay had them all hunt and kill. Jeyne promised her brother she wouldn't bother with the boys anymore but someone had to help Theon. If everyone kept not helping each other, things will only get worse. So taking a deep breath and quelling her own fear, Jeyne went into the room. Her eyes laid upon what she termed as a handsome giant and decided to try starting with politeness. Damon growled at her and pointed at the door. "Get out!" Jeyne shook her head. "Stop bullying him, please? Theon's scared and hurt."

Damon stared at her in disbelief. "Now you're trying to tell me what to do to? WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU TWO FUCKING MORONS? YOU BOTH NEED A FUCKING LESSON, DON'T
YOU?" He lunged towards Jeyne and she shrieked as she dodged him. Theon cursed and tried to help Jeyne by tripping the large boy. Damon roared, causing Theon to grab the girl's hand and fly out the door. Ramsay was just coming up the hall at a run after receiving a text from Sansa. He saw Theon and Jeyne running hand in hand down the opposite hallway with Damon in full chase. "Damon! Theon!" Ramsay chased after them.

Petyr slammed his door shut on the thundering of students in full chase as he surveyed Sansa's outfit and that ginger hair waving, calling to him.

"I'm surprised you were able to find time for me in your busy schedule today, Sansa. Your look is the only thing I've enjoyed about you today, that is not something I believe I've ever had to say before. On occasion, letting one's hair down and changing styles can be refreshing. I am not sure that's what Loras and Arya were going for in their looks today. And you support their aberrant behavior? How do you think your parents would react to Arya's look, to her urge to become a male? You are not doing your little sister any good supporting such a thing."

Sansa smiled slightly and sat gracefully on the edge of Petyr's desk. "I support my sister because she is my sister and I love her. I am loyal to those I care for, Petyr. Arya and Loras aren't hurting anyone, if anything, they run the risk of getting hurt. It's very brave of them to declare what they feel. Why does this bother you, Petyr? It doesn't affect our relationship any, does it? Or do you truly not like my new look? Do you feel I am ugly if I'm not all wrapped up so tightly, Sir?" Her pout was playful but her eyes were steady, they were on the edge of insult and hurt.

"You are so good, my dear. I am afraid that you are not going to distract me though you may try with all your might, if you wish. But I am against what your sister and Loras are doing. I do not like seeing how you are dividing and changing things. Stannis might agree for now but this stunt of your sister's will cause chaos and our dear director won't stand for chaos." Sansa gave a tiny smile as she slid off the desk to prowl after the pacing man. Petyr tilted his head, her smells of lemon and vanilla stealing around him. "What are you doing?"

"You said I was welcome to try and distract you, I'm taking you up on that challenge." Petyr grinned and allowed Sansa to circle him slowly. "This is another new behavior but I think you might appreciate this one, Sir." Petyr caught his breath as Sansa swirled her hair around him as she licked under his chin, on his neck as her hands swiftly unbuttoned his shirt under his blazer. Her tongue kept a burning, flicking pathway as her hands quickly undid Petyr's belt and pants. Petyr had to grab the wall behind him when Sansa shocked him by her sweet mouth sucking his testicles into her honeyed warmth.

In seconds, Petyr was more than distracted. One hand massaged her scalp, playing with her hair while the other held the wall to keep him upright. Petyr was not an extremely loud or vocal person during sex but his newfound ecstasy was unable to stay behind sealed lips. "Sansa, oh god, yes, I love your mouth, baby. Good girl, such a sweet girl! Oh my god, take it all in, just like that! Yes, yes, ah! My sweet ginger girl I love what you do with your mouth!"

Jojen, Meera and Hot Pie all stared in horror at the heat grate that was traveling Petyr's experience to them in their room. "You have no drugs strong enough for this. Fuck it, I'm going to head to start lunch prep. Gonna have to stab pins into my damned ears now." The grumbling cook left the room but not before he threw a worried glance at the twins. This new strand they are making, injecting it into everything. It's great but it's way too strong and twice Hot Pie thought Meera was overdosing on them.

Meera injected a small amount of the liquid into apple tarts carefully. "Want a special dessert for lunch or supper tonight? Might get everyone to mellow the fuck out." Hot Pie shook his head. "No
thanks, I don't need Ramsay or Raff twisting my head off for fucking up the cafeteria." Shrugging, Meera ate one of the tarts herself as Hot Pie left. Jojen shuddered as Petyr let out an earth-shattering moan. "Oh god, give me a tart and light me a joint fast!" Meera tossed the pastry and lit up a long thin joint, puffing it while Jojen bit into the sugary treat.

"It's not fair, man. I mean, no one's gonna have a good fucking time anymore. Not allowed near my own fucking friends and why do I give a fuck about transgender? It's what, one leap over from being gay and that's okay by me. I just plain don't give a fuck. Now, we are caught in the fucking middle with nowhere to go and that's not good for us. I don't want to make cocaine fueled bigots and I don't want to help the hunters drug some poor whore for the hunt. And that is where this shit always goes, always does. Our good works used for evil."

Meera hugged Jojen and put the joint in his mouth as she cradled him against her. "I am thinking it's time to blow this place. It's been a gas having our own lab and we had a good run here but it's time to get the hell out. Let's not keep repeating history, this time, okay? Let's get out. One last good batch to sell and we take our profits and leave. Off this rock and onto the next good drug trade, yeah?" Jojen gave his sister a sweet smile and agreed it was time to leave. One last big profit and it's time to make tracks.

Cersei spent her class watching her son and Viserys torment Loras with a loving eye. Loras slapped Joff's hand away when the measly mouth boy asked Loras if he was taping his cock into his ass? Or did Loras find a way to make a cunt, if so, Joff wished to see it. Viserys slapped Loras full in the face, knocking him to the floor, spitting on him. "If you want to dress like a girl, guess you should get used to how we treat some girls. Hell, you are weaker looking than my own sister. Sweet sister Loras! That's your new name, I think!"

Loras managed to take it all with a quick wit and the blandest look ever. Cersei was secretly impressed but ignored the boy's distress as her son and his friend closed in on him. She beckoned to Gendry, who was sent for. He stood in front of her desk and looked right into her eyes as if he felt he had the right to. It irritated Cersei to no end to have to use such uncouth ways but it needed to be done. Besides, even a bastard of the family can be of some use and Cersei will own this boy forever now. At least in a proper collar shirt with khaki pants the boy looked better. She made a sharp note to herself that he will need his hair cut.

"Your main job is to provide my son with protection. He tends to go overboard and others do not understand him as I do. Others will wish to hurt him and you will make sure that doesn't happen. You will attend to all the young men on the floor but Joff is the one you obey above the others. And you protect him no matter the reason. I will give you an allowance every week for your extra work and your devotion to Joff's care. The more you learn to cater to him, the richer you'll get. I'm welcoming you into the fringes of our family and it's up to you how far you might come in."

Gendry nodded but knew it was going to be hell defending someone like Joff. Who didn't want to hurt the little prick, including himself? He could only hope that no one Gendry knew or liked ever tried to hurt Joff. It would be a shame to stop someone that deserved a good swing at the spoiled brat. "Gendry, stop frowning and follow me, please. Your hair is a disgrace and I have a pair of scissors in my office. Vis was too busy tormenting Loras to notice that Cersei left the room but Joff noticed with a quick look of black jealousy.

Sitting on a stool before Cersei, Gendry tried not to stare at the tasteful cleavage in front of him as she snipped at his hair. "You are going to serve me, serve my son and reap the benefits of such. You should be happier, grateful for this chance. Is it giving up your friends or your morals that keeps you so sullen?" Gendry was shocked when Cersei suddenly unbutton her top and let rosy nipples pop up from her lacy black bra. With a wicked curve to her lips, Cersei drew his lips towards her nipples.
"Pleasing me isn't all bad. There are other perks, darling."

Gendry found himself suckling her while her hands undid his belt buckle and made quick work of his pants. He fell under the spell of soft, experienced hands and when Cersei put on foot on his shoulder and demanded he use his tongue, he obeyed without hesitation. She shuddered into his mouth and her hands brought Gendry to a muffled moaning orgasm that left him drained. Cersei fixed herself up while horrified shame slowly replaced the sated lust on Gendry's face.

Without words, Gendry fixed his clothing and Cersei finished his haircut. "There, much better. Be a good boy and run along to take care of your beloved step brother." Gendry turned red and this time, he did not try to meet her eyes as he nodded and fumbled his way out.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Theme Songs:
Savoy Truffle by The Beatles
Blood by My Chemical Romance
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

A bell rang and doors slammed open to release the worked up kids into the hallways. Just to be either moved down by Damon or slammed through by Ramsay, if not knocked over by Jeyne and Theon. "We need to get where they can't reach us. Do you know how to climb?" Theon panted lightly and nodded at Jeyne, who grinned back at him. She dragged him to a deep window embrasure that she quickly climbed out of and over like a small featherless bird. "It's easy, come out and just don't look down. Damon is too big. He won't be able to follow us this way. You are thin enough though, you can do it."

Theon gulped and followed Jeyne out the window and along the craggy rock that created the building, scaling easily as his feet and hands went on instinct from his own island home. Theon used to love climbing rocks with his sister Yara and now he found the same easy footing and discourse with Jeyne. The girl might be younger and being half dwarf, she looked far different from his tough older sister but Jeyne felt like a younger mischievous sister somehow. They heard Damon swearing and hollering threats. Theon followed Jeyne until they reached a new alcove that led back inside the school. "Why are we heading back in there? He will catch us!"

Jeyne shrugged. "Well, of course they will get us eventually. We do have to report to the cafeteria to make lunch in just a few minutes. Ramsay will be there, probably Raff will be too. And they are gonna probably lecture and punish us but not until after we finish serving lunch. But at least it won't be Damon. Raff and Polly won't let him touch me if they see him and Ramsay won't want to share your pain with Damon. Be careful though. All of Ramsay's prey and pets end up having to get a beat down at least once by Damon and the boys. Those nasty droogs and hunters are disgusting! All of them. At least Damon is easy on the eyes."

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Theon stared at Jeyne with wide eyes as they walked down the old narrow and deserted hallway. "Damon is easy on your eyes? Are you blind, kid? At least Ramsay is easy on the eyes is what you meant to say." With a giggle Jeyne shook her head. "No. I think you are the blind one, not me. I know that Ramsay is really dangerous but I can tell you like that. You really like him even if you are scared of him, you know he's going to hurt you but you can't help it. It's the thrill I get when I make Damon angry and get away. My mom is like that too but she got caught years back. Gregor gets really angry sometimes. He can hurt all of us, break my brother's bones sometimes. But Unella gets the worst of it and she tries to take even more to protect all of us. She won't leave him, she never even tries to fight him back anymore. And we can't change that she can't help it."

Theon nodded. "I get it. My dad beats the hell out of my family too. My mom went kind of crazy and she just spends more time in the clinics than at home. She never tried to leave him or fight him either. Yara and I tried to fight back and he'd hurt us worse. But he was family, he was our dad and so we just took it and went our own kinds of crazy around him. Yeah, I do like Ramsay and dangerous shit always turned me on. I think I made a very bad mistake and now I'm trapped in it."

Snorting, Jeyne said, "That is how a bunch of us feel. I never knew the high school would be this awful. Two of my friends dead, teachers telling kids to hunt, rape and kill! Being told I can't support or believe in what I want to. It's awful here. I knew most of these kids outside of the school, they were nicer and just really cool. That was when I knew them at functions or when me and my friends would see them outside or in the dorms." Theon turned a corner with her fast and took a steep incline and he spoke in a hushed tone.
"This place is crazy and scary. I mean, everything feels off, Jeyne. Nothing here is right. Like, what is the big deal with Arya and Loras being transgender, who cares? I mean everyone was okay with them being gay, with teachers sleeping with students, those twins that pimped out all those girls! All that was okay, the damned huge drug den in the dorms is okay but transgender is what will bug them? What the hell?" Jeyne giggled. "Time is funny around here, somethings seem to last forever and others go too fast. I keep remembering there was a time that Loras and Renly were a scandal because they were gay but it was a long time ago, I think. But transgender wasn’t seen here before Loras and Arya."

They slipped into a different corridor that would lead them to the cafeteria by linking them to a main corridor when a door slammed open and Damon roared at them in triumph. "Ah shit! Run! We have to lose him in the main corridor! If he catches us before we get into the lunch room, no one will be able to stop him." Jeyne warned Theon as they started to scramble towards the double doors that would take them to the kids that they could just hear on the other side. A terrible sound, a huge crack sounded just behind them and Theon nearly swallowed his tongue. The large boy was going to whip the skin off their backs if they didn't move faster!

Another crack as they tried to rip the double doors open and this time Jeyne cried out. Theon's eyes widened at the small line of red that was blossoming on Jeyne's lower back as she slipped into the main corridor. "Come on, Theon, hurry!" They slammed through half stuck old doors and continued to run, but Jeyne was slowed a bit by pain. Damon was closer than ever and they plunged into the small straggle of students heading for the cafeteria. Most might have ignored the two runners threading through on any other regular day. The streaks of blood coming from Jeyne's back wasn't a sufficient amount to cause attention in a school like this.

If it had been a day less oppressive perhaps Damon's chase of others would have been ignored or even cheered on.

Damon burst out of the double doors like a raging beast and found an entire corridor against him. With a dirty look, Lyanna deliberately grabbed onto the old rattling metal shelving and let the ladder crash onto the large boy, nearly squashing him briefly. Colorful and offensive posters rained on him and then he yelped as he stepped on a fallen tack. Jojen cheered Lyanna's actions fiercely then caught the little girl as she was thrown by an angry Damon. Meera whistled to Jeyne. "Hey, take it easy on your back, use this." Jeyne smiled brightly at Meera as she caught the skate board with her foot and sped off with it. "Theon, come on! Run, we just have to get through this last hallway!"

Jeyne got some speed going, having spent a good amount of her childhood with the Reeds teaching her how to skate. Theon put a last burst on of speed into his body, he could just see the bright blue open door that led out of the school and into the covered corridor that led to the kitchens. A terrible pain wrapped around Theon's ankles and he fell to the floor almost at the door, he felt himself dragged backwards. Jeyne swerved the skateboard and then rode it in a charge at Damon, who was busy reeling Theon in like a fish. He didn't look up until the skateboard was almost on him and that's when Jeyne launched off it onto Damon like he was a tree. She climbed him and sat on his neck, her fingers trying to poke into his eyes. "LET THEON GO!"

Howling in panic, Damon let go of Theon to start trying to pry the girl off his head and away from his eyes. Theon untangled from the whip to get to his feet, ignoring his bloody ankles. Jeyne was climbing all around the large freaked behemoth like a deranged squirrel, trying to avoid the large crushing hands. Damon looked like he was trying to attack himself and had himself a laughing audience. Theon didn't dare to grab the whip, he didn't know how to use it and he sensed that touching the weapon would anger Damon in a killing kind of a way. He had no idea how to help Jeyne but he wasn't going to leave her behind either. So he decided to kick the whip a fair distance from Damon and jumped around, urging Jeyne to leap.
"STUPID LITTLE EVIL PIXIE GET OFF ME!" For some reason this made Jeyne smile and she confided loudly, "Flattery won't help you, Damon! I won't let you squish or whip us!" Damon renewed his efforts, twisting and turning as his hands kept seeking purchase, almost catching her several times. Finally, Jeyne leaped off his shaggy head like it was a springboard and she landed hard, rolled and was up in a little jug of her feet. Theon found himself grinning foolishly as they ran for the door. Pyp and Grenn held the door for them with grins, urging them forward. With a last burst of speed, Theon made it through the door. He felt Jeyne ripped away from him at the last second and he cursed, unable to stop.

Theon skidded and hit the floor, sliding until he was stopped by a boot landing on him. Polliver's foot landed hard on the sliding idiot and he narrowed his eyes at Grenn and Pyp being thrown into the room and the door crashing shut. He could hear Jojen and Meera hollering in outrage at Damon on the other side. He heard Lyanna screaming, "Jeyne! Dance, jump, you have to be faster than him, come on!" The cracking of the whip and seeing Grenn and Pyp kicking and banging on the now locked door brought Raff running. Polliver jumped over Theon and he headed for a different door, his brother behind him. Following the sounds, Polliver took two different hallways and through a library to reach the corridor Jeyne was in.

Ramsay looked down at Theon and shook his head slowly. "Is this some sort of bravery or brain damage? You do remember that I removed your fingernail earlier? Do you recall I told you to leave Damon alone, to not provoke him? Did you think I would go lightly on you if you defied me? I don't think I've ever had a pet like you before. Most had excellent hearing and were capable of basic training. I should be grateful that you are potty trained. After lunch, I'm going to flay a piece of you, I'll let you pick which piece. Now get up and start filling fruit bowls." Ramsay lifted Theon to his feet and frowned at his bloody ankles. "We'll have to treat that first. Let's hope it doesn't need stitches." Theon shivered. "I hate the creepy doctor." Ramsay smiled. "Don't worry, I can give you stitches."

Jeyne found herself grabbed by the whip wrapping painfully around her arm and yanking her back fast. Damon was suddenly there, he was flicking his wrist and Jeyne went flying into a wall, released to slump bleeding. Damon rammed into Pyp and Grenn to knock them out of the doorway then Damon shut and locked the door. Jeyne got to her feet and started to run but the whip cracked in front of her face, she fell back with a yelp. "Feeling froggy still? Wanna leap? You like to jump around, don't you? You like to climb, jump, let's see if you like to play my games. Dance, bitch. I want to see how high you'll leap for me." Jeyne took a deep breath and braced herself as she heard Lyanna yell encouragements.

Damon's skill with a whip was legend but no one could move like Jeyne. For years Gregor has been teaching the girl gymnastics, her brothers have taught her how to dodge, evade and Jeyne learned track at her mother's side when she was little. Jojen, Meera and Lyanna could do no more than watch as the perfectly matched yet amazingly opposite couple began a bloody dance. Every time Jeyne managed to dodge the whip, the three of them cheered for her. Damon had no such cheering squad. Each time he caught Jeyne in his whip, they insulted him, jeered at him. This did nothing to sweeten his mood. Then he heard thundering and Raff and Polliver came smashing out of the door behind him. He turned in time to catch Raff in his whip, making the boys have to dance around him.

Jeyne rested against the wall and grinned as her brothers took over. Lyanna helped by using her clipboard to hurl it into Damon's temple so they could rush him. Jojen and Meera started cheering again while Lyanna started to help Jeyne up to take her to the clinic. Jeyne was happy for the help, she was really whipped hard in a few spots and it hurt like fire. Lyanna didn't get more than a few steps when Renly stepped out of his office, frowning. He looked at the mess of the ladder and his posters, slogans and even the clipboard with petition carelessly tossed all over the floor, Renly laid eyes briefly on the three boys fighting then he stared down hard at Lyanna and Jeyne. "This is how
Jeyne was shocked at how pale Lyanna became. "I'm sorry. I was just helping my friend, she needs the clinic. I didn't mean to leave the stuff on the floor." Renly sniffed and examined his fingernails. "I don't think you are an eager helper or a good one. Perhaps I'll just visit you later on, when you aren't busy with your friends who mean more to you." Lyanna dropped Jeyne so fast, the girl hit the floor. "No, please, I wasn't thinking! Nothing is more important to me, I want to be your helper! I do! Look, I am going to fix it right now, Sir!" Jeyne frowned and picked herself back up, watching Lyanna get on her hands and knees to crawl around picking up her items. Renly watched with an icy eye until Lyanna picked everything up. "Get those posters up and that petition signed. Now."

Without a glance back at Jeyne, Lyanna ran. Jeyne stared at the teacher with hate. What did he do or say to Lyanna to scare her so badly? Why are the teachers worse than the kids? Renly raised his voice. "Jojen and Meera, head to your lunch. Damon, detention for using your whip in school. Polliver and Raff, detention for fighting in the hallway. Jeyne, detention for provoking the boys." He noticed that the girl had passed out and sighed. "Someone can inform the girl after her vapors, that she has detention no matter how dramatic she wants to be over it."

Chapter End Notes

Damon: Hound Dog by Elvis
Theon/Jeyne: Rockin Robin by Bobby Day
The very second Cersei's gaze was off the classroom, the balance changed. Jon stood up after Cersei and Gendry left the room and with one swift punch to Vis, a good kick to Joff, he got them off Loras. When Gendry entered the room, he found Joff's mouth had him pinned under Jon's boot. "Get off him." Jon stared at Gendry in surprise. "Really? You want to defend the little shit?" Gendry shrugged. "I don't want to defend him but I will. Get off him. I don't want to fight you, just want you to let him go." With a snort of disgust, Jon let Joff go and Gendry stood in front of the golden brat with his arms crossed. No matter what vile filth Joff yelled, no one touched him again.

Viserys continued the verbal assault along with Joff but Jon kept them from physically assaulting Loras. Marge and Dany stared at each other with full hostility. With a slight smile, Marge asked Dany how it felt to take sloppy seconds. How it felt to stand in the place of a girl barely cold in her grave and another who had a tragic breakup. Dany asked how a breakup could cause someone to commit such disgusting betrayal, if Marge lost sleep over watching others hurt her own twin brother? "Little tinfoil princess, I can't help but notice you aren't on your brother's side either. Damned hypocrite, then again, I do understand why you hide from him. Targaryens are famous for incest and without your twins, no one's going to tell your brother he can't have his sister now."

Dany put her chin up and gave a slight smirk. "Well, now Joff and Vis have just you to play with. Enjoy playing with the lion and the dragon. I am sure Cersei will make sure you are very busy with jerking off the bigots as well as all Walda's old clients." Marge gave a nasty smile. "Don't expect me to help you when Vis starts locking you in his room as his own personal fuck toy." Myranda leaned over with a sweet lilting voice. "Oh sweetheart, no one expects you to help anyone but yourself. Just don't expect anyone to help you back." Joff whipped a sharpened pencil at the girls. "Don't bother with the whores, Marge. They are so disease ridden, you can probably get something by just getting close to them."

Jon found himself trying to get around Gendry as Joff and Vis began to throw things at both the girls and Loras. Gendry only kept Jon from attacking Joff so Vis got the brunt of Jon's frustration once he reached him. Cersei came in to see Viserys being stuffed into her garbage bin by Jon. She was pleased to see that her own son was safe, tossing things at the others from over Gendry's shoulders. Joff sat down as soon as his mother entered the room.

"Jon! I do not condone bullying in my classroom. Did you not attend assembly this morning and hear how we had children commit suicide over this very kind of behavior? I cannot stand for this kind of insensitivity." With a vigor that Alliser would have enjoyed, Cersei wielded a ruler on Jon's knuckles until they were swollen and bruised. When class ended and the children poured out of her room, Cersei made sure to see to it that Gendry was guarding Joff all the way to the cafeteria. As she sat down to eat her own lunch, Renly entered and sat across from her. Cersei raised an eyebrow silently at Renly's pouting stare.

"I already told you there are no refunds, dear. Teenagers are fickle creatures and I cannot change that. I will replace him, that is the best I can do for you. It might take me a little while to find a boy with the right specifications but I will do that for you. However, you have received what you paid for since the boy started here. I have provided well for you all this time and I find your attitude rude and alarming. You are taking this far too hard, Renly. I mean, you have sweat marks under your arms, darling. You should take the day off. I saw your posters and your helper. How did you get that
repulsive little wild girl to do your bidding?"

Renly gave a tiny smirk and waved his hand languidly. "I told Lyanna I will feed her to Patchface. And you better understand that since you aren't refunding me or forcing Loras to quit this disgusting act of his, I will no longer offer you my assistance. I have already texted my good friend Varys and explained that your son is NOT good match for Dany after all." Olenna and Petyr sat with dark sharp eyes watching as Cersei's lips twitch ever so slightly. "What a wonderful threat, I will have to remember to use that one on Jeyne. You already spoke with Varys while still stuffed full of your spite? Very well. Marge will have to do for Joff then. That's fine. Viserys would have had trouble sharing his sister anyway. I do hope you assured your close friend Varys that you will keep an eye on his precious royals since the twins are dead."

Tyrion stared at them in disgust. "Both of you are so repulsive I am not sure I can eat near either of you if you continue speaking. And sweet sister, if you ever tell Jeyne you'll give her to Patchface, I might actually bring the cannibal your golden delicious son." They all went silent at the sight of Myranda and her girls wrapping themselves around Styr, Tormund, Bronn and Podrick all on their way to the table. "I already received my invite earlier to their lovely shindig. I doubt any of you vultures are invited." Cersei rolled her eyes. "What a thing to boast about, brother. I'm sure you will come back with a new disease and a story of low class rutting. I doubt that Myranda will be able to last very long in her little enterprise. But I wish her luck."

Olenna sipped her tea and nibbled upon her chicken salad sandwich. "Well, I guess I shall anticipate the hounds being released soon." Petyr smirked. "Qyburn and Barbary often have nothing to do, they will be busy again." Stannis sat down at the table and the conversations changed to discussing the afternoon therapies and activities offered for the students.

Gregor slammed open the clinic door and towered over Unella. "How many stitches did she get?" Unella looked up at Gregor and her heart fell into her stomach at the look in his eyes, how red his face was getting and that pulse in his forehead. "Seven in total. She will need to home to rest afterwards." Gregor stared at his wife, his anger longing to let him talk with his fists. "And where are the boys?" Swallowing hard, Unella nearly whispered. "They are in the clinic holding Jeyne's hand while she gets the stitches. They must return to school for lunch service and detention."

Gregor put on hand on her shoulder and squeezed until she whimpered. "No. Not today. I told Stannis I was taking the family home. That my daughter wouldn't be penalized for being whipped and my sons wouldn't be punished for defending her. We are going home and I am going to deal with each of you myself." Unella nodded but she whispered, "Jeyne needs to rest, Gregor. Please, she was already hurt today." Wrenching Unella closer, he growled. "Don't worry about Jeyne being beaten, honey. She is going to lay in her bed, knowing it's her fault I have to discipline the rest of you."

Unella knew to argue further would only make things worse. Gregor already was searching her for a challenge. "I'll go see if they are ready to go."

Ramsay was in a full snit since Raff and Jeyne never showed for lunch duty. As punishment, he made Damon help out so Ramsay could do Raff's job of seeing the staff served. First, he pulled Damon aside in the storage room, kicked his knee so he could be face to face with his best friend. "Leave Theon the fuck alone and concentrate on lunch service. Alliser made them sit that way, Theon wasn't trying to be an asshat. He ran from you because you fucking terrify him and he's very stupid. I don't want you giving my boy any thoughts of ever running from me, Damon. So calm the fuck down around him. I mean it. I am going to discipline him later for provoking you and that's the end of it."
Damon sulked. "Theon and Jeyne can't keep getting away with it. I gave Jeyne a few good strokes for her trouble and I get a fat lip, black eye and detention for it. And Theon got away free. It's not right that you punish him for it, I should get to do it. Even if it's not with the whip. He's not like the other pets, Ramsay. He's way too much trouble, he's timid but he runs, he doesn't listen and he isn't going to train fast." Ramsay glared at Damon. "Thank you for your fucking assessment of my pet. We will discuss this later but for now, you will leave him alone. You can have a hand in his punishment later if you can behave for now. And no, you can't whip him." Damon nodded. At least Ramsay was willing to meet him halfway.

Jon managed to shield Loras and Arya from getting their trays of food smashed into their bodies. He was so busy trying to make sure they weren't harassed on the way to their table that he wasn't watching for an attack on himself. Joff had ordered Gendry as soon as they entered the cafeteria. "I want you to hit Jon. Or crack his head with a tray. I'll distract him by throwing fruit at him." Gendry grinned hatefully at Joff. "Sure. I'll go hit Jon while you get into line and get your lunch. And if Arya or another decides to shove your head into the kitchen ovens, then what? Your mom wants her pookie bear safe above all else. Remember? Let's go get our food, I'm starving," Joff pouted but let it go and made Gendry fill and carry his tray for him instead.

Jon had just maneuvered his sister and Loras into their seats when the fork sunk into his left side. Another came for his eye but he reacted in time and gave a kick that sent Ygritte backwards. Arya had been itching to release her ire all morning and she exploded out of her seat. Jon let Sansa and Loras tend to his injury as Arya acted the gangster she was dressed like. Ygritte was happy to oblige, the aching of her ass disappearing under the joy of violence. Arya was allowed to get the upper hand before Alliser decided to break it up with a carefree smile. "What a lucky day for me! Guess who is running detention today, ladies? ME! I could almost hug you both for this wondrous gift. I'm thrilled to see both of you have so much vigor and energy today! I'm going to enjoy beating it out of you."

Jeyne laid in her bed, bitter tears nearly drowning her as she listened to the chaos downstairs. Only Gregor could reduce a tough bully like Polly to tears, no one else could have turned the cool snob that was her brother Raff into a shrieking lunatic. And there wasn't a person on this entire rock besides Gregor that can make a terrifying stoic woman like Unella beg. "Please! Stop, you'll kill them! Gregor, they are just boys, it's my fault, not theirs!" Raff's voice would shriek, "Go on and just kill me, get it over with! Don't you hit her anymore, hit me!" Then Polliver's tear clogged, blood slurred pleas. "Dad, no! Daddy, please don't, you'll kill her! STOP!" And it went on like a terrible circle and Jeyne cried because she knew it wouldn't change.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Theme: Kiss With A Fist by Florence + The Machine
Falling In The Afternoon

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The clinic was doing a brisker business then any of the therapeutic classes offered in the afternoon. Every student that attended detention ended up clamoring for painkillers and ice packs, Alliser was there because he injured his shoulder beating them.

Gregor was there with Unella and a story about how she fell down the dark basement stairs. Raff and Polliver patched themselves then took off with old beer and soda cans, plus the gun they bought from Arya and Lommy last year. They took turns with the handgun, shooting the cans and talking about how someday it might be Gregor's head they blow off. Maybe Unella's too. They pretended the blood and bruises didn't hurt and congratulated each other on their aim.

Sansa helped the girls set up for their evening with the lower staff and Dany had offered to stay at the makeshift brothel and assist. "I would love to stay and watch the fun but Stannis will need me to console him." Myranda smiled and thanked Sansa for all the help she has offered so far. Arya and Lommy managed to "find" an extra two adjoining rooms they just needed to clean out of their stolen booty. It was large enough to accommodate the show. Adding small couches raided from the twins former residence, giving an order to be filled by the Reeds and the liquor left over from the party, Arya and Lommy declared themselves done.

Jojen and Meera admired the girls new look as they dropped off some apple tarts, fudge brownies and some tightly rolled joints. Myranda invited them to stay but they declined and left as soon as they were paid. They said nothing until they were back in their room among the chemical smells and the spiders. Jojen licked a path up his sister's too prominent spine and gently slipped her pants off as she giggled and put on her favorite viking helmet. "I always wanted to see how Myranda would run a burlesque show and I'm missing it because of all these fucked up politics."

Meera checked her needle, made sure no air bubbles were in the plastic syringe. "Sweet loving brother, I can't watch them be hunted, I want to be gone soon. Here, let me make your mind float away somewhere nice." Jojen felt a tiny prick then it all seemed to melt away at the edges and he foggily became aware of Meera over him, slowly fucking him wearing her helmet. He wasn't aware of much until he woke up entangled naked with Meera and knocking at their door.

Grenn and Pyp began to share the brownies and apple tarts as the Reeds lounged in nothing more than ponchos. As expected, the orders came trickling in and Meera groaned as she threw on her unicorn one piece and sneakers. "Fucking deliveries. Help me grab my bike, will you? I have to meet Polly at the edge of the damned woods. Can you run shit up to Vis and Joff while I do this?" Jojen sighed but nodded and suffered his sister forcing pants onto him.

Jojen dropped off a baggie of pills, joints and caramels to Vis and Joff then returned to his room. Hot Pie was napping, Pyp and Grenn had left and Jojen laid on his bed, ripping his pants off. Meera gave Polliver a syringe kit and a bag of gummies for Raff. Meera never saw the two boys laying in the grass, staring up at the sky with eyes that were dimming, foam busily churning at their blue lips. Her bike sped past them and she ran into her brother's room to rip off her own pants and curl up to float away, dreaming of new places.

Stannis stared at the poster then at the shame faced young girl who numbly wandered with a equally as repulsive petition. The girl looked horrified at her own work and Stannis didn't need to take long to figure out who was behind it. "Did Renly ask you to do this, Lyanna?" The girl turned white and
swayed, not sure how to answer. "Uh, I chose to make the posters. I want to be a good helper and..."
Renly came forward, seeing Lyanna going to pieces at his older brother's feet. "Lyanna, you look sick. I didn't see you eating lunch, go eat, I'll talk to the director in private."

The girl fled, leaving the petition in Stannis's grip as she ran to the nearly deserted cafeteria. Theon was cleaning up still while Ramsay and Damon were stocking things for supper later. "Hey, sorry, but I was really busy during lunchtime. Renly told me to come eat now. Can I have something?" Rummaging, Theon microwaved her a hot dog and some beans. "Here you go. Sorry, ran out of fries and salad." Lyanna thanked him and sat at a table, relieved the room was empty. She would never be able to sit anywhere again during lunchtime.

The posters were everywhere she looked and almost ruined her appetite. Loras had seen them earlier then given Lyanna a look of confusion. He and Arya did not seem angry just sad and that made Lyanna feel so much worse. Even though it was Renly's words and not hers, Lyanna still wrote them and hung them up. The guilt and shame ate her as heartily as she inhaled her lunch. One of the glowing pink large squares declared that Cuntboys and Dickgirls shouldn't be allowed to attend their school.

Another poster questioned the abominations of transgenders using the same toilets with their disease ridden private parts. The petition was to urge Stannis to change the school dress code to exclude cross dressing. This sentiment was expressed in several posters in cruder detail. Another petition was ready for signing tomorrow to try and get the transgenders expelled. Lyanna felt miserable and was surprised when Theon mopped on by and stopped to smile at her.

"Everyone here seems to know you didn't want to make these vile posters. We all know that the teachers are evil here, we can see that Renly is making you do this. You are a good person deep down, you wouldn't have helped us earlier if you were truly that mean and cold." Lyanna smiled. "Thanks. I don't feel very good about myself right now and at least I could help you and my best friend a little. Didn't think Renly would get upset over that but he did. I am trapped, Theon. I have to do what Renly says and that means I maybe can't help you or Jeyne."

Theon smiled and patted Lyanna's shoulder. "Don't worry about me, I'm fine. And Jeyne seems pretty resourceful and tough for such a little girl. We will both understand that you have to take care of yourself right now. I wish there was someway I could help you. Is there?" Lyanna smiled but shook her head. "No, but if that ever changes, I'll let you know." Lyanna's eyes went wide and she muttered, Uh oh. We talked too long, I think."

Theon whipped his head around to see Damon nearly breathing down his neck and Ramsay shaking his head at him with the same look one would give a puppy that failed a command again. Ramsay snapped his fingers at Lyanna. "You! Renly came to tell me you can't work for me anymore except for when it's convenient for him! Fucking prick! Eat when everyone else does or don't eat at all! Get out of my cafeteria until supper! Shoo!" He flapped his hands at her until Lyanna stood up and stormed out, her food mostly eaten.

Stannis shook the posters in Renly's face. "This is offensive and childish of you! I want every poster taken down, I want the disgusting petitions destroyed, I would never honor those." Renly snarled. "Fine, then I will have new posters made. I will make a play and a musical, no tranny's need audition." Stannis threw his hands up in the air. "Why? Why such spite, why are you going to such levels? If you truly cared about Loras that much, you wouldn't do this to him. All you had to do was let the boy wear a dress every now and then, just compromise a little. You broke up with him so let it go."

Renly lifted his chin and gave Stannis a look that was far too intense. His voice was petulant,
frustrated and needy all at once. "Loras rejected me, he dared to choose wearing fucking DRESSES OVER ME! HE WANTS TO BE A WOMAN, NOT MY LOVING BOY! Four years of grooming him to be my loving boy and this is how he betrays my love, my caring! I love him and I want him back. As Loras, MY boy and not this fucking FREAK!"

Stannis stared at his panting, sweating brother then spoke in a low voice. "I think you need to get some perspective. Get some counseling from Petyr or some medication from Qyburn, you aren't well, Renly. This isn't the way to act if you want to get Loras back." Renly pushed his hair back and snarled out, "No! I don't want to get Loras back, I want him to come crawling back, begging me to forgive him! I want him to promise to never act this way again, I want him to cry and plead with me to take him back!" Stannis sighed. "I don't think that's going to happen, Renly."

Chapter End Notes

RIP Grenn/Pyp: Pass The Dutchie by Musical Youth
Jojen/Meera: Mary Jane's Last Dance by Tom Petty
The two dead boys were hidden in the tall grass, tinged by early twilight, only a large harvest moon watching them.

Ramsay let Damon bitch about having to help with supper until he reminded him they would be having a practice hunt tonight. That sweetened his mood and soured Theon's further. He was angry to discover that he was still being punished later by not only Ramsay but by Damon and the boys. Theon tried explaining everything and asking what made him eligible to be in trouble? Ramsay explained he didn't like to be questioned. He also said Theon was being punished for provoking Damon by running with Jeyne from him. For helping out Lyanna without asking Ramsay first. Theon felt neither of these things were worth discipline but his bandaged fingernail bed pulsed in warning and he pouted silently. This did not make Ramsay or Damon feel any further mercy towards him.

Renly had Lyanna get both his supper and her own, bringing both to the drama and arts hall. He came up with several different revenge ideas disguised as school activities and Lyanna faithfully wrote each down. They went over each until he discarded or tabled each idea for the next one. To Renly's surprise he heard a knock on the door and he sent Lyanna to open it. Petyr came in with his own tray and asked if Renly could use a little help. Lyanna took the chance to finish eating in peace while the teachers spoke. She pretended not to hear them but she could and they knew it too. "And why should I believe you are here to help me? Or that you aren't here just to drink a little extra out of my pain?"

Petyr smirked. "You don't. And I always relish another person's pain. But I do not like my Sansa's attitude anymore than you like Loras's. I want my ginger girl to pay more attention to me and less to her sister, to Loras. So show me what you have so far, let me see if I can help. The quicker I can get Loras back into your arms and Arya to suppress herself, the quicker Sansa will be back in my arms as my good, biddable girl. It's bad enough I must share her with your repulsive brother but this is intolerable. It's time for our naughty little toys to learn that they don't get to dictate our relationships."

Renly smirked and beckoned to Lyanna to come rattle off the ideas to Petyr. Lyanna found herself busy erasing, scribbling new ideas until her hand was cramped and aching.

Stannis led Sansa into his home for the first time. Very few have ever seen his family home as Selyse was paranoid. Now that the house was empty, he could do something he'd only dreamed of. He brought his young sweet mistress into his house after confiding in her that his former mistress had run away while Selyse was hanging herself. Sansa brought an apron and her recipes, coaxing Stannis into allowing some soft music and candles to burn while she prepared a chicken casserole. Once it was slid into the oven and the timer was set, Stannis brought Sansa to his bedroom. He admitted that Selyse hadn't shared his bedroom in over three years and the last time Melissandre slept in his bed was at least two years back.

Sansa allowed Stannis to talk while she slowly stripped and lay on his bed, all pale soft skin peeking at him from the waves of crimson hair. A nipple peeked at him from under a stream of red fire and Stannis crawled onto the bed into his teenage lover's arms. He inhaled her scent, drowned under her honeyed words and welcoming flesh surging into his heated touch. By the time the timer on the casserole went off, they were both shaking, dehydrated and hungry, having earned their meal. They sat in two old robes that Stannis had never used in his closet and ate on his back porch, watching the...
waves crash onto rocks below them.

Arya eased her aching body into a tub of ice and lit a joint, cracked open a bottle of grape soda and tried to relax. Loras was sharing her large tower room until they could find a better option for him. He was tossed from his old room and any room they could find left would be no protection against the bullies. Very few knew how to find Arya's rooms and the locks plus the traps kept most away. Arya easily fit a single bed into her living room area for Loras with her extra bedding. Everything that had belonged to Loras was either pissed on or broken by Vis and Joff before Gendry tossed it into the spider infested hallway at the bottom of the dorms. Luckily, Dany was able to steal a good amount of Marge's clothing for Loras to tailor towards himself.

Loras helped decorate and set up for the brothel but decided he was too tired to stay. He borrowed the Reeds bathroom to take a long bubble bath to calm his nerves. They offered him treats but he only took a Quaalude and a wine cooler. By the time he finished his bath he was beyond mellow and floating to Arya's rooms, not only from the horse tranquilizer and the wine but from the sheer contact high of the twins room. Both Arya and Loras were asleep before the brothel opened to the staff members.

Gilly and Lollys wore black ripped jeans, black t-shirts with short leather vests, steel toed boots and bowler hats. Lommy dressed the same as the girls since he offered his services for extra protection. Dany was there as support as well as to serve refreshments to the clients. She wore a black velvet long dress and her hair was done in a tight bun, a black lace choker her only jewelry. Gracefully, Dany served each man a small piece of drug laden treat and a single drink. Once Tormund, Styr, Bronn, Podrick and Tyrion were all seated on a couch with their refreshments, the lights changed. A soft pink pulsing light and music flirted into their ears.

Myranda and the girls all reintroduced themselves to their former clients by engaging in a rather invigorating and informative show. The men remained breathless when Myranda came out resplendent in a dominatrix outfit and introduced her favorite tools of the trade. Luckily, she had a willing partner in Violet who wore a leather collar, leash and freshly oiled skin that enjoyed responding for a stern mistress. Watching the young lithe body squirming in pain and pleasure to a paddle, a riding crop while moaning into a ball gag kept all the men silent and doing some squirming of their own.

When the two girls were done, Kyra demonstrated her skill with scarves, ropes and chains, moving in ways that made the sitting men give a standing ovation. Tansy showed off her dancing moves, her striptease was done in such an innocent way that every man was panting in an almost uneasy lust. Ross picked up a faster pace, twirling about the men, then she showed off her contortionist tricks, over each man in a unique move for each client.

At the end of the demonstrations, each eager hand was full of cash to hand over to Gilly and Lollys. The second attached room was created like an opulent dungeon full of toys and tapestries hanging for a privacy all were too heated to care about. For the next few hours, the staff lived their fantasies and felt their money was well spent. There was no doubt they would return again and Myranda informed them they would be only opened one night during the week and weekend nights. The lessened amount of nights and strict hours only made the men only yearn for it more.

After the clean up of supper hour, Hot Pie left without a word or glance as Skinner and Alyn showed up with beer. Theon didn't understand why he had to follow them out on some sort of a practice hunt before they got around to punishing him. Ramsay kept a tight hand on Theon's wrist as they headed into the woods. He gave Theon a beer but it was hard to drink as he stumbled into the unfamiliar territory of the dark woods. Damon sneered, "Why so clumsy? Not as graceful and fast without hallways and rocks and windows to climb?"
This made all the boys laugh but Theon just turned red. "I'm not used to the woods, I'm better with the rest of an island terrain." Ramsay rubbed Theon's hair playfully. "Don't worry, I'll lead you to where I want you to go. Now drink up and try to stop spilling beer everywhere, would you?" A clearing came into sight that was almost magical looking and Theon breathed a sigh of relief when the boys all finally stopped. Ramsay made Theon finish up the beer while everyone else finished the rest of the cooler full of beer.

Nervously, Theon watched as Ramsay offered a small bottle with a spoon to Damon, Alyn and Skinner. "Is that cocaine?" Ramsay grinned. 'Sure is. Want a little, I'm feeling generous tonight, pet." Theon almost said no but he was starting to get a funny feeling he might need the energy and the high. Ramsay gave him a little in each nostril, not as much as he gave the boys. "This is straight from Visery's out of school connection, the last of it now that Harold and Bob are dead. The Reeds sell amazing products but this is what the hunters use during our hunts."

Ramsay watched Theon get jittery and he smiled, grabbing the narrow face in his hands, seeming to study it. "Do you want a last chance to try and explain what happened today? I can tell you do but only if you have something different to add this time. We understand that Alliser forced your seats and Damon's temper wasn't going to let you explain. What you are in trouble for is continuing to try and argue with him, running away from him. Joining Jeyne in provoking Damon to further anger. Don't you know that you can't run in front of predators? It's dangerous, Theon."

Theon couldn't wrench free from Ramsay's grasp or his intense gaze. "I ran because he was going to beat and whip me! Jeyne does it because she likes him for some sick reason." That gave all of them brief pause. Damon looked shocked then considering. "Huh. Really? Does our little freak have a crush on our big Damie? Interesting, we shall explore that later but not right now." Theon regretted blurting that information out but Ramsay was giving his face a small shake to gain his full attention. "Are you listening to me, Theon? Good."

Ramsay stroked both sides of Theon's face gently and his voice was soft, loving, his face with a playful look to it. "I can never figure out if you are brave or stupid. Let's find out, lovely puppy. Running in front of predators brings consequences. I need you to learn that. So tonight for our practice whore hunt, you get to play the whore. Now, being supremely fair about it, I won't allow the weaponry I allow during a real hunt. So no whips, no blades or bows and arrows. Just the hunters. I'll give you a head start. Go on now."

Ramsay released Theon's face and took a step back, smiling. Theon stared at him then at the leering, jeering three others already starting to pace around him, growling. "Wait! Rams, please! Don't hunt me, I get it. No more running or provoking. I'm not a whore and I don't want to be hunted, I thought you liked me! Now you want to hunt and kill me? Over my running from a large angry guy with a whip? That's not fair!" Alyn shrugged and licked his teeth. "You could always refuse to run and fight us instead? We'll even let you take us all on one by one?"

Theon shook his head as they all laughed at him. Skinner darted forth and shoved Theon hard into Damon, who shoved him into Alyn. Ramsay cooed, "I don't think you'll do well fighting us, do you? No, your talent is running until the next impulsive thought hits your head. So run. I am giving you only two minutes for a head start so you'd best move. RUN!" Ramsay charged at him, giving Theon a shove that sent him on his ass in the dirt. Damon came stomping forth and Theon scrambled to his feet and started to run between the dark trees.

Renly and Petyr were taking their increasingly dark plans to Renly's balcony where they set Lyanna to pouring wine and hearing things she never wanted to hear. The howling of hunting droogs from below was almost welcome compared to the conversation. Petyr has easily convinced Renly that perhaps what is keeping them from truly gaining control over their naughty teenage lovers was
Stannis. Without Stannis in the way, Sansa would have to bend to the mercy and will of her only mentor and client. Without Stannis to make the rules, Renly could force Loras back into his former looks and attitude.

The next in line to run the school was Cersei, she was already assistant director in title. Petyr and Renly could persuade her to join them in bringing Stannis down. Cersei wants the power and the school, she wants the power to force the students and staff into her bidding. In exchange for helping her rise to power, Cersei would probably hand them Sansa and Loras trussed up if need be. Renly was in full agreement of this plan. "Do we mean to overthrow Stannis or actually...remove him?"

Petyr smirked at Renly's question as he held out his empty goblet for Lyanna to fill.

"I don't think Stannis is the type to be overthrown and take his defeat with grace, Renly. I mean, you know your older brother better than I do. What do you think?" Renly sighed as if he were sad but his eyes danced in a way that made Lyanna's flesh squirm. "No, we will have to kill him, there's no way around it." Petyr gave Lyanna a cold assessing look. "Renly, can we trust your little helper to keep such a dangerous conversation to herself? How sure are you of her loyalty?"

Lyanna tried not to let her heart beat out of her chest. "I am loyal, I swear it. Please, Renly, I won't say anything, I swear it. I just do what you tell me. Please, tell Petyr I would never tell. I'm your loyal helper, please!" Renly and Petyr fed off her terror and savored it along with the wine. They pretended to be unsure until Lyanna was sobbing, kneeling at their feet begging for her life. Renly finally petted the girl's snarled hair then wrenched her face up by it. "You are my loyal helper but I can see the hate and revulsion in your eyes, you wretched little tomboy."

Renly tossed the girl hard to the ground at his feet. "She's loyal, she doesn't want to be eaten alive by Patchface. So Lyanna will do anything she's told to, won't you poppet?" Lyanna nodded frantically and wiped her nose on her sleeve. Petyr sneered down at her. "You understand that you never get to leave his service until he frees you now? It's either Renly or Patchface. A madman out for revenge at all costs or the rapist cannibal who would love to taste your sweet delights. What a horrible situation for you, young lady. More wine."

Chapter End Notes

Renly/Petyr: Poison by Alice Cooper
Stannis: Crimson and Clover by Rommy James and The Shondells
Myranda's Brothel: Welcome To Burlesque by Cher
Ramsay & Droogs: Beat It by Micheal Jackson
Theon stumbled as he ran and twice nearly knocked himself out on a tree before he decided to go to ground. He found a hollowed out rotted log and shimmied into it. Not long after came the howls and the stomping of Ramsay and the boys. To Theon's surprise it didn't take them any time to find him. Damon started to roll the log then kick it towards the others for them to kick towards a ravine. "Silly boy! We know these woods, we hunt here all the time, you can't just be lazy and hope to hide. Run!" Theon managed to crawl out of the log, sick and dizzy but Alyn and Skinner started to whip rocks at him until he got to his feet and began to run again.

He was faster but they knew where they were going. Theon gave it his all and poured on every bit of speed he had, threading his way past the trees hoping for a way out. If he could just get on rocks or solid ground or hell, even the beach, he would stand a chance. No matter where Theon went, he couldn't shake the howling, kicking, shoving and clawing droogs that were running him down. Twice Damon has swung a fist and sent Theon flying into the dirt. Each time Skinner and Alyn would kick him, spit on him and shove him hard into trees until he got his bearing and started to run again. Ramsay managed to force Theon to swerve twice, making him go deeper into the woods with no hoping of finding his way out.

Taking a rock to the head, Theon staggered and fell down yet again. The kicks came hard and swift but Theon took longer to stand, even longer to run, his vision blurred and bloody. Damon laughed and Theon took a fist to the stomach and this time he couldn't rise. "Go on, you wanted to run earlier, so run, bitch. Keep going, crawl if you have to." Damon sneered at Theon and kicked at him until the boy managed to get a shambling crawl going. Alyn and Skinner darted close to slap and kick at him until he screamed and tried to curl up. Ramsay was there and he kicked the panting boy onto his back. "That was a real good try, Theon. Think you can run anymore? Huh? You look worn out but maybe you can another burst of energy in there? No? Pity."

Theon remained curled up and panting while the boys all laughed at him. "So when we catch a whore, I let everyone have a turn with her. Should I let them all have a turn with you, Theon?" Ramsay leaned down to touch Theon and he blinked. He has never seen a boy go from zero to ten before and Theon was gone in a plume of leaves and dirt. "Holy shit. Guess that coke just kicked in on him. Damn! The hunt is still on, droogs! After the prey! Don't let him get out of the woods or he has the advantage." They split up and each tried to cut off Theon only to find him far ahead of them. Panic and drugs gave the boy's feet wings and the boys found themselves working to keep up.

Gendry has been doing chores for his lazy ass charges since they returned to the dorms. He was just finishing the last of Joff's laundry when they heard Marge shriek from her room. Joff stretched, yawned and waved at Gendry. "Go find out what my girlfriend's dramatic issue is now." With a heartfelt sigh, Gendry headed into the hallway along with Ygritte and Viserys. Marge stood in her room, raging over stolen items. "Someone stole my good clothes!" Marge pointed at Gendry. "You! You let them destroy Loras's stuff and he stole my clothing to replace it! Damn you!" Gendry rolled his eyes as Ygritte and Viserys laughed at the freaking girl. "How is this my fault? I just do what I'm told, Marge."

The pretty girl stomped her foot and demanded that Gendry go get her clothing back from Loras. Gendry scoffed. "Hell no. I don't take any orders from you, honey." Marge finally had the attention of Joff, who came in her room to tell her to stop screeching. "Tell your retarded half brother to go get
my stolen clothing back from Loras, please!" Joff backhanded her in a rather casual way and grinned over how Marge yelped as she fell onto her duvet. "I told you to shut up, didn't I? Why would I waste my time sending Gendry to get your clothing back? You want it, you get it or ask someone else that isn't mine." Gendry raised his eyebrows. "You don't own me, Joff." He walked out to finish the laundry and to slip a sleeping pill in Joff's drink.

Ygritte was laying in her own tub full of ice in Walda's old room which she was sharing with Marge. She was floating on the Reed's latest concoction while she fantasized about murdering Jon and Alliser at the same time. In a rather distant way Ygritte became aware that Joff and Viserys were forcing Marge to give them both blowjobs. She could hear Marge pleading then crying before the animal sounds of two men forcing a girl into their vile pleasures. I should go kick their asses. I shouldn't even be here. Why am I with them? I should have stayed alone. But Ygritte enjoyed being able to use the fancy shit she's always been denied. Why shouldn't I get to experience the high life while I can? Life will suck once the school dumps me after graduation.

The money it's going to take to open a motorcycle shop of her own will be more than she has managed to save up. Ygritte has already managed to squirrel away jewelry and furs that belonged to Walda that no one has noticed. She plans to strip as much from these fancy folk that she can before she wears out her welcome. Marge screamed suddenly while the boys laughed in a nasty way that told Ygritte they were enjoying themselves immensely at Marge's expense. Why isn't Gendry stopping them? For the same reason I won't. I wonder if he hates himself for giving up his friends and ethics to get his slice of Lannister good life? Ygritte pretended she didn't hear anything and hummed while she iced her bruises, smearing some peach scented cream all over her face.

Theon weaved, bobbed and finally he saw blessed sand up ahead. He put on an extra burst of energy and one foot touched the beloved shifting sand. Theon smiled wide and got ready to sprint towards the water. He is confident none of them can swim like he can, all he has to do is jump into the water and swim to the rocks, start climbing up the rocks. His second foot landed on the sand and then Alyn landed on him. Knocked into the sand, Theon tried hard to kick Alyn away and struggle for his footing. He managed to free himself from Alyn just to feel his ankles grabbed and he was pulled back into the trees. He scrambled in the sand for purchase and screamed in terror as Ramsay flipped him over and confide, "You lost."

Ramsay let Theon go to watch him try to crawl away again. Damon gave a hard kick into Theon's ribs, causing him to whimper and freeze in agony. Theon tried to get to his feet again and Skinner landed a hard punch to Theon's cheek to sprawl the boy back in the dirt. Alyn gave a few hearty kicks before Theon crawled again. This time he didn't try to run away, this time Theon crawled to Ramsay and babbled, "Please, make it stop! I'm sorry! I won't try to run or provoke anymore, Ramsay. Please, I don't want to be raped or hunted to death." Ramsay laughed and rubbed his boy's sweaty blood matted hair. "I do hope you learned your lesson this time, sweetie. Next time you run, I'll take your toe. Flay it right off while you scream for mercy and I won't have any."

Ramsay lifted his whimpering, injured boy into his arms and nuzzled the whimpering cringing thing. "Poor boy, you are hurt. We will have to take you back to my room and get you sorted out. Let's hope we don't need to involve Qyburn, he's way too creepy." Grateful not to have to move his sore body, Theon snuggled into his deranged boyfriend and let himself get carried back to the droms. He ignored the laughter and mocking triumph of the boys on their practice hunt. Theon thought about how Ramsay said normally they had weapons and he thought about how one of Myranda's girls will face the full fury of a hunt. He shuddered and hid his hot face in Ramsay's neck.

Theon started to shake and couldn't stop, his teeth chattered which only made his jaw ache worse. Ramsay brought Theon into his dorm, ignoring the cries of Marge from her room. He crossed into his wing and sat Theon on the edge of the bathtub. Ramsay wrapped Theon's bruised, possibly
cracked ribs, stitched a small part of his temple, traced antibiotic over cuts and admired the bruises blossoming on the sad beaten pet. He straightened and splinted a broken pinkie and wrapped ice on Theon's swollen left ankle. Ramsay checked his work then slipped a small pill under Theon's tongue telling him to let it melt. The world turned a little fuzzy and Theon's pain seemed to grow a little more distant.

It took Theon a moment to understand that Ramsay had removed all of their clothing. Theon whimpered but didn't dare tell Ramsay no. Ramsay licked and kissed every sore spot until Theon cried. Then he used his tongue to make Theon squirm and cry out in a different kind of pain. Soon the beaten and bruised pet that couldn't stop shaking was begging Ramsay for more and he happily obliged. Ramsay added several bite marks to the lovely blue and purple tapestry of Theon's flesh. He tied his pet's wrists to the bed board and loved how Theon was too timid to dare ask Ramsay not to. "Trust me, pet. Trust me to know what's good for you. Just feel, it's all I want you to do. Feel me and know that you're mine."

Theon rode a mix of pleasure, pain, fear and lust until he was senseless. He said anything Ramsay wanted to hear and when Ramsay released his bonds, Theon did anything Ramsay wanted him to. He screamed, sobbed, begged, degraded and humiliated himself. Ramsay slapped him, used toys that made Theon go breathless and nearly faint from sensations too much for his wrecked body to handle. Theon couldn't tell where his pain stopped and the pleasure started, it mixed together and he screamed for Ramsay to end it, to let him find relief.

Ramsay had two orgasms before he allowed Theon to finally find release. Theon arched his back as Ramsay continued to pound into him so hard that Theon was sure he was injured inside. With a grunted order from Ramsay, Theon screamed out in a powerful wave of white hot lava then fainted. Ramsay chuckled and continued to torment the flesh even as Theon fell into an uneasy slumber.

Styr and Tormund were still lost in their minds of the fantasy they each just had and nearly fell over the bodies. "Dammit! Now we have to pay fucking Qyburn not to mention the overdoses. He needs to call this suicide or Stannis will shut down the Reed's drug labs. Fuck, get out your wallet, asshole. We need to make it worth Qyburn's while, I can't do this job sober." They wrapped Pyp and Grenn in sheets and transported them fast to the clinic. Luckily, Qyburn was amendable to their price to text Stannis that they had two more suicides.

Chapter End Notes

The Hunters: Race You To The Bottom by New Medicine
Ramsay/Theon: Bruises & Bitemarks by Good With Grenades
"Hogwash!" Alliser banged his fist on the conference table for emphasis. "Those two boys weren't suicidal! I knew both of them, hooligans of basic intelligence. They weren't going far in life beyond getting white trash girls pregnant and trade work but they didn't care one whit! Those kind don't just up and kill themselves, they had no reason for it. Now that little girl Renly has enslaved or the beauty queen gone mad, they might be candidates for suicide. And if Loras and Arya had any self respect they would quietly kill themselves but not two happy go lucky imbeciles like Grenn and Pyp!"

Renly rolled his eyes and Stannis rubbed his temples. Olenna sipped her tea and remarked, "Well, school spirits don't seem very high for any student. Most of them look like they've been in a gladiator pit and the other half look like they are about to take a bath with a live radio." Cersei folded her hands gracefully on the table and gave a slight smirk. "They are teenagers. Teenagers fight, they get dramatic and temperamental. I would say we should pay more attention to their mental health and keep them busier."

Petyr cleared his throat. "Starting today I will meet with every student to asses their mental health. I will coordinate any medication needs with Qyburn and I shall speak with teachers upon each students individual needs and the diagnosis if one is needed. I am very concerned for Arya and Loras, if any student is going to be at a suicidal risk, it would be them."

Stannis grimaced. "No one is enslaving children at our school. Gendry chose to be a house manager to the boys and Lyanna is Renly's Good Cheer Ambassador." With a mocking drawl, Gregor added in a loud side whisper to Unella, "That's a new term for indentured girl." This caused Tyrion to laugh and earn an icy stare from Stannis. With icy politeness, Renly tilted his head and asked, "Unella, how are you and the boys feeling today? It seems the boys must have also fallen down the basement steps you did, Gregor should really fix that for you."

Pale eyes landed hard on Renly and Unella's voice was on the edge of bored. "Stick with taunting little girls, Renly. My family is none of your concern. None of us are interested in your hate-mongering and even Jeyne knows better than to ever do the bidding of a slimy creature like you."

Stannis glanced up at Gregor with a small frown. "You are the reason that two of my students look like they've been in a fight club. I also don't hold with hitting your wife and you know that, Gregor. I cannot tell you how to raise your family but Renly is my family. If you'd like me to stay out of your business, stay out of my brother's business."

Alliser decided it was time to chime in with his suggestions. "Discipline! These children don't appreciate what they have because they never had to work for anything! Do you know which children I SEE that I can consider good children, if any such creature exists? The dead ones. All of these kids are either rich or poor delinquents and will not better themselves without reason and we give them no reason! They buckle under bullying and kill themselves! They bully others because they don't know the word no! They kill each other because they are bored and unfulfilled. Good old fashioned beatings, more academics and give them a purpose to rise each day!"

Stannis sighed. "I asked you all here to give me input and assistance on how we can do two things. The first and foremost is how we handle the deaths that have already occurred. The second is to help
me come up with ways to keep the rest of our students from similar fates! So I would appreciate some actual focus and real input." Alliser looked hurt and he set his ice pack harder on his sore shoulder. "I was giving you serious input, Sir." Cersei sat up straighter. "I spoke personally with Walder Frey. He has too many daughters to care, he paid for us to keep her buried on the island. It helps that he has been given some extra free time with Marge. I will send her to his house over the school holidays this year to ensure his silence."

Cersei's smirk grew as she thought of how crushed Marge had been when informed she would be catering to Walda's father for a while. Joff relentlessly mocked the girl over it and that only made Cersei happier. As far as she was concerned, it was Marge that set off all these disastrous events with her stupid revealing show. If it weren't for Marge's actions, Joff would have a chance at marrying actual royalty, Renly wouldn't have turned public monster, Sansa would be firmly in her place and so would Loras. Cersei wouldn't be forced to consider the vile ideas of Petyr and Renly, who visited her in the early morning hours. Olenna watched her carefully but Cersei just gave a blank but pleasant look back. Let the old woman stare, she was as pissed at Marge as everyone else. She wouldn't stop Cersei.

Renly cleared his throat and spoke. "I contacted Varys about the twins. He was saddened but I assured him that I would personally vouch for the safety of Dany and Viserys. I see no issues arising with either of them. Dany causes no problems and remains firmly entrenched with Sansa. Viserys is with Joff and happy as a clam tormenting everyone. I offered to Varys that we would allow the fosters of the twins to remain at the school without issue. That they will be returned in the summer and if he chose to enroll them again he could or not, we would not question. I have made arrangements to have the twins returned to Varys."

Tyrion ruffled papers as he spoke heavily. "Ollly, Pyp and Grenn were all orphans, they can stay buried here on our land. I will pay for their tombstones." Alliser nodded firmly. "I will pay half the cost. They might have been hopeless students but they were here and should not be forgotten. We must do what's right and give them dignity in death." Stannis agreed gruffly. "Very good. Let's move on to the next subject then. How do we keep the rest of our students from throwing themselves off cliffs or setting themselves ablaze?"

Renly announced he was going to offer new activities that would be good for self esteem. A talent show, a musical that he was writing himself and a small art workshop. Olenna smiled and asked brightly, "How lovely. I assume that every student will be able to audition or participate in your little projects?" Renly gave a sweet smile to the beady eyed elder. "Of course. As long as they follow the rules of the projects." Olenna tilted her head. "Oh? What are these rules?" Cersei sighed. "Can we save these little tiffs for after the meeting, Olenna?" Shaking her head, Olenna responded. "No. I am trying to establish whether or not Renly will be using his projects to help students or to deliberately isolate others in his endless revenge schemes."

Stannis pinched the bridge of his nose between his thumb and finger. "For the love of...fine. Renly, will Arya and Loras be excluded from your projects by the rules you've set down?" Renly shrugged. "As long as they dress according to the rules and-" Olenna sat back with a snap of her fingers. "And there it is. If those two do commit suicide, it will be on your hands, Renly. I'd say on your conscience but I am quite sure you don't have one." Renly snorted. "As if you do!" Stannis threw down his pen. "That is enough of this nonsense! Renly, you may not exclude any student based on their gender!" Spreading out his arms, Renly asked, "Which gender do I go by? Hard to tell with those two!"

Alliser snorted. "I had no problem with that. The kids aren't confused about it, Renly, why are you? That uppity bitch Arya told me in no uncertain terms what she was. A girl that wants to be a boy and intends to do so when she can. Simple enough answer." Renly set his lips into a prim manner. "If they can conduct themselves as the boy and girl they are naturally then there should be no issues."
Stannis glared at his younger brother. "You aren't hearing me, are you? Renly, listen very carefully. You will not exclude Arya and Loras because of their gender decisions or how they dress. Have I made myself clear enough for you?" Renly pouted but nodded. "Yes, I understand. Fine, you are the boss."

Cersei looked at the clock pointedly. "So this has been a productive meeting. The deaths are handled and no outside influences shall be coming. More activities shall be offered, Petyr shall examine every student for potential warning signs. Doctor Qyburn can offer medications if needed. Gregor and Bronn have both offered to give students dirt bike lessons, archery classes and take them hiking. Renly offers his dramatic arts and will be inclusive. I would also like to have Petyr draw up a list of red flag signs all of the staff can watch for in the children that would indicate suicide or other issues." Stannis still felt so much more should be done but he just didn't know what and dismissed the restless staff.

Jon took the deaths hard and he was also having trouble believing that Grenn and Pyp would commit suicide. Meera and Jojen said nothing but silently agreed. Jojen whispered to his sister, "Do you think we..." Meera told her brother to hush and that they should leave within the week. Polliver went over to see the Reeds and they winced at his bruises. Meera sold him extra for a discount price, citing his injuries as her reason. "Thanks, I appreciate it, guys. I hurt like hell and need something to just get through this week." The Reeds gave him easy smiles and tried to hide their uneasy hearts.

