Observations

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Summary

Tyrion Lannister discovered something interesting about the Hound.

Notes

Hello!

So, I've been reading a clash of king's lately and this little plot idea popped my head last night after reading the chapter this fic is based on.

Now, I know that Sandor's age isn't specified or mentioned at all in the books but, I picture him being between the age of 23-25 years old. I know that he's five years younger than Gregor but, again, his age isn't mentioned so I can't really estimate it.

Also, I sincerely apologize over my writing. I haven't been writing anything decent for awhile and I feel like I'm loosing my writing skills lately. So, think this of a writing practice thing until I get the hang of it again.

Hopefully, by the time season 8 begins, I'll have better plots /and/ great writing skills lol.

After that business in the yard, Tyrion had spoken with Varys on how they could arrange for Joffrey to visit Chataya.

“The boy is of age,” Huffed Tyrion in frustration, “It’s only natural for him to be frequenting
brothels, experimenting with women.” Sometimes, Tyrion found it hard to believe that he and the king were of the same blood when his majesty barely showed any interest in women, however fine they appeared to be. Except for maybe Sansa Stark. Though, Tyrion suspects that Joffrey was only interested in the girl when he had ill intentions; shaming her, cursing at her and have his men hit her as much as he likes.

“The problem is,” Lord Varys spoke up after a moment of Tyrion’s silence, “How do we bring his Grace to the brothel?”

“We have to be discreet.” Tyrion muttered, “That part is easy. The difficult part is separating him from his obedient hound.”

Tyrion’s head snapped to his right at the sound of Varys chuckling, the dwarf gave him a look as if he was asking what was so amusing to the eunuch.

“My little spiders tell me that the Hound’s eyes strays from his master.” Lord Varys replied. Although the eunuch had his usual stoic face, free of expression, his eyes twinkled with amusement.

Tyrion waited for the man to continue, to explain what he was talking about, but seeing that the Lord preferred to keep an air of mystery in the air, Tyrion cursed inwardly before he asked, “And what does that mean, Lord Varys?”

“Keep a close eye whenever the Stark girl is around his Grace and the Hound.” Was his reply before he parted ways, his footsteps soundless against the ground.

It wasn’t until the day of Princess Myrcella’s departure from King’s Landing to travel to Braavos where she is to be with the Martells did Tyrion understand what the eunuch had meant from a couple of nights ago.

The King, his beloved sister Cersei, and the rest of small party were on their way back when Tyrion sense something shift in the air. Something feels queer. He thought to himself as he observed the faces of the people of King’s Landing. Some were expressionless, as if their souls were sucked right of their bodies, while others were scowling. Tyrion’s hand unconsciously tightened around the horse’s reins as his body tensed up in anticipation. The King’s Hand blinked and all hell broke loose.

People were shouting. People were fighting. It’s a rebellion! Was what Tyrion’s mind was yelling at him as he rushed down the street’s following after his King. After they were safely behind the pale red walls and his sense returned to him did Tyrion take out his frustration on the bratty King. And when he was held back, he allowed himself to look around for any missing people.

“Where’s the Stark girl?” He had asked after Ser Horas Redywne announced that the Wet Nurse, a nickname for Tyrek Lannister, had not joined them.

The silence creeped up Tyrion’s spine, causing his heart beat to falter in its rhythm. Fear made his stomach ache at the thought of the missing Stark girl being raped…or dead.

“She was riding by me. I don’t know where she went.” Joffrey had answered, his voice and expression showed that he felt indifferent.

Tyrion tried with all his might not to smack the boy again so instead he took it out on Ser Mandon and Ser Boros and demanded he went back out there and look for the girl and bring her back to
safety. Insults were exchanged between Ser Mandon, Ser Boros and Tyrion while Lady Tanda sobbed in the background about her poor little daughter.

“Stop it!” Cersei snapped. “Boros, you’ll do as you’re bid, or we’ll find someone else to wear the cloak. Your oath—”

“There she is!” Joffry shouted while he pointed at the gate.

Tyrion’s eyes widened slightly while his shoulders relaxed at the sight of Sandor Clegan briskly entering through the gates with Sansa sitting behind him, her arms wrapped tightly around him in fear that she wouldn’t be snatched right from the Hound’s back.

“Are you hurt, Lady Sansa?” Tyrion asked the girl as he took a hesitant step forwards.

The poor girl was shaking like a leaf as she stumbled upon her words, unaware of the blood that was trickling down her eyebrow from the gash on her scalp. “They… they were throwing things… rocks and filth, eggs… I tried to tell them, I had no bread to give them. A man tried to pull me from the saddle. The Hound killed him, I think…” she glanced at the man quickly before looking down at her arm. “His arm…” her eyes widened as if her own arm had reminded her of something important, “He cut off his arm.” The poor girl was near hysterics.

Tyrion watched in surprise as Clegane lifted Sansa to the ground, gently.

“The little bird’s bleeding. Someone take her back to her cage and see to that cut!” The Hound barked sharply and almost snapped at the maester for making Sansa flinch when he touched her to guide her back to the castle.

To say that Tyrion was flabbergasted by Clegane’s behavior was an understatement. Since when had Sandor been calling Sansa little bird? Was he the only one to call her by that pet name or did everyone else call her little bird and he was the only one unaware of it?

Tyrion observed the scarred man with sharp eyes. He noticed that the Hound’s eyes never left Sansa’s form until she was far away from his view.

*This is interesting.* Tyrion didn’t have time to enjoy his new discovery as shouts of *fire* broke loose and he had to resolve this issue or else his nephew’s kingdom blew up from existence.

Later that night, in the comfort of his chamber, sat on his large but comfortable chair, Tyrion thought of today’s discoveries.

*the Hound’s eyes strays from his master.* Varys’ voice echoed in his head and it was quickly followed by the moving image of Sandor taking care of Sansa and calling her little bird. Tyrion chuckled. The idea of Clegane being soft and… *nurturing* was queer to. In all his years knowing the Hound, he had never seen the man chuckle, not even sarcastically. So seeing him taking care of a young girl, regardless if he was aware of it or not (Though, Tyrion was certain that Sandor was unaware of his emotions towards the young wolf), was so entertaining. It was as if seeing Cersei walking down the streets of Flea Bottom and helping the poor and the homeless.

*This information is good.* Perhaps the Stark girl is of benefit. If Tyrion was careful and thought things thoroughly, he might be able to find a way to distance the Hound from Joffrey and escort the boy over to Chataya’s. However, if Tyrion screwed this up, he feared that Joffrey would be delighted over the idea of Clegane tearing up him limb from limb.
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