An (Un)pleasant Surprise

by AzraelGFG

Summary

Jon returns to Winterfell, but the first thing he says to Sansa aren't what she expected to hear. But unpleasant surprises aren't the only things Jon brought. He brought someone from Sansa's past she didn't expect to ever see again.

Notes

This story is inspired by the first gif we got from HBO of Jon hugging Sansa and her looking not happy.
Sansa

“Sansa, I’ve married her. The North is hers.”

That were words Jon had whispered into her ear when he had been hugging her after returning to Winterfell in the courtyard, where Sansa, her siblings and the other Lords had been awaiting the return of their King.

Sansa had to bit her tongue not to scream right now. She simply shot daggers at Daenerys who stood a few paces away with what looked like a smug smile playing around her lips as she approached Sansa.

For a moment Sansa wouldn’t have loved anything, but to tell Daenerys to the face that the North wouldn’t bend the knee to her, but she had seen the dragons fly over her when she stood on the castle wall.

Daenerys stopped in front of her and Jon introduced the Dragon queen to her.

Sansa forced herself to be kind.

“Winterfell is yours, your grace,” Sansa said not giving away what she thought about it and Daenerys nodded.

While Jon introduced Daenerys to her other siblings, Sansa let her eyes wander over who had come with the Dragonqueen.

She saw Lord Tyrion standing next to the Spider. She hadn’t thought much on her first husband since she had fled King’s Landing.

She hadn’t expected to see him again and certainly not under circumstances like this.

Sansa felt uncomfortable seeing him. He had been all but kind to her, but it didn’t change that he was a Lannister. They had never consummated their bond and it was widely known that she had married Ramsay and that the bond had been consummated this time.

*Consummated*, Sansa thought bitterly. A harmless word to describe what the bastard had done to her in her wedding night. She had told Baelish that she had still felt what he had done to her body months after she had escaped Winterfell. It had gotten better over time, but she still sometimes felt it around the time her moonblood came.

Sansa asked herself if Lord Tyrion still saw their marriage as valid?

Tyrion had been kind to her, but she had seen the desire in his eyes when she had undressed during their wedding night. She had no idea why he had held back and not bedded her. Maybe it would have been more endurable with him.

*Cersei had been right in the end*, Sansa thought sometimes, she had been sold like a horse just like Cersei to a stranger to be ridden whenever her husband desired.

Septa Mordane had basically always taught her the same, but with nicer words and shallow words of duty to her husband and family.

Back then Sansa had been too stupid to see it, but Ramsay had shown her more than clear that
marriage only meant to endure things.

Sometimes she asked herself if her mother had only been a good actor all the time.

It didn’t matter, Ramsay was very dead, she had made sure of it that his dogs had gotten rid of every little piece of him before Sansa had these blood hungry beasts killed for good. A small justice for the girls they had killed.

She wouldn’t marry anyone. Not in the near future at least. With the White Walkers coming it was highly likely that she wouldn’t survive this winter anyway. If she somehow survived the winter and should it be necessary to marry again to give house Stark the heir that was needed, she would do it and endure that obligation.

There must always be a Stark in Winterfell and if it meant she had to be the mother she would do her duty even if it meant to sacrifice her own happiness.

Often it seemed like the gods didn’t allow her to find happiness. Sansa was done with the gods. None of them had helped her. Neither with saving her father nor saving her from the things she had to endure.

“Sansa, meet me in my solar in ten minutes. We should talk,” Jon said ripping her from her dark thoughts.

Sansa turned to him and nodded.

“Fuck me sideways,” she heard Arya say and Sansa’s sister ran towards a young man in the entourage of Queen Daenerys with raven black hair jumping into his arms.

It seems at least her sister might find happiness in life with her obvious lost friend returning to her.

Sansa allowed herself a small smile as she looked over the remaining men that had come with the Dragon Queen.

She let her eyes drift over the others and her heart speed up when her eyes landed on someone that obviously tried to stay out of the center of attention.

Sansa still recognized his face immediately and the memories that came with it.

Hot breath on her face. The smell of wine, sweat and blood mixed with something different. Her hand feeling something that certainly wasn’t blood and the feeling of his lips brushing against hers. His weight pinning her down on the featherbed, but not in a cruel way Ramsay had used to do it.