Lyanna hid in the kitchen during breakfast, eating when the cafeteria staff ate. Ramsay glared at her. "You better work hard and not just fuck off because Renly shows up and crooks his finger! Theon, Jeyne and Raff are all going to be stiff and slow today, I need you to pick up their slack. It's the only reason I'm letting you even in here!" With a helpless twitch, Lyanna spoke in a hollow voice. "I will work hard. But if Renly tell me to do something, I have to. I really don't have any choice, Ramsay. But while I am in here, I can work really hard." Ramsay bitched a bit more but he needed the help and begrudgingly said she could leave if Renly ordered it.

 Luckily, Renly didn't come by and snap his fingers for Lyanna until breakfast clean up was almost done. He wasn't the only visitor. Cersei glided forth and told Ramsay about Myranda's utter successful first night of the brothel. "I expect the hunt to reach the same level of heights, young man." Ramsay's smile made her feel excited and made Theon want to throw up. After Cersei left, Ramsay told Raff he looked like shit. He offered Raff a painkiller and the use of his private dorm to nap until the medication kicked in. Raff was sore enough that he eagerly took the offer. Once Raff took the pill and staggered off, Damon entered the kitchen.

"Hey, Jeyne." The girl turned fast and flinched from the painful tug on her stitches. "Oh no, not today, Damon. I can't run yet, I'm still too sore. You'll have to wait until I'm better to play the chase game." Damon grinned and leaned on the counter, very close to the girl. "You really think it's just a game? You aren't afraid of us, are you?" Damon found himself amused, curious and strangely interested in this tiny girl that had huge eyes full of warped innocence and no fear. "No, I'm not scared of anyone here. I get scared for my family, but not for me." Damon gave a small chuckle. "Don't ever say that to Ramsay. He'll flay you just to see if you fear his blade."

Jeyne smiled and finished her tasks, pretending her heart didn't beat faster, that she didn't flush a little at how close Damon was. How his voice was a thick drawl she loved to hear. "Can I ask you a question, Jeyne? Would you like to hang out with sometime? Just us, no whips or chases, no boys or Ramsay. Like, we could go for a walk or watch a movie in the dorm?" Jeyne's head came up fast and she looked earnestly at Damon's face. "Are you teasing me? Trying to trick me for a prank?" Damon smiled and shook his head. "Naw, I mean it. I think I like you, such a little spitfire with no fear, I want to date you. Or does that scare you?" Jeyne smiled at the tiny challenge in his voice. "Sure, I'll date you. But we can't let my family know."
Chapter End Notes

Dragonstone Staff: Hot N Cold by Katy Perry
Renly caught up with Stannis that evening, eyes shining. "I have been thinking about how everyone thinks of my treatment of Lyanna. So I've decided to do right by the child. I had Petyr take care of the paperwork with her social worker. I am fostering her while I wait for an adoption approval. She won't be homeless any longer, her fortune will transfer to me since her entire family is dead. I will use it to give the girl the life she deserves. All this time she was an heiress and yet ignored simply because her family was a criminal one. But a rich one and Lyanna will be my biggest example of charity."

Stannis grimaced. "Well, I suppose to someone like your fancy gay artist friend Andy, it's impressive to be a gay teacher with an adopted daughter. Will you also make sure to crow about how her mother ran an impressive gang and her uncle was a human trafficker? Are you sure this isn't another strange impulse you should give more thought too? Do you somehow think that adopting a girl it will draw Loras back to you? Or is Lyanna a new focus so you forget about Loras? I don't know if I should congratulate you or have you evaluated, Renly."

In a huge feat, Renly turned on the familiar brotherly charm he's used when needed on Stannis. "Look, I know I got a little crazy there about Loras. I still am dealing with it and I do hope to have him come back to me. And maybe this is my way of focusing on something, someone else, someone that actually could use my help. Brother, I just watched my niece and sister in law die. I might not have been very close with them, Selyse never let me too close to Shireen. But they were family, they are gone, Robert is gone and it's just us. I want to adopt this orphan, I promise you'll see that Lyanna will be different. I can give her a good life, I can teach her everything she'll ever need to know. Please, don't try and stop me from attempting to do a right thing for once, Stannis?"

Petyr watched as Lyanna turned so very pale, her eyes grew so wide with tears she didn't let fall, her lips quivered but she remained silent. His lips twitched as he drank her in like a fine wine and his voice was like silk as he told her what Renly had done. "And we can already see the improvement in your behavior since Renly has taken an interest in you. The loud mouth, rude, brash tomboy has become a restrained, polite young lady. The courts eat that sort of thing up, dear. As of today, you'll move out of the dorms and into Renly's apartment. He has a second bedroom and I'm sure you'll enjoy living in such a grand place. You will consider him your legal guardian, your dearest papa, your father, won't that be warm and wonderful? No more worries of Patchface, only of your father."

Lyanna wiped hurriedly at her eyes and managed, "I am grateful to Renly." Petyr smirked and folded his hands under his chin. "Good girl. You are learning so well. You'll survive him, just remember his temperament and do as you're told. You should really see this as an opportunity to better yourself. Renly will have control of your family fortune and how much of it you wear and use will depend on how you act. Take advantage of every inch of education and culture he allows you. Every action he exposes you to, good or bad might contain a lesson for you to learn. He is still your teacher first and foremost. Allow yourself to suck up every inch of instruction he shows you on purpose or not and use it to gain your way up. You have the rest of the day off to move into Renly's."

Her room was grey silk wallpaper walls, pretty lace curtains on the stone window, her own personal little balcony, a room with a white rug, a soft canopy bed. A white dresser, a long mirror in front of a small closet. Lyanna let her bare feet sink into the rug with pure joy then stood for a few moments on the balcony. It was going to be small things like this that Lyanna will see as comfort. Renly came in
and went through her boxes. Most of her items were thrown away as she watched numbly. "I already gave a visit to Sansa and Dany to get some of their older clothes and accessories for you, we can just burn these things. Ugh. Good thing I am excellent at tailoring and fashion. You have the body of a starved logger."

To the girl's true horror, Renly forced her to undress and get into the shower while he was in the room. Renly gave her instructions on how to bathe every inch of herself and which bottle to use to do it. He gave her nails a good scrubbing and filing before he supervised her teeth brushing. When he wasn't satisfied, he ruthlessly flossed her teeth until they bled over her lips. Renly brushed Lyanna's hair, forcing the snarls out until Lyanna's face was covered in tears. Once it was shining and smooth, Renly smiled. "See how much better you look?" With a happy, serene smile that scared the girl half to death, Renly dressed Lyanna like she was a breathing doll. She was put into a pretty pink ruffled skirt that went just to the knee and a white cotton blouse with puffed sleeves, her hair caught up in a large pink bow.

"Now you look like a proper daughter and my perfect little helper. Much better. Aren't you grateful I've decided to help you better yourself? You can't have ever thought anyone would care about you?" Lyanna forced a smile as she put on the pretty saddle shoes. "Thank you, I am grateful to you, Sir." Renly patted her shoulder. "You should be."

Petyr found Arya to be rude and hostile, he found Loras to be polite and stubborn as Alliser on his worst day. It gave him great pleasure to write out prescription suggestions that made both Barbary and Qyburn laugh while they filled the bottles. Estrogen for Arya, testosterone for Loras, mild tranquilizers for both. Petyr wrote a report that he found both to be depressed, stressed and feeling paranoid of their peers. That both will need medications and therapy for quite some time.

The other students were not quite as fun. Ramsay was still a sociopath, Damon a dumber version of Ramsay, Skinner and Alyn were still violent thugs. None of them were affected by the deaths nor did they really care about gender issues. Petyr knew that Cersei used them as her hunting dogs on occasion and left them with no changes. Polliver was a bully and he seemed to have a hatred of Arya and Loras. Raff was of greater intelligence but was a frustrated mess of mental issues and easily provoked to violence. Petyr left out in his reports that he was positive they could pose a great threat to the transgender students.

Joff and Viserys were still sadists that truly despised Arya and Loras and posed a true threat. Petyr was positive that they were a threat to Loras and Arya. He was also sure that Viserys would attack his sister soon and that Joff was abusing Marge. Petyr saw them briefly and made no changes. Marge was a meal to enjoy, a small respite to drink the girl's misery after seeing the savage boys. She was exhibiting signs of suicidal tendencies which he did put in his report. He had made a recommendation to Qyburn for an anti depressant that would cause weight gain and acne then scheduled her for continual appointments.

Dany was cold and reserved, Petyr wrote she was jumpy and requested an anxiety medication that causes fogginess. Jon was gloomy and barely civil, Petyr ordered a mood stabilizer for his severe depression that would have the boy walking into walls. Petyr thought the Reeds were such hopeless junkies that to give them any medication might kill them and nothing they ever said made sense to him. Lommy was an obstinate brat that Petyr thought was a poster boy for Ritalin but he had no urge for the boy to ever gain focus so he left him be.

Gilly and Lollys were already on a host of medications and Petyr decided to relieve them of half of them. Petyr knew Cersei was launching her whore hunts and these medications inhibited their violent tendencies. In spite of gaining Cersei's cooperation for the demise of Stannis, Petyr felt the woman got away with far too much too often. He wanted to give the whores at least a small fighting chance
so he slipped the chemical chains off their bodyguards for hunting season. In truth, Tyrion paid him for the service but Petyr enjoyed his own version of why better.

Jeyne was still a child of no consequence, she was not suicidal or homicidal, a Clegane disciple and therefore, of no interest to Petyr. Gendry was of no use or interest as he was firmly stuck in Cersei's pocket and Petyr waved him away. Ygritte was bitter, angry and had severe need of anger management but had no true interest in hurting anyone but Jon. The girl was an opportunist and a thief, she could be swayed to any cause with a good dollar sign to it. But the girl had no real loyalties to anyone and Petyr made a careful note of that.

Theon was nervous and full of irritable questions. He spoke of wanting to call home, he felt that time was off and had trouble with babbling. When Theon demanded to know what year Petyr thought it was, he prescribed the boy a low dose of Valium. Petyr asked Theon what year he thought it was and when Theon answered, Petyr raised the dosage a little and decided Theon needed therapy once a week. Petyr wanted to ask Theon if he's met Patchface yet as the boy certainly seemed a candidate but then figured Ramsay scared the cannibal off from his personal prey.

Myranda and her crew were of no interest to Petyr as they were loyal to the wrong side and marked for destruction by Cersei. Olyvar was depressed as he had no clients at the school and was adrift. Petyr put in an order to put the boy on anti depressants and dismissed him. Hot Pie slept through most of the appointment and Petyr prescribed him a stimulant so he wouldn't cook himself for supper. The only student left to see was Sansa and Petyr saved that for the last appointment of his day. He wanted to see how Sansa planned to distract him this time and wanted plenty of time for her to try.

Chapter End Notes

Renly/Petyr: Black Soul by Shinedown
If Polliver hadn't been so angry and drugged up on the Reeds best concoctions, he might have noticed Jeyne's new secret romance. If Raff hadn't been so stressed and concerned about Polliver's drug use and waiting for his father's next temper burst, he might have noticed Jeyne slipping away from them. Jeyne skipped classes, she would sneak out after hours when Gregor and Unella fell asleep or were busy. Jeyne enjoyed spending stolen time with Damon. She wasn't unaware that Damon was dangerous but dating him was fun.

Jeyne enjoyed being with him, he was savage and gentle all at once. He was her first lover and Damon came out of it bloody with bite marks and the knowledge that Jeyne enjoyed things rough. Damon kept in mind her size difference and was careful with her in every way. He found he enjoyed carrying her around like a little pet, he enjoyed her strange fearless attitude and ignored teasing from Skinner and Alyn. Ramsay warned Damon that if the Cleganes find out, no one might be able to save him but Damon thinks Jeyne is worth the risk.

Jeyne has told Damon she would face down her family for him if need be and that sent Ramsay and his droogs into enough laughter to make Jeyne frown and storm away. Ramsay warned Damon if he planned to keep Jeyne then he needed to make sure she was as loyal and submissive as Theon was. Damon snorted and shook his head. "Rams, if Jeyne was scared and timid like Theon, if she was that submissive, I wouldn't want to date her, I'd want to hunt her. That won't work with my girl, she doesn't have fear, Rams, like ask Petyr, I don't think I can train her like you do your pet."

Ramsay gave a sweet smile to Damon and tried to use slow words. "Jeyne can't stay as your girlfriend unless I know she will follow rules. I know she keeps her mouth shut so far but we know she is as impulsive as Theon and runs just as fast. But when she wants to antagonize or gets angry, things can go very wrong, she might say or do things she shouldn't. So you better make sure that Jeyne has as much leash on her as my pet. Maybe you should make her your pet instead of a girlfriend? She's already like your lapdog, yapping and nipping while running around you in circles."

Alliser spent most meals cursing Petyr's very existence and Stannis's allowance of the man to run roughshod over the students brains.

"It's not natural or right, Stannis! Mark my words, you'll regret letting this charlatan play with the students heads like putty! I tried to beat Jon for an infraction and HE FELL ASLEEP DURING A CANING! I COULD HAVE KILLED HIM WHILE HE WAS IN A COMA CLOUD OF MEDICATIONS! Every class is full of children I can no longer reach, teach or discipline! Arya is a sobbing mess and becomes hysterical before I can even go as far as a simple paddling! When I say hysterical, I mean the girl screamed full in my face until I duct taped her mouth! Loras threw a fit because he's sprouting hair like Bigfoot and when those entitled golden twinkies decided to tease him over it, the boy in a dress tried to beat them with MY OWN CANE!"

Olenna sniffed and remarked, "I have to agree with Alliser that these children are over medicated or over stimulated. The other day I slammed the window shut and Hot Pie reacted like it was a cannon! I was positive the boy was sniffing some nose powder until I found out he was on stimulants! True, the boy is always tired but it's due to his schedule, not any imbalance! You keep a boy with that much flesh and fat on him on stuff like that, he's bound to have a heart attack! I don't want to test my arthritic knees bending down to give the boy CPR! I had to excuse Arya from a class to get her breasts iced! Lyanna is a hollow eye china doll that lost all personality, merely parrots the lesson
back to me. Jeyne rarely shows to class and when she does, not a bit of effort is shown anymore."

Gregor darkened and Unella looked worried. "Say that again, please?" Unella flinched slightly at Gregor's far too calm tone. "We will talk to her tonight, Olenna, I assure you Jeyne will attend ALL further classes." Olenna darkened as did Tyrion but Unella forced her own fears into the back of her mind and silently dared them to try and say anything. Bronn chimed in to say it was very hard to give any physical education with the students half drooling and the other half jumping like startled deer. Stannis snapped that all medications need an adjustment period and if things don't change within another two weeks, he will reevaluate Petyr's medication decisions.

Polliver and Raff were stiff in their seats at supper that night as Gregor stared down Jeyne. "Want to tell me where you've been during classes? Olenna's class?" Jeyne looked up at Gregor from across the table and shrugged. "I am with Patchface. He's the only friend I have left. Lyanna isn't allowed to hang out, Renly keeps her very busy and she's always too scared to defy him." Unella stared at Jeyne then at Gregor. "Maybe Jeyne should talk to Petyr some more?" Gregor shook his head slowly and gave a grin that made his sons sweat in fear. Unella pressed her lips together and wrung her napkin in her hand. "No. You are lying to me, a very bad idea. You don't visit Patchface that much anymore. I will ask you one last time. Where are you going?"

"Does it really matter what I say? You'll react the same no matter what I tell you." The family froze, unable to believe Jeyne just said that to Gregor. He cocked his head and spoke as if he couldn't have heard her correctly. "Excuse me? What the fuck did you just say to me? Have you forgotten who you are speaking to, little girl?" Jeyne looked at him with a flat look that gave Gregor a tiny shiver of warning deep down in his brain. Gregor stood and flipped the table, sending dishes crashing and his family flying back from the crashing. All but Jeyne who stood among the mess and stared at the angry giant without fear but with her tiny fists clenched.

"Patchface tells me all the times I've been here. Do you want to know how many times you killed me? How many times you kill Unella or Raff or Polliver? Do you want to hear about how I will die this time? No, you hate it when I talk about that stuff and it scares Unella. I think it scares you too and that's why you get so angry. I am tired of the same dance and the same fates. You should be too, all of you. You want to know where I am? I am with my boyfriend! So beat me for it or kick me out but whatever it is, do it to me and not them for once!" Gregor whispered hoarsely, "I think you are fucking crazy, kid. I think your father and aunt's rotted bloodlines have messed up your head."

Jeyne shrugged. Gregor growled as he started to unbble his belt. "You are going to tell me who you are seeing and after I beat your ass, I'm going to beat whoever the boy is." Unella came forward, speaking to her husband quietly but urgently. "Please, let me spank her and you can go after the boy. Your temper might be too much with Jeyne so unbalanced today." Gregor doubled his belt and gave his wife a quick crack across the stomach and she doubled over, gasping. "Shut the fuck up. Maybe if you'd done a better job keeping an eye on her, I wouldn't have to beat her now!" Now Polliver and Raff were on either side of Jeyne.

Jeyne got in front of her brothers and spoke harshly. "No, don't you hit her or them. This is between us. Go on, beat me to death if you want, I'll come back and you can do it as many times as you want. I will gladly let you kill me over and over to keep you off them!" Gregor was ready to swing but her words were so honest and fierce that he paused. "Who is teaching you to act and think like this? Is this shit your new boyfriend is filling your head with? Who is it, girl?" Jeyne lifted her chin. "Patchface tells me and kept telling me until I started to remember bits and pieces from each time. Damon is my boyfriend and he doesn't know Patchface or about what I know."

Polly and Raff dropped their jaws and Unella groaned. Gregor started to breathe heavier, his face got red and a vein pulsed in his forehead. "Damon? THE VIOLENT BOY OF RAMSAY'S WITH
THE WHIP? THE ONE WHO CHASED AND WHIPPED YOU, THAT BOY? I WILL PUT YOU BACK IN YOUR FUCKING PLACE THEN I'M GOING TO PUT DAMON IN TRACTION! YOU EVER GO NEAR HIM AGAIN AND YOU’LL BE THE ONE IN TRACTION!" Gregor swung and Jeyne screamed when the belt cracked hard onto her thigh. Gregor began to rain blows anywhere on the girl he could reach and in spite of healing stitches, Jeyne ran up the stairs as fast as she could. He bellowed and gave chase, causing his sons and wife to run after them.

She flew into Polliver's room rather than her own, locking the door behind her. Gregor only needed moments to smash his way through the flimsy door. He tossed the boys out of his way and tossed Unella into a wall for trying to halt him. Gregor entered the bedroom and was shocked to see Jeyne thumbing the safety off a handgun, aiming at him. "This time, I am choosing fates, not letting anyone choose them for me. I won't let you kill any of us this time." Unella begged Jeyne to put the gun down and the boys started to scream for Jeyne to do it. The shot was deafening and Unella screamed as her husband fell into the wall. She stared at the growing red spot on his chest and his breathing was labored.

Polliver ran to Jeyne and wrenched the gun from her to put another bullet into Gregor's stomach while screaming. Raff calmly took the gun from Polliver and smiled gently as he put a final bullet into his father's forehead while their mother sobbed for them to stop. Jeyne looked at her brothers and Unella. "I am going to date Damon and none of you are going to stop me. Let's get rid of Gregor before we all get in trouble. We can bury or burn him? Or throw him into the ocean?" Unella shakily got to her feet and took a deep breath. "How am I supposed to explain his absence and a sudden grave or fire?" Jeyne gave a jagged laugh. "Tell the staff that Gregor fell down the basement stairs."

In the end, Unella told the staff that Gregor tried to kill her children and she had no choice but to shoot him. It was accepted and there was no one who mourned him except the very family that destroyed him. Polliver and Raff warned Jeyne that they would not accept Damon as her boyfriend and she told them it didn't matter. If they forced her to, she would simply continue to sneak around with Damon rather than have a public relationship. Unella has shut down and didn't seem to care what the children were doing. The boys gave in to Jeyne's romance with ill grace but they gave in.

Jeyne told Damon and Ramsay the truth about how Gregor died. Later on, Damon said to Ramsay with a grin, "See? I told you, no fear and no worries that she is going to be a bad match for me, for us all as a pack. Jeyne is just as savage and as much a killer as we are. Satisfied?" Ramsay was not satisfied, he saw Jeyne as a loose cannon and told Damon as much, making his best friend sulk. "Fine. Date her and make it public if you want to. I hope for Jeyne's sake you are right about her loyalty. And she best learn to submit and obey when needed. Or else we will see how well Jeyne stands in a hunt, just like Theon did."

Damon's face turned thunderous as he growled out, "If it comes to that, just remember, you can't do any worse to her than we did to Theon during his hunt. But I can handle Jeyne, I don't need your advice or assistance with my girlfriend." Ramsay was dubious about that but he had a hunt to plan out and a victim to choose for it.

Chapter End Notes

DragonStone Students: Just Like A Pill by Pink
Jeyne: We're All Mad Here by Emma Wallace
Sansa closed her eyes and prayed. She prayed for patience, cool logic, prayed for strength and calmness. She has gone between dealing with her nearly comatose brother, a weepy, touchy and raging PMS queen sister and Loras, who is the manliest girl in a dress these days. He has the temperament of a steroid and cocaine fueled athlete, the fur coated body of a delicate werewolf. Sansa worried for their collective safety and sanity as well as her own. When Sansa wasn't dealing with them, she was trying to convince Stannis and Petyr to end the chemical torments.

Stannis was adamant that he wanted to give a little more time to Petyr's ideas. Sansa hated that Stannis could be so easily swayed that he deliberately avoided some conflicts or simply didn't see the same urgency or danger others did. She tried to persuade him but had to give in with grace when he told her in no uncertain terms that it was something that Sansa had to bring up to Petyr herself. Sansa wanted to shriek at the director. What hasn't Sansa already tried to do or say to convince Petyr to stop?

Appeasing Petyr seemed impossible, appealing to him was laughable but Sansa had tried both. She also tried every trick in her playbook and in Myranda's entire brothel. The man was clear to Sansa that he was aware of the chaos and danger he caused and had no intention of stopping it. Finally, Sansa could take no more of his smirking and she refused to play his damned games anymore. He has enjoyed watching Sansa come to him more often, so he could drink her torment and let her squirm under this punishment of his. She was done with it and to hell with consequences, she spoke honest hard truth.

"What would it take for you to stop the destruction of my siblings and Loras? What do I have to do to make you less angry with me? It's clear you are doing this to them to hurt me, that you are upset with me. You could simply tell me what I can do to fix it or is this irreparable between us?" Petyr stopped his smirking and allowed Sansa to fully see the jealous anger in his eyes. "There is something you can do. Two things and if you do them, I will stop all medications on Loras, Arya and Jon. First, you will go back to your former dress and attitude. Second, you will stop seeing Stannis."

Sansa gave Petyr her own angry stare, not caring that he seemed to bristle over it. Her voice was level and calm but colder than the winters she has spent her life living in before this cursed school. "The first one I could have amended for you in exchange for their mental and physical health. But I couldn't tell the director or Cersei that I wished to stop seeing him even if I wanted to do such a thing. Petyr, you have shared me with Stannis since the very start. Why does it bother you now so much? Do you feel I am not giving you equal time?"

"You give Stannis more attention and time, yes. He also is allowing you to continue this wayward behavior of yours, he encourages all of this trouble. And if you thought I've enjoyed sharing you with him all this time, you are gravely mistaken. If you are willing to meet me halfway by changing your fashion and attitude back to your original ladylike style, I will consider letting Jon go without his medication." Sansa gave a smile that held as much warmth as a corpse. "Don't you like my new black velvet pantsuit, Petyr? Do you not enjoy my long hair, you like it in bed that way."

To Petyr's shock, Sansa walked out on him in that moment. She was done dealing with his petty jealousies and anger. How dare he think he gets to dictate such things as if he OWNS her? Sansa wanted to go to Cersei and tell her she wouldn't see Petyr anymore. No, it didn't work that way and
she knew it. Sansa would have to tell Cersei she truly quit and she would have to no longer see Stannis or Petyr. Part of Sansa desperately wanted to do just that, so tired of the damned stress and games, worn down by demands and needs from every corner.

Sansa was very fond of Stannis and enjoyed her time with him but his blind stubborn eye was annoying the hell out of her. She wasn’t as fond of Petyr since he's exhibited his increasingly cruel and cutting side to her. What both might not understand, what both might delude themselves with is that Sansa would stay with them after graduation permanently. Sansa was going to college, she was going to find a younger, rich husband among the glittering throngs if her parents have their way. If Sansa has her way, she will finish school and move far away to live whatever way she chooses.

Taking control of the one thing that she could, Sansa switched Loras and Arya's pills, having figured out they were hormones. At least she could fix that much.

Cersei sat on her balcony and stared at the moon rising, sipping at her wine alone. She waited to hear the howl of hunters and the cries of a distressed prey. Tormund and Styr were paid in cash by Cersei and by Ramsay in drugs to not patrol this night until after the hunt ended. Cersei had called both Gendry and Ygritte into her office a few days before. She tried to persuade both to assist her in luring out one of the whores away from the flock and away from the eyes of Lollys and Gilly.

Gendry was shaking his head in his usual bullish obstinate way. "No thank you. I don't even want to remember that you asked me that. I protect Joff and serve the guys on the same floor, that's all."

Ygritte shrugged and said it would depend on how much Cersei was willing to pay for it. Giving Ygritte a look of disgust, Gendry rudely left the room without another word to either of them. Cersei offered the sly girl enough money for a down payment on a bike shop on the mainland. "All you have to do is get the girl into the basement dorm area alone and make sure she stays there until the hunters take her."

Ygritte sneered. "The youngest girl, Tansy. She likes the same kind of drugs I do and I've skipped class with her to party once or twice. I can get her, I will tell her that Jojen has a new recipe and I want to split it with her. She isn't very bright, she will follow me without telling the others first. I can distract her until it's too late. And I want to get paid up front." Cersei tittered. "No, honey. I will pay you half now and the rest when Tansy is delivered to the basement floor."

Cersei was informed earlier by Ramsay that he forced the Reeds to add a sedative to every order made to the dorms. Knowing how the students all enjoyed their drugs, that ensured that most of them will sleep or be too messed up to hear or hinder the hunt. Now Cersei waited and sipped at her wine, watching the moon. Just thinking of the sweet girl being hunted, how it will go, it made Cersei short of breath and sent a warm wetness between her legs.

Oh, how she yearned to see the actual savage hunt but she dared not be close by nor did she dare to have Ramsay film it for her. Maybe one of the last whores, maybe when it was just Myranda left, Cersei might indulge herself further. Moaning slightly, shifting in her seat, Cersei fantasized of watching the hunt on video then being there for the whole brutal end of Myranda, perhaps joining in.

Theon shivered at the sight of Ramsay and the boys as they prepared for their hunt. They all wore black and each added chalk white to their faces, black around their eyes and blood red on their lips. Ramsay had his bow and arrows, Damon had his whip, Skinner had several blades and Alyn wore brass knuckles, put real steel fangs over his teeth. Ramsay waited until they were ready before he beckoned Theon to him. "I want you to stay calm, behave and stay right here while I'm gone. I don't want you to panic and run away on me or get impulsive and do something equally as stupid."

That's when Theon noticed Ramsay was holding something behind his back. Before Theon could
react properly, Ramsay had the collar around his neck. Gasping, Theon tried to remove it right away and Ramsay slapped his nose hard enough to make his eyes water. "No! Bad boy! Leave it alone right now." Theon's hands shook as he lowered them but his eyes flew to Ramsay's. "Please, why?" Ramsay smiled kindly and spoke as if to a small simple child.

"The collar is to remind you that you are a pet, not prey. It's a lesson you need to always remember. And the chain I'm attaching to it will only stay on until I return after the hunt ends. Look, see where it's already attached to my bedpost? It reaches around most of the room and far enough into the bathroom so you can use the toilet." Ramsay reached for Theon again but he jumped out of his grasp, shaking his head wildly. "Don't, please don't chain me, Ramsay. I...I will keep the collar on and I promise to stay right here, okay? Just don't chain me!"

Damon, Alyn and Skinner were all watching with cruel smiles and predator eyes. Ramsay started to stalk around his pet, rapidly backing him towards the bed and the waiting chain. "Go to the bed and sit down for the chain. One more naughty act and I'm going to hurt you before I go. And I'll add a ball gag and some handcuffs to you." Theon gave a small dry sob and slumped as he went to the bed and sat down with his head down, arms wrapped tightly around his stomach.

"Good boy." Ramsay kissed Theon's head while he attached the chain to the collar, using a tiny padlock to ensure Theon couldn't possibly remove it. After they all left, Theon paced nervously. When the howling began, Theon lay curled in Ramsay's bed sobbing for whichever girl they were hunting.

As howling rose into the air, Jeyne frowned at the open window. "They are hunting! Damon didn't tell me when they would do it!" Throwing down the mop, nearly slipping on the damp floor, Jeyne headed for the front door. Polliver beat her to the door and leaned against it. "No, are you fucking crazy? You go near them during a hunt and Damon won't remember in time that he likes you. It's too late for intervening and you can't stop them or change their minds. That's what they do, if you want to be with Damon you have to accept the hunts too."

Jeyne frowned. "I can try to stop it. I can try to make Damon not hunt. It's worth trying." Polliver looked pale and sick but he wasn't budging. "No. They will kill you along with their prey. If you don't like it maybe you should break up with Damon. But you aren't going out tonight." Raff's voice came from behind her. "I'll tie you to your damned bed if I have to, Jeyne. You aren't going out during a hunt." Jeyne might have started a fight or a chase if Unella hadn't entered the room. She has been absent minded and aloof to the children since Gregor's death but she was looking at Jeyne now.

"I agree with the boys. I would rather let Raff restrain you to your bed then see you go out during a hunt. Whatever you think of Damon, right now he is nothing but a predator, a hunter out for blood and he won't be able to turn that off. You can't help the girl, you can't stop the hunters, only get yourself maimed or killed. Regardless of what you think of me, I do know all about large violent predators. You aren't leaving this house if I have to hobble you, Jeyne."

Jeyne yanked at her own hair in frustration. "Don't you understand? I have to try and only I can! I am the only one who isn't scared to die because I've done it so much and each time I come back! No matter what, I come back so it's okay for me to keep trying to change things! Because it's always different each time at least a bit!" Polliver shoved away from the door and headed for the stairs. "Nope, no more of your crazy babbling reincarnation bullshit, Jeyne. I can't listen to it tonight, sorry. Going to my room, if I have to come back to help them tie you to your bed, I will!"

Unella sat down and put her face in her hands but Raff started to make tea for his sister and mother. "If babbling this keeps you here without a fight then I'll listen. So, every time you died and came back, was it always Gregor that killed you? Did he always kill us too in these visions of yours?"
Unella groaned but Jeyne sighed loudly.

"Not visions. Each of these deaths happened to me. After each death, Patchface would remind me of each one, helping me to remember. For a long time, before I came to stay with you, it was always Cersei that killed me. So I started to change it by leaving the second I was reminded that I was back. I started to see I needed a family that was strong enough to protect me from Cersei. That's when it changed. Patchface himself got me twice after that as I tried to change things. But your family started to leak into the school and I forced my way into your family over and over until you all just accepted it."

Raff poured tea for the three of them and gave the ladies each a mug. Jeyne blew on her chamomile tea then continued. "Once I always remembered on my own, Patchface had no power over me and there was no more fear either. Dying is still awful and pain is still pain but it all ends. And starts again but it can change if you try to make things shift. Cersei couldn't kill me anymore but Gregor killed me a bunch of times. Sometimes he killed you or Polliver or Unella and me, sometimes it was just one of you he killed, but he always killed at least one of us. Once it was Polliver that killed you and Gregor but only after Raff's head was caved in. This time I killed him before he could kill any of us. If I can do that a few more times, maybe it will all shift to a whole new thing."

Sipping at her tea and yawning, Jeyne spoke softly. "I have been killed by Ramsay and Damon twice in a hunt but this is the first time I've dated Damon. It might make a difference. Do you know that once it was me and Shireen and Lyanna that burned? Sounds like this time Shireen and Walda remembered they could come back. That is why Shireen, Lyanna and me set fire to ourselves last time. Theon is still so new, I think he is already seeing it even without meeting Patchface. I need to talk to him more. Maybe if I tell him what I know, he can help me. " Unella was as relieved as Raff when the sleeping pills he slipped into Jeyne's tea kicked in and he could carry her to bed. Both of them didn't speak to each other of what Jeyne said.

Chapter End Notes

Sansa: Fly Away by Lenny Kravitz
Ygritte: Money by Poppy
Theon: I Wanna Be Your Dog by Joan Jett & The Blackhearts
Jeyne: The Spine Song by Cake Bake Betty
Hunting Season

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tansy spent ten minutes giggling and floating with Ygritte on the latest syringe of delights from the Reeds. She didn't notice the Reeds' look of detached pity or Ygritte locking the door to the hallway. It wasn't until she saw the boys all surrounding her that she understood and it was too late. They put a bag over her head and cuffed her hands behind her back, Damon carried her over his shoulder. Tansy heard them laughing, taunting, they kept grabbing at her breasts and ass as they hiked into the woods.

She was thrown to the ground eventually feeling dizzy and sick to her stomach. Someone removed the cuffs and yanked the bag off her head. Tansy looked up to see them all standing over her wearing awful smiles, their eyes glittering in a hungry way. Ramsay spoke in such a gentle voice, he could have been asking her on a date. "I'm afraid Myranda has upset Cersei a little too much. It's whore hunting season and you are our very first whore! You need to start running, Tansy. We will give you a five minute head start. Nah, make it fifteen minutes, I feel sporting. RUN! GO, MOVE, WHORE, RUN!"

It took her another moment but Tansy found her footing and started to run. She didn't know if this was a fatal hunt or not but surely not, right? Fifteen minutes was gone faster than she thought possible, hearing the boys howling after her. Tansy kept zig zagging, kept going different directions but they were closer, she could hear them calling her name mockingly. An arrow whistled past her head and stuck into the tree next to her and she screamed. Tansy went faster, heading down into a ravine, hoping to hide in the underbrush nearby.

A slice of burning pain went across her back then another across her breasts, Tansy shrieked under Damon's whip as she fell into the ravine. A burst of pain in her left ankle and Tansy cried out as she forced herself to ignore the sprain and hobble onward. She managed to climb up the other side of the ravine just in time for Skinner to toss a blade that lodged into the fatty part of her right arm. Tansy almost fell back into the ravine but Alyn grabbed a handful of her hair and lifted her by it, nearly scalping her as he dragged her to the level ground by it. He kicked her so she would start to run again.

Tansy kept trying to evade them but soon saw they never lost her, they only were playing with her. Alyn broke her ribs with his brass knuckles, Damon gave her such a brutal whipping that several cuts went deep enough to see bone through. Skinner tossed blades to sink deep in her left shoulder, both buttocks and one sunk so deep into her thigh that she could no longer run at all. Tansy staggered and limped through the trees until Ramsay put an arrow through her left hand, pinning her to a tree, another through her right foot, pinning her to the earth.

They closed in then, no longer interested in the chase. Tansy begged for mercy but she discovered quickly that they had none. While she was pinned to the tree, they ripped her clothing off, licking her blood, digging their fingers deeper into her worst wounds to make her scream. Ramsay took her from the front while Damon sodomized her, they were brutal and her foot and hand were mangled as they ripped her limbs from the arrows through sheer forceful thrusting of her pillaged body.

When Ramsay and Damon reached their pleasure, they tossed Tansy naked and bleeding to the dirt. They helped Alyn hold her down while Skinner used his blades to remove Tansy's teeth. Alyn took her from behind while Skinner ruthlessly fucked her now toothless blood filled mouth. After the boys were sated and Tansy could do no more than curl up, sobbing, Ramsay kicked at her. "Get up. You
have a long walk home from here. Tell Myranda the next one dies. Move right now or I'll change my mind."

Tansy sobbed and forced herself past her injuries to stagger to her feet. She could barely move but she forced herself in a sort of gimping fashion to walk. She got only a few feet before she heard Ramsay call out. "Oh wait. Sorry, I lied. You are the whore that dies." The arrows came hard and fast until the girl bristled against a tree like a deranged porcupine. Alyn walked up close and watched how she was slowly bleeding out. He grinned and used his silver fangs to rip her throat out slowly and lap up the blood as he felt her nipples twitching under his palms as she died.

Renly sat on his balcony with Lyanna and Petyr, listening to the sweet sounds of beasts on their hunt. Lyanna was blinking tears away and the men used it to season the agonized screams rising from the far trees. Renly petted the long thick chestnut hair draped over Lyanna's thick white nightgown. She was sitting at his feet on a small padded stool which is how Renly likes it, in fact, everything with Lyanna goes his way. It's not the same as having and controlling Loras but it's still an excellent therapy. It was the first good suggestion Petyr ever gave him as a therapist.

When Petyr held out his glass, the girl gracefully stood up to pour him wine then she sat back on her stool, her face pleasantly pained. Renly took out a cigarette and watched the girl pop back up to light it for him. She got the crystal ashtray for him and tried not to tremble. Renly didn't smoke often but when he did it was a sign he was in his most sadistic of moods. Her skin twitched in the spots where the nightgown scratched against a few cigarette burns. Lyanna sat back at an angle that allowed her to put her head against Renly's knee, knowing he liked it when she acted timid and needy when he was in these moods.

"I wonder which girl the boys are hunting tonight? I bet Cersei is sitting on her balcony rubbing one out to it." Renly questioned aloud. Petyr smirked as he drank his own wine, still smoldering in anger over Sansa's audacity this evening. "It is Tansy, the smallest, youngest and weakest of the group. Not exactly a feat, more of a first warning shot, I'd say. However, I think Cersei isn't planning on only one hunt and I'm sure that at least a few will prove fatal. I did release Lolly and Gilly from their violent inhibitors but I believe Ramsay managed to get them all drugged tonight. Very clever of him but they won't fall for it twice. And I don't know the level of revenge these girls might bring but I daresay it will be bloody and soon."

As punishment for his earlier rudeness and refusal, Cersei texted Joff to send Gendry to her rooms. Gendry showed up in his pajamas, surly and half awake, Joff had woken him by throwing ice water onto his face. "You sent for me, Cersei?" She made him come out onto the balcony where the sounds of the hunt were loudest. "I wanted to enjoy a nice breath of fresh air and hear the animals of the night playing their hunting games." Cersei leaned back in her wicker chair unfastening her robe so Gendry can see her naked lithe body. "And I want you to service me while I listen to that whore die."

Gendry looked revolted and took two steps backwards. "Come here or leave. If you leave, keep going until you find a way off the rocks because I'll have you hunted and killed. I can offer you luxuries and money or I can offer you a slow nightmarish death. You do know that Ramsay and the boys have raped and killed male whores too? They would find it hysterically funny to rape a raging heterosexual like you. Do you understand that it's too late? You wanted to be accepted into our family and you are. Joff spends hours servicing me, my own girls please me if I want it. You will too or you'll suffer for my pleasure instead."

It was just as exciting to have Gendry on his knees licking her even as his eyes burned in insolence and hatred. He used his tongue, fingers and cock as if they were weapons, he fucked her as if he were stabbing her cunt to death and Cersei loved it. The girl's last high pitched long unraveling
screams mingled with her own cries as Cersei's body tensed in orgasm. Cersei reached down and massaged Gendry's testicles. Gendry gave a strangled sound of despair and pleasure as he filled the condom, pushing hard into her and he dry sobbed against her neck as his voice was full of unwilling pleasure. "I fucking hate you, woman. I fucking hate you so much." Cersei chuckled as she shoved Gendry away. "That's the part I love the best, Gendry."

Stannis sat in his bedroom, hearing and yet not hearing the hunt outside and far into the woods. He was rolling Selyse's wedding ring in his hands. Picturing it on Sansa's hand but would she want to remain on this island with him? Would he be willing to trust her to leave, go to college and pursue her interests while visiting him in her spare time before settling down here to have children? He grimly smiled thinking of how upset Petyr would be to have to give Sansa up.

Unlike Renly, Stannis was open minded and tried to be current. He knew women were becoming very independent, he understood that easier than the gay and transgender issues. He was willing to allow his girl to fly for a while and gain some air before grounding her gently. Stannis fell asleep dreaming of ginger children to match his ginger wife while boys hunted a girl to death and certain staff abused students.

Chapter End Notes

Hunters: Ready To Die by Andrew W.K.
Lyanna & Gendry: I'm Your Puppet by Gregory and the Hawk
Stannis: My Girl by The Temptations
Tormund and Styr stared at the destruction of Tansy. "There is no fucking way we can pass this off as a suicide. Those fucking animals, who does this to a fifteen year old girl? I really enjoyed her the other night too. Damn it." Qyburn and Barbary stared at the girl then called for Cersei and Stannis to view the corpse. "I would say our whore hunting season has been declared again." Cersei shrugged and surveyed the dead girl with great interest. "Who can say which boys did this? All of the kids here tend to get a bit of hunting in, some are just better at hiding their work then others. The good news is Tansy was one of Harold and Bob's fosters and of no consequence. We bury her and let it all blow over."

Stannis turned and walked away fast, snapping for Cersei to follow him after ordering the men to bury Tansy. "Why do I feel your hand in this? Do you care that much that Myranda has decided to run her own little enterprise? Why can't you let anyone else have anything, dear? Do I not allow you and my brother to get away with so much out of family loyalty and duty? And yet, both of you continue to test me, to stretch my patience. I am getting sick of the games. Call off your hounds, do you hear me? If those boys continue to hunt, the girls might fight back and we will have a bloodbath on our hands. Tensions are high enough with the transgender issues and I still have to worry about my brother. If you have a hand in this hunting season, shut it down. That is an order."

Petyr did not appreciate being Stannis's next target for his ire. "You are supposed to have evaluated every student here! You didn't see any sign of a hunt brewing? Not a single thing? Enough of your games, Tyrion, Olenna and Alliser are right, you are abusing your position and knowledge of medications to play your warped little games. You are as bad as Cersei and Renly! I want every students medications and therapies reevaluated immediately, Petyr. Those that do not need medication best stop receiving it or I shall investigate it myself. And for your information, you can stop attempting to punish Sansa for whatever reason. I will be asking her to marry me today. It's over, get over it and move on. Now fix your act up!"

Petyr almost lost himself to mindless hate and reached for Stannis's neck but then smirked instead. Did the fool really think Sansa wanted to marry and live as a simple housewife of a school? Let Stannis ask and get the rejection, Petyr will love seeing the look of crushing disappointment on Stannis's face. Maybe it will make him decide to cast her aside and Petyr will be all she has? Not that it will matter soon, plans are already formulated and Stannis is on borrowed time. Then Sansa truly will have no one but Petyr. In the meantime, he needs to make his rebellious girl pay for her terrible attitude last night, that was unacceptable.

Then he witnessed something that made his mind turn to a darker punishment for Sansa. Some of the students were milling about having heard of Tansy's grisly death. Petyr watched as some of the whores were crying, Gilly and Lollys looked ready to murder someone. Arya, Lommy, Jon, Loras and Dany looked enraged, their eyes all pinned on Cersei. Petyr smirked at them all and that's when Sansa strode forth, giving what Petyr could only describe as an icy dismissive glance as she went past him. Stannis had paused in leaving when he saw his ginger girl move forward like a warrior heading for war. Sansa walked right up to Cersei but spoke in a loud clear voice that carried to all.

"This is beyond anything reasonable. I cannot stand by and watch staff cause revenge on students and watch other staff ignore it and retain any respect for any of you. I quit my position with you, I will no longer be available for any man. You want a war? Then by all means, that is what we can all
have. The gangsters and the whores are one now. Enjoy your team of bigots and hunters. This is on you, it's on Petyr and all of the adults that never should be allowed to work with teenagers!" Cersei raised her eyebrow. "Oh, you have just made a very bad mistake, young lady. I am the last person you want as your enemy right now. But we can have war, lovey, that's fine. Let's do that. I'll let you explain to Petyr and Stannis about your new status."

Sansa turned and looked directly at Petyr and Stannis. "I assume you can hear me? I am nothing more than another student for you to dismiss or allow to be slaughtered for now on. I am no longer taking clients and I heartily will go to war for not only my siblings but for my friends." Petyr fumed as Sansa walked off, he watched Stannis go after her. Let that pathetic bastard try and sweet talk Sansa out of her decisions. Petyr knows Sansa feels she has made a permanent choice but he is going to show her what rash acts like this can truly cost.

Did his sweet girl just actually dare to publicly reject him? Was that really Sansa Stark that just called him no more than a client, broke up with him by telling Cersei she quit? Petyr know understood how Renly must have felt and in fact, it did his blood pressure no good to see that Renly was nearby with the other vultures, feeding upon his humiliated rage. Lyanna was the only witness when Petyr told Renly it was time to visit with the bigots and bullies. Let Cersei have her whore hunts, he was going to host a gender-bender lynching.

Ramsay decided to have all the boys stay together and head to work in the cafeteria as a group. They avoided the crowd outside milling around about the Tansy drama and figured they could be in position at the cafeteria before the vengeful students came in. Therefore it was a complete surprise to be attacked upon entered the kitchens. Damon had walked into the kitchen and the end of the mop slammed into his stomach then his groin. He bent over and Jeyne whacked him upside the head twice with the mop, screaming at him the whole time.

"WHY? WHY HER? TANSY WAS A NICE GOOD PERSON! SHE NEVER HURT ANYONE, SHE WASN'T MEAN TO ANYONE! YOU DAMNED AWFUL HORRIBLE PIGS! YOU BEASTS, I AM SO MAD AT YOU! ALL OF YOU SUCK, DO YOU HEAR ME? DAMN ALL OF YOU TO HELL FOR WHAT YOU DID TO HER!" Alyn and Skinner were laughing their asses off, Hot Pie smirked while he continued to cook and Ramsay noticed Theon was grinning in a rude way at Damon, happy to see some justice for Tansy. Theon hasn't spoken to Ramsay except when ordered to, showing Ramsay how upset he was over the hunt the only way he felt he could. Ramsay narrowed his eyes at Theon until his boy noticed and wiped his grin away.

Damon was trying to fend off the mop handle and the shrieking angry girl. "OW! Dammit, stop, that hurts! Jeyne! Ouch, fuck! Knock it off!" He noticed that Ramsay was watching with an icy wrath in his eyes and Damon tried to gain control of Jeyne. "JEYNE, STOP NOW!" Damon grabbed the mop from her as he yelled into her face. A small fist came smashing into his cheekbone which began to ache and swell in one small spot. He saw Ramsay take one step forward and reacted with full force panic. The slap was open handed but it still sent Jeyne flying into a table. Damon grabbed her and held her up like a rag doll before him. "You don't hit me! Don't you dare try and tell me what I can do and you don't insult my friends!"

Jeyne tilted her head up to snarl while glaring daggers at Damon. "Go fuck yourself. You, Ramsay, Alyn and Skinner can all go fuck yourselves! I'm not your pet or your damned prey, I am your girlfriend. You don't get to tell me what to do if I can't tell you what to do! I am so mad at you right now I don't know if I even want to be your girlfriend anymore!" Ramsay smiled and called out lightly, "Perhaps Jeyne would like to be a hunt instead of a girlfriend or pet?" Jeyne snorted and stared past Damon at Ramsay. "I hope those girls all hunt you back! I wonder if you'll beg and cry as much as your prey does? I hope the girls have even less mercy than you do. If such a thing is even
Ramsay smiled at Damon in a way that made Theon shiver and Damon give him a pleading look. "I'll discipline her, Ramsay! Jeyne doesn't need a hunt and she doesn't need you to talk to her." Damon held Jeyne's mouth shut with one hand as he carried her into the storage room out back. Ramsay snapped at Hot Pie. "Hey! Come here. Now." The large, now permanently jumpy cook reluctantly walked over to Ramsay. "Did I ask you to cook meals for students and staff or did I ask you to show your fucking judgment of us on your fat fucking face?" Hot Pie turned red and dropped his eyes, starting to sweat. "Sorry, Rams. Won't happen again. It's the damned pills, they are making me act all kinds of crazy. I didn't mean to be rude."

A hard swat to Hot Pie's head and Ramsay hissed, "Get your fat ass back to work and stop swallowing the damned pills. Tuck it into your cheek and get rid of it, asshole! Have Jojen make you something to mellow you out, hear me? Tell Jojen I will pay for it myself." Hot Pie nodded and backed away fast towards his cooking station, afraid to turn his back to the dangerous predators. "Thank you, Rams." Ramsay and the boys tracked the cook's movement until he was safely working again. Theon whimpered when the eyes all turned to look at him instead. Ramsay grabbed his chin and forced Theon's head up.

"Look at me. Did you enjoy seeing Jeyne act with such disrespect to Damon, to me and my friends? I know you are angry about the hunt and the chain. Do you want to talk about that? Hmm? Want to join Jeyne in letting all your feelings out?" Theon flinched from the acid tone hidden in a flowery one and shook his head fast. "No, I just want to start my chores to get ready for breakfast, please." Ramsay stared down Theon until his boy was squirming and near tears. "Get to work, pet." Theon rushed to put on his apron and help Hot Pie as soon as Ramsay released him. They could all hear Damon and Jeyne screaming at each other. Crashing began and Ramsay sighed as Raff came flying forth to slam into the storage room and add to the chaotic noise.

A moment later, Jeyne came out of the storage room to stomp over to the counter and start filling the steam table. Damon and Raff continued yelling in the room until Ramsay went and broke it up. Jeyne muttered to Theon, "I hate that I think I might fall in love with Damon. I hate that I won't break up with him even when he does awful things. It's just like Unella and Gregor but I'd kill Damon if he ever hurt my kids. I won't be like Tyrion or Unella and Gregor, I will protect my kids and never hurt or ignore them. Is that how you feel about Ramsay? That he does awful things and you have to love him anyway?" Theon gave a hesitant nod after making sure no one was paying attention to them.

"Yeah. Ramsay chained me to his bed like a dog while he went to hunt Tansy and the way they were laughing and joking while they got ready...it made me sick and angry! He is making me wear this collar so I remember I'm pet and not prey. I wish I could be like you and whack him a few times with a mop! Hell, I would give anything for a good game of chase and humiliate the giant right now."

"Theon joked and Jeyne giggled a little. Jeyne helped Theon make buttered wheat toast and told him she needed to talk with him later. "I am probably the only person that won't get upset or confused at some of your questions. You are confused about when and where we are, right? I can help you with that when we talk around lunchtime."

That had Theon's attention but Jeyne would say no more and the students were coming as well as staff for breakfast.

The crowd was clearly divided into two distinct groups. Skinner and Alyn headed out to walk with Polliver and sit at their usual table that was now pushed closer to where Marge, Joff, Viserys and Ygritte sat. Gendry hovered over Joff, keeping a watchful eye on the tense crowd itching for a fight. Loras, Arya, Jon, Dany, Lommy and Myranda's girls all sat in a tight cluster. The Reeds found
themselves at a table on their own and tried to ignore the hostile looks. Arya walked over and leaned over them with menace.

"All the shit you sent us last night knocked everyone on theirasses. Why don't you go sit with the hunters? Because it's clear that you do whatever the fuck Ramsay wants you to. You both helped cause the death of that girl, I hope that fucking haunts you. You are going to pay for your part in Tansy's death, you know that, right?" She walked back to her table as Myranda and Jon walked over to Ygritte, who was eating her pancakes with relish and without a tinge of guilt. She sneered at Jon and the whore. "What the fuck do you want?"

Jon gave Ygritte the same look he would give a cockroach that scuttled across his shoe. "I saw you walking past my room last night with Tansy. Just before I got knocked out cold by Jojen's fucking pastries. You fucking brought her to the hunters, didn't you?" Ygritte shrugged. "So what if I did? But I was only partying with her, we got some primo shit from Jojen and got lit up. I went back to my room after and if she was stupid enough to be in the basement alone, that's not my problem."

Myranda's eyes were red from crying but her lips curled up with a chillingly sweet smile and her voice was syrup and curdled milk. "Tansy was worth ten of you, you fucking motorcycle gang reject. Start watching over your shoulder, because we are coming for you, skank." Ygritte openly yawned and drawled, "Get in line behind Jon and Arya, would you? Hell, I guess I should start handing out numbers?" Myranda put a hand on Jon's arm as he moved closer to growl at Ygritte. "You are fucking disgusting, how could I ever have been with you? Makes me sick, I hope I get to help the girls take you down."

Ygritte gave them both her middle fingers with a friendly smile. "Go for it, bitches. Now fuck off while I finish my pancakes unless you plan on rumbling in front of the entire staff?" Myranda and Jon went back to the table. Gilly and Lollys were sitting, their trays untouched, staring without blinking at Skinner and Alyn. Both boys taunted them, challenged them, even tried to ignore the girls but became unnerved at the lack of reaction beyond the stare that went through their skulls.

Lyanna followed Renly into the cafeteria and since they came in late, she had to eat rather than go work in the kitchen. Renly put his hand on her shoulder and squeezed, causing Lyanna to freeze and look up attentively. "I want you to sit with your cousin, Joff. That is where you belong as a student now, at the elite table. That is where you sit whenever you aren't working in the kitchens." Nodding, Lyanna went stiffly to get her tray of food and sit at the table. Joff and Vis sneered at her, Gendry gave her a look of empathy while Marge and Ygritte ignored her.

Damon and Ramsay came out near the end of breakfast to start stacking trays and caught the eyes of Gilly and Lollys. Skinner and Alyn mentally were relieved to have the creepy girls stop staring at them. The girls made sure they had good eye contact with Ramsay and Damon then Gilly smiled brightly and slid one finger across her throat. Lollys gave them vacant eyes and a prim but lovely smile as she used her hands to pantomime shooting them in the head. Ramsay smiled back and gave them a thumbs up while Damon licked his lips and rubbed his crotch suggestively.

Jeyne was seconds from throwing a carton of milk at high velocity at Damon's head when Theon grabbed it from her. "No! You do that and he won't forgive you and Ramsay won't either. Besides, it would set off a huge fight right here in front of the staff. You need to learn to argue with Damon in private and not do things to make him angry enough to hurt you. You need to be more careful of Ramsay, he wants to have you hunted and trained as a pet, like...he's doing to me. When you act like this, it only makes Ramsay's ideas look better to Damon."

Chapter End Notes
Chapter Theme: War by Sum 41
Petyr/Sansa/Stannis: Blank Space by I Prevail
Dragonstone Students: We're Comin' To Kill Ya by Zachariah & the Lobos Riders
"You have to leave, you have to leave the school, both of you. Don't say anything, please don't tell on me. Leave the school, fast as you can. Arya too."

Loras blinked in surprise but finished his drink at the water fountain and walked away as if Lyanna didn't speak to him. The terror in her voice, the look on her face, he understood that she risked something terrible to speak to him, to warn him. Loras wasn't able to reach Arya right away but he went straight to his grandmother. He swore her to secrecy about Lyanna's words but he bowed to Olenna's wisdom. "This is far enough, it is already too far. I am done with this petty place and the killings. Your sister is already near to killing herself and I won't have you lynched. We are leaving today. I want you to pack a quick bag for yourself and one for your sister. I will give Stannis my resignation and bring Marge myself."

"I need to warn Arya and we need to help that little girl too. Can you imagine what Renly is doing to scare her so much?" Olenna gave Loras a rather sharp smack across his forehead. "Are you out of your mind, young man? I am grateful to Lyanna for warning you in time and I do pity her unfortunate circumstances but we simply cannot risk it. As for Arya, I admire her and I have faith in her and her virtual posse. She doesn't really need to be told that half the school would like to lynch her, dear. It's not that far of a stretch of the imagination, Loras. I need you to have self preservation right now, Loras. Consider that your sister is being abused by Joff, Vis and Cersei. Consider the woman expects your sister to suffer Walder Frey for a year. Have the mercy your sister didn't, darling. Save her, help me save her and yourself. Now get packing."

Hating himself for it, Loras did as he was told. Surely, he could find a way just before they left to warn Arya? He didn't dare to text it, the staff tended to read student's texts if they can. Loras packed a bag fast and ran fast to a small closet on the elite wing. He waited until he knew the floor was deserted before he slipped into Marge's room to pack a bag. Loras froze when he heard sounds from below but when he tiptoed to the hallway railing, he saw it was coming from way down below. Unable to see who it was, Loras did recognize Jojen's pleading, slurred voice begging for mercy and he went back to packing his sister's bag then flying to get back to his grandmother's apartment.

Olenna proudly limped into Stannis's office and ignored the redheaded girl gently arguing with the director. "Here is my resignation. As of today. I am taking my grandchildren and leaving the island immediately." Olenna gave a grave look to the girl and intoned, "You would be wise to take your sister and leave too. Stannis, this violence has reached levels that I cannot deal with any longer. I will not watch the destruction of my grandchildren. Good day to you both." She cursed to see Renly and Petyr nearby, drinking in every second of the little march. Renly slipped away and Petyr simply smirked. "Leaving us? Just as things are finally becoming interesting around here? How very unlike you, Olenna. Did you tell Cersei you were taking her worker?"

"Cersei can go fuck herself, you can go fuck yourself too, Petyr. I had some wonderful years here with you but it's worn thin. You want to take things too far and you've set off a very sick young man to dangerous levels. Get out of my way or I'll beat you with my cane, vulture!" Stannis sighed from behind Olenna but Petyr simply smirked and moved out of the old woman's way. "Wait! Olenna, I want to speak with you before you leave this island! If you choose to quit and take the kids, it's your right. But I want to make sure you have signed a contract to silence, from all three of you. I won't allow you to leave without it." Stannis prepared to argue with the angry woman while Petyr slipped
away as fast as Renly had.

Hot Pie was prepping for lunch with the help with Theon, Jeyne and Lyanna. He felt better after Jojen had given him something to mellow him out. He was whistling while the three others whispered to each other. Theon was trying to understand about Jeyne's multiple deaths and how she said time changes things over and over. "Of course, I was one of the first I think. You are one of the last. That's why maybe, maybe that's why you can see how off things are. Most only question it if Patchface, or a person brings it up. Most get upset or confused and don't want to talk about it. Like, we are made to not want to think about such things. But I just can't help it and I don't think you can either. You need to meet Patchface, don't make that face, Lyanna! I can keep Theon safe, as long as he stays out of reach, he's safe enough."

Theon's head spun trying to understand. Lyanna gave him a sympathetic smile. "I listen to this all the time since I can remember. I believe half of it but according to Jeyne, that's normal for me. But I do know Patchface and you need to be careful, he tries to lure you to him. He will tell you things that no one should know, private stuff and he can tell you how you'll die. He's got stories creepier than even Jeyne's are. But yeah, I do remember times that things were different, like a memory or almost one. I don't like to think of it and I have trouble dealing with this time around. It's enough to focus on dealing with my new life, I can't worry about all my other lives. I'll let you and Jeyne play with that crap this time around."

Jeyne patted Lyanna's shoulder in sympathy and frowned as the girl flinched. "Renly hurts and scares you, doesn't he?" Lyanna nodded and continued to chop potatoes. "Not all the time but enough and it's the way he does it. He loves me to be scared, to obey instantly, I am like a doll for him to throw around or hug and dress when he feels like it. The things he is and does...talking with Petyr...with Cersei and I have to obey. I am not me anymore, Jeyne. I'm Renly's girl and his puppet and his friggin doll and I want to throw myself to Patchface these days." Jeyne smiled and whispered to Lyanna, "Remember what I did to Gregor? Killing him before he could kill me or my family? Maybe you should give that some thought, Lyanna."

"I am too scared of him, Jeyne. Did I have a past life where I was his daughter? Did he give me to Patchface or did Renly kill me personally in a slow awful way?" Jeyne seemed to give this serious consideration, causing Theon to shudder. "One time Renly adopted you and he forced you to have a hand in murdering others. You jumped from the top of the school afterwards." Lyanna snorted. "Well, that gives me more hope, thanks, Jeyne. Let's hope I warned Loras in time for him to do something. And he can tell Arya and oh fuck, oh no...he knows...he knows and I'm going to die."

Theon and Jeyne looked up to see Renly bearing down upon them all. His eyes were on Lyanna and they were indeed blazing, his hands in fists.

Hot Pie stared in shock as Renly grabbed Lyanna by her pony tail and dragged her over to the full soapy sink. He shoved her face into the water and let her flail and kick, drowning. Theon grabbed Jeyne and held her mouth shut, keeping her anchored in place, Hot Pie looking concerned but helpless to do anything. Renly yanked Lyanna's head up and let her cough, trying to gurgle in a breath while vomiting water. He slammed her face back into the water and this time held her until she was nearly limp.

Pulling her head back out, Renly shoved Lyanna to the ground and kicked her twice. In a rage, he lifted her to her feet and slapped her face harshly. Yanking her by her wrist over to the grill, Renly used a spatula to move the briskly spitting beef patties on the hot metal. He pressed her left hand flat against the metal and Lyanna howled in agony. "Please! I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Please, mercy! Please!" Renly released Lyanna and he took deep breaths trying to calm himself as she collapsed at his feet, clutching her blistered hand.
He spoke in a rough voice, unlike his usual cultured tones, it was the voice of a monster barely leashed. "Go to the clinic then get to your room. Do not dare leave it. I will deal with your naughty, vengeful, spiteful behavior when I return." Lyanna nodded and ran away without a single look or word to anyone. Renly frostily told the others to mind their own business as he stormed off.

Cersei stood over her half drunk brother and hissed sweetly. "Pick one whore, pick your favorite one and I'll let her live. One favor for another, little brother. You cannot just pretend to hide in here and not see what goes on around you. You have no side but mine because I am your dearest sister. So I'll sweeten things for you so you feel better about it. I will let you pick one girl to save from Ramsay's hunts and I will allow you to keep her. Now give me what I want, do this one thing for me, it's very simple."

Tyrion has been trying to hide, trying to mourn the young girl he had barely known. The hunts always bothered the hell out of him, that girl was so young. The last person he wanted to see was Cersei. He had hoped by paying Petyr to let Gilly and Lollys off their meds that it would at least hinder the hunting. Tyrion wanted so badly to spit on his sister, tell her to fuck off but he slumped down. "Ross. The new redhead. I want to save her. Don't let Ramsay's droogs touch her. I'll go see Olenna for you." Cersei smiled and clasped her hands together. "See how easy that was? Good, you go do your part, little brother and I'll do mine."

Olenna was trying to explain to a frazzled Marge why they were leaving when Tyrion knocked at their door. Loras let him in and Tyrion lazily made a last glass of wine for him and Olenna. "Since we don't have time for tea if you are leaving, at least we shall toast to your success. I will miss you after all this time. Your wit is refreshingly astute and I shall miss it!" The old woman toasted the small man she had always enjoyed playing chess with and downed the glass. Tyrion didn't wait around to watch the poison work, he just fled and hoped Cersei didn't fuck him over.

Marge wasn't going to argue about leaving the school, she wanted to get away just as badly. Both Loras and Marge grabbed their bags then screamed as Olenna went stiff and cold. Petyr and Renly were the first to enter the room which did nothing to comfort the hysterical siblings. Loras backed up from Renly but he was cornered, his former lover grabbing both his wrists in one hand fast.

"Stop trying to get away from me. Your last bit of protection is gone, sweetheart. Your sister belongs to Cersei now and you are going to need me like never before. You want to crawl to me before it's too late. Did you really think we'd allow your grandmother to take you two away? You are mine or you aren't going to be anything at all, Loras. Think on that, love. And Lyanna is being soundly punished for her little childish attempt at mercy. I won't tolerate disloyalty, she will never make that mistake again."

The arrival of Stannis saved Loras from giving a rude response to Renly. Qyburn was hailed and the siblings were separated as Cersei came and took a wailing Marge away. Loras wouldn't allow anyone to come near him, instead he fled to find his own friends.

Chapter End Notes

Olenna/Loras: Somethin' Bad by Miranda Lambert, Carrie Underwood

Current RIP list: Walda, Shireen, Olly, Harold, Bob, Selyse, Melisandre, Grenn, Pyp, Gregor, Tansy, and Olenna.
Sansa walked fast as if not concerned for her safety, merely in a rush. Her spine was straight, her steps measured and her face was set in a blank mask, no one could hear how hard her heart was beating, no one could feel the way her skin crawled. She looked for Arya, skimming through the school classes and cafeteria, finally heading towards the dorm. With a sigh of relief, Sansa found Arya wiping blood from her hands while standing over Jojen. Sansa meant to speak calmly. "Tell someone next time! You scared the hell out of me, I have been searching for you!"

Lommy popped his head out from inside the drug den area, stuffing cash into a duffel bag. "I was with her the whole time! Who's with you? Geez, at least Arya can protect herself on her own! What are you going to do if the hunters or bigots come for you? Cast heavy judgement on them? You should have Jon with you, even if he's still really clumsy and tired, he can at least throw a punch with his eyes shut." Arya grinned but refused to get involved in the sniping. She kicked at Jojen to make him groan and curl up like a pill bug. "This piece of shit needed to give his portion of bloody coin for Tansy's hunt. Not touching their fucking drug supplies but we took every bit of fucking cash they had. You won't believe how much these two assholes had saved!"

"Great. We can use it. We are leaving right now. Lommy, you can come with us. We need to grab Jon, get calmly to my car and we are leaving this island. The bridge is sturdy, the water is calm, we can get the fuck out of here. Olenna came to tell Stannis she was leaving with Loras and Marge, she told me I should take you and leave. Within twenty minutes, the woman was dead, Marge was dragged away by Cersei somewhere and Loras is hiding in your damned apartment from Renly! Who I just heard was trying to drown Lyanna in the cafeteria. We are leaving before it's too late, Arya. I am done, we don't have to go home either. Fuck it, let's just keep going and see what happens, okay? Let's go, right now."

