Twisted

by petyrbaaeeelish

Summary

Sansa stays up late one night to finish her essay but her efforts are in vain. Her suppressed feelings for her Uncle bubble to the surface, and the twisted feelings of lust and desire will inevitably create chaos that none of them are prepared for.

Notes

I posted most of this story earlier, but the Ao3 system has been giving me trouble for this particular story. I have decided to repost it again in the hopes that this process will run more smoothly this time around.

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Late Night

It was date night for her parents, and Sansa found her books piled up high on the kitchen table with her laptop open at the brightest setting. It was late at night, an unusual thing, but she wanted to complete her history assignment a few days in advance. Eyes feeling heavy, she got out of the seat and strode towards the fridge, hoping she could find something to keep her up for a little while longer.

She spotted lemon cake, her favourite, and pulled out the heavy tray with her mouth watering at the sight of it.

“Isn’t it a bit late for that?” Her Uncle’s voice caught her off-guarded, she had only assumed he was in bed like everyone else.

“Uncle Petyr?”

“Sansa?” he questioned with a playfulness to his voice.

“I’ll only have a bite.”

Her Uncle stepped into the kitchen, letting his eyes glaze all over the room as he spoke aloud: “You can have more than one.” He leaned against the other side of the table, picking up one of her notebooks that was helping her assignment. “I think you worked hard enough.”

Sansa let out an elated sigh and set the tray down on the kitchen countertop. “More than you know.”

Sansa had always enjoyed her Uncle’s presence; she had felt there was a common bond between them, an understanding that went beyond the realms of rationality. Petyr was pulling out a chair, sitting directly across from her homework where he knew she was sitting. His blue boxers were thankfully hidden beneath the table now, but that didn’t detract her from staring too had at his plain white t-shirt, all snuggly pressed against his well-toned chest. His hair was matted on one side, showing he tended to sleep on the right side of the bed. It was curious to see how wide awake he was, dark green eyes intently staring in his direction, watching her every move as she searched for a small plate and a set of cutlery. She was torn by his lingering gaze, knowing she was wearing pajama shorts that were almost suggestive at this time of night, it didn’t help that she had to go on her toes to reach for one of the fancy plates.

“I’ll have some.”

“Will you like it?” Sansa looked over her shoulder as she commented: “I mean… it’s a bit sweet.”

Uncle Petyr dragged a finger across his bottom lip in meditation. “Just how I like it,” he responded with a half-hidden smile.

Sansa turned her back to him, searching for a knife to slice the lemon cake. The digital clock over the oven told her it was well past two in the morning, and a part of her wondered how the two of them ended up alone together so late at night. “If it wasn’t so late, I’d have tea with it,” Petyr piped up. He waited for Sansa to turn her gaze in his direction as he added, “But I’m already having trouble sleeping as it is.” Sansa had politely asked why this was the case, but he only replied with a small shrug of shoulders. Half frustrated, she closed the top of her laptop and placed Petyr’s desert right in front of him. “Thank you, sweetling,” he cooed with a raise of his eyebrow. He watched her as she went to retrieve her own plate, and when she finally settled down, she was keenly aware of his lingering stare. “So, what are you working on?”
“Civilian life during the Cold War era.”

“For whom?” he asked, as he picked up a crumb and stuck it deep inside of his mouth, leaving his fingers tightly wrapped around his soft pink lips for a moment.

“My professor, of course,” Sansa answered him in a sarcastic tone of voice.

“I meant civilians, sweetling.”

“Oh, us Americans.”

“You weren’t even born then,” he observed, and then lifted his fork off the table to take his first bite of the cake.

“Was it scary?”

“A little.” Forest green eyes settled easily over Sansa’s visage, staring a little too hard into the depths of her eyes for a moment or more. “You look just like your mother.”

“I thought you would say Aunt Lysa.”

“No,” he cut in quickly. “Never her.”

Sansa finished the last of her cake and quickly got out of her seat for more. “My mother would scold me for taking another one.”

“Then blame it on me,” her Uncle drowned in a low voice.

“I don’t want to get you in trouble but thank you Uncle Petyr.”

“Petyr,” he reminded her. “You make me feel so old.”

He was far from that, Sansa knew, and did her best not to stare too hard at him as she walked back at her table. Her Uncle instinctively knew where her thoughts were turning too and licked his lips from one corner to the other as she quietly took her seat. “Why thank you, Sansa,” he taunted, sensing her unuttered thoughts.

Her second slice of cake was long forgotten now, she was paying more attention to the way his top set of teeth was biting down hard on the corner of his lip. Sansa blushed under his heated gaze, suddenly remembering she wasn’t wearing a bra under her baggy crew-neck sweater. She swallowed hard at the thought of her body betraying her, of the things that were playing at the back of her mind. She rose from her seat suddenly, wanting some space, or at least to turn her back to him so he could not read her telling expressions any longer.

The sound of a chair scraping ignited the air, and the husky voice of Petyr vibrated in the room as he questioned: “Everything alright, Sansa?”

“I’m cold.”

“Then perhaps you should go to bed,” he droned. She could sense his presence right behind her, knowing he was only a few inches away from her solid back. She was using her back as a shield, but for how long could she keep this up?

“I can’t…”

“Can’t,” he echoed darkly. “Or won’t?”
“I’m not tired yet,” Sansa lied.

She felt the growing need to turn around and face him, and when she did, Sansa watched as her Uncle blinked the lids of his eyes at her slowly. Feeling exposed and betrayed by her own body, she crossed her arms over her chest, hoping he couldn’t see the hardened nipples piercing out of her navy-blue sweater.

“What can I do to warm you up?”

Sansa blinked at him in embarrassment, only to realize she mistook his harmless question as something else entirely. “I’m not sure,” she stammered out.

Petyr encroached upon her space, leaning forward without any regard of personal space. “You can’t think of anything?” he asked, as he leaned his hand against the kitchen countertop that was right next to her hip.

“Maybe- maybe I ought to go to bed.”

Petyr responded with a smirk and then a slow nodding of the head in silent agreement. He backed off, giving her some space before he closely walked past her, just brushing his shoulder against hers as Petyr headed for the door. “Come,” he hushed, and flicked off the kitchen light to leave her in the darkness.

Soon they were walking side by side in the dark hallway, her nerves getting the better of her as the never-ending silence stretched on between them. Sansa could smell the faint fragrance of his body wash, an alluring smell she could hardly make out, but if she was pressed further, she would have guessed it was spearmint. They ascended the staircase, taking their time, so their footsteps weren’t loud enough to wake up the people upstairs. Sansa nearly tip-toed when she walked past her sibling’s room and was caught off-guard when Petyr continued to follow her, knowing the guest rooms was on the complete opposite end of the hallway. Petyr had somehow rushed past her and was the first to open her bedroom door and flick on the lights.

Sansa saw how his eyes glanced all over her room, feeling embarrassed by the messiness of it all. “I really should clean it,” she remarked in a shaky voice. She closed the door behind her softly, locking it in the process with a shyness she was unaware of. “If I ever find the time.”

Petyr walked around her room, letting his eyes scan her belongings with a careful eye. He nearly chuckled when he saw her stuffed animal, a brown teddy bear with a graduation hat that she left on the corner of her bed. He sat down with a louder chuckle escaping his lips, holding up the teddy bear in front of his chest before he settled it on his lap for his own amusement.

“I can explain…”

“No need,” he whispered. He lowered his chin, staring at the top of the cute little teddy bear in a way that could almost be seen as seduction.

“It was a present.”

“Congratulations,” he quipped, with little crinkles in the corner of his cheek as he smiled at her. Sansa rolled her eyes at him, knowing he could see the date that showed his congratulations was a few years too late. She took a seat next to him, holding out her hands to receive the teddy bear.

“Thank you for coming over,” she remarked, after the teddy bear was safely placed on her lap. “I know its just one night, but it helps.”
“Nonsense, I enjoyed your company,” he explained, before he outstretched his arm to place it directly behind her back. “And Robin enjoyed spending time with your cousins.”

“Robin is a handful.”

“Very much so,” he conceded with a voice that betrayed his frustration. “It doesn’t help that Lysa spoils him.”

An uncomfortable silence descended over them for the first time ever, and feeling awkward Sansa got up to pull a blanket over her Uncle’s legs and hers. “I’m cold,” she complained, avoiding his inquisitive gaze as the silence continued.

“So am I,” he hushed.

She turned to him, watching the darkness to his eyes and then quickly looked away. “I’m tired too.”

“Then go to sleep, sweetling,” he told her, though Petyr made no effort to leave the room.

Sansa sharply turned her head to him and blurted out: “Why don’t you leave her?” Petyr raised his eyebrows in surprise, which made Sansa regret her words instantly. “I know… my mother always talks about you not liking her.”

“It’s nice to know I am an object of gossip.”

“You’re not,” Sansa objected. “It’s just that… I see it too.” Petyr unexpectedly lifted a lock of her hair, twirling it around his finger not so innocently.

“Sansa,” he uttered out in a husky voice, his eyes flickering across her face to read her every expression. “Sometimes we want things that we cannot have.”

She found herself leaning into his space; lips parting as she found herself sinking into the darkness of his gaze. Sansa wasn’t sure how it happened, but she found her Uncle’s lips on hers, kissing her lightly for half a second before he drew his lips away. His tongue laid heavily over his bottom lip, almost savouring her taste before he let it slip back in his mouth. Petyr swallowed hard, giving her a look that showed he wanted more. Sansa found herself relenting, leaning into his space, feeling her nails claw at the bedsheet in the tiny space between them. Seconds passed by, his hand placed over the back of her head, and Sansa soon found her lips eagerly pressed against his own. He opened his mouth wider, kissing her opened mouth that sent a flurry of butterflies at the bottom of her stomach. Sansa had never been kissed this way before; there was so much hunger, such longing, such twisted passion as he deepened their kisses. She felt a hot sensation down below, aware of how much her body was responding to him. His fingers curled into the back of her hair, digging his nails into her with a certain possessiveness. Lips parted for a moment to catch their breath and immediately his lips were on hers again. Sansa felt hot, though she stretched out her arm to lay her hand at the back of her Uncle’s spine. Her body leaned into him, finding his lips too irresistible to resist. She knew things were going to far when he started to lean backwards, her body weight falling over him till he fell onto the bed. Her Uncle knew what he was doing, wrapping his arms around her and rolling her over till she laid flat on the bed. Sansa froze, suddenly realizing what they were doing. Petyr watched her changing expression, letting his weight lift off her so she could feel more at ease. He noticed something was wrong, the way Sansa’s eyebrows lowered with worry. “Sansa,” he mouthed, a distance voice that hardly belonged to him.

“We should stop,” she heard herself saying, feeling overwhelmed over at what they had just done.

He closed the lids of his eyes, almost looking at pain for a moment. “Alright,” he muttered, and
leaned the last of his body weight off of her. Leaning on the side of the bed, Petyr brushed his hair back, letting his eyes gaze at the only lamp that illuminated Sansa’s room.

“What just happened?” Sansa breathed out, being torn from the lingering desire that was still tormenting her. She sat up on the bed, ignoring the ramming of her chest the longer she looked at him. “Why did you kiss me?”

Petyr turned his head in her direction, studying her with a heavy gaze. “Why did you?”

“I don’t know,” she fearfully uttered out.

“You should get to bed,” he droned, his voice sounded lower than usual. “Goodnight, Sansa.”

Sansa watched him get up her bed, startled that it should be over as soon as it had begun. “Petyr?” He turned around to face her, his face almost impossible to read. “I really don’t know why it happened.”

“It’s alright, Sansa.” He walked over to her bedroom door and in the softest voice wished her a goodnight.

Sansa had slept in the next morning, and within seconds she remembered the events of last night. She groaned aloud, thinking it was a miracle itself that she managed to fall asleep that night. His kisses haunted her, forcing her fingers to glide over her bottom lip as she could almost feel the haunting sensation of his lips once being there. She remembered the taste of lemon in his mouth, the boldness as he kissed her, the desire that seemed to bubble over the surface. She had felt it too, for many of years at least, but maybe it was because she had gotten older that things had become warped and twisted.

She was fearful of facing him but knew her Uncle had a certain mastery of disguising his feelings. He would give nothing away this morning, and she was determined that she would do the same. A hot shower helped to calm down her nerves, a thing she needed more than ever before she went downstairs to face him. She knew her parents should arrive home by noon, and then Petyr and Lysa were expected to stay for dinner. She was dreading the day, wishing there was a way to escape it all.

She had kissed her uncle— in her bed, and she feared how far they would have gone if she hadn’t stopped him. A part of her wanted him to go on, and that scared her the most.

She gripped onto the handrails, holding it for dear life as she heard the happy laughter coming from the kitchen. Her family was probably having lunch by now, it well past that time for them to have something to eat. Rickon was at the bottom of the stairs, playing with a toy action figure with such childish imagination it brought a smile to her face. She almost forgot her worries, that is until she heard the shrilled high-pitch voice of Lysa coming from inside the kitchen. Sansa rolled her eyes; it was always the same with her. Lysa never liked Sansa, and Sansa never liked her. It was a miracle they managed to live under the same roof, even if it was for a single night.

“There you are!” Arya scoffed, shooting her a grin as she stood under the archway of the kitchen door. “Any longer and I would have woken you up.”

“I was up late last night,” Sansa explained. “I was studying.”

“You left the lemon cake on the table,” Arya jeered. “I had to throw it out.”

Sansa looked over her shoulder to stare at the table, realizing the evidence of Petyr joining her must have been there as well. The table was clear, leaving no cause of suspicion, and then she noticed the
shadow of Petyr’s back in the far end of the room.

“How come you just left it?”

“I was tired,” Sansa feebly answered her sister. “I wasn’t thinking.”

“Aunt Lysa made us pasta for lunch,” Arya informed her, as she led her older sister inside of the room. She lifted the cover up to show the piping hot pasta ready for her to eat. “Lysa decided to take Robin, Bran and Rickon out for a walk—”

“And you didn’t want to go,” Sansa interjected.

“You know I avoid her like the plague,” she hushed low enough for the only other person in the room to not hear it. “I just wish he would have gone with her.”

Her Uncle suddenly seemed to lose interest at staring at the birds outside their large glass window, and stealthily looked over his shoulder to peek at Sansa. It was the first time their eyes locked onto each other, and she felt a pang of regret kicking him out of her bed. “Morning,” she shyly relayed, and offered him a smile to ease away the tension.

“It’s afternoon actually.” His demeanour was somewhat cold, a thing that left her gaze fall away from him. Her uncle took a seat at the kitchen table, his fingers flickering through the pages of Sansa’s textbook as he patiently waiting for her to join him. Arya was dishing out the pasta on her plate, and it wasn’t until her sister cleared her throat that she realized she had been watching Petyr all along.

“You don’t like him looking through your books,” Arya taunted, once Sansa took the plate from her hands.

“No, I don’t mind,” Sansa lied. She began to walk back to the table, noticing how hard it was for her Uncle to not look up at her. The frigid movements of his body betrayed him, the harsh grip of his fingers that made the pages crinkle underneath the tips of his fingers. The minute she sat down he slammed the book closed, placing it atop the others with careful precision.

“Slept well?” he asked, while he crossed his arms and leaned it on the table. Arya took a seat next to her sister, and he couldn’t even spare her a glance.

“Not really.”

“That’s too bad.” His eyes stared at her hard, so hard she was too afraid to put any food inside of her mouth.

“I slept well,” Arya piped up, leaning her chin against the inside of her hand.

A pause lapsed over the three of them, where only two of them knew the other was not wanted. Sansa continued to eat her food in silence, relieved that Petyr had picked up one of her textbooks to scan through it. Arya took out her phone, scrolling the latest news feed on sports, happily content with her sister’s silent presence.

Sansa wasn’t ignorant, she knew Petyr’s gaze kept flickering towards her. The events of last night didn’t dissuade him, it only made him want her more. This is what happens when you are so close to the prize, Sansa mused, and made sure to cross her legs as she continued to eat her meal.

Sansa was nearly done her meal when Arya mentioned she was going upstairs to grab a warmer sweater, and Petyr’s eyes were all to quick to catch Sansa’s before Arya even managed to leave the
“So…” He closed the book softly and laid it down on the table in front of him. “Do you want to talk about it?”

“You clearly do.”

“I sense some resentment.”

“No, I wouldn’t say that.”

“Then what would you say?” he cleverly replied, while he made his face nearly impossible to read again.

Sansa’s fingers nervously entangled together, she felt like she was standing on the edge of something dangerous- a pinnacle moment of which she would never emerge. “I’d say I enjoyed that too much.” Sansa bit down on her lip with regret, darting her eyes to the open doorway to make sure her sister wasn’t anywhere near the doorway.

“I’d say so too.”

She felt a blush rising to her cheeks, ashamed that they should have both uttered it aloud.

“We can’t ever do that again,” she hissed under her breath, fearful of the repercussions if they got caught.

“Can’t?” he echoed; his eyes grew uncommonly dark after that utterance. “Or won’t?”

“I won’t.”

He nodded his head slowly, though his eyes never left hers. Petyr knew that it was all a lie, every word she was saying would only crumble to dust. Sansa let out a shaky breath, hating the deliberate silence that fell over them again. “We’ll see.”

“Petyr,” she breathed out in desperation, and then stopped once she heard Arya’s footsteps rushing down the staircase.

“Meet me in my room,” he whispered.

“I can’t.”

“Just for five minutes.”

“Petyr, I can’t.” He never gave her an opportunity to respond, Petyr pulled out his chair and promptly pushed it in. “Petyr,” she hissed out sharply to get him to stay, but he only looked over his shoulder for a moment before he walked out the door.

Arya’s shadow loomed over her as she was washing the dishes; the over exaggerated clatter in the kitchen sink must have showed how truly rattled Sansa was.

”Are you okay?” her younger sister asked with worry.

”I’m tired.”

“You slept in.”
"I’m still tired," Sansa argues back with a sharpness to her voice.

"You work too hard," Arya reasoned in a comforting voice. “Everyone is outside, let’s go out as well.”

"I have a headache."

"Sansa.” Arya turned off the tap, and laid her small hand on her sister’s arm. “Tell me what’s wrong.”

"I don’t know... it must be that time of month.” It was another lie, but Sansa had gotten so used to lying it became the most natural thing in the world.

“I wish Robb and Jon didn’t have to leave. They should have taken me with them.”

"You know you couldn't."

"I don't understand why I have to be over eighteen."

"We both know why," Sansa argued back, after she placed the last of her dishes onto the tray. "They are staying at a hotel casino this weekend." She chuckled the last bit: "They security wouldn't even let you go through the front door."

Her sister sulked that it wasn't fair, but Sansa's mind was more distracted at the small window of opportunity that waited for her upstairs.

"And why did they have to go away the same weekend as our parents," Arya sulked. "I don't even like Lysa-"

"-no one likes Lysa."

"And Uncle Petyr gives me the creeps. He always has."

"I like Uncle Petyr."

"We know," Arya rebutted with a roll of her eyes. "Everyone knows that you are his favourite."

"I can't help it." Sansa looked at the open kitchen doorway, wondering if it was too late to sneak upstairs.

"It makes me sick."

"That's because you are like father," Sansa retorted with unexpected defensiveness. "You're always siding with him."

"Only because he is right!"

"Arya... you are giving me a headache."

"I thought you already had one?"

"I'm going upstairs."

"Why?"

Sansa was half way out the door before she yelled over her shoulder: "To lie down."
Time was ticking, her parents could step through the front door at any moment. Lysa and her siblings could also venture inside, and what will her aunt do when she realizes they are missing? When her and Petyr are no where to be found?
There is a lot that can happen in five minutes.

Sansa remembered the first time she saw him at a Thai restaurant, her chest literally rammed against her chest at the sight of him. She thought he was drop dead gorgeous in a silver suit, with the greys in his hair shinning under the chandelier lighting. He was looking at a painting on the wall, his hands casually tucked into his trouser pockets with a relaxed air about him. She found her feet gravitating towards him, completely forgetting about the family party she was supposed to be in attendance with. She remembered the first time they locked eyes, it felt like time had froze for a few seconds, there was such a weight to his gaze- lasting so long it wasn’t until someone called her name that the magical moment was broken.

It was only a few minutes later that the mysterious man was introduced to be her Uncle, a large diamond ring nearly shoved in her face by her Aunt Lysa as she told her family of their recent honeymoon in Vegas. The man kept his gaze in her direction more than his own wife, and to Sansa’s horror she found herself doing the same thing.

She went up the last staircase, turning her head to the left to know her bedroom was in the opposite direction. Her hands felt sweaty, she wiped them off her pants and took one last look down the empty staircase. Arya wasn’t following her, so maybe she believed her tale. Sansa took one step at a time down the upper landing, creeping down the long hallway that would take her to the guest quarters. Her Uncle’s room was silent, and she feared the eeriness of the silent hallway most of all. She stopped in front of the door and wondered if she should knock, but found her arm lowering to her waist before she rotated the doorknob. *Ching*, rang through the air, and the door cracked open to show his room was flooded with darkness.

She was startled to find Petyr was standing right in front of the door, his eyes gazing at her so much it was almost mesmerizing. “Close the door,” he whispered, and she found herself obeying. “Five minutes,” he hushed, and leaned into her space only to outstretch his arm and lock the door behind her. His chest was practically on top of her, and Sansa did her best to hold her breath until he returned to his normal position. Petyr looked at her eyes and then down at her lips, and then tilted his head slightly as he vainly tried to read her thoughts. “Something is wrong.”

“We can’t keep doing this.”

“Then why did you come up here?” He took a step forward closing in the last of her space.

“Because we need to talk about this privately.”

“I don’t think there is anything to talk about,” he stealthily argued back.

“Your married.”

“I know.”
“You’re my Uncle.”

“I know,” he breathed, as he inched his face forward.

“I’m your niece.” He suddenly encapsulated her lips with a certain hunger, leaning the flats of his hands against her cheeks to hold her in place. Sansa wasn’t sure if she wanted to be kissed just yet, her conscious was still trying to have one last battle. Petyr hooked one arm around the back of her neck to pull her in, and she immediately tumbled against his chest with a violent shudder. He kissed her harder, tilting his head with an open mouth to engulf her whole. Sansa relented once again, making a sound at the back of her throat, falling into his arms without any disregard of the consequences. His arm around the back of her neck tightened, keeping her in place as he drove his tongue into the crack of her lips. She let it slink through, alarmed by the tiny prodding he brought forth. It was seductive in a way, the way he lapped the inside of her mouth, finding her tongue with a slightly open mouth. Sansa drove her hands up the back of his dress shirt and found herself doing the same action again except this time she slipped inside of his soft linen shirt. His skin was hot to the touch, smooth against her fingers as she wandered up his spine. Petyr’s tongue slipped out of her own and he pulled his head back to take a look at her. “Why Sansa?” he teased. “I didn’t think you wanted to take it that far?”

“What?” she said with shyness.