Sansa remembered the feeling of his weight as calming and protective. Like he was trying to shield her from all the brutality that waited in the world around her.

And then he had left her with nothing but his bloodied cloak and his plead for her to go with him.

Sansa saw him give her short glances and when he noticed her looking straight at him, he tried to hide from her view behind Tormund.

She felt a strange mix of emotions running through her seeing him. Emotions she had thought she had lost being capable of feeling.

Sansa turned to leave the courtyard to meet Jon, but she stopped once to turn around to him. One last look to see if he was indeed there or if her mind had played her tricks again, like at the times she had
thought he was with her, but then it had only turned out to be a dream when she had fallen asleep between Ramsay’s visits.

He was indeed there and he had been looking after her now quickly casting his eyes to the ground.

He was there in flesh and blood. Sansa turned around to enter the keep and felt a small smile around her lips.

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“How could you do that?!” Sansa yelled at Jon.

“Sansa…we need her dragons to win and…”

“That doesn’t mean you have to marry her and hand her over the North on a silver platter!”

“Sansa…I.”

“You what?”

“I love her…and…and she carries our child…that’s why I married her…”

“How could you?” Sansa asked shocked. “The last King of the North who married out of love wasn’t killed much later. Haven’t you learned anything from our brother Robb?”

“It was the honorable thing to do,” Jon tried to rectify his decision.

“Just like father did the honorable thing when he told Cersei that he knew his secret?” Sansa accused him. “Did you for a moment think about the people in the North?”

“Sansa, that’s not fair,” he said. “Everything I do is for the North and its people.”

“While you were away, the Lords of the Vale and the North questioned if they shouldn’t have rather made me queen. Even Lyanna Mormont said so. I defended you. I defended your actions! What will they say when they hear you did the same as Robb?”

“I am their king and if it helps us to save all of our lives, they will accept it,” Jon said.

“I still can’t believe you married her without at least asking me for advice or my opinion at least.”

“I didn’t intend to fall in love with her…it just happened and when I heard she is with child…please try to understand. I need you to help me sell it to the northern Lords.”

Sansa sighed. It was just like Baelish had predicted it. Daenerys is young and beautiful he had said.

“Of course, I will help you to convince the northern lords, but I still can’t understand how you could fall for her so quick.”

“If you ever find…” Jon started but stopped. “I am sorry.”

“If I ever find love, is it that what you wanted to say?” Sansa asked.

“I am sorry, Sansa. I didn’t mean to hurt you with these words.”
“It’s alright. I know you didn’t mean them.”

“Come here,” he said and embraced her. “I am sorry I surprised you with this today. I didn’t plan my visit to Dragonstone to turn out like this.”

“I know,” Sansa said. “You are still an honorable fool at times.”

Jon chuckled and that made Sansa chuckle.

“I know. I’ll try better in the future.”

“Let’s see how long that future is with the Night King approaching,” Sansa said slightly sarcastic.

“I know, but Sansa…please try to find happiness again in life, no matter how long that might be,” Jon said.

“I’ll try.”

“Good,” Jon said and kissed her forehead. “Bran said he wanted to speak with me before the feast.”

“I’ll see you then.”

“Sorry again for the unpleasant surprise,” he said.

“Don’t worry. There was also a pleasant surprise,” Sansa said with a tiny smile thinking of Sandor as she turned to leave.
There she was sitting high at the high table next to Daenerys, her brothers and sister.

Sandor sat at the far end of the hall always giving short glances to the high table.

He hadn’t dared to look at her for too long in the courtyard earlier.

Sandor had expected that she had become prettier, but she had become far more than that.

She had become far more beautiful than he had even dared to imagine.

He must have looked stunned because even that buggering wildling had noticed him staring whispering, he had thought Sandor hated gingers.

Luckily, he had shut the fuck up when Sandor had growled at him.

Sansa didn’t look happy at the high table. She had obviously hadn’t meant the words of support for her brother and Daenerys when he had announced he had bent the knee to the Dragon Queen.

Sandor had seen how Lord Tyrion had walked over to Sansa earlier and talked with her briefly. While he had watched them talk some men around him had talked japed about her being rid of her late husband only to be reunited with her first husband again.

Sandor had heard that Sansa had been married not long ago. He had heard many people whisper about it. He had heard things he didn’t even want to imagine that the little bird had to endure apparently.