Meera flew around the corner on her skateboard then she was in the air. Coming down hard, shattering her wrist, Meera wailed then bit her lip as she watched Jon come towards her with a sneer on his face. "Be so very happy that it's me and not my sister. Your brother wasn't so lucky. If you really hurry, you might reach him before he dies of internal injuries. Here, let me help you out." His boot came down hard on her hand. Her fingers smashed under the boot, the wrist already swollen, the pain was enough to make her vomit. "With only one hand maybe you'll slow down on your business. I think you've run a good course and you're done. I think you and your brother should shut down before someone permanently does it for you." Jon walked away.

Meera staggered to her feet, sobbing in agony. She grabbed her skateboard with her good hand and ran for the dorms rather than the clinic, screaming for her brother. The doors to her room, Jojen's room and their extra storage areas were all left open. She found Jojen laying in the hallway, as if he tried to crawl for help or to get away. "They took all our money, all of it. Didn't touch the drugs, just the fucking cash. Arya beat the shit out of me and Lommy fucking robbed us. So much for Ramsay's protection, huh?" Meera helped her brother up and maneuvered him into the clinic. While Qyburn reset and cast Meera's wrist and hand, Barbary wrapped Jojen's two broken ribs then gave him some aspirin. She slapped about six ice packs from his bruised, swollen face down to his bruised legs. "You have a rather nasty case of student turned to beaten bitch. No real cure for that, sonny."

Sansa tossed Lommy her car keys. "Go start the car, bring it over to the side road and wait for us. We are justGrabbing Jon and we will cut through the rock paths and meet you. We aren't stopping to
Stannis and Petyr each saw Sansa's car crash from different areas but both had a similar reaction. Both screamed her name and went running at speeds unnatural to them. Stannis was dizzy with relief upon seeing the siblings all clutching each other in near hysteria. Petyr tried to show more dignity then Stannis but could barely hide the trembling of his fingertips. Sansa was trying to comfort and hold back Arya, the realization that someone tampered with her car brakes still sinking in. Then she sees both her clients sprinting like athletes just to see her and pause, panting. Stannis turned and attacking Petyr but Sansa curled her lip and ignored them. Petyr glared at Stannis as the older man held him hard against a tree. "Why would I ever kill her, Stannis?"

The crash brought an audience but others used the distraction to their joyous advantage.

Alyn was in the cafeteria restroom when the car accident happened. Even the likes of the kitchen staff cannot resist a good tragedy and the room was quickly deserted. No one noticed Gilly and Lollys slip back inside. When they entered the bathroom, Alyn was flushing the toilet and didn't hear the whoosh of the door over the roar of water. He opened the stall door and the pipe went up the side of his head. Seeing stars, Alyn fell back and remained dazed long enough for the girls start beating him with a pipe and a crowbar.

Once Gilly was reasonably sure they had broken most of his bones, she skipped to other stalls. Finding one that has not been flushed but had most certainly been used, she and Lollys dragged Alyn over to it. Even with most of his bones shattered, Alyn tried to fight back, scream for help before Lollys held his face down in the feces and urine filled toilet until he drowned.

Chapter End Notes

Lollys & Gilly: Hit and Run by LOLO

Updated RIP: Walda, Shireen, Harold, Olly, Bob, Selyse, Melisandre, Pyp, Grenn, Gregor, Tansy, Olenna, Lommy, and Alyn.
As everyone headed down the driveway, Jeyne grabbed Theon's wrist. "Let's go see Patchface! Everyone will be watching to see who died today, no one will notice us missing." Theon shrugged, casting an eye nervously about for Ramsay first. "He will be down there with everyone else. That's Sansa Stark's car and that girl will bring everybody running. We won't get a better chance to slip away." Theon let Jeyne lead him away and he asked, "Do you know who died today? Was it Sansa trying to leave the island?"

Jeyne snorted. "I can't tell the future, Theon. I'm not magic or a demon like Patchface, just a person. I only know what's already happened before and not all the time. Things get muddled after so long but you are so new, it's like shiny candy to me. I remember each time I saw you before. Ramsay and Damon have hunted us both to death before. Two other times, Ramsay murdered you in his dorm. The first time I saw you wasn't like that though. The first time you came here, you got killed by Lollys and Gilly. If I were you, I'd start thinking how to change your own story."

Ramsay and Damon stared at their dead friend in the bathroom. Skinner had gone back to get Alyn once it was clear no one interesting died. He was freaking out so badly that Tormund and Styr had taken him to the clinic. "I want a meeting with all our allies, from the worst to the best. Those cunts won't be content to just take out our group. I want those bitches exterminated but this death has to be paid for first. Open fucking season on whores, Damon. Anytime, anywhere that we can, anyway we can. Open. Fucking. Season."

Damon nodded and then frowned as the staff finally shooed them away from the bathroom. "Where's Jeyne and Theon? Didn't they go see the accident too?" Ramsay cursed and peered around the kitchen, seeing only Hot Pie. "Where'd they go?" Shrugging, the cook continued to cook lunch. "Lyanna's gone to be murdered by Renly, I think. Reeds just got the shit kicked out of them and robbed by the fucking Starks, in case you give a shit. Theon and Jeyne were talking about visiting Patchface earlier."

Ramsay glared at Damon. "Wonderful. Your girlfriend is taking my pet to meet the fortune telling cannibal rapist. I can't tell you how happy I am to deal with this on top of Alyn's death. Now we have the Reeds busted up and our cook is being a sniping, disrespectful cunt over it." Damon restrained the squealing cook while Ramsay took out his immediate against upon Hot Pie's back and ass with his belt. Hot Pie sobbed out apologies until Damon tossed him to the floor, giving him a good final kick. "Get back to work and watch your fucking mouth. Or maybe we'll forget to protect you."

Theon shivered as they entered a part of the woods he remembered from his hunt. Jeyne smiled a little. "You died here. They caught me a mile away and that was the time they hunted us for disloyalty. You must get a feeling every time you come here. Every hunt you've ever had with Ramsay ends here, right? Except that time that Lollys and Gilly killed you. You were on the beach then. They chased you down and you tried to swim away. You drowned and they watched it from the shore. I started to learn all the different ways, to write it down, hide the messages so I wouldn't have to just believe Patchface."

Jeyne gave a tiny giggle. "For fun sometime, ask different students what their favorite songs or movies are. I can tell you that Ramsay and Damon's last concert was The Doors." Theon stared at her and shook his head fast. "No, that can't be right. Are they adult narcs dressed as kids or
"You and the girls brought us the lovely texting phones! I remember that! Things always change now, back and forth from each time we came from. We all meld and mix together. I think all it takes is to die here once and you never leave." Theon shivered and stopped as Jeyne pulled him to the blockage of twisted wood. "I can't climb that, it will kill us." Jeyne smiled. "We aren't going to climb it that way, we are going through it. See, this opening right here, it's hidden and now...it's not! Let's go, he can tell we are coming and he's excited. I think Patchface gets very bored sometimes."

Lyanna couldn't believe she was actually hiding under the bed as if she were a three year old hiding from monsters. Renly was a monster and he was coming for her, she heard him slam the door and rummaging around. He kicked her door open so suddenly that she jumped and whacked her head on the bed box above her. "You should be hiding under your bed, little girl! What a naughty thing you've done, new daughter. Crawl your pitiful self out here immediately. I have managed to calm my anger, do not dare to provoke it further."

Taking the dubious mercy, she crawled out from under the bed, already in tears and shaking, hating, feeling ashamed of herself. Lyanna felt it was safest to stay on her knees, bandaged hand held close to her chest. Renly stood over her and tapped his foot impatiently as he stared down at her. He balanced a red craft box in his hands as he stared down without the slightest bit of kindness or pity in his face. "Why? Why did you warn Loras? Be honest, I'll know if you're lying and I assure you that things will be so much worse for you if you lie." Lyanna swallowed hard and tried to get her voice to rise above a whisper.

"I...those boys will kill him, they will kill Loras and Arya once you set them loose! They won't control themselves and Loras will die. He's been so nice, not even mad that I switched sides! I am sorry, I won't do it ever again, I'm sorry! I just didn't want them to die!" Renly smirked and when Lyanna tried to stand up, he kicked her back to the rug. "Loras won't die because he will crawl to me for protection. Arya might die and if she does, who gives a shit? The only person that should matter at all to you is ME! The only person that deserves your LOYALTY and OBEDIENCE is the person CARING FOR YOU AND FEEDING YOU, CLOTHING AND SHELTERING YOU!"

Renly yanked Lyanna to her knees by her shoulders then he pulled his box closer. "This tongue of your, this damned mouth always gets you in trouble, doesn't it? Let's take care of that first, dear. Maybe a night of silence will help you." Lyanna's screams were muffled first by the surgical glue sealing her lips shut then Renly threaded them with a lovely satin pink thread, a playful knot at the end of her lips. "There. Much better." Lyanna sobbed in silence as Renly showed her the rest of the box was full of lovely seashells that she has collected over time. He dumped them in front of Lyanna then instructed her to remove her socks and pants.

"Now, use your bare feet to start crushing down some of those shells. I want jagged edges everywhere, I want to see blood." Slivers of shell slid deeply in the soles of Lyanna's feet as she crunched the seashells until Renly told her to stop. Smiling in satisfaction at both the bloody footprints as well as the sharp edged pieces of shell, Renly gave his last punishment to the naughty girl. "Kneel those bare knees on the shells. You will stay that way until I grow bored of it." Leaving Lyanna whimpering, her knees already blossoming with bits and tendrils of blood, Renly began to text Petyr, the boys.

After inviting others to his apartment for a meeting later and making a fresh pot of coffee, Renly sat on the couch. Holding a cup of coffee while admiring the bloody knees, how Lyanna struggled to stay in place. "You know, Cersei is out of girls except for Marge. It would be good relations for me
to loan you to her, maybe that will teach you just how very lucky you are to have me, teach you why you should be loyal to me." Those frightened pleading eyes made Renly feel so much calmer and he sipped his coffee. "If you ever show me the slightest disloyalty again, I will loan you out to Cersei."

Renly smiled and pulled out his favorite children's book. "Even though you utterly don't deserve it, I will show you some mercy. I shall read us a bit of Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, if you remain still and silent, I'll even let you look at the pictures." His voice gave each character a dramatic flair and if Lyanna's mouth weren't stitched tight, if her feet and knees weren't full of shattered shells, it would have impressed her.

Chapter End Notes

Jeyne/Theon/Patchface: The Majestic by Wax Fang
Lyanna/Renly: Mr. Zebra by Tori Amos
Theon followed Jeyne, even taking her suggestion to shut his eyes as they squeezed into holes that they should get stuck in. They crawled, shimmied and just when Theon was sure they would be buried alive, they popped out on the other side. The clearing was full of a heavy, wet and foggy sunshine that hurt the back of Theon's eyes in some indefinable way and he felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise high. Air as thick and salty as the ocean dragged hard into Theon's lungs and he held onto Jeyne's hand tightly as they tried to stand on the incredibly mushy and sucking high grass. The trees, leaves and grass all seemed to move, to whisper and Jeyne giggled.

"Don't freak out, the forest isn't going to eat you. It's magic, it's how Patchface keeps others out of his home. We are sort of standing on his lawn, most chicken out way before reaching here. Only Lyanna, Shireen and Olly would come this far with me." Theon tried to be brave but his voice trembled. "Well, glad to know I was finally courageous doing something. Please tell me that Damon and Ramsay never made it this far." Jeyne snorted. "Some don't want to meet Patchface for their own reasons. Damon and Ramsay won't come near him. For boys like them, meeting and getting caught by Patchface sticks with them deep inside. They never ever come near him if they can help it. They are scared of him."

"Great. I feel braver already. Except if Ramsay and Damon are terrifying to me and Patchface is enough to scare THEM...I will be so pissed at you if this demon eats me, Jeyne! You better be right about us coming back because otherwise, I will find a way to haunt you forever if I get eaten!" Jeyne smiled and Theon would have said more but that's when any hope this was a prank ended. Small sounds like tiny branches snapping seemed to echo in a haunting way, Theon found himself gasping in air that froze and burned him all at once.

Jeyne held onto Theon tightly and reassured him. "It's like a terrible pressure and your skin wants to crawl off you, I know. Just ignore it, you'll get used to it. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you, Patchface doesn't just eat actual kids, he eats emotions, fear is tastiest to him. So stay calm no matter what. Don't let him touch you, don't agree to play any games or go anywhere with him. Never ever make a deal with a demon, Theon, remember that."

For a terrible moment, Theon's eyes played tricks on him. A too long, too tall black and white spider or perhaps praying mantis that was life size seemed to dart about them in the nearby foliage. Theon jumped and let out a tiny scream and Jeyne patted his hand. "He's just showing off, calm down. You are giving him a feast with your fear, knock if off, silly. Patchface, please come out! Theon wants to meet you! He doesn't remember anything yet but he is already seeing time is all wrong. I have brought him to visit with you and you KNOW you love a good visit! You love visits almost as much as you like to eat us!"

Theon shivered at Jeyne's soft lyrical teasing tone and the rustling came faster, closer. A leg that was thin as bone and long as a tree seemed to grow, an arm came next, elbow extended in a way that no human could mimic. A white painted face in a black hood made of shadows and stardust popped up, tilted, upside down, swiveling and Theon covered his eyes, panting.

"Salutations, Theon. Welcome to MY home, My Boy...no, not my boy, not this time, sad, too bad for me but Ramsay gets to eat you again and again. Such a nasty, jealous and selfish boy...his cruelty towards others gives me such warm loving strokes...I can eat and wear his victims pain until I BLOAT...but I cannot take what is claimed or fated unless it changes. Ramsay keeps you bound to
him, you keep Ramsay bound to you...sometimes we pick our own monsters, yes, boy? Ramsay's boy, Ramsay's Reek soon...better than Balon's boy, perhaps? Poor neglected boy, your mother is crazy and your father blames you for it. Stupid man had never heard of postpartum depression and had no idea how to help her even if he had wanted to. But he didn't, Theon. No, Balon hated your mother, he married her for her family money and to have kids. He fucked her when he was drunk and she cried the whole time. He liked to fuck your sister way more than your mommy, but you know that, don't you, Ramsay's boy?"

Theon heard the voice from inside his head, from the wind rushing through the dying fall leaves, it came from in front and all around him. It hissed like a serpent, it slashed like a sharp blade and it burnt deep like a branding iron. Moaning slightly, Theon pressed into the living warmth of Jeyne but he looked up when Patchface finally seemed to contort all of his limbs into the clearing. The muddy sunlight seemed to surround but not touch the creature.

Moving too fast, his limbs seemed to blur and even multiply while the white face with black eyes seemed to study Theon while settling itself on a rock nearby. Black unblinking eyes froze Theon to the spot and a long graceful finger pointed towards a log near him. "Come, sit and visit with me, children! Lovely, delicious children! If I am to be denied your flesh, at least offer me your feelings. It is a fair exchange for information, for your curiosity, isn't it, Theon? Jeyne?"

Jeyne spoke loud and fast before Theon could say anything. "No deals. We are here to visit with you. We offer nothing but conversation and company. If you eat our feelings, so be it but we do not invite or condone it." Patchface made a bowing motion then gestured to the log again. "Very well. No deals or bargains. A visit only and I shall snack upon you as I can."

Stannis's knuckles hurt but he was secretly thrilled that the bruises upon his hands were earned upon Petyr's flesh. He knew that Petyr would never murder Sansa, logically he knew that. But that sudden icy terror that Sansa was in that car plummeting to her death, the sharp quick relief, it was all too overwhelming for Stannis. And to be brutally honest with himself, Stannis has wanted to beat the shit out of Petyr for years now.

Petyr was sporting a split lip, a cracked rib and a black eye before Stannis was done. To Petyr's credit, he didn't crumble or cower, he threw two ineffective punches and then continued to use his voice as his weapon and shield. In any other circumstance, this might have worked. Pain and humiliation took away Petyr's usual smooth tones and wicked words designed to injure. "You fucking imbecile! Why would I kill the girl I love? Stannis, you are hitting a teacher in front of your students, Sir! Stop! Cease with your abusive tactics! Let us see to Sansa and stop this childish behavior! Stannis! Stop it! Ah, bastard!"

Stannis did stop hitting Petyr sooner than he wished but Sansa was already gone with her siblings. "Tend to your wounds, Petyr! Then go get the damned staff for an emergency meeting. Oh, for the love of...now what?" Stannis snapped, staring at Tormund hurrying towards him with an intense look on his face.

"Sir, one of the students...one of Ramsay's boys was murdered. Drowned face first in the toilet. Also, the students that follow Sansa are starting to demand to speak to their families or guardians, it's a bit of a mess. At least half of the students are on the hunt and the other half are ready to go into a full mutiny." Stannis grimly nodded. "Have everyone gather in the assembly room and we shall speak to them. We shall admit we are aware that Sansa's car was tampered with and we shall investigate personally! We shall also investigate the rather public death in the cafeteria bathroom. I shall answer a few questions and then we shall enforce a curfew, we shall counsel against the violence and rising death toll! It seems we have moved on from bullying straight to hunting and rebellion. Funny you didn't anticipate any of this, Petyr."
Renly poured a two gallon jug of rubbing alcohol into the bathtub and forced Lyanna into it. The girl shrieked from under her sealed lips as the deep cuts in her lacerated feet and knees burned with the astringent cleansing. With a fussy look about him, Renly used tweezers to carefully pull out any remaining shards of shell. Only when he was positive that every cut was cleaned out, he allowed the girl to leave the tub. A few stitches here and there and he bandaged Lyanna's feet as well as her knees. Frowning at his cell phone which seems to be buzzing, Renly sighed and looked at the thing. With a smirk, Renly sing songed news to Lyanna.

"Seems like Lommy drove himself off a cliff in Sansa Stark's pretty new car. Stannis says the brakes were not working. That brutish droog of Ramsay's...Alyn? He was found face first and quite dead in a toilet full of feces. Mysteries to be solved, Stannis as a detective shall be amusing, don't you think? Course you do. Now, darling, you are going to stay in your room for the rest of the day and contemplate your sins. If you behave, I might remove the stitches before the boys gather here to speak. Since you will have to serve them soda and snacks plus take notes for me, I imagine you would be embarrassed for them to see you this way."

Lyanna nodded and a last few tears rolled down her pale face. Renly patted her head briskly. "I am giving you another chance to prove you are a loyal, obedient good daughter to me. Don't throw away my generosity or you'll find yourself working for Cersei. If that doesn't work, you'll be whisked off by Patchface and I'll be devastated, sweetheart." Renly gave her a rather fatherly kiss upon her forehead as Lyanna hobbled slowly towards the bedroom.

Chapter End Notes

Theon/Jeyne/Patchface: Darkening Of The Light by Concrete Blonde
"Our lovely secluded island, our secret treasure of trees, rocks and sand has it's own kind of time. A
night can last forever, a day can end in the blink of an eye. It could be a weekday, holiday or a
weekend and it never matters here. Sometimes, you all show and die so fast, I can barely have a
chance to nibble anyone personally. Other times it takes so long, I roll in the emotions as you all
destroy yourselves and each other so slowly, I get to just guzzle it all down. I can lay back fat and
lazy, just biding time until one of you comes too close and let's me play. This time you are all going
so quickly, everyone gets so savage faster and faster. At least I had my Olly time and oh, the
scrumptious emotions being displayed. It's almost hard to remain dignified."

Theon blinked as the long delicate fingers encased in a bloodstained white gloved suddenly held a
delicate china tea cup that had tendrils of steam dancing just above it. The smell made him feel so
thirsty and desperate that he started to reach out as Patchface offered it silently to him. Jeyne grabbed
Theon's hand and used her other hand to wipe the drool off Theon's chin. "No. We don't drink or eat
anything a demon offers. Do you want to sell yourself or your soul to him? Never take anything,
ever make deals or promises, never! Sit on your hands and bite your tongue if you have to." The
creepy mime like creature leaned forward, impossible angles, he should have toppled over but didn't.

It stuck it's face in Theon's as it elongated neck waved gracefully and the teacup came closer, enough
for Theon to smell how amazing it was. It smelt like another beach, it smelled of his mother's
shampoo, his favorite lunch box and his stuffed squid he held so tightly as a child. "Does it really
matter, boy? You aren't leaving this island ever again, you will always make such terrible choices
and create horrid fates for yourself. Why not switch it up? I am offering you a kind of peace and I
can offer so much more...why not? You will always come back so why not, Theon? Drink my tea
and you can travel back to your favorite times of your real past. I'll eat you and rape you, defile you
but you won't even know it. You will be riding bikes with friends, watching a fireworks display with
your mommy while holding your stuffed squid. Have your first sexual experience again, go clubbing
or sailing drunk to sniff some cocaine until a storm washes you away."

"No, thank you." It took all of his will to stay calm and not bolt away but Theon tried hard to simply
stay blank faced until the creature took his head and tea out of Theon's personal space. A sigh that
chilled Theon came out of Patchface as he sipped the tea himself, rearranging himself upon his rock.
"You have questions, that is why you came to see me. Everyone always comes with questions but
the answers never satisfy...they just lead to more tiresome questions. No one asks anything fun, it's
always the same. Jeyne, I grow bored and hungry, all you ever bring me are questions and more
students that have more questions. Hardly fair for me. I waste my time, air and throat with serving,
slaving for you and your friends, drowning myself in your inquiries, beaten down by insistent words
and then I am left bereft again. Do I receive nothing for all my years trying to keep you informed, all
the assistance I have given you and others, I deserve something, don't you think?"

Jeyne gave a tiny smirk. "Ah, no sympathy for you! You ATE my friend! I am angry with you, why
would I give you anything?" Patchface pulled a dramatic look of confused hurt as he waved his arms
in the air and snapped, "I've eaten all your friends! I've eaten YOU! You always forgive me
eventually! If you don't forgive me yet, why are you here? For this boy? Why do you care about
Theon so much? Why is it always this one that you try to help? Others have seen and helped you
before, it's not unusual for you, little Jeyne, but it's been Theon for the last few times...I wonder
why? It always ends so badly for you both. Ramsay and Damon rip you both apart like wild beasts
when you try to leave them, when you offer your final defiance. Of course, by then Theon isn't Theon anymore. Maybe that will change this time around? I am curious to see if it does."

Theon raised his eyebrows. "What do you mean? I'm not Theon anymore?" Patchface grinned playfully as a long dark red tongue slithered from between two impressively large and white sets of teeth. Licking at each white square tooth, the red sponge like appendage snagged briefly on a sharp incisor dripping a slight tendril of pink. "Ramsay lets you think you are his boyfriend but you are really a pet in training. Once he finished training you, he will change your name. He always does and it's always the same name. Reek. It will be cut into your collar, it will be handwritten on the pet bowls he will make you use for eating and drinking in private. The things he will do to you, that you'll allow...it's always a lovely meal for me. He will remove parts of your insides and he will remove parts of your body. You will let him even as you scream and beg Ramsay not to. You won't call him by his name though, by then you will call him Master unless there are adults around."

Theon gasped and he shook his head even as Jeyne gave him a look that made him want to throw up. "Is he telling the truth, Jeyne? Do you remember me that way...with Ramsay?" Jeyne shrugged but reluctantly responded. "Sorry but yeah. You wouldn't be allowed to shower or change clothes except for school time and you looked awful, smelled bad so no one would go near you anymore. You had to respond to Reek unless it was a staff member. Ramsay cut off fingers and toes, he flayed parts of you and beat you up. He would experiment on you sometimes. One time I remember that he would starve you for weeks at a time until you got so sick that he had to bring you to the clinic." Patchface chimed in. "I recall at least four times when Ramsay had the boys hold you down and he castrated you. Each time he gave a different reason for it."

Patchface tried to be sympathetic when that last bit sent Theon into hyperventilating. He offered a piece of cherry pie that only faintly could be heard screaming. Not surprisingly, both kids declined the treat.

If someone had dared to ask how Stannis had felt and he was compelled to answer honestly, he would have said he felt bruised. Just...bruised. His knuckles were bruised, his heart and soul felt battered and a bruised mind pulsed aching inside his skull. He kept replaying the conversation with Sansa in his office just before Olenna had burst in. Sansa sat in the chair and for the first time he can ever remember, the girl finally dropped her mask. If the girl thought that seeing the truth behind the pretty face would detract him, she was so very wrong. Stannis's need for capturing Sansa's heart was only given more fuel and he was enslaved, chained to his obsession.

Trying to make a bad joke out of it, Stannis had shown Sansa the ring and wryly said he apparently suffers a similar curse to Renly and wonders how Robert ever managed to marry Cersei? Sansa didn't give her usual delicate smile and titter. Instead, she dropped her shields, cut off the glowing charm, dropped the posture and the mask. Flipping her hair out of her eyes, Sansa gave a wider smile that showed her teeth. It was only for a second then Sansa's lips relaxed into a crooked grin similar to Arya's. Her eyes glowed with an inner fire and her movements became that of a lazy predator, Stannis could almost see elegant hackles rising. Sansa's arm reached out and her pretty fingers touched the ring, pulled it closer to her for examination.

"It's lovely, Stannis. Did you pry it off Selyse's cold stiff fingers? Was her ring finger swollen with bloat and rot yet? Or just like a small stick, a rather frozen one? Did you just crack that finger off her body to get that diamond? Out of my two clients here, you were my favorite. It's true, utterly true. But even though I insisted to the girls that we were seeing boyfriends...it was only what Cersei wanted us to think. It made it easier, do you understand that, Stannis? Can you understand what any of us girls could FEEL and THINK? We aren't in love with our clients. You were NEVER my boyfriend, Stannis. I was your whore, a fancy one, but an underage teenage whore, no different than if you used Myranda. You are in love or lust with a perfect girl that Cersei and I created for you. I
would go crazy if I had to spend the rest of my life in a role for a client."

Stannis was speechless and he just watched as Sansa pushed the ring back to him. She leaned closer to the table in a way that reminded Stannis of a hunting hawk. Her voice was still cultured and soft but it had a new tinge to it. An underlying thicker voice that could growl if it needed to. A soft hand touched his face and stroked it gently in a way that made Stannis wish to lean into her, nap forever, hearing her heartbeat. Sansa stared into his eyes with such an intense look that for a second he thought she might bite into his throat.

"You would have to learn to love the real me, even my uglier parts, Stannis. You have exactly one year for that to happen. And I would offer you that chance, without involving Cersei, not as a paid whore, as a real girlfriend. But you would have to accept my faults and I would have to want to be with you of my own free will. Can you handle such a thing, Sir? Also, right now, I am beyond distressed with you. How can you even think of your romantic needs during a time like this? Did you see how Tansy died? Children are dying all over your school and all you can think of is trying to get me to marry you? It's going to be hard for me to date you when I'll be wanting to argue with you on a continual basis. My sister and Loras are in danger, my friends are in danger and you want me to think romantically towards you?"

"I will take that invitation. I want you, I love you, Sansa. I know that you've always tried to act a certain way and I'm sorry if I ever made you feel degraded or forced. That was never my intent. I DO think of myself as your boyfriend. I want to be even more than that to you. I'll date you and I will even declare my intentions in public, to your family if need be." If Stannis thought this would impress Sansa in anyway he was gravely mistaken. Sansa gave a deep chuckle and wiped a tear from her eye without too much care for the tiny smudge it created under her eyelid. A practiced flick of her fingernail solved the problem without any thought involved.

"Let me ask you something, Stannis. Please indulge me. Let's call it our last game. This is going to be hypothetical. If I offered to marry you and be your loving wife forever here in this stone castle, would you make me promises you'd keep? If I said I would marry you and stay here as your little wifey, but you had to fire Petyr, Renly and Cersei, would you do it? Or what if I said I would marry you on the condition that you left here with me forever? If we just got in your car went to get married and kept going, would you do that for me?" Olenna had burst in before Stannis could answer Sansa. He still ponders what those answers would have been.

Stannis hopes that Sansa won't ever ask him to answer those questions. At least he can console himself that Sansa will allow him to date her anew. This time without complications to make it so dirty and secretive. And he knows that Sansa is wrong, he loves the real girl he always glimpsed underneath the polished shell. Sansa is a bit of a spitfire, it makes sense knowing her little sister, knowing their mother. Stannis can handle that, he is thrilled to have another chance at Sansa's heart and secretly he gloated that Petyr would never have such a chance.

Chapter End Notes

Theon: 1999 by Charli XCX
Patchface: Who Are You, Really? by Mikky Ekko
Stannis: When You Leave (Numa Numa) by Alina
Sansa: There You Go by Pink
The assembly room seemed too dark, too empty and somehow so cold in spite of the slight chill fall air outside. The cold damp stones seemed to seep into Stannis's bones as he briskly walked up towards the stage. He had put on his best suit, the one that always made him feel confident but he feels itchy, he feels almost nervous and yet, light headed. Olenna's chair was removed but Stannis felt her loss even if the others all seemed to just not care. Stannis cleared his throat softly as he looked at Petyr's bruised mutinous face, Cersei's face glowed with her malice and delight. However, she did seem to look at the missing chair with a momentary bitter kind of sadness.

That somehow made Stannis feel a bit better, a bit more balanced. Stannis glared at his brother, Renly's face was handsome and far too innocent and charming for the day's current events. Tormund and Styra sat together slightly behind the others, whispering to each other. Tyrion sat next to his sister, looking at her with a bright flash of hate. He only spoke with Bronn and Podrick who sat next to him. Unella was stoic and silent in a chair as far from the others as she could get. Alliser was unusually without comment, looking deeply troubled. Stannis looked out at the students and frowned deeply.

So few of them here, so few of them left and he wishes momentarily that he did allow that demon to speak. Perhaps he would have heard answers about why his school is suddenly so cursed? No, Stannis knows that whatever that demon wants to tell him, he doesn't want to know. Look what good listening to Patchface did for his daughter? Olly, Lyanna and Jeyne also communicated with Patchface. Olly was partially eaten by the thing, Stannis believes the demon has driven Jeyne half insane and Lyanna...

Stannis cast a dour look at Renly. "Students are missing. I do not see your new charge, little brother. Considering you are a teacher, it is troubling when I see your own child missing from class when it's not flu season." Stannis jerked his head to give Cersei a quick glance. "Marge was seen leaving in your tender care, where is she? And I would love to know why Jeyne and Theon are missing as well." Renly gave his brother his best smile, flipping his perfect thick brown hair out of his soulful eyes.

"My fault entirely, Stannis. I am afraid that I had to discipline Lyanna for bad behavior and she is confined to her room until I return this evening. Education is very important, yes, but so is growth and development concerning discipline and following rules. Family is very important too and since Lyanna is our family now, I am sure you understand how important it is for Lyanna to conform." Stannis sighed and gave a reluctant nod. "I best see that child in school tomorrow, she best not be mutilated, Renly. I remember our childhood pets, Renly. I remember how you can get and I hope we are not seeing a return of past behavior or I will remove the girl from your care."

Renly bristled visibly and his eyes lost their charm, the melted caramel of his eyes seemed to spit sparks and his voice was a sticky sweet hiss. "I promise you that MY child will not only be healthy and in class but will actually survive her childhood with me as her parent." Stannis almost slapped his brother's face in front of all before he regained his temper. "Don't push me, Renly. I will only be so lenient, brother. My temper is hard to reach but if you get there, I think you recall my past as well as your own. Do not provoke my temper. You'll deeply regret it and I probably will too. Keep your mouth shut." Stannis ignored the hot fire of Renly's eyes and he looked at Cersei. "Well, where is Marge? Have you kidnapped her? Locked her in the tower the twins used?"
Cersei smiled. "What a wonderful idea, Stannis! But no, I haven't kidnapped or smuggled the girl anywhere. She is overcome with grief so I had Qyburn give her a strong sedative. Marge is asleep in her room clutching the old stuffed lion that Joff used to sleep with. He gave it to her personally. My son and I will help Marge through her grief. Nothing changes for the girl, she will be fine. She is going to be marrying my son after they graduate, it's been all arranged before Olenna died. And she will spend her vacations in a lovely Riverlands home with the rich Freys, all those girls to fuss about her, an old man to dote upon her, I am sure Marge has so much to look forward to, she will be just fine."

Stannis sighed heavily but let it go. "Just get the girl alive and sane until she graduates from my school!" Cersei gave a reassuring smile and gracefully nodded. "Of course, Stannis." He turned to spread his arms and let his gaze and words include the whole staff. "Anyone have an idea where Jeyne and Theon might be? Unella, Tyrion, would either of you care to hazard a guess as to where the girl might be? I believe both of you are acquainted with Jeyne Lannister-Clegane?" Both Tyrion and Unella turned red with embarrassment as Cersei shuddered. "Please do not call her that. Her last name was switched to Clegane and it is better fitting, truly." Unella's voice was tired, Tyrion's was drunk and bitter. Both admitted they haven't seen the girl since she was serving breakfast.

After giving a dismissive sniff to the staff, Stannis went to the podium and addressed the students. "Has anyone seen Jeyne Clegane or Theon Greyjoy?" Ramsay called out with a razor edged cheer, "They went to go visit Patchface. They didn't tell anyone, they were overheard discussing it though." The staff muttered uneasily and Stannis felt a chill go up his spine as further irritation heightened his anxiety. Stannis looked over to Tormund and Styr. "Please go retrieve Theon and Jeyne. You know where the creature lives. Don't act like you don't! I want them back here whole and still living, see to it immediately! I simply cannot tolerate another death or two!"

The two burly men stood up and left fast, muttering curses under the breath. They knew where the monster's lair was but they couldn't get past the dead fall, they have tried telling Stannis this. Patchface is only seen when he wishes to be unless it's a rushed glimpse to chill the person. They could stand in front of the dead fall and yell for the monster until they go mute but it was up to the creature to appear. Or release the students back to them. It was pointless to say this to Stannis, the man only sees and hears what he wishes, so they left. Every student watched them leave then turned back to Stannis.

Normally the eyes of students upon him is normal and even comforting to Stannis. Not today, the eyes were all wild, trapped animals, predators all crammed together in a stone cave. Stannis shook the bizarre image out of his head and tried to concentrate on his goals. The children were upset and needed to be soothed, needed to be told what to do next. He looked down at the teenagers, separated into two tightly crammed groups. The anger and animosity for each other was palpable and could be cut with a knife. Stannis spoke in a bland calm manner, he said they would be looking into how Lommy's terrible accident happened. He was truly shocked into speechlessness when Arya yelled, interrupting the director.

"THAT'S A LIE! LOMMY WAS MURDERED, IT WASN'T ANY ACCIDENT! SOMEONE CUT THE BRAKES TO SANSA'S CAR AND KILLED LOMMY, ALMOST KILLED US TOO! STOP LYING ABOUT DEATHS!" Arya was being held back by Jon, who was sneering at Stannis. "Young lady! You will not yell at me like some common fishwife! We know the brakes weren't working from your own witness statements, yes, but we do not know if they were cut. The car is smashed among the rocks and we will get there and see what we can. Most of it is submerged due to high tide, there is nothing I can do until low tide. I am very aware that Lommy was your best friend here at school. Due to your extreme grief I will not punish you for your behavior but you must control yourself if you wish to continue a discussion."
Jon put his hand over Arya's mouth and Sansa came forward slightly, her hands folded neatly before her, a slight smile upon her serene face. She looked up at Stannis, flickered a gaze over Petyr that made both of the men catch their breath. Her former lovely behavior showing up should have warned them, but didn't. This time the shock went not only through Stannis but through Petyr as well. Sansa's voice was powerful, it was molasses drowning flies, flowing forth intending to offer sugar and burial.

"We have the right to speak with our families if we choose. By phone or mail. It is in our student handbooks and yet, not a single student here has had any contact with their families. I tried to call my family, my sister and brother tried and nothing works. Why are the phones not working? Why is the mail room suddenly a storage room? Do you plan to investigate who would wish to kill myself and my siblings? I want to know who is responsible for killing Lommy. I want to reach my family and inform them that my father better call our insurance company. Why are you hiding the deaths? Why are you ignoring the fact that Ramsay and his Droogs are hunting? Why hasn't Walder Frey responded to his daughter's death? Why didn't he show up for her body?"

Ramsay growled at Sansa as the staff tried to absorb Sansa's barrage of raw questions. "Bitch, how about my friend, Alyn? Where's his justice, huh? You and Myranda sicced your killer cunts on him!" Sansa compressed her lips to keep harsher words inside then she spoke in a fast clipped tone. "Ramsay, try contacting your father, see if you can. I'll bet you can't and if you tried to leave this island, do you think you'd get far? I think we are locked down and isolated and I'd like to know why. I would like to know why it seems like our school is covering up deaths and just waiting for each of us to fall! Can't you focus on that, Ramsay? Joff? Viserys? Do any of you see how wrong all of this is? Is everyone so stuck in their hatred they can't see past it?"

Joff threw his hands up and Viserys rolled his eyes, waving to include himself, Joff, Ygritte, Gendry, Polliver and Raff. "Who here has anyone to call? Why would we give a shit? And who has died that we care about?" Skinner and Damon didn't seem to care either but Ramsay did give consideration in spite of his anger. "Has anyone here tried to contact anyone out of school besides Sansa?" Dany nodded. "Yes, I tried to call and mail Varys twice with nothing. No letter ever returned, the phone always seemed to be unable to connect." From behind the boys, a weary voice floated forth from a beaten up Reed entwined around his equally injured sister. "Uh, we tried to call our parents when we first got here, first day. We couldn't get a connection. Haven't tried since though."

Ramsay stared up at Stannis. "If I try to call my father on the office phone, would it work?" Myranda called out, "We tried to contact Varys ourselves and yesterday Tansy tried to contact our old social worker for Olyvar and got nothing. Olyvar tried too and got a bad connection. Right?" Olyvar nodded glumly. "Yeah, you can't call out." Even Hot Pie was paying attention now, his brow furrowed. "So we aren't allowed to call out or leave? If we try to leave what happens? What happened to Lommy and Olly? Think of that kid, what he went through that night, he was probably trying to run away not kill himself! He used to talk about running away all the time! He talked about two things! Running away and Patchface! He was eaten by the monster or he was killed by someone for trying to leave the school!"

Petyr stood up and hissed at Stannis as he approached fast. "You need to stop this fast. Say something, man before this gets out of control. We don't want to battle the students, we must control this!"

Sansa stared up at the staff and her voice was cold steel. "As president of our class, I demand to know why students cannot call out or leave this school. I want to know why our rights are violated. We demand to know why so many have died, we demand to know the truth of the deaths and justice served if needed!" Loras cried out, "I demand an autopsy of my grandmother! I demand you contact true officials to find my grandmother's killer!" Arya bit Jon's hand and yelled, "I don't care if it's
police detectives or myself, I want justice for Lommy and I want to know why we are trapped here!"
Cersei and Renly shared a quick, smug glance as Joff's group stared at Arya and Loras with a
hunter's anticipation.

Stannis was as stunned as Petyr at Sansa's sudden attack upon him but Petyr got over it much faster.
To his dismay, Stannis found himself allowing the man to slip into his place and wrap his slimy lips
around the microphone. The thought of ever using the microphone again suddenly made Stannis feel
very nauseated. He sat down heavily to allow Petyr a chance to soothe the angry students.

What the hell was wrong with him? Stannis wanted to smack himself, he felt as if he was caught in a
heavy cycle he cannot break from. His brain kept replaying Sansa's questions, he kept thinking, why
not? Why not just leave it all and leave with this fiery woman who could love him, truly love him?
Why does dread overcome him every time he pictures himself and Sansa leaving? He pictured
Lommy in Sansa's car. Stannis knew, he did know and he hated that he knew deep down and so did
the damned staff, he could see it in their eyes. From himself down to Tormund and Styr, they all
knew and didn't know all at once. How would they explain that to the children?

Petyr spoke in a cold authoritarian voice. "That is quite enough. We are experiencing difficulties in
using the phones. That isn't a mystery or conspiracy. It is simply our location. Makes connections
difficult sometimes, you all know this. We are not indulging in these yelled accusations, we are not
having a fight with any of you. Once connection is restored, you may call your families. As for
leaving the island, you have no reason to, any of you. You will leave during your normal winter
holiday and that is that. Even though it is distasteful to have to speak of it like this, Walda's body
will be shipped to her father quietly. He is old and ill, unable to come himself. Let us not continue to
indulge in this disgusting examination of our poor lost Dragonstone members, if you please."

His eyes clashed hard into Sansa's, who gave no quarter. "You are right, Sir. We shouldn't have to
shout and act out to receive proper attention from the school staff. We have questions you are
avoiding and that will not calm us. You will not placate us, Petyr. Respectfully, I will not let this go.
There are dead children and murders but no adult cares? Phone connections have always been poor
if there is a storm, but the weather has been fine. There is no reason the phones shouldn't work. I am
not satisfied with your answers. This is not an island so far off that you shouldn't report a murder!"

Petyr curled his lip in anger but then Cersei was there, taking the microphone from him. New eyes
clashed into Sansa's. Static seemed to crackle in the air and Cersei's voice zapped through the
electrified air. "This discussion is ended now. We have no obligation to explain anymore to you than
we have. It doesn't matter if you are satisfied with our explanations or not, children."

Only Renly saw Stannis fall out of his chair, grey, sweating and he smirked at his brother.

Chapter End Notes

Stannis: Battlefield by Jordin Sparks
Sansa: Something New: Nikki Yanofsky
Staff vs. Students: Our Lips Are Sealed by Fun Boy Three
Renly was devastated, of course. He sat in the tiny hall of the clinic, ignoring those around him. Petyr kept trying to get Sansa away but the girl wasn't having it. She looked like a sad ice princess that also had the ability to spit fire. Renly wiped a tear from his eye as Barb came by to tell him he could go see Stannis or leave. She wanted the damned halls cleared out because she couldn't drink in front of so many staff members and students. Renly took a deep shuddering breath and used all those acting skills he spent his younger years dallying with. He still believes he could have been a famous actor if his brothers hadn't mocked him so much, made him have bad self confidence.

But when Robert died, Renly was able to act devastated even though in private he couldn't stop laughing. So now, Renly must do it again, he must act his heart out to pretend to be relieved and happy that Stannis is alive still. Stannis did look awful and the doctor said he is still very ill but he wasn't dying or dead. Renly smiled tenderly with just a few tears and patted his graying brother's hand. "Oh god, you scared the hell out of me, Stannis. I told you that you work too hard and worry too much! You need to rest this time, obey doctor's orders and get well!"

Renly he hated hearing his brother's weak but firm voice. Stannis did nothing but give Renly a list of commands for the school and the students. Renly nodded and smiled the whole time and decided to do whatever the hell he wanted to do. Sansa came in then and grabbed his brother's other hand while Renly rolled his eyes so hard he might have seen his own brain. "Stannis! Are you okay? I was so scared! Just because we are on opposing sides doesn't change my personal feelings. I would never wish for you to be ill, please tell me it wasn't a heart attack?"

Sansa's actions seemed caught somewhere between the harder new personality and her past one with Stannis. She grabbed his hand and squeezed it. Stannis assured her that it was just some sort of small stomach infection he has. Seconds later, Cersei swooped into the small hospital room like a vulture ready to strike at her readied victim and her talons sunk deep into Sansa's shoulders. The girl managed to wince gracefully, Stannis and Renly both noticed with admiration. "Darling girl, you must return to the dorms, school grounds or cafeteria like all the other students were ordered to do. This is adult and staff only. You are neither of those things. Goodbye."

Theon lay on the log, panting, tears coming down fast, shivering and Jeyne tried to help by patting his back. "So what you are saying is we are in hell? That I died, went to hell and my eternal punishment is to fall in love with a cute sociopath that turns me into a tortured debased eunuch before ultimately murdering me? What did I fucking do so bad for karma to fuck me so hard, huh? You were right, I didn't need to know this shit if all I have to look forward to is more of it!" Patchface made a rather slithering sound with his long tongue and gave a smile to Theon and murmured, "Oh, sweet tender boy, this isn't hell, I would know, since it's my home."

Jeyne shook Theon lightly. "Theon, I have to keep telling you so you start to change more each time! Each time you hear and see this, you change it a bit more! That's why Ramsay started hunting you to kill you, because you stopped letting him kill you slowly and defied him by running away instead. I got you that far and now this time we need to start the changes, try to nudge it again a new way!" With a snort as he wiped his nose, Theon angrily pushed Jeyne off the log as he sat up. "If you truly wanted to change this for me, you would have told me right away! Or tried to keep me from dating Ramsay in the first place!"

Patchface laughed. "Arya, Lommy, the Reeds and Hot Pie all warned you, Theon. Ross and Gendry
told you it didn't seem safe and you ignored them. The one year that Jeyne tried to tell you to stay away from Ramsay taught her not to try that again. Ramsay caught her trying to tell you all about his former boyfriends and that very night, Jeyne was hunted to death. That was the quickest she's died since Cersei stopped being her killer. Speaking of courting death, Jeyne, are you enjoying your romantic interlude with your soon to be abuser and killer?"

Jeyne blushed a little then returned Patchface's curious gaze with a mischievous one of her own. "Are you jealous or enjoying it, my nightmare buddy? Do you miss our tea parties when I was a little girl?" Patchface began to untangle limbs, which made Theon pause his panic long enough to redirect fear towards the praying mantis mime monster. "Jeyne, I don't want to be eaten!" He couldn't help how very high and squeaky his voice was, Theon was too scared to be embarrassed that he was trying to hide behind tiny Jeyne.

Her voice was strong and confident, it was filled with a sort of demented humor, at least to Theon's over-stressed ears. "Patchface won't eat you, at least not during this visit. He said he wouldn't and that isn't how he lies. He never promised not to scare or threaten us, just not to hurt or eat us. It that means only physical limitations. He can play with our emotions and heads all he wants and Patchface will always try and get your soul or heart or head. You let him have any of those things, you will end up regretting it." Theon shut his eyes halfway and remained curled behind Jeyne as Patchface seemed to scuttle fast towards them, then stop inches from Jeyne to extend his neck to put that white face into hers.

The voice was softer, luring, warm and inviting, enough that even Theon felt a tug deep within him, he felt Jeyne jerk with that same compelling feeling. "I live over and over and never get to enjoy things! I want to at least have a few experiences before I die and all I do is try and fight to change things and die. So I want a bit of love, maybe? I can't choose that Damon gives me feelings! It's not like I have a lot of boys to choose from!" Patchface seemed to accept this and started to curl around Jeyne, causing Theon to fall back from her, doing his own scuttle on his bottom to get away from the demon. As much as Theon doesn't want to have this terrible fate with Ramsay, it still can't be worse than being raped and eaten by this thing.

Patchface didn't look at Theon however, his attention was all on Jeyne. "Yes, I can sense how you respond to Damon even knowing what kind of boy he is. Let me guess, you are hoping if you are Damon's girlfriend, he won't be inclined to kill you. You are hoping to switch your death from a hunt to something else? Hmmm. Clever but I don't think it will work. You just gave Theon the reason to never go back to Ramsay like he's done the last few times. This puts you both up for the hunt. Ramsay will always override your love in Damon's head, Jeyne." Jeyne grinned. "I already figured out what I've done wrong before. I should have murdered Cersei when I was little, should have found a way. Should have taken out Gregor the first time he killed me. Same with Ramsay. He's my next target."

Theon sucked in his breath at the mere thought and Patchface looked greatly excited. "Oh, I love it, Jeyne! You are saving Theon so he can help you kill Ramsay? Or is Theon the bait to make Ramsay come out for you to kill him?" Theon shot up and yelled, "I won't be anyone's bait, dammit!" His voice was breathless, he sounded like he sucked in helium, staggering holding his head, he moaned. "I'm having a panic attack in front of a fucking demon. Oh gods. Maybe my mind snapped and I'm really in the nuthouse weaving baskets." Jeyne sighed. "Theon, you aren't bait. I saved you so you'll help me. Sometimes you say you'll help me, then you chicken out and tell Ramsay, die slow while I die fast. Other times, most times, you say yes and help me change things a little more. And that makes everything else start to shift too."
Welcome To Mystery by Plain White T's
Cage With No Bars

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Stannis weakly squeezed Sansa's hand. "You should go. Stay with your brother and sister, I will be fine. Thank you for caring enough still to be here but you need to be with the students. Cersei and Petyr are correct, I need to be with the adults right now. And though you are the most mature student in our school, you are still not officially an adult, Sansa." He watched her wrestle to stay blankly pleasant and she allowed Cersei's talons to move her towards the door. "I will check on you later before supper, Stannis." Petyr held the door open for the girl with such a dire and yet smug look, that Stannis wanted to hit him all over again. Sansa ignored Petyr, causing him to slam the door hard nearly onto her heels before locking it.

"Is our girl so strong to you now, so unpredictable that we must lock doors against her? Do you anticipate Sansa coming back to kill us all or something, Petyr? You must get your personal feelings under control, you and Renly both have lost complete focus! I best get back on my feet fast, I don't trust either of you with any form of judgment with our students. Do I need to hire a therapist for the therapist and hire an arts/drama counselor to counsel the arts/drama counselor?" Renly sniffed and primly spoke as he flicked away tiny bits of shell dust he noticed on his pants and shoes. "Well, you clearly can't be too sick! You are having no problem just taking the piss out of us. I am leaving if all my caring gets me is insults." Petyr unlocked the door so Renly could storm out then he flipped the lock again.

Petyr and Stannis began to argue over Sansa nearly seconds later. Cersei gave a shark smile and cut into the squabble with a tone of a velvet handled, freshly sharpened axe. "Gentlemen, this is no time for the usual insult game of bored island boys. If you can think past your personal student concerns, there is larger group of students as a whole that need managing and educating. Stannis, as your Assistant Director, I shall take over your role until Qyburn declares you back on your feet. I will consult you every day with full detailed reports so you miss nothing. My main concern of course is to ensure the safety and control of the students and to continue seeing they focus upon their studies and social activities, not mutiny. You need to rest as the doctor ordered, it will be the quickest way to heal and return to the school."

A knock upon the door and Petyr unlocked it to allow Qyburn inside the room. "Locked? Why did you lock me out? Makes no sense to lock the doctor out, does it, Petyr?" Snarling at the doctor to shut his mouth, Petyr moved away to lean staring out the narrow window. The doctor fussed with Stannis while arguing with him. "Which one of these vultures is paying you for my diagnosis and care, Doctor?" "Stannis, you are paying for it, Sir, as always. Are you feeling paranoid like Petyr? He's locking doors on me in my own clinic and you are accusing me of giving you false care, being in the pocket of a teacher? I am thinking of giving both of you a two day stay in our upstairs facility along with some restful medication."

Qyburn remained ruffled as both Petyr and Stannis glared at him silently, no offer of apology. "Fine. You have an intestinal infection of unknown cause. I don't have the testing facilities of the mainland, Stannis. I must tell you that if you wish for a better diagnosis and treatment, you'll have to leave the island for it. I can arrange for you to be transported in better style than our battered old ambulance if you choose it. If you want to stay here and allow me to treat you, I'll expect complete cooperation from you. Half measures will only delay your illness and return to school. Or end up making you sicker, sending you off to the mainland for emergency services. So which is it, you tell me and I'll go by it. Here or the mainland?"
There wasn't a single question in Stannis's mind. "Here," Qyburn beamed and then turned to frown at the others. "I said no stress and I did not approve any visitation. Once I have moved Stannis into a more comfortable room and made sure his medications are stable, you may visit him. Until then, only family. You two are not family, please get out." Cersei's lip twitched briefly but she inclined her head gracefully to Stannis, then swept out of the room. Petyr's eyes scorched the doctor as he left, ignoring Stannis. Stannis sighed, even the staff would be at each other's throats and yes, he was feeling rather paranoid. And sure, so was Petyr. Maybe Qyburn should make a remedy for backstabbing, scheming staff and Stannis wondered how much painkiller he was given.

Qyburn was fiddling with something on his I.V. line and Stannis began to drift away. He heard the doctor's voice from far away. "You have heavy antibiotics flushing your system, I have you on opioids and sedatives for relief. You must rest and let the medications do their work, Stannis." Stannis still wondered if Qyburn was in the pocket of Cersei or Petyr, the two most power hungry staff members. He briefly toyed with wondering about Renly but then he dismissed it as he truly fell asleep.

Theon faintly heard someone calling his name and Jeyne's but it didn't seem important. Why would he bother to go back to let Ramsay turn him into this Reek? Or go back just to run from Ramsay and end up hunted to death? Slow or fast, either way it leads to a terrible death and Theon wasn't ready to begin the path towards it. Chuckling, Patchface nudged Jeyne as he sipped at his ever full cup of tea. "He's losing his mind, Jeyne. Theon, if you want to stay here with me, you can. We can have some tea, chat and before you know it, you'll be back on that red van heading for school."

Groaning and rubbing his face, Theon wondered if he should accept the offer when Jeyne shoved Patchface away. "Stop it! Don't tempt him like that, you monster! I need him! Theon, listen, you don't have to repeat this fate over and over again! That was the whole point of telling you, so we can change it! We have been changing it over time and you were changing things each time! This will be our biggest change yet! Don't you see? If you kill Ramsay first, you have broken that chain. Who knows? Maybe when we return, you'll be the one that makes choices next time around! Maybe you will be entirely different! I will help you kill him, don't worry!"

Patchface made a rather delicate moue of his lips and asked smoothly, "And while Theon kills Ramsay, will you be slaying your own giant, Jeyne? You have already become quite the giant slayer by taking down Gregor, will you put a bullet between Damon's eyes after you tell him you love him? Or will you wait until Damon angers you again first? Might be too late if he gets angry and reaches you before you reach that duct taped gun." Theon stared at Jeyne. "A gun held together with duct tape? That's our big weapon? Oh god. Doomed. I'm so fucking doomed." Patchface leaned forward with another offer of tea and Jeyne growled. "Tormund and Styrr are calling us, we have to go soon. You need to act normal when we leave here, Theon. Stop sniffing the tea!"

"Want to hear how I came to be here, boy? Its a tale of a fire cult priestess that knew just enough to be dangerous. I'll even tell you of the souls I've collected! I can tell you of revenge taken to an extreme, I will tell you how you ended up in this cage without bars! Just settle back and have some tea and cookies. I have biscuits! The jelly is divine, the cookies are the sweetest you'll ever taste and I'll tell you everything. Forget Ramsay, forget the school, forget all of it. Hear my stories and forget the rest. Have a rest, a tale and a snack." Patchface held out his teacup and a small plate that had a few jelly cookies on it appeared in his other hand. Theon started to sniff deeper and Jeyne snorted.

"Don't get so impressed with yourself, Patchface. Demon you might be, but you are as much a prisoner here as we are! Theon! No!" Jeyne smacked the narrow nearly bespelled boy hard in the face. "Hey! That fucking hurt, Jeyne!" Theon gave her a look of flushed anger but Jeyne didn't back down, ready to hit him again if need be. "If you take any of this stuff from a demon, he will have you and he's going to eat you. It will be even more awful than what Ramsay would do, trust me on that.
You took Patchface up on his offer the very first time you met him. Guess what? He ate you and it took him longer than it took Ramsay and Damon to hunt and kill me for it."

Theon shook his head fast and moved to stand up, swaying a bit. He narrowed his eyes. "You might use me as bait, Ramsay wants to use me for a torture pet and a demon wants to eat me. I'm fucked no matter what. Fuck all of you, if I am going to be trapped here and die here, I can at least choose how it's going to happen. I'm going now. I need to think, I need to be alone somewhere." He turned and ran towards the faint sound of his name which grew louder as he went away from the demon and Jeyne. Theon squirmed through the sudden appearance of the dead-fall and found himself at the feet of the two burly counselors eventually. "Miracles never cease. It's Theon Greyjoy, un-chewed and alive. Get your ass back to the school before we kick it for you."

They watched as the gangly boy found his footing and stared around wide eyed. "Jeyne's still in there. With him. Patchface. He's real. He didn't eat me. I ran. I left her and ran away. I don't want to go back to Ramsay. But I can't run away from him or he'll hunt me. Shit. Fuck. I'm trapped."

Tormund sucked on his teeth and Styr gave Theon raised eyebrows. "That sounds like a personal problem. You might want to go get on that. On school grounds where you belong. Don't worry about Jeyne, she goes around the thing all the time, like it's a wild animal she feeds. If she gets bit, it's her own fault. Now, why don't you celebrate not being chewed up and figure out your problems somewhere else? Like the school grounds before I give you detention?"

They waited until Theon staggered off before sitting before the dead fall and pulling out some of the Reeds finest products. Styr lit the joint and Tormund opened a flask of the finest whiskey stolen by Arya and Lommy. "No point in hollering for Jeyne and hurting our throats all the time. She won't come out until she's ready or today might be the day that creature catches her." Tormund reasoned as they relaxed against the wood in the nice fall noontime. "Think Myranda will still keep her promised hours tonight? The girls are really upset over Tansy's death." Styr nodded. "She told Podrick as much earlier. I think having Alyn killed earlier cheered them up a bit. Did you see how fast those damned vixens got that shit done and proper too! Fucking droog deserved it. They all do."

Theon ran blindly, then sobbed as he walked towards the dorms, not wanting to run into anyone, mostly Ramsay. He ran past the Reeds domain, past the large hungry spiders and towards a small storage closet. As a boy who's been running away since he was able to get his legs to do work, he has always kept a small backpack stashed and ready to go. Theon winced and tried to evade a cobweb that seemed to cause a disturbing rustling among the many eyed critters. Footsteps freaked Theon out worse, picturing Ramsay coming for him, eyes already angry and cold. An elderly and kind looking janitor approached and gave a rather sarcastic smirk. "Ah, I see the spiders are having their lunch. Are you joining them for it or shall I help extract you?"

Chapter End Notes

Theon: In Fact by Gregory and the Hawk
As soon as the director had been taken away by most of the staff, the rest leaped upon the students before any feuding could begin.

Myranda and her group flocked about Bronn and Podrick. Dany, Loras and Olyvar joined them. Bronn and Podrick decided to head with their group to the gym. "Hell, even the two boys will look good in tight gym clothes on the trampoline. Should take some pics, can sell them online for a bit of side money!" Podrick didn't laugh at the tasteless joke, but he agreed with Bronn on the suggested view. Both of them were looking forward to the evening's events. Lolly and Gilly refused to get on the trampoline, preferring to stand nearby but they did change into their uniforms. The men wisely let that go.

Unella grabbed Polliver, Damon and Skinner. "I have chores I would like the group of you to do. The library needs a new coat of paint. It will be done by the three of you now." She raised her chin and spoke in a hard voice to Raff and Ramsay. "Shouldn't you two be joining Hot Pie in the kitchen to start lunch? Until Theon and Jeyne show up, you'll have to do your own work. Best get started. Now." Both knew better than to say anything and headed towards the cafeteria.

Tyrion crooked his finger at his nephew and Viserys. "You two. Grab your sad little posse and let's go. Let's find something for you to do, like torture small ducks at the pond." Gendry and Ygritte followed the blonde boys with little enthusiasm. Ygritte had been enjoying the extreme upset of the Stark siblings and was loathe to miss any of it but left with the others, looking behind her at Jon with a mean smile the whole time. Gendry sighed but followed, muttering to Ygritte, "Think that little girl Renly adopted is okay?" Shrugging, Ygritte cracked her gum and responded, "Who's cares?"

Alliser stared with hard longing at his usual targets then with a wretched feeling in his soul, he went over to Arya. He smacked the back of her sobbing head. "That's enough of that sobbing, dammit! You said you wanted to be a man, didn't you? Well, then why the living hell are you sobbing like some little girl? Make up your damned mind. Are you a man or some sobbing sissy girl? Grab your detestable brother and let's go. We are going to see for ourselves about that car. It's a disgusting thing, it's a sad day indeed when I happen to agree with a student on something. A student like you, it's laughable but there it is. Don't speak to me unless I want to hear from you and tell your brother the same thing. The urge to beat both of you is too strong and I cannot afford to lose focus if we wish to find out if that junior gangster boy was murdered."

Sansa chose not to go to any teacher, nor to the dorms or anywhere sanctioned, in fact. She didn't wish to watch Cersei's smug face as she roamed the school pretending to be the actual director. The idea of trying to sit through any activity or deal with any teacher made her want to puke. Tears of pure crystalline frustrated rage poured from her as she flew into the hunting woods. These were not her usual pretty tears that rolled down a pretty face with trembling lips and delicate sniffing. No, this was a full blown woman's known frustrated sobbing, it turned a feminine face into an ungodly mask of outrage. The men that have been subjected to the sight can testify they felt their very souls were in danger of being snuffed out by this type of anger when faced with it.

Sansa had been taught by her mother never to show these uglier emotions to others, show tears only to the pillow. And only if that pillow is in a room that no one else could enter. Privacy in a dorm house is flimsy at best even with the privilege of private rooms. She took her anger and tears to the woods and allowed herself the brief storm before finding composure. Deep breaths and a long steady
walk brought Sansa to a small semblance of peace. It also brought her to a dead-fall that Tormund and Styr seemed to be sleeping against. Sansa stood there for a moment as if trying to decide, twisting her necklace between her long fingers. Closing her eyes, taking a last deep breath, Sansa started to climb into the dead fall.

Jeyne was getting tired of arguing with Patchface over which of them truly scared Theon away. She threw a stick at the demon as he sniffed at her with indignant amusement. Patchface laughed in her face and sniffed the air. "Ah, I am so blessed today, I am so cursed today! So many students, a virtual shower of perfect young flesh, so plump and smelling so wonderful, such succulence and all I may do is look and speak! I am getting tired of being such a lowly, giving slave! I want something, I need compensation, Jeyne! And a ginger lemon treat comes forth and I drool, I die a thousand deaths wishing to take just a small nibble, the tiniest of bites!" Jeyne snorted. "Good luck with that. She is like me, she KNOWS better!"

Patchface sneered. "You both think you know so much. You don't. Not really." Sansa folded her hands in front of her waist and seemed to glide forth. "What don't I know?" Jeyne shrugged. "Everything or only somethings, I guess. Patchface confuses me. He is very confusing today because he is really hungry. Shouldn't be, he got to eat my friend Olly!" Jeyne shook her fist at the demon. "I am still mad at you for that! And you scared off Theon! If he goes and runs away or tells on me, I'm dead by tonight! I wasn't ready to die yet, I have more stuff to do! Whether it's me or Theon, someone has to kill Ramsay! And don't start with me, I know I have to kill Damon! It doesn't have to be first, it can be last! I want just a little time, just some time to be happy, okay? Its MY TURN! I want a turn to feel love or something nice! Just a little more time before it all has to end. It goes really fast this time and I want just a few minutes. Just another few moments, I barely know how it feels to be in love!"

Patchface gently chided Jeyne. "Oh posh, such a flimsy stupid emotion that never does any good here! It only turns black rotting and sour for any of you, only I get to enjoy the misery of it! You see it with your own eyes, do you want to be Unella? You are following in her very own footsteps these past few times! You are creating your very own personal miseries! It's bad enough that the boy you want to love is a rapist and murderer but he's YOUR very own killer and rapist! I know you don't remember too much each time, but how can you fall in love with your very own monster? He's worse than me, Jeyne! I don't share my victims! Fall in love with me, kiddo, at least I will give you nice words and snacks! I'll make you feel only warm, cuddly good things! Darling, I will even cuddle you until you float away in soft safe heavenly feels!"

Sansa put a hand on Jeyne's shoulder and smirked at Patchface, in spite of her own fragile feelings. "Jeyne has a right to have an experience if she wants to. Look how much she endures to change things every time for us all? You shouldn't tease her over it. Who else would she choose for a boyfriend in this place? It's not like there's a lot of great options for anyone here. There was a time when I loved Joff. And Cersei. And Petyr. Even monsters can be lovable, we can't choose where our hearts might go."

Sansa spoke solemnly. "Someone tried to kill Stannis, poison him. Qyburn will ignore it because whoever it is will be paying him. It's going to be either Cersei, Petyr or Renly. All three have good reason." Patchface slithered around Sansa, who looked at him placidly. "All three have very good reasons and all three have done it in the past. Which one did it this time, I wonder? And this is your chance, isn't it? You know it, just like you always do. You need something from me, you want something from me, don't you? I shan't give you any goodies without proper payment, just like the
Reeds. Poor things, those dirty little drug dealer twins. I love their pain, their guilt and their pleasures, oh, they are like rolling sour lemon balls on a thirsty tongue then a surprise dollop of sugary cream on top."

Jeyne shook her head as did Sansa, sharing a glance with each other. "Why would they ever be so dumb to ask you such a favor in the first place?" Muttered Sansa and Jeyne nodded in agreement. Patchface licked his lips and teeth as he smiled, curving his upper lip all the way to the cheekbone. "They wanted a real kick to their drugs. They wanted to be able to have a way to make a drug for everything, everyone. They dreamed of running a cartel, twenty, thirty, maybe a thousand times bigger and better than what their own traitor parents ran! They dreamed of leaving here, blowing their parents out of existence and being the biggest trader of narcotics! Sad, so sad to have druggie absent parents that decide to allow their own children to go down for crimes they didn't commit, crimes the parents themselves committed. And then the two were expected to be grateful to be sent here rather than juvenile prison. It destroyed them long before they met me, darlings."

"I have a soft spot for broken things, loveys! It's why I adore you two so much!" Patchface slithered around the tall girl and the short one, sniffing deeply. "I only helped them out. Don't look at me like that, little girls! You wound me! Meera and Jojen asked for a bit of a kick to their drugs and I gave it. What it does and how they use it is not my problem! That is up to them to monitor what they sell. And I can tell you that their deaths will be so full of beauty and suffering for me to feed on. Almost as good as eating them personally, in fact!" Sansa shivered a little. "Did you make them sell you their souls?" Patchface gave her a sly wink. "Did they even have souls left for me to ask for? You never ask the right questions, children. Now, let's see, you are hoping for something from me. What is it?"