“Or maybe you don’t even realize what your doing?” he chuckled darkly and pulled his arm forward to bring her head right against his own. “Or maybe you do?” He lathered slow kisses against Sansa’s lips, stretching it out till her fingers dug deep into his scorching hot back. Sansa fell forward, leaning the whole of her weight against him but he still managed to hold her up. His hand drove itself into her thick mane, drawing itself down the back of her shirt as he pulled away the collar. His hand went down as much as her shirt could managed, and then he moaned into Sansa’s mouth with frustration as he pulled his hand out of it. Petyr pulled his head back, giving her chaste kisses to show he wouldn’t truly let her go. “I think its been about two,” he surmised. Sansa grabbed a hold of his back, hugging him so he wouldn’t leave her. Petyr observed her moments with attentiveness, realizing how far Sansa had already fell from her self-righteous pedal stool. “What should we do for the last three?”

Sansa kept hugging him, so he took a hold of her face on both sides, tilting it upwards so he could kiss her with occasional nips at the bottom of her lip. It would take a while to corrupt her, but it didn’t hurt to start now. He took a hold of her hand and slipped it under his shirt, laying it over the curve of his hip so she could feel his skin. Sansa naturally laid her other hand there, and Petyr nearly smiled against her lips as she roamed up his stomach and chest with curiosity. Her fingers laid over his chest hair, probably not imagining how soft it was under her fingertips. Petyr kept punishing her with his lips, hoping it would break down the last of her barrier so she could give into him completely. He turned his head to the side, nipping softly at her delicate skin at her neck, hearing the soft squeals and whimpers escape her lips with delight. “Two minutes,” he hushed, and was pleased to hear Sansa respond with a groan. Petyr pushed down the collar of her shirt, brushing the hairs of his goatee down the last of her neck to settle it over the grooves of her collarbone. He laid his tongue on it, lapping at her skin as he took in her scent and taste.

“Petyr,” she responded, and he knew she was reaching the climax. He hoped she was wet for him, and was half tempted to unbutton her pants at that moment.

“Yes, sweetling.”

“We should stop.”

“Stop?” he echoed, using his teeth to pull down the collar of her shirt before he pressed his chin and
lips against her newly exposed skin. Petyr noticed how her hands fled from him, and when he took a
glance downwards, he saw that her hands were just itching to touch herself. “Is it too much?” he
taunted, realizing she was more aroused than she let on.

“I need- I need to breathe,” she stammered out, and pushed her Uncle off her gently so she could
take a step back. Her breath was ragged, her hands wildly pulling back her hair as she walked to the
window with tightly shut blinds. “God,” she panted, and let her hand hover over her womanhood
again. “Shit!”

Petyr went up behind her, placing taunting kisses at the back of her neck. “One,” he murmured,
before he slinked his arms around her to place his hardened erection against her backside. Sansa
froze at that moment, her breath must have been caught in her throat. Petyr left it there, a reminder
that he felt the same way, that his body was calling for her as much as Sansa’s did for him.

“Fuck,” she whispered, and took a step forward to not feel the hardened sensation anymore. Her
eyes immediately locked on with his, and then she spread out her arms wide only to wrap it tightly
around the back of his neck. Sansa kissed him wildly, losing the last of her sanity as she felt her
uncle pulling up the bottom of her t-shirt. They had to stop only to drop her shirt to the floor, and
Petyr took a hold of her hand to lead her towards the bed. She fell against it, he climbed on top of her
to place his lips around the edges of her t-shirt bra, taking in the sheer size of her breasts. He could
see the hardened nipples piercing itself against her bra, the way her abdomen sunk downwards into
the bed as Sansa practically held her breath. Petyr’s hairs to his goatee tickled this newly revealed
skin, and his broad hands smoothed over her stomach with carnal desire. “Petyr,” she wheezed, and
closed her eyes as his touches put her on a high. Petyr crept upwards, looking her daringly in the
eyes as his right hand went to the button at the top of her jeans. Sansa watched him with fear, but the
calmness of his eyes had somehow settled her down. The button went through the fabric, and soon
she heard the grating sound of her zipper as Petyr slyly zipped it down.

“Times up,” Petyr breathed out in a low voice, sounding remorseful at the very thought of it.

“I don’t care.”

Petyr smirked at her, leaning forward to place his lips over hers. Sansa grabbed a hold of him, pulling
the back of his neck until he was practically leaning against her. She felt no shame as Petyr dove his
hand downwards, slipping it between her underwear and the thin lining of her skinny jeans. She
made a sound into his mouth as he laid his hand over his womanhood, feeling an instant reaction to
feel a hand there that wasn’t her own. Petyr used the bottom of his thumb to rub over the surface,
making lazy circles as Sansa deepened his kisses. He knew he didn’t have a lot of time but thought
he couldn’t rush something like this. “Petyr,” she mouthed, and pressed her face against the side of
his cheek so he could focus more. Petyr moved his hand up slightly, only to slip it under her
underwear to feel her bare skin. She shaved down there he realized and wondered if she had done it
specifically for him. Petyr inched his head up to lick the side of her cheek as a thank you, half
surprised when Sansa grabbed a hold of his head to kiss him more. He placed his fingers over her
clit, knowing just how to stroke it to put this young inexperienced girl on a high. She reacted
immediately, gasping aloud with a tightened grip around the back of his neck. He laughed against
her face, and then buried his head into her hair to breathe in that delicious scent of her shampoo.
Petyr nipped at the corner of her ear as he continued to stroke her; the sounds of her increased his
temptation to bury his hardened cock inside of her now. There wasn’t enough time and Petyr wasn’t
sure if this was the appropriate place, but he knew he would have her sooner or later. The soft
chanting of his name was intoxicating, Sansa was hardly aware of what she was doing. “Ohhhh,”
she moaned, once he grew bored and wiggled his finger inside of her, still maintaining a hold on her
clit to keep her on a high. He was pleased she was still fully dressed, no one could think he was
taking her maidenhood when she was still wearing her tight skinny jeans. Many of times he wanted
to lay his hand over his ass, fuck the front and the back of her in many of his dreams. He had her right where he wanted her, hot and sweaty, wiggling beneath his touch, praying out his name with such a plead it would be an insult to ignore her any longer.

“What do you want, sweetling?”

“I don’t know.”

“Then I can’t help you.”

“Ohhh,” was all that she could moan out, unable to articulate the things her body truly wanted. Petyr thought he should remind her and drove his finger into her deeper, feeling her body expand for him slightly.

“Tell me, Sansa.”

“I want you.”

“What?”

“I want you,” she repeated in a breathless manner, and took a hold of his head so she could kiss him heatedly. Petyr was taken back by that, finding her lips so demanding he forgot about what he was doing down below.

He heard the front door slam downstairs, announcing that someone new had entered the house. “Fuck,” he grunted, and immediately pulled his hand out of her pants. “Sansa…”

“No,” she shot back, rolling him over till he was on his back.

“Sansa.”

“No,” she said in a darker tone of voice, her eyes shining a mysteriously darker shade when she was so aroused. She leaned forward, her legs still straddling him as she kissed up his neck with wanton desire.

“Someone is in the house.”

“I don’t care.” She drove her fingers up his short locks, his chest heaving as she was seducing him with her touches.

“It could by Lysa.”

“Fuck Lysa.”

“Sansa,” Petyr sternly replied, and had trouble pushing the girl off. “Another time.”

“When?”

“Give me your school schedule and I’ll work around it.”

“I want it now.”

“Not now,” Petyr whispered, while he gently pushed his niece off her again. “But soon… I promise you that.”

“It could be my brothers.”
“Or it could be your Aunt.”

“Petyr,” she sulked, hating the fact that he was rolling over to the other side of the bed. “I don’t want to put on my shirt,” she argued back, once her Uncle held up the shirt in front of her.

“Put it on.”

“I hate you,” she choked out, though she threw the shirt over her head with a sudden swiftness. “I can’t even get up.”

“You’re not the only one, sweetling,” Petyr grumbled, as he pointed at the tent in his jeans. “You should stay here.”

“No, I should go.”

“You are far worse a liar than I am,” he rebutted. “Stay here until it’s safe to go back to your room,” her Uncle ordered, and with a lingering kiss that stretched out for almost a minute he finally departed from her to head downstairs.
Sansa manages to have one last moment together with her Uncle before he goes, but that brief moment alone raises her aunt’s suspicions and no one is prepared for what’s to come.

The second time Sansa saw him was on Easter Sunday, nearly a year later since they last met. Lysa had come down to visit the family and being a devout Catholic she insisted they attend Sunday mass. The entire Tully family was there: Brandon Blackfish, Edmure, Lysa and her mother, it was such a large attendance that they took up an entire bench. Petyr was dressed in an all white suit, his dark brown hair somewhat longer than before. She remembered how his green eyes glowed when he looked at her, the way his head jerked back as he looked at her from head to toe. A subtle smirk crossed his lips, and then he looked away once his wife called his attention. Sansa never knew what jealousy was until that moment, the moment her Aunt Lysa took a hold of his belt strap and pulled her husband into her frame. Sansa turned away, not wanting to see the nightmare anymore. She was a fool she convinced herself, for even entertaining such thoughts.

“You don’t seem happy that I’m home,” Ned observed, as he stretched out his arms to embrace his eldest daughter. “Not like the others.”

“I am,” Sansa lied, though she still felt rattled by the event upstairs. “I’m just tired, you know.”

“Still studying hard?”

“Yeah,” Sansa laughed with half a smile. “It’s my last year.”

“I remember.” Her father moved aside to let his wife embrace Sansa, pleased to see that all was well with his family. Sansa looked over her mother’s shoulder to see Petyr was watching her from behind the couch, his hands tucked deep in his pockets as he took in the spectacle.

“Have you been behaving?” Her mother asked, pecking her lips against the top of Sansa’s crown. “Watched over your siblings?”

“I did.”

“Aren’t you glad I asked my sister over? I know how busy you are with work and school, and I just wanted to support you.” Her mother smoothed down Sansa’s wild hair as she uttered, “You do understand that, don’t you?”

“Of course, mom.”

“No fights between Aunt Lysa, right?”

“Not a word,” Sansa said in truth, and then pursed her lips as she looked away from mother. A kiss was laid on the side of her cheek, and then she walked away to greet her sister.
Sansa looked over to the couch, seeing Petyr was strategically hiding behind a dark shade where he had his back to the wall to watch everything. He puckered his lips at her, and then offered a subtle wink before he turned the corner and walked away. She wasn’t sure if that was her cue to follow, but she thought it was best to stay in the living room for now.

Her father turned on the tv, pleased to see there was a football game on a Sunday night. Arya quickly hopped over the ottoman to join her father, ready to cheer on the same team as him. Bran was sitting next to a table with a world atlas open, and his glasses perched over the edge of his nose. He was a book worm, through and through, and knew it was best not to bother him.

“Sansa,” her mother called, and beckoned her over with a wave of the hand. “Everyone is too tired to make dinner. Do you think we should order in, or go out?”

“I have the evening free,” I assured her. “I made sure to stay up late last night to complete some work.”

“Again?”

“I have school and then work tomorrow-”

“-Sansa has good time management,” Cat boasted to her sister. “I’m quite proud of her.”

“And so does sweet Robin,” Lysa countered, and then looked around for her precious little boy.

Sansa made sure to turn her back to them before she rolled her eyes, she never understood why woman wanted to compete whose child was best.

She felt out of place, suddenly, and looked around the room to see everyone had their desired company except for herself. No wonder Petyr left, she thought, and decided to seek him out.

She walked down the well-lit hallways, peeking into the crack of every door. She found him at the end of the hall where the back door was open, he was standing outside of the stone pavement that would lead to their large backyard. Crickets ignited the air, and she saw the way the evening breeze blew at his light linen shirt. He had his arms crossed peacefully; his head tilted upwards to look at the stars. She was fearful to disturb him there and stood in front of the glass door simply watching him. Petyr stayed this way for a few minutes, occasionally looking in her direction, but unable to see her when she stood in the darkened room. She saw the way he rubbed the bottom of his dark goatee, and then took out his phone to look at the time. A sigh escaped him, and just when he was about to turn in did she open the glass door to startle him thoroughly. “Sansa?”

“Hello.” She took a step down the stairs, and then another till she was leveled to the ground with him. “Nice night.”

“Very.”

Sansa walked past him, letting her bare feet walk down the smooth stone tiles till she met the very edges where the grass grew ankle high. “Do you have a backyard like this?”

“No, we live in a condo.”

“Do you like it?”

“Lysa likes it,” he woodenly replied. “But its close to work, so I don’t complain.”
“You work for a bank?”

“Investments offices, specifically.”

“So, your good at math?”

“Very.”

Sansa looked behind her, noticing the sizeable gap between them. She supposed it was rather a good thing, since she was able to watch him for so long undetected. “My mother is wondering if we should go out for dinner or not?”

Petyr nodded his head, and then looked behind him to see if we were being watched as well. “I don’t object to either,” he piped up, and then walked past her to sneak around a tall pine tree. “You coming?” Sansa looked behind her as well and then followed him, liking the way Petyr took her hand the minute she entered his secluded spot. “Is there anywhere interesting you’d like to take me in your backyard? Any grand spots?”

Sansa laughed at his joke, and quickly told him no before he could get any ideas. She led him into the darkness further, however, knowing this area outside like the back of her hand. “I used to play hide and seek here,” Sansa told him, as she darted between the tall pine trees. “Arya was always the hardest to find… she would climb trees.”

“And where would you go?”

“The place that was most comfortable,” Sansa replied. “A shed, a corner of the wall, and if I was really luck I would sneak around the front of the house and go back into my room. Apparently, that was cheating.”

“You don’t like playing the game?”

“I don’t like hiding out here alone,” Sansa murmured. “I got bored.”

“You don’t like being alone?”

“I don’t mind it,” she said in truth. “But maybe… I guess I’ll never know.”

“Would it have better if I was hiding with you?” he questioned in a low voice.

“Infinitely better.” Petyr tugged at her hand, jerking her body into his direction and then she found his lips crushing against her own. His breath was hot against her lips, kissing her at a rapid pace as if they had only seconds to spare. His hands roamed over her body too, faster than she anticipated until they went up the back of her shirt and was feeling the lining to her bra. Sansa was still cut off guard when he slowed down, opening his mouth to engulf her completely. Sansa let her hands press the front of his chest gently, and then brushed it over to the sides till she could feel his ribs. He was strong, she was sure of it, and the more she felt his body the harder he kissed her lips.

“What are you doing tomorrow?” He asked in between a kiss.

“I have class.”

“What time?”

“Eight…” she had to stop once he placed his lips on hers again. “…till two.”
“I’ll pick you up then.”
“I have work.”
“After work.”
“I won’t be done till seven.”
“That works for me,” he said in between a kiss, before he glided her shirt upwards until she was completely bare. “You have such a beautiful body,” he breathed, and then laid a kiss on the tip of her shoulder blade. “So very beautiful.”
“You’re not too bad yourself.”
His breath was hot against her neck as he uttered, “How kind.”
Sansa giggled as she wrapped her arms around the back of his neck and kissed his lips with wantoness. Petyr’s hands smoothed over every patch of bare skin he could find, spreading his warmth to her cold skin. She was busy sliding her fingers inside of his collar, wanting him to take off his shirt as well. Petyr had leaned his body forward, arching her back as he kissed the length of her neck. “Sweetling,” he whispered into the air, while his hardened erection brushed across the front of her jeans. “Please, let it be tomorrow.”
“I’ll give you my number,” Sansa promised, and finished it with a kiss.
A roar of an engine was heard at the front of the house, and they immediately straightened their backs at the sudden sound. “We’ve been out too long,” Petyr surmised, and picked her shirt off the ground to flap at it quickly. “Come on,” he urged, and impatiently waited for her to pull it over her head before he took her hand and led her back to the house.

“This place is such a bore.” Sansa turned around with half squinted eyes, taken back by the brightness of Petyr’s white suit in the sunlight just outside of the church. “I don’t know how they do these things.”
“Go to church?”
“Yeah,” he said with an awful smug.
“Guess you are one of those people going to hell.”
“Maybe I am.” He had his hands in his pockets again, rocking side to side innocently as he took in Sansa's rose-coloured dress. “How old are you?”
“Eighteen.”
“High school?”
“Graduating it this year.”
“You have a boyfriend?”
“No,” Sansa quietly answered him. “I feel like everyone my age is an idiot, or maybe that’s just my school. Who knows?”
“University will treat you better,” he assured her, over the laughter of her family behind him.
“Or College, which ever you choose?”

“University.”

“Which one?”

“Rosehead.”

“Aawful name.”

“Yeah,” Sansa laughed, and then looked rather guilty when she noticed Lysa staring hard at them.

“I went there… double major in economics and business.” He walked a little closer to her, and it was only then that she realized they were practically the same height. “Any idea of what you’ll major in it?”

“I like writing,” Sansa replied. “I suppose any career that will lead me down that pathway.” She nervously fidgeted with her small purse as she added, “I like stories… songs.”

“Folklore,” Petyr added. “King Arthur and the knights of the realm table.”

“Yeah, stuff like that.”

“Then I imagine you have quite an imagination then,” he answered in a lower tone of voice, and stealthily positioned himself so he was standing right beside her. “I only wish I was the same,” he deliberated aloud. “Do you enjoy these family gatherings?”

“Not really.”

“I’m glad we are both alike then,” he muttered, as he leaned his body closer to hers. Sansa noticed how his shoulder laid over hers, his head tilting downward until he could practically hush into her ear: “At least now, we can both suffer together.”

“Yeah,” Sansa lightly laughed, noticing the cologne that lingered in the air when he was so close. She pursed her lips, ignoring the immediate sexual attraction that his scent produced. He was staring at her profile, and being so close as he was, she sensed he wanted to kiss her. Sansa thought she must have been going mad, so when she turned her head, she found his mouth just inches away from hers.

“Sansa!” A voice cried out, and Lysa stormed towards them in a jealous rage. “What are you telling Petyr?”

“Nothing, Aunt Lysa.”

“Petyr?”

“I was giving her some advice about school,” he droned, after he straightened his back in a prideful way. Petyr was fidgeting with a golden ring on his little finger as he murmured, “You remember what it was like, Lysa, being so unsure of everything at an early age.”

“I suppose,” she woodenly replied, and darted her sharp blue eyes at the both of them in distrust. “We are nearly ready. I think you should come with me, Petyr.”

Her husband dutifully stretched out his hand and away they went, and Sansa was truly gutted when he couldn’t even spare one last glance in her direction.
Sansa was the first to enter the living room, seeing the television was off and the house was uncommonly quiet. She began to fear the worst, looking behind her to make sure Petyr wasn’t anywhere near her before she strode towards the kitchen. Lysa and her mother were at the kitchen table with two glasses of wine on the table and a plate full of fine cheese and crackers. “Oh, there you are love,” her mother cooed. “Where have you been?”

“I went for a walk. Where is everyone?”

“Oh! Jon’s car won’t start, so Ned went out to go help them. This is an ongoing issue; the boy really needs to buy a new car.”

“Did Arya go?”

“Yes, and the rest of the boys are upstairs playing video games.”

“Oh.”

“Have you seen Petyr?”

“No,” Sansa lied. “I assumed he was with my aunt.”

Lysa made a clicking sound with her tongue but said nothing. Sansa knew the woman was angry, but for some reason she was holding back.

“I’m sure he will turn up soon,” Sansa relayed, and then pulled up a chair that was the furthest one from her aunt. “So, how was your trip?”

“The spa was nice,” Cat answered her, after she took a small sip of her wine. “And your father was nice… so relaxed. It was nice to see that side of him for a change.” Cat moved her hand down the table and laid it over her daughter’s. “I hope you meet a man like him one day.”

“Like my father?”

“Someone who will love you for who you are.”

A sound of footsteps echoed down the main hallway, and Sansa drew her hand away so she could look over her shoulder. “Hi,” Petyr said in a low raspy voice, with a raise of hand in acknowledgement. He walked right past everyone to lay a kiss on his wife’s cheek, taking notice of her not responding to his touch. “Sorry, I was out for a bit.”

“For a walk,” Lysa stated, with a sharp turn of her head to face her husband. “I presume.”

“I was actually.”

Lysa chuckled, but there was something menacing about it. Petyr pulled out a chair next to her, knowing he had to put out this fire before it went out of control. “It was nice,” Petyr prompted up. “We can take a stroll outside, if you’d like. After all, we’ve been in the house all day.”

“You have,” Lysa cut in. “I’ve barely seen you all day.”

“And that’s why we should go outside.” Petyr rose out of his chair and offered his hand for his wife to take, but she refused. “Do you mind…” He turned his gaze to Sansa and her mother. “… leaving us alone for a few minutes.”

The two women got out of their seats and quietly left the kitchen, knowing things would only
Sansa’s mother took her daughter’s hand and led her down the hallway, only to take the stairs to lead her to the basement. “Sansa,” her mother hushed, after she closed the door behind him. “What happened today?”

“Nothing.”

“Lysa has been moody since I stepped through the door.”

“They were getting along fine… I don’t know what happened.”

Her mother walked down the staircase and went into the furnished basement, sitting down on a long couch with a pillow placed behind her back. “You would tell me if something is wrong, wouldn’t you?”

“Of course.”

“Sometimes I worry…” Her mother picked up a blanket and threw it over her frame, curling her legs inward until she looked more comfortable. “… of how close you are with your Uncle.”

“We are just alike, that’s all.”

“I know that.” Her mother combed her fingers through her faded red hair as she added, “It’s just the way he looks at you sometimes.”

“I don’t think you have anything to worry about.” Sansa lied. There was the sound of screaming upstairs, and they both looked up at the ceiling to hear Lysa’s voice ring louder.

“She’s going into hysterics.”

“Rickon will get worried.”

“And Robin,” Cat rapped out, and they both jumped off the couch at the same time to run up the flight of stairs.

They tried to walk quietly down the hall so the couple couldn’t hear them, but Lysa was storming out of the kitchen with her husband right behind him. Sansa froze in her place when she saw her Aunt’s face drenched in tears, her eyes like daggers as she stared at Petyr. “Don’t lie to me!” she screamed. “I knew it all along. It’s her- it’s her! Always been her!”

Sansa felt a pull of her hand, and then followed her mother’s tugging to lead her to the staircase and then follow her up the stairs.

“I swear to you, there is no one else,” Petyr voice bellowed up the staircase. “I am only faithful to you. Lysa, she is just a child.”

The door shut close, and Sansa’s mother leaned against the door with her face enraged. “Sansa Stark, what did you do?”

“Nothing!”

“Lysa is losing her mind, and we’ll never hear the end of it.”

“You know how madly jealous Lysa can be.”

“I told you not to talk to him.”
“He was in the house for the past twenty-four hours; did you just expect me to ignore him the whole time?”

“You went out for a walk with him, didn’t you?” She yelled over her shoulder, as she walked towards the bed where Rickon and Robin were sharing. “Oh, my dear children. There is nothing to be afraid of! Robin, your parents are just having a disagreement.” Robin, though he was a boy of eight was crying on his side of his bed, and Rickon was helpless to comfort him. Sansa watched as her mother cradled the young boy in his arms, trying to compose his nerves as he let out baleful tears. The boy was always a timid sort of thing, fragile and weak, but now she was witnessing the full extent of it.

She heard the front door slam and presumed one of them went out of the house. Through the tiny crack of the window there was a distant scream of: “Lysa!” out in the distance.