When he saw Sansa force a smile at something the Imp had said Sandor left the hall.

He had seen her fake this smile way too often in the Red Keep. He couldn’t endure to see it here in her home.

He had imagined seeing her happy back at home, but not like this. Her emotions still behind a mask that became so good even Sandor had trouble to see what was going on behind it.

Sandor went into the courtyard and up on the wall to get a look over the nightly landscape.

Snow had started to fall again and a layer of fresh snow already covered everything again.

Outside the walls, he saw the camp of the army. Torches burning here and there and the neighing of horses from time to time.

“I saw you leave the hall,” Sansa suddenly said next to him. He hadn’t heard her come.

“I did, Lady Stark,” Sandor said.

“No, little bird anymore?”

“You neither little, nor a bird anymore chirping her curtsies.”

“I thought I would never see you again.”

“I thought so too, but here we are.”
Sandor stood next to him looking over to the camp.

“Do you think we have a chance?”

“I don’t know, little… my lady,” he said and Sansa chuckled.

“It seems you are the one chirping courtesies now,” she said. “Please call me little bird or Sansa.”

“Would you like that?”

“I actually like to. I missed you calling me little bird.”

She turned to him.

“My sister told me you protected her and tried to get her back to my mother and brother.”

“I tried, but we were too late.”

“I heard you were beaten by Brienne,” she said. “Is it true.”

“It is, I heard she never leaves your side.”

“She is my sworn shield. She protects me from everything that tries to harm me.”

*Just like I should have,* Sandor thought bitterly to himself.

“I am sorry, I didn’t take you from King’s Landing,” he said.

“Don’t be sorry. It was my decision to stay behind. I was stupid and I learned from my mistakes. Today I would leave with you.”

“I am still sorry. So many things could have been prevented by this. You marrying the imp and later…” he said but stopped himself.

Sansa turned to him.

“What did you hear?” she asked quietly.

“That you married a man far more cruel than Joffrey,” he said carefully. “And the rumors of what he did to you.”

“Then you already know everything. Ramsay is dead. It’s over,” she said but Sandor could hear how her voice trembled at the end.

It obviously wasn’t over for her.

“I am glad you are here in Winterfell. I truly am,” she said.

“I am too, little bird.”

“It’s getting late and I am tired. I wish you a good night, Sandor,” she said and Sandor felt warmth run through his body at her saying his name.

“Good night, little bird,” he said and she left without another word.

Sandor followed her with his eyes until she disappeared in the keep. It was then he noticed he had held his breath.
Sandor sighed and left for the night as well. After months of freezing his ass off with the Brotherhood, tonight he would be able to sleep in one of the warm beds in the castle.
It was strange for Sansa. The short moment she had spoken with Sandor on the wall had been nicer than the whole empty talk she had held over the course of the evening.

At least Lord Tyrion had no interest in seeing their marriage as valid. That was a small relief for Sansa.

She had no idea what she had done if Tyrion had insisted that they were still husband and wife.

It didn’t matter now.

After everything that has happened today, she was completely exhausted. Physical and mentally.

She only wanted to crawl under her warm furs and forget everything that had happened tonight.

*Maybe not everything,* she thought. To have Sandor here in Winterfell was probably the best thing that had happened today.

Sansa was on her way to her own chamber when she passed by Arya’s

She heard strange noises from the inside that Sansa couldn’t identify. Arya had left the feast way earlier than Sansa.

*Maybe she doesn’t feel well and needs help,* Sansa thought.

She quietly opened the door and peeked inside.

Sansa nearly yelped but bit her tongue, when she saw what caused the sounds.

Arya was laying on her belly as naked as her name day underneath the Baratheon Bastard that had arrived with Jon today.

It was clear what they were doing. Ramsay had taken her the same way on her wedding night and Sansa just wanted to yell for the guards when she heard Arya.

“Harder…please Gendry…more…” Arya moaned and Sansa heard a ‘yes m’lady’ as an answer.

Sansa felt her face warm up and she quietly closed the chamber door.

She went to her chamber and quickly slipped under her warm furs after she undressed.

Sansa stared at the canopy of her bed for hours her heart still racing.

Why would her sister allow that that Baratheon boy to do that with her? There was no pleasure in the act. But Arya had seemed to enjoy it, hadn’t she?

Sansa couldn’t make any sense of it. She only always remembered the pain and humiliation she had felt when Ramsay had taken her.