Sansa gave a cold smile. "Lommy died in the car. Not me or my siblings. The three vile vultures didn't manage to kill Stannis. I see the changes and you are right, Jeyne, we have to kill them. Go on and have your love affair while you can. And think, soon things will change more, so much more. Someday, someday, I will either run this whole place or I will figure out a way for us to leave it, Jeyne. Patchface already knows why I am here and what I need, he wants to play games with me. " Jeyne giggled and nodded, walking slowly towards the misty dead fall, calling back over her shoulder, "If I get out there and get hunted to death tonight, I'll blame BOTH of you for misleading me this time! And next time, I'll find a way to marry Damon the second he returns!"

The demon and the ginger laughed at the joke, along with Jeyne. Dragging her feet, it took Jeyne forever to finally disappear into the dead fall.

Patchface turned to offer tea and biscuits to the clearly stressed redhead. "You try so hard to hide your upset and yet I feel it hard and thrumming in what's left of your soul. I feel the hunger in you and I am willing to fill it for you. Here, this will help restore you a bit. No? Pity. What is it that you want from me, Sansa?" With a crooked smile, the girl leaned forward and her eyes glowed like fire and Patchface yearned, longed to embrace her, consume the essence of her. Just like Jeyne, this spark, a determination and a spark of magic enough to understand their true fates, to willingly accept and visit a true demon. Every. Single. Time. That is something the two girls have never been able to change and they never manage to ask the right questions.

After so long, Patchface can admit to himself, he truly ADORES these two young girls trying so hard to fight the inevitable.
Jeyne/Sansa: Laverne & Shirley by The Bewitched
Patchface tilted his head, kept tilting it as if he were a questioning owl, then his slender neck dipped and his head slowly twirled around like a nightmarish pinwheel. The horror of it was reflected in Sansa's eyes but she did not outwardly react. "Your questions amuse me, always. As do the requests. My two lovely dolls always coming close just when I start to get too bored or hungry. Of course, I will be more than happy to help you, dearest doll of mine."

Just before she thanked him, Patchface put up a slender finger. "However, I really shan't and can't. Too powerful for a little gingerscrap like you, girlie. Besides it would finish the games too fast, don't you think? So selfish, not letting others play out their fates, not letting me feed! Selfish doll!" Sansa lifted her chin slightly. "I am not a doll, Sir. I might be a ghost according to you but I am not a doll." Patchface giggled and his head spun faster before righting itself and he folded himself like a spider upon the log Sansa was perched upon.

"You don't know half of what you think you are. Silly doll. You are. Always looking so pretty and perfect, even in your gangster costumes. All it ever is with you is a dolly show. Your mother and father made you into a cute little doll and Cersei made you into a prettier, sexy but elegant doll and off you go. To let older men play adult games with a little girl doll. If you had a life beyond this island, it would have been a shallow pretty one. A perfect doll husband, a doll house and two children, a boy and a girl, maybe a dog if it wasn't too much mess. I bet you would have a bit on the side. Some older man to tend to your secret dirty daddy issues, doll?"

"You are disgusting! Stop saying that! I don't have...ugh." Sansa composed herself and folded her hands, refusing to give in. "You are distracting me on purpose. WHEN I leave this island, I don't want to be just some housewife socialite. My sister wants to be a man, I just want all the things only men have. I want to rule over the men who run things, I want everything I can get untill everything bores me. Why do you care? Don't want to help suddenly when you always help us with other requests? Or maybe you can't?"

Sansa gave a tiny taunting smirk to Patchface. She used her best mean girl voice and her eyes were full of disdain. "Maybe your ruse with food and drink is just that, a fake out. Do you have any food or drink I can use or not? Can I kill or at least drug someone with your powers? Is the drink and food safe after all? Or have we spent all this time avoiding your food for no real reason? Won't Jeyne and Theon be thrilled to know you aren't as dangerous as we thought?"

Patchface gave a lovely golf clap and a quick fluttery trill of a voice. "Ooohhh, she gives it back! I have angered the dolly and she's all saucy now. You insult me, dearest ginger without good reason. I promise you that my items are bursting with magic that would tingle you from head to toes, shoot through your cunt and out your eyes just by a touch of your finger. Yes, I can allow you to take the food out of my clearing, if I so choose. But if you wish to drug or overdose someone, you could simply visit the Reeds. After their beat down, I doubt they would say no to you. Why ask for MY treats instead?"

"You won't give me one of your treats?" Sansa tilted her own head now and her hands stayed calmly upon her lap, not a tremble now. Patchface seemed to become perturbed but he twirled around her, making her dizzy. Closer, closer, she was feeling sick and it was nerve wracking, her voice was ice. "You are trying to scare me instead of telling me why you won't lend me some of your treats. Just admit that and I'll go. No need for all the dramatics, Sir."
"I sense you thinking yourself too clever again, Sansa. I always say no to you and Jeyne when you both try to be clever. Remember times you were both clever before? It never ends well, it's very messy." Sansa gave a tiny shrug and spoke in an overly sweet tone. "True. But. That is only according to you, Patchface. You are the reminder that sets our memories awake, you are also the one weaving the stories of our past that we can't always remember. How do we know you don't add lies into it? How do we know this isn't me in a coma? Or something else?"

Patchface rolled his eyes so hard they squeaked as they went entirely white, nearly bugling out of the sockets. He gave a long hard sighing growl before he put his face in her neck. Sansa stiffened as the demon's leathery tongue flicked against her tender neck of gooseflesh. "I have only eaten of your tender meat once. You actually tasted of lemon, do you know that? Lemon and sugar, let me have a last taste and I'll give you the treat. Here's a deal for you, lovely...give me your soul, offer it to me. You can have all the treats you want and the time to pass them out for years before I'd call you home."

Sansa looked up carefully, she had to damn near kill herself to hide every shred of fear, pretend she was like Jeyne. "For all I know, you may already have my soul and this is my damnation. This is my punishment for something. Hell, maybe Arya was trying to cook something and accidentally raised a lower level demon and here we are? Don't get yourself all excited. You don't want to let me borrow your food, don't want to tell me why, fine. I have work to do, I have a good amount of planning to do, so goodbye."

She tried to stand up and stifle a scream as that glove touched her, the feeling was iron, coldest iron, hottest iron, the taste in her mouth, coating her insides. The fingertips in cloth traced her arm and the vanilla cookies she loved as a child covered over that awful copper. A soft vagueness, her nipples stiffened, between her legs swelled and Sansa moaned, unable to stop herself from moving as if she were rubbing on something. Fuck, Jeyne warned her not to try to get as close to Patchface as the younger girl could.

"Listen, sweet little dolly, you can't trick a demon, you can't be more clever than me. If you try you will feel embarrassment and possibly get hurt. I don't know your thoughts but I know your intentions having seen them over and over. Stop while you are ahead. I won't give you the food or drink, if you want poison, go to the Reeds. You know they have it. For your efforts, which I do applaud, I will give you a new piece of information I have never shared with you before."

Sansa bit her tongue and writhed in his grip, nodding blindly, she had to get out of this. She would have agreed to anything to make him let her go before Sansa willingly offered herself to the demon. Patchface gave a chuckle that let her know he knew exactly how she was feeling. "My love, no matter how hard you try, you will NEVER leave this island. Because you truly are already dead and long since to dust, sweet girl. As Jeyne told you, as I told you, her and nearly everyone here at some point. You have heard that before, here is the part you never heard, no one did."

Leaning closer, putting her own face into his, eyes growing wider, Sansa gave a stifled moan. "Fine. Stop seducing me and tell me your story no one has heard. Please." She felt cold and so much better after the demon suddenly was gone and back on a rock. Sansa collapsed onto the log and found herself wiping tears off her face. "Sansa, you are dead and you always repeat the same old routines, trying so hard to break out but to do it in your own elegant fashion. I admire it but what I TRULY feed on is the sick determination you have to escape the island, to leave your endless fate when it can't be ended. You prove that to yourself over and over yet both you and the little one keep trying. It is what I get off on, lovey."

Sansa growled out, "Is that your story? That's it? A fucking confession? Oh, fuck you, fuck you! What should I expect from a damned demon!" Sansa couldn't take it anymore, the ugly crying was
back, she stood up. Shocking herself, she grabbed a rock and lobbed it at the demon. The smile only grew wider but the eyes seemed solemn in a way that scared Sansa, it was honesty or something like it. "You are dead, gone, your family is long gone too. You, Arya and Jon are stuck here with the rest of us. The rest of your family is long too dust and who knows where? This isn't hell, heaven or purgatory, darling. This is magic and we are all trapped in it forever. You are not paying attention to the right things, dammit! Why doesn't anyone ever LISTEN?"

Patchface pouted and Sansa gave a small screech unlike herself. "Look at me! I cannot take anymore. Did you do something to make me act like this?" The demon gave a smarmy look and crooned, "I didn't drug or hypnotize you. Perhaps you are just off because you ugly cried, I made you nearly cream your silk panties and because you are having a small temper tantrum rather than admit defeat and show any fear to me? Maybe I want to punish you a little for being such a bitch when I told you no about the treats? Now, pay attention for the last time. Listen. Are you listening, doll?"

Sansa gritted her teeth and nodded, staring at the demon, fists at her sides. "I'm listening. But I'm not sitting back down with you, I'm leaving soon." Patchface waited until Sansa stayed still and silent before continuing. "You must accept that you are dead and this is a curse that came upon your death not your life. It can't be changed, you can't escape it. Instead of Jeyne's laborious plan to change things bit by bit, why don't you learn to enjoy it all? I want to see and taste some NEW things. I get bored. I'll give you something, I'll give you something about your death, something true. I will swear it is real, it is something you can truly see. Without my touch or me taking anything of yours. Jeyne used it once, my mirror."

Sucking her breath in, Sansa felt the riffling of her mind that recalled Jeyne once leaning over the mirror, stiffening, wailing, snarling. That was the last time Cersei ever managed to kill Jeyne. And it was the only time that Cersei died along with her own niece. Jeyne had managed to nearly fillet her aunt's face and her blade was left deep in the woman's brain matter. Jeyne had described the gory scene to Sansa years later. Jeyne had frowned and said, "It was awful when I came back and it was only us at first, that was real awkward." Sansa had shuddered at the very thought. "What will I see in the mirror unless you've decided I can choose what I see?"

Patchface giggled and shook his head. "Oh no. Just like when Jeyne looked, I control what you get to ask. Jeyne needed to see to stop trying to believe she was alive. I had to show her that first true death. You don't need to see your real death, darling. No. You need to see what came after, so look, baby doll. Come see what happened and start to enjoy your afterlife, rather than fear it. Stop fighting it and go with the flow instead, lovey. Look. Even Jeyne knows looking in the mirror is a rare favor and not dangerous."

Sansa came close and stared at the mirror the demon placed on a patch of moss. Sucking in a breath, Sansa could see some of her best photos upon a large marbled rock from the school. They were pictures carefully taken from home and school. From childhood to her senior year of school, pictures and even portraits, greeting cards with her picture upon it! A line of people in strange clothes, ever changing through time all going on a tour to this place featuring her?

Patchface's voice was soft now, crooning in a rather slimy way. "Tours every spring and summer when the ferry can reach the island. Ever since the end of the school, it's been running. Three books made about your school and you are the first and main story. Your death made you and the others here legendary. But you are and always were the headliner, baby doll. You went down as a legend, Sansa. Let that be enough and throw off the chains of what if. You don't need to leave to gain power. You don't need my treats to gain control. Only to accept the fate and do whatever you wish, take it further than poor Jeyne can think, darling!"
Sansa looked into the mirror harder and saw things that made her go misty with memories long needing to be dusted off. Patchface started to pull her back before she saw or heard more than her name and a few words. Before she looked past her own fate and saw her sister's. Sansa saw Stannis's picture, the four photos of her with him, then she saw the words. She saw the loving dangerous look upon the tourists, their hunger. All because of her. A glimpse of Jeyne's memorial and then was pulled out by two things.

Patchface whispering about asking the right questions and an irritable Tormund hollering. "Damn it! Jeyne or whoever is still talking away in there, it's getting late! I want to get my lunch and if you don't get back here, I'll beat you all the way back!" Patchface pulled away and was gone along with his mirror. Sansa breathed a small sigh of relief and headed for the dead fall.

She couldn't help the trembling, the tears and tried to compose herself as she crawled through the dead fall. However, her fate was to be a legend and that was something that stuck in her head like a splinter but a pleasant pulsing one. Maybe freedom could be hers here then, wherever the hell here is. Does Sansa truly have to go by her generations rules or any rules really? She can see how this translated into a fearlessness for little Jeyne. Sansa wasn't feeling that, but she did feel a swelling of wings, a flutter test is coming, she feels it. Inspiration will come when it does and Sansa will show Patchface just how clever she can be. She will also take his advice and discover a better freedom, maybe there is a wild side to her after all?

And now she knows, what she feels inside, what she has done while she was alive had impact. Sansa was remembered as well as her siblings, her family name was engraved in stone, in legend. Oh how it must have hurt her mother and father's minds. She had a memory of her little brothers being so sick and her parents had stricken looks. She liked that and she liked taking care of her brothers. Until her mother found out about the rat poison in their pudding. Her parents beat her and sent her to a doctor. Pills and a diet change until boarding school, except for Uncle Benjen, of course. Sansa had forgotten what and who she was, silly doll, indeed!

Sansa hated and loved the thought of it all at once. But the sweet love that wells up when she thinks of how it ended with her and Stannis, it was tragic and amazing. It was romantic and Sansa wants to trace his skin, the memories buzzed and her face was so gentle. It was a look she loved to give. She knows what the mirror didn't have time to show her. That this gentle look and this sweet swelling has Sansa remembering other times, like at home when she fucked her uncle Benjen while he was so sick. When he died, she was truly sad, she hadn't meant to kill him, just weaken him. Sansa learned how to be more careful, like with her beloved Stannis. Her father was a perfect subject during school holidays, until she perfected it enough to use at the school.

With a tiny smile, Sansa came out of the deadfall, thinking of how much she wanted to visit Stannis. She looked up at the two irritated burly men then promptly fainted. They had no choice but to take her to the clinic. Where Stannis was.

Sansa was so thrilled that she had only given beloved Stannis enough of the poison to make him slightly ill. She had originally meant to use it for getting him to take some time off. To be with him in his private home and let her convince him to leave the school with her and her siblings. A desperate plan but things moved so fast this time around. Sansa had the greatest urge to care for Stannis, something about him laying helpless on the bed always made her wet. Oh, the fantasies of gently murdering him, so very slowly.

It was a fantasy she had of Cersei, Joff, Petyr, but always, mostly, always with Stannis. She almost found herself finishing the orgasm that Patchface had edged her towards even as she was walking with the two men.
Chapter End Notes

Patchface: Legendary by Welshly Arms
Sansa: The Horror Of Our Love by Ludo
Alliser spat into the ocean with disgust.

"Jon, you and I know only two on this island that can cut brakes like this. Gregor taught mechanics but he's dead and that leaves Ygritte. Who landed in this school for this very reason if I recall. She cut the brakes on her employer's car because he fired her for stealing parts and cash from his auto shop. That is what landed her here, the man ended up in traction, his car destroyed. It was this place or a juvenile prison already too full. Lucky for Lommy, she landed here, eh? Blame Stannis and his damned bleeding heart or blame Tywin and his greed. I shall see that justice is done, children. I will personally see that bit of trash onto the mainland and into the prison she deserves. Then you can both go back to hating me and I can go back to creating scars of learning upon you."

Arya's eyes were stone and she sneered. "I can take care of Ygritte way faster than the law can. I am owed this, bitch murdered my best friend." Alliser had her collar in his clenched fist and leaned close, his lips pulled back and his teeth in her face as he hissed. "You didn't hear me, girl. That isn't how this will be handled, not on my watch. I don't care how blind the other staff wishes to be. I investigated this, I will choose how it goes. We aren't going to ignore this murder and simply play eye for an eye, hide another body on this rock. I discovered the cause of death, we have Lommy's body and the car itself! We know who the murderer is. We are taking this to the mainland, we are going to do the right thing and REMOVE a murderer from the school rather than gather more. A refreshing change!"

Throwing Arya to the side, Alliser rushed to catch up to Jon. The boy was striding towards the rocks to climb towards the school and it was murder that was glinting in his eyes. "Damn it, boy! Are you just as deaf as your manly sister?" A burst of wind came by to chill them and caused Jon's long waves of hair to fly, letting Alliser catch them hard in his hand, yanking. "Stop or I'll snatch you bald!" Jon stopped, wincing at the tight grip. To his revulsion, Alliser found the hair had wrapped around his wrist and fingers. It took time to set his hand free and he used it to speak. "Jon, I understand how you feel. I do. I have had relationships that ended in ways that I wished to kill the female. One woman actually shot my dog. I almost shot her and it took effort not to. But you must let the law handle this."

"Hey! Look! Is that...the Reeds? It's the Reeds, I think and they are taking the damned boat! You better hope that Ygritte didn't cut more brakes, Alliser because there goes the boat. Shit." Arya's voice was full of a mix of indignation and envy at the daring escape. Alliser and Jon both turned to look out onto the ocean. Sure enough, Meera and Jojen were clumsily sailing towards the mainland just seen past the mist glinting distantly. Jon growled. "I noticed they went missing after assembly. I thought they were going to lick their wounds in the dorms. Didn't think they'd try to leave with the boat. I mean, I did threaten them and tell them to leave the school but I figured they would-" The smack from Alliser into the back of Jon's head shut his mouth.

Alliser spat again. "Idiots. Fucking idiots, all of you. Why am I part of your Scooby Doo case anyway? You'd think I smoked the funny stuff! You are lucky I am bothering to help gain justice for your loser thief friend in the first place! I can't do anything about the druggie twins but tell the staff about it. I am concerned with making sure that Ygritte doesn't run away and escape justice. Proper justice for the gutter rat, not just the silent murder from her ex boyfriend or his he-sister. If you can both keep yourselves under control and only use force if I say so, I will allow you both to escort
Ygritte with me to the mainland. We are going to take Tormund and Styr's van. Involving other staff gets messy and political. We shall make a citizens arrest of Ygritte and bring her now."

The thought of both leaving this island and getting justice sounded appealing to the siblings. Jon turned to Arya and muttered, "Ygritte always said jail was the worst thing she could imagine, worse than the school. That's why she was thrilled to land here even if she hates it. Her parents were in prison, her other family members and she always hated visiting them as a kid there. Gave her nightmares and Ygritte said she would commit suicide before staying in prison. Let's put her there and see if she can manage to kill herself. Let's watch her face when the police put her behind bars."

Arya nodded and Alliser sighed in relief. He gave a last look at the boat cruising the mild waves and then climbed for the school with Jon and Arya. "I have a taser and handcuffs with me."

The siblings turned to stare at the teacher. "I don't normally carry them with me in the classroom but I do carry them out of school. In case of special occasions." Arya gave a questioning look and opened her mouth but Jon slapped a hand over it. "Don't ask. I don't want to know. Just concentrate on finding Ygritte and smuggling her into a van without anyone seeing us do it." Alliser chuckled and kept walking, talking as the two caught up to him. "I know every secret tunnel and passage in and out of this place. The ones the students use in secret aren't even half of what we have here." Arya gasped. "Oh, our sister! We need to tell Sansa so she can leave with us." Alliser grumbled. "We don't have time to grab your sister." Arya argued, "But it was her car and she liked Lommy!"

Alliser sighed. "Fine. We need to plan this out clearly before we go staggering towards Ygritte like the drooling gibbering retards you two are!" They planned as they walked or at least that is how Alliser saw it. The siblings just listened as the man meticulously and over-excitedly tried to create a dynamic battle plan worthy of a high tension cold war agent. Sighing, Arya asked when she was expected to have costume changes and how many she was looking at. This earned her a quick demonstration in how the taser would take down Ygritte. A few more steps and Alliser was back to waving his arms in an invisible map. Jon tried but his mouth opened. He inquired if he would get to use blow darts or does he get any cool gear? He joined Arya in the taser experience.

Jojen squinted in the sunlight and he breathed in the heavy salt air. In spite of the chill, he took off his shirt and let the sun see his bruised flesh. Meera did the same, carefully lifting her shirt past her cast, laughing languidly. They were high as kites, wired when they first left, having only sniffed their own special blend of speed but now they were smoking a hybrid mix they created, finally calming, relaxing. Heading away to another place, somewhere without death or school spiders larger than their heads, with a fresh start. So many dreams to attempt, new places to create and sell their products. Revenge to be had, peace to be attained and so much more.

Meera found herself crawling onto her brother, making him groan in pain. She licked at his nipple, darkened by a contusion and rubbed herself on his sore knee. "I love you. I have never loved anyone else and I never will, Jojen. Just my brother and I'll never trust anyone but you. It's always us, just our team of two. We are going to be together forever." Jojen nipped at his sister's chin and nodded. His eyes were half shut and he took a drag from his joint. He blew the smoke into her mouth as the boat rocked them gently. As they kissed and mingled the smoke between them, the boat gave a lurch, then a harder one.

They looked up and saw the wall of mist coming, the water seemed to be pushing them into it. For the first time, they saw the mainland closer and both stared hard. Jojen rubbed at his eyes and Meera shut hers then opened them again. "Is it just me? Are you seeing the perfect wall of mist and the still blurry mainland ahead? I mean, the mist isn't that strong, we aren't that far away. We should be able to see the mainland better from here, right?" Meera briskly hugged him. "It's the drugs. We fucked up with that last brand we made, don't worry about it. Once we get through this mist, we will see the mainland clearly and be there real soon. Okay? Just wait, stay calm, don't freak out, man. See? Here
we go...the mist is crazy ass weather, right? Kind of groovy though..."

Jojen didn't think it was groovy at all, it was thick mist and blinding. Nearly in a panic, he held tight to Meera in case he somehow lost her to this gray thick clinging fog. They could hear water lapping, they smelled the salty air and even heard the seagulls but could not see even themselves now. And finally, the mist began to clear. The siblings looked around them and blinked with shock, confusion and a touch of true pure fright. Jeyne sat on the beach dock, dangling her feet and shaking her head slowly at them. "Did you really think that would work? You are just lucky you didn't drown. Guess your deaths must be something this time around if you were sent back instead of drowned. Wonder what your deaths will be? It must be really epic."

Meera gave a bleary look at the girl then offered her a middle finger. Jojen moaned, sobbing. "What did we take? Did we fuck up, sail there and back? Maybe we finally reached the end of our own using, sis?" Meera gasped and slapped Jojen with his own shirt. "How can you even think that way? The mist sent us back and here is fucking Gyspy Jeyne with her usual crazy babble. The drugs AND the magic mist AND adding crazy mouth words from Jeyne, it's enough to make anyone go over the edge! Jeyne, do you actually know WHY the mist sent us back? I mean, did you even see what happened to us out there? Because I KNOW we went into the mist and we saw the mainland...a blurry one but it was there. Then the mist made us blind and then here we are. What the fuck, did you see it?"

Jeyne giggled and nodded as she helped dock the boat. "You went into the mist and the sun kind of blinked. You were just back here. I came down here to avoid Ramsay and Damon until Theon came back. Then I saw your boat heading for the mist. Usually if a person tries to leave that way, they drown. I was surprised when you popped back up. I should ask Patchface if that's happened before." Jojen and Meera looked at each other with identical masks of terror. "Oh god, Patchface! That fucking monster! He didn't mean he had our souls after we died! That fucking demon tricked us! I think he made it so we just can't leave here! Wait, does that mean here forever? He trapped us on this fucking island? No!" Meera tried to calm her brother down.

Jeyne snorted. "You two need to put your shirts back on before heading back to the school."

Chapter End Notes

Alliser/Jon/Arya: I'm Gonna Be (500 Miles) by The Proclaimers
Meera/Jojen: Sailing by Christopher Cross
Another Perspective

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The ticks of old rusted metal expanding and contracting, rustling of hungry spiders that couldn't find anymore plump rats surrounded Theon. He found comfort in the large flannel blanket, the foam cup of hot chocolate and the kind eyes of the school janitor. Davos gave Theon a somewhat rickety wooden chair with a faded yellow foam pillow to protect from splinters. The old man's knees popped as he settled on a metal folding chair that had one shortened leg that balanced on a book. Theon kept his eye on the rustling just outside the half opened office door as he recovered his composure under the joyful fluorescent yellow light of the janitor's domain.

"You don't have to tell me what's upset you. I'll not pry but I will tell you that your fear is written all over your face. So much sadness and fear, the bullies will smell it. Hell, that much emotion will be scented by everyone. No offense, boy, but there's going to be a damned race of predators heading for you the second you go upstairs. You need to leak that poison before they see you. If you aren't up to talking to me, I can give you a journal to write in or I can sneak you into the arts or music room. Course there's sports, sometimes hiking or horses, whatever you need to rid yourself of the worst of it. I can add a tiny bit of vodka to your chocolate but it might not help for long."

There wasn't a single staff member that Theon would've have spoken to. There wasn't even a student that Theon felt he could discuss anything with. Theon's head exploded as he understood that Ramsay had already made him only trust him! He didn't even trust himself to make any choices or decisions, he felt too ashamed to talk to anyone else. But this was all so crazy, no one would believe Theon anymore than they believed Jeyne. "You wouldn't understand or believe most of my issues." Davos gave a small laugh that seemed to almost make the dim office light up. "Aw, son, I have seen things that most people wouldn't understand or believe. A janitor isn't noticed much but we see and hear."

Davos took a drink from his thermos and grimaced. "When the bullying gets too much, students tend to hide in the places I go. Here, deep in the basements, in storage closets and old sections no one is using. Which means they run into me. I don't go to staff meetings, I don't teach or counsel and I have no degrees. That sort of makes me neutral, I guess. Let's see...you don't look like it's your boyfriend or his droogs. It isn't bullying from the other groups and it's not staff. Judging by your face, you've been to Patchface. Am I right? Because I have seen that pale, punched out sort of frozen look before. Most of the kids have had it one time or another."

Theon whimpered. "You know, I am really sick of this magical bullshit and the strange prophets are just everywhere aren't they?" He tightened his grip on the blanket was ready to burst out of his chair and take off. "I swear to god, if your head starts to spin I'm fucking out of here and I'm taking your blanket with me!" Davos laughed and relaxed further into his own seat. "Nope. My head doesn't spin and I won't offer you any cookies. Your hot chocolate is safe and I'm no demon, if that's what you're wondering. All the staff knows Patchface is real, Theon." Giving the boy a moment to digest his words, Davos refilled the mug of hot chocolate.

Sitting back in his own chair, Davos spoke in a soft musing tone. His voice got stronger as Theon's fingers wrapped around the mug and warmed up again. Bit by bit the boy relaxed into the chair, listening. He bit at a hangnail and pretended not to feel the throbbing of his missing finger. He also tried to not feel the sting of his pads of swollen tender skin where his nails used to be on certain toes and fingers. Theon suddenly felt it all worse than ever and every bruise swelled into pain as he broke
on every word the kindly janitor spoke.

"Jeyne was the first to ever meet the demon, that's what she tells everyone. That's what Patchface
tells her. It's not true, not entirely. That demon loves to give little lies, to tell very small lies within
truth. That way when it rolls down from mouth to mouth it will keep changing upon those small lies.
The truth is only a little different. Difference is, I was the first person here to meet Patchface. We
showed at the exact same moment. Because to get a demon, you need blood for the magic to work. I
was the sacrifice to raise the cursed creature. Too bad for that vile woman, she messed up, unable to
understand how the spell truly worked. Locked all of us here, demon included. That's the one part
Patchface doesn't lie about, he loves that part. Is that the reason for the look? Or did he show you his
mirror, maybe he told you how your fate always goes in some horrid fashion? I can't say that part is
all a lie either, boy. I've seen Ramsay's work on you for so long now. Do you know that once that
was Jeyne? Notice the demon never reminds Jeyne of that time? Only of the hunts in a general way?
That's because he wants her to keep trying things that he finds the most sadistic, it feeds him. Keeps
him entertained also, the sick perverted monster."

Theon shuddered. "I don't want the fate. I don't want to die at Ramsay's hands. Or the boys. I...I
don't want the girls to kill me either. I don't want to already be dead, to keep doing this over and
over. There's no way out, there's no way to win or to escape. All I can do is change my fate slowly
by a series of worsening deaths until I reach one I don't mind? That's all Jeyne can offer me after
blowing my damned mind with all of this! Then I have a demon practically licking me like a lollipop,
trying to get me to eat his treats and offering a trip into my past while he EATS ME? I come back to
just think, to just get away from all of it for one second and the spiders try to catch me! Does
everything want me for it's damned meal around here?"

He burst into tears then forced himself to stop and sipped his drink, savoring the heat and sugary
taste. Davos didn't laugh or smirk, he looked solemn and nodded. "I won't lie to you, boy. This is a
place crawling with predators of all kinds." Theon looked at Davos and muttered, "Maybe a little
vodka in this after all." Davos tilted the flask and added a little colorless courage into the student's hot
chocolate. "Here, drink this and try to stop crying. No shame in tears, boy but they truly won't help
you right now. Save them for when you can't help but cry. That's for when there's nothing left. Tears
are for Ramsay and those like him, not the likes of me." Theon gave a bitter laugh as he drank.
"What's left? Why shouldn't I cry? I either run and die by Ramsay and his boys in a hunt or I can let
Ramsay murder me slowly. Oh, wait, there's a third fun choice! If I manage to elude Ramsay, I can
die by killer crazy girls! So fuck you if you don't like me crying!"

Davos sighed and took a sip of his own. "Ah. Well, I guess that's it then. If you know it's over, then
it's over. That's leaves only one thing according to Jeyne. Just change the death, right? Change how
you die? That does sound very dreary, doesn't it? Might I propose another option? Why not change
the way you live this particular life? You can't change that you will die, right? It's going to happen
and you'll come back again. So why not try a different way of living that you were thinking of? Or a
way you never would have if you only had one try at it? Go for whatever you want to do! You
know it's going to give you another change at it? Think on it. Maybe next time around you can NOT
catch Ramsay's eye? Or if you do, maybe change the relationship from the start? Who knows what
changes you can make? Be smarter than Jeyne and stop slamming into the wall and just go through
the fucking door."

Marge sat at her grandmother's dressing table. It took very little effort to hide the sedative pill in her
cheek then slip away. Cersei was too busy with her new plans and the others were busy were their
own plans. No one really noticed the silent sobbing girl as pretty as any silent movie star playing a
sad role. She ran in her flowing nightgown and robe into her grandmother's apartment and locked the
door. Allowing memories to flood her as Marge roamed the apartment, touching things to bring forth
thoughts and tears. Marge wished for a past that she can barely remember and decided the future was
too heavy. She stripped and covered herself in her grandmother's favorite lotion, filed her nails with Olenna's manicure set and fixed her hair with pearl handled brushes. Marge discovered that her grandmother's make up could be made lighter.

She mixed and experimented, bringing a sense of peace to herself. This was something Olenna spent hours working with Marge on. It was one of the few times that Marge could remember that she had her grandmother's full attention. Marge and Loras spent so much time trying to make the woman love them, pay attention to them, give them accolades. Marge wonders if Olenna was ever proud of either of them, they both knew she never gave a kind word to her own son. "Loras." Marge whispered his name several times but she couldn't bring herself to contact him, to ask him to be here with her. No, he has chosen his side and she chose hers, it was too late to change that.

The make up came out in a lovely pearl iridescent rose hinted paint upon her face. Marge rummaged around until she found the old angel costume that Olenna had spent thousands of dollars created for her granddaughter. Marge had worn it several times. To win a costume contest, to win a pageant, to ride around in a parade waving and flirting in it once and the last time Marge wore it, she was dancing with her brother and Arya during a vacation, some little dive bar. And it was the best day of her life. Marge wished she was still there with them. Marge put on her outfit with care then started to fix her hair. Tiny braids on the sides, twining around with fine silk that had tiny roses upon it and Marge was humming, smiling, lost in soft memory. "I am going to die beautiful."

Only Dany noticed when Loras suddenly stood up from the bleachers and walked away. She hurried after him and became concerned at his pale intense face. "What's wrong? What is it, where are you going?" Loras gritted out, "My sister. Doesn't matter what's happened, Marge needs me." Dany understood and nodded. "It's the twin link. I get it too. I'll come with you." They both rushed towards Olenna's apartments, not knowing they were being followed.

Chapter End Notes

Davos/Theon: Get Over It by OK Go
Marge: Lifeboat by Elle McLemore
Play Misty For Me

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

With a tremendously silent thud that reverberated in the very rocks, the weather changed. The mist became thicker, it came close, it crept up over the docks, it hugged the trees, swallowed large rocks whole and eagerly ate it's way up the damp ancient stones that made up the buildings of the school.

It overtook Alliser, Jon and Arya as they headed towards the school. To their revolted horror, the teenagers had no choice but to hold on to Alliser so the three did not become lost. They hurried quicker, wanting to get out of this cloying mist, it felt hungry and pregnant with something they didn't want to see. Gasping for air even though nothing was suffocating them, feeling judged by eyes that were sharp, foreign and invisible. Without a shred of shame now, the three clung hard into each other's flesh as if to prove they were there. Whispers, faint murmurs, a luring call that was understood and not all at once. It made a feeling that felt like too much cough syrup on an empty stomach, it was curdled milk and it was a pull to nowhere that hurt in a light but awful way.

All of them knew this fog, felt it before and knew there was nothing natural about it. There was nothing natural about how they felt in reaction to it. Alliser growled out, "Pollution from the mainland. That's all. Keep moving and if you think you hear or see something, you don't. Ignore anything but me and keep moving. I think we will run into the Celganes before any other place. Unella keeps a key somewhere out here, I think." The mist was too thick and those voices were closer. They were getting a little louder, the words were coming now and Alliser has always despised this damned fog. No rhyme or reason to it and yet he's always known it, they all have.

Unlike how they might acknowledge the demon to each other, none of them ever speak of the mist unless it comes. Students don't talk about the mist among each other unless it was a new student and the same with staff. The mist is an abomination of horror that none care to ever remember. His voice was strained but strong as he steered the usually steady siblings towards the two family cottage. "Let's hope Unella is home." Arya came out of her frozen terror enough to say, "I can pick the lock if not." Alliser grunted but didn't disagree. Instead he kept both of them distracted by yelling a lecture at the girl.

"I bet you've broken into staff homes before! This is my proof, young lady! It is still young lady, right? Even if you have decided you have the shining brass balls of a better species of manhood, you are still nothing more than a young lady who's happier being a rotten thief! All the staff homes have the same lock, that's how you knew you could open this door!" The indignation carried Arya through the picking of the lock and it kept Jon's blistering attention until the door opened. The teacher shoved the children hard into the cottage, uncaring that they fell on each other rather hard. Taking a deep breath, Alliser darted inside and slammed the door, locking it.

Pretending the shapes weren't reaching for them. Pretending he also didn't hear all their names being called from the very fucking ground as if hell were calling them home.

Alliser's face was ash grey, his eyes were full of bright terror masked as anger but Arya and Jon saw it. If something in the mist can scare someone like Alliser, it is clearly terrifying and the siblings wanted no part of it. Taking a quick glance at each other, Jon and Arya stood without any complaint. Alliser snapped,"Make sure every door is shut and all windows are closed then get the hell away from them until it clears up. Unella will understand our intrusion.” They obeyed instantly without a word and if it had been any other situation, Alliser might have been either shocked or suspicious. Right now, Alliser only felt the steady gratitude of a general that knows he can count on his soldiers.
The three rushed through the house to shut windows and Jon moaned when he saw the broken window in the back pantry. He breathed in the mist as he tried to cover the broken window with a trash bag and found himself on the floor. He gagged and sobbed, slamming his head into the wall with mild force and great anguish. "Ah, gods, please make it stop! I'm not...I'm not...who's calling my NAME? I AM NOT THAT! I NEVER DID THAT! HOW DARE YOU ACCUSE ME, WHERE ARE YOU? SHOW YOURSELF!" Alliser pulled Jon to his feet and delivered a hard slap to the tear stained handsome face. Then another to make both cheeks match in redness. "Jon, stay firm! Ignore it, go into the kitchen and get some water. Now, move!"

Arya hugged Jon and before she moved, she asked, "What is in the mist?" Alliser was having trouble ignoring the mist and the strange voices himself as he fixed the trash bag. His voice was nearly distracted. "You both have seen this mist before. It shows every year and it's always a little startling. We always forget about it until it happens. Kind of like Patchface. It means nothing to us, just like Patchface. We stay away from it and it goes away." Alliser seemed to hear something that angered him and he began to roar at the mist as he fastened the black plastic.

"YOU HEAR THAT, COCKSUCKERS? DOESN'T MATTER, SAY WHAT YOU WILL OF ME, OF ALL OF US, YOU GO AWAY AND WE ARE STILL HERE! YOU WILL NEVER SINK US, NEVER TAKE US TO YOUR HELL! I WOULD NEVER RELINQUISH A SINGLE CHILD TO YOU, NO MATTER WHAT I THINK OF THE STUDENT, NO MATTER HOW MUCH I LOATHED THEM! I WOULD NOT MURDER A CHILD ON PURPOSE AND I WOULD NEVER ALLOW A STUDENT OF MINE TO EVER GO TO HELL IF I CAN BEAT IT OUT OF THEM! AND SINCE I BEAT THESE ONES ENOUGH TO EARN THEM TICKETS TO HEAVEN, YOUR SERVICES AREN'T NEEDED! AND IF YOU WANT ME, YOU CAN KEEP WAITING UNTIL I'M FUCKING READY!"

Watching Alliser scream defiantly into the mist as he put the trash bag up shocked Jon into reality a little more. It stunned Arya out of her terror and she grinned, poking at Jon. She got on her tiptoes to whisper into Jon's ear, "Holy fuck, did you know our lunatic teacher was such a bad ass? General Hard Ass can lead me any day if he keeps that kind of cursing and attitude. I will make fun of it with everyone else later, but right now color me impressed. I mean, just running through the mist and picking that lock I was in tears I was so scared and-" Alliser was suddenly in front of them, glaring down at Arya.

"I'm sorry, am I bothering you? Would you like me to ask the mist to wait for you to finish your discussion with Jon? MOVE YOUR ASS UPSTAIRS AND CHECK THOSE WINDOWS!" Alliser watched as the girl ran upstairs and he snapped at Jon. "I said to get water! After that make us some coffee. Surely, your servants didn't always make your coffee for you at home, did they, Princess? Move." Alliser patrolled the siblings and internally smiled at the title of General Hard Ass.

Patchface was laughing, his long arms outstretched as he danced and rolled in the thick fog. He dared to only walk about where others might be when it was dark or foggy. The thought of running into one of the others caught in the mist and scaring them is appealing. But that wasn't the demon's interest tonight, he can scare students anytime and it was always boring to deal with staff. Patchface spun fast past the rushing trio heading for Jeyne's house. It was that sour Alliser, he tastes like trout gone over and Patchface was glad he ignored him.

Patchface danced past shapes with vacant eyes, glimmers of themselves in their faces, waiting to come back, waiting for a spark of memory to come. The ghosts wandering have no effect upon him and most of them would avoid him without even knowing they did it. Patchface feels the electricity of magic from toes to fingers, the voices, the souls of both living and dead in the approaching mist and he lolls his extensive tongue, letting the rotted meat of it unroll, tasting the electric air. Certain words, certain chants from somewhere that isn't now and Patchface waits, tensing. Maybe this time,
he wishes it every time but truly, maybe this time? Will this be the time that those invisible voices and fingers pluck him away? Take him somewhere new and give him colorful new victims and meals?

It can't have only ever been that stupid red bitch that plays wrong with spells? Maybe a devotee that decides to read an old shadow book this time? An inquisitive teenage coven or a drugged up cult? One of those annoying but oh so fun clairvoyants could even be useful if they could only say or do the right things. This is his one secret, it lives in all his magic, in all of him and like his treats, he covets his own things with a raging jealousy. This is what a clever or determined girl could steal from him, the way out. The girls could find the spell, sure, it would be in the alter room in the director's home still. There was a spell to release Patchface to his realm but there was more. There was a spell to release the curse, yes, but the cost was too much for their weak hearts to bear.

In order for the curse to be reversed, for the demon to return home and the cycle to end, a sacrifice must be made. Someone the spell caster truly loves must be sacrificed, their soul released only to Patchface's permanent realm, his true hellish home. Patchface will be able to keep whomever it is as a forever meal. He has plenty already but this would be more like a souvenir. A toy brought back from a terrible vacation, a consolation prize that he can torment or kick away to another demon if he chooses. It still burns Patchface to think about how he landed in this terrible place. Such a stupid mistake for a so called leader of a fire cult!

She knew enough to raise Patchface, to compel him, bait him with a death that stunk of betrayal and trickery. That stupid priestess had messed up by killing Stannis's best friend Davos herself. Stannis did not cast the spell so the death wasn't pure and Patchface couldn't take him. When the stupid woman saw the error she tried to reverse it and it was too late. Patchface ended up stuck on the island along with the stupid old worthless ghost that shunned him and Stannis. Davos made himself a home in the basement and started his career as a janitor without a word to anyone.

The demon roved the island until he found a clearing he liked and enchanted. He played with the students and fed off the pain they all caused each other. They all had died violent deaths after living violent lives and had no idea how to stop their own bloody cycle. He encourages their savage ignorance and waits for the day he is rescued by a clueless cult. Every time the mist comes, it's another idiot or group attempting magic, trying to reach the legends to impress a crowd. With a place so famous for it's gore plastered history and tragic tales, it will always draw those that fancy to reach the dead. It is only a matter of time before one of them gets it right and he escapes this place.

He loves the Dragonstone children, oh yes, he does. Patchface knows everyone, even the staff of this school. Whether they remember or not, there isn't a staff member or student that hasn't run into Patchface or been killed by him at some point. He is tired of the same cycles, the same games and tricks, he senses that his favorite targets are too. Walda and Shireen have always been easy and fun to play with but never have they died so fast before. They remembered right away, too fast and too much. It made them die faster each cycle as if they feel they can somehow catch up with a better ride by doing so.

Patchface loves his girls the best. But he is tired of having to trick the girls to keep them from trying too hard to find a way out that would work. He refuses to give them true clues and he certainly will not share his magic unless it's to use on them for his own means. Sansa is clever and Jeyne is determined, it's a bad combination. Patchface always expends his best efforts to keep them from being friends, to keep them distracted with paranoia and violent tendencies for him to feed on. They always set things in motion for him, as does Theon but this time, the demon wasn't trying as hard as usual to play.

He had felt the mist and the voices coming, more importantly, Patchface simply was bored with doing the same things this time around. He didn't care when Theon ran off. He didn't care that Jeyne
was trying for love before blood which was new for her. Even during her forgotten times of being with Ramsay had nothing to do with love. The sadist had simply found no victims when he first arrived but for Jeyne. This was before the girl got the Cleganes to care for her and Ramsay swooped in. It wasn't a relationship, it was more of a kidnapping but no one had raised protests but a drunken ineffective father. Jeyne had never mentioned wanting to be loved before and Patchface was mildly alarmed. Not enough to bother with since the MIST was coming and might provide new things.

It never really did, but since a mist brought him here, Patchface waits for the day the mist brings him home or elsewhere again. He slunk about, enjoying the pain the mist was bringing to the others. The magic affected them deeply and it was always fun to watch. Even if part of the demon feels a bit jealous, the mist has been known to lure the others into suicide or murder as well as insanity. Some become lost to the mist and Patchface feels strongly that as long as he is here, these souls are his to play with. It's like watching a magical parent swoop in and take his toys away and Patchface finds that maddening.

The angst and silly antics of the damned students and staff can soothe some of that feeling. The demon slid along the Clegane's home to hear Jon freak out and then he headed towards the garden below Olenna's apartment. He was drawn to the upset above him and yet nearby, he felt a wonderful feeling of despair. He could see that others have also either chosen to walk in the mist or got caught in it and can't find their way. It was hard to decide just where to go for Patchface but he was rewarded by staying where he was moments later.

Marge had given herself the last finishing touches and was swallowing her grandmother's pills. She took the sleeping pills as well as narcotics that Olenna had for her bad hips. The mist crept over the garden, the balcony and through the wide open french doors into the bedroom. "Grandma?" Marge froze and cocked her head, her hands in a delicate surprise gesture that was so real it looked fake. She was sure the voice calling her was Olenna and Marge burst into delicate tears, hoping not to ruin her makeup, even in such extreme distress.

But it wasn't all distress and fear because her grandmother wouldn't call her home if she was angry with her. The pills and the mist made sense to Marge's jumbled, cracked mind. She gracefully stood up and went out onto balcony. This was where her grandmother would sit with her vultures to savor things, Marge knew that. Marge easily climbed onto the wrought iron railing and began to dance a bit shakily. In a dreamy voice, Marge called out to the voice, unable to hear it very clearly but for her name but she felt an unbearable pull and gave in to it. She danced on the railing and spoke to it.

"Loras would go crazy when I did this, you did too, grandma, do you remember? I would dance on the edge of things for money or just to get a reaction. You would spank me afterwards and say I was too needy and greedy for attention. That it would someday bite me on the ass. Ha! You were so right! So right! Are you telling me it's okay for me to come home now? I don't want to be here anymore, please. Come to you, talk to you? Yes, yes, grandmother, I'd like that." Marge raised her arms out and allowed herself to fly into the mist, as if it were a soft cloud to catch a falling angel.

Unella stumbled, cursing, calling out for her daughter. She knew that Raff was in the kitchens, Polliver was in the library painting but where was Jeyne? Unella had looked everywhere and she thought the mist was far enough off. She stupidly thought she had enough time to dart from building to building while yelling for her daughter. Even Jeyne can be affected by this horrid mist and Unella was worried. No matter how many times she's warned Jeyne never to be out in it, what if the girl stayed too long at the demon's clearing and was stuck in it now? She felt her way to the apartments where the staff lived. Keeping one hand on the stones, Unella moved around towards the door as she called for Jeyne.

She ignored the voices, the shapes and grimly reminded herself that they can't hurt her. The pull was
harder to ignore, but Unella leaned into it. Then one of the shapes became too clear, came to close and Unella moaned as her bladder gave out. Gregor came out of the mist like a nightmare, his eyes were almost empty but there was a silver pin-light in them. It seemed to grow as he stared at her, his flacid grey face started to gain animation and some memory. Unella watched unable to move as Gregor came towards her, his hands open, arms stretching and she tried to muster a scream. He took a heavy step, another and the scream finally surged up her throat and exploded out of her mouth. At least for a good three seconds before Marge landed upon her from the high balcony, breaking Unella's neck instantly.

The two females lay broken, bleeding and staring with unseeing eyes at the entrance of the front door.

Chapter End Notes

The Dream by Shinedown
Marge & Unella: Leaving Tonight by The Birthday Massacre
Loras and Dany hadn't been walking long before the mist came forth. It went from clear skies to unable to see more than a dim suggestion of shapes about them. They held hands tightly and tried to run for a door in the dorm house that they were closest to. There was no way to continue heading over to the staff apartments. What alerted them to what other dangers had been coming for them was the soft cursing behind them then feet running towards the dorm house.

Running for the same escape, Loras found the front door locked against him and Joff laughed at him from the other side. Grabbing Dany's hand again, Loras tried to get to the nearest french doors and Ygritte was already latching them. Joff laughed at them, pointing as they pounded on the glass, begging to be let in. Gendry look disgusted but did nothing as Joff and Ygritte laughed at Loras and Dany. The whispers and shapes swirled closer and Gendry tossed the curtain over the doors, mouthing an apology.

Dany ran to see if any of the lobby windows were open but her brother was there. "Traitor. Betrayer. Are you ready to confess how awful you've been and planning to make it up to me, sis?" Viserys was shocked when his sister frowned at him. "You know what? Fuck you. Fuck you, I'll take my chances with the mist." He screamed that she would be sorry but Dany stormed off into the mist. Loras shook his head and glared at Viserys then chucked a rock at the window. "Whatever happens to her out there is your fault! Asshole!" Viserys called Loras a queer garbage person then slammed the window shut, locking it.

A wretched scream tore from the mist and Loras flung himself out of the way just in time before he was almost run down. Cersei came out of the mist like a wicked witch, eyes bulging as she screamed her son's name. Joff scrambled to unlock the door. "What are you doing out there, mother? Hurry, don't let the fag or the princess in! I don't want them in here with us!" All Cersei cared about was grabbing her son, scanning him frantically for injuries. She gave quick pats and hugs to her squirming embarrassed son as she growled at Gendry. "Lock these doors and windows!"

As Gendry made sure the mist and Loras had no way in, Cersei snapped at Viserys. "That wasn't very smart of you. If your sister doesn't make it back, I'll be forced to let Varys know that you indirectly caused the disappearance of your sister. I'll make sure he believes you killed her personally. I wanted your sister for my son since she is a royal and quite wealthy princess. What do I need you for besides as a companion to my son? Joff can buy new friends. I have bought everyone that is around him and you aren't worth my money. Not without your sister to barter with. Stupid boy."

Joff pointed at his friend and made a stupid face while pointing at him. "Ha! Moron! I'd marry and bone your sister, you can have Marge. Hell, we can share them, I know you want to fuck your sister and I'm down with it. What the hell do I care? We share Marge already. Better hope Dany makes it out of the mist." A pounding came at the door and Ygritte glanced out of the small window. "Fuck off!" A voice that was calm but strained filtered through the wood. "Tell my sister who's at the door." Cersei gave an irritated nod.

Tyrion entered and glared briefly at his sister. "You didn't even wait for me, just ran off. I was right behind you. Did you think I wouldn't protect you or your son just because both of you are detestable?" Cersei snorted. "No. I didn't think you'd protect us because you are too small, hopeless and detestable to protect yourself or your own daughter. But I'm happy to let you share MY
protection, little brother." Joff laughed as his mother smirked, snapping at Ygritte. "Find us something to drink in this place. And don't lie, I am well aware there are bottles of my wine laying about the dorms."

A slam against the glass of the lobby picture window where the curtain hadn't been drawn shut fully caused several screams. Cersei and Joff clung to each other, Ygritte and Gendry had leaped into the air, Viserys had screamed the loudest and fell onto his ass. Jeyne had slammed herself up hard against the glass to scare them all and now laughed at them, her eyes shined with mockery. Without any thought, the voices and ghosts having rubbed him raw of pretense, Tyrion hollered at his daughter, shaking his fist at her.

"DAMN YOU! YOU SCARED THE SHIT OUT OF US! ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL YOUR PARENT OUT OF SPITE? Gendry, let Jeyne in." This caused Cersei to hiss and hit Tyrion with a full hard fist in his eye. "You will not, Gendry! Stay with your half brother and keep that tiny demon monkey away from him! Do you hear me, Tyrion? I do not want your cast off daughter near my son or my step-son. Shoo, girl! Or I'll have Ygritte shoot at you with my son's gun! Let her play in mist, little brother. She belongs out there with the other freakish unnatural things."

Cersei and Tyrion began to argue, forgetting all of the children. Jeyne understood, it was a distraction from the terrors of the mist. Throwing a random soda can at his sister, Tyrion hollered, "You hypocritical bitch! That whore that Robert knocked up wrote him how many times to take his baby? Huh? And you did your dammedest to try and get Stannis to even block the boy from coming here! NOW, now, now suddenly Gendry is your step-son? But your own NIECE can't come in? You can't even admit that Jeyne is your niece!"

Laughing, Jeyne yelled in at them. "If I was like Joff, all tall, golden, she'd love me! Ha! Fuck her and fuck all the Lannisters! I am Clegane! And right now I am a searcher. Oh, there is someone to rescue!" Joff cracked under the pressure of the voices that he could still faintly hear and he screamed. "LET THE FREAK IN! I'M GETTING MY RIFLE AND I'M GOING TO SHOOT HER IN THE FUCKING HEAD MYSELF!" Gendry grabbed the boy and hustled him into the stairway.

Tyrion was making shooing gestures at Jeyne while Cersei started to head towards the door with an awful look in her eyes.

Suddenly, it was the air, the whispers, lulling, singing, it was being able to FEEL Patchface dancing and it was like...Jeyne was thirsty, aching, hungry, horny and utterly blind with something that was ancient with no name. She surged hard against the glass, her tongue licked a path up it, her eyes wide and fixed hard upon her hateful, evil, deadly aunt. "I can taste how much you hate me. Can you feel how much I don't care? Does it hurt you to know I will never fear you? Come at me. Come on. Come out here for me. I want to play with you this time, auntie. Tonight. Just tonight. Only tonight. Please, auntie Cersei?"

For one moment, they all froze there. Watching, waiting and Cersei panted, her hands opened, closed. Her eyes glistened with tears made of true, pure frustrated rage. "Little cunt. You'd love to kill me, wouldn't you? Or hurt my lovely son, you'd love that. I wouldn't even let you have my brother to lure to his death, that is how much I truly despise you, girl. Even if you promised him a fast quick death, if you offered to silently get rid of all my enemies in that mist. That is how much I despise you. Go away before I forget that you ARE related to me and have you hunted to death."

Tyrion didn't dare to move or speak. Joff was hanging on every word from the hall and Gendry looked at Jeyne, mouthing, "Go." Jeyne smiled at Cersei and twiddled her fingers. "I'm going to help Loras and Dany. I saw them out in the mist. I'll bring them to you!" Jeyne skipped off and saw Loras a few feet away. He looked silly, mincing about, whacking into a tree. Shapes and shadows flitted closer and Loras shrieked, jumping nearly into a bush.
Dancing past Loras, Jeyne was thrilled when he cried out in fear of her. "I'm no ghost or hell voice, Loras, just a Jeyne! You are scared and lost, aren't you? I can help you." She held out her hand and the darkness, amusement, cruelty and hunger all thrilled through her. It must have shown in her eyes because Loras shook his head warily and stepped away. "No, thanks. I can figure it out for myself." Jeyne laughed. "No, you can't. But I understand. I can't help the way the mist and voices make me feel...it gets me crazy. FUCKING CRAZY!" Jeyne howled and to her mild confusion, Loras ran away fast.

"I wasn't going to hunt you! I don't do hunts, at least not the rending end of them!" But Loras wasn't listening and Jeyne sighed as the boy was gone. Jeyne couldn't feel very upset, she enjoyed the mist. Skipping again, Jeyne decided to give one look around for anyone who needed guidance. Most were scared and lost in the mist. Like Jojen and Meera who had to be led by Jeyne around the other side of the dorm house to an open door. It's where Jeyne was going to lead Loras but he was gone. Humming softly to block out the worst of the calling voices, Jeyne headed towards the woods, towards the sound of soft sobbing.

Jeyne found Dany and just in time. The girl was hugging a tree, sliding down onto the ground, half in a faint. Walking past the ghosts of Bob and Harold, Jeyne bent down to pat Dany's hair, hushing her when the girl screamed in terror. "Hey, it's Jeyne! It's not that bad, really. The twins can't hurt you, they just half remember you so they will kind of follow you around. Can you at least stop crying and stand up? You can't hang outside with me until the mist is over if you won't stop crying and open your eyes."

She had to drag Dany and wasn't able to do so all the way back to the dorm house. "Whatever we hit first, you stay at. Better hope it isn't that old snake infested shed or something." Luckily, it was a house that Jeyne recognized having spent a good portion of her childhood in. "Dany, it's Shireen's house. Stannis won't mind you staying here if you have to." Jeyne let Dany keep her eyes shut and tried to shoo the twins away but with little luck. They simply stood near Dany as if confused, watching her sobbing form without much emotion.

Dany leaned against the stones while Jeyne found the extra key in it's usual hidden spot and got the girl inside. "You just sit down and pull yourself together. I can make you tea!" Jeyne ran off to turn on the kettle. It wasn't until she shut the windows and pulled the curtains against the silent ghost twins that Dany finally began to come back to her senses. Dany stumbled up and began to wander the house, trying to escape whatever wanted to call to her from outside. Jeyne brought a steaming mug of tea to Dany. That's when she found the blond standing in the old mistresses room, holding a strange leather bound book.

Jeyne wrinkled her nose. "I don't like to read old books. You can stay here, have tea and read until the mist leaves then you should put the book back. I don't want Stannis blaming me if you steal one of his old books! Okay, I need to go find Loras and anyone else lost in the mist." Dany muttered a thanks to Jeyne but her nose was already in the book as the younger girl flew back into the grey folds. Jeyne hoped she might run into Shireen or Olly to say hi and see if it sparked in their eyes. Maybe they could come back early?

Stannis would be thrilled to see Shireen! This thought energized Jeyne, she knew Stannis was in the clinic, all sick. What could ever make him feel any better than to see his daughter all whole and un-burnt? Jeyne loved her idea and flew into the shapes to see if she could find her best friend.

Chapter End Notes
Lannisters/Targaryens: It Runs In The Family by Amanda Palmer
Jeyne: Bipolar Baby by Forever The Sickest Kids
Bronn and Podrick pulled the girls into the gym that attached to the school by a long tunnel. Since that tunnel boasted a bunch of broken windows, the teachers decided to keep them all in the gym for the duration of the mist. The two large windows were thick glass and chicken wire latched firmly shut. Bronn turned on his old cassette player and Podrick turned on the overhead lights. Myranda forced herself into a playful mood that she didn't feel in order to keep her girls calm. Bronn said instead of sports, they would use dance to stretch out their bodies. Contests were created on the spot and the men judged with mirth and drewled witty jokes.

Podrick and Bronn pretended they weren't sweating and as wild eyed with fear as the girls themselves. Except for two. Lollys and Gilly were not able to join the pretense, they couldn't remain calm. They kept drifting to lean their heads at the door as if to hear something. Then they would drift to the windows to peer out far too intently. It was creeping everyone out and they all tried their best to ignore them. Until the two girls started to calmly but happily use finger guns. It escalated to pretend machine guns to take out each person with exact precision. They would soundlessly mutter the word "bam" as they killed each of them.

When the girls started to stalk around the dancers, the teachers intervened. That's when the two girls ran out into the mist and no one dared to attempt to stop them. They could hear Lollys and Gilly howling into the gray clouds then a higher howl seemed to respond. Violet gasped out, "Was that a howl back? Holy fuck, what's out there howling back to them?" Bronn chuckled and hugged the nervous girl. "It's only Jeyne howling back at them. Some students need the mist so they can get their poisons out. It's safe for that kind, don't worry. For us, it's safe enough in here. The music will drown those nasty voices and no shapes can get through a closed door or window. Or are you really going to deny me the sight of your body swaying like..."

It seemed to trigger a tiny jagged nail that hits the scar button in Violet's brain. That hateful part that assures her she is only a trained whore and to do what a whore must do. And so the lips twitch, the body language changes and Bronn continues the class. The female howling continued then a male howl responded. Ros looked around with shock. "That's Theon! Holy shit, why is he out there howling?" Myranda smirked and tittered, "Oh my. Theon and Jeyne are cavorting through the mist like actors of a haunted house and I wonder how Ramsay and Damon feel about that? I wish I could see how they are seething, unable to step foot where the rabbits can play unhindered! Ha!"

Sansa had almost made it past all of them, almost to Stannis. She endured a quick examination from the detestable doctor, a punishment of castor oil from Barbary and released. Her focus was that of a predator and they ignored it. The nurse dryly offered a condom to the girl and said, "Next time you go into heat, don't bother us over it. If Stannis pukes, turn his head sideways." Sansa couldn't even be embarrassed, what the hell has come over her? She wanted, really wanted to focus on that question, something was wrong, was it the demon or the mist? THE MIST? Who cares, when she can fuck Stannis while the poison rushes him towards a gasping death, as she takes him to another kind of death.

Sansa's radar, her thoughts, her focus was dragging her right towards Stannis. She saw a quick reflection of herself in a window and saw Stannis's death in her eyes. It wasn't enough to stop her even if something wasn't right. That was why she never saw Petyr coming and it made her cry out when he shoved her up against a wall. Sansa saw his eyes, the mist was in them but that didn't matter
at all. She sneered and it made him laugh. This was acceptable now, because they were too close to an open door with all that lovely mist. Petyr kissed her hard, he was a second from begging and two seconds from rape. Sansa needed, she wanted and she whispered to him. "I want to haunt you to your grave."

It was all Petyr needed to hear and he wrenched Sansa forward then forced her into an empty room. Before he could throw her on a cot, the voices from the open window, they leaked into his head. Sansa laughed as the older man sunk low and screamed. "I am not! I didn't! Lysa, leave me alone! Stop hounding me! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! I AM NOT WHAT YOU SAY, I DIDN'T DO WHAT YOU SAY!" Sansa laughed like a fairy that was gently murdering a mouse and she ran her hands through Petyr's hair, standing over him, pressing the front of herself, the warm juncture of her legs against his head. "You are what the voices say. You did what the voices say."

Threading fingers through his sweaty strands, Sansa crouched down and whispered sweetly, "I'm going to tell you all of it. I will tell you every horrible detail while I fuck you until I break you. Just remember how much, how very much I love you, Uncle Petyr." He could do no more than moan as his world became fire red hair, the smell of lemons and Sansa told him of every single time she murdered him. She used teeth and tongue to staunch the tears on his face as she told him of every time she can remember joyfully murdering him. Sansa used her teeth on his tongue to stand Petyr back up slowly and back him onto the cot. He stayed there as her voice sang a song of poisons as she restrained him to the cot.

"Can you believe this fucking bullshit? Are they witches?" Damon spread his arms as he grinned uneasily. Polliver yelled, cupping his hands and leaning out past the stone window sill. "HEY! ARE YOU FUCKING WITCHES? GONNA HAVE A LIL MARSHMALLOW ROAST WITH THE DEMON IN THE FUCKING MIST? MAKE A CAMPFIRE? ROAST A FEW OF US FOR A BIT OF A NOSH CAUSE YOU FEEL PECKISH?" Skinner scoffed. "Maybe it's the zombie virus. We can just stab or shoot them in the fucking skull! I wonder if they made a whole bunch of zombie sluts before they came this far? I hope not. Hunting zombie whores won't be as fun."

Skinner, Damon and Polliver continued to yell and taunt from the library windows since they had no other ideas.

Damon and Polliver had wanted to go find Jeyne with Unella. Skinner wanted to be anywhere more interesting than the library. Unella had locked the door that led into the school proper and had left to search for Jeyne from the outer main door. It wasn't the orders from Unella for them to stay put that kept them from leaving. It wasn't even the voices or the shapes in the mist. They figured if they stayed together and ran they could get to the cafeteria in thirty seconds or less. Easy enough but for one thing. Lollys and Gilly were standing just outside the door waiting for them. They weren't trying to enter, they weren't doing anything but standing there. But anytime one of the boys opened the door the two girls grinned and waved while beckoning them forward silently.

That was unnerving enough to send the boys to the safety of the balcony window where they could hurl insults. Damon and Polliver nearly cried with relief when they saw Jeyne skip through the mist. She smiled and waved to them then turned to Lollys and Gilly. "Thank you for making sure that Damie and Polly stay safe. My lovely princes in a tower! I will check on Raff and Ramsay, guys, don't worry! I will find mother too, Polly! Okay, bye bye!" Damon and Polliver exploded. "JEYNE, DAMMIT!" "NO! JEYNE, WAIT! SHIT!" Skinner jumped up and down in a frenzy of frustration. "OH MY GOD! I'M BEING HELD CAPTIVE LIKE A PRINCE IN A TOWER BECAUSE OF YOUR FUCKING CRAZY GIRLFRIEND, DAMON! THE TWO OF YOU FUCKERS, I WILL NEVER FORGIVE YOU FOR THIS! ALYN WOULD BE FUCKING ASHAMED! ASHAMED OF YOU BOTH! DAMN IT!"

Jeyne was already gone, humming to herself. If she could reach her own back, she would pat it. She
was crushing this night and everyone will see how helpful and brave she is.

Raff was in the cafeteria meat locker trying to find easy stuff to defrost for supper later so he had no idea the mist had come. Ramsay was adding jars of margarine to the peanut butter to thicken it up when he heard Hot Pie yell something from out back. It wasn't until Ramsay went to curse at Hot Pie's muttering about hurrying up with bringing in garden veggies that he figured out anything was wrong. That's when Ramsay saw the open door and the mist, he went to slam it shut. He heard a hollow THUNK and there was pain. Ramsay grabbed his head as he fell to the ground. Looking up, Ramsay rolled just in time as Hot Pie tried to lodge the rolling pin into Ramsay's skull.

"Hot Pie, what the fuck? Hey!" Ramsay rolled under a table and out the other side, trying to stand up. WHACK! The rolling pin landed just next to Ramsay's head into the wall, breaking into two pieces. "Holy hell, I never knew you could throw. Damn. Now stop throwing shit at me. Hot Pie, it's Ramsay and I don't like you trying to hurt me. I'm trying to be reasonable but-" Ramsay ducked as a cutting board came for his head. "RAFF! CAN I HAVE SOME HELP? HOT PIE IS HAVING SOME TROUBLE!" Ramsay dodged two more pans and then he sucked in his breath, seeing Hot Pie head for a pot full of boiling water. "OH SHIT! RAAAAAAAF! HELP HELP!" Ramsay could hear his father whispering that he wasn't surprised that a fat sleepy cook could take down his vile mad dog son.

Ramsay tried to shake the thoughts, these weak thoughts away. He heard Raff from a distance. "Can't you just deal with the cook's tantrum by yourself or are you that desperate for attention? I'm busy!" Scrambling to find cover before Hot Pie lifted the pot of water, Ramsay muttered, "Are you fucking kidding me? RAFF, IT'S THE MIST! IT HAS HIM! HELP ME FOR FUCK'S SAKE BEFORE HE KILLS ME! HE'S ABOUT TO BOIL ME ALIVE!" Hot Pie grinned and Ramsay knew he couldn't wait for Raff to help. He took his chances that he was faster and ran just as the fat but strong arms hurled the boiling water in a deadly arc. Ramsay screamed as his legs and back were splashed but he ran until he hit the wall. He had only a second to be relieved not to get burnt worse before the hot pot smashed into his head.