Exhausted, Sansa took a seat at the edge of the bed with her hands covering her face. It wasn’t fair, she thought, none of it was fair.

Rickon sat up on the bed and leaned his head against his eldest sister’s shoulder, and Sansa felt a small amount of peace even when there was chaos all around her.

There was a firm knock on the door, and then the bedroom door swung open with Petyr standing in the doorway. He dragged his hands through his hair at the sight of us, and then let out a tired sigh as he walked in. “I came to say goodbye,” he said in a rugged sort of voice from the back of his throat. “Lysa settled down a bit, but who knows how long… Robin… hey buddy…” Petyr stepped into the room further, taking in the shaking fit that his stepson was currently having. “It’s alright. Your mother and I have patched things up.” Robin squirmed out of his aunt’s arm and ran to Petyr with open arms. Petyr hugged him tightly, closing his eyes as he felt the boy’s violent tremors. “I’m sorry that I upset you,” he hushed.

Robin stepped out of his step-dad’s arms and in a frail voice uttered: “Where’s mom?”

“In the car.”

“Why?”

“She doesn’t want to come inside,” he answered his son, though his eyes were purposefully staring at Sansa’s. “She is still upset.”

“Will you be okay to drive?” Cat spoke aloud. “You live an hour away at least.”

“I’ll be fine.”

“Petyr.” Cat climbed out of the bed and pulled down her long dress till it fell to the floor again. “I know this is between the two of you, but did any of my family do anything to upset her?”

“No,” he hushed.

“Sansa-”

“-it has nothing to do with her,” he interjected, and then darted his eyes in the younger woman’s direction. “Your daughter has been nothing but kind to us… and helpful. I am internally grateful that when I was first introduced to the family, I could find a friend in her, and for that reason Lysa…” His voice went softer since Robin was standing right beside him. “…has never taken it well.”
“She needs to see a doctor.”

“I know.”

“Immediately.”

“She won’t do it.”

“I tried to convince her, but she won’t listen to me.”

“Or I,” Petyr assented with bitterness betrayed in her voice.

“Lysa is sick,” Cat pleaded with a hand on Petyr’s chest. “Someone has to do something.”

“She won’t listen to me.”

Cat crossed her arms remorsefully, and then looked over her shoulder to look at her two children. “Do I have to have Sansa avoid her now?”

“For a time, yes.”

“Sansa? Did you hear what your Uncle Petyr had to say?”

Sansa nodded her head woodenly, her eyes downcast as she realized she might never have the possibility of seeing her Uncle again for another year or more. Petyr must have noticed, for he took his son’s hand to lead him to a corner of the room where crayons were stationed. “If you hear about any medical doctors or psychiatrists that might wife might be willing to see will you text me?” He ripped off a piece of paper from a colouring book and laid it against the wall as he scrawled out his number. “Christ, you can barely make it out.” He crumbled the note and tossed it to the floor in front of his feet. “Let me try again.” He handed the sheet of paper to Cat, and then offered her a smile that didn’t reach his eyes. “Thanks for everything.”

“Thank you for watching my family while I was gone.”

“Anything for you, Cat.” He leaned forward and kissed the side of her cheek. “Sansa,” he acknowledged, and did the same action to her. “My number is on the floor,” he whispered into her ear, and then turned his head in the direction where the crumbled ball of paper leaned against the wall of Rickon’s room. “Have a goodnight,” he yelled out with a wave of his hand, and then he picked up his son to lead him out the room.

Cat muttered to herself about her poor sister, but Sansa was too focused on the crumbled note on the carpet floor. “I’m going downstairs to finish that wine,” rang out in the room, and Sansa heard the distant footsteps of her mother retreating downstairs.

“Will you be alright, Rickon?” Sansa asked her brother, and when he sleepily nodded his head, she went over to him to give him a goodnight kiss on the crown of his head. “Sleep well.” She tip-toed to the lampstand in his room, picking up the paper to stick into the small pocket of her jeans and with a flick of a lamp, she snuck out of her brother’s room with every intention to add Petyr’s number into her phone.
Sansa finds her fantasies are finally coming through, she has Petyr all to herself for the night, but how much will she and Petyr have to lie to get what she always wanted?

The shop was just about to close, music shut off to signal to customers that it was time to go. Sansa held a heavy box in her hands, carrying it in between the rows of woman’s clothing to take it to the backroom. She hadn’t heard from Petyr since this morning, but she knew it was getting closer to the time when she would meet him in person.

The backroom lights turned on automatically when she entered it, her manager typing frantically over the company’s laptop to finish up her things. Sansa’s co-worker was putting on her jacket, lucky enough to leave five minutes earlier than them. Sansa dropped the box down, letting it crash down loud enough to get her manager, Olenna, attention and turn in her seat with a scolding look.

“Careful!” she yelled out. “Is that last one?”

“Two more,” Sansa tiredly answered her. “Why did they have to drop it off so late?”

“I don’t know,” Olenna answered her. “Just get it done.”

Sansa looked over at her co-worker, Missandei, seeing her mouth a small apology before she snuck out of the back door. Sansa was beyond annoyed, she hated having to be the last one to close the store with “The Queen of Thorns,” as her co-workers nick-named her. Sansa dreamed of the day when she could quit, leave a nice little note on her desk to let her know she was done for good. For now, Sansa had two more boxes to put away, before she could have one final glance around the store and clock out just at seven o’clock.

The store appeared to be empty, she walked down the open lane, heading towards the cash registers to make sure there were no lingering customers hoping to buy some last-minute things. “I was hoping for your help,” a deep Irish brogue called out. Sansa looked around, trying to find the owner of the deeply sonorous voice, a voice she knew all to well. “I was looking for something for my wife.”

Sansa rolled her eyes, twisting her neck in such a way to lay eyes on him. There he was, standing in a tailored all grey suit with his hair combed back effortlessly. He fidgeted with his wedding band as he laid his hands against his stomach, eyeing Sansa playfully while being surrounded by hangers of lingerie. Her Uncle’s eyebrows raised up slightly after he sensed Sansa wasn’t in the mood for his witticism. “So…” he drawled out nice and slow. “Do you think you can help me?”

There it was that soft puckering of lips, the stare that settled over her that made goosebumps prickled her skin. Petyr knew exactly what he was doing, and he was doing it well.

“It depends on what you’re looking for,” she nervously replied, once she felt heat rising to her cheeks. He smirked at Sansa, creating two small dimples in the sides of his cheeks. Sansa could have sworn his eyes darkened at that moment, sensing she was walking into a trap he had perfectly laid out for her.
“I know *exactly* what I’m looking for,” he said in a husky breath. He stood directly in front of his niece, staring at her slightly puckered lips that was moist with desire.

A crashing sound rang behind them, and when Sansa looked over her shoulder, she saw that her manager was absolutely enraged. “No boyfriends allowed!” her manager yelled out. “Tell him to wait outside.”

*He’s not my boyfriend.*

“I’m her *Uncle,* actually,” Petyr smartly replied, as he glared at the bony dark-haired woman with a bun so severe it pulled at her wrinkle lines along her forehead.

“Uncle or not.” She was striding towards them now at a brisk pace, angry that Petyr was talking back to her. “You have to leave.”

“I’ll be outside,” he stated, while he continued his gaze on the old lady. “You’ll know my car when you’ll see it,” he added, before he turned his gaze in Sansa’s direction with an amusing glimmer within his grey-green eyes.

*He means expensive.*

He soundlessly left the ladies section, probably heading straight for the store’s exit that was beyond her point of view. Sansa was frustrated that he should be gone so soon, but even more so at the unaccountable nervousness only a minute ago.

*He’s just so experienced with everything.*

Sansa absent-mindedly watched Olenna shut down the registers, wishing her manager could go faster so she could leave the shop.

*If I go with him tonight than I’ll probably end up sleeping with him.*

Her eyelashes batted quickly, slightly embarrassed by the thought of it.

*My Uncle.*

“She’s such a good kisser.

She licked the whole of her lips, cursing under her breath because she had to reapply lipstick yet again. Sansa fluffed up her hair, adjusting her uniform dress shirt to unbutton it enough to raise an eyebrow or two from her manager.

*I was right.*

Olenna jaw dropped at the sight of her, but she was quick to cover it up in order to hide her true feelings. “Going out?” she asked in an interrogative manner. “With your Uncle?”

“With my Uncle,” Sansa replied, and then retrieved her purse to make sure her phone was on silent. *I really hope my mom doesn’t call me tonight.* Sansa lied to her, of course, told her mother that she
was going out with her friends and if they got drunk, they would stay over at her best friend’s place. 
*Its something I’ve done before sometime or another, so it shouldn’t arouse suspicion.*

*I only wonder what Petyr told his wife…*

Sansa intended to ask him, but for now it was more important to leave the workplace and not come back until a few days later. *Maybe I’ll get rid of my next shift,* Sansa considered, after she followed Olenna out of the backroom. *I need the money, but I can probably stretch out the little that I have for another week or so.*

*But that’s just plain stupid.*

“Where are you going with your Uncle?”

“Oh, we are meeting up with the rest of our family,” Sansa cleverly lied. “He’s just giving me a ride.”

“He’s young.”

“I guess.”

She was punching in the codes to lock up the store, the rest of her focus falling onto the small machine. A sharp whistle went off, signaling it was safe to leave the department store. “See you in a couple of days,” the old hag rapped off, but suddenly froze in her spot when she saw the silver convertible parked right in front of the store. The headlights were pointing right at them, forcing the two women to shield their eyes from the bright lights. A slamming of a door was heard, and when Sansa squinted her eyes, she could see that Petyr was coming out of the car. He walked around the front, having that familiar gait that made his body sway from side to side. Lights were partially covered when he walked past the headlights, and then he was on the passenger side of the door to hold it open for his niece.

*Sweet Jesus.*

*Is this a fantasy?*

“That’s your Uncle!” Sansa turned her head to Olenna, smirking at her manager deviously, and then skipped right past her to get into Petyr’s posh looking Tesla.

“Hello sweetling,” he cooed, wrapping an arm around her lower spine before he kissed the side of my cheek repeatedly with depravity. “You ready to go?”

Sansa felt his other hand grab at the back of her hair, holding it in a tight mound as he inched his head backwards to have a better look at her. “I’m ready.”

The lines around his eyes crinkled as a knowing look transpired between himself and Sansa. “Good.”

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Sansa’ hair flapped wildly in the wind; they were speeding down the highway at top speed. She undid her seatbelt to fling off her leather jacket, pushing it down underneath her car seat before she clipped on her seatbelt again. Petyr was on speaker phone, talking loudly to his secretary while he kept his eyes on the road. “Look, I don’t care what they said,” he remonstrated. “Tell them I am not feeling well and won’t be in tomorrow morning.”

“But you will be missing a very important meeting,” a man’s voice answered back, his voice
faltering with overwhelming stress.

“I’m sick,” Petyr lied. “I am in no condition to come in.”

“Do you want me to send out emails now?” the man finally relented. “It’s seven o’clock at night.”

“Yes!” Petyr yelled out against the wind. “And leave them a message in the morning. I will try and be back at the office around one o’clock in the afternoon.” He turns his head in Sansa’s direction as he added, “But that depends on how I’m feeling.”

She felt a hot sensation down below, making the tips of her toes curl inwards with expectation.

“Look, I’m almost home! Send me a message once your done, and then take the rest of the night off.”

“Thank you, Baelish.”

“Yeah,” he dryly replied, and then suddenly hit the red button on his brightly lit screen to hang up the phone. “Sorry.”

“It’s alright.”

“I forgot to call him when I was heading over here.”

“Were you at work late today?”

“Yes,” Petyr answered her with an air of indifference. “I was busy with a lot of things actually.”

It was twilight; stars flickering under the pure black sky overhead. There was no moon tonight, making the road eerily dark as Petyr sped down it. The streetlights on either side of the road flashed against his car, making the hood of his silver Tesla resemble the enchanting streaks seen on the side of his temples. He was surprisingly calm, a demeanour not betraying the fact that he was driving his niece down the highway with every intention of getting into her pants before the night was done. This is so wrong…

…or is it?

Sansa’s playlist started to play through the speakers ever since her Uncle hooked up his Bluetooth to her phone. Lana Del Rey’s smoothly seductive voice seeped its way through the front speakers, filling the car with an ambiance that was steadily adding to the sexual tension that was already between them. Sansa kept her hands firmly in her lap, nervously staring ahead at the road signs that told her how far they were traveling away from her workplace and home. It was a hot night, so she combed her fingers through her long red hair and pinned it behind her shoulder to keep it away from her face. Sansa glanced down to see how far she had unbuttoned her shirt and smirked at the remembrance of her manager’s face.

“You’re quiet?” Petyr observed. “Second guessing everything?”

“For a bit, yeah.”

There was a brief pause, a lingering silence as Petyr took in her words. “I can take you home,” he suggested in a rugged sort of voice. “If that’s what you want?”

Sansa opened her mouth but found her consciousness was not quite finished with her yet.

“You wanted it last night,” he reminded her. “Or do you not remember?”
She knew Petyr was playing with her, manipulating her the same way he did with his wife and everyone else he knew. Still, the memory of them outside of their backyard having a heated make-out session did little to convince herself that her Uncle was wrong.

“I’ve always liked you, Sansa.” His voice was clear and undeniably composed as he uttered his thoughts aloud. She couldn’t help but break her gaze away from the unknown destination and turn it to him, seeing how the silver strokes at the sides of his temples effortlessly matched his suit. He dropped one hand away from the steering wheel and placed it in her own. “I should have told you that a long time ago.”

“I’m happy you didn’t.”

“Why?”

“Too young,” she simply answered him. “But I’m old enough to know what I want… and the repercussions of my actions.”

“Lysa.”

“Yes.”

Petyr released his hand from hers to scratch the top corner of his eyebrow, stroking it from the side to side worriedly. “I’m still trying to figure that part out.”

“The part of you being married.”

“Yes,” he said from the corner of his lips.

“It’s so much easier to forget it.”

His right hand returned to the steering wheel, and he casually flickered on the indicator to signal he was merging into another lane. He was taking Sansa off the highway, heading towards a ramp that would take them into the center of the city. It was no where near where he lived, but it wasn’t close to Sansa’s place either. “Petyr?”

“It’s fine,” he hushed. “Just enjoy the ride.”

“Where are you taking me?”

“You’ll see, sweetling,” he teased. The ramp went upwards, merging onto a bridge that would take them onto the main road. His engine blared when he turned a sharp right, entering the road at a fast pace before he started to merge left two lanes at a time until he entered the fast one. Petyr’s hair kept flapping in the wind, his dark green eyes scanning the high-rise buildings that stood on either side of the road. The city was alive, sounds of police sirens and horns loud enough to capture Sansa’s attention. Flashing billboards were everywhere, cyclists whizzing down the narrow strip of road as they tried to pass Petyr’s car. He looked relaxed as he settled back in his seat, occasionally looking through his rear-view mirror to watch the traffic behind him. “Did you eat?”

“No.”

“Perfect.”

“You taking me out?”

“I made a little something,” he casually replied. “I hope you like Indian.”
“Really?” she laughed, not expecting an answer like that.

“Yeah,” he laughed as well, while scratching an itch at the top of his back. “I thought I’d try something new. You’re not allergic to anything, right?”

“No.”

“Oh, great,” he slyly replied, and then turned his gaze towards her now that they were at a stop light. “I’m really happy you came out, Sansa.”

“So am I.”

“It really means a lot.” She thought he looked sexy there; the way he was looking at her made Sansa unconsciously suck in her cheeks. The light turned green, so his attention naturally went back to the road ahead of him. The music was turned down low to hear the natural sounds of the city; neon lighting reflecting off the crystal-clear glass at the front of his car. Sansa leaned her arm outside of the car window, dangling it downwards to feel the cool breeze blow against her arm. She felt free, and that alone brought a smile to her face.

“So,” he nervously said with a slight tremor of his right hand against the steering wheel. “Lysa knows I’m not coming home tonight.”

“She knows you’re with me?”

“God, no,” he laughed aloud. “No, we got in a fight.”

“Oh.”

“After Robin went to bed last night.”

“I’m sorry?”

“I told her I want a break, since she can no longer trust me.” A sound escaped him, and she could have sworn it was some form of dark laughter. “She thinks I’m interested in you.”

“But you are.”

“We can’t have her knowing that,” he cunningly replied.

“No.”

“She knows I’m staying at my office,” he explained. “There is a guest quarters in the building next to my office, so that’s where I’ll be staying.”

“And I?”

“Yes,” he piped up with pleasure. “Yes, you will be with me too.”

“You planned this all out, didn’t you?”

“Not exactly,” he admitted. “But it makes my life easier.”

“I told my parents I was going out with friends.”

“Ah.”
“Stay over at my best friends house.”

“And she’ll cover for you.”

“She’ll cover for me.”

“Does she know you’re with me?” The indicators flashed on the left side of his car, and Petyr positioned his car in the middle of the intersection to make a left turn. Sansa recognized the area that they were in, it belonged to the financial district.

“With a boy,” Sansa assured him. “No names.”

“Smart, girl.”

“What was smart was how you gave me your number.”

“Improvise,” he answered Sansa back in a dark voice. “But thank you all the same.”

“Won’t Lysa think you are out with me?”

“What?”

“Out with me, especially if she calls my house and-”

“-oh.”

“Yes.”

“One problem at a time.”

“Maybe… maybe you should just take me back home.”

He snickered under his breath, making him look sinister-like under the neon purple lighting casted from an advertisement billboard above. Petyr would be the last person to let Sansa go, not when he was so close to having her. “Is that what you want?”

“I just think its dangerous.”

“A gamble,” he admitted. “But what is life without some risks.” He scratched the bottom of his chin, and then looked at the silver watch wrapped around his wrist. “In a few hours you call your mother… sound as drunk as possible and explain you are staying over.”

“Will it work?”

“If I play music loud enough in the background, it should work.”

“Worth a shot.”

“You have class tomorrow?” Petyr turned down onto a quieter street, the parking lots we were passing was uncommonly empty. “And if you do, what time?”

“Eight in the morning.”

“God.”

“But I can skip it.”
Sansa was seated at the dining table, staring through the glass window down at Petyr’s car that was parked beside the high cement wall. He had left her for a moment, assuring her he would be back in a few minutes. The dinner was lovely, chicken tikka masala with rice and naan bread. Sansa was uncomfortably full and found the glass of water in her hand was the only thing that was making her feel better. The table was cleared, nothing left but a single candle flickering in the darkness. Her Uncle was behaving like a gentleman, a thing that took her off guard the second she walked into his apartment space. She expected him to be tearing off her coat, but instead he kindly asked for her coat to hang up and then led the way to the kitchen. She had enjoyed their conversation over their dinner, delighted that he should listen so attentively to her future career plans. He had complimented her with words such as “Strong leadership skills” and “Never ending kindness towards others,” all attributes he seemed to treasure in Sansa. She appreciated how he so willingly supported her interest in a career in writing and was quick to offer suggestions of different paths she could take once she graduated in the spring.

Sansa could hear the kettle boiling inside of the kitchen, letting her know that Petyr truly was occupied. She hoped he wouldn’t bring out dessert, for she didn’t have the stomach for it. She stealthily pulled out her cellphone, seeing no messages from her family or friends, and felt a sense of relief to know her presence wasn’t exactly missed yet. The kettle popped, and she heard the scraping of a cup over the countertop. “You sure I can’t tempt you with some mint tea?” Petyr asked her from somewhere in the kitchen. “You said you are full, and I thought it might help.”

Sansa rose herself from her chair, feeling the need to be near her Uncle. She smiled sweetly at him, hardly alarmed to see only the silhouette of him in the darkness. “Yes, thank you.”

“All politeness,” he noted.

“Yes.”

She watched his back straighten, feeling the weight of his gaze even though she couldn’t quite see it. “You should go back to the dining room,” he unexpectedly said, though his voice was dripping with desire.

“Why?”

“I just think you should.” He moved back, following the shadows of his kitchen until she couldn’t make it out. “And then when I come back, we’ll make a short call to your mother, so she doesn’t worry.”

“Alright,” she submitted. She found it hard to separate herself from him, but perhaps Petyr knew what was best. It took him a while to return to her, and when he did, he offered her a smile that didn’t reach his eyes.

“I sliced a lemon for you,” he explained. “I’m not sure how it will taste in the tea, but I thought you might like it.”

“Thank you, Petyr.” She took a loud slurp of her tea and decided a squeeze of the lemon was the
best way to go. He positioned his chair closer to hers, not sitting directly in front of her anymore. “You really are a great cook.”

He smiled at her in reply, delighted that she should have enjoyed it.

“Robin must be spoiled.”

“Robin doesn’t look my cooking so much,” he mused aloud. “Neither does Lysa.”

“Oh… that’s terrible.”

“Preference, that’s all.” He blew at the steaming cup of tea before he added, “And Robin loves McDonalds.”

“So does every child his age.”

“Yeah,” he laughed lightly, and then softly blew at his tea again. It was serene-like around him, calm enough for Sansa to settle comfortably against her dining chair and slightly close her eyes. The clock in the living room clicked lightly, while the faint sound of the city traveled through one of the windows in the house. “Have you done it before?” he unexpectedly asked.

“Slept with someone?”

“Yeah.”

“Only once.”

“Oh,” he answered back in a deep tenor. “And?”

“It totally put me off.”

“That bad?”

“Drunk sex is the worst sex.”

“Speaking of drunk,” he cleverly replied, and placed his mug down on the table to leave the room at a swift pace. “Get ready to dial Cat!”

“What if it doesn’t work?”

“Then I’ll drive you home!” he yelled back, and suddenly hip-hop music was blaring from somewhere in the living room. “Come in here, its louder!” he screamed at the top of his lungs which made Sansa laugh. By the time she entered the room he was shutting the windows of the house closed and harshly pulling the drapes to block out the last of the cities light. “Alright, give her a ring.”

“But-”

“-you can do it,” he interrupted, taking a hold of her arms to bring her closer to him. “And I’ll prove it.” He placed his lips over Sansa’s, hot and full of an intoxicating mint taste as he continued to kiss her. He took the phone from her while his lips were still on hers, clutching it tightly in his hand as he pressed it firmly against her back. “If you want to stay with me…” he inched his head back with his tongue laying over the corner of his bottom lip. “…you’ll try.”

“Give it to me!” Sansa yelled over the loud dance music. She pressed on the contacts and found her mother’s number. She glanced in Petyr’s direction, seeing the bright white lighting showing the truth
of his age. She smiled at the sight of it: crinkles around the corner of his eyes, the random strands of grey hair at the bottom of his goatee, but she was most taken back by the look in his forest green eyes. “Mom,” she belted out, trying her best to compete with the music. Sansa played her role the best she could, pretending her friends were too busy on the dance floor to answer her mother’s prodding questions. “I’ll be fine,” she repeated louder than before, and then wished her mother a good night. The phone turned pitch black, and then she stuffed it into the side pocket of her work pants with a loud sigh of relief. Petyr hand rested over the side of her cheek, feeling the curl of her hairs that was brushing against the back of his hand. “I did it,” she confidently said, going on the tips of her toes with pride. “We did it.”

“We did.”