She had no idea how many hours she stayed awake tossing and turning in the bed, trying to keep the pictures of her sister and her memories of Ramsay out of her head until she finally fell asleep.
The next morning, she couldn’t look at her sister during breakfast. Every time she looked at her, she remembered what she had seen yesterday.

In the short moments, Sansa looked at her sister she could see that she looked happy and what Sansa could only describe as satisfied.

Seeing her sister like this contradicted everything she had experienced and learned so far.

When the breakfast was over and Arya went to her room to get her sword for training in the courtyard Sansa followed her to her room.

“I need to talk with you,” Sansa said nervously.

“What is it?” Arya said sitting down on her bed. There very bed where Sansa had seen her sister being bedded only a few hours ago.

“You can tell me if he forced himself on you, Arya,” Sansa said but Arya looked at her in confusion.

“What the hell are you talking about?” Arya asked at her slightly amused at Sansa struggling to find the right start for this conversation.

“I saw you…yesterday…here with the Baratheon Bastard.”

“You mean Gendry.”

“Yes, Gendry. I saw you yesterday with him here…and I saw what you were doing.”

Arya blushed.

“Why would you do that?” she asked embarrassed rather than angry.

“I walked past your door on my way to bed and heard you. I thought you were in pain and might need help.”

“Ohh I certainly wasn’t in pain,” Arya said smirking.

“Did he take you against your will? There is no need to cover up for him if Jon hears…”

“I wanted it. I dragged him to my rooms after the feast.”

“But why?”

“Why?” Arya asked laughing. “Because I love him and he makes me feel things I never felt before.”

“But didn’t it hurt?” Sansa asked confused.

“Well when he took my maidenhead it hurt a little at first, but during the second time we did it, it just felt good.”

“It felt good?” Sansa asked frowning. How could that be, that Arya had obviously liked it, while Sansa had always prayed for it to be over?

“More than good to be honest.”
“How can that be? I was never good in any way for me,” Sansa said in disbelief. How could her experience differ that much from her sister’s?

Arya shrugged.

“I guess it depends on the man,” Arya said. “I am sorry you didn’t experience that feeling.”

“Doesn’t matter. We will probably be dead soon anyway,” Sansa said.

“Well, that alone should be reason alone for you to find out that it can be different from what you experienced so far. There are hundreds of young handsome men in the castle, who would happily help you find out,” Arya said japing.

“Maybe I will,” Sansa said. “Maybe I won’t.”

“You really should try to find some happiness again.”

“I am happy. I am at home, with my family.”

“Sansa, you know that is not what I meant. Please don’t make the mistake to think I am as blind as everyone else. I see how you still struggle with what has been done with you and how you force yourself to look like it hasn’t affected you.”

“That’s not true.”

“It is and you know it. You want to get over it and you try to do it by shutting every feeling you have inside you out, but it’s not working. I know you. You want someone in your life. You always wanted a family on your own, but your experiences with Ramsay make you fear following on that wish.”

Sansa had to swallow. She wanted a family of her own, but she feared to be at the mercy of a man she didn’t know again.

Sansa looked down and a small sob escaped her. Arya immediately embraced her.

“Sansa I am here for you,” Arya said and gently rubbed her back.

“I am afraid, Arya. I am afraid of feeling that helpless again. I didn’t feel like a woman anymore with Ramsay. I didn’t feel like a human being anymore, you understand? I am scared of being that helpless against with a man, who can hide his true nature in public. I can hardly have Brienne in my room all the time.”

“I know, Sansa, but there are men out there who are truly good and would never hurt you. I know one that couldn’t stop talking about you the whole time and the way he spoke about you is the same way Gendry speaks about me. He would never let harm come to you.”

“And who is this man?” Sansa asked.

“You know exactly who I mean and if not look around and I am sure you will find out on your own,” Arya said and grabbed her sword before running out of her room leaving Sansa behind curious about this man her sister had talked about.
Sansa

Sansa spent the rest of the morning brooding if she should follow Arya’s advice and simply pick on of the young men that were in Winterfell. Some of them were for sure handsome, but they were all strangers to her.

She had already often heard their sweet words about her beauty in the moments she had exchanged a few sentences with them.

Still, they were strangers to her. Strangers who might hide their true nature.