Sliding down the wall, Ramsay seemed to go boneless and mute. He watched upside down as Raff entered the kitchen to be attacked by Hot Pie. Blinking in and out, feeling like the mist was eating at him, creeping along the floor to reach him, Ramsay moaned. He saw Raff on the floor, bleeding and crawling, trying to get away from the crazed cook. Ramsay wanted to warn Raff to watch out for the mist but he couldn't hear past his father's condemning voice to do so.

Renly was trying to ignore the filthy lying voices in the mist even as he looked out the windows for Loras. He worried and wanted badly to leave the apartment to search for him. "I'm not scared. I could go and find him. I will." Convincing himself, it was with relief that Lyanna started to freak out and sob when Renly told her to get ready for them to go search for Loras. They didn't make it out of the door before Lyanna fell down, clutching Renly's leg and begging. "Please, don't feed me to Patchface! Don't bring me to him! I know he's dancing out there, I feel him! You can't trick me, I know he's right there! Please, don't! I can be better, I can learn to be a grateful, loyal and good daughter!"

This gave Renly enough reason not to go out after all. He must give comfort and reassurance to Lyanna. As if to defy those voices that whispered vile lies about Renly, he showed his loving side. Using full charm and acting like the teacher the kids favored, acting like the man that drew Loras, he made Lyanna feel so much better, she actually believed his act and thought he cared.

Loras had escaped that crazy girl Jeyne but found himself almost running straight into the terrifying duo of Gilly and Lollys. He stopped dead and they did give him chilling smiles but when he ran off, they didn't seem to chase after him. At least he hoped not. The shapes were equally as upsetting since
they seemed familiar even as Loras made sure not to get close enough to see who they were. He didn't want to know, he wanted to find somewhere inside. Loras hoped Dany found somewhere to go but he was losing hope for himself.

Staggering around, nearly running into a Lommy shaped shadow, Loras screamed and almost knocked himself out on a tree. Howling only made Loras go to the ground and shimmy under the bushes. Loras was ready to burst into laughter when he looked up and saw Theon coming towards him. Then he was ready to faint when Theon started to howl at him. Loras groaned and started to run again. "Hey! Wait, I was only joking around. Huh. Better go after him and apologize." Theon chased after Loras, trying to yell and throw rocks but all it did was make the boy run even faster.

"STOP CALLING ME SAM! MY CRACKPOT FATHER KICKED ME OUT BECAUSE I HATED THE FAMILY BUSINESS! I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FUCKING TARGARYEN MURDERS! SHUT THE FUCK UP!"

Ramsay circled the table, trying to stay down and away from the deranged cook. "No one here called you that! Hot Pie, let us shut the door and you'll stop hearing the damned voices!" Raff was still trying to get the potato peeler out of his leg and if he even twitched, the fat boy would throw something else at him. He tried using his calm voice, the voice he used on Jeyne. "Listen to me. Look at us. You have managed to beat two of the school's worst bullies down. That is huge and a tale you can live to tell. If you shut that door and come to your senses. Or we have no choice but to hurt you. Are you understanding me, Hot Pie?"

Hot Pie gave an enraged roar and whipped a colander at Raff's head with amazing speed. "I think that means he doesn't understand, Raff." Ramsay pointed out helpfully from under the table. He was trying to reach for a few blades that Hot Pie had knocked over in his rage. It annoyed him that he was being forced to murder the one kid that knew how to cook well but Ramsay didn't see how it could be helped. Ramsay's boot swept one of the knives towards him as Hot Pie started to grab the small blow torch. He knew they couldn't wait around to find out what the boy was going to use that for.

Chapter End Notes

Lollys/Gilly/Sansa/Jeyne: Sweet But Psycho by Ava Max
Hot Pie: Footloose by Kenny Loggins
Dany drank three cups of tea and urinated twice before she read the spell book enough to give it a try. Her eyes slid over each curse, each prayer and each spell before lighting upon the one she needed. Yes, she did see the one that offered the expulsion of a demon, the one that spoke of reversing of death curses. It was complicated and needed more than one person. Dany also didn't believe she was trapped or dead most of the time. It was too unsettling and scary to think that she might be dead or trapped somewhere.

Until she opened this ancient yellowing book that stunk of blood. Patchface, the mist, the shapes, how her world always felt fake, how it always seemed to somehow be a carousel she recognizes too well, it was all validated. Dany had no one to share her revelations or terrors with, only herself and the damned tea. So Dany chose to keep reading, to focus on finding something in the book that she can use. Fine, okay, trapped, she's dead and trapped, cursed to replay her life over and over. Fine. Accepted.

But once Dany knew she was trapped, the bars somehow fell away. Dany understood why Jeyne was fearless and insane now. Laughing, Dany found the perfect spell and sacrificed her mind with good cheer. Her voice went deeper, almost guttural as Dany carefully pronounced words in a language she has never heard of. It hurt like hell to bite through her own wrist but Dany was ready to offer flesh and blood. The same fearlessness and reckless insane gleam that wreaths Jeyne has overcome Dany.

Dany completed the spell with a flourish and a burning in her heart too hot to be sane or balanced. On Stannis's lawn, two shapes that had been milling about snapped to attention, walking to the door. Dany opened the door and smiled with a mouth painted with her own crimson blood. Harold and Bob smiled back but the smiles were empty, their eyes full of only flames. "My beloved cousins. Please, walk with me. I want us to visit my brother."

The second that Hot Pie went to roast Raff's handsome features, Ramsay lunged. He planned to land upon the heavyset boy, stab him and ride him down. That is what Ramsay planned to do and it was a sound proof plan. As Ramsay leaped, a huge shape flew out of the mist, filled the doorway and collided hard, making Ramsay fall to the hard cement floor. Caught between pain and the paralyzing fear that it might be a dead person visiting from the mist, Ramsay soundlessly screamed. Tormund knocked the small blowtorch out of Hot Pie's hands. "What the living fuck is happening in here? Are you going cannibal in here, boy? Should've just shut the damned door, you fools!" Hot Pie slumped in silent defeat upon the large man taking his weapon. Tormund hollered for Styr to hurry the fuck up and make sure to shut the door on his way in. Ramsay and Raff started to stand up, trying hard to ignore the mist. Tormund made a strange sort of hacking high pitched sound as Hot Pie stabbed him hard and fast with the knife Ramsay had dropped.

"Ah, shit, here we go again! Fuck this, I'm going to take my chances in the mist. Gonna go find my family." Ramsay cursed as Raff staggered tiredly into the mist. Tormund slapped Hot Pie away but it was too late. Ramsay could have attempted to intervene but he knew Tormund was internally done for. He glanced at the foam mouthed cook then at the mist, trying to decide which fate was worse. Tormund tried to walk a very unsteady line across the cafeteria, leaving a trail of red splotches behind him. The giant man lay on the floor as if he were tired and taking a short nap.
If it were any other time, Ramsay would have little trouble taking down this boy he's bullied easily before, he assured himself of this. The mist gave the boy this power, the voices drove him mad and gave him nearly supernatural strength. There was nothing for it, Ramsay wouldn't be able to take the chance on knocking Hot Pie into submission. He couldn't bring himself to admit defeat and run like Raff, even if he was worried about Theon and Damon. Ramsay had to kill the cook, there was simply no other option, might as well enjoy it.

Hot Pie was ready and fully enjoying it too. "The voices have it wrong. I'm not a killer. Well, I wasn't until now. You made me do this, be this just like my family." Ramsay snorted as he grabbed a sturdy looking blender and a metal kabob skewer. He kept waiting for Styr to enter and help him out but it was in vain. The door stayed open and empty except for the swirling mist. There were howls piercing the grayness and one of the voices sounded very much like Theon. This caused Ramsay to attempt a quick resolution.

"Hot Pie, you are a stone cold fucking murderer. Stop lying to yourself and you'll feel so much better. Just purge it out, lay it on me, baby. I'll listen to what you are feeling about your boohoo past. How your mean daddy and perfect brother didn't love you as much as they did their business. You can regurgitate upon me your damned victim stories until I cry. Once you put down your damned weapons, let me shut that door. I really don't want to kill our only cook."

Ramsay was answered by a rushing of sweaty cloth stuffed meat, Hot Pie was gnashing his teeth like a maddened dog. "Fine. If that's how you want it." They clashed with steel, sharp edges and growled words, grunts of pain and savage intent. "I am not a killer! I did not kill for my family! I did not!" Hot Pie insisted this over and over as he held a tray up to deflect a swing from Ramsay's blender. "Asshole! Before! In the way before this bullshit, you did kill someone! And here you are, damned for it like the rest of us sad shit-sticks! Welcome to High School Hell, moron!"

Styr had every intent of following Tormund into the cafeteria. He did. And it wasn't the voices or the shapes that drew Styr away, he knew better than that after all this time. This was a new thing and it was like a sudden flash, a sudden painless pulse. Someone was using a different kind of magic, he could taste it, like pencil shavings in his mouth. Tormund was already inside, mustn't have felt it. Styr didn't bother to holler, he just turned and went to find that pulse. One of the reasons the staff found Tormund and Styr useful is they were the only staff that never felt very affected by the mist.

So it was pretty powerful for it to catch his eye and Styr was intrigued. He headed in the direction of the pulse, the mist made it too difficult to rely on his sight. He moved slowly with his arms out, focused on the warm feeling. After a moment Styr was able to see that he wasn't alone in following the magic. It was mildly alarming to see small student shapes coming in and out of view. Long black limbs flickered in the trees and he wiped the sudden sweat off his bald head. "Demon, you can just take your fucked up little mime act somewhere else! Don't test me, freak!"

Styr jumped when he heard the demon laugh and when Loras came flying out of the mist, he panicked. "Ah fuck!" Styr had moved without thinking, he had pulled his gun out when he heard Patchface. He had a perfect shot and when Loras came from nowhere at him, Styrs trigger finger reacted. Styr stared down at Loras, who was bleeding and gasping for air. "Ah, fuck! I'm sorry, kid!" He found himself on his knees a second later as he stared at the sight before him. Crouched over the injured boy, Styr looked up at Dany leading her dead cousins past him, all of their eyes full of flames.

Only after the girl and her minions moved further into the mist, did Styr move. "Leave the pretty boy for me...no one will know you shot him." Styrs hesitated at the persuasive voice but shook his head, hurrying to scoop Loras into his arms. "No. I don't have much of a moral code but handing over an injured, entitled, spoiled little gayboy over to a demon might be just past me. Sorry. Fuck off or the
next bullet goes into you. Might not kill you but I bet it hurts like hell.” Styr lifted Loras and headed in a direction he hopes will take them to the clinic.

Petyr was sobbing like a baby, he was begging to be loved and Sansa tried to kill him by breaking his heart. She rode him as he lay restrained and she put one hand on his mouth, the other pinched his nose shut. "Go on. Thrash about like a fish for me, Uncle Petyr." She tried to fuck him to death and giggled whispering with the teasing voice of an eight year old murderess child.

"Silly old man, did you think I had the strength to smother you to death? I'm going to poison and love Stannis to death first. I am going to do it with every drop of love within me and when Stannis dies, he'll live forever in my head and my heart. Then I am going to murder Cersei and her vile son. That will be such a pleasurable moment that it will live forever in my memory. And only after I am stuffed with the others, will I come for your desperate old crumbling heart. Like an afterthought."

Stannis pretended not to be hearing them and he also tried to pretend it wasn't turning him on. Part of him was sad that he was too weak to give himself a hand job and another half cursed himself for it. Hearing Sansa admit to her murderous intentions was something that should be upsetting and Stannis was sure it was. He was distracted from that and the vile cramps assaulting him by the arrival of a shape at the window.

A delicate finger started to tap at the window insistently while Stannis began to scream. Shireen's empty eyes stared into his own and the skeleton smile she offered wasn't quite normal, it was ghastly, a parody of the daughter he loved. Tap, tap and Stannis stared, screaming.

Just as Stannis began to scream in terror, Sansa and Petyr shared an orgasm.

Chapter End Notes

Dany/Hot Pie: The Hand That Feeds by Nine Inch Nails
Stannis/Petyr: Knock Knock by Nikki Yanofsky

RIP: Tormund, Unella, Gregor, Marge, Olenna, Lommy, Olly, Harold, Bob, Tansy, Alyn, Grenn, Pyp, Walda, Shireen
Lyanna stared into the crackling fire. For the first time she was relaxed even though she was sitting on Renly's lap. The mist was swirling outside the windows, slipping in bit by bit and the voices crept in through small cracks. There wasn't a true escape from it, both knew it, they felt the truth, a bitter, painful bond pulling tighter together until Lyanna could barely breathe. They were scared, Lyanna's teeth chattered, her heart broke as her head filled with truth, words, images.

It was agony, so the girl clung hard to every word that showered down from the lips of her only protector, her new father. He assured her that he won't let Patchface have her, not while he felt Lyanna could become a good daughter. Renly hugged her, brushed her hair, gentle words that Lyanna filled herself with against the truth leaking through. Renly heard the voices, he tried to fight it until his throat nearly closed. Then both of them gave in to the harsh truth of the past finally caught up to them.

Lyanna struggled to get away and Renly fell to pieces. Sobbing, the man clutched the girl to himself tightly and wailed into her neck.

"I am so sorry! I keep forgetting and I keep saying I'm sorry! I can't change what I did, what I might have been! I'm not like that now, you KNOW that! You see it, Lyanna, you aren't dead, see? You are healthy, alive and I am learning to be a good father! See? And what a better fiance I am this time, look how patient I've been with Loras? It won't be the same, you'll see. Loras will learn, he will. Look how far you and I have come, dear?"

Lyanna looked up at a bead of sweat rolling down Renly's perfect nose and spoke in a near whisper.

"I thought Jeyne knew all the ways I died. I thought she knew all the truths of us, of all of us. She only knew some, she didn't know all of it, like, how it really happened." Renly gave a tiny laugh under his grinding teeth. A trembling hand started to pet her scalp with a heavy pressure, fingers dragging through strands of thick hair. Renly's voice became sharper. He squeezed the slight girl and began to rock back and forth, holding her like one would hold a teddy bear. Rubbing his chin on the silky brown hair, he spoke, eyes far into the mist and the voices.

"Jeyne is the demon's good friend. She can eat it's food, be touched by it. Jeyne is one of the craziest and oldest things on this cursed rock, Lyanna. I know that I've warned you of her so many times in the past and I've just given up on it. Perhaps having a friendship with her keeps you safe from the demon. That didn't save Olly, did it? Jeyne and the demon give half truths and even if Jeyne doesn't know she lies, she does. The demon has turned her insane and uses her mind to ease his boredom. Jeyne can be a nasty meddling little thing!"

Lyanna didn't agree with Renly's assessment of Jeyne but she has learned to never disagree with him. "Father, I'll give you reason to love me! I'll be the good, perfect daughter this time around! I won't give you a reason to kill me." Renly smiled and gave a small laugh, hugging her, rubbing his stubbly cheek against her soft but slightly bruised one. A slice of smile, pearly white sharp teeth flashing and gnashing at the words escaping his mouth covered in honey lure.

"The both of us can do better. Let's try harder this time, shall we? You remember to always take my side, always obey and listen carefully to my instruction. I will remember that you need to be praised, to be shown affection and I will be patient as I can. Goodness, we have received so much out of this
night, I wonder if anyone else was as lucky out there?" Tears poured down the girl's face and she whispered, "I forgive you for killing me, Father."

A voice shouted from outside. "Help, let us in! I've got Loras and he's hurt! We need help, man! Let us in!" Lyanna found herself dumped to the rug as Renly exploded out of the chair to save his injured fiance.

Taking a jagged breath, Lyanna began to curl in on herself, her ruined knees in a special kind of agony. Then Renly was before her, jerking her chin with his fingers. His eyes penetrated hers and his charming smile was all for her, his voice a silky parental tone. "Always take my side, obey and listen. And you'll have my adoring fatherly love. See? Up, up, help me with dearest Loras! He's going to transfer all those silly feminine feelings into mothering you instead soon. It will happen, you and I will make it happen. Me and my daughter. Up, up, love. Good girl."

"I AM NOT A KILLER, YOU MAKE ME DO THIS!" Ramsay almost began to cry and he did find himself drooling and gesturing wildly. "Oh. My. God. Would. You. SHUT THE FUCK UP!" Ramsay felt he has never suffered anything crueler or more painful in his life. No punishment or lecture from anyone, father or staff ever had made him suffer so very much. Why wouldn't the fat boy die? The mist made him fast, crafty and utterly insane to reason, stronger than he should ever have the right to be. Worse of all, it allowed Hot Pie to open that normally shut mouth. A smug and cold look overcame Hot Pie's doughy face.

"FINE! FINE! YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT BEING A FUCKING BULLY ALL MY LIFE, RAMS? HUH? LET'S DISCUSS THAT FUCKING DETAIL! ABOUT BEING CALLED NAMES, BEING FORCED TO DO ANYTHING YOU SAY, FORCED TO WATCH YOU HURT OR KILL! I'M SICK OF IT, I HATE, FUCKING HATE COOKING FOR YOU, I HATE YOU! I HATE YOUR FUCKING FRIENDS AND IF I WAS A KILLER, I WOULD HAVE KILLED YOU INSTEAD OF LETTING YOU BULLY ME ALL THIS TIME!"

Ramsay screamed and snapped back. "SO WHY DID YOU, ASSHOLE? WHY DID YOU LET ME BULLY YOU UNTIL JUST RIGHT THE HELL NOW, HOT PIE? THINK ON THAT FOR JUST A DAMNED SECOND! HEAR THAT HOWLING, IT'S GETTING CLOSER AND WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COMING FOR US!"

Theon leaned in the doorway and began to give a hyena bray, pointing at them. Hot Pie and Ramsay both managed to glance at the boy as they continued their death circle dance around the kitchen. Most of the kitchenware has been used, discarded or tossed away. The kitchen was truly in shambles and it struck both boys at the same time what Theon was laughing about. Both of them were down to using food for their attacks. Ramsay was hurling potatoes and Hot Pie was hoisting a raw leg of lamb.

Theon blurted out, "This is the most fucked up game of baseball I've ever seen!" Theon winced a bit at how bloody and bruised both fighters were. But then Theon tossed his head to emit another howl. Ramsay snarled out, "You are acting just like fucking Jeyne. I don't like it. Damn it. Why does that crazy cunt always fuck up my good time one way or another? Theon! Knock it off and get me some help! Hot Pie's gone fucknuts!" Hot Pie spoke very primly. "Maybe just like myself and Jeyne, Theon is just tired of being bullied by you!" "Oh, fuck you!" Ramsay snarled as he hurled another potato.

Theon gave a brilliant easy smile and when he spoke, Ramsay was just...stunned. "Rams, I decided that I love you. I've always loved you no matter how badly you've treated me. I've tried to escape it, run away from it and it never works. It's crazy, we aren't even from the same timeline but we are stuck together. Killing you won't change that. I don't want to die because of you but I have to take
that risk.” Snorting, Hot Pie started to swing harder and Ramsay grunted, "Theon, this REALLY isn't the time, honey. We can discuss all your fantasy lovebird shit later. Okay? Trust me, you DON'T have to worry about killing me, no matter what Jeyne or the fucking demon says."

"Oh, ungrateful, ungrateful and so mean!" Jeyne was quite indignant as she stomped off into the mist, leaving behind the chaos of the clinic. How dare the creepy nurse whack her with a broom like that? The doctor tried to inject her to stop her and instead of Stannis being happy to see Shireen, he kept rudely screaming. Seeing Petyr without a shirt and Sansa with her shirt still half undone was interesting. Not that Jeyne saw much, while everyone was freaking over Shireen, the nurse started to shoo Jeyne out of the clinic with that old broom. Even called her a demon's concubine, whatever that was.

Fine. Not everyone appreciates her help, no matter. Jeyne could feel Patchface and she could feel another magical presence hiding in the mist. Not just voices, not just forgotten spirits waiting to become people again. A pulse, an awakening, a new curse created and Jeyne began to follow towards it. This was new and interesting. It was new, right? Surely it was new, it felt new and Jeyne headed towards it. She was excited, it was new because Jeyne could feel that Patchface was intrigued and shocked himself. Must be powerful and Jeyne crept towards it.

Chapter End Notes

Renly/Lyanna: Father Lucifer by Tori Amos
Hot Pie: I Fucking Hate You by Godsmack
They danced, pulled their lips into suggestive smiles, hips and buttocks swayed, breasts glimpsed as they moved to the music under the appreciative gazes of men. Even the mist and all that it entails couldn't keep Bronn and Podrick from noticing every move of the enchanting students. They couldn't wait until the evening services and their eyes as well as their pants reflected this. At first this meant nothing, no more than the usual. Used to such reactions, used to the constant pressure of the lust just waiting to spill onto their young bodies, Olyvar and the girls accepted it. Or had.

The young whores never complained that the lust didn't always match how they felt. This wasn't something up for discussion with Harold and Bob nor with those that came before them. It wasn't even a discussion among the girls in any useful way. Until this very moment, until right now as they danced in the stuffy gym with nothing more than a cracked window for air. A crack that no one really noticed enough to cover and the mist was coming through it. No one saw the mist sneaking in and since all of them were very good at ignoring voices, no one saw the danger.

They danced and swirled while the men watched and leered, like they always did. And the girls moved faster, giggling with charm, innocence, flirting with a bit more naughtiness perhaps until the screaming started. Bronn and Podrick were scalded by the anger pouring from the girls as they surged towards the panicking males. Bronn managed to hold the girls off as they began to rush him, while Podrick hurried to unlock the door connecting into the school.

He couldn't risk the mist nor could Bronn. They could only hope to escape through the school and hope the mist wasn't already wafting through the school from open windows and doors. They would have no idea who or what else might be wandering or hiding within the school halls. One thing Podrick knew for sure, he and Bronn weren't going to survive if they didn't get out of the gym. "Hey Podrick, wanna blow job, sweetie? I really want to get my mouth on your tender warm bits, love, come here!" Podrick shuddered at Violet's offer as she gnashed her teeth and crept towards the terrified teacher.

Bonn hated to hit females, it just wasn't in him to abuse them physically if he could help it. He had no problem making them exercise until they dropped when they misbehaved. However, telling Myranda to do several push ups wasn't going to stop the girl from trying to eat him alive. No amount of jogging would stop Ross from cracking the baseball bat she had into some tender head, probably his own. Bronn tried backing up after good threats didn't work while Podrick started to find the damned keys and fiddle with the stupid old lock.

"I have been fucking bastards like you since I was in diapers. You are really funny and charming, Bronn. Always nice to us and I think when you fuck us, you really do try and make us have a good time. Does that make it easier? Does it make you feel better later? You might be fucking young school girls but hey, at least you made us laugh and didn't punch us or give us some nasty infection, right? Such a great fucking guy you are." Myranda's eyes were bright, so very cheerful and bright as she slowly began to circle Bronn, the girls joining her, all looking like sexy, inquisitive predators, ready for a kill.

"And let's not forget our good teacher, Podrick. I bet you are proud of yourself that you can make high school girls scream for you? Can I tell you a secret, Pod? Making a girl orgasm doesn't make you God, just means you are able to manipulate the body of a well groomed teenage whore. Congratulations." Podrick looked at Myranda with a shocked hurt look that made the girls laugh in a
way that was full of so much suppressed pain and rage that it made the men tremble a bit. Kyra grabbed a hockey stick and began to give the men a cold assessing smile. "They think we are just meat to fuck."

By the time Podrick got the door to the rest of the school open, Bronn had sent a haymaker into Myranda's jaw as she jumped to rip his testicles off. Podrick helped Bronn escape the clutches of Violet and Olyvar but Ross managed to break at least one of Podrick's ribs with her bat before the two men ran into the mist filled halls of the school, the girls chasing after them. Any door or window left open to catch the nice chill sea breeze was now welcoming the mist inside to fill the hallways with grayness and luring, terrible voices to rip away all masks and pretenses.

Olyvar began to laugh and laugh, unable to chase after the men. He chose to take his time to laugh and climb the stairwell until he reached the highest open window. He dealt with the voices and his own demise by creating another fate for himself by jumping out the window. Olyvar was dead upon impact, his body landing on the steep stone staircase that led into the assembly hall. No one was there to mourn him, the voices were too busy driving the others into a truth that brought a lack of sanity with it.

Ross felt imaginary arrows piercing every tender bit of flesh on her, she could FEEL Joff's fist, his father's thick rings cutting into her vaginal walls as he giggled over her dying body. It only made her swing the bat harder, it slammed into lockers as she stalked after Podrick. Violet was gagging over the clear memories of Damon whipping her to death, Kyra filled with fury over the knowledge that Ramsay disemboweled her and left her skinned body pinned to a tree. Myranda couldn't breathe, suffocating under her own sudden understanding, the sheer outrage of it.

"Olyvar was spying for Cersei and he was fucking Ramsay in secret. That's how Ramsay always found his prey at easy times. Olyvar was the helper in the true hunts not Ygritte. That wasn't her sin. Oh gods, that fucking sniveling traitor just got away!" The girls screamed with frustration as they heard Podrick helpfully point towards the staircase. "Uh, he went up, went to the window and took the shortcut out. Don't think he'll be coming back." This did not appease if anything it seemed to inflame the females. Myranda gasped and stared hard at Bronn, the injustices were a unique pain bubbled she had to burst.

"I DIED BEFORE I GOT TO DANCE AT A FUCKING PROM! IT'S NOT FAIR! THE NEXT TIME I ORGASM, IT'S GOING TO BE ON CERSEI'S DEAD FACE! COMING FOR YOU FIRST, BRONN! I EXPECTED TO DIE BY RAMSAY AND HIS DROOGS, ALL WHORES EXPECT TO DIE BY HUNT IN THE END! BUT WHAT YOU DID! AND PODRICK, YOU KNEW! CERSEI PAID YOU, SHE FUCKING PAID BRONN TO KILL ME AND PODRICK TO LOOK AWAY! YOU WILL PAY FOR THAT. YOU SPENT THREE HOURS FUCKING ME BEFORE YOU CHOKED ME TO DEATH! FOR THAT CUNT AND YOU HATE HER! WAS THE MONEY THAT GOOD, YOU FUCKING COCKSUCKER? DID YOU DO ANYTHING WITH YOUR PAY? NO. NO YOU BOTH FUCKING DIED ANYWAY!"

Giggling, Myranda swayed, watching as the two men started to run up a staircase still holding remnants of a party slide. Ross, Violet and Kyra charged after them, Myranda nearly skipping after them. Bronn yelled back down to her. "Yeah, she fucked us all over, Cersei was good at that! Fine, I did a terrible and stupid thing, I paid for it, I died for it. And Pod and I needed the money to escape this jumble of rocks. We just wanted to leave as much as any of you! I'm sorry for what I did, how long you want to make me pay for it?" Myranda gave him the most murderous look he has ever seen along with the most seductive voice.

"I am glad to remember and hear and see all of it. If I have to know what happened to me and my friends, it's only right to see how you ended too. Don't you think so? I'm glad that Cersei fucked you,
tricked you into doing what she wanted. The looks on your stupid faces when you figured out that Cersei was killing all sides. So stupid! I'm going to give you both new looks for your stupid faces. Get them! GET THEM! TAKE THEM DOWN!"

The mist didn't overly bother the boys at all. Damon, Skinner and Polliver were fine with what they've done, who they are. The mist merely cleared their eyes, no mask was truly removed as it wasn't needed. Polliver grinned down over the balcony gate of the school library. He felt nothing but pride over what he's done, really. It might have haunted Raff but not him. That's what he yelled down at Gregor and Unella when they appeared in the mist.

"You too, Ma? Damn. Probably good that it happened before any real memories, eh? I don't regret what I did, you know. Don't regret putting a bullet between your fucking eyes, Dad. Ma, I loved you so much but I couldn't save you anymore. I had to let Raff shoot you, we had to be free! Fuck off now. Take the fucking voices with you. Raff tried to be anything you wanted, I tried to keep the peace. How could the both of you go from being wonderful to fucking horrible all the time? WE LOVED YOU, WE WORSHIPED AND RESPECTED YOU AND TOGETHER YOU SUCKED US DRY BIT BY BIT! YOU DESERVED IT! AND LOOK, KARMA HITS ANYWAY, BABY! SO FUCK OFF! GO AWAY!"

Lollys and Gilly yawned, watching as Polliver screamed down at his zombie parents who stared back at him with slack faces. Shuffling her feet, Lollys hefted a rock and began to lazily swing it. "We could bust our way in. Or leave to get guns. I am down for both." Gilly shrugged, cracking her gum, giving Lollys a sharp look. "Jeyne thinks we are keeping her brother and boyfriend safe inside." Lollys nodded and both burst into laughter. It lasted exactly for four seconds then they cast their eyes back up at the prey yelling at his dead parents.

"It's not our fault that Jeyne makes assumptions. We never told her why we were standing here. She assumed and left before we could correct her." Gilly chomped hard, grinding the gum into a molar. "Very good point. Though we are sensitive to the fact that Jeyne is quite simple, it's not our fault that she didn't understand. And it shouldn't deter us and our choices. Poor girl. She'll have her little friends to comfort her. The demon and the broken girl will care for Jeyne. Once Polliver and Damon are dead, she'll cry, freak, try to kill us and then get over herself. It's not like we always go after them. We are fair with our hunting grounds."

Raising her eyebrows, Lollys stared at Gilly, taking a small step back and tapping her foot. Gilly rolled her eyes and her lips briefly quivered before she spoke in a quiet mutter, eyes cast down in a grumpy fashion. "Okay, fine, fine. The first time Jeyne ever fell in love it was with Ramsay and when we killed him, she DID catch us." Snorting, Lollys paused to glare and respond rather snootily, "I beg your pardon? She caught YOU, she half gutted you like a fish then left you hanging on a fucking HOOK from a tree for Patchface. She drank tea while he raped and ate you. All over killing that rapist murderer!"

Biting her lip, Gilly pushed closer into her friend and her lips twisted into a smirk. "And I recall you blowing Raff and Polly to itty bits just before Jeyne made you into a jigsaw puzzle once. If we go after Damon, Polliver or Raff that girl will come for us. At least most of the time she will catch at least one of us and that isn't a fun way to die. Let's leave the morons alone and find better prey."

Gilly kissed Lollys on the forehead. "If I wasn't so fond of you as a comrade, I would smash your head in with a rock. Oh, hey, what's that?"

The pulse of magic rushed over them as it got closer. Hidden in the mist but more compelling than voices or the dancing song of insanity leading their lust for blood was this warm glow that lulled. It hummed of power, it stunk of fire and ash, felt like chaos. Linking arms, the girls waved up girlishly at Polliver, who finally broke from his one sided argument with his dead parents to look at the girls.
"Bye bye!" They merrily waved and skipped off into the mist as if two young carefree girls on a lark through the park.

Polly cursed himself for wasting time yelling at the dead rather than keeping watch upon the living as he'd offered to do. Lighting a cigarette and flicking ashes down upon his dead parents with pure bored malice, Polliver yelled inside. "Any luck picking that lock yet?" No response and Polliver walked back in the french patio doors to see that Damon and Skinner not only got the door open but left without saying a word to him. "You fucking jerks!" Polliver stamped his way down the spiral staircase on to the ground floor of the library and flew out the door into the dim school hallways.

He saw Skinner running towards him, covered in vomit. "Run, fucking run. Damon's right behind me and I think they might have seen us!" Polliver squinted through the dim misty hallway, hearing girlish laughter. Damon went past, running and Polly started to back up as he noticed Myranda coming towards him with something in her hand. She wound up and threw it, Polliver caught it in a reflex while thinking crazily how Myranda really should be on a baseball team. He looked at the ripped testicles in his hand.

Chapter End Notes

Bronn/Podrick: Blue by Heathers The Musical
RIP Olyvar and Bronn: Sex & Candy by Marcy Playground
Raff was just beginning to regret wandering in the mist when he sighed in relief. It wasn't the voices that bothered him and though past memories certainly weren't pleasant, he could tolerate it. No, it was the shapes, the shadows around him that were what scared Raff. The last shape that Raff had accidentally walked up to was Olly, who stared at him then followed him for about five nerve wracking minutes. What Raff was most nervous about was running into a particular mountainous shape.

But this was a safe shape, it was a shape he knew very well. It was his little peculiar sister and Raff knew he was safe, Jeyne was never bothered by the mist or the voices. He reached out and called her name. Jeyne had been doing a strange dance, slow and sinuous then it turned ominous and jerky in nature. She went dead still at Raff's voice then carefully she seemed to roll her entire body backwards before turning to face him. Raff sucked in his breath as he stared at her impossible wide eyes, full of tears, full of something that Raff has seen before.

Eyes deep brown, they fell and fell and Raff forced himself to look away. "Raff, this mist is stronger. Guess what I saw? I saw a ice princess turned into a fire queen. Harold and Bob are her hell hounds now. Dany used magic and it's really made everything go BIGGER!" This was followed by a howl that raised so high that Raff felt the sweaty hairs on the back of his head raise straight up. The howl went as high as it could go then descended into a child's giggle. Raff spoke just like Gregor would when Jeyne have her dangerous spells like this.

"Jeyne, don't talk that way. Remember how mad mom and dad would get when you did that? Polly and I don't like it either. You aren't a four year old, you are a freshmen now. Remember?" Another shape came close and Raff leaped over to stand next to his sister. Jeyne giggled but hugged her older brother tightly. "I won't let anyone hurt you, I promise. But I am busy remembering things, just like you, just like everyone right now." Jeyne's tone was trying for teenager but her eyes were a mix of preschool and eternity.

It was a scary look but one Raff could deal with, he had to take care of his little sister, even at her strangest. Shrugging, Raff ruffled her hair and smiled in spite of shapes moving around them.

"Thank you. I do remember what I've done and I am okay with it. We are dead and reliving everything. We are cursed. I remember that now. I know that we all remember things, see the dead moving in the mist and then when the mists lift, it all goes away. We forget the voices, the fear, the dead walking around. We forget we are stuck in a curse, forget we are really just repeating and rearranging shit."

His voice had a touch of panic and Jeyne hugged him again. Jeyne smiled and the danger in her seemed banked for the moment. It was only while Jeyne was speaking with a eerie calm joy that Raff started to figure out something different about her, really different and new. His eyes seemed to inch downwards as she spoke, Raff's hands trembling until he shoved them in his pockets to hide it. He kept nodding as Jeyne spoke.

"I don't think we forget this time, big brother. Something is different. Whatever Dany did, it changed things. Patchface thinks so too. I think we will all remember this time. I think we are all about to try a new thing. I wonder if its going to be bad or good." Jeyne held tightly to Raff's hand and led him through the mist. "I am starting to see clearer through the mist. The voices are getting louder, that means they will end soon. But we won't forget with the mist leaving this time. Dany brought out new
magic and bound us like invisible rope! Do you know I remember when I died? I was this old."

Jeyne held four fingers up in front of Raff's face. He gave her a sad smile as his eyes watched Jeyne's tiny bare feet. "I know, sweetie. Your Aunt Cersei is a fucked up chick, that's for sure. Why anyone would want to kill you? I mean, besides the fact that when you started coming around us as a little kid, you never shut up! You just jabbered and went on, lucky a Clegane didn't kill you instead!"

Giggling, Jeyne swatted Raff. With relief, Raff watched as those tiny feet stopped floating inches off the ground and thudded down gently.

Jeyne skipped forward, leading him towards that magical warm pulse that drew everyone in one way or another. "We are going to the dorm house. That's where all the nasty Lannisters are but we can go the other way, the way I took the Reeds. I bet Dany is going to burn everyone up! I want to watch her do it. Don't worry, I won't let her cook up anyone we like! I also won't let her burn up Tyrion cause he's my father. It wouldn't be right of me. But hurry, we can go through this cool hole right in the rocks and-
"

Raff gave a tiny snort of disgust. "It's going to involve very large spiders and dirt, isn't it?" Jeyne gave him an apologetic look. "Yes, I know. But that's where Dany and all that wonderful magic is! I want to see what she will do!" Raff sighed and shook his head. "Can't you just lead me home, please? I know you want to go towards the magic and whatever Dany is doing. But I am going home and you should stay there with me until this is over." Jeyne rolled her eyes and dragged her feet as she led Raff to their home.

Arya and Alliser shared a look of a mix of confusion and mild disgust. When the mist managed to leak through cracks and crannies, it strung itself around them and planted sharp needles of the past deep into their tender grey matter. Alliser and Arya struggled silently before surrendering and accepting their pasts, the present situation, their deaths and the curse they lived under. Then it was grim but over and they could continue onward. Not Jon. He was sobbing, he was yanking away from Arya in horror, mumbling incoherently.

Arya tried to use good humor, gallows humor, understanding and sisterly love but nothing worked. Alliser tried a different approach. "Stand your ass up and dry those tears or I'll crack your head open." That received no response at all and Alliser decided to let his hands do the talking first until Jon was ready to hear another way. Alliser got Jon standing quickly enough but the tears didn't stop and the boy started gagging. Alliser stepped away fast in case of vomit but his hand cracked on Jon's face. Arya protested and received a crack of her own.

Grabbing Jon's face between his beet red and stinging hands, Alliser stuck his face close and growled. "Pitiful rich boy. You are going to listen to me carefully. I want you to absorb this, let it ring through your stupid empty skull! The past is over, it happened, it was real and you don't have to worry about guilt because you are PAYING for your deeds. Okay? You are dead. This is our hell, our atonement for what we've all done. All of us. Not just you, stupid fool, hell, you did less than most of us here so stop your caterwauling. You let yourself be played, you lost and here you are. Get over it."

All three heard something coming towards the door and Jon's drama was instantly forgotten. Alliser stood in front of the kids, shoving Arya back when she tried to stand beside him. The door burst open and Jeyne entered, nearly yanked inside by Raff who flew in and slammed the door shut. Jeyne gave a big smile. "Oh hi! Great! See, Raff? Now you have others to keep you company! All of you have fun staying safe, okay? Bye now! I need to go see about that magic and the Fire Queen!"

Before Alliser or Jon could blink, Arya ran out the door behind Jeyne. "Shit!" Alliser groaned and slammed a fist onto the table. "Damn that girl. Boys, stay here. I will go after the girls. It's my duty.
Dead or not, hell or high school, it's my duty and by god, I have never shirked from my duties before. The mist seems to be lifting, won't be that bad." The boys weren't sure if Alliser was convincing them or himself. Either way, the teacher stood tall and firm as he went out the door. Jon looked at Raff then offered coffee. Raff accepted then asked Jon if he had any intention of wiping the tears and boogers off his face. Jon invited Raff to go fuck himself.

Raff laughed as he sipped his coffee. "Oh, come on, it can't be so bad. I mean, I let my brother shoot our dad then I shot our mom." Jon swallowed coffee of his own. "That is bad. I covered for Sansa while she slowly poisoned every male member of our family. When she murdered our father and uncle, crippled one brother and retarded another, I was her alibi, I hid evidence to help her. Even though she was only kind to me when no one was watching. Hell, I figured that Sansa not poisoning me, letting me help her meant that she saw me as a real brother. What wouldn't I do for that to continue?"

Jon sniffed and stared into his coffee mug as he morosely continued. "I hated Cat, I fucking hated her as much as she hated me. I loved her once, when I was little. At least, I tried to but the woman was cruel from the day she met me. It gave me pleasure to watch how she suffered over her beloved sons and husband. It gave me joy to know she couldn't prove how they died, that I blocked that. It made me happy to know I contributed to that bitch's pain and frustration. When Cat figured out that Arya and I helped Sansa, she beat us both bloody." Raff chuckled. "Could you blame her?"

Jon shrugged while a smirk formed and his tears dried. "No. But Arya took it real personal. She was already becoming Arry and her mother had found out about the clubbing and Arya's sexual preference. Cat told Arya she was going to be sent to an institution to be cured over the summer. Arya snapped and she slit Cat's throat. I watched and did nothing. Cat tried to grab the phone hanging on the wall and I whacked it out of her hand while she fell down. She grabbed my pant leg. I can still see her, making a squawking sound while I stared at her and watched her die. I helped Arya try to clean the blood, I helped her and Sansa figure out what to do with the body. If Petyr hadn't shown up in his usual creepy visiting way, we would have buried the bitch and run off to who knows where."

Raff nodded and reached over to grab Jon's hand. Jon looked up to see Raff looking deeply into his eyes as his compassionate voice replied, "That was a really, really boring story, Jon."

Chapter End Notes

Jeyne: Rabbit Hole by Emma Wallace
Jon: Fallout by Marianas Trench
Meera sighed deeply and drawled out, "No one has ever eaten ass like you, brother." Jojen snorted and muttered, "I am not eating ass, pussy or even giving your fucking tit as much as a polite nibble until you give me a little more sunshine." Shifting on the bed to get her leg out of a sticky spot to slide it further into the dirty stiff twist of unwashed sheets, Meera gave a threat without any true feeling. "I could force you. Make you beg to do it." Jojen smiled dreamily as he stretched his body to push against hers, entwining their naked limbs. "True. But you like it better when I'm willing. I'm not willing until you give me more. You got more, I want more, it's only fair. Don't make me suffer this fucking mist sober, sis."

Rolling her eyes, Meera watched as her arm grew like a vine then a claw with flesh snatched up the baggie. "Here. Three tabs left. Fuck. Have to make more. If Patchface hadn't made that deal with us, I wouldn't be able to make you more. So see, dealing with the devil isn't too bad even if we are trapped here. Going to him and making that little sacrifice of our blood worked. We came home with sore wrists but look, everything fucking Lommy and Arya broke is fixed! We have all our products intact and I can make more tabs. We won't make any more mistakes, no more accidents and this time, either Ramsay actually protects us or we find new protection."

Jojen stared at his sister as he took all three tabs at once. "I don't know how you do it. How can you just...the mist is here. I am remembering, you are too, I can tell. And here I am crying, I am, right? It's tears, not blood, right? Cause I can't tell but I know we aren't good....we aren't right...we are fucked up like the whole fucked up place and we belong here fucked like all the fucked...ah fuck, I'm fucked up." Meera gave a deep throat chuckle before landing on her brother as he squirmed on the bed. She licked her blistered lips with a tongue that felt furry. Then licked up her brother's chest with her dry, scratchy, sticky tongue. She delved into the hollows of each rib licking until she reached his thin neck. Chewing messily along his thin skin and weak but persistent pulse, Meera left faint traces of brown swirls from brownies they ate earlier before the boat trip.

Meera's words were muffled by his wasted flesh. "Jojen, we've been through this, man. Look, we aren't killers, not like the rest of them or most of them. What did we really do so bad? We gave a way out of bad times, we gave pleasure, we gave dreams to replace nightmares. Not our fault how a customer reacts, we warn them of the strength and not to go too far. Not our problem after we get the cash and they get the product. We never deliberately poisoned or overdosed anyone. We didn't make anything deliberately more addictive than anything else out there. We are way better than our parents, our products are better and we never tried to hurt anyone on purpose which makes us WAY better than them!"

Jojen grunted. "We died, not our parents. Talk about everything going fucked up and upside down. Damn. Dead stoned ghosts. Fuck me."

"Okay!" Meera agreed before Jojen could correct her but then their door was kicked open. Ygritte stood in the doorway, giving the twins a look of disgust as she brought her hands to her nose. "Oh gods! When was the last time either of you fucking showered? Jojen, does your room always stink like this? Fucking junkies. You are being requested. Bring your best goodies to Joff's rooms. More importantly, bring the best of everything you have including drinks to the fancy old living room no one ever uses. It's being used now by Cersei and Tyrion until the mist ends. Fucking wash your faces, pits and taint before dressing this time, would ya?" Ygritte slammed out of the room and Jojen
sniffed. "Yeah, I guess it's been a bit since I cleaned. I showered for that first day of school, I think."

Meera shrugged. "I showered the day after the big party. I'm good for another few days. Here, I can febreeze us both." They reluctantly dressed in identical sweatsuits that might have had color and texture once. Both were thin, ragged and grayish color which matched the wearers in a rather awful but impressive way both refused to acknowledge. Jojen helped his sister figure out what they had to offer the elites while he tried to speak of things he didn't want to speak or think of. But he felt rather compelled. "We sold drugs off island that killed a bunch of people." Meera nodded without much emotion. "Yup. We wanted to have better product than our trash family and we over did it. And we paid for it when Judge Lick-Me-Sir decided to send us to this island."

Jojen scratched at a million invisible bugs that traveled along his arm, a jagged piece of his ripped fingernail dug into his flesh. He winced as he said, "We did the same thing here. We accidentally overdid it here too." Meera nodded again. "Yup. We paid for that too, didn't we? With our actual lives. So why should we feel any guilt now? We are still paying for something that was an accident and done so long ago probably." She handed Jojen bottles of laced wine as he muttered, "It doesn't bother you to think of how hated we were when we died? Everyone here and off the island thought we were drug dealers just trying to be serial killers! It doesn't even bother you how we died? I mean, talk about a fucking horror show!"

Meera shoved gently at Jojen after he set down the bottles on the barely clean tray they had still from the party. Making sure they had everything they needed, they headed into the hallways. The mist wasn't visible inside and all windows were covered against the ones that still walk out there. They headed up the stairs towards Joff's room, staggering into each other, Meera slurring words.

"It was just death. What was awful to me was watching you die first. Watching Raff stab you with every needle on the damned island. Buried each one inside you, your pretty eyes jabbed right in, all over you until I couldn't see any of you left and I couldn't do anything. Raff made sure to break both my arms and legs first but he also made sure to give me a great view of the Jojen Pincushion Show. Leaving me there too beaten and broken to save you, to protect or even get you help. All I could do was watch you die. Even that wasn't enough and he returned with a fucking nail gun to finish me off slowly. I think I had more nails in me than you had needles in you. All because Polliver overdosed trying to forget his own sins!"

Ygritte went to tell the Lannisters that their refreshments were on the way. "Good. Joff will be quite safe in his private rooms with Gendry patrolling. I want you to stay around the perimeter of this awful parlor until the mist ends." Raising one eyebrow, Ygritte tossed her hair and asked, "Are you paying me for guarding you? Because I have other plans that work best in a mist like this. I could use the cover for something important. The doors and windows are locked and the boys are upstairs. You really can't get safer but I can always get richer. Oh no...wait. Nope. Since I remember I'm dead, I guess I don't actually need money for my own shop someday, do I? So fuck off. I'm off to kill the cocksucker who murdered my ass and sent me onto this fucked up ghost carousel."

Ignoring the scathing words of both Cersei and Tyrion, Ygritte checked her gun then headed out the door into the mist. "If I were Alliser, where would I spend the mist?" Ygritte took four steps before she froze, barely breathing. She watched silently as Dany passed her with fire eyes and dead cousins. Ygritte was thrilled to have made the right decision to leave when she did as she observed Dany speak some word in a guttural language and the doors just exploded into flame and ash. Part of her really wanted to wait around to see what Dany was going to do but the other half wanted the teacher's blood. It didn't matter to her that he would only return another time later, all that mattered was flat out killing him NOW.

Ygritte smiled a bit at the screams from inside the dorm house as she skirted further into the mist. She
remembered clearly how she died, how she is cursed to repeat failures over and over. Fury filled her, indignation and Ygritte stopped smiling as she chewed her lip. Alliser might not have killed her on purpose, but he was still her murderer and he had to pay for that. The fact that Alliser had been trying to stop her from killing Jon was no excuse. "This time around, I'll kill Arya and Jon along with Alliser!" No crossbow this time though, Ygritte wasn't taking chances. A bullet between the eyes is all they deserve and the one way Ygritte can't lose.

It seemed almost like fate when she heard Arya's voice then Alliser's voice booming out. Perfect. Ygritte stealthily got closer and took the safety off the gun, her finger curling around the trigger.

Chapter End Notes

Jojen/Meera: Dueling Banjos by Hayseed Dixie
"I can't decide which of us I hate more."

Tyrion's voice was choked with tears, his eyes hollow, red rimmed, the moisture sliding into his beard, his nose running a bit. Cersei's eyes were dreadful pits of coal and her voice was a death knell.

"You hate yourself more."

His neck craned up so he could stare his older sister in her face as he spoke with honest awful guilt ridden pain.

"I fucking hate you so much. So fucking much, I wish we, no, YOU were dead."

The voice was scalding, condemning, the murderous intent in Tyrion's tone as his fists clenched tighter. Cersei's laughter sounded like she was swallowing broken glass.

"You wish we were both dead? Good one. You loathe me and love me, even if you don't want to. I am the only thing you truly have left and I rejected you, destroyed the one thing you loved. You let me keep you, you let me abuse and kill our little mistake, your dumb pet. Out of what, hate? No, out of like? It's your own self you despise and for good reason, little brother."

Tyrion shook his head angrily. Both of them were standing mere inches from each other. Cersei bent down to Tyrion's level and grinned as if to bite his face, her tone poisonous and sweet.

"You little twisted monkey, you should be grateful for me! You would have spent your whole life caring for her, Tyrion! Her special needs alone-"

Tyrion did something sudden, it was enormous in the very important things in Cersei's world. His hand was small but it hurt, as if branding her, it actually seemed to burn into her right cheek.

"SHE GOT THOSE SPECIAL NEEDS BECAUSE OF YOU! WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST LET ME HAVE HER? IT'S ALL I WANTED, WAS SOMETHING, SOMEONE TO LOVE ME BACK! I WOULD HAVE STAYED SOBER, CARED FOR HER!"

Cersei's voice was ice, it was calm in spite of the pain and shock.

"Because it was my body. It should have been MY choice to abort. You should have helped me do so, not offer me the same pressure I received from father, Robert and Jaime about being pregnant. I just knew deep down it was your vile sperm. Don't take it so personally, I would throw up at the thought of bearing any actual child of Robert's. I didn't even want Jaime's. I only managed that one miscarriage and I was deliberately blocking the pain so I could watch how upset Robert was. I do wish that I belonged to a time and a religion that allowed me the luxury of having it scraped out. That might have changed so much. So much of me might have been different."

She spoke with such a bitterness and her hands were covering her womb.

"It was the inside of my body and I couldn't even get to control that much. I was female! I was nothing more than my face, what's between my legs and daddy's bank account! Jaime manipulated me with sex, father with fear and Robert with brute force. You used drugs and my weakest moments
against me. Don't keep denying that you drugged my wine that night I asked you to my home! You didn't use protection and you knew I wasn't in my mind enough to protest! You knew I wouldn't be able to get rid of it, did you enjoy trapping me that way? I am so happy that you loved her so deeply, it was hard to wait that long to murder the little runt. I needed you to pay, Tyrion. You knew I would always pay you back, I would always pay my debt, little brother."

Cersei sneered.

"I was just a damned brood mare, a pretty possession for father to sell off. Robert saw me as a damned business deal, it was a bonus I was pretty, beatable and ready for breeding! For Jaime, I was the only female who didn't just want to fuck him for his money and name. And you, vile worm! My weakest moment, the one slip up and it wasn't even ME you cared about or wanted. You just wanted a damned pet! Instead of going to a shelter, you blackmailed me to keep the vile beast! How dare you have threatened to tell my new husband that I was fucking my brothers. So yes, I tried everything I could to miscarry! When I couldn't miscarry, I did whatever I could to pickle the kid, to trip that fetus with a bit of LSD, some mushrooms, whatever I could get. Do you know how close I came to committing suicide while I had her growing in me? What the fuck would you care, right? You never loved me. You just needed me to give you someone to love. I might have hated you, but it still stung."

Tyrion assured his sister eagerly as he crawled over to her, his face drunk, slightly maddened and his beard was drenched, dripping with sweat.

"You are un-lovable, Cersei. I tried to love you, Jaime tried, god knows Jeyne tried and Joff is still trying, the poor fool. Father never loved any of us, how are you still not clear on that? He was an icy prick to all of us, he abused us all in every way but sexual, doesn't give you the right to do the things you've done! Robert never married you for love, but you made it impossible for him to try. Showing up to your wedding day in a black funeral dress didn't get you two off on a good foot. Arranged marriages were shitty, yes, I know but you could have defied father. I'm sorry you didn't have a penis but you chose alcohol, sadism, incest and human trafficking instead of challenging the status quo! You chose to take drugs with me, you chose to have sex with me and all I asked was that one thing! All you had to do was give birth to her and give her to me, be a distant aunt! I am so sorry that Jaime dumped you! I'm sorry Robert had beaten you that night and I was your only phone call! I showed up to clean up your fucking messes, just like I did for Jaime! It happened while I was trying to calm you and it was an accident!"

Cersei spit in his face. His hands grabbed the sides of her face as if trying to make the woman understand, to feel, to accept what he was feeling, to assuage his own guilt.

"I OFFERED YOU MY SERVICES IN ANY WAY FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES FOR HER! I WANTED NOTHING FROM YOU, JUST THE BABY! JUST DON'T DRINK, NOT DRINK MORE. NOT TO TRY TO BEAT THE CHILD OUT OF YOUR BODY WHILE COMPRESSING YOUR STOMACH WITH CORSETS, STARVING YOURSELF! NOT SPEND THE REST OF HER SHORT LIFE TRYING TO TORTURE HER!"

Now Tyrion's hands were around that lovely throat and Cersei didn't even blink, she allowed it, her smirk driving him out of his mind.

"YOU TRIED TO GIVE BIRTH IN THE BATHTUB AND DROWN HER! YOU LEFT HER BEATEN AND BLOODY SO MANY TIMES, YOU SOUGHT HER OUT TO HURT HER! YOU WOULD FUCKING SET ME UP, GET ME DRUNK THEN YOU WOULD GO SNATCH HER! LURE HER TO YOU LIKE A FUCKING SERIAL KILLER! I FOUND HER BRUISED AND FILthy IN DUMPSTERS! BEHIND A BAR YOU DUMPED HER AT!"
WHY? YOU DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO BOTHER WITH HER, I NEVER ASKED YOU TO GO NEAR HER, TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH HER! YOU KILLED HER AS YOUR OWN BIRTHDAY PRESENT! HOW COULD WE NOT BE IN HELL BECAUSE OF YOU! ALL SHE DID WAS SAY I LOVE YOU! SHE WAS JUST A HAPPY STUPID DROOLING FOUR YEAR OLD BABY THAT WANTED TO GIVE YOU A BIRTHDAY PRESENT!"

Cersei's knee went up hard and fast into her brother's rather large testicles that she remembers the salty taste of. Coughing, Cersei slumped down next to Tyrion, who was curled up, clutching himself.

"SHE HAD NO RIGHT TO SAY THOSE WORDS TO ME! If Jaime hadn't seen your retarded child...he had left Bri, he was coming back to me, I know he was! Then he saw his niece and it was in the movements, the voice and Jaime saw your damned guilty face. I lost him forever that day. IF I LOST THE ONE PERSON WHO WOULD EVER LOVE ME, SO WOULD YOU! JEYNE HAD NO RIGHT TO YOUR LOVE ANYMORE! SHE NEVER HAD ANY RIGHT TO MY LOVE! YOU HAD TO HURT, YOU HAD TO LOSE AND PAY! BECAUSE I LOVED JAIME AND IT WAS MY BODY AND I CAN BLAME YOU OR FATHER OR MY FAT PIG OF A DEAD HUSBAND OR THE BLOODY WORLD IF I WANT!"

Like a vengeful goddess, Cersei brought her fists raining down upon Tyrion for a moment as he tried to rip her hair, bite at her neck as if to rip her open. Her storm was slow to end and both were bloody, hitching sobbing breaths. Panting, Cersei's eyes full of tears and some awful emotion that stains her, that makes her hate herself in a way no one ever could, she confessed to her little brother.

"I am glad you were there to watch. I loved hearing you scream and sob like a baby."

Cersei reached down and stroked Tyrion's wet face even as he softly begged her to stop, to shut up. Her voice was warm, loving and full of a silky seduction.

"Bringing her to my private birthday supper with family only the worst thing you could have done. In front of Jaime and father. It's your own fault. You wanted to hurt me, taunt me by having that pet of yours come over to me, declare herself my niece just to watch me squirm. You thought it was cute to let her give me a birthday message and a present. Telling her to say she loved me, that was your mistake, brother. Murdering her with her own painstakingly made present was worth this hell, Tyrion. She gave me a fucking ROCK, a painted rock, a filthy nasty present from a filthy, nasty girl. She was practically BEGGING for me to kill her, like the gods were giving me a sign. It was worth father having me committed for a few months, It's truly my greatest memory. The expression of shocked hurt on her face when I swung the painted rock into her skull. I took my time with every hit. I savored it, brother. Her pain was cathartic but your agony was downright orgasmic for me. I have been chasing that first high since then, haven't I? Well, being modest, I don't get to kill the girl much, she's far too crafty."

Tyrion sat up, flinching away from his sister, then he looked up at her with haunted eyes. He remembered every gruesome detail, his father had put one hand out and Tyrion had found himself held back by Jaime. Such rejection of his daughter, of himself by his family, it was an open wound, festering now.

"I didn't tell Jeyne to say she loved you. I didn't tell her to make you a present. She begged me to take her to the party because she fucking worshiped you from a distance. And she wanted to meet the golden uncle I told her all about. She wanted to see her grandfather. Jeyne wanted to see the male relatives I told her about, that I showed her pictures of. I begged her all the time to leave you alone. But you would pretend to be nice, she would trust you, let you take her anywhere, hurt her anyway. I would find her so many times, all messed up and yet, she adored you and every time would fall for
it. I don't know why Jeyne would try and love such a monster."

Cersei froze then rose slowly, she walked to sit on a chair, staring coldly at the mist filled window. The smirk on her face was well in place and her cultured cold voice was in control, it was full of surety.

"Now we can be sure this was all your fault. What a father you were, dear. You knew she was so impaired that the girl couldn't understand the ill will I always meant her. And what steps did you take to protect her from me? You simply told her to stay away from me then went back to your drinking and whoring. You didn't move further away, you left doors unlocked and your child unfed, uncared for and she was ripe for the taking, really. You are lucky I was the only one that would snatch her. You never took very good care of your pets or your plants, Tyrion and this girl was a bit of both. You knew what I would do if pushed, brother. And you were just too drunk to think of the danger, right? Who's truly to blame for Jeyne's life and death? And here we all are. My poor son and I are cursed to spend eternity with you and that repulsive reminder of my worst times."

Tyrion stood up, silently he poured two goblets of wine and handed one to his sister. He sat in a chair next to hers and they drank, wondering who hated the other more. After a moment, Tyrion's smooth voice launched an attack as he admired the deep ruby of his wine.

"Jeyne isn't the reason Joff is here in hell. In fact, since we have examined my poor skills as a father, let's discuss your failures as a mother. While we are at it, let's discuss the way I died. Or how about the way you died? No, too droll. Let's discuss how many times since then that Jeyne has murdered you? I wonder if she remembers you are her mother yet? If she remembers the truth of how she died? Hmm, I remember her killing you a few times, you killing her too. Always fun to watch. Well, except for the time that she was really angry and murdered me too."

Tyrion started to laugh as he spoke, wine sloshed and Cersei's eye twitched. Ignoring her, Tyrion continued his slurred but happy story.

"How about the time that Jeyne spent the whole mist demanding a written apology from you? Or the time the three of us were trapped in the music room? You threatened to use a piano wire to strangle her, cut her throat if she didn't stop playing the one damned instrument she knew! She just kept following you around playing the banjo? Before using it to bash your head in?"

Cersei's head snapped to stare at Tyrion and she geared herself up for war. It was a relief and welcome distraction when a polite knock came at the double doors. Both went blind and deaf for a moment when the doors burst into flame. The wood became instant, impossible ash that Dany easily walked through, her dead cousins following her. All three had eyes full of crackling flames and smiles that held very little humanity.

Tyrion blinked over and over fuzzily, unable to comprehend how he ended up back on the floor. He was upside down, staring up at the trio walking towards the staircase. Cersei was screaming, staggering, dizzily chasing them.

"Leave my son alone! Dany! Don't you dare, don't touch him, he is innocent! Dany, do what you want to your brother but not my baby boy! DANY!"

Tyrion began to laugh hollow but loud and heartfelt.

"HOW DOES IT FEEL, SISTER? KILL HIM, DANY! SMASH JOFF'S BRAINS IN, ROAST HIM SLOWLY SO I CAN HEAR CERSEI SCREAM!"
Chapter End Notes

Cersei/Tyrion: Little Lion Man by Tonight Alive
Exposed

Chapter Notes

This chapter is for a certain Toad that had some bad days and still took the time to chat with me over MY bad days!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Barbary lifted the NUMBER ONE NURSE mug that was once white with red thick lettering. Now it has been stained through time to be nicotine yellow with faded pink letters, years of lipstick stains that ringed the edge of the mug. She drank her tepid Constant Comment tea and lit a Benson and Hedges. Sucking deeply, her dentures clicking briefly with every exhale of her nicotine steam that drifted lazily around the doctor. She shifted on her desk chair and her pantyhose brushed against her mustard color rayon pants causing a hissing sound.

"Look at that. A pretty red cardinal caught between a vulture and a faded falcon. Such ruffled feathers. With a dirty wren discarded on one of our cots. Tsk, tsk."

Qyburn cleared his throat and pretended he wasn't snacking on a handful of Fiddle Faddle he was hiding in his lab coat. It plays hell on his remaining teeth, never mind his partial but he loves the stuff. Even dead, he seems to enjoy it and oh, please, let him continue to remember everything this time around! Last time, or maybe the last few times in the mist, Qyburn would retain it all for a time but it always slipped away within a week. He tried to write it down but it always was disregarded as scribbling. They didn't ever make much sense when read out of the mist or they seemed to just get lost or thrown away as trash.

"That is only what it appears to be at the moment, Barb. We have two men each remembering being loved, poisoned, cheated upon. It was clear that Sansa had intended the men to love her and slowly die for her pleasures. This has understandably upset the old birds. Ah, but see how calm the girl remains, smiling, looking from one to other as the two men now begin to eye each other instead. Ignore the little birdie on the cot, dear nurse. I will wait until Stannis gets distracted as he always does then we can scoop her up."

Barbary gave a very inelegant snort into her mug before she delved into the break room to get the Jiffy-Pop. She sat back down and raised a eyebrow at the doctor. "Go on, say a word about the dangers of artificial butter or salt intake and I'll mention that you are trying to hide the Fiddle Faddle! I wonder if they remember how they actually died yet, that will change things in there. Yup. Thought so. The red bird just became a woodpecker and the vulture just became wood."

Both of them laughed but neither that nor the commentary seemed to be heard by the heart sick trio. The three of them were only a few feet from the open nurse's office door and seemed unaware they had an audience with drinks and snacks, enjoying the show. It might have been the presence of Shireen, who kept staring at her father then attempting to speak but never did. When Qyburn or Barbary attempted to remove the girl, Stannis threatened to murder them.

He believed the doctor wanted to experiment on her and Stannis was correct in his assumption. He believed the nurse would toss the girl back into the mist if she had her way and Stannis was correct on that. Stannis knew that his daughter was dead, he knew that he was dead and he knew Shireen's mind would come back with time. Why wait until she would come back again when he has her
now? Stannis had managed to steer the girl into a hug then into sitting numbly upon a cot. That is when he noticed the half dressed state of Petyr and Sansa both in a rather heated argument.

Stannis had to concentrate, he put his daughter on the cot and into the back of his mind. What mattered now was the two before him. Petyr was looking nearly unhinged as the reality of things struck him hard. His brain must have seen it like Stannis's. Like a dreadful thud and he saw, recalled so many things, so many lives, no deaths, murders and mistakes repeated eternally, his own, others. That is why Stannis had screamed as well as the sight of his dead daughter. It's why Petyr was yelling at Sansa now. It was much easier to focus on Petyr's trouble with truth than his own.

"Sansa, my darling! I gave you everything! I bought you anything you've ever wanted or needed since you were a child! I put up your awful family, I married that crazy woman and tolerated her disabled son! Even your mother, who was my best friend, even she knew of my love for you! I LOST my best friend because of it and I accepted that FOR YOU! I loved you, I still love you! You flaunted every lover you had before me, you chose Stannis of all people! Such disloyalty to me, such disrespect, you are just a black widow! Broke my damned heart and you were poisoning me the whole time!" Petyr grabbed his chest and his words were impassioned.

Barbary clicked her dentures and added a little something to her mug and Qyburn rolled his eyes as he sipped at his Nehi. "Petyr is trying too hard. He's sweating but he's giving it the old college try."

A healthy swallow later, Barbary added, "He's putting it on a little thick, I'd say. Stannis isn't buying it and Sansa looks ready to do some damage." Petyr took a half step forward with a finger in the girl's face. It wagged and the girl seemed to go cross eyed trying to watch the winking ruby. Her lovely bee stung lips were trying not to release a giggle and Qyburn tittered for her.

"Young lady, I saved you and your worthless siblings! You could have been put to death, put in prison for life or institutionalized! I saved you, I came when you called me just like I always have! It was ME that saved you when you begged for my help! With my wit, connections, work and money! I not only got you all into this school, I bought you a car when you turned sixteen, I bought you designer clothing, I got you anything you wanted all your life and the second you get here, you go right to Cersei and to Stannis! Do you know what you've done to me, to all of us! I am not sorry about how it ended! It's your own fault, you took things too far, little girl! YOU DID THIS! You drove me to it! IT HAD TO END, IF I COULDN'T HAVE YOU, NO ONE WOULD!"

Qyburn and Barbary gave each other a small knowing look as they crunched. Stannis had been standing next to Sansa now, even in his hospital night gown he seemed foreboding. "Speaking of driving...you fucking murdering bastard! How dare you blame her for what you did! Admit it, I want you to say it out loud. That braided bitch wouldn't have done it on her own, it's the depth of your hatred and jealousy, isn't it?" Petyr straightened his tweed jacket and stood as tall as he could while Sansa towered over him, a smirk playing on her face. "Fine. I paid that greedy braided brat to cut the brakes of Sansa's car. I knew you two were running away and couldn't abide it. I regretted it too late but it was soon after your deaths that I felt better. Would you like to know why?"