“I’m all yours.”

“You won’t regret it,” he hunched into her ears, making his voice more sensuous than ever. His hand glided down her neck, and then with a lingering touch he departed from her presence to go deeper into the pitch-black room. He used the flashlight to his phone to turn off his stereo, and she found the silence almost disquieting at first. “I have to call my son,” he informed her, and then the flashlight to his phone suddenly turned off. “Go back to finish your tea. I will be there in a few minutes.”

In truth, Sansa was amazed how much preparation was needed just to spend the night with each other. There were so many loose ends to tie up, so none of them were caught. She knew once his voice was raised louder that he was speaking to Lysa, and only hoped the argument wouldn’t last that long. She took pity on him, but then again, he was the one who married her.

The tea was still hot, so she drank it with a pleasurable feeling going down her stomach. She felt calmer with every sip, composed enough by the time Petyr entered the kitchen. “Well, I won’t hear from her for the rest of the night,” he grumbled. He plopped down in his seat with less grace than usual, obviously annoyed at the stubborn woman he was married too.

“Drink your tea,” Sansa suggested. “It might make you feel better.”

“Hardly,” he answered her, but gulped down a mouthful anyways. “You might though.”

“What did you have in mind?”

“Taking you to bed,” he slyly replied just over the rim of his cup.

“I can do that.”

The corner of his lip tugged upwards with a smirk, and only then did he take a slow sip of his tea. The cup clanged against the dining table, signaling he was ready for them to begin. He raised himself from his chair without a single word, and then raised up his hand for Sansa to place hers in his.

His lips were still attached to hers, while Sansa’s hands explored his bare back that was just underneath his tight dress shirt. The lights were still on; the drapes shut to hide the truth of their affair. Petyr smothered her face possessively, his hands resting over her ass as he took in her lips more. He was restless, dominant ever since they entered the room. Untold aggression was felt with every touch, a desire to feel every part of her body even when she was fully clothed. His skin was soft under her touch, smooth and warm to make her wander up the center of his back higher. The shirt crumbled over the tops of Sansa’s hand, resisting her movements the higher up she went. Her Uncle had not spoken a word yet, but his actions were speaking loudly enough for her to understand he would bed her tonight. He drew his head back for a moment, eyes still closed with pure ecstasy.
His lips were parted, begging to be kissed some more as Sansa watched him. “Let me take off my clothes,” Sansa suggested, tilting her chin down to her chest as she worked at the buttons. He watched her, laboured breathing escaping through the thin cracks of his lips. She fumbled with the button, overwhelmed by desire to think clearly. Petyr leaned forward to kiss the side of her cheek, brushing her auburn hair behind her ear to get more access. The goatee of his chin scratched her skin, tickling her ceaselessly which brought a smile to her face. Petyr was kissing her in pure idle worship, feeling every surface of her skin.

“Beautiful,” he mouthed, and then brought her body into him more, despite of her best efforts to remove her shirt. “Absolutely god damn beautiful.” He heard Sansa giggle at his words but continued to lather his mouth over the left side of her cheek.

“I can’t take it off.”

“Just pull it off, sweetling.”

She moved backwards, pulling it over her bra and found the opening wide enough to pull it over her head as well. Petyr wore a smug smile at the sight of her, taking in the intricate lavender coloured bra that was made of pure lace. “It’s pretty, sweetling.”

“It’s supposed to be sexy.”

“No, you’re too sweet for it.” He watched the expression change on Sansa’s face, and decided to cover her pout with his own lips. She surrendered immediately, wrapping her arms around the back of his neck to keep him there. Her chest pushed against his, while Petyr’s hands was exploring the back of the bra to find the latch. He wanted to see all of her, not a strip of cloth would be left on her by the end of the night. Sansa began to kiss him open mouthed, a distraction that took up the whole of his thoughts. She was pushing down on the tops of his shoulders, bracing herself on the tips of her toes to give her some extra height. Petyr loved when she tried to be dominate and take control, it was the little things like this that turned him on.

“Sweet,” she scolded him, and then pushed him out of his arms, only to take a few steps away from him. “I’ll show you who’s sweet.”

“It was a compliment, Sansa.”

She ignored him, deciding to put the rest of her effort to remove her belt around her work trousers. Petyr watched her actions and decided to do the same, sitting on the edge of the bed to pull of his work socks and dashing them into the laundry bin not far off from the door. They took off their clothes in silence, both watching the other with silent expectation. Petyr was in his boxers by the time he stood off the edge of the bed, seeing Sansa waiting for him with a nervous look about her. “It’s fine,” he assured her, and laid his hands all over her to calm down her nerves.

“It’s just… you’re my Uncle and…”

“Don’t over complicate things.”

“I’m getting in my head-”

“-overthinking things,” he finished for her. “When all I keep thinking is how beautiful you are.”

“And that’s all?”

“That’s all,” he whispered, and then kissed the side of her temple just over her ear. “Sansa, sweetling, don’t you know how much I care for you?”
She was taken back by his statement, feeling they didn’t know enough about each other to say that. She didn’t even know if she was in love with him yet, everything was happening so fast.

“Let me show you,” he suggested, and then looked over her shoulder to unlatch the back of her bra himself. She was tempted to cover herself once she felt it falling off but thought better of it once she caught the look in his eyes. They were clear, so clear she could see the shadow of grey around his outer orb of pure green. “There,” he hushed, once the bra dropped down just behind her feet. “Beautiful.” His face inclined forward, waiting for her to seal their fate. Sansa closed her eyes and laid her lips over his, feeling it form effortlessly like it had done so many times before. They were kissing each other eagerly, aroused by the feeling of her exposed breast piercing his chest. He dragged his hand over the front of her belly, working it upwards till he could softly cup her right breast. He sensed Sansa’s nervousness, knowing she hadn’t ever been with a man before. Ever so slowly he cupped her nipple, and once she grew accustomed to it, did he wrap his fingers around it to exchange between twisting and stroking the ever so sensitive area. She was distracted by this, so Petyr made every effort to kiss her open mouthed with a newfound hunger. Sansa rubbed herself against his erection unconsciously, unaware she was only making the situation worse for herself.

Her body is begging for it and she doesn’t even realize it yet, Petyr had realized, and instantly submitted to her whims by grabbing a hold of the curves of her hips to bring her into him more. Her breathing was laboured as he sculpted the side of her neck with his lips, digging the edges of his teeth into Sansa’s untouched skin. He knew he couldn’t leave a serious mark, there was nothing worse than her parent’s asking all sorts of questions. Her breathing grew louder, the muffled moans of “Petyr,” was steadily making him lose his mind.

“Lay on the bed, sweetling,” he kindly instructed her, knowing the wrong move might scare her off. She settled comfortably over the guest bed, looking all over the room before she finally settled it on him. He thought he should turn off the lights, but he wanted to see everything of her. He turned slightly to the side, withdrawing his boxers till it fell to his ankles. He knew she could see his proud erection from that angle, the entire length of it was on full display. Petyr unconsciously stroked his hand down it, rubbing it deftly to keep it in control. He swallowed hard after the second contact, and only then turned his half-squinted eyes in her direction. “Guess you didn’t remember what it looked like when you were drunk?”

“No,” she said in a weak voice.

“Don’t worry, it will fit inside of you,” Petyr taunted. The bedsheets were pushed back as he made his way around the bed, and once it was pushed to the very edge of his bed did he climb inside of it. “You needn’t worry.”

“You know what your doing.” Sansa nodded her head at him, giving him a trusting look.

“I do.”

“Then do it.”

He straddled her successfully, looking down at his niece with pure desire. Sansa laid a hand over the front of his chest, and then cupped the top of his shoulder blade as she stared at him. Nervousness was finally dwindling away, the image of Petyr naked and on top of her was enough to remove her consciousness far from her mind. “I want you to enjoy it,” Petyr murmured. He drew his face closer to her own, and then kissed her nice and slow so Sansa could understand his meaning. She wanted more the second he parted his lips from hers, inhaling deeply as she saw him rising away. She took a hold of his arms, shaking her head violently so he couldn’t go any further. He returned to her, making their kisses more hurried than before. Sansa rubbed her hand down his silver scar, brushing the whole of her hand over the front of his chest with gladness. He was bringing her to a point of
pure ecstasy, and they haven’t even made love yet. *He’s like a dream.*

Petyr wrapped an arm around the back of her head, bringing her head off the pillow to bring her body closer to him. He enjoyed the way her breasts drooped downwards, the pulsing of her nipples against his hairy bare chest. Kiss swollen lips remained attached to him, never letting up even when he was in need of a breath. Petyr knew she was wet for him, he could smell her sex, hear the panting of her breath in the few seconds their lips were parted.

“Petyr,” she called out, bringing her hips upwards to connect the lower half of her body with him. “Petyr,” she repeated, half aware of what she was asking. Her body was demanding it more than she realized, so Petyr gently prodded himself against her sex until everything would inevitably hit her.

“I forgot protection,” he hushed, hating himself for admitting that fact. “I was so caught up with work and-”

“-its fine.”

“Its not safe.”

“I’ll take something.”

“Sansa?”

“She remonstrated, and then stroked her hands through his fluffy brown hair until he understood she meant what she said.

Petyr began to kiss her full on the lips, thankful that she was so understanding. Sansa dragged her hands down his back, curling it over the rise of his hips and ass with curiosity. Her touch alone made Petyr sink himself inside of her, coming in at a gradual pace to keep her thoughts at bay. His thrusts were gentle and steady, mounting up the pressure moment by moment as she began to feel herself expanding for him. She was surprisingly silent, her hands gripping the sides of his arms with some alarm. Petyr inched his head back to look at her clear blue eyes, demanding her to trust him as he continued to stare at her. She let out heated breaths, eyelids fluttering with the keen sensation as the emotions were building up. Her nails gripped into his skin suddenly, aroused by the feeling he was giving her. Petyr poured out his unsaid words onto her lips, devouring her wholly as he thrusts himself deeper into her. Sansa was naked and exposed, and he loved her all the more for it. He sensed that she trusted him now, so he rammed the last of himself into her walls, quickening up the pressure to get the bed rocking underneath their bodies. Sansa was finally calling out his name, so blessedly loudly he couldn’t help but to smile down at her. She had felt what it was like to be fucked properly for the first time, and he knew it wouldn’t be their last- cost what it may. Petyr made up his mind to pull himself out before he could release himself inside of her fully, knowing she was missing out once she clamped her thighs together in agony and rolled over the side of the bed away from him. He felt he had stolen her from a precious moment, but when he released himself down on the far corner of the bed unwillingly, he thought it was for the best.

“Petyr,” she groaned behind him, still in need of him since he had left her so soon.

“I’m sorry, Sansa,” he repented, hating the sound of misery in her voice. “I couldn’t risk it.”

“Petyr.”

“I’m coming,” he promised her, and used the edges of the bedsheets to clean up his mess. He returned to her side of the bed, noticing how she was laying so far away from him. “Come.”

“It was so close,” she moaned, not realizing how close they were to reaching a climax. She dug her
fingers into him with frustration, as her body was still demanding more for her lover.

“I can’t get you pregnant,” Petyr fretted aloud.

“So close,” she repeated, before she buried her head into his chest.

“Sansa, please…”

She groaned against his bare chest, pressing the whole of her body against him. He had stolen something from her and found himself feeling selfish at that fact. “I will stay in the whole time,” he said aloud. “But you will promise me you’ll take something to prevent a pregnancy.”

“I will,” she mumbled into his chest.

“You’re too young,” Petyr remonstrated. “And Lysa…”

Sansa could only wonder what unspeakable horrors would come upon them if Lysa ever did find that out, it was safe to say she would kill them both.

“But Petyr, we were so close,” she moaned, and gripped at the back of his hairs at his nape to show her frustration. He rolled her over till she was on top of him, watching her stare down at him with pure indignation. “You will do it again, won’t you?”

“Yes.”

“I was so nervous the first time.”

“I’m not sure why.”

“I’m kept thinking about Lysa,” she confessed. “And that you are my Uncle by marriage.” She smirked down at him suddenly. “But now I don’t care at all.”

“Oh?”

“Now, I just want you to do to me again.” She stopped once she heard Petyr’s laugh, and then let her fingers trail over the bottom of his goatee. “And you will, won’t you?”

“I will,” he promised her. “And this time it will be even better than before.” She was quick to lean in and encapsulate his lips, making a pleasant moaning sound once he rolled her over until she was flat on her back. “Give me a moment,” he begged, and looked downwards to stroke fervently at his cock. “I need some more time.”

“Let me,” she pleaded, and joined in with his efforts to stroke it just the way he liked it. “You never touched one before,” he noticed, for she appeared so shy while doing it. “You’ll get used to it soon enough.”

“Does Lysa do it?” Sansa found herself asking.

“No, I don’t sleep with her unless I have too,” he quietly answered her. “And I never experience any pleasure from her.”

“But you do with me.”

“Yes, of course,” he answered her, as they continued their strange efforts of masturbation upon the bed. “But thinking about Lysa won’t get this thing working.”
“Rather the opposite,” Sansa realized, and then took a hold of his head to bring it downwards. She kissed him playfully, letting her tongue prod his mouth since she thought he always liked that. Petyr was quick to join into the game, forgoing his hold over his manhood to wrap his arms around Sansa instead. They rolled around the bed eagerly, alternating between harmless giggles and flirty kisses as they enjoyed in one another. Petyr’s feet were scrapping up her smooth legs; the hairs of his goatee continually tickling her whenever he wandered away from kissing her lips. “I’m happy I came,” Sansa revealed, after he pinned her down into the center of the bed.

“I am too.”

“You know I liked you from the start,” she confessed.

“I know.”

“It’s hard.”

“I know.”

“You do?”

“I have always liked you too, Sansa,” he revealed in a soft tone of voice. “It’s a good thing your parents asked us to baby-sit your family last weekend.”

“Or this would have never happened.”

“There is a lot that can happen between now and never,” he rebutted in a playful tone of voice, and tilted his head to the right to take a good look at her. “I think I’m ready.”

She answered him by laying her lips over his, and only let up once she felt him prodding himself into her. “All the way,” she reminded him, and found her chest shuddering at the sudden impact of him thrusting himself into her. He was less gentle the second time, speeding up the process as he steadily went in and out of her, building up momentum with every time. It was still enjoyable, however, and Sansa laid there effortless in his arms as he did most of the work. “Petyr,” she gasped, the closer they came to the climax, half fearful that he should stop again.

“I’m right here,” he reminded her. “I’m staying.”

She wrapped her arms around the back of his neck, smiling at him lovingly as a wave of emotion hit her. Her head lifted off the pillow to kiss his puckered lips, melting into him as her heart nearly rammed against her chest.

“There you are,” he breathed out, once he knew they were approaching their climax, the high Sansa had desired before hand was finally upon her. She groaned out his name through gritted teeth, eyes shut with ecstasy as she kept her on a high. She never wanted to come down, as Petyr rammed the last of himself into her. “There you are, love,” he breathed close to her ear, and found her head falling down on the pillow in pure exhaustion. He felt himself releasing inside of her, a stray feeling of worry coiled up at the bottom of his stomach. There was nothing he could do but take her to the pharmacy in the morning and hope for the best. She pressed her lips against his brow, stealing him away from worrisome thoughts.

“Petyr?”

“Yes, Sansa.”

She only brought his body closer to her, making sure he was laying over her to keep her warm.
“Sansa?”

She moaned low in reply and nipped her teeth into the bottom of his chin surprisingly. She ended it with a long kiss, and then nuzzled herself against him so that he would never leave. Petyr remained inside of her, listening to Sansa catching her breath as the minutes passed by. The room was hot, so there was no need for a blanket for the two lovers. Sansa smoothed her hand down the side of his arm affectionately, her eyes half closed in slits that reminded Petyr of a cat. “I want to do this again,” she confessed.

“Already?”

“Have dinner with you,” she explained. “With a nice cup of mint tea.” She paused to let Petyr kiss her on the nose, and then nuzzled her cheek against his. “Have those conversations again over dinner, with the pleasant thought that once your done I will have you all to myself.”

“You do have me, Sansa.”

“Lysa does,” she reminded him with bitterness.

“For now.”

“What do you mean?”

“That’s exactly what I meant,” he answered her, though he was quick to evade her question. “But can’t we enjoy this moment?”

“Yes.”

“And we will do it again some time next week,” he suggested to her, as he traced wavy lines up the side of her rib-cage.

“Alright.”

“If its any sooner it might arouse suspicion.”

She kissed the side of his neck sadly, clinging onto her Uncle tighter with a sudden fear of letting him go. “Have you ever felt that something so wrong, feels so right?”

“You mean us.”

“Yes.”

“Then yes, Sansa,” he concluded, and then gave her a deep meaningful kiss to show just how much she meant to him.
Sansa wakes up the next morning feeling she is enjoying this affair much more than she should.

Rickon and Robin were playing out in the garden area, sprinting as fast as they could to the bike pump in the center of the garden. The rest of Sansa’s brothers were there, laughing at the sight of two excited little boys that were about to blast their rocket up for the first time. “Alright, who is first?” Jon asked, and the two boys instantly raised up their hands to yell at Jon at the same time. “I can only do one.”

“Rock paper scissors it?” Rickon demanded and laid his water bottle rocket down at his feet to do it best out of three. His cousin won, and triumphantly handed over his green bottle all decorated nicely to my brother Robb.

“I want to see it fly,” he said, and sure enough when Robb pressed down hard enough on the bike pump the rocket flew into the air.

Everyone was cheering out loud, except for three people present there, and one of them was Sansa. “He keeps looking this way,” Arya said for the fifth time this morning.

“Arya, you are paranoid.” Sansa and her sister were sitting down on a wooden bench, sheltering themselves from the burning sun. It was a hot summer’s day and Sansa was more content watching her siblings at the moment.

“Look.”

“I’m not looking.”

“He stares at you more than his own wife.”

“No, he doesn’t.”

Arya stood up from her seat and fetched her water bottle from the large space between them. “I bet you five dollars if I leave, he will come over here.”

“You're wrong.”

“Ten.”

“Deal.”

Arya shot her sister a grin, and then slowly descended the hill to get at her brothers who were demanding to do it again.

A few minutes passed, and Sansa idly fidgeted with her fingers as she toyed with the idea of whether her Uncle Petyr would come. He never came over to visit her family, and this rare occasion was to good to be true. She thought he looked just as unhappy from the moment she laid eyes on him, as if
the long span of being married to Lysa was taking a toll on him day by day. She thought he looked handsome all dressed in black, the only one of her family members that chose to wear the same shade today. She stole a glance at him from the corner of her eye, seeing how he stood motionless by his wife with his gaze fixed on the children now playing tag. He couldn’t leave the spot, she knew, but she felt his gaze turn to her more often than not. *What am I doing?* Sansa decided to leave the bench, hating herself for entertaining the idea that her Uncle might be interested in her. She was stupid, the whole idea was stupid. She took to the side of the house, deciding to go inside for a glass of water. She needed something to cool her down, knowing if she looked at his ass one more time than she might actually lose it. *Why does he have to be so good looking,* she wondered. *Why does he have to be my Uncle?*

She was just opening the front door when she heard something behind her, and sure enough he was standing there, half hidden behind a tall pine tree with a smirk that brought a warm shade of pink to her cheeks. “Hello,” he mouthed breathlessly, just standing there near the bottom of the steps with half of his body hidden amongst the leaves. He looked over his shoulder, making sure no one was around before he took a step forward. “You going inside?”

“Yeah.”

He nodded his head slowly, looking hesitant to follow Sansa inside of the house. “Its hot,” he noted, and flapped the bottom of his black polo to prove it. “You were right to be in the shade.”

“You should have joined me.”

“I should have.”

Petyr’s legs were wide open for her, his body limp on the bed as he watched Sansa have her way with him. It was the first time she had given anyone a blow job, the first time she placed her mouth around a man’s cock and did the dirty deed. The sound he was making though, the sound made it worth it. “Oh, sweetling,” he huffed out, his legs shaking violently as Sansa drew her mouth downwards. Hot breath escaped his tight lips, his head jerked backward as he tried to muffle out the sound. A low moan escaped him, his elbows growing slack and his back falling into the plush guest bed. “Uhhh,” he grunted, as her tongue lapped him, her mouth still tightly around his cock. Petyr’s head rested on the pillow, his eyes squinting in pure pleasure as she had her way. “Sweetling, please.” She relented, dragging her lips upwards as she slipped herself out of him. He could hardly breathe when she was done, laying over the bed in complete exhaustion.

Sansa was not as nearly exhausted as him and crept up the bed to be at his side. A hand took a hold of his shoulder, steering her body towards him. Their lips melted slowly; Sansa took her time to kiss her lover’s lips. He rolled her over gently, laying on top of her though he was too spent to do anything else. It was morning, and they should have gotten out of bed some time ago. “You look even better in the morning,” she drawled out, and then dragged a finger down the smooth creasing of his silver scar.

“If only every morning was like that.” Petyr looked drunk in love, or at least enough to have his eyelids lazily drooped as he looked down at her. He sighed deeply, wearing a tiny smile as he gazed into her eyes. “You did wonderful, sweetling.”

“I enjoyed it.”

“Oh?”

“I’ll be more than happy to do it again when the time comes.”
“You naughty little girl,” he droned, and then closed the lids of his eyes blissfully. “I should take a shower.”

“I'll join you.”

“It will take two times longer if you do.” Sansa thought he was correct in his assumption, though she was sad to see him roll off her. “You don’t mind if I go first?”

“You have work.”

“Yeah, and I’ve had my phone shut off all night.”

“And morning.”

“Morning,” he submitted, after he was sitting at the edge of the bed. He drew his dark bangs away from his face, looking tired after the pleasurable moment was gone. “I’ll be thinking of you all day today.”

“Good.”

“Won’t get a single thing done.”

She watched him stretch out his arms, and then scratch just at the top of his back as he looked at the thin crack between the drapes. The morning light was on him, illuminating his pale skin. She thought he looked nice in the light, but then again, he looked nice in anything. She prodded her toe into his lower back, tilting him downwards so she could see his ass for one last time.

“Sweetling,” he warned, for he could sense her mood.

“I want to do it again tonight.”

“Two nights in a row?” He nearly chuckled at her, and she frowned once she saw him shake his head. Sansa crawled down the bed, taking a place by his side before she rested her hand over his upper thigh, just inches away from what she truly wanted. “It would not be wise.”

“But I want it,” she whimpered.

“So, do I.” He took her hand and laid it over her cock shockingly, giving her a suggestive look that nearly took her breath away. “You have me right here,” he drawled out carefully. “Literally.”

“Good.”

“So, what are you going to do about it?”

“I’m going to let you take a shower,” she smartly replied, and then leapt off the bed to stride towards the kitchen. Sansa saw no use in getting change, remembering the drapes were all closed in Petyr’s guest house. She sensed Petyr would follow her, but she hoped he had enough sense to get dressed. It was nearly nine o’clock in the morning, and he should have no excuses of being late. It wasn’t until she popped the kettle that she remembered Petyr calling in sick for the morning and felt elated with that thought.