Even Brienne sensed her restlessness this morning.

“My lady is there anything I can help you with?” she asked.

“I don’t know Brienne. It’s something I guess I need to find out for myself,” Sansa said as they were on their way to the great hall for lunch.

“As you wish my lady, but I wish I could help you.”

“I know, but this is something you will hardly be able to help me with.”

Sansa ate the roasted chicken for lunch, but she didn’t taste it. Her mind was occupied with other things. She watched Arya sit with Gendry and she obviously didn’t care for any modesty when she fed Gendry a piece of chicken.

_I want this too_, Sansa thought to herself.

Maester Samwell ran into the hall and was heavily panting when he handed over a ravenscroll to Jon.

Daenerys and Jon looked equally concerned when he broke the seal.

Jon read the first few words and Sansa saw how shocked he was by what he read.

“My lords!” he called and the chatter in the hall died down.

“The Wall has been broken and the Nightsking is marching towards the Last Hearth!”

Murmurs could be heard in the hall.

“In only a few weeks, probably less the Nightsking and the army of the dead will be here. We must hurry with our preparations.”

The rest of the lunch continued with a rather heavy mood.

Sansa turned her attention to Lord Tyrion. Should she ask him to share the bed with her? He had said in their wedding night that he could be good to her and he had respected her boundaries and not forced himself on her. And Margaery had said that she had heard that Lord Tyrion was rather experienced with women.

But Sansa didn’t feel anything towards him. He was kind to her, but he didn’t look handsome in any way.
Loud laughter at the end of the hall caught her attention and she saw Sandor with Tormund. Sansa had no idea if they tried to find out who of them could eat more chicken, but the pile of bones in front of them pointed towards that conclusion.

Sansa thought about Sandor. He hadn’t exactly been kind to her in King’s Landing, but he had been here in Winterfell. He had tried to tell her things she didn’t want to see and saved her from the men that wanted to rape her in the streets of the capital.

When she had been a young girl she had been scared and disgusted by his scars, but now she knew about their origin and she could see beyond that. He had also protected Arya and tried to take her from King’s Landing. He didn’t have to do anything of that.

Suddenly Sansa realized that Arya must have talked about him earlier. Did Sandor really talk about her all the time when he had been traveling with Arya?

The thought made her heart flutter strangely.

He was tall. Taller than most men and in his ways he was handsome. Most important of all he was honest and didn’t hide his true self.

Sansa remembered the last words he had said to her before he had left her in King’s Landing.

‘No little bird I won’t hurt you.”

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After lunch, she continued to oversee the stocks and made sure it would be enough for only a gods knew how long siege.

Still, she couldn’t get Sandor out of her mind. She imagined how strong his body must look like underneath all his thick layers of clothes.

Sansa felt a strange feeling inside her guts imagining Sandor without his clothes.

She couldn’t continue like this. She felt herself blush all the time and some of the servants had already started to give her strange looks.

Instead, she decided to visit Bran. Maybe he had seen something in his green dreams that would help them to improve the preparations.

“Hello, Sansa,” Bran said and Sansa slowly got used to the monotone voice he now spoke with.

“Bran, I wanted to ask you if you have seen anything that we can improve on the castle stocks. We now have enough food for almost two…”

“He loves you, Sansa,” Bran simply said interrupting her. “He did all time even if he didn’t know it.”

“Who?” Sansa asked confused.

“Sandor Clegane. He loved you since the moment he first saw you and he still loves you now.”

“But…”
“His greatest regret in life is that he wasn’t able to take you from King’s Landing and save you from everything that has afterwards happened to you in our home.”

“He loves me?” Sansa asked uncertainly, but her heart fluttered a little at speaking out these words.

“He would give his own life to undo everything that has been done to you. He only wants to see you happy.”

Sansa thought about Sandor and what he would do if she would approach him with the offer to share the bed with her.

“Do it, Sansa, he will be as good to you as Gendry is too Arya.”

“You know about them?” Sansa asked, with the thought in mind that Bran had watched them last night.

“I saw them during breakfast and lunch. It was quite obvious that he is good to her the way our sister smiled,” Bran said and it nearly sounded like he was making a jape.

Sansa smiled.

“They did indeed,” Sansa said with a small smile.

“Sansa, Sandor is a good man. He won’t hurt you and when you explore your own heart you will see that you also love him.”