With a quick nudge, Barbary whispered, "He's gonna mention you. It's your shining fifteen seconds of fame, that pansy art man Warthog says we all get one. Here's yours." Qyburn blushed but nodded, watching Petyr carefully with joyful anticipation. Petyr was flourishing his arms and gave the next part of his story just the right amount of dramatic pause. Stannis was rolling his eyes but he was paying attention silently.

"Qyburn discovered the poison in Stannis's remains when we fished you both out of the wreckage. The car didn't plunge into the ocean, it landed on the beach far below, we found parts of my beloved Sansa and everything on Stannis was intact but his head was all bloated pulp. When Qyburn saw the devastating amount of poison in Stannis's corpse, he took blood from myself and Cersei! Because we
stopped being sick all the time and guess what we had in our systems still? You weren't trying to take our hearts, money or passion, you just wanted to sate your desires to torture and murder your lovers! Were your siblings going to use their skills to rob us all blind while you seduced and killed us? What changed your mind? What made you decide to run off with this crustacean rather than be with me? Even killing me wasn't as important as leaving and loving this fossil, unfaithful to his family, to his school and himself! And you, unfaithful, lying naughty girl! Making all of us fall in love with you before you take our lives and fortunes!

Stannis rounded back onto Sansa with Petyr next to him. The doctor and nurse leaned forward slightly, munching so fast they were indeed ruining their dentures. Stannis was a study in pain that he finally acknowledged. "Oh Sweetheart, why? Why? You've been doing it to me, that's why I got sick! This is the same feeling. That first time, when we were ALIVE! You had been poisoning me, right along with that pompous pustule and that peroxide ridden, faded prom queen of madness! I turned my back on my FAMILY and my entire school for you! And you were planning to kill me all along? Were you just waiting until I married you before finally finishing me off? Did you think Renly wouldn't have seen you dead before he allowed you to touch a single cent of mine?"

Both Stannis and Petyr were shocked when Sansa gave a sudden burst of laughter. She shut it down and it just tittered out anyway. Barbary sat straight fast and nodded with silent encouragement looking like a leather turkey wobbling for warfare. Qyburn blinked in shock and slowly inched some Fiddle Faddle into his mouth. Waving her hand as if to apologize to the two men before her, Sansa gave another tiny giggle. I have to get it together, they look so angry, so shocked at this rudeness. I have to be composed, the sharks are swimming around me. These giggles have to stop, I have to get under control or like my mother would say, get it together or just give up the ghost. And that was all Sansa could take.

The true belly laughter that came from her, brought tears rolling down her face. The men both heard Ned Stark laughing, they heard Cat Stark laughing and they stepped back a bit. The girl stood tall, haughtier, prouder than they could ever get in their lives. No Stark ever stood taller, nor any Tully as this red headed girl that refused to ever be looked down upon again. Qyburn softly applauded and Barbary dryly commented, "I was wondering when she'd break that damned mask. It always made me sick, I hate it when women always had our use sex for shit. Probably because I was too ugly for it, I tried though. I learned to suck better than any Hoover vacuum without teeth but that only got you so far back then. Bah, she's dead and it's all just drama anyway. Still. Did you just hush me, doctor?"

Sansa gave a gentle plump smile and a voice so full of jaded amusement that it shook Petyr and Stannis while titillating Qyburn and Barbary. "Goodness me! Stannis, honey, you didn't turn your back on your family, you waited until they were dead. Seeing Shireen too early really shook you, sugar,didn't it? Did it take away all the memories the mist gives back? Let me help you with that, sweet Stannis. I've always loved to help you, assist you with things." Sansa spoke as if offering a kind reminder as she gazed deadpan upon Stannis's stern features. Her hands remained clasped in front of her and she leaned slightly forward.

"Your wife and mistress killed your daughter and you let them. Stannis, can you remember you gave her up for me? Like how you gave up your best friend for your mistress? Like how you gave up your family for the mistress, the cult, the school? Hmm?What did they want in exchange for your freedom with me? No, do not dare try and hold your ears, Sir, you will hear this. You gave them your daughter. You gave up your own child to burn to death so you could leave your island with me. What kind of person are you to judge me? You knew they would do it, don't try and lie to yourself or me. The spell didn't work, whatever it was and your wife killed herself. You murdered your mistress and left with me. If I had known before I died, you wouldn't have ever left this island alive. I would have gone to save that poor kid who never stood a chance."
Petyr was in heaven, it wasn't hell anymore, it was paradise to watch Sansa rip into Stannis with such calm cold brutality. Sansa's eyes targeted his own while Stannis stammered under guilt and confusion. "You. Oh Uncle, let us discuss all your sacrifices for me. Your loyalty to my mother was because you wanted the Stark tail to sail you into society and power which failed and landed you here. You married my aunt to escape a dreary life only to run from a crazy woman and my disabled cousin. Only visiting enough to see me for your own sick pleasures. You are a man who likes little girls, just like my uncle Benjen was. Soon as I started to be old enough to uncomfortable sitting on laps, there you two were. Two creepy uncles, one on each side and I was launched into my career! Just a cute little princess, just a ragdoll, a barbie that was with all the best parts, right?"

Stannis had nothing to say, his face could actually be seen fold by fold turning so stern and fatherly. Qyburn turned to stone in dramatic anticipation and Barbary gasped, grabbing onto his arm, eyes fixated. Sansa's voice began to chirp so gaily that she did seem truly birdlike for a moment. With dread, Petyr saw what he missed before in his quest for this lovely birdie. He saw that little glimpse of shine he saw in Lysa's eyes, in Cat's eyes when severely provoked. He has seen it in her younger sister's eyes and here it is in Sansa's eyes. Pushed too far and they get savage and he had a vision of her pecking his eyes out. Sansa folded her hands between her bosom and used a sugary sweet voice. "Do you know that Uncle Benjen always started with tea parties too? It was like, you both felt it was worth the terrible snack and whatever vile thing I'd put in the tea cups as long as you could use me up afterwards. You two taught me how to poison without even knowing it. Congratulate yourselves. Of course, I was excellent in science, in all academics. I was also well versed in herbs, mushrooms and more thanks to all those youth groups and garden clubs. I was very smart, smarter than two drooling cave uncles that couldn't see past their own sick needs. Both of you were excellent test subjects. Just like my brothers and father." Sansa tilted her head as if to divulge a secret but her voice was bitter, it made them flinch. It made the doctor and nurse both hold their breath. "My mother knew, I told her and she didn't believe me that her friend would hurt me. That's why I had to take away her own happiness since I wasn't having any happiness. So I hurt her favorite children. I told my father about Uncle Benjen and he didn't believe me." Sansa started to walk forward and both men shrank back. Qyburn was hovering just over his chair, pumping his fists, Barbary was shoveling popcorn with a withered claw, kernels falling from an extra excited swoop. "Arya and Jon knew, you remember, don't you, Uncle Petyr? You actually got run down by Jon on a dirt bike and he beat the living shit out of you. He said it was worth getting sent to Uncle Benjen's behavioral center for three months. Arya was the reason your tires always got slashed and your windows smashed in so many times. You couldn't prove it but we all knew who it was. Arya would get an ass whooping from my father for it but it never mattered. You were so thrilled with my mother's death, you had us over a barrel, didn't you?" Sansa started to laugh again then held her hands out daintily. Her voice was the trill of an angelic young teenage girl bursting out with a juicy secret held for so long. "That was the plan, sweet Uncle! I just needed you to take us to the island so I could kill you! Arya needed to kill mother, true, but I'll admit I did encourage and push my little sister into the idea of it. I knew your obsession with me would make you look past I'll we've done. I knew you would see it as having me in your clutches. Helpless and stuck on the island for you, a caged bird while you sucked our inheritance dry in our names. I knew you were that horny and greedy that I could predict what would happen." Sansa gave Petyr a look of mild upset. "I didn't think you'd go as far as to kill my cousin and aunt over it. That was terrible of you and it made us feel very guilty. We didn't like that at all, Petyr."

Sansa was now putting her own wagging finger forth but her eyes were losing their playful youth. Leaking life, leaving only a droll amused emptiness for Petyr to see, her voice continued in it's sweet
instructional chastising. "You always were on my kill list, sweetest of the sweet. How silly of you to think I truly didn't value your death to be the last one. Killing Uncle Benjen was very sweet, I loved every second of it but you had to be sweetest of all. So I thought until I met Stannis and Cersei." Qyburn's mouth dropped open and he sunk into the chair, his arms dangling. Barbary whispered to herself, "I knew it."

Sansa gave a rather sad smile and shrugged. Her voice was too young and too old all at once, it was like hearing Jeyne in reverse. This was observed and not said by the shivering doctor and nurse. They pressed arms. "Stannis reminds me so much of father, just letting it happen, just refusing to see it. Cersei is another flavor of monster and I must be honest, she was so beautiful, so clever and her tongue! But she was truly wretched and I had to collect her, I needed only the best flavors!" Sansa blushed angrily, prettily and her voice was darker, sugary insistence in her movements as she put her hands on her hips, tossing her mane of hair.

"You should feel honored. Truly, I am so tired of appeasing you for so long! I have spent all of my life and my death on you! Obsessing after you! I followed you all my life and even in death I stalk you, what more do you want from me, Petyr? That goes for you too, Stannis! What more could I ever do for such greedy men? You have both sucked me dry! I am sick of being blamed for your own misdeeds, for your own sick actions! I did not seduce you, Petyr, I was still believing in cooties when you first tried to kiss me. I never asked you to molest me, I never asked you to marry or murder my aunt, never suggested you kill my cousin!"

Sansa faced Stannis with the same look and tone "My love, you had destroyed your family long before you met me. You killed your mistress to assuage your guilt and cover your tracks, not for me. I never would have asked for you to trade your child for me, Stannis! I never would have agreed to burning your daughter to death! How could you allow such a thing to your own little girl to run away with a teenager you Bought? I am not at fault for the delusions of two men who are old enough to know better." Nodding her head sharply at them both, Sansa spoke with an a cold polite snap. "I bid you both good days, Sirs." When Stannis moved to speak, she snapped, "I SAID, GOOD DAY!"

Qyburn was overcome with tears and he clapped rapidly, the most delighted golf clap ever made. Barbary raised her mug then celebrated the moment by adding a tad more vodka to her mug of tea. Petyr and Stannis stood there as Sansa walked away without a glance back, nudging her shirt to rights. In a flash of inspiration, Sansa offered up her middle fingers at the doctor and her nurse on her way by, feeling like Arya for a moment. It was petty but oh, it was a bit of fun. Fuck them all and Sansa discovered the mist wasn't so scary after all.

Chapter End Notes

Qyburn/Barbary: Theme Song to As The World Turns by The Hit Crew
Stannis/Petyr: Psych by TV Theme Song Maniacs
Sansa: Living Dead Girl by Rob Zombie
"Has it occurred to either of you that we could just be regular teenagers? I mean, why does it matter what happened in some far back past? And why must we repeat the same actions over and over? Why not focus on our eternity stuck together instead? It doesn't have to always end in a bloodbath, you know! Who gives a shit what happened way back when? I mean, really, guys! Hey! Rams? Are you even bothering to listen to me?"

Cursing in pain as Hot Pie managed to pin him in a corner yet again, Ramsay snarled at his rambling pet.

"Yes, I am listening! Is there a rest stop between here and your point, Theon? Because in case you haven't noticed, I am a tad BUSY HERE!"

Ramsay noted that Theon had the audacity to look insulted, pouting a little. Ducking to avoid the trashcan being hurled at him, Ramsay couldn't decide which male he wanted to hurt more. Reaching into an old leftover box, Ramsay grabbed an old cabbage and used it to ward off the angry cook. Hot Pie ignored the cabbage attack and retorted with much grated cheese while Ramsay choked in the white powder. Theon sighed loudly and Ramsay screeched in frustration.

"I'm going to make bacon out of you, Hot Pie! Theon, I'm going to remove your tongue! I have tried being polite, subtle, humorous and witty with you but now I'm being blunt! Shut the fuck up if you aren't planning on helping me! And Hot Pie, I don't give a flying rubber donkey nipple about who you are or what you've done! If you don't knock this shit off, I'm going to kill you for real!"

Theon wrinkled his brow and pushed his lower lip further out, crossing his arms, he snapped.

"Oh, I see how it is. So...I can't antagonize Damon but a homicidal Hot Pie antagonizes you and suddenly you don't mind me stepping in?"

Ramsay turned to threaten Theon but caught a cold boiled egg in the face from Hot Pie. Theon didn't even seem to notice the egg on Ramsay's face as he continued.

"Let me ask you something, did the demon tell me the truth? Did you plan to turn me into Reek this time around too? Planning to remove pieces of me, to experiment on me again? Don't deny that you haven't done it before, I remember it, just like you do. I keep remembering more and more the longer I stand here talking to you."

Hot Pie roared as he charged Ramsay and the two of them landed briefly tangled on the metal shelving. Theon got closer and louder so that Ramsay could pay better attention.

"I see things I will NEVER willingly let you do again to me, Ramsay. I want to love you, be your boyfriend and I accept the hunter, the sadist you are. But I won't let you go as far with me, you should know that. I think it might be fun for you to try something different this time. But...tell me, did you plan on all that Reek stuff this time too?" Ramsay snarled in pain both physical and mental.

"Oh how I wish you WERE my Reek right now, Theon! Because REEK would never dare be loud or rude or in my damned way!"

Theon gasped in indignation.
"Fine. Be that way. When you are ready to be reasonable, come find me. Maybe I'll still be in the mood to be your boyfriend in spite of the risks. I refuse to spend my whole afterlife as your prey. I can accept playing the pet for you, I like your pain games. But I want to be the boyfriend of the serial killer, not the next damned victim! So you think on that when you have the time and get back to me."

Hot Pie pointed and laughed as Theon stormed out while Ramsay stood there with his mouth open.

"Am I fucking DREAMING? Did you give me a concussion? Did that just happen?"

The cook was eager to assure Ramsay it happened as he tried to strangle him with his rolled up apron.

Styr saw the fear in the boy's face, he saw how terrified he was, heard the faint pleading. More importantly, he could see the growing blossoming red near Loras's shoulder. Renly's voice was steady, calm and kind, his eyes were staring hard into Styr's own.

"Thank you very much for saving our Loras. I know you must be busy saving others in the mist. So if you leave and forget how Loras got here, how he got wounded...I shall too. Go on now."

Styr needed the out. The mist ends and they all forget but a gunshot wound stays, I have no choice. He left and figured that since he saw the girl still looking not mutilated that it was a good sign. Renly seemed in control of himself, not about to go on a murderous rampage like some savage cannibal werewolf. Of course, Styr remembers many a time when he's thought that before just to discover the carnage of others later.

Styr hesitated at the front door of the teachers building, he sighed looking at Unella and Marge's bodies. This took the worries for Loras and Lyanna out of Styr's mind instantly.

"Fuck me. Great."

Part of him wanted to stay inside until the mist ends but if Stannis or Cersei found out? Styr heavily groaned as he stepped over the corpses then moved them in a pile of limbs against the building. **BAM!** Styr jumped when the teacher's building main door slammed shut behind him. He whirled around, yanking his gun out but there was nothing, no one. Reaching behind him, Styr tried to open the door and of course it was locked now.

Shapes moved too fast and he swallowed hard, forcing himself to step forward again. Thrusting out his chin and gun.

"Who's the asshole playing in the mist? Might as well fess up! The demon doesn't like doors, the recent dead are too dead to remember! So who's the moron fucking with me instead of getting away from the mist?"

He did his best to sound forceful, disdainful and certainly not frightened in anyway. Which he was, terrified actually because he could hear casual whistling. Styr tried to aim and slide around the wall of the building, hoping to find another entrance. Surely there had to be a window left unlocked, anything. Styr briefly saw Lolly's purple hair then the first bullet caught him, shattering his wrist. Shouting with pain, Styr switched his gun to his left hand just as he caught a glimpse of Gilly's arm moving really fast.

He turned to run but it was already far too late for that. Whacking his face, breaking his nose into the dirt was enough to stun him and it took Styr some time to figure out that Gilly had roped him like a steer. The girls were kind enough to wait until Styr was coherent before smiling down at him. Styr coughed as cool liquid hit him in the face and he peered up, blinking past the burning fumes.
Whistling, Lollys was pouring the contents of Styr's flask all over him while Gilly smiled cheerfully, flicking her lighter.

Styr tried to lunge away, tried to crawl and he felt the heat bloom, he could SMELL himself burning and he screamed while the girls howled with laughter. Lollys watched the man roll until the flames were out and then she moved in with a kitchen knife. Styr struck at her several times but he was too injured and when Gilly came to help, he was done for. Gilly was generous and shared Styr's heart with Lollys as they sat upon the cooling corpse to catch their breath. They used Styr's blood to decorate each other's faces before moving away into the thinning mist.

Chapter End Notes

Theon/Ramsay: Tainted Love by Marilyn Manson
Lollys/Gilly/Styr: Achy Breaky Heart by Billy Ray Cyrus

RIP:
Styr, Tormund, Bronn, Unella, Olenna, Gregor, Margary, Lommy, Olly, Walda, Shireen, Selyse, Melissandra, Grenn, Pyp, Tansy, Olyvar and Alyn (have i missed anyone?)
The Nature of Queens

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Loras watched as Renly's hands shook, each finger perfectly moisturized, each nail a manicured clean gloss. Trembling. As the hands inched closer, closer then with no more than a slight itch, the tiniest creep of an ant, the trembling fingers touched him. Loras lay still, silent and breathing shallowly as his body reacted by trying to pull back as if to dissolve into the bed underneath him. The touch continued over him, shutting his eyes, the fingers glossed over them. Loras imagined sinking deeper, deeper into the cotton, becoming the mattress itself, leaving his murderer far above, leaving with a mild look of apology on his face...to become cotton.

He was shushed even though he said nothing. He was told to stay still even though he didn't move and Loras pretended he was asleep. It was safer that way, wasn't it? All Loras's life the pretend game was to make things SAFE. But pretend time was over and Loras had a dreadful feeling that it might be over for good. The mist might leave but Loras feels the memories and emotions are going to stay. Oh how Loras wished he remembered about Renly before it had become this dangerous. How was Loras supposed to ever escape this maniac if he never remembered until it was too late? So many times, so many awful ways, Loras took a sobbing breath and felt Renly's fingers stop dead in their tracks.

The fingertips stayed just barely hovering over Loras's wounded shoulder, he could feel that Renly has frozen. Renly's voice wasn't right, it wasn't normal and it scared Loras so badly he silently started to cry. His voice was petulant, just on the barest edge of temper about to be unleashed, it was a demanding voice of a woken angry brat.

"Oh. I forgot. You don't like my touch anymore, do you?"

Loras bit his lip and didn't dare to open his eyes. He needed to be so very careful right now.

"I flinched because I hurt, not because of you. Please, Renly, I just am scared, there's a bullet inside of me. Help me, please? Call the clinic or send Lyanna to get the doctor?"

Loras felt the movement, the sudden hair in his face, the lips that were at his, teeth gnashing at his own. It wasn't a kiss it was an attack and Loras submitted to the onslaught. He was too weak to fight Renly off alone. Renly spoke into Loras's mouth and it tasted like chocolate, wine and rotted sugar cookies.

"You don't need anyone but me....and my lovely daughter, Lyanna. Don't you remember how much I've loved you? To follow you through the years, the centuries probably. Do you remember my confessions? I was the one stealing your underwear, your journals and pillowcases so I could sleep with them. How I stalked you, how I just loved you so much...but then you were going to leave with Arya. You were going to be a lie rather than be with me. And I couldn't live with that. And you couldn't live with that either. So you didn't. And you made my new daughter turn against me, you SWAYED her to your side, made her help you fight or escape me. I would have no CHOICE. Or one of you deliberately upset or break rules..but this time will be different."

In a whisper, Loras spoke even as his own mind told him to shut up. "You say that every time too, Renly."

Loras peeked open his eyes just in time to see Renly's pupils go to hard pinpoint, the iris seemed to
blow out of color. This was buried in his memory, this look of Renly's and Loras moaned softly.

"You need to be careful, my love. I am trying so hard and see how well I am doing so far? Look at
Lyanna, look at how good she looks? Not mutilated, not ripped up or sobbing, she is alive, she is a
good loyal girl this time."

Renly smiled with such a gentle grace that Loras and Lyanna shuddered. Loras looked at the girl
who was dressed like a doll. Her expression was frozen, her eyes never left Renly and her every
movement was dictated. Renly moved the girl with gentle nudges and it looked like he was playing
with a life size doll. It was more than Loras could take, truly. He and his sister had a streak of absurd
wit that was sometimes an addiction they couldn't turn from. It came from Olenna and as if invoking
her ghost through the bad taste of Renly, Loras had to speak. This was the usual way he died, not so
much from running or fighting. It was from genetics. Loras wished to hell he wasn't cursed with his
grandmother's tongue and impulses as his mouth opened.

"My gods, Renly, she looks like one of those anime girls from those magazines Theon, Lollys and
Gilly had! The huge eyes, the old fashioned dress and those Mary-jane shoes, like tap shoes, really,
Renly? Her hair is brushed so thick I bet she could electrocute Damon with it. And that bow on her
head? What in the living hell did that poor girl ever do to you for that threaded piece of old dishtowel
knots on her head? That dress should have been outlawed in the sixties and sent back to whatever
prairie settler had created it."

Lyanna's eyes went so wide they might have popped out and Loras almost leaned forward to catch
them. Renly narrowed his eyes and his hands started to become claws, digging into Loras's arms.
The girl stepped forward and spoke fast in a hushed, submissive but wildly eager tone.

"Father, I love how you dressed me! Loras doesn't mean to be so rude, he is just scared. I will help
you with him, I can help and be loyal. If I tie him down, he cannot run or fight. If I gag him, he can't
anger you or lie or shout for help. Want me to do it?"

Renly and Loras both looked mildly surprised as Lyanna let out a small hard smile, her eyes still a
thousand miles away.

"I forgot how I felt about mean girls and bullies. Thank you for reminding me, Loras. I'll get the
rope, father."

"Such a good girl, Lyanna. Very well then. Get the rope, the masking tape and...let's see. Oh yes!
Bring me the emergency kit in the kitchen. I will have to dig the bullet out then stitch the mess. Or I
might need to amputate it the whole arm. You can assist with that if need be, right, daughter?"

Renly smiled happily, glowing with paternal pride as Lyanna's face lit up and she nodded eagerly.
His voice was teasing, deeper and so nurturing that Loras recalled every single time they role played
a Daddy kink. He wanted to throw up and wasn't sure it was just from pain now. Loras watched
with a sinking heart and rising stomach as Lyanna jumped forward when Renly beckoned to her.

"Yes, I would assist you in anything! Thank you, father. I am going to do everything RIGHT this
time and earn your love. Thank you, father."

She hugged him and Loras nearly cried watching how Renly hugged the girl back in a perfect
parody of a loving parent. Renly looked on the girl with a mixture of patronizing twisted love and
Loras cried with the need to stay silent. He bit his lip to force himself not to yell at them, to be quiet.

"You are already earning way more soft spots in my heart than ever before. Let us see if you can
truly be MY perfect daughter. Now fetch my items, darling. There's a good girl."
Loras failed. He opened his mouth and he began to light every bit of dynamite in Renly's brain with his words. He doesn't want to do this, he doesn't want to die, he simply...can't. He can't, NOT do it. This is what made up Loras, whether he was male or female, this was his core, his family was rich, yes, refined, oh yes but damn it, they had deep dark roots that were swamp based and there wasn't any escaping that. That is where the sass, the challenge, the fight, the meanness, it's where it was created. In a place that was mean, where you fought, you were judged so you got harder, meaner and sassier to cover up how mean you had to be.

And it was pouring forth because it was all Loras had left. He didn't want to die, not like how Renly would do it most of all. But Loras simply, can't not fight with his last weapon, his birthright. Loras might have been born a rich cultured boy in the HighGardens but in his core, in his cornered state, the DNA burst forth and he was just another mean swamp girl that understood that Joan Rivers and Kathy Griffin were fucking ROYALTY, if too kind on occasion.

Loras's eyes took in Renly's silk smoking jacket and his silk black pajama bottoms. "Oh. My. God. Were you going to seduce me in that thing? Or did you wear that while you were just here with Lyanna? I mean, you look like the Lifetime movie actor for a tv version of the Life of Hugh Hefner. And another thing, love-"

Renly didn't get more than a step forward. Lyanna flew in a blur, she was just there and she had her thumb on Loras's left EYE and it burned like fuck.

"I am going to ask you to stop being so rude to Father or I'm going to ask if I can pop your eye out."

"Okay, please stop! I'm sorry, I'm sorry!"

Renly gave a chuckle as if dealing with a cute child that needed a little indulging. "Now, now, he won't be as pretty without his eye, daughter. We need to work on your ways of persuasion, you need to use less brutish ways. We want to keep our Loras looking pretty, don't we?" The thumb was barely off his eye when Loras muttered, "Great. Here's the villains but where the hell is the James Bond actor's stunt double? I'm handsome enough for the role but I have no gift with physical work."

Renly giggled as Lyanna grunted while giving one more thumb rub to Loras's eye as the boy screeched. Loras managed to shut up long enough for the girl to leave the room. As soon as she left, Loras opened his mouth. "Great. So this time instead of dying at your deranged but well kept hands, the girl does it for you?" Giving an insulted sniff, Renly snapped, "I have worked on Lyanna's nails personally." Loras struggled to sit up but without any intent of trying to escape. He sat up and shook his head before asking, "How did we draw this star-fucked up fate on the curse wheel? Why couldn't you just let me go? Consider me the one kill that got away? Every hunter has them, even Ramsay, I'm sure!"

Loras seemed to gain color and resolve as Renly moved back, his arms crossing defensively. Loras continued his verbal attack.

"Did Stannis know about those other victims? Those other boys on the mainland that you hurt? That's really why you were banished here, right? You had to stay on this pile of rocks because of what you did to those poor teenage club boys! Stannis got Tywin to let you come here and you were lying to me. Saying you would take me away from here after I graduated when you knew the judge would throw you in jail if you left. And you would have had no money, Stannis controls all your money. Also, love, you might have really known Andy Warhol once, but you were blackballed and white washed away. My grandmother hired a private investigator and told us everything. That's why you killed her and my sister! How could you even think I would want to stay with you after that? Of course I was going to run away and Arya was helping me. Just trying to help a friend and what you did, you fucking monster, did you TRULY, for ONE instant think I would stay with you? With
With a storming of limbs, Lyanna burst into the room and launching straight at Loras. He screamed as the girl came at him like a puppet eyed poster girl for Stockholm Syndrome possessed by the devil. Loras wasn't aware he had yelled that out loud until he heard Renly roaring with humor. Renly laughed, holding onto his stomach as humor contracted his muscles. "Oh daughter! Lyanna! I think it really will work for us this time around! At least for you and I!" This warmed the girl's smile and Loras found himself back to swallowing in Renly's bedroom. Except this time he was swallowing Lyanna's entire fist.

Chapter End Notes

Songs in order of chapter flow.
Renly: Skullcrusher Mountain by Jonathan Coulton
Loras: The Horror of Our Love by Ludo
Lyanna: I Just Died In Your Arms Tonight by Throw The Fight
Jeyne had meant to head towards the magic pulsing, but something else just kept coming up. First she had to get Raff home and now she was being followed by Arya. That wasn't a big deal, Arya never bothered Jeyne. She had taught her how to do things through the different times of their cycles. One time the two of them managed to fend off every island killer to the end by living in a well defended tree house. That was the time that Jeyne figured out that Cersei had stolen or bought a bunch of bombs that a student had. Jeyne remembered laughing so hard while Arya shrieked curses of frustration as Cersei sent herself and all of them reeling into a fiery hell.

If it were only Arya then Jeyne probably would have talked to her while they walked. The mist was lessening but even at it's thickest, Arya wouldn't try to cling to Jeyne. She would follow and talk without shrieking or jumping in fear. Now the mist has given everyone memories back, Jeyne can speak freely without anyone thinking she was crazy. Except both of them could hear Alliser crashing and yelling after Arya. Jeyne rolled her eyes and frowned back at Arya who shrugged but grin without any guilt. "Sorry, kiddo. Didn't know he was gonna come after me. Then again, can you blame him? Did you see how Jon was carrying on? Who wants to sit with a weepy Jon? I feel bad for your brother. Raff's scared of the mist? Great. One to cry and the other to bite his nails. No wonder Alliser decided to chase me."

Giggling, Jeyne nodded. "I'm going to go check on Polly and Damie. I left them inside the school with Gilly and Lollys watching to make sure they all stayed inside of it! They probably want to see the magic too. I will get them and bring them with me. You can fight with Alliser and we will see you there." Arya grinned and winked. "Sure. I don't think I'll wait for Alliser, he can chase me there. Don't feel like feeling his taser again. By the way, did you say you left Damon and Polliver with Lollys and Gilly? You might want to hurry then and pick up whatever's left of those boys." Jeyne gasped and her eyes widened. "Huh? Why?" Arya stared at Jeyne and spoke with a very bland quiet voice. "Damon hunted Tansy. Remember her? And think through time, what's Polly done to other girls? Now think about WHO you left with Damon and Polliver. Jeyne, you remember everything now, right? You are in the mist, you have to recall everything."

A sudden snarl on the girl's face made Arya stumble back. "Yes, yes, I know that, I know what the boys have done! But! But! What about YOU! Or...or...SANSA! OR JON OR YOU AND LOMMY AND SANSA AND JON AND SANSA, SANSA, SANSA! YOU HYPO- HIPPOCRATE! HIPPO...YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN! YOU!" Taking a very deep breath, Jeyne tried to stop the burning tears in her eyes with fists and her knuckles dug into her eyes deep until there was pain and starbursts. Arya spoke in a soft tone and held out her hand, her palm out so Alliser would SHUT THE FUCK UP. "Hey, don't do that, it's okay, Jeyne. Do you remember what you've done to the girls before for hurting your brothers? Or with Ramsay...you killed Gilly and Lollys when they murdered Ramsay even though what he did to you was really fucked."

Jeyne froze and tilted her head, blinking. When she spoke her voice was distant, it was somehow faded but everywhere. "Oh yes. Yup. I DID forget some things, I guess. I don't like Ramsay. Icky memories aren't any fun. Forget him. Cersei killed me and she's icky and no fun. I want the magic pulse to be fun but I don't want to be near that meanie, weenie icky mother that hits with PRESENTS! I need to go save Polly and Damie from Lollys and Gilly! If they touch them, they will be so sorry! I will use my teeth to remove their tongues. I will make sure Patchface eats them for FOUR DAYS!" Alliser slowed down and stood next to Arya, then shoved her behind him hard.
enough for her to land on her ass.

Alliser didn't attempt a smile but he did bend down, putting his hands on his knees, to stare the girl in her eyes. "Jeyne. It's scary to remember some things. I know that. And I agree with you, if someone takes what is yours, you have a right to your justice. Yes, Sir. But. Can you FEEL that something is very different this time? We aren't forgetting and the mist is leaving. There is a new magic, we all feel it and you said about seeing dead Harold and Bob with flaming eyes following Dany? That doesn't sound right, does it? So we can't concentrate on our revenges right now. Just on getting everyone safe then finding out what is wrong. Doesn't that make sense to you, Jeyne? I will help you get your brother and Damon but we can't go at it all willy nilly. We can-

Arya heard the click but she didn't see anyone. Yelling anyway, it was yelling through a gunshot taken. The blast of the handgun was deafening in the mist, heard echoing across the tiny island. Alliser stood as if he were frozen, preserved for all time in this one spot, eyes glittering with shock. It always took him by surprise, death always came and yet it always shocked him. Except this time something ELSE has changed. Jeyne's hand was in a small fist just to the side of Alliser's chest, over his heart. It slowly opened and dropped the small bullet to the ground, then wiped her palm across her pants with a small grimace.

"Ick. It's greasy and hot. Gross." Jeyne's eyes were on a spot that the other two strained to see. A redhead in a nearby tree who was as stunned as the others. Jeyne's voice was growing too deep.

"Stop shooting while I am talking, Ygritte. It's rude! You can be such an old rotted crab apple!" Arya took off, Alliser threw himself to the ground and cursed the girls, all of them as he whipped out his own gun. Jeyne sighed, gritted her teeth and resisted the urge to reduce them all to so much carnage. No, let them all kill each other if they are so inclined and Jeyne simply walked away. "Thanks for nothing. Jerks."

Concern and rage grew in Jeyne as she turned her walk into a jog that became a full tilt run for the school. Shapes appeared quicker as the mist was slowly releasing it's grip upon the island. Jeyne didn't bother with any of the usual entrances to the school, she needed instant access. Slithering through a prickly rose bush, ignoring the sting of thorns burying deep, thirsty for rare flesh, Jeyne found the window with a broken latch in a small hallway in the wood shop room. Slipping inside the hall, Jeyne gave no more than a wince at the wounds and started to head down the dimly lit halls of the school. The silence made her very nervous.

"They wouldn't, they didn't, they couldn't, they would have remembered what I can and will do. Yes, they didn't wouldn't touch MINE. No. Nope, silly of me to think it but I am just going to double check. And take Damie and Polly to see the magic. That pulsing is starting to BUG me maybe cause it PULLS. I am talking to myself and Gregor, Unella and Father all HATE that. Not as much as Cersei hates it. She hates everything, why am I talking to myself? No. Wait. Why am I whispering to myself? Why whisper? Who is here to harm me? I am not scared, I am...cautious. Yes. There is a waiting. A catching, a trapping, a game and I do like games. I don't think it was meant for catching me. No one is THAT stupid. But to take MY TOYS? Oh, I want to play the game and I will win."

A large, too wide grin grew inch by inch across her face, milk white teeth twinkled and looked too small and too sharp. Jeyne's eyes were black as Patchface's color but she didn't act like the demon. She might be leaving the waxed floors as she headed down the school halls but she didn't want to make footsteps, at least that was the reasoning Jeyne could give later. Jeyne's quiet snarl and tight fists, so tight her nails sunk into her flesh might tell a different story. She stopped to stare down at blood soaked pom poms. Tilting her head and sniffing, there was a smell. It wasn't the smells of Lollys and Gilly. No gunpowder, no manic but controlled steel rage, this wasn't planned chaos. Streamers and pom poms were everywhere, covered in blood. The smell told Jeyne two things. Some of the blood was from the boys and some wasn't.
Jeyne's nostrils were assaulted with a smell that instantly brought to mind certain commercials of carefree girls that experienced joy when menstruating. Her eyes located the pair of boxers that were too small for Damon but not a color Polliver would wear. They were smeared in menstrual blood and a bit of regular blood plus some excrement. Shuddering, Jeyne hurried away, trying to watch carefully around her for traps, for whoever was attacking. This wasn't Lollys and Gilly. No, this was the rest of the girls, of course. They were angry over Tansy, Jeyne understood it. She understands WHY the girls would do it. Plus Polliver has done bad things to the girls in other life cycles here. But still, the girls understood how Jeyne feels when she attaches with someone.

They can have the others, they can even punish Polly and Damie if need be. But not kill or maim them! It's not fair and Jeyne will kill them back! She wanted to be fair and not be angry, not kill them until she is SURE Damie and Polly were dead. Jeyne floats forth, pretending to be calm. Her hair might be in a spiky halo around her head as if lightning has struck her, her eyes and smile ate her entire face but she felt so cold and calm now. "GIVE ME MY POLLY AND DAMIE! GIVE THEM TO ME RIGHT NOW! DO YOU HEAR ME, GIRLS? I WANT THEM BACK AND I WANT THEM NOW!" Jeyne didn't even mean to yell or howl like that, it sort of just happened. A roar that grew from a monster to a wailing banshee to a lone injured wolf pup howling for it's mother and pups.

She never knew that nearly every person within the school still breathing cried for a moment at the sound. Somewhere else, Tyrion dropped his newly filled wine glass and started to sob, shaking, bile filling his mouth as self loathing filled his heart. Cersei felt such a lancing pain in her heart that she slumped to her knees, gasping to breathe. Whining, she crawled to Tyrion and hugged, no, clutched him hard as if something was pulling her away. "NO! NO, JEYNE! FUCK OFF LEAVE US ALONE! YOU DON'T GET ME, YOU DON'T GET MY BROTHER! I DENY YOU! I DID WHAT I NEEDED, WANTED TO DO! I WILL DO IT AGAIN, IF I HAD TO GO BACK, I WOULD DO IT AGAIN, EVEN IF IT COULD SAVE US TO CHANGE IT, I WOULD STILL DO IT! RELEASE ME!" Cersei and Tyrion held each other and waited out the storm as they have done for so very long now.

Jeyne did not know of these things, she was floating through the school. She saw Podrick hanging like a life size pinata, hog tied and spinning aimlessly in the hallway from a thick chain attached to the ropes that bound him. Naked, covered in everything from glitter to urine and fecal matter, his hair pulled out in bloody patches, other hair pulled into spikes of blood and shit. Jeyne tried not to smell or touch him as she skimmed past his slowly twirling body. The menstrual blood on Podrick's face was so thick there wasn't really a need for the blindfold tightly pulled over his eyes. He was breathing heavily, cringing at her mere presence, but he was gagged and blindfolded, unable to do anything but shiver after hearing her impassioned screams.

"That leather collar on your neck looks really tight, Podrick. I hope it isn't choking you and I can see you have some broken teeth it must really hurt with that gag. I would take out that really large wooden thing in your bum but I am kind of afraid to. What might come out, I mean it looks way too big and way too far in. Better let Qyburn do it. I will call him for you as soon as I rescue Polly and Damie then kill the girls that took them. Okay? Okay. Just hang in there."

Podrick made some sort of sound and whatever frantic move he tried to make set him twirling in a new direction as Jeyne went past him. Jeyne didn't laugh even though the sight was funny, she didn't wish to hurt his feelings. He was always nice to her, mostly indifferent to her existence and Jeyne felt the same back. The bruises and cuts all over him were brutal and surely hanging like that couldn't be comfortable but Podrick could wait. Damon and Polliver could be in danger of losing their lives to those angry girls! Jeyne had no choice but to go save them first and felt no guilt at it.

Jeyne started to peek into classrooms, hearing shifting, voices, somewhere up ahead. The sounds
were sneaky but another one sounded desperate, it sounded like someone trying to warn, not wait. Jeyne threw herself to the ground just as a whip cracked where her face would have been. Another sound and the blood soaked whip was thrown at Jeyne’s hands that were pressed hard on the linoleum floor. "Where is Damie? Is he dead or hurt? What did you do with him and Polly? Where is he?" Another sound and Polliver's soaked shirt, covered in piss and shit and blood, so much of it, just touching her fingers. Taking a deep breath, that grin was hurting as it made the lips bleed, drops that streamed a light crimson stream down the sides of her chin, that grin it just GREW and those sharp tiny teeth were like little girl innocent sharp teeth that gleamed from the blood kissed lips.

"I'm sorry, not sorry. It's a new phrase I heard and really liked. I think Lollys or Gilly said it. But it really fits here, doesn't it? We needed justice, we aren't sorry for it. You just will have to understand that, Jeyne. I am sorry we had to get that justice but I am not sorry that we did what we did. Skinner and Bronn are dead. Podrick is our new pet, got the idea from Ramsay and his Reeks. You were a Reek once or twice, weren't you? Why don't you go after Ramsay, get out your aggression on someone who deserves it and leave the boys to us?"

Jeyne sat up and stared into the dark classroom at the voice, a soft sultry voice that she knew belonged to Myranda. "Are they dead? Damie and Polly?" Myranda sounded like she didn't wish to respond. "They aren't dead yet but I was hoping to finish them off. We deserve to. At least we deserve to finish Damon. You won't really like the condition he's in anyway. And Polly...he has raped all of us at least once, you know that! But we have hurt him, he's crying like a little bitch and we can let you have him now. If you promise to take Polliver and leave, I'll take you to him." Jeyne nodded. She would find Damon on her way, it was pointless to try and reason with Myranda. "Fine. Take me to my brother, please."

Myranda snorted as she came into view. "Why you chose the Cleganes as your new family, I will never understand." Jeyne gave no response, she simply waited to be taken to Polliver. Without another attempt at small talk, Myranda strode down the hall, deliberately using her long legs to take steps that would make Jeyne have to run. Her joy at the possible clumsy girl falling over in her rush to keep up was squashed when she turned slightly to see Jeyne FLOATING. Myranda stumbled and whacked her shoulder hard into the wall while Jeyne raised an eyebrow at Myranda's strange actions. "What is wrong with you?"

Myranda glared and pointed with a shaking finger. "That! Stop doing that! You are floating but what's wrong with me? The fuck, Jeyne?" Jeyne gave another tug in her smile as she felt the blood, the fire, the anger grow and another maddening PULSE. "I said I wanted Polly and Damie. Now, please. I am getting very angry with you, Myranda. I am trying hard to keep my temper and be a cheerful freshman but I am getting really cranky. I want Polly and Damie right now! NOW!"

Myranda stared and then flinched. "Oh gods, Jeyne, your mouth! Stop, stop doing that...I can't...okay, okay! I will get both of them, you can fucking TAKE them both, just GET OUT! Stop doing that with your mouth and you can have them and go! Okay?"

Jeyne held her breath when she noticed Skinner's head on a hockey stick being carried by Ross. She gulped heavily when she saw why Myranda said she wouldn't want Damon in his current condition. He had no hands, feet or anything but a red mess between his legs. His tongue and eyes were gone as well. Jeyne cried and ordered them to finish the job. "I do remember being with Ramsay. I remember being hunted and raped by Damion too. Okay. Just finish it. Maybe another time around. Where's Polly?" Damon had squirmed, moaning at the sound of Jeyne's voice. Her words had him screaming and trying to move towards her to no avail, Jeyne has already moved on. Ross and Kyra moved in cheerfully and Damon's screams got higher before suddenly cutting off.

Polly was naked and beaten, shivering and curled up under a desk that his ankles were chained to. "We were going to decorate him like Podrick and play pinata with both of them." Jeyne did find that
kind of funny and her temper calmed a little bit. "I am kind of mad about Damie and your games do
sound fun so I am going to take him and go now. But I want you to leave MY persons alone next
time! I was really going to be in love with Damie, I was feeling it happening! Now I have to start it
all over again." Myranda and Violet both seemed to be suppressing some emotion as Myranda stiffly
responded. "We understand and I am sorry I accidentally stole your romance from you, Jeyne. Thank
you for understanding why we had to do what we did. Keep your brother in line so we don't have to.
Hear us, little bitch? Huh? Yeah, flinch, you bitch, that is what you are now, right? Bitch says what?
Huh?"

Jeyne got into Myranda's face so fast that Violet dropped the handcuff key she was about to use to
release Polliver. The terrified boy grabbed the fallen key and released himself with shaking hands,
snuffling blood up his swollen nose. Jeyne was short but her feet were no longer bothering with the
facade of the ground and her tiny face was close enough to kiss the professional whore. "Leave him
alone. You had your fun, Myranda. It is over. He paid for his bad things now let it go. If you bully
him, you will have me to deal with. Hear me? You are so pretty, Myranda. I want to eat your face. I
want to have your face, actually. I want to wear it and pretend I am you. Live like you for a night or
so. But then I remember you gave my brothers a problem, a bug that made them itch their no no
spots until Gregor brought them to the clinic. Oh, how mad Unella was. Never mind, I don't want
any itching. Just my brother, bitch."

Myranda sucked in her breath but said nothing. She gave a sharp nod and a movement with her hand
as if to invite the girl to take her brother and go. Violet pressed against the wall as Jeyne floated over
to her brother. Polliver looked uneasily at the girls before he caught sight of his sister's face. The
bloody grin and manic tea saucer eyes spinning into the cosmos was enough to evaporate Polliver's
fear of the girls. "Jeyne, sweetie, it's okay. I am okay, look, see? Hug me, let me carry you out of
here so you can calm down." He hissed at Myranda as he lifted Jeyne up, snuggling the small head
into the crook of his neck and shoulder. "Never again. You will never catch me again. Glad you
enjoyed your one last shot at me."

Jeyne sobbed as Polliver limped out of the school into the weakened mist, struggling not to leave the
island. The sun weak but resolute was burning through the fog and it made Polliver feel more alive.
He headed for the clinic rather than the dorm house and Jeyne started to wail. "No! I wanted to show
you and Damie the pulsing magic whatever it is! I want to see that first!" Polliver stubbornly shook
his head. "Your mouth is all jacked up, kid. Blood everywhere. And in case you haven't noticed, the
girls sort of worked me over. The clinic first then we can see whatever magic act is going on. Thank
you for saving me, by the way, Jeynie. I am sorry there was no saving Damon. He did kind of
deserve it though. But this time around I didn't do anything to any of them, wasn't fair to work me
over!"

Jeyne rolled her eyes and both complained to each other of their troubles while demanding Qyburn
fix them. The nurse and doctor demanded details and both students were luckily still in talkative
moods. Sadly, the adrenaline and their own pasts flooding them made their stories nearly incoherent.
Jeyne seemed to feel that she deserved an award for not eating Myranda's face and allowing the girls
to finish taking Damon apart. After all, what good was a boyfriend without arms or legs? Polliver
wanted opioids for his broken nose, broken ribs, stitches from several cuts on his testicles, thighs and
back.

Once the drugs were administered, Polliver was more forthcoming. The details of Skinner's death
were so awful that even the doctor flinched once or twice during the telling. Jeyne noticed with sheer
disgusted clarity that Barb's gnarled hand was busy between those rayon slacks and the elderly
woman reached a peak with a small suppressed sighing sound.
Chapter End Notes

Jeyne: Seether by Veruca Salt
Myranda: Sorry Not Sorry by Demi Lovato
RIP: Skinner and Damon
The explosion downstairs wasn't noticed upstairs. The boys in Joff's room had no idea what was coming for them. Until Dany and her cousins blew open Joff's door, entering through flames as if they were just air. But until then, they had their own drama. Joff and Viserys had been trying so very hard to ignore the mist and all it offers. Gendry was making sure both boys were plied with drinks and got them into a computer game. He was shaking, aching with anger and hatred at these two douche bags. He was rotting on the inside from self loathing, it felt awful.

What felt better, what was washing through him, offering the smallest touch of mercy was knowing the truth. The very shredded splinter of truth was that Gendry was never offered a place here by his hated step mother. He never worked for her, she never molested him, she despised Gendry until his death. The woman had fought Robert and Stannis about it. Gendry got here on Stannis's account along with help from the overworked social worker. Cersei encouraged Joff to bully the boy anyway he could.

Joff had not only paid others to steal from Gendry and beat him up but eventually...Sucking in his breath suddenly, Gendry looked down on the blonde hair, carefully gelled and styled and had an urge to rip every hair out of the tiny head. "You had me killed as a fucking BIRTHDAY PRESENT for your MOTHER?" Viserys laughed, holding his cards as a fan then commented, "Unfair. Cersei's the only person I know to ever have two murders on their birthday, you know!"

Joff grinned and winked infuriatingly at Gendry. "Sorry buddy. It's in the past though, I mean, how long can you hold a grudge? Oh wait, that IS in the Baratheon bloodline, isn't it? Dreadful. Anyway, why don't you just get yourself a drink, Boy, and play--" Joff found himself dragged up from the table and staring into Gendry's thunderous face. "That's it." Then Joff saw a large fist get larger and there was pain.

"You asked Ramsay and his friends to wrap my naked body in ribbons, birthday ribbons when they were done with me? Did you tell Ramsay to rape me? I distinctly remember him whispering that to me as his friends held me down for him. Was that fun for you? Did you jack off to it? Did you and mommy fuck on my naked birthday ribbon wrapped bloody body, you fucking disgusting creature?" The mist had Gendry, the truth had him and his fist wasn't ready to stop, crashing into Joff felt wonderful, too wonderful to stop. Viserys smirked as Gendry sent another fist into a screeching Joff but the blood splattered this time.

"Ugh! That is quite enough, Gendry! You have blackened both his eyes and maybe broke his nose. Look at the blood droplets on everything! MY SHOES! Hurry! Do you know how expensive and rare these are? Quickly now! We must get the stains out before they have a chance to set, man! Let Joff go and fix this immediately, you damned caveman! Are you hearing me, you damned behemoth?" Gendry tossed Joff to the ground behind him and headed for Viserys.

That's when the doors blew inwards and shards of wood hit them all along with hot air that seemed to sear their lungs. The wind became a hot hurricane, followed by a fiery eyed girl, the undead and a hysterical mother. Cersei was thrown backwards by the blast and laid senseless, like a drunken Lannister, in the hallway. Gendry landed on top of Joff, who for once didn't scream over it. He simply moaned and stared sluggishly at the hellish scene before him.

Viserys was sitting on a broken chair, dazed, staring at Gendry on Joff rather than his sister bearing
down on him. Gendry gave a nasty smile and pointed, Viserys followed the finger to the blond coming towards him with his face and eyes full of fire. He screamed at the sight of his dead cousins full of some dreadful puppetry and his sister's eyes full of crackling heated lava flames. Even her voice felt scalding hot as she spoke.

"Oh darling brother, I wish to speak with you! Come here to me, your loving sister!" But there was no real chance for Viserys to answer beyond numbly and wildly shaking his head no. Harold and Bob were coming forward with those empty smiles and fire eyes to grab hold of the young man and pull him forward to his sister. The smile gracing Dany's slightly rounded pale face was terrifying, the way her eyes lit and sparked, tiny tears streamed down her face that let off tendrils of smoke.

Gendry and Joff found themselves cuddling, pressing close into a corner, afraid of drawing any attention. Dany's voice made them shiver. It was too deep and scalding, shaming, it hurt to their ears, it made their skin crawl. This was a voice full of pent up, buried down deep, rotted kind of rage, it was ancient and universal and distinctly prey turned predator.

"Brother, why don't you want to be with me? You ALWAYS want to be with me, don't you? Don't you just want to be all up in my business? All up in ME? I am tired of fighting you off, of hiding from you, of waiting for the day you catch me. Because you always do in the end, right? Always. Every cycle. I remember. You always catch me even if you aren't what always kills me."

Viserys was demanding that his cousins release him even as they each pulled harder on his arms, stretching him too far for struggle. His voice was too high and his eyes were full of fear. The struggle to appear regal and in control was nearly comedic. "Stop before you break my arms, you assholes! Fucking zombie cousins! Dany, what are you doing? Stop this immediately! Do you want to set off my dragon?"

Dany started to laugh and it echoed off the walls, causing the boys to cringe. She moved closer and seemed to enjoy seeing Viserys flinch from her slow moving hand that gently caressed his left cheek. "Your dragon, brother? No, I don't want to set off your dragon, darling. Do you know what I discovered? I discovered I have a dragon too. I'm going to show you. Ready?" With a happy carefree kind of look to her face, Dany kept her hand lightly upon her brother's skin as he screamed.

Under her gentle caress, Viserys's cheek was burning, charring, melting away, leaving a horror filled hole with teeth soaked in gin and sugar. Moaning now, eyes rolling, Viserys sagged down and Dany let go of his face, letting her cousins hold him up. Joff was nearly hiding behind Gendry now, who was hugging himself and shaking his head silently. He didn't dare to try and leave the room or find a better hiding space. Dany seemed to admire her work then spoke again.

"Sweet brother, are you ready to hear me now? Wonderful. Now, I remember our first, real lives. Do you? Do you remember how you always bullied and tormented me? Do you remember how you molested me? I do. You then encouraged Varys to SELL me to Joff. You thought Cersei wasn't going to fuck you over somehow. I would marry Joff and that way you could still torment me. Do you know how happy I was when Sansa poisoned Joff? He was famous for getting fiancés, beating them and you wanted our money so badly you sold me to him? I DANCED when the little golden shit died!"

Joff muttered something and Dany gave a quick fiery glance towards the shrunken ball of male shivering flesh. Without even knowing why, Gendry made a very hushed apology and put both of his hands over Joff's mouth as he curled over the boy, squishing them both impossibly smaller in fearful submission. Dany looked back at her brother and Gendry felt as if he just avoided a very heated death. Dany put her hand on her brother's other cheek and Viserys looked up at her with attentive, pain filled eyes.
"There, now you are paying attention to me. That is a very good look. It's a new one that I will treasure. I loved you. That's the worst part. I trusted and loved you, Varys, even our cousins here. I trusted and loved all of you and I played the pretend game for all of you. And look what it did, where it got me? What it got me? Look at what all of you were doing to me and I let you do it, time and time again. Like a fool. Now I am the dragon, brother."

The boy started to scream as his other cheek began to melt away and Dany kissed the lips. She leaned back to admire the destroyed face and whispered, "We don't look alike anymore. I'm glad for that." Dany stood back and gave the order with an airy sort of delight. "Rip him apart. Destroy him and make it slow. Make it hurt." Dany gave a small trill of laughter as Viserys screamed and pleaded as the cousins began to pull his arms apart like a fly. "Dearest brother, you are right. It does feel nice to be the one hurting others. Hmm, thank you for showing me that. Fear or love, terror or adoration, I want one or the other from now on."

Gendry shuddered as Joff's cooling piss soaked into his clothes, he couldn't even move enough to shove Joff away. The two of them watched the two undead men used superhuman strength to just rip Viserys into pieces. Dany watched, breathing heavily, as the brother she's feared for so long was ripped apart until he was no more than gristle and red mess upon the floor. She smiled at the cousins that always were awful but always did keep her safe. Walking over to them, she gently touched each of them on their chests and spoke with true earnest longing. "I love you and always have. I want your true love and devotion now. Forever, for eternity."

Harold and Bob seemed to be gaining reality as Dany touches them and speaks. Both of them nodded and the terrible love upon their faces made the boys quiver further into the corner. The awareness in those brilliant orange orbs is a penetrating, threatening look except when the eyes land upon the girl. When their strange eyes look at her, they turn protective, loving, paternal. The men instantly flank their cousin, trying to pretend they aren't trying to press lightly against her to comfort her. The look of joy and satisfaction upon her face was beyond normal. It seemed for a second the face of a child.

Dany gave a smirk as she began to survey her surroundings, looking at Gendry and Joff huddled in the corner. She noticed that Cersei was beginning to stir in the hallway. "Dearest cousins, please take Joff and Gendry for me. We are going to use Stannis's house for now on. I am no longer a student. I am undead, I am cursed but I am still royalty. I am a Queen and shall be one of fire and magic. These two can be a good example for my new subjects. At least one of them will survive and be a good messenger boy. I will need someone to alert my new court and council."

Gendry didn't dare to make a sound, to run or to fight as Harold came over to him. Those orange eyes pinned him and Gendry did no more than squeak like a mouse, ready, frozen at the sight of a greater predator. Harold smiled in a way that made Gendry almost add his own piss to Joff's. Then he managed to whisper out in a strangled voice, "Okay. Whatever you want, Harold. No problem." He was pulled forward and found himself dumped over the man's shoulder.

Dizzy, sick, listening to Joff wail like a baby, Gendry marveled at how much stronger and hotter Harold has become. Not hotter as in handsome, no, Gendry always thought the man looked like he belonged in a porn movie ABOUT pimps, Harold FELT too warm, his skin was like being too close to fire. Gendry squirmed but it only made Harold hold him closer and harder until he could barely breathe. It gave Dany great joy to see Cersei's tormented face and hear her pleas as they left with her beloved son screaming and squirming on Bob's shoulder.

The stupid boy kicked and kept holding out his arms towards his mother. He screamed for her to save him and Cersei looked insane as she dropped to her knees before Dany's retreating back. "PLEASE! DANY! GIVE ME MY SON! I WILL DO ANYTHING! GIVE YOU ANYTHING!"
Dany turned and stared down at Cersei with her new eyes. The joy was almost as sweet as killing her brother had been. "I am the Queen of Dragonstone now. Things have changed, will change even more. Tell Lady Stark to come attend me, Lady Lannister. She will be on my new council, so maybe she can listen to your pleas and relay them to me. Have a good day."

Cersei tried to lunge for the screaming boy but Dany ended that quickly. She giggled as Cersei tried to stop the small fire upon her dress. Dany reminded herself she was a queen and it wasn't dignified to burn off the woman's whole dress. "Try that again and I will kill your son, Lady Lannister. I am not playing the pretend game right now. I mean what I say. Look what I did to my own brother. What can I have Bob do to Joff? Go get Sansa and send her to me."

Cersei's eyes burned with hate the way Dany's burned with flame. The woman stayed on her knees, panting, crying with rage. "Don't you kill my boy, do you hear me? Don't torture or kill my boy, girl! I offered you anything and I will go get Sansa. But I swear, if you hurt my son, I'll kill you in ways you can't even imagine!" Dany's voice was imperial, it was hot and cold all at once and it was demanding. "I am Queen now. Call me Queen or Your Highness. Never call me girl again. It's quite rude and illegal now. Apologize and I will forgive you."

The world froze and waited as Dany stared expectantly at the shocked woman. Cersei gritted her teeth, she heaved, sweat and tears poured soaking her, the rage was drowning her. Harold dumped Gendry to the ground with a thud but the boy didn't dare move besides checking to see if he had any broken bones. The man only took one step forward before Cersei forced a polite smile to her face. It was frozen, it was as fake as a doll and her eyes were so full of malice it hurt to see them. "I am very sorry, Your Highness."

The voice was like swallowing rusty nails but it brought sunshine to Dany's face as she left for her newly appointed home.

Chapter End Notes

Joff/Viserys/Gendry: Blue Suede Shoes by Elvis Presley
Dany/Cersei: Stand My Ground by Within Temptation
RIP: Viserys: Sunshine, Lollipops and Rainbows by Leslie Gore
A Mad Dog And A Lady

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Ramsay simply couldn't believe this was the way he was going to die this time around. Just when things get interesting and change for the first time in an eternity of times, Ramsay gets deep fried by the COOK? He almost had the fat fuck so many times and the sweaty, fat jiggling gibbering insane flesh with no sense somehow would wrestle free. Ramsay was relieved of the last cantaloupe, cleaver and piece of wax paper he could find to fend the crazed cook off with.

Hot Pie was using his body as a weapon now, just tossing the slighter man around the room. Pressing his flesh then ramming it, Ramsay's face smeared against a cold dirty wall then he was slammed into the steel counter until he was nearly senseless. Any way that Ramsay turned, it was to find a prison wall of flesh that was too oily with sweat to catch any real hold of, it stunk of old meats, suffocated him. He cried out when Hot Pie grabbed his head by his ears, nearly ripping them off as he forced Ramsay's head towards deep fryer.

Closing his eyes against the heat and the spitting oil, Ramsay tried for the millionth time to speak any sense to the delusional cook. Hot Pie screamed that Ramsay was a liar, a bully and that Hot Pie never killed anyone before. Ramsay tried to stomp back hard on Hot Pie's feet but the boy ignored the broken toes, forcing Ramsay's face towards the busily crackling oil. "Gonna deep fry you, Rams. Do you think you're pretty then? Think you can be Reek for Theon? Might be the only way he will come back after I finish with you!"

A reasonable, sane and sweet but cold voice came from behind them. With a disinterested, almost bored face, Sansa hopped up onto the counter next to the struggling boys, eating one of the apples thrown from it's bag. "Hot Pie, you ARE the one who killed Dany and Viserys Targaryen. You accidentally served poisoned food to Dany, Viserys and Joff. You cooked the food, I poisoned it and you served it without ever knowing what I did. I am sorry you got the blame for it but you having the hidden real name of Samwell Tarly, it only helped for the finger to get pointed at you. Of course, Cersei saw right through it and would have come for me had I not crashed in that car with Stannis."

Hot Pie went very still for a moment and Ramsay didn't dare to breathe, hoping for release. The cook gave a final shove that made Ramsay shriek as his face was starting to feel true pain and he was released. Ramsay staggered away to the sink and ran the cold water fast. Hot Pie was panting and he stared at his captive then at Sansa. "Really? Well, fuck. You suck. I can't hit a girl and fucking Ramsay deserved what he got. Know what? I'm not cooking for anyone anymore. Ya'll can go flip a coin and figure out how to burn your own food." Hot Pie stared at Sansa, who coolly looked back at him. A rumble was heard and Ramsay looked up blearily from the water spray to see the fat angry cook spit into Sansa's face.

Hot Pie started to head for the back door but Ramsay had recovered just enough for his pride to hurt worse than the rest of him. While Sansa wiped her face, Ramsay ran at the fat boy. The girl called out, "Ramsay, he can't cook with broken bones or if he's dead!" The cook turned fast and Ramsay found himself pinned against the wall by a fat forearm. Hot Pie's voice was devoid of all emotion and his eyes were empty as they glared into Ramsay's. "I am not in a good mood, Rams. I want to go back to my room and think about things, maybe take a nap. I was hasty saying I would quit my position here but I don't want to talk about it yet. Maybe I will cook later and maybe I won't. I don't know and I don't know if this strength of mine comes or goes. All I know is you really want to back off for tonight, Clockwork Orange."
Ramsay wheezed something vague and Hot Pie moved away allowing Ramsay to drop to the floor. "Bye now."

Sansa gave a smirk to Ramsay as he forced himself not to go after Hot Pie, as he looked uneasily up at Sansa, blushing slightly. Giving a small sigh, she helped the bruised and bloody classmate to his feet, giving a bit of a cheerful tone, pursing her lips charmingly. She knew better than to let Ramsay gain his footing on his own. Do not give him time to dwell on his injured pride while she alone stood before him. Injured or not, Ramsay was still a mad dog.

"Oh get over it, Ramsay. Every predator loses one at some point. Gods knows how many I've lost? We have bigger problems, otherwise why would I come here to help you of all people? Clean yourself up and listen. The mist is almost gone and the dead are still walking. Those who always forget and wonder why they were panicking, aren't. You and I...we should go back to half knowing, Jeyne should go back to almost forgetting how much she can do. The girl came into the clinic with an empty eyed Shireen from the mist! Jeyne said that she saw Dany, Harold and Bob go towards the dorm house with fire in their eyes. How did Dany get control of her cousins and get fire in her eyes, who knows? But those magic pulses, have you been feeling it? It's replacing the mist and I am betting it's whatever Dany's done. I don't know what happened in the school but I saw Damon and Skinner's heads hanging on pikes in the courtyard on my way here. I saw Myranda and her girls dancing naked, covered in blood and gore reducing Podrick to a pulsing bag of meat with sticks. I don't know where Gilly and Lollys are but I'm sure it won't be a good thing. Petyr reduced their medications and I think they really needed those things."

Ramsay snorted and gave Sansa a crooked grin full of wolfish teeth. "We are all remembering, not forgetting? Then you'd remember we are dead, ghosts, cursed undead. Do you really think the girls NEED the medications? Hmm? Did you say the Whore Brigade murdered Damon and Skinner?"

Sansa was rather forceful as she got in Ramsay's way with a first aid kit and began to treat his wounds. "Focus, darling. Nothing is acting or feeling right. I think it's a good idea to call a truce for now. At least until we see whatever is happening. We might need each other's help. If Dany is raising an undead army and has some magic that lets her eyes burn fire, we might need to pull everyone together. We might need each other to survive the rest of this cycle."

Ramsay shoved Sansa away, muttering about hunting whores that DARED. Sansa wanted to slap, her hand itched and maybe it was the mist, maybe the magic but she did it. Ramsay's face swung to the side and the crack was deafening, her hand stung terribly enough for her to cry out and clutch it to herself. Ramsay grimaced and rubbed his face then laughed at her throbbing hand. "If you plan to keep your hands soft and pretty for your gentlemen, you'll have to leave the hitting to Arya. I'm going to give you this one, I will assume it's your vapors or something. Out of my way, Black Widow or whatever you are."

He made waving motions with his hands as if to dismiss Sansa and her hands clenched. Spitting her words like bullets, Sansa closed the first aid kit with a snap and tossed it at him. "Know what? Never mind. I thought you were smart. I thought you were clever. More than just a mad dog and I can see you think I'm wrong. Fine then. I don't have time for it. Why can't you ever allow yourself to rise to your potential? I am so sick of watching you just mess up every cycle when you could be and do so much more. Fine. As usual I will do everything myself and you can go skin whores. Have a great time, Ramsay, at least until something rips you apart like usual."

Sansa marched as if to head into the mist and recruit another when Ramsay came up behind her. She cringed when she briefly felt a tongue on her bare neck. "Salty. Just like your personality. I like it." Chin in the air, feeling an immense sense of control and calm upon harnessing the truce of one Ramsay Bolton, Sansa began to head for the kitchen door with Ramsay trailing behind her. Ignoring the slight discomfort of her starched long dress that Sansa wasn't wearing when she last checked, she
Both of them stopped dead, silent, heads tilted slightly to the side as they looked into the mirror. It just couldn't be ignored any longer and with impossible eyes of flat granite stones, Sansa began to inch closer, peering while Ramsay grinned. Dancing lightly on his feet, Ramsay twirled and waltzed around Sansa then he leaned his head against her left shoulder while studying their images, batting his eyes occasionally at Sansa, who snapped at him. "Don't get so impressed. We look like we can't decide if we are cos playing or working for a museum. I wouldn't ever have picked this look for me and please tell me you wouldn't ever wear that on purpose. Enemies or not, I have always had great respect for you. I shall have to take some fashion sin points away from that respect now. Pity."

Ramsay flourished his new crimson tear drop rubies twinkling from so many sources. A large ruby flayed man pendant kept his ruffled crimson blouse in check high upon his neck, three ruby rings adorned his black leather gloved hands. One dangling crimson teardrop in each earlobe, his dark brown hair was longer, blacker as were his eyes, also somehow glowing red in their very center, meaner than ever, nearly demonic, his smile full of teeth that seemed sharp. Ramsay slightly bit into his lip and blood dripped. "My teeth are sharper, holy shit! Look at my eyes, can you see this shit, Sansa? I love it!"