Sansa went over to the side window, peeking at the Tesla that was still parked where Petyr last left it. There was a line of car surrounding it, with a single person walking down the open garage area to get to work. The sky was a teal blue with a hint of grey, not a cloud in the sky. She wondered where her life would take her, for she knew her relationship with her Uncle would end one way or another.
He will either leave me or have me, she mused, or will he want both? Sansa knew now, as she stood there shielded behind heavy drapes that she was the “other woman.” There were countless stories about those girls, the woman that ruined marriages and broke families apart. She had become that monster, so why did she not feel guilty about it?

The kettle popped and she returned to the kitchen, taking up Petyr’s beloved mint tea to have first thing in the morning. She felt a warm tingling feeling all over her, like she could still feel Petyr inside of her. She was sore, a single touch and she felt it with a slight grimace, but it wasn’t a bad feeling. Petyr was just as good as she imagined he would be, no- even better.

“The bathroom is all yours.” He was leaning over the doorway to his bathroom, dressed in only his boxers with his arms crossed over his chest. He had been watching her for god knows how long, and the large smile on his face told Sansa he was pleased. “Still naked, I see.”

“For your benefit.” She felt in a flirty mood, and she had no qualms to hide it.

“Sansa, we have to leave this place at some point.”

“I’m in no rush.” She was walking towards him with the blue ceramic mug in her hands, holding it tightly against her chest. “Are you?”

“I want to spend time with you,” he answered her. “But more than in just the bedroom.” The cup was taken from her hands, and he smacked her lightly on the ass to get her moving. “You got ten minutes.”

“Why only ten?”

“Because I’m taking you out,” he quipped, and with that he took a long sip of his mint tea with closed lids. She knew he was beyond happy with her, so she took his advice and headed towards the shower.

They were walking along the harbourfront hand in hand. The sea breeze blew at them both, encouraging them to lean more into one another. Petyr withdrew his hand to wrap his arm around her, pressing his lips against the side of her cheek for a single moment. The sea view was suddenly forgotten, Sansa turned her gaze to the man she loved the most. She caught the look in his eyes and smiled sweetly at him, offering a kiss to reassure him she felt the same way. He drew a stray lock of her hair back, tilting her body to face him entirely. A kiss was endowed over her lips, letting it linger for a few moments before he moved back and opened his eyes again.

“Petyr?”

“Yes.”

“Will you ever leave her?”

His gaze lowered, going past her lips to her chin and then neck where a light scarf comfortably covered Sansa’s neck. Petyr’s eyes closed regrettably and then he shook his head in reply. “Not now at least.”

“Why?”

“Because if I divorce her, she will take half my share, maybe even more than that.”

“I thought she was richer than you.”
He half smiled at her, surprised that she knew this knowledge. “Before we married, then yes.”

“Not anymore.”

“No, sweetling. The marriage was more advantageous to myself in the long run. The right connections have propelled me to heights I could only dream of.”

“So, that is why you are staying with her.”

“If I divorce her…” He took a step back with deliberate purpose, only to drop his arms back to his side. “… it will have to be on sufficient grounds.”

“You sound…” Sansa bit at her lip funnily, feeling uncertain of everything. “As though you aren’t certain you will do it.”

Petyr looked away from her to watch the seagulls fly by, hearing them squawk so loudly it would have drowned out anything he would have had to say. His hands grasped at a white railing in front of him, rusted over and tarnished over the years, and leaned his weight against it.

“You could kill her, you know.” Petyr turned his gaze sharply to Sansa, startled by her words. “I was only joking, Petyr.”

“Ah.”

“Please don’t,” she chuckled lightly. “I could never be with you if they sent you to prison.” Her hands wrapped around him from behind, leaning the whole of her body weight against him. “I love you, Petyr.”

He stayed silent, so she leaned forward to take a look at his side profile. Petyr felt her gaze, and eventually tilted his head in her direction. A reassuring kiss was given to her, slow and methodical to drag out the moment. She rotated herself around to be beside him, tilting his head eagerly so she could taste more of his lips. Petyr opened his lips lightly, letting his tongue slide in slowly. She danced around with his, feeling the connection was only drawing them in closer. Petyr couldn’t say the words, but she felt it at that moment. Every fibre of her being knew he felt that way all along.
Sansa enjoys her morning with Petyr, but it is only after their separation that reality hits.

They had hardly gotten through the front door before they heard voices, Petyr did his best to turn around, but he was already caught by Sansa’s father. “Petyr.” His voice was loud enough to demand obedience, and the man beside Sansa scratched the back of his head nervously before he turned around to face him.

“Ned.”

“Is everything alright?”

His voice was menacingly cold as he answered back: “Everything is fine.”

“Sansa?”

His daughter felt she had done nothing wrong yet and took another step into the wide hallway so she could see her father better. He was situated in the main living room table, his son sitting across from him with a chess piece in hand. Bran was never fond of the outdoors, the opportunity to play chess suited him more. “I just came in for a glass of water.”

“Hot?”

“Its boiling outside,” she told him, and then looked over her shoulders to see Petyr was still determined to linger in the shadows. “Uncle Petyr was thirsty too.”

Her father leaned further back in his seat, eyeing the man with suspicion. “I'm sure he was.”

“Is some of that smoothie still left? The mango one?”

“Yes, I will get it.” He abandoned his pieces to the side of the table, and asked Uncle Petyr to continue the game while he was gone.

Sansa knew her father didn’t want her to be in the same room alone with her Uncle, it was fairly obvious when Bran took a long look at the two of them. Their Uncle rested his hands over his hips, toying with the small loops to his pants where his belt should have been. He was assessing his surroundings before he walked past Sansa and pulled up a chair. “How’s it going, Bran?”

“I’m fine.”

“Yes, you are beating your father.”

“He doesn’t see things the way I do.” Bran motioned his fingers to his pieces he had acquired from his father; it was two times more than the one in front of Petyr.

“I’ll try to help him out,” Petyr muttered softly, as his dark green eyes scanned the whole table.
He was examining the chess pieces, taking note of the movements he has made so far. “Ned lost the king.”

“And almost a Queen.”

“ Took away most of the pawns.”

“Father sacrificed them.”

“A pity.” His fingers went deep into his hair, scratching it deftly; a quick look over his shoulders proved that Sansa was still in the room with him and then he motioned his head for her to come a little closer. “What do you think I should do, sweetling?”

It was a name that always caused some discomfort to the Stark family, since Sansa was the only one given that name. Her Uncle’s favouritism was on full display time and time again, it was never long until the two of them were seen together.

“I’m not good at chess.”

“You have to practice then.”

“I’m just not good at games.”

He turned his head around fully to face her, letting his arm lean over the side of the chair to have a better look at her. “Then maybe you should watch and learn.” He moved a pawn forward, and then nodded his head to Bran for him to a move chess piece. “I can teach you.”

“Chess?”

“Yes.”

Sansa’s brother interrupted the moment to protest that he had tried to teach Sansa more than once. Bran was never one to speak up, so once he finished his statement a strange silence fell over the living room.

“Yes,” Uncle Petyr drawled out eventually. “But she’s never had me.”

They were standing in front of the register, and the middle-aged lady had no qualms to raise an eyebrow at their purchases. There was the largest box of condoms you had ever seen, and beside it was some pills to prevent Sansa from ever getting pregnant. It wasn’t the purchases that irked the dark-haired woman, it was the fact that Petyr had his arm wrapped around her with his fingers moving up and down her arm.

Sansa knew what the lady was thinking, Petyr was old enough to be her father.

“Is that all?”

“Yes, we’re fine,” Petyr droned. He watched the woman scan the purchases, letting out a tiny sigh of relief once it fell into the plastic bag.

They were at a gas station far from his work office. It was just like him not to forget these small details, the fact that he might have gotten his niece pregnant last night.

“I’ll need water,” Sansa piped up. She leaned against the side of his face, tilting her mouth into his ear as she whispered, “For the pills.”
“I’ll go get one.” He let his arms slide off her body and sauntered over to the fridge.

The woman across the register did nothing but stare Sansa down, feeling it wasn’t her place to speak her thoughts aloud. Sansa felt rather awkward about the whole thing and turned her attention to digging at the bottom of her purse for her cell phone. No messages. She was off the hook for now, and she felt so much better knowing that.

“A water.” The item was placed on the countertop and then he held out his credit card as he waited for the lady to ring the last of it up. He tapped his card nonchalantly against the machine, and then took the bag without another word to the cashier. The door was held open, an outstretched arm was enough for her to walk past him and step into the morning sunlight. Petyr was quick to be at her side, laying a hand over her shoulder to get her to look at him. “It was a good morning,” he droned softly, letting his eyes lazily look all over her face to catch her expression.

“It was.”

“I’m sorry I have to take you back so soon.”

“You have work,” she reminded him. “I should be in school, but it’s too late to catch the train. I would be an hour late for my next lecture.” Sansa laid a hand on the bottom of his spine, leaning into him unconsciously as she added, “There would be no point.”

“No.”

She wanted to kiss him, and she felt Petyr wanted to do the same. It was only amount of time until they latched onto one another, drawing out the kisses slowly as they stood in front of the gas station. She lost herself quickly, wrapping both of her arms around him to kiss him back more eagerly, eyes closed in pure ecstasy as she tasted more of him.

“Sweetling,” he sighed, and kissed her lips faster as if he couldn’t get enough.

She responded with a hush, “Petyr.” The plastic bag made a crumpling noise behind her once he leaned it up against her back, his hands were now fully wrapped around her as well. A horn honked in front of them, and a group of teenage boys laughed in pure mockery while sitting inside of their car. Sansa felt somewhat embarrassed, but Petyr only responded by grabbing a hold of her possessively and kissing her so hard it felt like he was losing control. She moaned out loudly, aroused when she felt his hand pulling out her shirt at the back of her pants. Eyes closed she could feel his hot hands on her flesh, frisky and wandering with fresh desire.

“I think I gave them a show,” he muttered into her ear after he separated his lips from hers, and when she looked over his shoulder, she saw the grey sedan reversing with a roaring of the engine echoing in her ears. The car sped away, and Petyr only smirked at her once they made eye contact again. “Hold this,” he asked of her, and placed the plastic bag on her lap. She watched him walk in front of the car, seeing his light navy-blue coat flap in the morning wind. His tousled curls blew in the air as well, so by the time he sat down comfortably in his car seat, Sansa had lips all over him. He was taken back at first, leaning his head into the back of his seat as Sansa maneuvered herself out of her own. It was only a matter of time until Petyr’s hands supported her and let her kiss him with all her desire.

“What was that for?”

“You being so good looking.”
A smirk spread across his face, his eyes narrowing slightly with agreement. “Thank you, Sansa.”

“Your welcome.”

Petyr started the car once she returned to her seat, though his hands were slightly trembling from his high level of arousal. “I have half a mind to take you back to my place.”

“Then do it.”

“Hmmm.” The look Petyr gave his niece suggested he was falling prey to his idea. “No, it is nearly twelve.”

“I thought you said you had lunch then.”

“Yes, but I should be back in the office by then too.”

“I’m not sure where to go,” Sansa admitted, once the car was reversing out of the gas station. “I was going to go to Rosehead, but now there is no point.”

“Go shopping.”

“Then my parents will know for sure that I skipped.”

“You never expected them to believe that you would go to your eight o’clock class, did you?”

“Good point.”

“Tell them you went shopping with the girls. You need a break, Sansa, if they put up a fuss just remind them of how hard you have been working.”

“Thank you, Petyr.”

“For what?”

“Everything.”

They were on the main road now, heading east to lead them out of the city. Sansa wished she didn’t have to separate from him so soon, but he had already promised her that he would see her next week. They had downloaded the same app, hoping to message each other throughout the day without anyone knowing about it.

“You have work tonight?”

“No, thankfully.”

“Your manager is something else.”

“Tell me about it.” Sansa stretched out her legs and then uncorked the water bottle to take a sip. “I suppose I should take the birth control pills.”

“I suppose.”

She pulled them out of the back and then read the instructions, contemplating how she managed to end up in this state. The man beside her was silent, but it was a comfortable one. The pill was placed inside of her mouth and the water soon followed; the rest of the package was stuffed at
the bottom of the purse.

“Make sure your sister doesn’t see that?”

“Why my sister?”

“Cause if anyone would have their suspicions about us, it would be your sister.”

“Arya doesn’t like you, you know.”

“Its…” Petyr paused to turn his gaze in her direction. “…fairly obvious.”

Sansa couldn’t help but laugh at that, and then leaned more into her seat to be closer to her lover. He sensed her movements and dropped a hand from the steering wheel to take her own. Her laughter stopped at that, for a new emotion overwhelmed her. She really did love him, it almost hurt to even think about it. “This will be the longest week of my life.”

“It might,” he concurred. “But it will be worth the wait.”

The front door slammed behind her with a sharp kick, and Sansa carted her bags of clothing down the main hallway. Petyr had given her some money, and she eventually caved in to buy herself some new things. The driveway was empty so she could only assume everyone was out of the house, it was still mid-day so Sansa would hopefully have the place to herself. Her room appeared to be untouched, a sign that her mother trusted her after all.

Her new items were folded into the back of her drawer for safe keeping, and then she went into the bathroom to take a cold shower. She had been sweating as she waited for the last bus to take her home, missing Petyr’s fancy Tesla when all was said and done.

The water was cold, and she lathered the fruit scented body wash all over her frame, covering herself in silky white bubbles till she felt clean. There was barely any trace of what Petyr had done to her, only a soreness down below. She ignored it the best she could and tried not to think of Petyr so her nipples would stop hardening. She hated her body betraying her thoughts and was quick to dry herself off with a towel until there was not a trace of water droplets on her. It wasn’t until she was in her room putting on some light clothes that she heard the front door slam below and surmised it must have been one of her siblings.

Sansa received a kiss when she went downstairs by her mother. Rickon, Arya and Bran were seated around the living room area watching wrestling, too engrossed in the television to take an interest in their older sister. “Help me with these things,” Sansa’s mother asked, and a large bag of laundry were placed into her hands. “I need to take them downstairs into the basement.”

They were in the darkened basement when her mother finally inquired about her night. “Oh, you didn’t drink too much,” she observed. “You look better than most.”

“My friends weren’t so lucky.”

“You weren’t baby sitting them, were you?”

“Someone has to be the adult,” Sansa joked, though her mother never laughed at it. There was a look of concern betrayed by her mother, and then a hand softly brushed down her daughter’s bare arm with uncertainty.

“Is everything alright, honey?”
“I’m fine.”

“Its just…” The hand stopped just over Sansa’s elbow. “…you seem a little different.”

“How?”

“I suppose you seem happier. You didn’t meet a boy last night, did you?”

“No.”

“If you say so.” The lid of the washing machine was closed, and then her mother let out a tired sigh as she looked down at the clothes that still needed to be clean. “Your brothers are pigs,” she moaned aloud. “And Arya.”

“You should get them to do their own laundry.”

“When they are a little older.” A hand rested over Sansa’s cheek, much as Petyr had done before. “I appreciate your help.”

“Any time.”

Her mother was moving away from the machine, taking a glance at the staircase she was about to ascend. “You had fun last night?”

“I did.”

“Your father doesn’t like you going out on weekdays,” she informed her daughter. “But I think its better than weekends… the boys are just terrible then.”

“You think?”

“I’m not sure. Its just an idea,” she reasoned, once they were walking side by side up the flight of stairs. “You were lucky to be gone then, Lysa kept ringing up the house. Your poor father was losing his mind. We hardly got a wink of sleep.”

“Lysa?”

“She is absolutely furious with her husband.”

“Oh.”

“I haven’t told you, but he left her.”

“He did?” Sansa exclaimed. “But why?”

“Why do you think?”

“Lysa is crazy.”

“She is still your Aunt.” They had reached the top of the staircase, and Sansa was absolutely certain she had her mother convinced she had no knowledge of this before hand. “No matter what she is, Sansa, she is still your Aunt.”

“I know.”

“Family.”
“I know,” Sansa repeated with a tenseness to her voice.

“She asked me where you were last night?” The gaze was dropped, and her mother couldn’t look at Sansa’s face any longer. “She wasn’t pleased to hear you were out last night. Sansa… you were with your friends, weren’t you?”

“I was.”

“Yes, I thought so.”

Her window was wide open, the drapes blowing softly away from her windowsill in the dead of night. Sansa was hidden under her covers, her head resting on the pillow peacefully as she heard the low tenor of Petyr through her cell phone speaker.

“They noticed I was a little off today.’’

“At work?’’

“I was quiet,’’ he admitted. “Distracted.’’

“You were thinking of me.’’

“Of course I was thinking of you.’’ His voice sounded strained there, a thing that made Sansa cling to her phone a little tighter. “I probably won’t sleep tonight.’’

“I miss you too.’’

A silence fell over the phone, a thing that made Sansa bite her lips with expectation.

“I miss you too, sweetling.’’

“You think you can come over,’’ she taunted, and looked over her shoulder to where her bedroom door was fully closed and locked. “You can climb up the side of the house and I’ll open the window for you.’’

“A week,’’ he promised.

“Okay.’’

“I’ll moving back into my condo tomorrow afternoon.’’ There was a grittiness to his voice as he added, “Lysa nearly begged me too.’’

“Okay.’’

“She thinks she can save this marriage, but she can’t.’’

“Did you ever love her?’’

“No,’’ he breathed out softly. “Never.’’

“Then why did you marry her?’’

“There are some people in this world who don’t marry for love, sweetling,’’ was all that Petyr could answer her, though she sensed there was something more to it.

“Do you regret it?’’
“You are very frank, aren’t you?” There was no real resentment on this part, she knew, it was more of him not wanting to talk about it.

“Yes,” Petyr finally relented after a moment or two. “Especially when I met you.”

“At the party,” she remembered.

“At the party,” he hushed, and Sansa could sense he was on the verge of falling asleep.

“Do you think I could see you tomorrow?”

“It wouldn’t work.”

“Okay.”

“Too risky.”

“And kissing me in front of the gas station, isn’t it?”

“We were miles away from my workplace,” he chided. “Though you have a point.”

“I wish you were here,” Sansa confessed, and stretched her legs out on the bed as if she could imagine he was there with her.

“Are you wearing any clothes?”

“I have my pajamas on.”

“Pity.”

“If you were here…” She bit down on her lip as she tried to hold back her words. “That wouldn’t be the case, would it.”

His voice was soft, almost breathless as he muttered, “No.”

“There you have it.”

Sansa closed her eyes, feeling the night breeze brushing across her forehead. She wished Petyr was here, it was so hard for her to feel this sudden separation from him. “I won’t be able to call you once I get back.”

“Lysa.”

“But you have a break between your lectures, right?”

“Depends on the day.”

“I can call you then.”

“Just to talk?”

His voice was full of confidence as he answered back: “Yes.”

“I will take a picture of my school schedule and send it to you.”

“Thank you, sweetling.”
“I should be heading off to bed. Class tomorrow.”

“Yes, its nearly one,” he observed. There was a pause in their conversation, where one didn’t want to hang up on the other. “Will you be free at noon tomorrow?”

“To talk on the phone?”

“Yes.”

“I should be… yes, I think so.”

“I’ll call you.” It was never up for debate, there was pure determination in his voice. “I’ll let you go then. Goodnight, Sansa.”

“Night, Petyr.”

“Dream of me,” he half teased, and once he heard her laughter ringing through his end did he hang up the phone. Sansa closed the lids of her eyes regrettably, doing her best to block out the sadness. She would hear from him tomorrow, and she supposed that would be enough comfort for her to fall asleep.
A Dark Descent

Chapter Summary

Over the next several days Sansa's affair with Petyr escalates, and even they can't stop the dark descent they are both falling into.

A light fluttery feeling was felt at the bottom of her belly, like butterflies, and Petyr was the cause of it. “He wished me good morning,” Sansa said aloud with delight. Her toes outstretched themselves, and then dragged downwards on the fluffy carpet. She turned her head to the teddy bear Petyr held not so long ago, smiling amiably before she picked it up and rested it over her lap. A gentle kiss was placed atop of it, wishing it was Petyr there instead. The bear was nuzzled against her stomach while she looked at her phone that was still lit up, the sweet message of Petyr was there for her to read over again and again.

A breathless sigh escaped her, and then Sansa got off her bed to get ready for school. She couldn’t help but notice how light her feet were on the carpeted floor, how easy and genial she felt as she rummaged through her closet to find something to wear. It was supposed to be a rainy day, a storm in fact, and a part of her wished she could just skip school and stay home. Sansa felt that the dark clouds in the sky did not match her current mood, she was far too happy to let anything dampen it.

Sansa returned to her phone to reply to Petyr’s message, keeping it short and sweet before she practically waltzed into the shower. She hoped he would have an image of her under the showerhead this morning; a tease to undoubtedly put a smile on her lover’s face. The shower was long, hot water pattering down her back as she thought about him, imagining him touching her instead of the water; the image of his lips laying over hers, pressing her against the walls as the water trickled over their wet bodies. Sansa had to stop once she felt a throbbing below, shutting off the water with a heated breath. “I really shouldn’t have done that.” Stepping out of the tub hurt, and she did her best to distract her thoughts while toweling herself off. “Fuck,” escaped her, seeing how her cheeks were flushed an unbelievably red hue. The towel was placed over her chest, trying to distract her of the thought that even her body was betraying her thoughts. Sansa made a mental note to not think of these things in the shower, or even in public for future reference.

A roll of an eye escaped her when she read Petyr’s cheeky reply, denying him any details of her recent shower experience. Sansa contemplated telling him on the phone when she was pulling up her jeans, but it would all depend on where she was located when she called him- and who was around to listen to them. Her mood was matched with a bright red blouse, an unusual colour for her at this time of day. She tore it off to put on a cute rosy tank-top, considering that there might be a small window of opportunity of running into Petyr today. Her mind was so consumed with him, so fixated on the man that roamed through her mind since the minute she woke up that she became less aware of the time, and only when she checked the time on her phone that she realized she was running later than usual.

Skipping down the steps, she heard the soft murmuring of her family members having breakfast in the kitchen. She was surprised to see only Arya and her father seated at the long dining table, taking note that most of her siblings had already finished their breakfast and were getting ready to leave.

“You look nice this morning,” Arya said with suspicion. Sansa ignored her comment and poured
cereal into a bowl for a quick breakfast. “Going somewhere?”

“School.”

“You like a boy there?”

“I don’t actually.” Sansa left her seat to retrieve a carton of milk, noticing how her father was too fixated on his laptop to pay attention to his two daughters.

“Alright, you are meeting up with a boy afterwards.”

“Hardly.”

Ned lowered his laptop to peek at his eldest daughter, and then tilted his head to the right to take a better look at her. “You do look nice,” he relayed in a deep tenor.

“Thank you.”

The laptop was leaned forward and he took to typing into his laptop again. Sansa heard her phone vibrate in her back pocket and did her best to cover up the sound by clanging her spoon into the side of the bowl.

“I only wish they would cancel karate,” Arya complained. “I don’t feel like going there after school today.”

“I thought you liked karate,” her father responded with his voice full of concern.

“I do, but I’m so tired!” She pushed aside her own bowl of cereal before she added, “I still haven’t caught up with my sleep since Aunt Lysa called-”

“-oh,” Ned grumbled, cutting off his daughter from the last of her complaint.