Sansa nodded lightly and with this, she left the room.
Sansa returned to her room thinking about Bran’s words.

Did Sandor really love her? Did she maybe love him without knowing?

It was too much in a short amount of time for her to sort out. She needed to alone in her room right now. Only there she felt that she could think freely at times.

She just passed Arya’s room again, when she heard the same kind of moans, she had heard last night from the inside and Sansa felt herself blush again.

Sansa sighed and turned around heading towards the guest quarters.

There was no more thinking to be done. If she kept on going like this the Nightsking would be here before she had made a decision.

What she now intended to do would either be her best decision or one of her worst, but at the given circumstances there was a high chance that if it was a bad decision, she would not be affected by it for too long if the army of the dead would be here in only a few weeks.

And if it would turn out to her best, she wouldn’t have any reason to regret it.

Sansa went into the guest quarters and knocked on the door of Sandor’s room.

Her knees were shaking lightly and she wrung her hands.

The door opened and she looked at the surprised face of Sandor.

“Little bird, what brings you here?”

“I need you to come with me,” she simply said.

“Alright, but where are we going?”

“You will see when we are there,” she said and took his hand.

She went back to her room and Sandor willingly followed on her hand.

Sansa wouldn’t know if Sandor said something to her while they walked because she only heard her blood rush in her ears.

When they finally entered her chamber, Sansa immediately closed the door behind her.

“Sansa, what is all of this about?” he asked.
Sansa took all the courage she had when she spoke up.

“You know what Ramsay did to me?” Sansa asked and Sandor nodded. She saw his jaw muscle tense.

“He took everything he wanted from me and stripped me of all my dignity. He made me think there can’t be any pleasure and happiness for me with a man, but Arya told me there can be so much joy for a woman in sharing the bed with a man.”

Sansa stepped a little closer and placed her hand on his chest.

“The Wall has fallen and the dead are coming. We soon might be dead too and for at least once in my life I want to feel loved and deeply happy.”

She looked up to him and his eyes held a softness she had never seen before.

“Can you be the man to show me there can be pleasure for a woman being with a man?” she asked.

“Little bird, I only ever wanted to be that man for you. Since a long time I desire you and more.”

“Do you love me?” she asked in a whisper.

“Yes,” he breathed. “I think so. I can’t get you out of my mind. You are the first person I think of when I wake up and you are the last person I imagine when I go to bed.”

Sansa felt tears well in her eyes.

“That’s the most beautiful thing anyone has ever said to me,” Sansa said.

“I would like to say much more, but I’ve never been talented with sweet words,” he rasped.

“Then don’t use words,” she said and got on her tiptoe and gently brushed her lips against his.

She had no idea how she had gotten that bold but right now it didn’t matter. His lips felt just as good as they had during the nights the Blackwater had burned.

“Sansa,” he breathed after their lips parted.

“Will you show me there can be more to laying with a man that pain and humiliation?”

“I will do my best, but I will promise you that I won’t hurt you,” he gently rasped. “You believe me?”

Sansa nodded.

“I know you will never hurt me,” she said smiling.

They simply looked at each other and Sansa didn’t know how to continue.

She had no clue how you initiate intimacies with a man.

“I have no idea how to continue,” Sansa whispered and felt herself blush.

“I have no clue either. There was never anyone who didn’t want my coin,” he said.

Sansa looked up to his eyes.
“Maybe we should then find out together how to continue,” he suggested and she nodded with a small smile.

Sansa took his hand and led him to her bed.

They sat down on the edge and Sansa tugged on his tunic.

“Would you like to get rid of this?” she asked and Sandor pulled his tunic over his head revealing his brought chest.

Ramsay’s chest has always been smooth, but Sandor’s was covered with hair with some scars underneath.

Sansa stroked over his chest with her fingers and she felt his heart race under her heart.

“Would you like me to get rid of my dress?” she asked and Sandor nodded.

She stood up and started to untie the laces of her dress. Her hands were shaking lightly. She had no idea if it was excitement or anxiety.

“Sansa say one word and we stop,” he gently rasped when he noticed her shaking hands.

“I know,” Sansa said with a short smile.

When the laces were losing the pushed her dress down her body until it pooled around her feet.

She only wore her shift, smallclothes and socks.

“You are the maiden reborn, Sansa,” Sandor rasped.