He twirled so the black long cloak flowed around then ate up his black trousers, black boots, black vest tight over the flowing crimson shirt. "I have all sorts of blades in secret pockets, wonderful! Toys! I have more toys! Looks like the magic has made me into the true mad hunter dog everyone always declared I was!" Shaking her head, Sansa muttered, "It's like someone made an anime magazine version of you, a fantasy version. And I never even noticed the change. And look at me! How could I NOT notice something changing with MY looks or fashion!"

Sansa stared at the high piled red braids, the gold netting woven to force the hair to ever higher ridiculous heights. The tight ivory silk gloves and matching tights had gold thread running through, creating small troubled gilded forest tree creatures. A long heavy satin tea dress, a mix of Victorian and medieval tones, slashed at puffed sleeves and the long dress train, the colors ran like fall prey streaking through the woods. Fabrics of heavy chestnut, of burn amber, glowing orange sunset and delicate hints of curled crimson that could be blood or crushed leaves. The entire look was a parody of both Sansa's tea party fashion and her own true nature. "Dany created this. Her magic made us look like this, I wonder why."

The jewelry adorning her ears, neck and fingers was too heavy, way too gaudy and Sansa felt a bit insulted. "What's in the jewels? They swirl." Raising an eyebrow at Ramsay's comment, Sansa looked closer at the jewelry. The different gems were actually holders of different liquids that Sansa identified as poisons. This went a long way to appeasing Sansa and she had to grudgingly admit, she did look quite interesting. The dress was a dedication to luring death, to fall, to her home and nature, the back collar flared up and out as if it were armor. It arched up past her neck until it reached her tightly pulled hairline then the heavy burnt amber collar fabric fell dramatically and straight down until it reached the floor.

Like with Ramsay's cloak, Sansa's dress was meant to flow and snap around her as she made every move. "Damn Arya for stealing all those anime comics to sell at the school! Damn her twice for selling them to Dany!" She did admire the fancy and impossibly delicate glass and gold metal high heel boots that encased her feet up to her ankles, thin gold chains instead of laces kept them tightly on her. Ramsay was certainly admiring the plunge of her dress in the front. A panel of chestnut and tightly laced golden chains kept any nipples from popping free but the breasts were straining. Sansa gritted her teeth, knowing Dany would be smiling over the plunging cleavage. The girl KNOWS how Sansa feels about such things, that royal bitch!
Ramsay moved around her like a raven flying, his grin and eyes devilish and his words seem to bark like a mad dog would do. "AH, look at you! Look at your own EYES! Purest of stones, gray and flat. Speak, I want to hear your cultured dulcet tones, give me your best trilling laugh! I have a theory, luckily she has left my mind. Well, speak!" Sansa swallowed heavily and took the plunge. "Okay. Not sure what to say but this outfit is—oh no. No, no no no. That isn't my voice. No. This can't be me. Can't be. Ramsay? Ramsay, stop it!" But it was clear that Ramsay couldn't stop pointing and laughing. Sansa briefly took leave of her temper and sanity.

If Hot Pie and Ramsay had not already trashed the kitchen, Sansa would have done so. She had to suffice with knocking down some shelves, kicking empty boxes and screaming.

"THIS ISN'T MY VOICE! DANY, YOU HIGH FLYING, SILK EARED SOW, GIVE ME MY VOICE BACK! I WILL WEAR YOUR FALL NIGHTMARE FAIRY TALE COLLECTION FROM THE BEST OF WALMART PATTERNS FOR TRAILER HOES THAT HAVE HUSBANDS THAT TELL THEM TO SEW! I WILL KEEP THIS HAIRSTYLE THAT VIKING CONCUBINES REFUSED TO WEAR EVEN IF IT MEANT HAVING THEIR LUNGS PULLED OUT OF THEIR BODIES! BUT YOU GO TOO FAR WITH THIS! MY VOICE IS A FUCKING DELIGHT, IT IS A WORK OF ART THAT I SPENT YEARS WITH A VOICE COACH FOR! GIVE IT BACK OR I DON'T CARE WHAT KIND OF MAGIC YOU HAVE, I WILL PERSONALLY SEE TO YOUR DEATH!"

It didn't matter how upset Sansa was or how loud or soft she spoke. Sansa's voice was bland, it was all one key, one note, it was unflavored oatmeal, no inflection or texture at all. When Sansa tried to trill, to giggle or give a throaty chuckle, it all came out as the same forced ha ha kind of sound. She sounded like a bored business woman that has taken a bottle of Valium and tossed it down with vodka but without the slurred words or the actual euphoria. It was the death bell of any politician, salesmen, seductress, sex phone operator or voice actor of any form. Sansa slapped her hands over her mouth. Her cold unfeeling stone eyes caused her a terrible sting as a few tears forced their way past her lower lids.

"Does it help to know you look tragically lovely when you cry? Like a statue trying to communicate feeling to everyone and no one cares. Want to fuck while we look like this? I do. Huh. Your voice might be on flat right now but that swear word is most certainly a filthy savage one. I am impressed. Okay. I am enjoying this so far in spite of the loss of my friends. Very well. The mad dog hunter and a Lady of Stone have a truce, a partnership of sorts. Now what, where to first? Your face tells me this might be more war than just a negotiation. Excellent!" Sansa might have answered as they walked out the door into the mist. Sansa's arm was linked into Ramsay's and her mouth had opened to respond when Cersei came flying at them out of the last swirls of the mist.

"Sansa! Help me! You have to! Dany! That cunt took my baby boy! She wants you! Go and make her give my son back!" Sansa was polite enough to smother her amusement at how Dany has transformed Cersei's look. Ramsay however was the true dog and heartily howled with laughter. "If Cruella Deville and Caligula could have a love child, I think we found it!" Ramsay laughed even as Cersei advanced on him, snarling. Her clawed hands dug into the folds of his voluminous cloak and she yanked into him. "I'M ORDERING YOU, HIRING YOU! KILL DANY, KILL HER COUSINS! KILL THEM! NOW, RIGHT NOW!"

Ramsay rolled his eyes lazily upwards while licking his own sharp teeth. "Nope. Fuck off, you crazy ass bitch. I don't work for you or anyone right now. Partnered with Lady Stone and I'm going to need you to just fuck off now, Mrs. Robinson. Toodles, bitch."
Hot Pie: 9 to 5 by Dolly Parton
Sansa/Ramsay: The Look by Roxette
Sansa: Stone Cold by Demi Lovato
Ramsay: Animal by Def Leppard
Body Sculpting

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Each step Dany took towards her new home caused a ripple, a wave, a tsunami of magic burst into new life, driven by her imagination and desires. Dany walked, her eyes and mind so ablaze, the world never seemed so bright, as if everything in her mind was freshly painted. She had no idea what demon she called to help her, Dany had no idea that Patchface was dancing, cavorting behind her and the twins. His long tongue licked at the sparks that came off the girl and he rejoiced at the stupidity of human souls.

It wasn't a way home yet...no, but this was a chance. The girl called for help, she offered magic, blood and an open page.

Patchface had JUMPED, LEAPED, DELVED and heard the screech of his estranged flame licked family far away as he shoved gibbering horned and scaled rising lunacy aside when the girl started to read words from the magic tome. He couldn't get out, his cursed brethren couldn't get in, no matter how pretty the words or strong the spell if it wasn't the RIGHT one. The demon did manage to slip himself straight into the girl's NEED, PLEA and luckily this one was hollow with pain, allowing the demon to slip right into the saddle for her soul. It was a start, it was enough for the moment.

Cackling as he allowed her pain and bitter loneliness to build into a fierce dragon queen concept that she wished for, longed for as a small child. Her whole life she was told tales of a safe castle full of loving subjects that Dany could never hope to see and that was her true wish. The demon watched as she replayed images of a lonely and neglected girl who lived with those who only stole from her fortune, were planning to marry her off and steal her life. Patchface watched all the abandonment and abuses the royal child suffered and found it almost as tasty as Jeyne's own memories.

Then he saw the comic books, anime and daydreams that supplied and gave nourishment to a lonely, imaginative mind and giggled. Oh, the fun he shall have with this! Dany walked, the magic flowed and intent became reality much to the dismay of most of the island. Patchface gloried in the chaos as he danced and weaved magic across the island. Dany walked and transformed, unaware of it for the most part until the brightness of her flame licked flowing garments brought stinging tears to her eyes. The dress hissed and spit, moving around her legs and ankles, showing hints of flesh up to her thighs, trailing sparks as she moved. It was the color of fire, it twitched, flowed and receded as flames, yet moved like the highest quality fabrics one could buy.

Patchface weaved a crown of the flame cleansed bones of Viserys and it sat heavily upon the girl's head. Dany giggled as she watched ribbons of silver chain entwine into the sides of her white blond hair as it all fell impossibly long until it reached the bottom of her cloak, whipping about her calves. Small drizzles of lava curled about her white pale arms and legs, it sunk deep, biting until she screamed as they turned black, grew scales, long thin dragons with glowing eyes, sharp teeth and snapping spiked tails, moving up and down her body, slithering in silent urge for battle.

Patchface admired how the dress molded tightly against Dany's upper half then flowed to her ankles, the velvety material flickered and folded over her shoulders, leaving her arms bare. The fabric climbed to her neck, locked in place with a thick onyx necklace that seemed to swirl. A cloak gleaming as black as a demon's heart swallowed all behind her. The dress had a jeweled waist with the same onyx stones. Sandals made from the bleached and fired bones of her brother made the girl give the first true smile of the day. Dany walked and her own mind supplied the demon with the power to rock their world.
Stannis was most offended.

He was heading towards his house with an arguing Petyr and a very silent zombie daughter when he saw Dany and her cousins crossing his lawn. Dany scared them half to death looking like a Viking Princess with a fire bug issue. Harold and Bob hovered on either side of the girl, wearing long flowing silk pants and longer robes, soothing lavender flowing material that seemed to smolder and squirm with tiny dragons the same orange glow as their eyes. White long hair tied back with silk ribbons, both with bare feet, slight view of their pale but chiseled chests that writhed with dragons tattoos, they looked like elegant ninjas.

Over Bob's shoulder, strained a sad eyed and muzzled Joff, resplendent in a violet and orange checkered jester tunic with crimson leggings that seemed to hiss and snap with tiny orange dragons. Every few moments they seem to move in a way that makes the boy scream or cry out into his gag. Firmly over Joff's head was an oversized plush cap with a smiling dragon head on top, bobbing madly. Joff saw Stannis and Petyr, he started to kick at Bob with delicate golden cotton slippers that had plush curved toes and bells that jingled happily. Joff started to wail when Petyr raised an eyebrow and smoothly asked, "Why is Joff's face painted to look like a lion cub if he's wearing a royal jester outfit?"

This made even Gendry snort with laughter quietly in spite of his own predicament. He has no love for the sudden costume change, he was in some strange outfit that was her version of a royal courier. Gendry didn't mind the strange ruffled white blouse, he could tolerate the tight crimson vest and tighter orange flame swirl of a waist coat. The white gloves were irritating but tolerable, even the stupid little crimson cap, the belt that matched his bright red plush boots, he could tolerate it. The brown velvet tight shorts and crimson leggings were troubling and he KNEW that he's finally found a cause to fight against.

The new Queen glared at Stannis and Petyr, speaking in a haughty voice that brooked no argument. "You have been deposed, My Lord. You were a blind ruler, I won't be. I deserve this, I am true royalty and I am owed my time as Queen, even if it's ruling the dead. You may beg for a seat on my council when you are ready, gentlemen. You can advise and suggest but you will ultimately just OBEY. Furthermore, I will be taking your home as my own, Lord Stannis. You should be grateful that as Royalty, I CHOSE your humble abode as fitting for a Queen."

Dany's will and magic washed over them, distracting enough to allow Dany to slip past.

Chapter End Notes

The Devil Within by Digital Daggers
Those Afternoon Naps

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hot Pie only wanted to go nap and not think about any of this shit any longer, thank you very fucking much.

Shoving his hands into his leather apron front pockets, wiggling his toes in the lighter, more comfortable, ugly and somehow puffy shoes made of the same color of tanned leather as his apron, he sighed. The mist was leaving and that was good but he could still see figures and that might be bad. He wasn't afraid, he just didn't want to have to interact with a real person nor did he want to dodge a zombie. The idea of seeing the undead during a bright sunny day was creepy.

"I'm just too tired to care why I still remember everything, why it's all different. I don't even care why I am dressed like a cook that likes to do some light leather crafting on the side." He wasn't thrilled that his hair was suddenly so curly and each hair was trying to compete to zing away the furthest from his head. It wasn't enough to detract from being tired but it helped the feeling of being overwhelmed inch a notch higher.

He nearly leaped out of his new comfortable ugly clothes at the sight of Cersei. She had burst out of the mist, snarled Sansa's name and Hot Pie pointed towards the cafeteria. Shaking his head, Hot Pie continued to head towards the dorm rooms, muttering the whole way. "Damned woman is a Mad Max and Disney Witch nightmare, gonna give me nightmares now. Ugh. Was gonna snap one off if Jojen wasn't banging his sister but now, forget that! I will NEVER get that image out of my head in time. Yeesh."

Hot Pie could hear distant chaos, he did blink at the trees around him. Changing brown to black rougher bark, some branches growing thicker or crooked in impossible angles. Deranged spiky lines of lava grew suddenly in large island rocks. Not his problem and he staunchly ignored these things as he frowned at the dorm house.

Was. A dorm house.

Hot Pie swallowed thickly and rubbed his eyes, he was just overtired. Maybe this was all a dream, he was sleeping in the cafeteria? He surely dreamed about fighting Ramsay, only a fool would dare to take that creature on. Yep, he was asleep. Because the alternative was a little kooky and Hot Pie smiled nervously to himself. Kooky. A word his father loved and why did he think of that bastard now? Maybe to distract himself from questioning his last thread on sanity?

Nah. Just tired, so Hot Pie rubbed his eyes again and looked up. He was already building a foolish smile and blush but no, it was still there. Sighing, he took a deep breath, looking past where the dorm house should be, to see the teachers lodging.

Was. Not anymore. It was too much.

Hot Pie burst into tears and curled up on the plush green moss and violet glowing weeds that seemed to gently embrace him. Finally, some peace and blissfully, the boy began to softly snore.

The first person to step on him nearly bruised bone. He cried out as something flapping black wings tumbled over him while another flapping creature circled them. "AH! TAKE YOUR CHARLES DICKENS CAPES AND YOUR MARQUIS DE SADE ATTITUDES ABOUT SLEEPING
COOKS AWAY FROM ME! I REFUSE TO COOK RIGHT NOW, I MUST SLEEP, LEAVE ME ALONE!"

It didn't matter that he was screaming at adults, teachers, the director and therapist, in fact. They were the adults, stepping on kids in the new plush grass! It truly did not matter. Hot Pie looked on blearily as Petyr and Stannis continued to flourish their walking sticks, dueling clumsily, badly.

Stannis was dressed like a Victorian high necked gentlemen scholar of the highest honor. A flowing black headmaster gown with sharp red stripes on the oversized collar hid all but glimpses of well tailored trousers, polished quality shoes. The man held tightly to his black walking stick with a clouded crystal holder and jabbed it at the other man, his greatcoat offering a tsunami of excellent quality black wool towards the sky.

"Come at me again, you jape, you con artist, you foolish backstabbing, social climbing lounge lizard! She doesn't love you, she never loved you! You held her hostage, you weren't her savior! You are a deluded, repulsive man and you are fired! You should NEVER work with children! How could I have ever forgotten THAT? FIRED, I SAY! OH! YOU WANT TO FIGHT, WELL, THEN, SIR, HAVE AT IT!"

Hot Pie sighed and turned over, determined to ignore them. He did have to turn back over and keep one eye upon them as he moved uneasily, just in case. His ankle was still sore, dammit.

Petyr was looking even stranger than Stannis. Petyr brandished his own polished wooden walking stick with an ivory skull holder on it. His plain brown cloak flowed as much as Stannis's better black one, but it showed the rest of Petyr's clothing. He wore an unbuttoned lab coat, brown tight rubber gloves, simple cotton shirt and trousers underneath with old but well cared for high quality shoes. Goggles that shine and obscure Petyr's eyes have replaced the small bifocals the man wears when counseling the students.

Hot Pie groaned as the two men continued their savage duel but he did manage to find sanctuary under a bush with strange new leaves and fall asleep.

Chapter End Notes

Sunny Afternoon by The Kinks
Lyanna's best class in school has always been grammar. She enjoyed learning new words and finding ways to see them fit into her life. Right now her art and drama teacher was giving her an excellent example of swooning. Renly swooned as he observed the new changes to himself, Lyanna and Loras as well as their home. It was all fast, painless and quite strange, a rather shocking moment that was going to take a second to process. The very first thing noticed was their apartment suddenly seemed to belong to a new time, they were in a small Victorian era townhouse full of things indicating a lordly and scholarly artistic status. Rich furniture and intricate shelving was not as interesting as the sudden set of mirrored closet doors.

Lyanna and Renly could see into it clearly from where they had been standing. Renly saw his thick lovely chestnut hair trimmed to his collar in the back, the front and sides swept up high and luscious upon his regally gelled head. His hair was a crown of pompadour and privilege as were the large yellow diamonds encased in a golden deer head that hung from his earlobe, the matching ring upon his thumb, the same design upon his cuff links and pinned upon his elegant but floppy velvet ribbon upon his collar. Staggering backwards from his closet mirrors, he sucked in his breath, Renly spoke, hands fluttering.

"I have never worn such high quality clothes in real life, Stannis would've murdered me for the cost! Even my friends didn't have quality this good, where is this from? Is it magic or from Essos? And now I have a deer head walking stick! Pure gold and that same diamond eye, look at it! It's nearly as wonderful as this HAIR! And my outfit, isn't it just amazing? Oh gods, whoever is to thank for this magic, thank you! I love this, look at how I move! This is how I always should have been, how I really am! Don't you agree, my darlings?" Renly swooned and his dutiful daughter flew forward to mop at his damp, handsome brow.

Lyanna smiled and nodded. "Yes, father! No one is more handsome than you! That outfit might be magic but only you could wear it and make it so perfect! You look wonderful, Father! Everyone will be so jealous, every student will follow you and ask stupid questions, giggling girls whispering around you, just like always!" Renly's smile was even brighter than hers and his glittering dark eyes were lit up, eager to join the delusion. He danced and spun to get a better look at himself and winked at his own image. The hair and jewelry drew the eye to more than Renly's classic good looks which have somehow seemed to darken and make his features sharper all at once. Tapered eye brows, a new lift to his nose and his cheek bones could have cut glass, the lips parted perfectly in the most charming sneer worthy of Cersei herself. "I am under a spell. I have always been a very handsome man but this is truly a new level."

The cerulean blue of the tightly tailored dress shirt seemed to glow with an eerie shimmering ceaseless movement. Thick hair left the eye to be caught by the color, trapping all focus with ease. It was natural for the eye to drown within the rich color, wondering if it were really moving until the startling silver vest snagged like a rescuing rock. The eyes climbed onto the long tail dress coat. The matching tight grey pants offer a sharp crease but nothing but a thin belt with a large golden deer head catch upon it until the blue trouser socks at the end of each aggressively tapered pant leg. Shoes of excellent and unknown but fetus like quality to the fabric and the color was deep cerulean blue upon the mysterious footwear. A silver top hat with an elegant cerulean velvet bow and a grey great coat completed Renly's new look and he simply had to model it all for a moment before giving any real attention to the looks of others.
Loras didn't notice himself at first, no, he was too busy staring at the sudden magical fashion horror show. A bark of laughter as it suddenly all clicked and he pointed. "Someone got a hold of one of the anime or manga books and a magic spell! Renly, what are you so happy about? You look like a damned villain, you know that, right? Like, one of those serial killers in the comic books, all rich, handsome and charming...then you slip a cog and turn into a fucking lunatic. I wonder if you'll get even more angles to you when you lose your mind or if your eyes will glow red or some shit? Talk, speak, I want to see if your words come out in bubbles!" He expected more than the two of them just grinning at him.

Lifting an eyebrow, Loras spoke warily at first. "What? It's true. That's how you look and Lyanna, you look worse. I mean, what...what IS that? Are you a mini female version of Renly? Is that what I'm looking at? Why you aren't attacking me yet, I don't know but I can't keep my mouth shut. I can apologize if you'd like but it's hollow. What kind of things were our magical benefactor thinking? Lyanna, two thick ponytails with sudden thick hair that travels, nay, sprouts from cerulean velvet bows from your head all the way to your calves is just silly and not at all practical. What is the point of the tiny grey top hat in the middle of your head? It's just resting there like it's ashamed of your hair part and wants to hide it. Do you have a little scalp issue that you need to hide? Lice, scarring or psoriasis?"

Leaning forward a little as the girl started to look a tad wounded, gaining strength from it, Loras expounded further. "Dear, you look like a little henchmen, a side kick, a punching bag, a little messenger girl, whatever daddy wants you to be. Wow, that sounded way dirtier than I intended it. Even I wouldn't go that far on you, Renly. I mean, you hired teenage bigots to rape, torture and murder my best friend and you might be a rapist, con artist, cannibal killer of young teenage boys. Also an abuser and murderer of a foster girl but you NEVER molested her. You never molested or raped any female as far as I know. Didn't mean to imply that, ick." Loras stared at the two of them. Nothing, they didn't react but to blink and give focus back to each other and Loras wondered if he was there at all.

Lyanna didn't have the jewelry that Renly did except for a tiny pinkie ring that bore that stag without any diamond but it was pure gold, thick and too tight. The clothing was exact in color, quality and style to Renly's except instead of grey slacks, Lyanna had a ruffled grey skirt and blue knee socks with lighter tan sandals. On Renly, the colors and outfit style made him a good looking villain but on Lyanna, it seemed clumsy, she looked sad, outclassed and hopelessly naive. Her eyes were bigger, the hair was gravity defying, her chest was smaller and Lyanna couldn't decide whether to cry or scream. Until Renly noticed her, really noticed and clapped his hands, laughing out loud. His eyes filled with tears as he surveyed her carefully then spun her into his arms.

The brief hug made everything bad go away and Lyanna smiled up at Renly with the devoted love he will never deserve. She knows this and it won't matter, Renly knows it and Loras knows it, this won't matter. Loras points this out loudly but was ignored by the two aching pretenders that needed to believe their own lies and this magic should be enjoyed while it lasted. "Oh don't be so sad! It's perfect, you should look like you emulate me, you are my daughter! It fits and if it seems clumsy that is fine. Because let everyone misjudge you, just like our silly Loras does. You can hurt them all, show them all what you really are. My wonderful dedicated little girl! I love every bit of your outfit, don't you worry! And that hair is just perfect, I can't wait to brush and style it all the time!"

Lyanna wiped away her brief tears and when Renly let her go, she shivered in sudden cold. Her voice full of spiteful sugar, she gave her father a wonderful new focus. "I think Loras is jealous of how amazing we look and how we look like each other! He doesn't, he looks..foppish! A new word I learned and it fits him, Father. Foppish. Loras, if you saw yourself, you wouldn't be laughing at us. Father, do you think we can get blood out of that? And how do we change his dressing under all that stuff anyway? Loras, do you always plan on wearing that wig? Is it because of lice or are you having
some bad hair days?"

Renly patted her shoulder while laughing with her at the distressed captive. Lyanna felt a little bad about teasing Loras but he did deserve it. Then Loras strained his injured body forward to fully view himself in the mirror. He screeched and Lyanna felt better instantly.

From the golden high waist petticoat vest dusted in teacup roses to the white lace hose and the golden high heels, from the high collar blouse with ruffles on the sleeves that fell to elegant bejeweled fingers encased safely within silk ivory gloves. To the tight satin breeches to the long glittering gold robe that flowed behind him, it was all so much to unravel but none of it compared to the crowning glory upon Loras's head. The powdered wig had delicate rainbow pastel colors threaded through it's towering white synthetic rolls and waves. It was a tsunami that grew in confusion, with small bird nests and tiny plastic turtles, shells and was only held up by magic.

Loras had rouge upon china white painted skin, his eyes were held captive by russets, corals and dusted with light golden wings, brows painted thin. A thick black clover upon one cheek and his lips were arched well in a thin black pencil, stained with glittering gold as a finish upon the delicate pink flesh caught in a permanent bored expression. His voice was bland, no inflection and there was nothing within his expression or movements to help his words along. "Did..did someone give me a facelift or something? What the hell is wrong with me, with my voice? Why? WHO WOULD DO THIS SHIT TO ME? WHY?"

Renly yawned and narrowed his eyes as Lyanna tilted her head and asked, "Father? What happened to Loras? He is...well, like his voice is just boring, his face doesn't move anymore...he's like a pretty overdone old fashioned silly foppish china doll. I'm sorry, Father. I am not trying to be disrespectful but...do you like Loras this new way? He's...boring. Loras, stop being that way, please. Look at Father's face, I don't think he likes it anymore. Stop it." Loras truly wished he could. Instead, he opened his mouth to try and craft some form of expression then rudely fainted from blood loss.

Chapter End Notes

Renly/Lyanna: Feel Invincible by Skillet
Because Fuck Logic

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The world changed while Alliser was crawling in the tall grass. He stood fast when the path before him became a lava hot pile of rocks and a thorn bush that pulsed grew to his left out of the dirt. That's when Alliser discovered a few other little changes to him personally. Alliser couldn't understand why he looked like some ancient war general, wearing a metal helmet, fatigues and had several belts of ammo that he didn't recognize. He was too busy trying to figure out how the two machine guns were attached to his arms without crushing them.

"Huh? What sorcery horseshit is this? There's no logic here! These guns are too light to be real, why am I wearing fake guns on my arms? Is this like when someone writes with marker on a drunk buddy? Did I pass out and some aspiring art major taped these to me? And what are these medals on my fatigues? Why would I wear medals into battle? Am I in battle, is this my battle gear? Where the hell am I, when am I?" Alliser raised his arms to study the guns further and both let loose a barrage of loud bullets that tore through foliage and sheared through one of the thin black trees.

Ygritte was unable to register that she was suffering a few changes herself, she was too busy focusing on Alliser. His confusion was all that mattered and the second he was distracted by accidentally shooting things in front of him, that is when she struck. No one was more shocked than Ygritte when she found herself throwing an arrow that whacked Alliser's back and fell harmlessly at his feet. It wasn't her dagger and her handgun was gone too.

Blinking, shaking her head, Ygritte muttered to herself. "What the fuck? I just threw an arrow at a man with two guns on his arms. Why would I bring a bow and arrow to a machine gun fight?"

Snarling, Alliser turned to give a rebuke to the redhead but he accidentally let loose another barrage of bullets that the girl barely managed to dodge. Ygritte shook her fist at him in rage. "AH! ASSHOLE! WHY DO YOU ALWAYS TRY AND KILL ME? WHY DO YOU ALWAYS TARGET ME? KILL JON OR ARYA FOR ONCE INSTEAD OF ME!" Alliser blinked then blushed as he snapped out past the atrocious sound of Arya giggling hysterically nearby.

"Young lady, it was NEVER my intent to murder you! I defended a student from you and ever since then you have found ways to be in my way! Let us mention that I can clearly recall you murdering me several times! Now, I do not understand the weaponry I am wearing and it's clear that you don't have a very good grasp of your own weapon. I suggest you clear this area immediately while I understand the situation. Stark, shut up! Stand up carefully so I know where you are and stop laughing like a lunatic! Are you some hysterical unhinged ninny?"

Arya's voice came from somewhere behind Ygritte, who spun to look about wildly while notching her arrow in the bow. "Uh, okay, so I understand why Sergeant Chuckles looks like he does and man, do I really envy you those cannons...but I don't really get your look, Ygritte. Oh wait, never mind, I do. I was confused because the dirty, greasy leather boots, pants and jacket didn't go with the furry bikini top, plus all the sudden really bad homemade tattoos. Basic biker bitch. Except a lost one, no alpha, no pack at all. Just some dirty lost wild thing that throws arrows during gun fights. How the mighty have fallen, eh? Whoever changed us, they don't like you much, Ygritte. Cause Alliser has guns and as for me-"

Totally disregarding Alliser's rule of carefully presenting herself while not startling, the girl dropped in front of Ygritte from the strange tree above. "I'm a fucking ninja!"
Alliser just barely tossed his arms up in time, utterly destroying a flock of birds overhead. Ygritte shrieked and jumped as Arya began to twirl a rather deadly pair of nun-chucks about herself, grinning cockily. Alliser started to shout curses but gave up as he watched the idiot knock herself out cold before Ygritte could actually get the arrow notched. The redhead was unable to finish the job as it began to rain bullets and birds around her. Alliser watched grimly as the greasy, dirty leather clad girl dove into thicker woods. He knew she wasn't done yet and he glared at the groaning Arya.

Rolling his eyes, Alliser kicked her in the thigh.

"You weren't made into a real ninja, just a moron with the trappings of a fictional ninja. Get the hell up!"

With a harrumphing sound, Alliser watched around warily as the stupid girl managed to scramble to her feet with that stupid grin on her face still. Arya's entire form was enveloped in a pitch black silk flowing bodysuit with silver wolves prowling along it. Her feet were encased in black sandals, the body suit climbed up until her neck was obscured, her chin up to her bottom lip. Her cheeks and eyes could be seen when her hood was pulled back, soon as Arya put it up, her face was hollow, shadows only. "Ninja. See? Look at all these pockets I have! Throwing stars! A dagger and a slingshot, damn."

Alliser sighed and shook his head. "Still a moron though. Even fancy weapons, a costume change and magic can't fix that, girl."

Raff and Jon stared at each other, calmly walked outside, surveyed the new ivy covered modest cottage then each other. Raff sneered and gagged, pointing at Jon. "Your hair is longer, you are more handsome than ever, it's disgusting. Look at your fucking HAIR! What the hell kind of hair product makes hair that thick? It's waving and there isn't even any wind, Jon! Your eyes! Jon, I can see stars and roses in your eyes. Oh my god, I think I hear faint romantic soundtracks when I stand too close to you! Get away from me! Where did you get that long fur coat from and those tight leather pants? What did you do? Go back in time and steal from Jim Morrison? What the hell is happening?"

Raff clapped his hands to his face when Jon gave him a smoldering look. "AH! DON'T DO THAT! DON'T SMOLDER AT ME, WHAT THE FUCK, MAN!" Jon twisted his lips and leaned closer just to make Raff scurry away. "Have you looked at yourself, Sweet Valley High Raff?" It took a moment, careful observation of himself up close. Then Raff rushed inside the cottage with Jon trailing him, he went to give himself a more throughout investigation in the one long gilded mirror in what was a bloodstained master bedroom.

He was wearing a pink cotton dress shirt half unbuttoned with a blue tie half undone, a pair of matching blue jeans and pink high top sneakers upon his feet. Raff's hair was the color of creamed corn, fluffy as a rabbit and he was as cute as any boy band lead singer could be. Jon's bellowing laughter was as startling and loud as Raff's sudden onslaught of heartbroken sobs. "Do you want me to sling this sweater over your shoulders for you, Skipper?" Jon laughed harder as Raff snarled and told him to go fuck himself. "Want me to go see if you have any polo shirts and some khakis?" He chuckled even as he ducked the chair Raff threw at him. He can't remember the last time he found anything so funny.

Jojen blearily looked around him then frowned up at Meera. "Uh, did we just relocate or something?" Meera nodded. "Seems like we did. This is or was...the barn out back. It's our lab, like...everything is ours, but looks like we are living and running our biz from the barn. Wonder where the horses went?" Jojen gave a rather whining sort of laugh, his lips curling in a way that was more fearful than humored. "What's...what's the new look? I mean...it's okay by me but when did we change our stuff? How strong was that last batch that we did all this and didn't notice?" Meera
refused to let him see her fear and grinned at her brother. "I dunno. I think you look cute in that
stained pharmacy coat and those jeans are so close to falling off already..."

"Yeah, but you are wearing a bloodstained undertaker's suit and it's kind of creepy. Not really
turning me on, sis."

Shireen walked alone, fire in her eyes, she walked without noticing anything after her father
abandoned her to fight with Petyr. Without understanding, she sought out a mist that has left. Unable
to find it, the shade of a girl went on instinct to find others like her. Lommy, Olly and Walda made
room for her as they began to shuffle near the perimeter of the director's house. Myranda and the
girls had been heading towards that direction when they saw the circling dead and stopped. "Bad
enough we look like saloon girls on strike but leather corsets, thigh high boots and tiny blades aren't
enough to take on a bunch of zombies. Let's try and figure out where the hell our rooms just went!"

The girls resented the colorful wild west dance hall outfits, the feathered messy buns of hair,
cleavage half falling out but what irritated them the most was the heavy badly done make up. Never
in their lives, have the girls looked this bad. Myranda led the girls towards the area that used to be a
dorm house, now a group of smaller cabins and tents. "Are you kidding me? First the clothes, the
make up and now we live in a fucking tent city? No fucking way! Not after all we've put up with!
All we've done! We tore apart those cocksockers and looks like we have more to kill, ladies!
Onward! We will go find out who we must speak to! I wonder how many more heads will go on
pikes? Who wants to fuck with the whores now, eh?" Myranda received the roused cheer she
expected then it cut short.

The applause kept going for another moment until Lollys and Gilly had all the attention. They
stopped clapping and Lollys smiled brightly. Both girls were wearing generic black jeans, black
boots, white short sleeve shirts sprayed lightly with blood. Their faces were painted to resemble
skulls. Lollys's voice was friendly, warm and full of lazy humor. "That was an excellent speech,
Myranda! And those heads on spikes were lovely but the pinata, well, that was inspired!" Gilly
winked and chirped out with her best go getter voice, "You deserved every second of your win! I'm
so proud of you girls for taking back the night, so to speak! But alas...bloodlust wins out and it's dog
eat dog, you know!"

Both girls swung their machine guns over their shoulders fast and their smiles never changed as they
mowed the fleeing girls down. Giggling, they took their time once each of the girls were too injured
to run anymore. Then they walked among the squirming, crawling, begging victims. They played a
fanciful game of duck duck goose until none of the girls could have been recognized. In fact, when
Ramsay and Sansa passed the corpses later on, Ramsay shuddered. "Now, that is true mindless
savage butchery. My father should see this the next time he calls me a rabid hunting dog!"

Chapter End Notes

Ygritte/Alliser: Like A Virgin by Madonna
Arya: Sticking It To Myself by Jonathan Coulton
Raff/Jon: I'm Too Sexy by Right Said Fred
Jojen/Meera: Minimum Wage by They Might Be Giants
RIP: Myranda, Violet, Ross, Kyra: Addicted To Love by Robert Palmer
Sansa and Ramsay walked, they stepped past the destroyed red meat that used to be teenagers and Ramsay stopped, tilting his head. "This was the new crazies. When did they start to show up? Around the time Theon did, right? Do you even remember when that was? Look at this mess. How are they coming back from this? So much carnage...such a waste." Sansa shivered and looked away sadly. "These girls deserve better. It wasn't ever a choice for them. They didn't get to live long enough to make choices about who they wanted to be. None of us did, too busy killing each other and trying to forget what we are. That's when someone took a chance at swiping up all the power. Forget the sociopaths, we don't have time for it. If they bother us, we kill them, if they leave us alone, we leave them alone. We have to worry about how to handle Dany, how to handle what's going on. I mean, look at that! Over there!"

Sansa shook her head with irritation as she glared at the distant figures of Petyr and Stannis dueling. Ramsay gave a few idle pokes with a sharp stick to the sleeping cook and picked up a chunk of newly formed rock nearby. Frowning, Ramsay hefted the rock, testing it in his hand, showing it to the redhead next to him. "It looks like a lava rock, but it isn't hot at all. Still heavy, not as heavy as real rocks are...not hot but lots of sharp angles, like glass. I think these new rocks aren't real rocks at all." He brought the rock down as hard as he could over the sleeping cook's head. Sansa slapped Ramsay's head as hard as she could, ready to accept another throbbing palm. "Ow! Cunt!" Sansa couldn't hear Ramsay's slur over the screaming of Hot Pie. Sighing, she shoved Ramsay out of the way to help the poor injured cook stand up. Blood trickled from his scalp and Hot Pie snarled at Ramsay. "Fucker! That could've killed me! Why do you always have to make my life a living hell? Go bully someone else!"

Ramsay smiled winningly. "It was for science. Samwell, my fat murderous friend, you would have lost your life for science and that is commendable. As for the rest...you are already in hell, remember? It's just that I happen to be one of the devils here with you! And I LIKE to bully you, I LIKE making you cook for me. And you tried to KILL me earlier, all MY wounds were from YOU." With a roar, the cook slammed into Ramsay and the boys might have started up again if they weren't suddenly pummeled by small rocks. Breaking from each other, shielding themselves and Sansa from the barrage, they looked for the source of their trouble. Hot Pie pointed and they all looked to see Theon sitting on the roof of a cottage that wasn't there before. "Hey there! Want more rocks? No? It's okay, I'm out anyway." He guzzled more from a brown bottle and drunkenly laid back on the small roof.

"See my new place? We have cottages and tents. Guess we just claim one. I wish there was a human resources in hell. I have some complaints. I never would have killed myself just for this bullshit. You have been my biggest disappointment, Rams and I really thought you were going to be my best afterlife. Fuck. Guess I was stupid to believe you would ever love anyone after Heke." Ramsay shoved Hot Pie out of his way and started stalking towards the cottage on stiff legs. His eyes glittered and his tongue swept across his lips, his overly large and sharp teeth, as he began to speak in a sweet, luring but oh so soft, deadly voice. "Sweetheart, you are drunk, aren't you? My poor boy, all this magic is too much for your broken little head? Theon, honey, who told you about Heke? I never told you about him." Sansa grabbed Ramsay's arm as Theon paled a little then sneered.

Sansa put her hands on Ramsay's chest, pushing, to keep him from heading towards the cottage. "Rams, we don't have time for this. Not now. Focus. We need to find out who's alive, who's going to
be with us and then we need to see Dany. Focus, please." Ramsay gave an exasperated growl as he put hands on either side of Sansa's overly painted face. "Sansa, you need to maybe be the one to rethink your focus. Something more than just Dany is wrong around here. We don't know how the slaughter duo got here, we don't know how Theon got here and he knows about Heke. Sansa, only Damon, maybe Petyr and Stannis, knew about Heke. There isn't any way Theon would know, not even Patchface's mirror would show him that. And my pretty boyfriend's outfit doesn't look like everyone else. He's got jeans, a white t shirt and his face is painted like a skull. He's getting shitfaced, talking about shit he shouldn't, couldn't know. You do understand why I'm a bit sidetracked by this, right?"

Before Sansa could answer, Theon yelled, waving a machine gun lazily about him. "Hey, do you know where I got my alcohol? I took a whole box of bottles, stole it from the janitor. I shot Davos until he was nothing but blood spray and mess on the floor. Soon as the change came, soon as I really remembered, I just started to kill. I really liked Davos too. I feel bad and I hope he can return in spite of how he died. I hope so. I feel guilty and that doesn't even matter. How fucked is that? Ramsay, you fucking cocksucker, I should have known you wouldn't work out! So few homosexual serial killers are actually handsome...so few will actually keep a submissive partner alive and well. I thought you would treat me like Heke but I would teach you to treat me even better. I know that Heke went to prison in your place for you. Even though you were as guilty, Heke took the blame and the prison time while you hid here. That's how much love you had for each other in spite of all that you did to him. He died in a prison riot with your name written on his forehead. I wanted to feel what it was like to have love like that."

"YOU COMMITTED SUICIDE TO FUCK ME? YOU STALKED ME AND DIED TO FAKE YOUR WAY INTO BEING MY NEW HEKE? WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU AND GET THE HELL DOWN HERE TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF! REEK! COME HERE! THEON! WHOEVER THE FUCK...YOU MADE YOURSELF LOOK AND DRESS LIKE HEKE ON PURPOSE TO GET MY ATTENTION, DIDN'T YOU? I FELL FOR THAT? OH MY GOD! COME HERE NOW!" Theon shook his head, grinning down at the furious and shaken killer. Ramsay looked offended that someone hunted him for any purpose at all. Ramsay liked to be the one to play the games and being the prey is intolerable to the hunter. Ramsay had shaken off Sansa and begun to head to the cottage as if to climb it. He froze when Theon stood, swaying but held his gun steady enough on Ramsay. Sansa and Hot Pie both stepped slightly behind him, peeking over at the drunk student, carefully aiming at his lover. "Sorry, Rams. You'll have to live with it. Or die with it over and over. I think I'm going to kill you. I don't want to play anymore. I read all about you, I was in fucking LOVE with you. The idea of you, I guess." Ramsay froze as Theon seemed to focus with his finger itching upon the trigger. Theon started to speak again, a shit eating grin on his face.

"Heke died in prison while I was little, the prison right near where I lived. When we sailed as kids off our bay, we could see the small island with the prison on it. So Heke's story was kind of big where I lived. Lots of other prisoners there were interesting, but Heke was my interest. Because of you, because of him with you. Do you know he didn't last more than two months with medication and therapy before Heke started to come back to himself enough to speak on his own? To think by himself at all was a big deal to his doctors, lawyers and the detectives. Heke talked to anyone who would listen. Doctors, media, anyone at all and he was telling the truth. That was the real reason your father told you that you would never leave the island except to an institution. Not only did Roose know what you were doing here, Heke was seeing Doctor Pycelle at the prison and was talking."

Ramsay bit his lip, a drop of blood formed but he began to try inching forward again. Theon's words continued to batter at him. That smug fucking tone, so self indulgent. Such a naughty pet, oh yes, Ramsay knew how to handle naughty dogs. Theon's voice told Ramsay he was not paying attention, caught again in the past, exploiting Ramsay's own past. Ignore it and move carefully, when I catch this brat...Theon trained the gun and cleared his throat until the frustrated hunter went still again but
he didn't think to ask him to move back any. Theon wanted to talk and so he did, drinking a bit more as he did so.

"Doctor Pycelle always wanted to be an authority on something. He became an authority on Heke, the story of a man that was brainwashed and tortured into a new personality that was known as Reek. It was a big deal because you were just a teenager, he was a man. A man hired to take care of you because babysitters were scared of you even when you were little. And no one thought it was strange that once you hit puberty that you still had this guy nanny? But you managed to make him fall in love with you, made him your actual slave, a gruesome human pet. The media had a fucking field day with it! And I romanticized it, it's a big fault of mine. I wasn't alone, I mean, mangas, movies and books were made about you and based off of you and your story! Heke told the world that you murdered your brother and stepmother when you were a little boy and your dad covered for it. It was never proven, of course. But those girls you hunted with your dogs and Damon? Heke gave locations of the kills and bodies were being found all over."

His face became sad. "Your father couldn't do anything else to protect his name besides have you disappear. You were already considered dead, your father had made it look like you ran away and died of an overdose. Some poor schmuck that looked like you was murdered in your place. Heke told the truth about you, everything about you. There was no way you wouldn't have been imprisoned and executed if you ever stepped foot off the island. Your father arranged the riot that killed Heke to shut him up. Doctor Pycelle died in a car accident the same night as the riot." Theon started to cry but the gun didn't waver, it just offered silent anticipation of a bloody judgement. "I read everything about you! Saw every movie and documentary! I had every picture and clipping of you plastered all over my room. I would cut myself and use the blood to masturbate while staring at your face. How stupid and sick is that? My stupid ass father didn't understand mental illness anymore than he understood his own alcoholism."

Theon gave a clumsy kind of wave and hiccuped. "Never meet your idols. Its true. Me, Lollys and Gilly found out too late. Never meet your idols because they will disappoint you. And worst part is, unlike the fire bitch, we did our spell right. Now I get to spend eternity like this. And I'll never get you to love me, I'll never love you or trust you enough because even when I'm a brainless ghost stuck in a role, my instincts still tell me you'll make me a Reek or dead in a hunt! I am sick and tired of it, I'm so bored of it over and over. Whatever Dany is doing...it's different at least. So I like it. This is at least empowering. I look just like my friends, just like we did on the day we killed our counselors to escape the field trip it took us MONTHS to earn at the detention center! We finally did it, killed everyone in our way to get to this lousy fucking island! We did the spells, we were so sure of ourselves! I mean, the stories of all of you!"

He swayed and gave a laugh, his eyes sparkled with a bitter mirthless kind of need, his voice was holding a tinge of whine and maddening entitlement. Ramsay gritted his teeth, this was the part of Theon he didn't like at all. Clenching his fists, Ramsay ignored Sansa's gentle but annoying attempts to calm him while Theon kept speaking. "I mean, I wish I could have brought some of those things with me for you! What an awesome thought, right? To see your own documentaries? At least I brought you cell phones and whatever modern shit the girls had on them! Oh, we brought you anime and manga and movies, which I can see Dany has put to crazy use! Good for her! I wish it was me! I'm going to slaughter you then go offer my deadly services to the new fire Queen! Sounds different at least. Want to try and run or stand in a group and get it done fast?"

Ramsay smirked and seemed to relax, putting his hands out, palms showing. Then he tossed his flowing mane of hair, slowly putting each arm around his companions. Theon's eyes followed each movement and lust grew, causing Ramsay's eyes to glow. Ramsay's voice got thicker, warmer, more compelling and he mentally thanked whoever gave him the upgraded looks. "Sweetheart, I think you should be sober before you kill me. You won't remember it and you'll be messy about it. You might
feel bad and lonely, wish you hadn't killed me. Kill me tomorrow. Talk to me or fuck me tonight, kill me in the morning, love. Okay?"

Sansa gave it a try. "Theon! Dany has messed with everyone, we are all different now! Hear the way my voice is, see how I am-hey, I am talking to you, Theon, please look at me when I speak! Thank you. We can mediate with you and Ramsay if you will lower the gun and, HEY! THAT IS VERY RUDE! HOW DARE YOU IGNORE ME, THEON! NO! NO! RAMSAY, LET ME GO RIGHT NOW! LET HIM SHOOT ME THEN! I WILL NOT BE IGNORED WHEN I AM OFFERING A-OH MY GOD! RAMSAY, I'M FUCKING TALKING TO YOU! ARRRGGHHH!" Theon had to lower the gun because of how hard he was laughing. Watching the lead mean girl fall to pieces was soothing to Theon's drunken soul and he chuckled, swaying, his gun relaxed at his waist.

Hot Pie dryly commented, "Sansa might be boring and easy to ignore when she's talking but she's funny as fuck when she reacts! Too bad that Dany took Joff for her jester, Sansa might be way funnier! Just piss her off and watch her spin." Sansa stopped trying to injure a laughing Ramsay and spun to face the cook. Sansa stopped trying to injure a laughing Ramsay and spun to face the cook. "What? How do you know that?" Rolling his eyes, Hot Pie muttered, "I was under a bush on a main street. Even changed like this, it's still the main area everyone must cross to go anywhere. Petyr and Stannis talked for a long time right over me...or rather fought while yelling over, around and to the left of me before heading towards the beach. Where I assume they will continue to duel and yell until they drown. Dany went all fire magic and reanimated her cousin, burnt up Viserys, kidnapped Gendry and Joff. Cersei comes by wailing like a fucking she devil every now and then and then and Petyr told her that Joff was dressed like a jester. Bitch went totally fuck nuts. For a minute, the two had to make a truce to fight her off together! I still don't know if I dreamed that she gored them with her horns or not, I fell asleep on and off."

Sansa raised one eyebrow. "Hmm. What else did you see or hear? Ramsay, I don't care about Theon, okay? I will talk to Hot Pie while you-dammit!" Sansa glared at Ramsay's back, who was trying to listen to Theon, who drunkenly held the gun on him again. Sansa growled as she had to try and reclaim the sleepy cook's attention. Ramsay didn't care anymore about Dany, Sansa or Hot Pie, he was keeping his eyes on Theon.

"Rams, listen, I am just as crazy and just as much of a killer as you are! I just wanted to join you, play submissive for you, have fun, fuck shit up. Do you know I deliberately murdered the same number you did? Well, in the end I guess I have more kills, we had to murder the small group that came to the island on the tour we joined. They recognized us, the news was all over the fact that we were loose on another killing spree. After all, we did shoot up our school including the little shits visiting for some stupid reason. That's what got us stuck in the detention center while we were waiting for a trial that we didn't plan on going through. Because Gilly and Lollys shot up the kids and their mom, plus we shot as many teachers and teenagers as we could. But it was those kids that was going to get us a death sentence even if we were kids too and probably crazy. The girls killed the little boys, not me but if that didn't seem to fucking matter in court."

Theon sniffed and spoke in a morose tone but there was a hidden, banked, sickening pride to it. "Was our families that saved us, the very ones we offed later when we escaped! Because they were so fucking awful to us and everyone knew it! The judge and doctors decided we weren't evil, just made all fucked up by our parents. So they called us insane maybe, stuck us in detention with pills and therapy while they made another court date in a year or so. Me, Gilly and Lollys were friends as kids. Went to school together, we played on the docks together. And we knew each other, we could talk to each other about our shit lives. Gilly's dad was molesting his daughters, getting babies from them, keeping the girls and selling the boys on a black market. Lollys watched her father beat her mother to death and then he made her help bury the corpse. Then he beat her, left her to fend for herself while he enjoyed his wife's insurance money with hookers and blow. Once the party sugar
was gone and the prostitutes took his last dollar, daddy turned to Lollys. He taught her to steal, to rent herself out if need be, to provide for him."

Theon snarled his words now, glaring down at Ramsay as if he caused these terrible fathers. "And me? My brothers just wouldn't stop bullying me, my father wouldn't stop beating me! Forcing my mother into an institution! He molested my sister for YEARS and I know that my older brothers did that to her a few times. And I was helpless to stop any of it for so long. I could beat up other kids, I could rape girls if I wanted to or seduce them away from other guys willingly. I could do great in sports, I could swim better than anyone! But I couldn't stop my brothers or my father from hurting me, Yara or my mother! I was just like Heke, just like your fucking REEK! Scared, weak and helpless! But I was my father's Reek. And when I went to my house with Lollys and Gilly after we escaped, I was ready to never be his whipping boy again. I shot my father six times and he cursed me until his last breath too. My brothers were not home yet. I let Yara get her shit and run to find a life and I waited for my brothers. When they walked in the door I shot both of them in the head, wasn't taking any chances. I gave them enough time to see I was shooting them with father's favorite gun. He owned at least twenty of them. I took them all." Breathing a little heavy for a second, Theon blurted out dreamily, "Lollys and Gilly both fucked me after that. It was really cathartic."

Giggling a little, leaning against the mossy roof, Theon spoke almost playfully again. "Killing Lollys's dad made her want to fuck too. It was harder at Gilly's house. She had us board the bedroom doors the girls were sleeping in while she shot her father and tortured him for awhile. The girls woke up at the noises and we could hear the little ones begging, adults screaming for help but we ignored it. Did the job that Gilly needed us to do. She supported us after all and we needed the kills for the spell to work right. After Gilly's repulsive pig of a father died, we set fire to the house and Gilly wanted to watch it burn, hear the screams while we fucked so we did it really fast before heading for the island. We changed cars five times and killed every person except one baby that Lollys said was too cute for words. We left it hanging in it's car-seat from a thick tree branch near a zoo gate. We weren't being legends yet, maybe. We had some followers, sure but not as many, nothing like the followers, the cults that have been made in your names. We just wanted that. And we wanted the legend, to join roaming an eternal heaven of killers and victims."

Theon's bright, dead eyes caressed memories and he let out a giggle that Ramsay knew he had to destroy. "I thought it would be fun to play the victim, turn you. Or a thousand other options that ran through my head when I thought about doing this. I just wanted to be with the other killers, Gilly and Lollys LOVED the stories of Cersei, of Sansa and we all freaking WORSHIPPED the legend of Jeyne's Revenge! And I never thought that all of it would happen. I believed this place was haunted by her, by all of you, the place was like, HEAVY with it, we could FEEL and almost HEAR or SEE you sometimes. That and the incredible tale of so many killers dying here, it was awesome. The sordid stories were like, my bible, we could recite shit to each other and theorize but ultimately we knew the regular world wasn't for us."

"As little kids, coming to the haunted island tour was one of the only things we could afford to do away from home. The tour guide knew us by name and we would share our lunches with him. On the days my brothers stole my lunch or Gilly was out of food or Lollys didn't earn any, Jaqen would share his lunch with us. He was really nice and mysterious but I loved the way he told the tales, he has this special voice. He was cute, I would have fucked him but he wasn't interested in teenagers. On the days we were a little short on the tour fee, he gave us a tour anyway. We worshiped all of you, wanted to join you. So we did. Now what do I do? I can't be with you, Rams. At least not yet. You need to cool down and I need to fire up, go see Dany. I bet she'll have a new position for me. Nothing to do with Reeks or fucking SCHOOL! Good enough for me. Enough with the past, this is a new world and I am going to be a new Theon. Our romantic spark will have to simmer low and wait for us, Ramsay!"
Theon held out his arms as if to appeal to the moon then swung his gun around to point it at Ramsay, who was nearly at the door to the cottage. "Don't make me have to riddle you with holes, my lover. I won't be your Reek and I won't be your next victim. Not this time around. I can kill you or I can go see Dany. Be reasonable, give it a try." Ramsay was seeing red, that fucking GRIN, that cocky attitude, he was seething. "Sweetheart, I really, really want to chat with you before you see Dany. Do you think you could come down here or I can come there? I won't bring a single weapon."

Theon sighed and sang out, "Honey, you aren't understanding me. No chatting, no chance for you to play your games with me. We are on hiatus, taking a break, not currently fucking or dating. Nothing to talk about. I am going to be on the winning strong side. The fire queen. I don't CARE where you go or what you do. At least not right now. Maybe later. So please, shoo now."

Ramsay went nuclear and stormed towards the cottage door. The hail of bullets caused him to leap into a thick bush full of thorns that were eager to drink his fired up blood. "FUCK!" Theon yelled down from the roof angrily. "I wasn't kidding! Shoo or I'll fill you with lead and apologize when you come back to life again!"

"Hey! The fuck?" Polliver liked the black leather vest and ass kicker boots, the chains hanging everywhere, the spiked bat and the finger-less gloves with brass knuckles was acceptable. The jeans felt a bit too tight and the Ed Hardy shirt was way too tight but he could ignore it. The spiked bat was great and Polliver could pretend he stole it or someone left it as a present for him, sure. What he couldn't ignore was seeing the mad doctor turn into a literal mad doctor. Polliver cared more about getting away from the clinic that has become a looming, terrifying laboratory from some forgotten century. Qyburn looked crazier than ever as he danced, crying, singing praise to the gods. A new bloodstained white coat flounced around, giving unwanted glimpses of an old mustard turtleneck and corduroy pants. Barbary loomed forth out of nowhere and Polliver nearly smashed her with the bat as he screamed. He didn't recognize her at all until the doctor spoke her name.

Qyburn had caught sight of his long time nurse and sucked in his breath, ancient eyes lighting with a new flame. Polliver felt ill deep inside, his throat and tongue felt coated in greased fur and for no reason he wondered how caterpillars, the furry ones, how do they fuck? He shrank back when Barbary came too close but her piercing eyes weren't seeing anything but the doctor. Barbary was tan, her skin looked like wrinkled leather instead of pale wrinkled dough. Her hair was brittle but peroxide blonde with dark brown roots just showing, done up in a swirl on the top of her head. Her back wasn't arched, it was straight, her teeth looked like her own, indicated by the extreme nicotine stains and the missing few teeth. Qyburn beckoned her to him, his face lit up with something that made Polliver want to puke. With every move the nurse made, the thick, cheap rayon white nursing dress of some forgotten era made scratching sounds as it swished against the snug but puckered nylons encasing thin long legs entwined by thick purple spider veins.

The doctor spoke in a purr to lure Barbary even closer. "My word, the magic made you younger again! You are barely a baby at thirty! And such a catch, I was so afraid back when you were in college and I was still married. It was such a whirlwind romance and who ever thought it would become a friendship that outlast my own life? I wish I was younger too. We would scare this crowd with our beauty and charm!" Polliver shuddered as they embraced. The nurse seemed to hold the doctor in such a way that reminded Polliver of a praying mantis. For one breathless moment, Polliver watched, thinking he was about to see her decapitate the doctor. But then she finished trying to hug the doctor while reaching for her purse sitting on a desk behind them. Wiping sweat from his brow, Polliver blurted out, "Nope. No. I'm done. Jeyne!" Polliver fled past the wizened prune of a nurse, coughing at the smoke trailing from the Benson and Hedges cigarette hanging out of the crimson slashed mouth.

Conjuring up thoughts of movies such as Hostel and every movie of every haunted hospital everywhere, Polliver searched for Jeyne. Yelling her name, only going as far as he has to into each
room, he feared some sort of dreadful medical trap. The surgery room was bloody, old and tacky, empty. Dusty vases held dead flowers in three rooms with bare coats, some with blood still stuck in the tile grout of the floor. A few rooms held medical tools not used in many a year and Polliver moved faster. Polliver found Jeyne standing in the lobby or at least he swore he heard a girl's voice in there. He ran as fast as he could up the steps to the lobby and stopped, staring. A four year old girl was standing alone. Large brown eyes dominated the elfin face and she was so very tiny. The outfit she was in only made it worse.

A large straw bonnet with lovely fresh lilacs sprouting from it was firmly strapped to her head by a thick lavender ribbon under her chin where there lay a charming flopping bow. Falling to his knees, Polliver stared at the little girl and shook his head in disbelief. Her small child's body was encased in a baby doll style dress that was lost under so many ruffles, bows and exploding lace from any opening. The lavender dress was overwhelming, the age change was devastating but the sight of thick tights and lavender plastic Mary Jane buckle shoes, that caused the first chuckle. Seeing the large tears coming from such unnaturally large eyes made the snickering begin. Polliver was in full laughter at the tiny fists clenching. "Oh god, Jeyne, you are adorable! I have no idea what the fuck to do with a four year old but you are cute as fuck! What the hell is that on your head? Do you think we can just have you sleep in a dresser drawer. I'm gonna bust my gut laughing, oh god!"

Jeyne stayed still and spoke. It was higher pitched but it was cute as a newborn kitten, it was soft as a baby blanket and it was smoldering with anger. "Renly would do it. My dad would ask him to if I needed to look good for something. Renly was good with hair and when we went in front of others or getting pictures, Renly did my hair. We called them banana curls. He tightly wrapped my hair in wet rags that I had to sleep in. The next day my hair would be full of these curled up rolls. My hair is really long, dad never let me cut my hair because his sister didn't cut hers, I think. When Cersei figured it out, she cut all her hair off while Tyrion watched and drank himself into a crying sleep. I watched but didn't really care. Cersei tried to stab me with her scissors as soon as dad fell asleep but I ran away. Just before I died, I DID start to figure out to stay away from her when father wasn't around. This was the outfit I wore when I died, the day I died at my mother's birthday party."

Polliver stopped laughing.

"Aww, sweetie. I'm so sorry. Don't think about it. Let's go home and we can fix you up with something else for now. We can find out who did this and how to fix it, okay? Let me carry you so we can move faster. I want to get out of this damned creepy place." He moved as if to stand up and with one tiny hand, Jeyne paused him. Her little lips formed into a playful smile and her dimples twinkled at him. "One second. Sorry I was so cranky, Polly. I want to play a quick game first, it will make me feel a bit better. A small prank or trick so I can laugh too, like you!" Polly sighed heavily but he stayed on his knees, nodding. "Okay, real fast though." Jeyne held up both her fists. "Pick one." Polliver grinned and pointed to the hand that seemed to be clenched on something. Jeyne swung the bloodstained rock that wished her mother a happy birthday at Polliver's head.

He fell to his side, clutching his head, groaning. Jeyne stepped closer while she held onto her rock, her childish voice full of something very old. "The next time it won't just bruise and give you a headache. Stand up, pick me up and take me home. There better still be a home. This isn't funny. I don't like this game. Dany wants to play a game. And Patchface wants to let her play with him. I need to nap so I can be ready to play, Polly. Pick me up. Take me home and don't laugh. My head hurts." Polliver stood up, muttering, "My head hurts too now." Jeyne waited, shifting her feet, glaring at the damned stupid, icky feeling shoes and the sound that boiled up from her very toes came out her mouth.

Polliver watched in sheer terror as her eyes bulged, her mouth grew to cartoon wide proportions and the WAIL, it was a sound of epic proportions. Polliver fell over and held his ears as the ground shook, concrete chunks fell from the walls of buildings. He rolled as a lamp crashed next to him.
"JEYNE! STOP! LET'S GO HOME! I WILL CARRY YOU HOME JUST STOP! PLEASE STOP! HOME HOME WE CAN GO!"

Chapter End Notes

Ramsay/Sansa/Hot Pie: Go To Hell by Alice Cooper
Theon Insincere by Alice Cooper
Jeyne: Break Stuff by Limp Bizkit
RIP Davos
Tyrion's first notice of anything different was his wine flavor turned richer, thicker and left a slight rotted taste on his tongue. Pursing his lips slightly, he looked at the crimson color that had been ruby a moment before. The wine had been contained within a crystal wine glass that has turned into a gold goblet encrusted with jewels. "Huh. Okay then. Fine enough. It's still wine." Words slurred out of his slack mouth before his upper teeth dragged along his tongue trying to remove the rotten flavor that was creeping down his throat. Clearing his throat, Tyrion gulped more to ignore the feeling that he was missing a few important things. Like when he lifted the goblet, his arm was no longer in his normal sport coat. No, not even the same color or style or fabric, he noted drunkenly.

The very second Dany burst into their world and dragged Joff and Gendry away with Cersei on her knees behind them, Tyrion decided to be done with them all. Once he was able to stop laughing enough to move, he flew. Grabbing his full glass of wine and the bottle, Tyrion left and headed for his own apartment, but thinking of his wine cellar. Perhaps it was time to hide out in there until whatever madness this was ended? He has had enough drama, thank you very much and he just wanted to drink himself into a stupor quietly. He was careful to stay far from any sounds of distress and deliberately ignored anything around him that wasn't directly attacking him.

He went past the cottages and tents, peering enough into a few of them to see if they belonged to adults or teenagers. Each seemed to have possessions belonging to the teenagers and Tyrion pretended not to see the ruin that might be the very owners of the rooms. Refusing to note that one of them was a girl he promised to keep safe, he gingerly stepped over Ross's body and continued forward, faster and clumsier. Spilling wine down his chin, Tyrion drank deeper, trying not to trip as he nearly ran towards what seemed to be a townhouse that certainly didn't match the sparse dirt and lava rock surrounding it. Tyrion started to climb the few steep steps to the ornate blue door but it opened inward to reveal Renly carrying Loras with Lyanna with them.

"My goodness, Renly, what an upgrade! And young lady, how very smart you look! The tiny hat is adorable perched with those ribbons and amazingly unrealistic ponytails. I see that you have resolved your relationship problems with your new father. Now that I can correctly remember things I don't wish to remember, I must say, it's nice to see you getting along instead of dying. Nice to see you keeping your temper and creating a family, Renly. Why is Loras bleeding and why is he dressed so differently? It's extremely...foppish." Renly smiled brightly and he cuddled the weak Loras in his arms, ignoring the faintly muttered protests. "Poor Loras was accidentally shot in the mist by Styr, I was bringing him to the clinic to be treated when the world changed, so to speak."

Lyanna held a walking stick that was clearly Renly's and she easily hung his greatcoat over his shoulders, adjusting it carefully, perfectly. Renly gave her a small nod and she blushed as if he gave her the greatest compliment. Loras noticed Tyrion and his eyes seemed to beg for help but his mouth knew better. Tyrion tried not to see it and he also refused to see that Lyanna seemed ready to whack Loras with the stick if need be. In fact, he had to pretend he didn't hear her say that. Clearing his throat, Tyrion asked, "Renly, would you mind terribly if I stayed in your home while you went out? I can't find my own new dwelling and I'm not feeling very well."

Renly offered a lovely hard smile and shook his head. "I'm so sorry to hear that, Tyrion. But I am full up. Lyanna needs her privacy as a young lady and I certainly need my own room. The couch would have been an option but Loras is on it for now. He hasn't earned his way into my bed yet." Tyri
grumpily snapped that he could have taken the refusal with less personal information and he moved out of their way. Lyanna glared at him as she locked the door firmly and hurried to follow Renly down the stairs. "Do you know if the clinic is there still? Or is it a full hospital now?" Tyrion was slower to respond as he came down the steep few steps. "It's more exciting now and it certainly has an upgrade. It's still in the same spot. I'm sure the Lord Byron in you will love the new look at least on the outside. I must go find my lodgings. Good luck, Loras. I hope you get better and remain safe."

With a quick wink and a leer that made Tyrion feel sicker, Renly trilled, "Oh Loras will be fine! He is in excellent hands, isn't he, Lyanna?" Her response was instant and the idolization in her voice gave Tyrion a freezing pause. Knowing full well how many times that Lyanna suffered at the crazy man's hands, it deeply affected Tyrion to hear that fanatical desperate need for approval from her voice. "Father, anyone would be safe in your hands! Loras has no idea how lucky he is that it's you that wishes to care for him." It was all he could take, Tyrion ignored the fact that he actually RAN from them, blinking away stinging tears he also didn't acknowledge.

Tyrion found two cottages that contained decor that he would never contain. The first one had a white hallway that had pictures upon it. First a tiny picture of Selyse, a slight larger picture of Stannis's mistress then a regular size picture of Shireen. Followed by a life size picture of Sansa Stark and Tyrion left Stannis's new cottage right away. He went to the next one. As soon as he opened the door, he grimaced at the white hallway. Taking a deep swallow of the increasingly disgusting wine, Tyrion staggered into the hallway. He wanted a bathroom, regardless of who's place this was. The hallway was a dizzying mess of pictures of Sansa Stark. These weren't framed photographs, these were pictures taken without the person seeming to know it.