“How many times did she call that night?”

“I lost count.” He rose out of his seat with an empty coffee cup in his hand. “I left Cat to sleep on the couch after the fifth one.”

Arya turned to her sister with a sinister-like smile. “Did you hear Uncle Petyr left Lysa?”

“Mom told me.”

“And did you hear he went back to her too?”

“Already?”

Ned suddenly came down with a coughing fit, which stopped Arya from saying anything further. Water pattering against the bottom kitchen could be seen, and then a glass was placed under the nozzle for Ned to drink down. He appeared fine after he gulped it down, so his youngest daughter decided to continue with the rest of the conversation. “It wasn’t very long at all. Lysa messaged mom late last night, apparently he is coming back home.”

“That’s wonderful,” Sansa said in a less convincing tone of voice.

“I don’t know who to feel more sorry for, Lysa or Petyr.” Ned let out a low chuckle of mockery, which only encouraged Arya’s behaviour. “Serves him right for marrying her for money.”
Sansa cut her eye at her father, taking note of the proud look he was wearing when he overheard his daughter. She had half a mind to reveal the truth to them, see that smirk fall right off their face. Sansa instead scooped up the last of her cereal before it went soggy, knowing she would have to catch the bus soon anyways. Her phone vibrated again in her back pocket, shaking the plastic seat she was sitting on, and this time her family members heard it.

“Who is messaging you?” Arya asked, clearly unaware of the very man she was speaking of was texting her sister.

“Probably someone from school. I have another group project.”

“I hate group projects.”

“You just hate people.”

“You right.” She left her seat and threw her backpack over her shoulders. “I should get going. Bye dad!” Arya was always his favourite; an arm was raised up for his little girl to give him a tight hug.

“Be good,” he warned, knowing she was nothing but trouble.

“Bye, Sansa,” was uttered in a less cheerful tone, and with that her small, dark-haired sister left the kitchen with tired movements.

Ned returned to his seat, placing a large glass of water down at the table. It didn’t look he would say a word to Sansa, and she was tempted to roll her eyes at that fact. *He’s just as cold as ever.*

“I noticed you never said anything about your Uncle,” he unexpectedly grumbled out.

“Why wouldn’t he leave Lysa?” Sansa snickered, and pretended she was not the cause of him temporary leaving her.

“Not even a shred of sympathy for her.”

“You know I never liked Lysa,” Sansa bitterly replied. “And she feels the same way about me.”

“Yes, I have become painfully aware of that fact.” He lifted his cup of water gravely as he added, “I’m surprised them staying over went so well.”

“I kept out of Lysa’s way, and she stayed out of mine.”

“But Petyr didn’t.”

Sansa was tempted to blink at that accusation, but instead retained her gaze as if they had done nothing wrong. “No, Uncle Petyr was his normal self.”

Ned frowned, a long one at that.

“But I should get going, or else I will be late for school.”

“You would tell me,” he piped up in a louder voice. “If he did anything to you, wouldn’t you?”

“He behaved properly, dad.”

“Its just…” Ned raised himself from his chair, looking as grave as ever. He closed the lid to his laptop, conflicted of whether he should continue his sentence. “…the way he looks at you.”
“I don’t… I think you are blowing things out of proportion.”

“You are pretty,” Ned continued, as if he didn’t hear his daughter’s last words. “A woman now.”

Sansa swallowed hard, hoping her father wouldn’t continue with his line of thought.

“You’re a woman, Sansa,” he declared in a louder voice, so clear it would be possible for the rest of her siblings to hear him.

“A woman who is not interested in her Uncle,” Sansa smartly replied back, and then took up her bowl to place it in the kitchen sink. She thought that it should be the end of the conversation, but the lingering shadow in the corner of her eye told Sansa that her father had not left the room yet.

“Lysa might be insane,” Ned grumbled from the back of his throat. “But maybe she isn’t so far off about the two of you.” He left her after that, making a show to push in the chair with a sharp grinding against the floor before he took his leave. Sansa’s shoulders immediately hunched over, feeling defeated by her father’s accusations. She didn’t even have the heart to pull her phone out of her back pocket, and decided she would ignore the unseen messages for the time being.

“Petyr!”

“Hello sweetling.” Sansa smiled at the nickname, and then looked over her shoulder to make sure no one was around. She was standing at the side of the library entrance, finding the area quiet enough to hear Petyr’s sonorous voice on the phone but still not allowing any students to overhear her one-sided conversation. “How are you, my love?”

“I’m fine…” She couldn’t help but smile after she uttered it. “Great, actually.”

“Oh?”

“I missed you.” She felt like a love-struck teenager, a damn idiot but she was loving it. “And how are you?”

“Tired,” he admitted. “And I missed you too.” There was a slight pause as he added, “But you didn’t reply to my messages until very recently, twenty minutes ago actually.”

“I was upset,” Sansa admitted. “I’m sorry, Petyr.”

“Not at me, I hope.”

“My father,” Sansa grumbled, and then moved further into the shadows of the hallway since it suited her mood.

“Your father is a unique individual,” Petyr said with utter sarcasm, which made the young girl on the other side of the phone laugh at him. “What did he say?”

“How did you know he said something?”

“Oh, just a hunch,” he drawled out slowly into the phone’s speakers.

“He is upset that I’m not upset that you left Lysa.”

“He’s upset?”

“Yeah.”
“I don’t understand.” There was a tapping on his end of the phone, as if he was fidgeting with something. “I thought he never liked my wife.”

“Really, who does?”

Petyr chuckled darkly at that, a sound that suited Sansa’s mood. “How very true.”

“But I don’t want to talk about Lysa,” the red-headed girl entreated. “I want to talk about us.”

“Okay.”

“When will I see you next?”

There was an amusing chuckle, probably pleased by the excitement betrayed in Sansa’s voice. “Let me see,” Petyr taunted, drawing out the moment till Sansa crushed the cellphone into the side of her face. “You will be happy to hear the news. I have to go to Taiwan next week, be there for three days but… I told Lysa it will be four.”

“So, I can see you?”

“Are you free Monday evening?”

“Yes!” she shouted into the phone and couldn’t help but rock back and forth on her toes with excitement.

“Then it’s a date.”

“Oh, Petyr, I’m so happy.” Sansa did her best to bite her tongue, not sure if Petyr would view this behaviour as perhaps too clingy.

“I do love when things like this works out.”

“Why are you going to Taiwan?”

“Simple business trip.”

“Are you looking forward to it?”

“More of the sight seeing.”

“I understand.”

“Normally I would find an excuse to stay longer, but not anymore.”

“Because of me?” Sansa knew she was fishing for compliments, but she didn’t care.

“Exactly, because of you,” he droned in a low tenor. “I only wish I could see you now.”

There was a mutual silence that transpired between the two of them, for the longing was too much to express in words.

“I thought about you when I took a shower this morning,” Sansa confessed to break the silence.

“Hmmm that sounds like me most mornings.”

“Really? No!”
“Uhuh.”

“Really?”

His voice was hoarse and raspy as he answered back: “Yes.”

A triumphant smirk played upon Sansa’s lips. “And what do you think of when you are in there?”

“I’ll tell you the next time I see you.”

“But that isn’t fair,” Sansa fought back.

“No, it isn’t.” Petyr laughed lightly, and then she sensed it was soon time to go by the mournfulness in his next few words: “Its almost time.”

“Work.”

“Yes, and you have a lecture to go too. I have your schedule, you see.”

“I forgot I sent it to you.”

“So, I know when you are skipping,” he teased out harmlessly. “I should pretend I am a professor and come visit you.”

“No one would notice,” Sansa admitted. “But I don’t want all these young girls batting their eyes at you.” She paused when she heard Petyr’s guilty laughter. “You stay right where you are!”

“Sounding like Lysa.”

“Petyr,” Sansa scolded.

“It was only a joke, love.” An audible sigh came through the speaker, showing the sadness he had suddenly felt. “I’ll message you during lecture,” Petyr told her. “But after that you probably won’t hear from me for a bit.”

“Not with Lysa around.”

“No.”

“Well, then…”

“I will text you the details for Monday. Oh! Make sure you wear something pretty. I’m taking you somewhere nice.”

“Where?”

“I’ll tell you later,” he promised Sansa. “Its time I should go.”

“Okay. Bye, Petyr.”

“Goodbye, sweetling,” he uttered out in a smooth tone of voice, and with that he hung up the phone on his lover. The familiar sense of sadness crepted over Sansa, but she was determined not to get her down. She would see him in a week, no even less than that, and he told her to wear something pretty. She was already going through various outfits as she walked towards her seminar, hoping it would at least drop Petyr’s jaw when he saw her. No, but that’s not like him, she thought, and felt the truth of his feelings were always revealed in those enticing forest green eyes of his.
Sansa was just imagining Petyr was her professor when she felt a jab at her arm, forcing the cap of her pen to unhook itself from her teeth. Jeyne, her closest friend in University gave her an inquisitive look, sensing her thoughts were far off from the lecture she was forced to listen too. It was too difficult to take out a cellphone when sitting so close to the front, so Jeyne scribbled something on a piece of paper and shifted it to the corner of her desk.

“I’ll tell you later,” Sansa mouthed, and then darted her eyes back to the elderly looking professor again. Normally she would love this class, Medieval folklore was right up her alley, but it was Friday afternoon and she had trouble concentrating.

It had been hours since Petyr had texted her, and it was at a bare minimum. She hated him moving back in with his wife, wishing he would have the sense to just leave her and take Sansa away from her misery.

Her parents had thankfully gotten off her back, and only Arya held onto to her suspicions that her Uncle’s interest in Sansa wasn’t exactly of paternal nature. Sansa made sure to keep her new clothes hidden at the back of her closet for now, knowing they were so expensive that it would only generate questions. The pills Petyr had bought for her were disclosed in a headache medicine bottle, stuffed at the bottom of her backpack for her to take everyday. The feeling of Petyr inside of her had long left her, and now all she felt was longing for them to do it again.

The professor must have said something, for suddenly her fellow students were filing out of their seats looking for a coffee break.

“Alright,” Jeyne prompted up. “Who is it?”

“What are you talking about?”

“You were grinding that pen in your mouth, hun.”

“I was thinking.”

“Yeah about…” Jeyne paused as some young man tried to pass behind the back of her seat. “… about getting some.”

“Maybe I am.” The lecture hall had become quieter, since most of the students had left the room for a washroom and coffee break. Sansa looked down at the professor, watching her wipe off the chalkboard that had the notes that she didn’t copy down. Damn.

“So, who is it?” Jeyne’s face brightened as a thought came over her. “You never told me who you went out with a couple of nights ago. Don’t worry, I covered for you girl.”

“Did my mom call?”

“No, she doesn’t even have my number.”

“Oh, right.”

“I’m just saying I covered for you, you know, if someone asks.”

“Then you say, “I will cover for you.””

“Okay grammar police.” She brushed back her thin brown hair, dark and luscious under the fluorescent lights overhead. “You haven’t answered the question.”
“Some guy that is really good in bed.”

“God, can you give me his number.”

“No, he is all mine.”

“His name.”

“It starts with a P.”

“Do I know him?”

“He doesn’t go to this school,” Sansa revealed. “I highly doubt it.”

“So, you seeing him tonight?”

*He is with his wife*, Sansa thought, and then closed her eyes at the thought of it.

“No, unfortunately not.” The pen was jabbed into her mouth again, twisting violently between her top and bottom lip.

“Work?”

“Fuck, I forgot about that.”

“You forgot you have work?”

“I’ve been having trouble concentrating,” Sansa confessed. “And its been getting worse.”

“Cause you are thinking about, you know who.”

“Yeah.”

People were filling back into their chairs, looking more energetic than before hand. “So, what is he like?”

“Oh? Petyr is amazing actually.”

“Petyr,” Jeyne mouthed, pleased to figure out his secret identity.

“There was an instant connection from the start, like something out of a movie.”

“Love at first sight?”

“I think that’s a bit of a stretch,” Sansa mused aloud. “But close enough.”

“How long have you known him?”

“Years.”

“Years?” Jeyne exclaimed, which gathered the attention of the row in front of us. She looked away shyly, fumbling with the sheets in front of her until they looked away. “You’ve been sitting on it for years.”

“Its complicated,” she laughed, knowing the truth would only mess with her head.

“Years for you to get laid by him.”
“Yeah.”

“Alright.” Jeyne flipped open her laptop since she sensed the lecture was about to start. “Better late than never.”

The house was in disarray by the time Sansa walked through the doors, hearing the vacuum blaring across the house to signal her mother was cleaning. Rickon was on the floor in front of the television, scooping up his lego pieces to toss them into a bucket; his light brown hair matted over with sweat to reveal he had been running earlier on. “Sansa,” he squeaked, and sprinted towards her only to embrace her in a tight bear hug. “Your home!”

“I am,” Sansa laughed, wondering why her brother was overly happy this evening.

“You came just in time. Guess what? Robin is coming over!”

“What?” Sansa bellowed out, loud enough for Bran to come over and inquire over the noise. His wheelchair silently skidded across the hardwood floor, as he took in the sight of his two siblings. “Bran, Robin is coming over?”

“Sleepover.”

“Since when?”

“Since this afternoon,” he quipped back easily. “He’s been begging his parents for ages.”

“So, they are coming over?”

“Apparently.”

Rickon let go of his sister and ran back to the front of the television to clean up his mess. Bran was too focused on his sister’s expression to notice, witnessing the changing colour to her cheeks. Sansa slinked off her backpack, letting it crash to the floor with a heavy thud. “Are they staying over for dinner?”

“Lysa?” Bran inquired. “No, its date night for them.”

“Date night,” Sansa grumbled with a fierceness to her eyes.

“Yeah, they made up, didn’t you hear?”

“Yeah, I heard.”

Her backpack was abandoned in front of the door, and she bent over to untie her black converse. I can’t believe him. Her shoes was tossed against the wall, and the loud bang made her realize she was revealing her feelings too much. “Sorry, its been a long day,” Sansa lied. “I have to go upstairs and change for work.”

“Okay,” Bran piped up softly, though his eyes studied his sister harder than she would have wanted. “Its only for one night, Sansa. They won’t get in your way.”

“I know that, Bran,” she almost scolded him, and walked right past her brother to get to the staircase. Her mother was busy vacuuming Rickon’s room, enough of a distraction to let Sansa walk right past the open doorway. It wasn’t until she was in her bedroom that she pulled out her phone to see no messages from Petyr, and her anger only grew. Date night, she fumed, and felt the strongest desire to strangle the pillow.
The vacuum shut off, and she heard her mother rummaging around her brother’s room when the bedroom doors were wide open. Sansa tore off her sweater, stomping towards her closet to look for a stupid black top she could wear to work. She hated work, and she hated the fact that Petyr was spending the evening with Lysa. “I’m having no luck,” she mumbled, and tore the shirt off the hanger so she could put it on.

“Sansa?” The sweet sound from her mother filled the air, and soon enough she stepped into her daughter’s room. “Everything alright.”

“I’m fine.”

“You sound louder than usual.” The mother’s intuition was appropriately correct. “Had a bad day at school?”

“No, its fine,” Sansa quickly answered. She was buttoning up her dress shirt when she shot out: “Robin is coming over?”

“Your cousin,” Cat agreed with a soft smile. “Sleepover. He gets lonely, you know, being an only child.”

“Alright.”

“Its for one night, and it’s the least we could do.” Cat stepped into the room, pulling down the sleeves to her shirt as she took in her daughter’s look of frustration. “Your upset.”

“No, I’m fine.”

“Sansa.”

“I will be at work anyways, so it doesn’t really bother me.”

“Lysa just needs time to work things out with her husband.” There it was, that dreaded word, and Sansa’s eyes darkened at the mention of it. “I know you don’t understand it, but one day you will get married and see how hard it is to maintain it. I told Lysa myself, if she ever wants to drop Robin off for the weekend, she is more than welcome too.” A harmless smile was offered to her eldest daughter, and then she turned around to leave Sansa. “I will have dinner for you when you get home. Your father will pick you up.”

“I can’t have the car?”

“Brothers are using it,” she said with a voice of indifference, and with that she left her daughter.

Sansa was standing outside of the front porch when a sleek black sedan pulled up into the parking lot, the silver trims gave it away that it belonged to Petyr. Dusk was upon them, and Sansa couldn’t help but pull her large purse closer to her frame with regret. Her father was late from getting back from work, and of course, she had to run into Petyr. He was the first to exit the car, casting her a lingering look before he walked around the front of the sedan to open up the back door where his stepson was located.

“Sansa!” Robin shrielled out with excitement, and instantly ran down the graveled parking lot to get to his cousin. He gripped her tightly with a hug, slamming his face into the center of her belly. “Where you waiting for us?”

“I was,” Sansa lied, knowing he was the most sensitive being she had ever encountered. “How are
“You little Robin?”
“I’m not little,” he countered with a cheeky grin. “I’m alright.”

“Your favourite meal is ready for you.”

“Cheeseburgers?”

“Barbequed and everything.” Robin flung her another hug that was just as tight as before and then sprinted into the house. It was only then that she looked down the driveway, seeing Petyr slink the tiny backpack over his shoulder that obviously did not belong to him. He slammed the car door dramatically, staying in his spot to give her a once over with lust darkening his eyes. He strode forward, knowing that with each step Sansa’s breath was caught in her throat.

“Hello, sweetling,” he darkly said, his voice sensual and dripping with desire.

“Petyr, what are you doing here?”

“I thought you would be happy to see me?”

“Where is Lysa?”


“Not with you?” He looked over his shoulder on purpose, being ever so dramatic to prove his point. “Okay, I get it.”

“No hug for your Uncle?”

Sansa wrapped her arms around him, half pushing the Spiderman backpack off his shoulders to strengthen her hold over him. His hand rested over her lower spine, just inches away from the curve of her ass. “You think anyone is looking?” he questioned in a breathless voice, barely audible even when his face was resting against her cheek.

“Probably.”

He inched his head backwards, staring into her eyes with a terrible smirk. He leaned in as if he would kiss her, and then planted it over the side of her cheek, much to close to her lips.

“You playing with fire, Petyr.”

“Then let me,” he taunted back, and then decided it was best to release his hold over her. “But why are you waiting outside? Was it for me?”

“My father is supposed to drive me to work?”

“Running late.”

“Terribly late,” Sansa fretted. “I might have to call and tell them I’m going to be late.”

Petyr arched an eyebrow at her, and then left a sizeable gap between them before he let out a menacing chuckle. The front door was propped open by him, and then he motioned her to follow him inside.

He was jumped on by Rickon the second he walked through the door, but Bran only greeted him in an emotionless voice. Petyr was accustomed to such behaviour, and then looked around for Arya
expecting her sharp tongue. “She’s in the basement,” Sansa informed him, and then walked down the hallway with every expectation for Petyr to follow her.

“Cat,” Petyr called out, placing a kiss on the side of her cheek in pleasant greeting.

“My don’t you look sharp, Petyr.” Cat rubbed a hand down his pristine black suit, and then fondled the bowtie he was currently wearing. “All dressed up.”

Sansa hadn’t noticed his appearance until they were in the brightly lit kitchen and she instantly agreed with her mother.

“Go on, give us a show.” Cat encouraged, and the man let out a charming grin before he raised up his arms and slowly spun around for the two ladies. “Very fine.”

“Thank you, Cat.”

“And my sister?”

“As beautiful as ever.”

“But she isn’t with you?” Cat went to the fridge to pull out something she would need for dinner. “She didn’t cancel, did she?”

“At home making herself look even more beautiful.”

“You have a way with words, Baelish.” Ketchup and mustard were pulled out of the fridge, and then Cat dug herself into the kitchen fridge to retrieve some more things.

“When I pulled up to the driveway,” Petyr mentioned in a deeply raspy voice. “I noticed your daughter was outside waiting for your husband.”

“Oh, god! Sansa, are you running late dear?”

Sansa nodded her head sadly, looking more worried than she actually felt.

“He should be here any moment! I should call him right now.”

“No need,” Petyr prompted up. “He is probably stuck in traffic.”

“Yes, but…” Cat’s cheeks flushed a shade of pink. “I…”

Petyr turned his head to Sansa, casting her a look to show he had laid out this trap all along.

“You think, Petyr… could you be a dear and take my daughter to work.”

“I will have enough time,” he casually answered her.

“Will you?”

“Ample.”

“Do you know where it is?”

“No, but I have Sansa as my guide.” His hands smoothed down the sleeves to his suit jacket; silver rings flashing under the bright light of the room. “Sansa,” he uttered out smoothly. “Will you be a dear and tell me if my pin is straight?” He stepped forward and raised up his chin for Sansa to get his
meaning. Sansa laid her hand over his chest, and then felt the cold silver of his mockingbird pin with wonder. “Is it?”

She tried to control her facial expressions, trying not to imagine the fun they would have in the car. “Its perfect.”

“Thank you, sweetling.” He cocked his head to the right, offering Cat a smile that didn’t reach his eyes. “I guess I should say my goodbyes.” He strode towards her with purpose, planting a kiss on her cheek again with an aimable smile. “Until tomorrow.”

“Have fun!” Cat called out, before she curled the kitchen towel into a ball. The look on her face clearly revealed her last second thoughts; Cat suddenly realized she had just made a grave mistake letting her daughter get a lift with Petyr; little did she know that this estranged couple thought it was too good to be true.
Sansa is worried about the consequences, but Petyr doesn’t give a damn.

The street was pitch-black, two bright white lights illuminated the dirt road they were traveling along. Sansa’s hand was tightly gripping the curved handle at the side of Petyr’s car. She could smell the scent of his cologne as it filled the air, see the tenseness of his hand upon the leather steering wheel. She could feel her heart ramming against her chest, the seizing desire to touch Petyr was felt as each second passed by.

The lids of her eyes closed, and she did her best to block out all her jarring emotions. The car jolted upwards after it hit a bump in the road, and Petyr made a grunting sound before he pressed his foot against the break to slow the car down. He flashed his indicators on, the ticking sound was enough to make Sansa open her eyes and turn to his side profile. He ignored her lingering gaze, pulling off to the side of the road to get into an abandoned ditch. A light flicked above his dashboard, and he put the car in parking position with the emergency brake up. Sansa didn’t think the front tire was ruined, but maybe she was wrong like so many times before.

The car door creaked open, a long leg swung out of it, and soon Petyr was standing outside of the car with a flashing light coming from the palm of his hand. She knew the flashlight was from his cellphone and felt worried by his silent movements as he went to the back of the car. “Petyr?” There was a silence on his end, so Sansa undid her seatbelt and came out of the passenger seat. “Petyr?”

“Be a sweetie and call into late work, will you?” he answered her back in a monotone voice. The trunk opened quietly, and he shined the light down on it as though he was looking for something. “Petyr?” Sansa repeated, and rounded the back of the car to see his ringed fingers shuffling through the back of the trunk.

“There it is.” He pulled out a long grey blanket that was a soft as cashmere and let his fingers glide over it for a moment. “Sansa, we haven’t much time.”

“You want me to call into work.”

“Tell them you will be an hour late.” He smirked at her under the moonlight. “The car got a flat tire.”

“No, it didn’t.”

He arched an eyebrow at her playfully, and then closed the trunk with a heavy slam.