“Just with the difference that I am no maiden anymore,” Sansa said quietly.

She had always hoped she would give her maidenhood to a man she loved and not have it ripped from her.

“I heard about something that can be quite nice,” Sandor rasped and Sansa became curious.

“What is it?” she asked.

“Here lie down,” he said and got up from the bed pulling back the furs.

Sansa laid down and Sandor started to roll down her socks one after another always watching her for her reaction.

It warmed her heart to see that he cared in every moment that she wasn’t afraid or uncomfortable.

Sandor started to kiss her legs and his beard tingled on her skin when he kissed the inside of her legs down to her smallclothes.

It felt exciting to have him kiss her like this. It felt wicked and she felt a strange warmth spread in her lower belly.

There was another feeling she didn’t know before. It felt like she was getting…wet?

He tugged on her smallclothes and Sansa felt herself blush as she lifted her bum to allow him to pull them down.
The last person to see her this exposed had been Ramsay at his last visit before she had fled.

Sansa looked down her body to see what Sandor intended to do and he kissed his way back up her legs until he was right at her woman’s place.

He buried his face between her legs and Sansa’s mouth fell agape when Sandor started to explore her most private place with his tongue.

For the first time in her life, she felt the touches of a man bring her pleasure and Arya had been right it felt quite lovely.

Sansa hummed at the feeling and she was quite surprised when a soft moan escaped her lips when he focused on a small bundle above her folds.

Sansa felt herself grind against his face and it and felt incredibly good, but nothing had prepared her for the pleasure she felt when she went over the peak of the feeling of excitement that had built up within her the last couple of minutes.

Sansa moaned louder than she wanted and panted heavily, but she didn’t care. This was the bliss Arya had talked about.

“Sandor…” she breathed. “I didn’t know…it could be…like this.”

“I am happy you liked what I did.”

“I liked that very much.”

If Sandor could make her feel like this just with her mouth, what could he probably do with his manhood?

Sansa got rid of her shift and she saw Sandor’s eyes go big seeing her completely naked for the first time.

Sansa stroked over the bulge in his breeches.

“Won’t you get rid of it?” she asked and Sandor started to unlace his breeches and pushed them off his body until his cock sprang free.

Sansa felt nervous again. It was larger and thicker than Ramsay’s and she was afraid with this size it would only hurt more.

But Sandor had promised to not hurt her and he wouldn’t break his promise.

“Please touch me, Sandor,” she said shyly and he cupped her breast and Sansa was surprised at how gentle his large hands were.

Not only gentle but also warm. Sansa was stunned by it.

He gently kneaded her breasts brushing his thumbs over her nipples and she felt herself become even wetter.

Sandor moved between her legs and Sansa spread them wider for him. She felt him brush his member against her entrance and she looked at his grey eyes.

Her eyes must have held the nervousness she felt and he leaned down to kiss her.
“I love you, Sansa,” he said. “Look at me,” he breathed and she did as he slowly slid inside her.

Sandor slowly started to move at a steady pace and Sansa moaned softly.

It felt good. More than good. She honestly felt like crying in happiness that there was not the slightest amount of pain. Everything felt just pleasurable.

She again felt this strange feeling build up inside her and now she understood why Arya had demanded Gendry not to stop.

“Sandor…more…” she moaned and Sandor buried his face in the crook of her neck speeding up.

She felt his hot breath on her skin as she felt herself clench around him and she moaned his name loudly.

Moments later she heard him groan and felt the familiar feeling of him spilling his seed inside her, but this time she didn’t feel the wave of disgust flood through her.

“I love you, Sandor,” she purred against his ear lightly scratching his back.

“You do?” he asked breathlessly.

“Yes, I think I do for a quite a while, but now you reminded me why. You were always gentle to me, even when everyone only wanted to hurt me.”

“I love you too Sansa and the fucking Nightsking can bugger himself with an icicle. I won’t let him end what we have now. I saw you in the flames before I went North with the Brotherhood.”

“I don’t want that either. I want you to be with me for the rest of my life,” she said. “I have no idea how long that might be, but in the meantime, we should put the time we have to good use.”

“Aye we should,” he said and kissed her long and deeply.

As the kiss broke Sansa only felt one thing.

Happiness.

The End.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you liked the story and I hope you all have one way or another to watch the Season 8 premiere tonight :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!