The next building was up a small hill that hadn't been there before. It was gritty black sand that shifted under his feet, only sharp rocks to shred Tyrion's palms as he struggled up to the small bunker. A bunker? "FUCK!" This surely isn't his but at this point, he needed water before heading back down. Tyrion tried knocking on the metal door but received no response. He tried to shove at the door and it opened. "Well, how fucking stupid is that? What kind of bunker is it that anyone can easily get into?" But it didn't even look or feel like a real bunker would, this was more like someone's idea of it. Tyrion tried to drink his thinking away as he peered in. Cans lined the walls on metal shelves but it had military weapons. The long bed had a blanket that seemed to scratch Tyrion without touching him and the pillow looked like a white brick. Nope.

Tyrion saw a canteen and drank out of it quickly, grimacing at the flat unfamiliar taste of undiluted water. He saw a small flask that must contain liquor and he gave a silent prayer of thanks as he grabbed it, setting his wine on a shelf. He sniffed and tasted it, tears now falling down his cheeks and he didn't feel ashamed. It was whiskey, it was good whiskey too. It was going with him, oh yes. "Skimpy digs but at least it's got good whiskey and if I can find a can opener, I have plenty of food. No one will bother coming up here unless they belong here and I'm sure they'll share. I wonder who was so lucky to get this?" He cuddled the flask and sat upon the bed. Screeching in pain as a bolt of agony hit his ass, Tyrion flung himself off the bed that slowly stopped crackling with sharp magic.

That's when his eyes forced themselves to sharpen no matter what the rest of him said to do. He saw the flickers of lightening in different areas of the bunker. Anything the person touches or reaches for will electrocute him. Everything was meant to cause pain while offering something efficient and needed. Tyrion took the flask and the wine as he staggered out of Alliser's bunker as fast as he could. He nearly rolled the whole way down the hill, ripping and dirtying his outfit, not that it mattered to him. The strange sandals on his feet were already wearing through somehow and the holes in his woolen brown pants weren't his biggest issues right now. The stained yellow shirt that seemed to come from a museum on the middle ages snagged on everything but he could ignore that still.
The long greasy hair he suddenly grew was distracting, in his face and the beard was itchy. The vague smell that prickled his nostrils might have been his teeth which felt a bit fuzzy or his armpits which felt beyond sticky. Oh dear. It hit him hard and Tyrion hollered as he regained his feet at the bottom of the hill. "Dany, you bitch! You turned me into a homeless town drunk and not even of a proper time period! Do I at least get a designated trash can with my name on it? Is there a cozy dumpster reserved for me?" Tyrion felt stepped on and Petyr and Stannis landed upon him in their duel, causing all to land in a tangle. It took a moment to extract himself and Tyrion was beyond bruised. He was also incensed. The flask and wine were split as well as buried under the two men.

"Sansa doesn't love either of you! She wanted to fuck you and murder you! Not love you! Even once she knew she was truly dead, each time she knew, she STILL poisoned you, even in the mist. In fact, I recall a time that both of you died before I did. And both of you died by her poison. She has never loved either of you, not a true love, not ever and she never will. Let the girl be for once! It's not like you perverts don't have eternity to chase and smother her until she kills you! And Petyr, you are a disgusting pervert!" Petyr hissed and Stannis looked ready to murder Tyrion but they simply stood up and brushed themselves off. Wrinkling his nose, Stannis stared at Tyrion. "What is that smell and why do you look that way?" Petyr covered his nose but sneered happily. "Hmm. Fitting."

Tyrion felt ashamed and blurted out awkwardly, "Fuck you!" Both men gave him a look he has always feared, a look he has given those unfortunate enough to live on the streets and Tyrion ran away. He needed to find Cersei. Out of anything to drink and out of friends, out of a place to live and Tyrion had no idea what to do.

Chapter End Notes

Tyrion: Everything Is Awesome by Garfunkel and Oates
Renly/Lyanna/Loras: We Go Together by Grease (Olivia Newton John/John Travolta)
Stannis/Petyr: Agony by Into The Woods
Jon had stopped laughing when Raff slumped onto the table face first and stopped moving or speaking. "Really? Are you that fucking vain, Raff?" There was no answer and that was answer enough. Pretending not to preen at his own reflection, Jon brooded a bit about Raff brooding. A short scream shook everything like an earthquake and the distinct sound of Jeyne's anguish was enough to launch Raff into action. Jon followed as Raff ran out the door. He got halfway there when there was a strange galloping sound along with a grunt then a blinding collision.

Raff kept running but the two that had been in combat with Ygritte were too shocked too move. Arya and Alliser both stood and looked on, blinking, mouths hanging open. One moment Ygritte was there, the next she flared her nostrils and leaped past Raff to attack Jon. The girl was hunched over the stunned boy that looked far more like a fantasy model than ever before. At first it looked like a red headed troll dragging Jon into the bushes. Jon panted in terror, flailing and nearly got free before the girl seemed to land upon him more aggressively.

Ygritte seemed to give up on getting any further away and began what seemed to be a rather strange kind of attack upon Jon. "Oh. My. God. Is she...is she trying to rape him, Sir?" Alliser narrowed his eyes as he kept one hand restraining Arya. His eyes then understood the situation and Alliser gasped, covering Arya's eyes in horror. "Ygritte, have some decorum! Jon, stop that caterwauling and fight for your honor! Harlot, will you rape the boy right in front of his little sister?" Arya struggled for her freedom from Alliser. "I have to go save Jon from that walking venereal disease!"

Ygritte was running her hands through Jon's long hair, slamming his head hard into a rock as she ground against him. "I want to fuck you...I wanted to kill you but now I need to fuck you first. Then I'll kill the gender bender and General DeSade, but first we're gonna fuck." Gagging on her rather jungle moistened armpit scent, Jon tried to throw her off. "Get the hell away from me, you skank!"

Growling, Ygritte ignored Jon's struggles and her own savage needs seem to be fueled by unseen magic, as if a last tether snapped. "You look so sexy, Jon, gonna fuck you to death."

Alliser and Arya reacted to Jon's renewed screams as Ygritte ripped at his clothes. Arya tried to put Ygritte in a choke hold, hollering into the wax clogged ear. "LET GO OF HIM! ARE YOU APPLYING FOR MAYOR OF WHORE ISLAND?" The ninja found herself facing her own ass, not even sure how it happened. Ygritte's tongue licked a path of sour spit up Jon's neck as the teacher tried to pry the girl away. Alliser found himself roaring in disgust, "HAVE YOU NO SHAME AT ALL, SLUTTLING? JON, STOP THAT YELPING! THIS IS NO GOOD! IT'S LIKE TRYING TO GRAB A GREASED FERAL CAT!"

Arya launched at the increasingly savage girl just as she managed to knock the sense out of Alliser. Jon found himself flattened further by the two girls both wrestling upon him. First he took a knee to his testicles, an elbow to his left ear and finally Ygritte managed to rip her own pants off and sit hard on Jon's face. Arya screamed in outrage and tried to kick the busily grinding troll to death. Alliser sat up dizzily to see Ygritte and Arya strangling each other while one sat on Jon's face and the other on his solar plexus. With a sense of alarm, he kicked at the feral bitch to break her hold and he threw Arya off Jon who was turning a curious shade of blue.

With a yowling reminiscent of a cat in heat, Ygritte grabbed the limp boy and started to drag him away by his leg, baring her teeth at Alliser. Jon roused, crawled forward in desperation, vomiting thinly, grasping weakly onto Alliser's boot. "Help. Save me. Don't let her...please! Sir! Let the
demon have me but don’t let me go out like this!” Arya groggily rolled over and wrapped herself around Jon's arms, allowing her brother to latch onto her rather than the teacher. Alliser was ready to shoot all of them as he watched the two girls pull Jon in separate directions while growling at each other.

In irritation, he threw his arms up causing his guns to discharge. When Alliser pulled himself out of the bushes after diving for cover from the rain of bullets, Ygritte was gone. He could hear Jon's fading screams. Arya was jumping up and down cursing Alliser and Ygritte both as she held her bloodied foot. "You fucking SHOT ME! What kind of teacher shoots his favorite student?" Alliser whacked Arya to the ground and harshly grabbed her foot to examine it. "My favorite student is a dead one. You are a terrible student and a worse ninja."

Arya scoffed. "We are all dead here. And I am a ninja, good or bad. I am the bravest person and the only one you'll be able to trust! I am your favorite student. And I'm going to learn to be the BEST ninja." Alliser closed his eyes and sought patience before speaking. "I feel an awful pitiful sympathy for Jon. I fear he is lost to us and all we can hope for is that his mind gives out before his body does." Arya tried to bolt away but Alliser held her tightly. "No. You are going to the clinic. You've been shot and I need to think. We lost this skirmish, let's live to face the big battles."

Alliser had to knock the girl out in order to get her to agree to the clinic. She didn't wake up until he had carried her into the lobby of the clinic turned crazed hospital.

Raff tried to notice nothing until he reached Jeyne and Polly. He skidded to a halt before Polliver who was carrying a sullen toddler. Raff caught the look in Polliver's eyes and kept his shock to himself. "Don't scream anymore, sweetie. It's alright, we can take care of you, we will fix this. Let's just get you home, Jeynie. Fast." Polliver nodded and moved at a fast walk as Raff tried to keep them shielded from any potential dangers or eyes. Polliver told Raff about the clinic turning into an evil lab and the state of the few others they've seen.

Raff looked around nervously, hugging himself. "It's all gone fucking crazy everywhere. Jon just became a fucking sexy God, I just watched a troll burst out of the forest and rape him away!"
Polliver snorted. "You mean take him away?" Raff paled and shivered. "No. I know what I saw." Jeyne opened only one eye and fixed it on Raff. "Dany is the paper and Patchface is her crayon. I don't care. I want to go home now. Dany can have it, I want to sleep. It's nap time. I can dream and you can all play her stupid games. I never made anyone DO anything, never made puppets or zombies or made you DRESS or ACT different! Not like this but I am tired and everyone is mean or dies anyway. So I want to nap and Dany can have the magic with Patchface. I don't care, I don't wanna play, I wanna sleep. Take me home and let me nap or I will scream until we all die."

Polly glared at Raff as if to say he told him so. "We are going home right now, Jeynie. Raff is going to shut up and pretend he's the back up dancer of a boy band."

Sansa had entwined her arms into one of Hot Pie's fat ones and started to force him forward. "Sam, escort me since Ramsay seems determined to die by his own former best fan. Hey!" Sucking in her breath, she tried to gain his attention by thrusting her very low cleavage practically in the sleepy cook's face. This seemed to backfire almost immediately as Sansa found herself speechless as ham sized puffy hands began to grab her breasts. "Uh, what the fuck are you doing?" Looking at her with his own confused shock, Hot Pie blurted out, "Don't call me that! I want to touch them, touch you, make love to you!"

"Ick, no! Get off me, what's wrong with you? Off me! Help! Ramsay!" Sansa saw that Ramsay seemed to be having his own relationship issues as he was dodging bullets from a giggling Theon.
Suffering the pawing, Sansa began to extract an earring from her ear and tried to speak seductively. "Alright then, let's go for it but you have to swear to never tell anyone, Hot Pie. Kiss my neck, nibble my ear but don't leave any bruising, please." Huffing at her neck as his hands smeared sweat trails on her dress, the cook spoke. "Can't tell if you're bored, scared or disgusted, maybe sarcastic, don't care."

Sansa grimaced into the moist woolen tunic he wore as he sniffled like a pig looking for truffles from her neck into her cleavage dip. She fiddled with the earring until she figured out the tiny latch to release the poison. Putting a caressing hand into his hair, she directed him into a kiss that felt like drowning into a swamp made of garlic and pickled eggs. Sansa concentrated on smearing the poison on her breasts which helped her not gag. Using the hand in his messy locks, Sansa whispered, "Lick my breasts, both, every inch of the flesh then suck my nipples."

She managed to hold her breath and not shudder once while the lust filled cook obeyed her. To her relief, Hot Pie fell to the ground convulsing before she had to release her breath or faint. "I do hope you regenerate soon. You aren't a bad kid and you cook really well." Sansa wished badly for a wet wipe as she delicately stepped past the frothing boy that released a stream of urine and shit through his clothing. Biting her lip, Sansa shook her head and removed her stupid heels.

Staying just clear of Ramsay, knowing Theon wouldn't bother to shoot her, Sansa grimly smiled to herself. Time to use her new disadvantages to her advantage as she always has. Channeling the days that Sansa used to play croquet, golf and tennis, she sent her first shoe at Theon. Ramsay saw the shoe only seconds before Theon went cross eyed as the heel went into his forehead, knocking him out of sight. "Holy shit!" Ramsay watched as Theon sat up with a mask of blood on his face then the next shoe went into his right eye.

Theon's arms flew up and he rolled down the roof. Ramsay ran over as the boy hit the ground. Sansa winced a bit as Ramsay knelt and turned the boy over gently then whistled low. "We'll never get that shoe out of his eye socket now. Damn it, Sansa! How dare you steal my prey? You could have just killed that fucking asshole cook or-oh, you did. What the hell, Sansa? Damned poacher." Sansa didn't say a word, she didn't trust herself to, just turned and walked away.

"Wait up, Ginger Widow! You stink like the cook, what did you do to our damned food source, woman? Do you know how hard I fought NOT TO KILL HIM? Then you just waltz up and seduce him, poison him! That's still not enough for you, no, then you have to wiggle your damned fancy haunches and take out my kill!" Ramsay stopped sniping when Sansa stopped and spun about to tower over him.

"Are you still with me? Do you want to work with me or not? Because shit is out of control and someone just stripped me of my talents. And in case you are too stupid to notice, it's happened to you! You haven't won a single fight with anyone since the mist started. That cook I just murdered easily spent the whole afternoon using your body to destroy his damned kitchen. That bullet boy was about to ventilate you and I saved your stupid ass by killing him! Does any of this sound normal? These looks of ours are exaggerated not as a favor to us but to make fun of us."

Ramsay licked his lips and showed his teeth at the girl who gave no reaction. He slammed her against a tree trunk and growled but Sansa simply sighed, tapping her foot. The growl turned into a snicker which then became a full out howling laugh. "I don't really care that much yet. I care that you are finding such interesting ways to change and I am a curious person, I suppose." Ramsay stepped back and gave an exaggerated look of revulsion.

"Before we do any further investigating, you must get clean. I'm sorry, since the changes, my nose is rather sensitive." Sansa flushed and swatted Ramsay hard upon his nose. "There. That should solve
your nose problem until I can find soap and water, Ramsay. See, already I am adapting. I have learnt that actions can speak louder than words. Jon and Arya live by that code. I must say it is satisfying, somewhat refreshing." Sansa walked forth and Ramsay held his nose, blinking tears away as he followed her warily. She was right, this wasn't right and he was deciding to eat this girl like the wolf he felt like as soon as he had the chance to.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Themes:
Everybody Plays the Fool by The Main Ingredient
RIP: Hot Pie & Theon: Homecoming by Hey Monday
Alliser stared at the clipboard that just gave him another splinter. "This makes no sense. Why does the doctor need to know the condition of each of the girl's organs? I just need the ninja's foot fixed so we can fuck off, yeah? Nurse? Hey! Dammit! That is the fourth time she's just ran off like that!" With a grunt, Alliser cursed as Lyanna smiled and shoved a pen into his hand. "Here. This is the third time you dropped it. Would you like me to help you take your guns off so you can fill out the clipboard?"

Alliser frowned down at the strange child and shook his head. "No thank you. Why aren't you with Renly? Why is Loras here?" Lyanna smiled harder. "Styr accidentally shot Loras in the mist and brought him to Renly. My father brought Loras here right away, we love him so, we want him to get better." While he was trying to form an answer to that, Alliser watched Arya lurch back into the waiting room with a pale worried face. Arya slipped past Lyanna and tugged hard on one of Alliser's arms. "Hey! Don't pull on my arm, I might accidentally shoot this place up!"

Lyanna sort of tiptoed closer and whispered juicily into Arya's ear, "What did you learn from your exploratory limp?" Only Alliser's iron grip kept Arya from startling and shoving a throwing star through the small eager but creepy face. "Excuse us, young lady." Alliser said rather gruffly. Pulling Arya further from the creepy smiling Lyanna, Alliser tried to listen to the frantic girl. "I just saw Qyburn lure zombie Cleganes into a creepy elevator and I heard Loras screaming for help from somewhere."

Alliser stared deadpan at this small ninja he was saddled with. "And you want us to what, save Loras and liberate the brain dead giant? We are getting your foot fixed. I told you we are not in a position to skirmish. We need to recuperate and do some looking around. Find your sister, some shelter. First, we get your foot treated." Arya sighed and helped Alliser adjust the pen in his hand and lead it towards the clipboard. "Why don't we get Loras and take off? This place isn't good anymore, Sir. I don't want to be experimented on, what if they mess with my brain?"

Snorting, Alliser muttered, "Would be an improvement, I'm sure. I can't take off my only weapons until I know we are safe. We need to trust the doctor will still do his job." Arya stared at the old man and blurted out, "Are you crazy? I wouldn't trust Qyburn when he was a regular doctor! I guess one creepy old man can't see another creepy old man but...OWOWOWOWOW!" Lyanna politely picked up the pen that rolled to her feet. She waited until Alliser extracted his foot from Arya's backside before handing the pen back.

"If you don't write down the basics, Barbary won't take her. They did the same thing to my dearest beloved father and my wonderful new step daddy!" Arya stopped her painful groaning to join Alliser in staring at Lyanna. Grumbling, Arya grabbed the pen and scrawled all over the paper. "There. Done." Alliser sighed heavily. "There isn't a single legible word upon this paper. We will be here for the rest of this particular eternity. Might as well fix your foot myself."

An ancient P.A. system whined to life and the walls squawked Arya's name like a vulture announcing supper to it's babies. "Nope." Arya calmly began to walk towards the exit. Lyanna smiled blankly as Alliser began to drag a protesting Arya down the hall towards the nurse. "Barbary, you've...gotten younger? How...never-mind." Alliser felt less sure of his decision to bring Arya here. "Uh, please forgive me, I have made an error. I can handle her foot on my own after all."
Barbary grabbed a wheelchair that was quite the newfangled creation during the Civil War and shoved the girl into it. Alliser was a bit taken aback when the nurse continued to ignore him as she sped away with the ninja. Arya tried to leap out of the chair but was wheeled into a steel elevator with the nurse that slammed shut just before Alliser could enter. Alliser yelled and started to hit the buttons uselessly on the panel.

Lyanna leaned against the wall and smiled, watching as Alliser ran to the door leading to the stairs to find the door locked shut. "Shit!" Lyanna smiled and chirped out happily, "That's what happened to me. Only reason my father got to go was because Loras wouldn't let him go. Loras refused to get into the wheelchair so the nurse just threw Renly into the chair with Loras on him and took off on me. Guess we are waiting buddies, Alliser. Can I touch the guns on your arms, please?"

Gilly and Lollys watched with amusement as Stannis and Petyr dueled past them.

"Well, here's some fun for us. Watching the two faded vultures trying to beat each other to death. Pitiful, shameful, really. But funny too." Gilly started to whistle a jaunty tune while Lollys idly twirled her guns as Petyr spun past Stannis's walking stick. "Should we shoot them? Or make them fight to the death in a circle?" Gilly continued whistling as she shook her head. "Feel that magic on them? They don't even notice us enough to react. I mean, we'd easily slaughter them, but there wouldn't be any fun and they wouldn't really notice anything except each other."

Lollys seemed to consider it then shrugged, grinning. "You're right. I kind of want to see this out too. It's funny still." They idly followed behind the two men, keeping just enough distance to stay out of reach. Not that the men noticed them anyway. Lollys was skipping along, making commentary about the clumsy duel when Gilly grabbed her arm. "No. Stop. Hush. Look." Silently they stayed just behind a warped blistered black tree as Stannis and Petyr dueled into a pathway.

The same path that Polliver and Raff were taking a little girl down, pausing when the men jumped in their way. Lollys whispered, "Oh no, is that-" Gilly slapped a hand over Lollys's mouth while nodding. They watched as the little flowery girl in Polliver's arms twitched then glared at the dueling men. "Get them out of my way! I want to nap!" The men didn't even register that they heard her or Raff who implored them to move. Polliver growled softly to Raff. "Take Jeyne, keep her calm, I'll move the two fucking idiots."

Jeyne sniffed the air sharply and put one tiny hand on Polliver's cheek as he handed her to Raff. "Wait. They are in a spell, Dany's and Patchface's magic. They won't stop for you even if you hurt them, they are too blinded with blaming each other for their bad things. They fight like animals. I like animals." The giggle that leaked from those teensy rosebud lips caused the hair on Lollys's neck to go high and made Gilly sink to her knees. Polliver and Raff squirmed but didn't dare speak or move as the sweetly rotten sound nibbled at the edges of their sanity.

"So let them be animals. When one dies, the other can learn to be a human. I see you! Lollys and Gilly, behind the tree, I see you. You want to go see Dany, right? I FEEL it. Okie dokie. You will stay and whistle for the animal battle. You can make sure no one stops or bothers them. And you do not see Dany until its over. Or I'm going to play with you both. I like puppets. Want to be in a puppet show? False worshipers make wonderful puppets." Another giggle as the two girls knelt with their heads down behind the tree, instinct keeping them frozen.

They stayed silent while Polly and Raff nearly fainted upon seeing the dueling men turn to animals. The stag and mockingbird didn't even miss a beat in their battle. "There. Raff, snuggle me, I'm cold. Polly, staring is rude. I want to go home now. So tired." Raff quickly started to walk and hum a soothing song that made Jeyne relax and smile against his shoulder while Polliver prayed for no further interruptions. He also tried very hard to forget what he just saw.
"She isn't wrong. We did stop worshiping as soon as we died and became." Gilly shrugged as she stood up, watching the little girl leave in the arms of her terrified foster brothers. "Everyone here forgot to worship, to care at all once we are here. I think we are made to forget and I think she forgot too. I think we are all remembering and Dany found a way to snatch the magic and power of this island. I think Jeyne is remembering and is going to be pissed. I think we are going to see the most epic war if we manage to survive that long. We are going to have to kneel again one way or another. Or die."

Lolly twirled her guns as Gilly started to whistle for the stag and mockingbird, enhancing and exciting the battling animals. Cracking gum in her teeth, Lolly muttered, "I want to see what Dany has. I know logic says we should kneel to the kid, we owe her for letting us in. For letting us choose our own way in here. But this is NEW, things so rarely are NEW here. Let's see Dany first. After the battle." Gilly nodded as her whistling became faster, a lovely tune with a brutal undertone just like the sight before them.

Arya tried to get out of the wheelchair in the elevator but the nurse just sat on her. Breath gushed out of her in a great cough. The ninja found herself limp, struggling to breathe through the powerful scents of Liz Taylor's Diamond perfume, Coppertone sun tanning lotion. A sort of gassy scent of recycled Fresca bloomed with a squeak that Arya was sure wasn't the nurse's sensible sneakers. "The doctor will see you very soon. I am just applying these restraints as normal policy. Stop yelling before I've given you reason for it! You are as rude and dramatic as that nasty fancy ladyboy!"

The elevator doors slid open and Arya sucked in her breath. Flickering lights from a mix of lit torches on stone walls to peeling paint and rows of ceiling lights that buzzed weakly. "It's like the lab can't decide what it wants to be." Barbary huffed and snapped at the impudent girl. "Stupid girl! The decor doesn't matter, the DOCTOR matters. The SCIENCE, the MEDICAL EXPERTISE, THE GAINS OF KNOWLEDGE, THE STRUGGLE TO LEARN MATTERS! I shall make a note in your folder. Hostile, possibly dangerous."

A sudden pressure started to grow and Arya moaned before a huge CRACK sounded and for one moment they could all hear a terrifying roar from a surgery room. Qyburn's voice came next, tinged with humor. "Ah, don't worry, my friend! The pain will be worth it soon! You'll see, I am IMPROVING you and your wife! Oh dear. Barbary! Nurse! I need assistance, bullet wounds can wait!" Barbary cursed and shook her fist towards the voice. "I told you to wait for me, didn't I? I will be there in a moment. I need to find a room to stick the patient in!"

Renly came out of nowhere and Arya burst into laughter at his outfit. "Oh gods, it hurts to look at you! And you made fun of me and Loras? Holy shit, I truly wish Sansa was here right now. No, Marge, maybe even Walda. Hell, get Dany! Call over Ramsay and the others! They should all get a chance to critique this stunning new fashion!" Preening, Renly showed off his new peppermint striped nurse's dress he'd found and donned. He had even added a bit of lipstick, mascara that he stole from Barbary's bag then he fluffed out his hair before adding long pink latex gloves and hospital slippers.

"Dany gave me a wonderful new look that I intend to embrace. However, this isn't the right setting for it. The esteemed doctor and his capable nurse are very busy today so I am going to assist. Surely, I can take care of minor bullet wounds! I have set everything up the way that Qyburn said to! I have everything we need! Let's go, Arya! Thank you, Barbary. If you would be as kind as to inform Qyburn that I am starting. Perhaps you or he can take some time to peek in every now and then? I am rather new at this but I am truly dedicated to learning!"

Arya was wheeled by a far too happy Renly into a surgery room that was new sometime in the nineteen fifties, perhaps. Loras was restrained to a surgery table wearing only a light blue smock that
hid nothing as the boy was flailing around. She saw the paper tacked to the surgery wall and swallowed hard. Renly danced around the wheelchair, gave a small friendly tousle to Loras's hair then pouted as Loras pulled away.

"Naughty boy. Both of you are nasty, naughty children. I admit, I was going to repeat history. I was going to have Joff and Viserys torture and kill Arya for me. I was going to try and make Loras love me or kill him. But this time everything is so different and I feel different too. For the first time, I don't want you back, Loras. You got prettier but you became so damned boring. I mean, I just don't care about keeping or killing you. Instead, I have become inspired! I have decided to embrace your differences and showcase my support of it artistically. What do you think? That's what you'll look like."

Renly smiled and traced his latex fingers lightly over a tray of silver sharp surgical tools and asked brightly, "Who wants to be first?" Arya and Loras stared at each other then at the paper of what looked like two Kewpie Dolls halved and sewed together. Arya began to scream for Alliser and Loras screamed for anyone at all.

The whistle swept high like the mocking bird, the octave dropped hard the same as the bird. A silver white stag dodged and twisted, rearing and frothing as the bird attacked over and over from every direction. It blinded the stag, pecked bloody dots all over the tougher flesh as the bird trilled along with the whistling girls. The stag blindly ran into a bush, then skidded hard into a tree before staying still and shaking its head, blowing hard air through its leathery nose. The bird kept diving and pecking while the tired stag simply endured.

It took a few steps, unsteady ones from the tree, front legs pawing for purchase, back legs trembling slightly as the mockingbird assaulted. The bird dove, swept, circled and the stag endured, waiting. The bird flew down, fluttering just before the tree, ready to go for the stag's face. The stag reared up then charged fast and hard at the bird. His hard head caught the mockingbird dead center, smashing the fragile feathery creature into the tree bark. Only gore and feathers upon the bark and the stag's head remained of Petyr.

Lollys and Gilly gave Stannis a golf clap. The stag became Stannis, who knelt on the black sand and wet emerald grass in his full naked greying glory. His face was thick crimson with globs of bone and brain dripping onto his thighs. Gilly gave a gagging cough when she looked back at the tree. Petyr has reemerged and the gore was truly awful against the tree. His torso and head were crushed beyond any recognition. Stannis leaned over with a suppressed sob, trying to keep composure. He started to vomit into the bushes. Shaking hands covered the ruined eye sockets and Stannis started to scream.

That was boring and the girls headed off to see Dany.

Chapter End Notes

Arya/Loras/Renly: Androgynous by Joan Jett & the Blackhearts
Stannis/Petyr: The Whistling Caruso by Andrew Bird-Los Muppets
RIP Petyr: Cold Hearted Snake by Paula Abdul
Relatively Cruel

Chapter Summary

apologies to those who read this yesterday or during the day, editing was done late, just a few clean ups and small additions.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Tyrion stumbled almost on instinct, he could feel a darkness, a bitter terror filled anger and knew he was nearing his sister. Drinking, staggering and drinking more, he steadily kept on towards the beach, a cave mouth yawned in the distance. It was past the sand, where sharp stones met wild grass that somehow had thorns to tear into his stinking rags. Tyrion finally found his way to the cave entrance and promptly fell, cutting his forehead and nose deeply.

"Shit. Cersei! Are you here? It's Tyrion, help me, dammit! Sister, please! We don't have anyone else but each other!"

A hiss from the darkness slithered out to attack him. Tyrion sat up clumsily and kept trying to go forward, squinting to see the half familiar shape in the distance, further into the cave. The damp stones made him shiver almost as much as the vague sight and sound of Cersei's tail slithering over the stones. Tail? No, surely not, how much did he drink, dammit? Tyrion tried to focus on Cersei's cutting words then wished he didn't.

"I am your only option? Liar. I am just your easiest option, you expect me to take care of you because you are my little brother. It's what you always do. Run to whomever gives you the best option. If you truly wanted to have the love and protection of your daughter, you could have it. You know that, don't pretend you don't know what she is now. This isn't her magic, this is Dany, that bitch must have found the spell book! The demon, the spell book and Dany has just destroyed us, destroyed everything. But Jeyne doesn't need that anymore, she is your best shot. You always whine and cry how much you love her, want to be her beloved father and here you are with me. You always chose me. You'll always choose the easiest and best thing for you, just for you. Admit it. Or go crawl to Jeyne."

Tyrion let out a strangled sob then bit his lip as his face flooded with a sort of bitterly proud shame. His eyes teared from both his own stench and his own pitiful disgust, he truly was revolting, it seemed Dany had gotten it right.

"Fine. I am a fucking drunk who can't handle his daughter. I love her and I can't be a good father to her even in death. I failed. I am a failure in life and death! Every time I am with her I am reminded of what a failure I am! I can't be her...what she needs...fuck! I am a shitty drunk and a bad father, are you happy, can you end this?, are you happy? I can't go to Jeyne, I am too proud to have my small child that I couldn't save, I can't let her save me! I can't face her and I am as poisonous to her as you are. I am just as tainted and deep down I am scared of her, of what I know she can do. So here I am, I am begging you to let me in, please! I can't stay out here..."

"You stink, you have to fix that...soak yourself in the ocean first then you can come inside. If you make a single comment about how I look, I will eat you. I am not making a threat but a promise. I
will actually eat you living while you scream until I've devoured your vocal chords."

When Tyrion reached his sister within the cavern, he was chattering his teeth too hard to make any comments at all. Which was fortunate when he stepped past the tail and got a glimpse of her horns. It was the face that made Tyrion suck in his breath and stagger into a wall. Swinging around hard, the tail slithering to circle around Tyrion as if to hug him, Cersei struck her face hard into her brother's, small cut nose to pointed nose that felt like porcelain left in the snow.


Tyrion cleared his throat as if he wasn't being threatened by his sister turned witch? Devil? Monster? Snake Woman? He spoke as clearly and slowly as he could, careful words as if tip toeing through a mine field.

"Do. You. Have. Any. Alcohol?"

The tail slid away and Cersei moved further inside where they found themselves in small stone rooms that could be a small apartment. Coarse tapestries hung over the stones and the cavern room floors were covered in rugs and blankets. Small fire pits for warms and torches upon the the wall scones in five interconnecting stone rooms.

"I guess this is home now. Our we just going to lick our wounds then see the weather? Or am I taking a short nap to get ready for war? And if so, who's side shall we pick? It would look awful not to be on our daughter's side, considering what Dany and the demon have done to us."

Cersei glared at Tyrion.

"I do not blame Jeyne for this fiasco. And I do agree that she is a very powerful child. But we are poison to her, remember? We are literally now labeled and shown for what we are seen as. It's over for us to try and support anyone. I am done with that kind of lie since this war seems to be a very different thing. We are not taking a side because we ARE a side of our own! We cannot rid ourselves of the demon. But there are ways, spells and other ways to destroy Dany and Jeyne! I am tired of being a prisoner, a doll in a doll house, some puppet, even if the strings aren't being pulled, Tryion, it is still strings! It's done, it's over, this, what has been done to me! Its enough! We are destroying Dany and Jeyne then we steal that damned spell book. And I deserve my TURN, little brother."

Cersei started to make a terrible rasping sound that Tyrion was horrified to discover was crying.

"My son. My son. She...just took him away. I couldn't do anything for him, just watch as that blonde royal cunt just stole my precious boy! This was my SON and I was so helpless, Tyrion. I wanted to rip my heart out and let her eat it just to get my baby back! I need to save him, rescue him! Dany won't kill him, she wants to punish me and my baby! Since she cannot hurt me, she'll torment my boy! I would DIE for him, for my son, I don't care what kind of person he is, I love him! I am his mother and I must love my son!"

Tyrion knelt next to his sister and raised one hand as if to touch hers then it dropped down as she continued speaking.

"Not to mention the torture being done to ME! My face, the extras! I can't forgive this. And how could Jeyne have let it happen? How could she let the demon just DO this to her own MOTHER and FATHER? Don't bother slurring an answer at me. Use your head, Tyrion! Do you know right now that little brat is probably laughing at all of us! Jeyne always loves the craziness as much as she loves the stupid boring daily shit. We have to live in high school forever? What kind of afterlife is
that? I didn't want that, did you? And then I have to suffer this? And what if say, Sansa or Ramsay figure out how to use the spell book or makes a deal with the demon that ends up affecting us all? What if Petyr or worse gets that stupid book? We destroy the book. We destroy Dany, destroy Jeyne! Don't shake your head at me, Tyrion. Either you help or I eat me some bitch dwarf for supper."

Tyrion squinted. The internal screaming did not show in his eyes and he tried to cough gently.

"My dear, you seem to be afflicted, you seem to...ash whenever you get too upset. I do apologize if I caused you this small issue. Now, I think you have proven your point enough to end the dramatics. There is no need to set out the good dishes nor is there a need to overreact until you turn completely to ash."

His calm, stony eyes gave a true grave assessment of Cersei who couldn't hide her worry from his sharper, younger eyes.

"I am terrified of your face, not the dried out cracked flaky parts, though I can't help watching them slowly drift down your cheeks, neck and rest ever so gently upon your- EIIIEOOWW SORRY SORRY STOP!"

It took more profuse and louder begging that became groveling before Cersei stopped eating Tyrion's left pinky finger. Licking the blood off her chin, Cersei crunched delicately into the fragile bone, while Tyrion staunched the blood.

"Dany made you a cannibal? Oh gods...don't eat me! I'll help. Don't eat the help."

Tyrion was too drunk to feel very concerned as he clumsily wrapped a yellow stained lace doily around his mutilated finger. He wanted to throw up and wondered if it was from blood loss or the fact that his sister was forcing him to kill their own incest child. Again. Swallowing heavily, Tyrion forced it down as he noticed Cersei had several bottles of wine on a old table covered in heavy stained velvet cloth. Next to the bottles were small cracked skulls to drink out of.

Cersei lifted one and drank deeply, tiny rivers of crimson ran down her long leathery neck, Tyrion noted it looked like blood. The skull was small and fit perfectly in her hand and her smile admiring it was dreadful but her voice was never more soft, sexual or seductive. "Maybe I should admit I am the villain everyone whispers that I am. Dany has made sure that they won't just whisper anymore when they see me. So be it. I am their villian. I will bring the battle of darkness and death. True death."

"I have a feeling I'm going to be more the side kick. Of course, the drunken lecherous side kick to the villain."

With a smirk of pleasure, Cersei swallowed the bit of Tyrion's finger.

"We need to see if we can recruit others. Lollys and Gilly seem to be rouge, we also aren't positive who's alive?"

Tyrion shook his head.

"Who wants to join with a Cannibal Witch and the drunken dwarf sidekick? Great campaign. We are doomed."

Cersei gave him an unsettling smile with far too many teeth.

"We have a great campaign and message. Let's end the puppet masters and put them in their graves. Do you think others will be happy to allow Jeyne to continue her high school fantasies after we manage to defeat Dany? No. They will follow us straight to that little brat and we will have our
freedom!"

Tyrion winced slightly as he clumsily spilled his wine while trying to drink then muttered,

"Actually, you'll have your freedom and a spell book. Then only you will have freedom, the rest of us just have a new puppet master, magic or not."

Cersei smirked as Tyrion cradled the skull, unable to drink out of a replica of his own toddler's head. He flinced as Cersei hissed.

"Brother, I will have my war. If I lose, I'm going to eat you before I die. If I win, I'll let you live and I will find a purpose for you."

Chapter End Notes

Cersei-Yzma's Song by The Emperor's New Groove
Tyrion: Don't Let Me Get Me by Pink
The pale bloated moon began to rise over the gently crashing surf as Ramsay and Sansa headed for the beach.

Ramsay flung his hair back and howled, grinning at Sansa with a full set of sharp teeth. "I wonder if I will become a werewolf? Have our deities done werewolves yet? I remember most of my past now, living and dead. But I can't remember ever being a werewolf or a vampire. Would've been cool, it would have been a fucking gas, man! More importantly, do you remember it all yet? Probably not." Sansa said nothing but the look she gave him made him flinch. "No god has ever been to this island. I remember holding Stannis's hand as I drove that stupid vanity car Petyr bought me. Stannis was ill and grey from my poison but he loved me, was willing to leave everything for me. I was laughing, thinking of Petyr's face, how he was chasing after the car, screaming his head off. I was laughing, Stannis was chuffing like he was amused too and I held his hand so tightly. I didn't understand why Petyr reacted so dramatically until I tried the brakes."

Ramsay snorted then fell on his face when Sansa tripped him. "Fuck, I am one clumsy werewolf." Sansa gave a cold smile as she picked up a large bit of driftwood and started heading for the fallen sadist. "Jeyne never made us into werewolves or vampires. She never made us into anything, letting us choose to be ourselves or something else we created. She knew we were monsters already. Dany has made you dull and weak. Jeyne never made you that way. Even though she knew what you were, she knew what you would do to her if you ever had the chance, she accepted you. Jeyne invited you and you accepted. Same as me and everyone here." Raising his head to stare at the redhead, Ramsay spoke with true earnest feeling. "You are nearly impossible to pay attention to. Dany made you dull and plain as fuck to look at and listen to." Sansa nodded and smiled. "I know. That's why I have to resort to this."

Ramsay saw stars and howled with less joy at the moon as Sansa drove the driftwood into the largest muscles in the flailing boy's body. "Hearing me, Rams? Are you able to listen yet? Should I crack some bones or do you think you can take me and this situation with a modicum of alertness and care? Do you think you can effectively appreciate our situation, the ramifications of it and help me create a solution? I can simply beat you to death and find another person to assist me? Still find me boring to listen to? Then allow me to express what I fully think of you, since you aren't hearing me. You are a short little sadist with too much power and money, you were a rich white trash version of Joffrey, really. In life and death." Ramsay snarled and tried to launch at Sansa, who cleanly side stepped him and brought the wood hard upon his skull. Ramsay laid face down in the sand, slowly he rolled over and lay staring at the moon as blood trickled into his left eye.

He let his arms and legs lay spread apart. His face went as slack as Sansa's was forced to be. Rolling her eyes at the dramatic posing, Sansa counted to ten silently. In the driest of tones, she asked, "Are you intending to see everything through blood colored glasses? I would instruct you to act your age, but I have no idea how old we are now. But I remember it all. I remember the car plunging, I remember fear, wet, cold and nothing. Just...nothing and then there was something. I was laying on the beach, soaked, so cold but a small hand held mine and it was warm, hot actually. Jeyne smiled and-" Ramsay yawned, "She offered the chance to go back and try again. A chance to get revenge, to graduate high school, to change what you wanted, needed to do. Yeah, I got the same deal. We all essentially got the same deal, I assume. What of it?"
Sansa leaned over Ramsay, giggling when he flinched back. "Right! That's my point! Jeyne met us! Jeyne gave us a deal. Jeyne. Not Patchface. He was slinking just in my vision but he never spoke, it was all Jeyne!" Ramsay shrugged painfully as he grabbed Sansa's leg and used it to climb to his feet. He rested his head on Sansa's shoulder so he could stare at her cleavage. "Don't think I'm being pervy. Believe it or not, this I can stare at and give you my attention. So are you saying that you think Jeyne is a demon too? I always thought she sold her soul to Patchface and in exchange he gave her control of our undead fantasy island." He snuggled into the soft mounds of flesh, now resting his head on the cleavage as if being comforted maternally. Sansa sighed and stared up at the moon, resisting an urge to permanently smother Ramsay in her breasts.

"I think that is how it started. I think Jeyne was alone with only a demon and a silently sulking janitor for too long. I think Jeyne was already surpassing Patchface in power when we started dying and appearing on her version of the island. I don't know how she did it, but that little girl is more powerful than the actual demon. Proof being, Patchface has left Jeyne and gone to Dany the second that bleach soaked mushroom figured out some magic." Ramsay laughed into her breasts and it tickled. Sansa smiled slightly. "But when I died and woke on the beach, Jeyne was just a nice little girl. I felt this desperate love from her, a need, a hunger to make me like her, I almost felt like she wanted to BE me. Or she wanted me to teach her how to be like me, maybe." Sansa ran her hand through Ramsay's thick hair, her nails tapping on his scalp as she spoke.

"She was so tiny and sweet. Jeyne said she dreamed of being a teenager like me. She took care of me and Stannis once he found us. He had washed up further away, found Davos first and spent a long time trying to get Davos to speak to him with no luck. After that poor Stannis got chased by Patchface who didn't understand how to greet anyone. First time I met the bugger he fed me poisoned lemon cakes then raped me while telling me the worst jokes I've ever heard. I begged him to kill me since the poison wasn't doing it fast enough. Instead, Patchface ate my ears off then wrote out all his jokes on my skin before finally eating me alive." Ramsay's heated flesh let Sansa know that he knows exactly how she felt. His voice was hoarse and subdued. "Yeah, I ignored Jeyne's warnings about Patchface my first time here. Luckily, when I came back to unlife, I forgot all about it. I always seemed to know the legend of him and know deep down it was true. It was always Jeyne and her little pack that would be talking about him. Only Jeyne and Shireen ever admitted to visiting him which got them sent straight to Petryr."

Ramsay paused and tilted his head, staring into the distance. "Huh. Strange. It's like I can remember each cycle, how each time new folks might pop up and I'd just accept that they'd always been there. Like, I never thought, gee, I NEVER went to school with this person who talks and looks way different. Or wonder why my regular buddies were gone and these new ones were here. Every cycle would start with the same beginning though. I always came back to senior year with Damon, same car, him singing to the same music, same thoughts. Came back, went to classes, bullied, fucked around and partied. I would hunt, I would find a pet. I would be hired, bribed and somewhere along the way, I'd find myself getting taken down by another predator. I've hunted, raped and murdered nearly every teenager or adult on this cursed seagull shitter. Hell, a few before I died! Uh oh, I think I'm going to have a real awkward howdy doo when I inform them we were fucking and hunting a--" He moved just in time, there was no doubt that the blow from her fist was meant to crush his face. Sansa's face was still blank but oh, the fire in her eyes even as tears streaked through her heavy painted face to reveal streaks of stone alabaster that led to a contorted
mouth drooling in rage. That terrified Ramsay more than anything, he backed away fast, keeping his hands out. "Hey! I DIDN’T FUCKING KNOW! HOW COULD I KNOW? I SAW AND FELT A GENUINE TEENAGER, A GIRL JUST A FEW YEARS YOUNGER THAN ME! SANSA, COME ON! I HAD NO FUCKING CLUE SHE WAS A FOUR YEAR OLD KID WEARING A TEENYBOPPER SKIN SUIT! I never would let the boys hunt a preschooler! And I never would've made Jeyne into a Reek."

Sansa continued to stare at Ramsay as if he were a pregnant moth dying to move into her walk in closet. Ramsay stared back at Sansa, staring to feel low key offended. "So I'm a pedophile? Does it count if the girl is undead and was hiding inside a fourteen year old body?" Sansa threw her driftwood at him. "Might have been twelve or thirteen. To be honest, I always saw her as a way too young freshman. It was always in my mind that I knew Jeyne my entire schooling on this island. Jeyne never finishes her freshman year and I never graduate. We all kill each other then start again." Sansa headed for the crashing surf to rinse as much of Hot Pie off her as she can and to cool her temper. "I think we only saw her as a teenager. Except that first time she brought us over from death. That is the only time I ever saw her as a little girl. It's only during the mist I would remember the truth and I would forget again. Until now. I guess we have Dany and the magic to thank for that. It's about the only thing I will thank that dollar store bottle blonde second hand hobbit for."

A scream tore through the windy night air then cut off abruptly. Sansa turned her direction, abandoning the beach and headed towards the trees, just past an incline of razor sharp grass. Ramsay sighed heavily and slowly followed her. "You beat me up continually and somehow just expect me to move and perform for you. I hope you are having fun, Sansa. I'll pay you back for it as soon as I'm able to."

Chapter End Notes

Ramsay/Sansa: Chained To The Rhythm by Katy Perry, Skip Marley
Jeyne: 4ever by The Veronicas
Gendry has hated himself, has been ashamed of himself. He couldn't believe how far he has fallen in morals, ethics and standards. Now he was simply too scared to be anything but what he is told to be. Perhaps he wasn't cut out for this karmic death cycling and for the first time dead or alive, he thought of killing himself. The thought was dizzying that a dead boy could try to die but Gendry would rather be one of those brain dead zombies wandering around. Anything was better than ending up like Joff. To watch it happen wasn't much better.

Patchface laughed in a crash of chandeliers on top of shrieking toddlers and Gendry winced, covering his ears. The shrieking was only from Joff but it sounded as if there were a thousand of emotions and ranges of agony being drawn from him. Dany and the demon used Joff's emotions like taffy, greedy fingers and tongues carding through the thick agonized air. Harold and Bob encouraged, jeered and cheered. At the slightest nod from the fire queen, Gendry found Harold behind him.

Using soot tasting fingers to hook inside Gendry's mouth and digging the digits deep into the jaw muscles, Harold forced Gendry's mouth into a huge parody of a smile. Huge bolts of pain made Gendry's eyes water and he groaned. Harold hissed into Gendry's thick hair. "Smile. Laugh. Your queen's happiness should be your happiness. She let you live and serve her, smile." Gendry made a strangling sound of assent and Harold released him, wiping slick fingers in Gendry's thick hair.

It was Harold's body, his voice and yet nothing about this man was who Gendry remembered. All the personality was sucked from the twins and replaced with only the needs of their cousin. Patchface tittered and that's when Gendry noticed the queen has paused, watching him. Swallowing hard, Gendry forced a smile then spoke in what he hoped was the right tone. He thought of Cersei, of Ramsay and dug even deeper for the right tone.

"I am sorry, Your Highness, I am not used to being included in the elite stuff. Forgive my rudeness. I'll try harder. I'm grateful you are allowing me to be your messenger boy. Thank you?" Gendry was rewarded with a quick impressed look from the demon. Dany gave a small cruel laugh which was echoed by her cousins as they all smirked at Gendry. "I did forget that you weren't actually part of my crowd. You aren't used to our brand of fun. And true, I guess I have made my pleasures a tad extreme. But you'll adjust your tastes. Have a glass of wine."

It took a moment of confusion before they all giggled at Gendry's terrified face. Dany snickered and gestured. "Silly Gendry. Don't worry, Patchface didn't make it, it was from Stannis's own stock, dear. Oh, you amuse me, stupid boy. I forgot what it was like having servants. A pleasure to have a muscular handsome and utterly stupid houseboy again." Filled with icy horror, Gendry saw how Dany leered at him, which caused Harold and Bob to move closer.

Gendry gave a desperate look at the demon. How has he hit the point where he was begging a demon for help? The slow blooming of sadistic joy that grew, creasing crimson strips into a parody of a smile and Gendry regretted giving Patchface that look. Tilting his head nearly upside down, Patchface sang out while golf clapping. "Dany, lets be SURE he's your perfect houseboy before you rape him. Well, seduce him. It's not rape if you are the queen."

Patchface sneered and grew a monocle on his eye, a tiny plastic top hat set mockingly upon his head. "Now young man, I want you to come closer, out of your cringing corner. There you go...yes,
walking involves using both feet, one before the other. No need to drag yourself like that, our magic doesn't affect your gravity, boy. I want you to inspect our handiwork, take a very good look at Joff and give your queen your thoughts on it. Go on. You...you do understand how to use your eyes, don't you? Goodness, first your feet and now your eyes. Perhaps Gendry's health makes him a bad messenger boy. Pity."

Taking a very deep breath, hands in fists, Gendry spun to stare at Joff, stalking around him. Trying to find a focus that doesn't show the glistening bone of joints in elbows and knees. Letting his eyes slide past Joff's own bulging eyes, forced open by tiny flame dragons that have singed away eyelids. Joff's body has been slowly transformed into a gruesome half flayed puppet form. The jester suit sat strange on the exposed rib cage and Joff only breathed in high pitched keening twitching spurts. He had a gruesome smile of his own since Joff's jaw was unhinged, his lips burned away.

In jerky movements, Joff danced, his exposed knee caps clacked together, elbows made a wettish creaking sound as arm bones swung to a silent rhythm. Held up by tiny impossible fire dragons, moving him like a human puppet. Gendry reminded himself it was all magic. It was also Joff who deserved such a terrible torture. and Gendry could almost convince himself. " Joff deserves anything you want to do, Your Highness." Just as the twins gave him an approving pat on his back, Gendry stupidly blurted out, "But it's not you!"

Dany turned slowly to stare at Gendry, her voice was ice, the hands on his back were digging in now as if to rip out muscles. "Excuse me, messenger boy?" Gendry tried not to shriek. "The elite girls don't do messy torture! Your grace, I remember how you would play with us like we were all dolls for you to move around. And if someone messed with you, you didn't need to use wet-work. Hell, you reduced kids to wanting to die just by using your words and now you have magic to add to it. Why use physical torture? I mean, it's basic. You were classy, you were...really amazing to watch. At least for someone like me. And,"

He decided to try a different tact since Dany's eyes lit in a way that he couldn't understand but made the demon cackle. "I mean, you are Sansa's queen now, right? You are queen of all of us, no one can deny your rule now. Stannis, hell, even Cersei has to kneel to you. You have all the power and everyone knows it. So, why go all slaughterhouse on one tiny prick that no one has ever liked? He's always been a wimp and easy to hurt, anyone can do that. Ramsay can flay someone while they are alive without magic. This will not impress your subjects. Your magic is what is new, it pulses, that is impressive, your Grace." Gendry figured he was dead and when they all stared at him, he was sure of it.

"Hmm. You have a point. And you are very lucky that I find you cute. So I am going to let Harold tend to you and then you'll do some actual work for me. Harold, please go lightly since I need Gendry to travel around. Be very grateful and thank me if you know what's good for you, sweetie." Gendry blinked back tears and knelt before Harold could kick him down. "Thank you for your mercy, Your Highness." With a smirk, Dany nodded then spoke in a near whisper.

"Kiss my hand. Good boy. After you get instructions and see to your work, come back here to me. You'll put your tongue to a better use, boy." Gendry turned red with humiliation and he thought of Cersei. Ever sinking lower and Gendry felt like he was fighting quicksand. Having Bob and Harold lean in and welcome him officially to court life certainly offered Gendry no comfort. Joff gave out a sound that might have been laughter and Gendry did briefly note that the boy's eyes were indeed full of a twisted mirth.

Gendry knew he was fucked. He wouldn't go out like Joff because he was about to become the bitch of the fire queen. And here was his elite snotty half brother turned into so much puppetry meat work still managing to laugh at Gendry's circumstances. Gendry kept his eyes pinned on Joff even as
Harold's voice and fingers that dig hard into his muscles lectured him on how to speak to his queen. Even as the instructions were given on what to say to the public, Gendry stared at his nemesis, feeling his pity, the last of his empathy drain away.

Dany sipped her wine and ate three cookies given to her by Patchface. It no longer mattered, the cookies were safe for Dany. The demon told her so. A Queen that was actually a God now was immune to such things. The magic was flowing from her and Patchface was really just like a translator for it. This explanation was satisfactory and didn't matter. Dany understood now why Cersei was the way she was, how easy it was to be cruel when you can be. When there are no repercussions for it and Dany understands that she is a monster. But what deity isn't both loving and cruel?

Dany was glad that the demon that did her bidding was also such a wonderful advisor. Patchface curled around the throne that Dany sat on, his spindly arms and legs jerking and jittering about the gilded metal. Long fingernails clotted with ancient blood kept tapping upon the swirls of iron that came closer and closer to the graceful girl's face. The whisper was kindly, evil, fatherly, mean and wanted, needed, hated, Dany listened with all her being.

"Not all your subjects are grateful for the magic. It changed the landscape to your tastes and it changed your subjects into their truer form, as you see them. Cersei will not wish to show since she is exposed as the awful creature you've always seen her as. Others have fallen prey to the cycle of death. And one might be seething with jealousy or taking a very long nap." Dany gritted her teeth and clenched the iron arms of her throne hard enough to break a nail.

"Sansa can choke on her fucking jealousy or slumber away depression, I don't care. But she WILL show at my court upon command or I'll give my jester a friend to keep him company." The demon rolled his eyes all the way around and his sigh caused the fires to all dim briefly, Dany's skin became gooseflesh. "My darling queen, I didn't mean Sansa. Is that what you think of her, that she is just in a snit? Dany, Sansa will come here walking over a sea of corpses if need be. She will curtsy, kneel at your feet, kiss them, kiss your thighs so her sister can slit your throat. Sansa is going to accept your invitation and you can have your polite war with her all you wish. No, I am not speaking of Sansa."

Dany gave the demon a look of confusion and then she giggled. "Oh! Jeyne? Once I remembered, I pictured her the way she really was when she died. Do you think she had a temper tantrum that I put her back to her former look? I thought hard of that adorable picture of Jeyne when she was dead in the coffin. It hung in the lobby of the school the whole time I was alive. I loved that tiny ruffled outfit, it was so Victorian and over the top for a four year old dead girl." Patchface licked his lips, enjoying the taste of such a brainless vindictiveness. Oh, how hard these children have been pushed, how badly damaged some became and he just loved how they tasted!

"Jeyne's death outfit makes sense. It was Unella Clegane that had taken care of her body. Poor woman, she had just come to see about a potential teaching job and bam! Stuck in a coverup of a murder, paid by a judge then discovering she was trapped forever on this island. I bet Unella had one hell of a time explaining that to her husband! Tywin Lannister had her husband and children delivered to the island rather roughly by that night. Without explanation, leaving that to the woman herself. I believe it had to be rough for her since Gregor had no idea his wife was planning to leave him with their children."

At first the girl giggled a bit out of shocked titillation and horror. Then something finally struck her. Dany sucked in her breath and sat up to stare at the demon. "Is that why Jeyne keeps going to the Cleganes for their family? Did she forget Unella took care of her body but she goes to them because something in her says they cared for her? Oh that is so sad and pitiful! I love it!" Clasping her hands together, tittering, Dany felt the demon's fingers crawling the iron lattice until the fingers slid lightly
upon her neck. A voice slid across her like a warm scaled creature caressing her skin smooth again.

"Jeyne is remembering everything now. She is used to my continued patronage, the wish to be a teenager has always been her wish, the deal everyone here has agreed to. You are all breaking your word to her. I have deserted her and Jeyne might not react well to it. She may refuse your invite. Jeyne might deny your rule, giving Sansa and others a voice to reject you with." Sneering while pulling slightly away from the demon's touch, Dany retorted.

"I have reduced Jeyne to a four year old fresh from her coffin. And Jeyne was always four years old in her head...what can a little girl stripped of all her friends and power do?" Patchface sniped back, "Look in your own mirror for the answer, dear." The demon decided to simply let it go, after all, it's not as if Jeyne could hurt him any. Dany was focused on her enemies but if she didn't want to believe Jeyne was a threat, so be it. Far more fun for Patchface to watch the chaos of power plays.

It was truly a matter of which mad queen would be the last standing to rule over an island of corpses. Patchface thought of how delicious the emotions will feel and he knew the flavor would be the best thing he's ever had. Dany sat up straighter and called out, "Gendry? Make sure that everyone still standing knows of my invitation, make sure they know its a polite version of a order. Anyone who does not show will be harshly punished. Make that very clear, messenger boy. I will accept only death for an excuse. If they aren't shambling outside with blank eyes, they better show."

Gendry nodded and bowed. "Yes, Your Grace." Dany sat back a little, swallowing deeply of her wine then adding, "However, since I am aware that not all appreciate their new looks, they may dress as they choose for my party tonight. Patchface, can your magic let them create a look for the party tonight?" Patchface gave a fluttering of lazy boredom. "Yes, yes, of course I can. Fine. Tonight each of them can think up their own outfit. How low have my powers fallen to be use for fashion and party favors. Terrible, terrible."

Dany snorted. "In my crowd, extreme boredom is a sign of enjoying yourself." Patchface gave a small gesture of conciliation. "Oh, yes, of course, so sorry. Please forgive your humble and simple demonic servant, love. However, you must understand that you are in a new kind of crowd now. Magic puts you in a different class than the elites. And this class involves mixing with a demon and a four year old girl. As well as anyone else that figures out how to use the magic of this book or this place."

"I have hidden the book so only I can reach it. You are here with me, teaching me about the magic. Jeyne is four years old and can practice making her dolls dance for all I care. But she will show for my party and act happy to be there. Tell Polliver and Raff that they are in charge of that little brat. I want them to see themselves as nanny jail-keepers. Take note of that, Gendry! Tell them that, hear me?"

For the fourth time, Gendry had paused to nod back. "Yes, Your Grace." Dany raised her legs a bit so Gendry's eyes would follow them then she added, "Tell them if they will be rewarded or punished depending on how Jeyne acts." Gendry bowed and started to leave yet again, very slowly just in case. He was painfully aware of those fiery eyes tracking him.

Chapter End Notes

Gendry: See No Evil by This Way To The Egress featuring Dave Doll
Joff: Altitude by Mal Blum
Patchface/Dany: Saddam by AlicebanD
Raff and Polliver spoke only in soothing tones while they got Jeyne inside and into her bedroom. The change in furniture and time era didn't bother them. The overly lacy pink bedroom of a little girl full of dolls and a neglected old dollhouse made Jeyne start to clench her teeth and fists. The boys ignored that like they ignored the fact that Jeyne's feet continually hovered over the floor. She gave a growl that shook porcelain dolls to the floor to crack their delicate faces. The boys ignored this too.

With warm smiles they coaxed her into a nightgown and into the canopy bed. They covered the angry preschooler with fuzzy blankets decorated with playful mice and cavorting clowns from a circus gone mad all over the fabric. Polliver sat down and read a story about a curious monkey to the sleepy girl. Raff leaned against the wall and softly sang a song about a mother rabbit assuring her bunny son of her love. Both boys kissed the tiny forehead and with with brutal honesty they whispered they loved her.

When Jeyne's eyes fluttered shut for the last time and her breathing evened out, the boys left the room. Shutting the door carefully, they crept to the kitchen. The Cleganes were not known for their heavy drinking nor for their hard liquor but with diligence, Raff found a dusty bottle of whiskey in his mother's pantry. Polliver said nothing about Raff drinking straight from the bottle since he was busy using some of the Reeds' finest solution to such a fucked up day. Polliver wondered aloud if they had a microwave still. Raff replied that they didn't but they now had an icebox. Polliver asked what an icebox was and Raff sighed. "You won't like the answer."

Both were quite lit before Polliver dared to slur out a question. "Do we love Jeyne because we see her as our little sister? Or do we love her because we promised to, because we are forsaken, contracted? Like, guardians of a devil child or something?" Raff grimaced and took another long swallow of his second bottle before answering. "We love Jeyne because she gave us another chance. It's not her fault we all keep fucking up at it." His voice was as musical as it was smooth and confident, even if Raff's eyes were haunted by eternal conflict.

Polliver leaned against the cottage door, staring out at the strange new landscape as he spoke slowly, working his thoughts out. "Jeyne never hurt us. That little girl never hurt a single person here that didn't hurt her first." Polliver nodded, convincing himself and lit a joint as he let an empty syringe lay on the kitchen floor. Raff pretended not to notice and followed his brother out the door to patrol the house. "If Jeyne's a monster, its only because its what they all turned her into. We are loyal and we will protect her at all costs."

Jon was dying or was wishing he was dead, it was all rather blurred. He was slick, he was beyond filthy, far past stinky and Jon felt weak as if he had the worst flu of his life. It was as if with every orgasm, whether his own forced one or Ygritte's exuberant ones, his life drained away. The will to live at all seemed so far away and silly, really. Far too much effort and Jon felt himself sink further, he stop putting so much effort into moving or pulling in oxygen.

He didn't notice much anymore but one thing was crystal clear. Whatever or whoever Ygritte used to be, the teenage wild girl he had dated then hated was gone. The magic seems to have eaten the girl's soul up and spit out something new or perhaps it's what Ygritte always was deep inside. Eyes gone the color of urine tinged shit, skin turning the color of curds, red hair thick with matted knots, lips crusted, cracked and split into a narrow grin of lust and greed. Long curved yellow teeth glinted dully in the moonlit clearing.
Jon started to give a silent smirking chuckle as he stared up at the grunting, drooling, eye rolling thing upon him. It was surprising how much effort it took for Jon to speak but he managed it. His voice was old, it was a dried husky sound but Ygritte heard him clearly. "Hey, do you know that behind your back my sisters called you a troll? Sansa said you were a greedy troll but I just couldn't see it. I see it now." Ygritte snarled and pulled back to stare at her hands. Mottled skin, ragged stained nails and this seemed to anger her. At least this is what Jon assumed considering Ygritte began to smash her fists into his face while still riding him.

Jon sunk into a sort of hazy mist, feeling so very tired. Even the pain wasn't that interesting and Jon felt his eyes fluttering shut as his limbs lay heavily. He spit some blood and another tooth out and blinked at the person running from the trees towards them. Was that Sansa? The towering hairstyle and dress wasn't like her but the hair and eyes...were Sansa. Was. It was Sansa. Followed by a sharper angled but far too sinister and handsome Ramsay. Jon watched in a sort of numb detached way as this new version of his sister came forth like an avenging angel. Well, not exactly an angel since Sansa didn't look or act holy in anyway.

In fact, in spite of the strange costuming, Sansa never looked or acted less like a lady in her life that Jon can recall. A smile did sort of push at his lips as he remembered the redhead when she played soccer as a little girl. Before someone told her that sweating and messy hair wasn't ladylike. This Sansa was as fierce and exuberant as that child was. "Get off him. You finally look like the troll I always knew you were, Ygritte. Jon isn't yours. Off him." Ygritte lolled her tongue at Sansa then while leering at the oncoming girl, she claimed Jon in primal way. Jon found a last reserve of energy, just enough to thrash while wailing in disgust. A thick hot stream of sharp scented urine poured onto him from between grubby legs and Sansa gave a gasp of outrage.

Ygritte stood over Jon while she stared hard at Sansa, panting heavily, drops of urine still occasionally splattering onto the choking boy. Ramsay peeked over Sansa's shoulder and gave a guffaw of revolted amusement. "Looks like your powers of verbal debate haven't returned but that's fine since you're chatting with a fucking troll of Skankville! Wow! Should I let you piss on me, claim me, baby, hmmm? To protect me, love? I wish I had popcorn or a butter flavored dildo for this redhead showdown." Ramsay looked up at Sansa while fluttering his lashes, his voice sweetly needling. Sansa raised an eyebrow then with a spark to her eyes, she shoved Ramsay forward and gave a small whistle. "Hey skank troll, look, prize untouched meat. In exchange for Jon."

Ygritte looked at the rather used up Jon then the new and improved looking Ramsay. For his own part, Ramsay looked horrified and insulted. "Uh, no fucking way. Bitch, come any closer and I'll kill you! You already have a male snack, stop eyeing my delicious bits! Sansa...hey, look at me, listen to me, Sansa!" With a small cold smile, Sansa spoke. "Listening to me is too boring, Rams. I'm sure Ygritte will be way more interesting. Time for you to take one for the team, love. Go for it, you dumb greasy spoon dumpster whore, go for him, he's all yours." Jon watched as Ramsay ran like hell, cursing Sansa the whole way into the treeline, Ygritte howling and lumping after him. Sansa called after them with a rather disinterested exuberance.

"Don't worry, Ramsay! I'll come save you just as soon as I get Jon to a safe place! And take a bath. And find my sister. Then I'll find you!" Sansa ignored Ramsay's fading pleas and swears but Jon gave a weak coughing laugh at it. Kneeling at his side, Sansa tried to help lift her brother's face to wipe it with her fancy soiled dress. That's when she felt how mushy Jon's head felt beneath all his fabulous black hair. Slowly, Sansa pulled her hands back to see them slicked with blood, bits of something grayish pink and she blinked away painful tears. "Oh Jon, I'm sorry. Just remember, you'll come back." It didn't take Sansa very long to smother Jon and she sung a toneless tune her mother always hummed to soothe the crying babies.

Once Jon was limp and still, Sansa headed to collect Ramsay, following his increasingly desperate
and high pitched calls. Sansa had to rescue Ramsay, search out her little sister and debate who to visit first, Dany or Jeyne. At least one of those visits would end in a death and the other in some diplomacy or at least Sansa hoped. First came first. It was all fine and good to be dirty while rescuing males from a rapist hobgoblin but then Sansa simply must find a place to get cleaned up.

Chapter End Notes

Raff and Polliver: Magic Dance by David Bowie (Labyrinth)
Jon: Broken Girl by New Medicine
Ramsay: Honey, I'm Good by Andy Grammer

End Notes

Songs inspire me to write, to create.
This story is inspired by
Howlin' For You by The Black Keys
Animals by Maroon 5
Carousel by Melanie Martinez

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!