He walked over to the back seat of the car, spreading out the blanket to cover the length of the seat with careful precision. “Sansa,” he mouthed suddenly.

“You really mean it?”

“I can just take you straight to work if you’d like,” he muttered over his shoulder, and only then did Sansa realize he had a plan all along.
She was just dialing her cellphone when the front door was open, and she watched Petyr undo his bowtie under the rear-view mirror. He laid it flat over his dashboard, enough for her to forget the ringing of the phone for a moment or two. “Hello?” Sansa turned her head to look at the silhouette of trees just in front of her, the branches swaying gently in the darkness of night. “Yeah, my dad got a flat tire. No, I will be alright.” She paused as she heard her co-worker on the phone, expressing concern. “I will be at work, don’t worry. Yes, I can still close the store.” She looked over her shoulder to see Petyr pulling off his crisp white dress shirt, folding it neatly in the seat of his lap. “Uh huh,” she muttered, hardly hearing what the girl was saying anymore. The rings on his fingers shined under the bright lighting from the dashboard, his hair turning a warm dark brown as he leaned his head more into the lighting. “Yeah, I will be there in an hour… I think,” Sansa’s voice trailed off after that, lowering her cellphone as she took a good look at Petyr. Her breath was caught when he stared right back, dark green eyes luminous and haunting in a strangely fanciful way.

Her phone went off, a mere touch on the screen and all went black except for the lighting coming from the car’s overhead dashboard. “Sansa,” he hushed, and that was all that was needed for her to draw herself near. “We haven’t much time.”

“You planned this all out, didn’t you?”

“I have an imagination,” he softly replied, like the whistling wind all around her. He leaned forward and jarred the passenger seat open, beckoning her to come inside and away from the cool air. Sansa took a seat, holding her phone tightly in her hand as she could feel the tenseness in the air. “Are you mad at me?”

“What?”

“For taking Lysa on a date.”

“I was.”

“Best way to patch things up,” he quipped softly, and then darted those dark emerald eyes away from her. The neatly folded dress shirt was placed upon the dashboard, and then his hands slipped upon his lap again.

“Is that what you want?” she asked in a clear voice, while brushing her flowing red hair off the side of her cheek. “To patch things up.”

“Temporarily,” he mouthed, with a strain to his voice. “Enough to buy some time.”

“You have a plan.”

“Not really,” he breathed out softly. A tiny tug crossed over his lips, a hitch came over his voice as he uttered, “Not yet.”

Sansa turned in her seat, positioning her entire body to face him. “Do you want me?”

“I never wanted anything more.”

She did her best to cover her smile, placing her hand over her tempting lips. Petyr cleared his throat and let his eyes cross over her entire visage with a sudden curiosity. “You don’t believe me?”

“Oh, I do.”

He rubbed his hand over the front of his chest, never paying any mind when it crossed over the sharp silver crevice of his scar. “Petyr.”
“Yes.”

“Yes, the blankets are for us, aren’t they?”

“If you want it to be.”

“Lysa will kill you,” Sansa laughed, and then did her best to cover her mouth with the palm of her hand again. “This is careless.”

“Yes,” he quipped out suddenly. “Very careless.”

“That’s all we have ever been lately.”

“Imagine your mother’s reaction to what I have planned for you in the back seat.”

“Petyr,” she half scolded, though the tempting look in his eyes made Sansa want to give in. He leaned forward ever so slowly, brushing his hand over the top of her thigh to open the glove compartment. He pushed a package of spearmint gum away, a few papers, and then pulled out a sunglasses case with extra care. “What is it?”

“I came prepared.” The lid was open in front of her, and she rolled her eyes to see it stuffed with packages of condoms.

“You have a lot in there.”

“I know,” he snickered, and then pulled out one to toss it over the dashboard for all to see. The case was shut soundly, and then he snuck it all the way back into the glove compartment again that was just over her knees.

“Lysa will be waiting.”

“She will, and she will give a call to her sister.” A devilish smirk came over him. “And what do you think she will say, I wonder,” Petyr drawled out slowly.

Sansa leaned back in her seat in horror. “The truth!”

“No, sweetling.”

“Why not?”

“Do you imagine how much trouble she will be when Lysa finds out she sent her sweet little daughter… this innocent thing…” Petyr drew himself closer with a lustful look in his eyes. “…in the car alone with me.”

Sansa swallowed hard at that, realizing the thrill for Petyr was just too much to abandon. It was clear Petyr was willing to go all the way; gamble and hope for the best because it was all a game to him, and the higher the stakes were- the more he was willing to fall for them.

“You think I should just take you straight to work,” he observed, after Sansa’s silence dragged on for a full minute.

“I just… there is a lot at risk.”

“You think your father will drive down this road,” he chuckled, and immediately turned off the light that was situated between them. “He can’t find you out here in the dark, sweetling.”
Sansa bit down on her bottom lip, hating the temptation that was perched at her door.

“A blanket should cover up any mess.” She looked over her shoulder at the back seat, seeing the light grey shade under the moonlight. “And we don’t have to go all the way.”

“No.”

“Just a little taste,” he whispered, and she felt the familiar scent of mint on his breath as he edged himself closer. “Or at least I can have one.” A soft rub was felt on the tip of her chin, spreading outward slowly until it explored the smooth ridges of her jawline. “If you’ll let me,” he whispered just in front of her lips.

Her voice was almost a simper: “Okay.”

“Only if you want it?” he cunningly asked her. “Only if you want me too.”

“No, I do.” The rest of her words were cut off, a gentle kiss was planted dead center onto her lips, and Sansa let out a shuddered breath to taste his lips at last. She was in deep she realized, after he parted their lips slowly, and there was no turning back now.

The car door opened on Petyr’s side and he slouched out of his seat to stand out in the cool night air. She could just make out his silhouette in the dim lighting, the paleness of his chest as he stood out in the moonlight. “I’ll make it five minutes tops,” he rapped out carelessly. “Since you don’t want to be late for work.”

“It’s only because Lysa is waiting.”

“How kind of you, Sansa, to put Lysa’s concerns above your own.” There was sarcasm in his voice, and she almost laughed at it. “I’m taking off my pants, in case you can’t see.”

“Barely.”

“I’d expect you’d be doing the same right now.” Sansa was just starting to see how clever Petyr really was, and it was more than his sharp tongue that betrayed it. She nearly jumped when his trousers were thrown inside of his car, falling over the driver’s seat with a sly warning. The door slammed, and she heard him moving about to get to the back seat of the car. “I’m a very patient man,” he relayed in a deep sonorous voice. “But you are starting to make me wonder.” The car door opened in the back, and she felt the weight recline slightly once he was securely inside. “If this should just wait until Monday.”

“You said you were taking me out on Monday?”

“I am.”

“Then…”

“I was thinking afterwards,” he cleverly replied. “And I thought… you might have done the same.”

Sansa had enough, she tore off her work shirt and placed it down on the driver’s seat next to Petyr’s trousers. She could feel Petyr’s gaze when she unclasped the back of her bra, so she threw it in the back seat for him to catch it. She wondered what the hell she was doing when she undid her belt, wondering how far she had stumbled into the hole to sleep with her Uncle in the backseat of his car. It was madness, she thought, but that never stopped her from opening her door wide to pull down her pants. She never stopped moving until she was fully naked, and only then rubbed her hand down the side of her waist as she felt the cold air kiss her delicate skin.
“Five minutes,” echoed from the back of the car, seeping its way through the open back window.

“Are you wet for me, Sansa?”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

She could see his shifting figure in the dark lighting of the glass window, and then the propping open of a door as a silent invitation. Sansa wondered why it took so long to do this, why it was so hard to get out of her head when all Petyr was doing was slyly seducing her. She should have never stayed out there for so long, and when common sense and desire kicked in at the same time, she found herself creeping her way into the back seat. Petyr’s hands were quick to grasp at her, his lips searching for hers as he explored the side of her cheeks with chaste kisses. She fell on top of him, unused to be in so tightly enclosed space. Petyr grunted with the impact; his back laid flat on the seat with his fingers clenching the sides of her arms. He looked truly wicked that way, enough for Sansa to stare at him for a moment. “Sansa?” His head rose upwards to connect their lips, kissing her in a taunting way that was nice and slow, while his arms shifted over to the sides to press firmly along the curve of her back. His goatee tickled her face, the hot breath of mint filled the air around him. She could feel him hardening over her, his body shifting ever so slightly to get into her core. “Don’t you want me?” he asked into the stifled air.

She answered him by kissing him back harder, crushing her face into him until she could barely breath. Her hand sculpted the side of his neck, curling over till she could feel the shape of Petyr’s left ear. His breath hitched slightly as she tugged softly at his short hair, smiling prettily as she heard a sharp grunt. He laid motionless for a moment, so Sansa took that brief hesitation to press her lips over his, kissing him breathlessly. His hold over her tightened, thumb pressed down hard into the center of her spine. She could feel the cool night breeze brushing over her back, the door still open for their legs to hang out.

Petyr chuckled under his breath suddenly, and then pressed his hands down onto the car seat to lift himself up. “I never imagined anything like this,” he drawled out darkly. “But I am happy it ended up this way.”

“Petyr?”

“Yes, sweetling.”

She didn’t know what to say, so he reached forward to let his hand rub the side of her shoulder that curled into her defined collarbone; it went up her neck gradually, letting his stray fingers play with the length of her hair. Sansa in turn laid a hand over the center of her chest, wondering why everything always seemed to gravitate towards him. *It always leads to him,* she thought, and applied more pressure there. “We don’t have much time.”

“Close the door.”

She reached behind her and did as Petyr instructed, and found herself being lifted up slightly to lean her back against the door. His hands were firm as he spread them apart, and then he curled her fingers around her until she felt them at the back of her spine. His rings were cold against her flesh, the tips of his fingers press firmly in the center. He was a moving shadow in front of her, a dark finger that was slowly reclining itself downwards.

“I want to hear you,” he warned, and then she felt a cool breeze blow against her opening, a strange sensation that made a sound escape her. A finger was placed against her belly, and then it moved down so slowly she could feel it- her knees raised off the seat which only brought a tuttering sound
from the man in front of her. “Stay still,” he hushed, and then she bit down on her lip as she felt him hovering just over her opening. It was his thumb this time that touched her, fondling her gently to get a breathless sound out from Sansa’s lips. She could feel her fingers clenching into the front of the car seat, crushing the head rest without a care. “Yes,” he drawled out slowly, as he went a little faster. Sansa tried to bite down on her lip, but Petyr was ever so relentless. “Yes.”

“Petyr.”

“Yes, sweetling.” She resisted the head rest and went for Petyr instead, pulling his head towards her so she could taste his lips. He kissed her soundly as a thank you, rolling his thumb over his clit in the most grateful way. She felt her chest heave with excitement, and then moaned into his mouth as he let a finger slip inside of her. She was wet for him, and he knew it, and he slid it in further as he sculpted out her walls in a teasing way.

“Petyr, please,” she begged once his thumb went faster. The lids of her eyes shut in ecstasy, the car felt so stifling hot and all she could hear was Petyr’s heavy breathing as he watched her get aroused. She couldn’t breath suddenly, forcing her lips away from his entirely to try and catch her breath. “Shit.”

Petyr removed his thumb and she felt his body hover over her, tilting her into a more comfortably angle until he settled her over the blankets he so cleverly laid. “I can’t wait any longer,” he mumbled in a husky voice, and that finger of his was replaced by something more beautiful instead. “Sansa,” he chanted softly as he pushed his manhood inside of her. She could feel herself expanding for him, the way he rolled his hips into her, riding her mercilessly in the back seat of his car. Gasps escaped her, finding he was going faster than she had expected. A hand rested over the side of her neck, nails digging along the side of it possessively, and then it rested over the side of her face so he could kiss her slick wet lips. She was startled to see how he bit into her bottom lip, soft enough not to cause an indentation, but enough for her to move her face away quickly. Petyr planted his lips on her cheeks instead, riding her slowly to have her body move underneath him. He hushed her name lightly, stretching out the moment for as long as he could. Sansa rested her hands around the back of his neck for support, aware of how his own right hand was moving downwards to the real prize below. He was fondling her clit again, making haggard noises escape her and sweet moans that must have echoed off the small walls to Petyr’s car. She closed her eyes in ecstasy, wondering how any of this could have ever happened, how any of this dream or nightmare could have ever happened at all. It was her Uncle that was doing this, making her eyes flutter violently as he kept her on a high.

“Petyr,” she moaned from the back of her throat, wishing she could do something to him that felt equally as good as this. “Petyr,” fell for her lips for one final time, and then he thrust the last of himself inside of her to cut off her breath. She felt full, and she was surprised how good it felt for him to be so deep inside of her. She let out a peaceful groan and hugged his back tightly, pressing him closer until there was no space at all. He lightly nipped his teeth into the side of her cheek, peppering her hot skin with light kisses that reminded her of drops of rain.

“There is my sweetling,” Petyr hushed softly, and she felt that it was in their best interests that they didn’t leave the back seat of his car anytime soon.
Chapter Summary

Ned picks Sansa up from work and he is less than pleased with the knowledge that Petyr was the one that drove her there. Suspicion rises and the plot thickens as Sansa continues this ever so dangerous love affair.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Sansa really wished her assistant manager wasn’t such a pain in the ass. Life would have been so much easier if Rebecca didn’t hover over her shoulder. It was bad enough she was in pain- no pain wasn’t the word, but she could still feel the lingering sensation that Petyr left inside of her.

A good hour had gone by and her hands were shaking as she tried to hang the neglected t-shirts back on the hangers. The thrill was still there, the adrenaline rush of the dirty things that they did in the hopes of not getting caught. How could she forget the devilish smirk that played upon Petyr’s face when he tossed the used condom on the forest floor, the wide-eyed expression as he watched her change under the hazy lights at the front of the car. The kiss he gave her before he let her leave, a promise of another time that left them both with expectation.

She knew it was wrong, but there was this selfish part about her that simply didn’t care.

Sansa wondered if she had any morals at all, the mere fact of her trying to fight back the smile while her assistant manager was watching her confirmed it.

Another twenty minutes and the clothing shop would close, but they would have to stay a few extra minutes to clean up the female aisles. Her co-worker Missandei was asked to stay later to help out, picking up the slack that Sansa had undoubtedly left for them. She would have to buy her a coffee as a thank you, or something to put that subtle look of resentment off Missandei’s face.

“I’m going to the bathroom,” Rebecca piped up, before she left the main section of the store. She was hardly gone for a minute before Missandei approached her with an inquisitive look in her eyes.

“So, are you going to tell me why you keep smiling?”

“No.” A reluctant grin came over her, so Sansa was forced to turn her head away with silent glee.

“You didn’t get a flat tire, did you?”

“Something like that.”

“What happened?”

“I got a flat tire,” she lied, and then organized a stack of jean shorts so she could eventually put them out for display.

“Bull shit.” It was rare for her friend to curse in front of her, and even more to call her out. “You’ve been smiling ever since you came here.”
“Have I?”

“Pretty much.” Missandei fiddled with the ties to her shirt that were hanging down her chest, playing with the tiny red beads that were arranged neatly along the string. “I’m missing a party you know, and a boy I like was supposed to be there.”

“I’m sorry.”

“You can come if you’d like.”

“Thanks, but I’m exhausted.”

“It’s a Friday night,” she proposed with a harmless shrug. Her back leaned against a wooden shelf, and she tilted her head in a way to show off the braided hair she just done for this evening. “And your younger than me.”

“I had school and now work.”

“-and something in between.”

A fuck, Sansa thought, but she bit her lip so she couldn’t say it aloud.

Missandei shook her head playfully, reading Sansa all to well. “I want to know what it is.”

“The fact that Rebecca will be off my back in less than ten minutes,” Sansa quipped, and turned away from her co-worker just in time so it looked like they were both hard at work.

Her father was the last one in the parking lot, showing up later than usual. A large hand poked out of the open window; a brisk wave was enough to confirm it was in fact Ned. “Sorry!” He came out of the car to make sure she was okay, looking more worried than usual. “My car was out of gas, so I took your brother’s.”

“And mine,” Sansa complained, not liking that she was always the last one to be considered when it came to who could drive the car.

“I was arguing with your mother.”

“Why?” Sansa asked, noticing how high-pitched her voice went under her father’s heated gaze.

“Why do you think Sansa?”

“Oh,” she simpered. A hand covered the other, a shy look came across her eyes. “It wasn’t about me, was it?”

“Yes, of course it was about you.”

Sansa pouted in front of her father, pretending she was as innocent as she wanted him to believe.

“We will talk about inside there,” her father submitted, and then left her on the sidewalk to return to the running car.

The air felt tense once they were inside of it, a completely opposite feeling to the one she had over an hour ago with Petyr. She had only wished she had taken a shower, fearing Petyr’s cologne might linger on her clothes or worse...
“She told me Petyr took you to work.”

Sansa nodded her head bashfully. “My Uncle,” she confirmed aloud, so it wouldn’t rouse her father’s suspicions.

“And how did that go?”

“Fine.”

“Did he say anything to you?”

“Nothing out of the ordinary.”

“Did he… do something?”

“Like what exactly.” She found herself crossing her arms, pretending she was annoyed with her father’s subtle accusations.

“You are old enough to realize he doesn’t care for Lysa.” A slight pause ensued, and her father entered the main road that would lead them straight home. “I knew it from the beginning… when we met him at the party.” He chuckled softly, not paying any mind to the emotions his daughter was currently experiencing. “Not even that big ring on Lysa’s finger could change my opinion on him.”

“You have said things like this before.”

“And you would never listen!” he shot back with bitterness. “You would just defend him.”

“Maybe because I understand him.”

“And that’s just it,” he quickly retorted. “Why must it be you that understands him… and not his wife?”

“Because we are alike,” Sansa offered out. “I don’t know.”

Her father’s voice dropped a tenor or two when he uttered out: “Neither do I.”

He switched over to the faster lane, accelerating quickly to burn off some steam. Sansa fidgeted with the heavy purse on her lap, wishing she could come out of the car to escape the inevitable argument. The light turned red, and her father slammed on the brake with a deep muttering under his breath.

“Did he take you straight there?”

“Yes.”

Ned mumbled under his breath again, too low for Sansa to pick up any real words. A pedestrian was crossing the front of the car while her father was tapping the top of the steering wheel with impatience. “What do you think of them getting back together? Did he say anything?”

“He only said that Lysa wants to save the marriage.”

Ned laughed with bitterness and shook his head so much she thought his head might fall off. “And he doesn’t! Typical Petyr.”

“Why does it matter?”

“What?”
“If they are together or not?” Sansa demanded with frustration. “Why do you care?”

“I only care about the well-being of my daughter,” he surmised with a tone of voice that was louder than usual. “One who doesn’t realize how truly beautiful she is, or at least pretends too.”

“I know I’m beautiful.”

“I always thought you were like a little princess when you were a girl,” he cooed out lightly. “Such a pretty little thing.”

“Dad,” Sansa huffed, since she sensed where his conversation was going.

“I always knew I had to watch out for you when you were older. High school was the one thing I feared for you, but I would never imagine I would have to do the very same thing around your Uncle.” Sansa crossed her arms, her head turned away from her father to show her open disapproval.

The car fell into an awkward silence after that, neither one willing to speak to the other.

Sansa felt her cheeks grow hot when her father drove past the abandoned ditch, almost imagining Petyr’s sleek black sedan parked there- hidden among the trees.

“Your mother won’t tell her sister the truth,” Ned suddenly blurted out. “But that doesn’t mean I won’t.”

“What are you saying?”

The streetlight cast a white glow over her father’s pale cheek, his thick dark hair suddenly looked wild and burly looking. “They will have to pick up Robin tomorrow, and I will make sure I will be there the entire time.” His hand tightened around the steering wheel. “Every which way.”

“I think your hatred of Uncle Petyr is clouding your judgement.”

“And your love isn’t?” He shot back. “No, I didn’t mean that kind of love…” His voice trailed off near the end, the rest of what he was going to say had halted there.

“I know what you meant.”

“I don’t like him.”

“I know.”

“And I don’t like him paying attention to you.” The indicator clicked softly, and he turned the front of the vehicle into the dirt driveway that belonged to their home. “And I don’t like you responding to it.”

“If you had your way than I would ignore him.”

“I’d ship you away,” he laughed. “Or him, better yet.”

“I’ll will keep out of his way.”

He propped open his door, after he exclaimed, “That is all I’m asking!” He watched his daughter descend from the passenger’s side of the car, noticing how cold she was towards him after the request. “I only want what’s best for you, Sansa.”

“And all Uncle Petyr ever wanted was a friend.”
Sansa’s morning went by peacefully. Water droplets splattering the glass of her window as she leant forward to complete her assigned readings. She was unusually focused this morning; a piping hot cup of coffee was next to her hand whenever she needed it. Her cellphone was shut off, plugged into the wall for extra charging. A slice of lemon cake was at her other elbow, awaiting to be eaten after she completed her next chapter. Soft acoustic music came from the speakers next to her desk, a drowsy tune that half tempted her to crawl back in bed. She had forced her thoughts to stray away from Petyr for now, but she wasn’t so sure how long it would last.

Robin’s excited screams could be heard from time to time, playing with plastic nerf guns to shoot his favourite cousin down. They were boys just being boys, but she wished the house could be a little quieter so she could stay focused.

The clock next to her bed informed her that Petyr and Lysa would show up in the next half hour, and she feared the worst once she locked eyes with her Aunt. Sansa knew she was a pretty good liar, but still, there was something menacing in Lysa’s eyes from time to time. It never helped that she was jealous of Sansa’s youth, the vibrancy of her looks that Lysa so desperately held onto- as if she had any in the first place.

A knock rapped at her door, and her eldest brother poked his head through the crack of the doorway. “Can I borrow some paper?”

“What kind?”

“Blank.”

“Printer?”

He propped the door open more and shook his head in agreement. Her brother was a tall, finely built sort of guy that most girls would cling too if they had the chance, it was too bad he was so bookish for his own good. “I have to print off an essay.”

“Glad I am not the only one that’s suffering.”

“Tell me why I went back for my masters?” he joked. Robb took a seat at the edge of her bed, lifting the same stuffed animal that Petyr had teased her with sometime ago. “I heard mom and dad are still arguing about you.”

“What do you mean?”

“They barely said a word to each other this morning,” he informed her. “Didn’t you notice?”

“I’ve been locked up in my room.” She pulled out a container that had a stack of printing paper and gave a third of it to her brother. “Here you go.”

“Dad hates Petyr.”

“What is new.”

Robb held the stack of paper tightly, bringing it upon his lap with extra care. “I don’t think he’s that bad.”

“I’m sure Uncle Petyr would be happy to hear it.”

“And you like him.”
“Yes.”

Robb winked at her playfully, which caught her completely off guard. “I see the way you look at him… oh, its been a while but I remember.”

“I look at him… the same as anybody else.”

“No,” he cooed out with pleasure. “No, I see where you look at him too.”

“Shut up!” She was tempted to fling something at him, but there was nothing soft enough within her reach.

“I don’t get,” he suddenly rapped out, and dragged his fingers over his thick goatee he had grown over the winter. “But hey… whatever.”

“I don’t think of my Uncle that way.”

“No,” he playfully answered her, and then stood tall to his feet. “No, why would I ever say such a thing?” An eyebrow raised at her, and then a sharp wink before he quickly left her room.

*Imbecile,* Sansa thought, and hoped he wouldn’t go downstairs to tell Arya about her reaction.

Lysa was the first to enter their household, her voice loud enough to reach the top floor. Sansa was still seated at her desk, figuring it was best to avoid Petyr for the time being.

Chaos was the best way to describe the noise down below, a resounding scream and shrills once Lysa was reunited with her little boy. It was like nails against the chalkboard, and Sansa just about had her fill.

A heavy knock shook the door, and it opened before she could give her consent. “Sansa,” her father growled, and he propped the door wide open to have a good look at her. “Robin wants to say goodbye.”

“Can’t you tell him I’m busy.” Her father narrowed his eyes at her with disappointment, so she dropped her book down on the table and left her seat. “I thought you wanted me to avoid my Uncle.”

“I thought you wanted to be his friend,” he jeered. Sansa couldn’t help but laugh at his quip, it was rare for her father to show such hatred for someone. He made sure to walk in front of her when they came down the staircase, and never left her side once they came into the main living room.

“Goodbye Robin,” Sansa called out, after she noticed he was standing right between his two parents.

“Oh, but I want a kiss,” he replied with eagerness, and sprinted towards her with open arms. They hugged as per their usual custom, and then Sansa knelt forward to offer her cheek to her cousin.

“There, aren’t you happy now?”

“Yes.”

“Good.” She brushed his long hair back much like Petyr often did and couldn’t help but glance upwards at the man that was trailing through her thoughts. His face was overly passive, not showing a single sign of what had happened last night.

“Sansa, dear.” It was her Aunt that was now addressing her, keeping a watchful gaze on her beautiful niece. “It is good to see you again.”
“It is,” Sansa lied, and turned her gaze away to glare at the side profile of her father. She knew her father found the entire situation amusing, if only she could share the same opinion.

“I guess we should get going,” Lysa piped up, and stretched out her hand for her son to take. “Tell Cat I will see her soon.” She gave a brief wave to the Stark family and then she slowly made her way out the door.

Petyr tilted his head in acknowledgment at her father and then left as quietly as he came in.

“The rat,” Ned grumbled. He crossed his arms tightly against his chest, while the right side of his cheek puckered from his grimace.

“Uncle Petyr didn’t do anything.”

“Exactly.”

Sansa let out a sigh, and then prepared herself to leave the living room. “Where is mom anyway?”

“Out in the back gardening.”

“I’ll be in my room.” She stormed up the stairs quickly, and the first thing she did when she came into her room was turn on her phone. There were no messages from Petyr, however, and with some frustration she set her phone down on the table and resolved herself to get back to work.

It felt like the words were swimming on the page, and when it wasn’t, she was reading the same sentence over and over again.

Sansa checked her phone to see nothing, she held it in her hand to send a message but then suddenly changed her mind. She needed fresh air, a break, anything to distract her thoughts from him. The hallway was empty once she walked across it, but when she passed her parent’s room, she heard her name being called out by her father.

His room was brightly lit when she walked in, a thin stream of smoke from the hot iron he was currently holding in his hand drifted up towards the ceiling to mingle itself with the spinning ceiling fan. “I want to talk to you.”

“Yes,” she sweetly replied with feigned innocence.

“I suppose you know that I didn’t tell your Aunt the truth.” The iron was laid down upon the ironing board to leave his dress pants abandoned for the moment. “I didn’t want to make things worse.”

“Okay.”

“But…” A momentary pause came over him, his eyebrows descending over his dark eyes with worry. “I don’t want it to happen again.”

“It won’t.”

“Ever,” he woodenly replied. “Alright, you are free to leave,” he relayed softly, and flung his hand at her to silently dismiss his daughter. “I mean it,” he warned, and with that Sansa gently shut his bedroom door behind her.

Chapter End Notes
I sometimes fear that I like angst a little too much.
Late night talks with Petyr become a regular thing for Sansa, and she is delighted to find him more open and vulnerable than ever before.

I am not sure why but I can't stop thinking about this story today, so I finally sat down to write it. Special thanks to @crime_to_kill_a_mockingbird for your kind comments. This one is for you :)

It was late at night when her phone lit up in the room. Sansa tilted her head to see her phone on the bed stand, seeing the way the bright white light illuminated the wall beside her. A hand stretched forward and she pulled the phone towards her, seeing a message had just been sent to her by Petyr.

A harmless smile came over her face as she pulled up the covers just over her chest, brushing the long strands of auburn hair away from her face so she could see the screen more clearly. The message was short and brief: “Are you awake?”

Her eyes drifted upwards to see the time at the top of her phone, realizing it was past one in the morning. “I am now,” she replied, and then settled herself more comfortably on the bed as she waited for his reply.

Sansa found her hand stroking the side of the pillow, anxiously waiting for her lover’s reply. “I couldn’t sleep.”

Her eyes squinted with merriment, wondering if he was up so late because he was thinking of her. “Why?”

“I don’t like sharing the bed with her,” Petyr confessed. “I just keep thinking of you.”

“Are you with her now?” she carefully texted, and then sat up on her bed to rest her back against the headboard.

“I’m in the kitchen,” he simply replied, and it made sense why he was able to message her now. “How are you?”

She could have laughed at that, wondering what side of Petyr she was talking too tonight. It was like two sides to him, the one she slept with in the back of the car last night and the other that kindly made her dinner in his rented apartment space. Her fingertips glided along the side of her phone, eyes straying aimlessly into the darkness. “I’m better now.”

“You weren’t before?” he quickly typed back.

“No… its just I’ve been in my head a lot today.” She read the message over again, and then added:
“That’s all.”

“Any second thoughts?”

“About us? No.”

“Okay.” She sensed a pause in their conversation and then lowered the phone onto her lap. Sansa gathered she would be up for another hour, so she pulled back the covers and gently closed the door in case she made a sound.

She could almost hear the amusement in Petyr’s voice as he messaged her: “You had a guard dog on you today.”

She giggled into the palm of her hand, recalling how closely her father was to her when she went downstairs to wish her cousin goodbye. “I did.”

“You think he has any suspicions?”

“Of what we did?” She did her best to cover her mouth again, trying to fight back the happy giggles that kept escaping her.

“No, I wouldn’t say that.” She read the statement for the second time, and then wondered what exactly Petyr was referring too.

“?”

“I don’t think he could ever imagine that I had you in the car.” Her jaw dropped at that, taken back by the bluntness of Petyr’s words. “I guess that is why I can’t sleep.”

She lowered the phone again, taken back again by Petyr’s truthfulness.

“Thank you for letting me do it.”

She hesitated over the phone, and then managed to type out: “Your welcome.” He was being very frank with her- very open, and it made her feel slightly uncomfortable with that thought.

“I never thought you were the kind of girl to do that.”

“Well, it goes both ways.” She chuckled at that last statement, and then curled her legs over until she could sit more comfortably on the bed.

“First for me too,” appeared on her screen after a minute, making her realize he was reluctant to share that information. “If you are feeling tired, we can talk another time.”

“No, I like this,” she quickly typed out, almost leaving a spelling error in the process. The last thing she wanted was for him to leave.

“Okay sweetling.” Her pet name brought a smile to her face, joyfully looking away from her phone as if she could almost hear him saying it in front of her.

“Any plans for tomorrow?” She inquired, hoping to keep their text messaging going for a little longer.

“Packing.”

She nodded her head with the remembrance of him leaving the country. “When will you get back?”
“Why? Will you miss me?” She laughed at his statement and was tempted to reply in the negative. “I’ll miss you,” he confessed to her surprise. “But I can call you when I’m abroad. The time differences will make things a little difficult though.”

“Yeah,” she tiredly replied. The light was making her eyes tired, so she flipped on the lamp over her bed stand to brighten up her room.

“I will call you between lectures,” he decided, and Sansa found that it suited her well. “Evenings? If your free.”

“I work,” she sadly replied. “What about after?”

“Time zones,” he quickly typed back. “I will check and let you know.”

“How much ahead will you be?”

The pause lasted much longer than it should, which made her wonder if Petyr had to suddenly put his phone away. Lysa probably went searching for him, she concluded, and then twisted her body to shut off the light so she could go back to bed.

“12hrs,” flashed across the front of the phone the minute she flicked the lamp off. “I was checking my work schedule. It will have to be around five or six in the morning for me when I call you, but you will still be at work then…”

“I will.”

“Shit.” She laughed at his choice of words, showing how upset he was over their schedule conflicting.

“Lunch hours will work.”

“Between your lectures?”

“Yes.”

“Oh! Yes, it will.”

Sansa leaned her head back into her pillow gratefully, feeling her body slide downwards until she was covered up in her blankets again. Her phone was laid down peacefully beside her, eyes drooping with heaviness after a long day.

Her phone flashed with a bright light to open her eyes. “I will try and eat my lunch away from co-workers,” he informed her. “I will tell them I am calling my wife.”

“Very funny.”

She could almost hear his dark chuckle, knowing she wasn’t amused by his statement.

“I should go.” A sad smile came over her, knowing all of this was too good to be true.

“Okay.”

“I’ve been down here long enough.” She nodded her head in agreement, though she thought Petyr was only taking extra precautions. “I will see you Monday evening.”

“Okay, but…” She sent the message, and then twisted a lock of hair around as she tried to figure out
the best way to word her next sentence.

“Sansa?” She knew she had to tell him, but she didn’t want to let him down. “Is something wrong?”

“I can’t stay with you overnight.”

“That’s fine.”

“It will only raise suspicion.”

“I agree.”

A sigh of relief escaped her, and then she cuddled up under the blankets as she prepared herself to fall back asleep.

“I already booked dinner reservations.”

“Where?”

“It’s a secret.”

“Petyr,” she half scolded, and imagined a telling smirk upon his face.

“Wear something nice,” he reminded her. “Bring a change of clothes in your bag,” was the next message that popped up on her phone.

“Where are you taking me?”

“I will take you somewhere to get changed before dinner.”

“Petyr?”

“It’s a surprise, sweetling,” was the only answer she was going to get from him. “Dream of me,” he half teased, and she knew after she read that message that it was his way of saying goodnight.

She closed her eyes with regret and managed to type out with heavy lids: “I will.”

It was a Sunday afternoon when Sansa was stretched out across the lawn with a blanket plaid red and white blanket just underneath her. Her mother was seated comfortably on a wooden chair, her glass of wine in hand left her in a meditative mood. An old photo album was placed over her lap, frail and falling apart at the seams after so many years.

Her father’s footsteps padded across the soft grass, and when Sansa looked up, he had two cans of beer in his hands. “I got you the cider,” he piped up, and then pulled out some of Sansa’s blanket so he could have some space to sit as well. “It’s nice today.”

“The house is quiet,” his wife replied, showing they had finally made up from yesterday’s fight.

Ned handed his daughter the cider, and then took his own dark lager in his hands to open it.

“It’s so quiet when the kids are gone,” Cat exclaimed, and then pulled down her sunglasses to cover her eyes. “We should convince Robb to take them to the pool all the time.”

“It’s free, so I don’t see why not.” He turned his gaze to his eldest daughter. “It’s too bad you didn’t want to go.”
“I’m too tired,” Sansa answered him, and made a show of leaning onto her side to settle herself more comfortably.

“You would go if you liked a boy there,” he teased, which only earned him a roll of the eyes from his wife and daughter. “It’s true.”

Sansa covered her lips with the beer can, deciding it was best to shelter a portion of her face when she thought of Petyr.

The sky was a light blue, puffs of rounded white clouds drifted effortlessly in the air. Sansa watched the leaves of the trees blow in the wind; the creaking of the branches had become a familiar sound. She took another sip of the cider, never liking the strong beer her father liked to take. It was her mother’s voice that suddenly rang through the air: “We really need to get a new album.”

“And put all the pictures in the new one? I have no time for that.”

“I never expected you to do it,” she shot back quickly.

“Do people still print photographs out now a days?” He took a deep swig of the beer, and then pulled himself upwards so he could lean his back against his wife’s legs.

“I do.”

“But Sansa doesn’t?” He smiled at his daughter kindly, noting how quiet she had been this morning. “We have to make you a copy once you are married,” he surprisingly relayed to her. “And you can show your children what you used to look like.”

“Who says I’m getting married?” she smartly shot back. Her mother tuted under her breath, hardly believing a word her daughter was saying.

“Sansa, Sansa,” her mother chided. “Really?”

“You never know.” She smirked under the rim of her beer can, and then rolled her eyes once she sensed her mother was in the right.

“And I will have to watch your father size him up and stuff,” Cat huffed out. “God knows how he will behave.”

“The same as always.”

“Oh?” A tiny laugh escaped her mother’s lips. “I don’t recall you ever bringing a boy home.”

Sansa did her best to keep her face deadpan, knowing that boy had entered their household more times than once.

“But there is no pressure of course,” Cat pursued. “I want you to take your time with these things.”

“Yes!” Ned barked out. Sansa knew her parents weren’t thinking of Petyr at that moment and felt an enormous sense of relief that the man on her mind should go undetected.

Her mother suggested Sansa go out the house more to meet someone, but her father was very vocal about Sansa not having to “chase boys” as he termed it. Sansa grew tired of their bickering, and politely excused herself to return to the house.

“Take this with you,” her mother implored, and placed the book into the palm of her left hand with a baby picture of Sansa in her line of sight. “Look how cute you were,” her mother cooed, and Sansa
felt that was enough urging to go back inside.

_How old was Petyr when they took that_, she thought, wondering if he was in high school by then. _Or was he in his twenties?_

She could only suppose her father would have a heart attack at those thoughts. The photobook was placed neatly back with the others, and then Sansa decided to head upstairs for some peace and quiet.

Her cellphone lit up at the same time as last night, a few minutes after one in the morning and she instinctively knew it was him. “I just chose my seat for my flight,” she read, a sign that he was more awake than usual.

“Your up late.”

“I couldn’t sleep.”

“Insomnia?”

“No.” She raised an eyebrow at his answer, wondering if what he had said was true. “You try sharing a bed with Lysa.” Sansa cracked up at that one, agreeing with Petyr the second she read his message.

“I am,” she replied with a laughing emoji. There was a sense of happiness that came over her, an elated feeling that they got to spend more time with each other.

“I’m considering sleeping on the couch,” he messaged her back. “But the amount of money I payed for the mattress I just don’t think that’s fair.”

“You didn’t think it through.”

“?”

“Spending all that money on a mattress when you knew you had to share it with her.”

“That’s harsh, sweetling.” Sansa instantly chuckled at his response. She felt her toes scrapping the end of her bed, suddenly wishing he was here with her in the flesh.

“I miss you,” she found herself typing, hating the fact that she clicked the button to send off her message. Sansa didn’t like to feel so vulnerable, it was different when he wasn’t actually standing there in person. She had heard that people tended to be more honest during late night talks or when they were drunk, and she was just happy it wasn’t the latter.

“So do I,” flashed across her screen, enough to make her face beam with the largest grin. “We will see each other tomorrow,” Petyr logically pointed out.

Her gaze lowered away from her phone, supposing he was right in the matter.

“I will pick you up at school,” he added. “It won’t be long now.”

“I know.” The lids of her eyes closed remorsefully, and when she opened them, she found herself typing out an unexpected message. “Do you think we can meet up now?”

“Now?”

“Yeah.”
The pause in their conversation lasted longer than usual, which made Sansa nervously squirm in her bed.

“You make me wonder why I ever moved back here at all,” Petyr eventually replied. It made both of her eyebrows raise with startlement, expecting him to chide her for asking such a ridiculous question.

“Why did you?”

“I can’t divorce her… not now.”

“When?”

“When its time,” he quickly replied back, perhaps faster than normal.

“Petyr.”

“Its not a good time now,” he said as an excuse. “This wasn’t supposed to happen.”

“What wasn’t?”

“Us.” She batted her eyes quickly as she reread his surprise, feeling overwhelmed with emotions suddenly. “Sansa,” he added, making her lean forward to have her face practically hovering over the glowing white light of her phone. The silence on his end was longer this time, and she began to fear that he would say something she didn’t like. “I don’t know how to say this, but I never expected you to return my affections.”

“Really?”

Another silence pervaded, making her wonder if her sarcastic statement was taken quite literally. Sansa was convinced she wouldn’t fall asleep tonight, so she rolled out of her bed and strode towards her window to draw back the drapes. The window was open next, letting the moon’s rays fall over the front of her pajama shirt. It was a full moon, so large she felt she could stretch out her hand and touch it. Her phone pulsed with a white light, drawing her attention back to her conversation with Petyr. “I felt something the first time we met, but I knew once you discovered that I was your Uncle there was no hope of anything going any further.”

“Oh.”

“And I was right.”

“Petyr… your married.”

She knew he wouldn’t respond to that one, probably annoyed that she kept reminding him about that unfortunate fact.

“And it would have stayed that way if I hadn’t kissed you.”

She tutted softly, knowing every word of it was true. “Five minutes,” she shot back with something akin to an evil grin.

“Five minutes.”

He’s probably smiling to himself, Sansa thought, and took a seat at her office desk to feel more of the cool evening breeze.

“But that wasn’t the kiss I was talking about,” Petyr casually remarked. “I meant the one in your
bedroom.”

“I know.”

“I wish I was in your bedroom now.” She bit down at her bottom lip, crossing her legs over one another so he wouldn’t give her any ideas.

“You could be?” she half teased.

“Don’t tempt me.”

“Come.” She knew he was probably shaking his head, grieved that she should even put that idea in his head. “I can sneak out the house.”

“No.”

“It would be fun.”

“I don’t feel like dying by your father’s hands.” Sansa broke out in laughter after that, and then realized she might stir her mother awake. She lunged onto her bed and scrambled quickly to pull up the blankets, feeling like she was sixteen years old again and getting herself in trouble.

“He wouldn’t kill you.”

“Please tell me a more convincing lie.” Sansa giggled again, feeling all warm inside with every clever quip Petyr was giving her.

“I love you Petyr,” she texted back quickly, pressing the button before she could ever change her mind.

_He won’t say it_, she thought, and then laid the side of her head against the pillow to fall asleep.

“I know you do, sweetling.” She frowned; it was to be expected but she was still disappointed. “Do get some sleep, and I will see you after school.”

“You can’t say it!” She found her eyes watering with frustration, it made her feel stupid to allow herself to be so vulnerable in front of him.

“You want me too.”

“Yes.”

Another silence followed, so long she feared he had ended the conversation then and there. Her phone rang suddenly, loud enough to rouse her nearest neighbour which would unfortunately be her younger sister, Arya. She picked it up after the second ring, holding the phone close to her ear since she assumed it was Petyr. “Sansa,” he exclaimed in a low tenor. “I love you.”
Petyr and Sansa's date starts off on a good note, and they both couldn't be any happier.

She could remember her mother’s birthday party like it was yesterday, coming down the granite steps in heeled sandals that showed off the toned legs that she had been working on for ages, and the short-frayed jean shorts just added to the illusion of her perfectly sculpted legs. The sunglasses covered the direction of her eyes, a thing she needed as she scanned the backyard for her Uncle. The backyard was full of people; fashionable yellow bulbs hanging from a thin black wire was carefully strung along the dark pine coloured fence. Music was blasting from the stereo, a nostalgic sound that came from her parent’s time. There was a lot of her mother’s work friends there, and she felt the subtle stares of the men as they eyed up Cat’s daughter. Sansa stealthily placed the white straw in between her lips, slurping the last of her lemonade as she did her best to buy her time.

Restless, and feeling the need to seek him out she walked around the small crowds of people, keeping her lips connected to the straw to avoid any unwanted encounters of small talk. The tall trees were used to her advantage, she weaved in and out of them, avoiding people all together as she surveyed the expansive grounds of her backyard. She found him eventually, standing next to her brother Robb with his hands resting on the sides of his hips. She could see the back of his black dress shirt tucked into his grey trousers, the jet-black leather belt vaguely reflected the lights around him, and Sansa felt herself being transfixed- utterly frozen to the spot. The sight alone and she could feel her body betraying her- her teeth bit down hard onto the straw, crushing it completely. She instantly covered up her chest, suddenly realizing a bralette was not the best way to go.

Arya positioned herself in front of Petyr suddenly, giving him a look that showed she was up to no good. Her hand pointed forward, directing it to the dart board strung up on our wooden fence. She wants him to try, Sansa realized, and found some relief when Petyr waved his hand in denial.

Her feet gravitated towards him naturally, coming out of the shadows of the forest and into the faint lighting coming from the last of the sunset.

“No one will laugh if you miss,” Robb exclaimed, now joining in with his younger sister’s game.

“I don’t want to embarrass myself,” Petyr drawled out softly, clearly not falling into their schemes.

“We won’t laugh, will we Arya?”

The lighting from the sun illuminated the dartboard villainously, making it the object of attention for the three of them. Sansa managed to sneak up behind them, going unnoticed as Petyr replied, “I’d prefer to watch you compete against your sister.”

“Arya wins every time,” Robb grumbled, and leaned downwards to hand the tiny dagger to his sister, letting his arm stretch out past Petyr’s small figure. “Show him.”

Arya held the dart in her hand nimbly, smiling at her brother with glee. Sansa placed herself next to Robb, which made him turn his head sharply to wonder what figure partially covered the dartboard up ahead. “Hey,” Sansa calmly piped up, and then stuck her straw back into her mouth as she
resisted the urge to acknowledge her Uncle’s presence as well. She could catch small glimpses of him in the corner of her eye, the way his hands fell off his hips only to stick them into his trouser pockets nervously.

“Came just in time,” Robb answered her after a while, and then signaled Arya to whip the dart into the air. She followed his command, and it hit the bull’s eye, dead center with the end of it quivering from the sudden impact. “See what I mean,” Robb droned out with indifference, and then strode ahead to retrieve the dart.

“Hello sweetling,” was heard just beside her, and then she felt his presence before she could even turn her gaze to meet his. He was smiling at her, the kind that managed to reach his eyes. He blinked at her, and then followed his gaze downwards to the straw that reached her lips. She pulled her lips away from it, finding her tongue jutting outwards to lick the top of her lips. His gaze followed the movement of her tongue, and the darkness that pooled the depths of his mossy eyes was startling to behold.

Rob came over and looked at the two of them with curiosity. “Stole my spot already, Baelish?”

“Well…” the man responded with a slight shrug of his right shoulder.

“All the more reason to try it.” The dart was held in the palm of his hand, directing it to Petyr with a teasing gesture.

“And embarrass myself in front of Sansa,” he smoothly replied. “She has a good opinion of me.” He turned his head to catch her facial reaction and was pleased how long her gaze lingered on his person. “That’s the last thing I would want to take away.”

“Sansa?” her brother questioned. “Don’t you want to see Baelish do it?”

“Go on, Uncle,” she found herself saying. “I’m terrible too.”

“Never good at games,” her Uncle responded in a raspy voice. He straightened his back, and then undid the buttons at his sleeves so he could pull it upwards. The straw returned to her lips at the sight of his arms, the way his shirt crumbled and folded over the biceps he was currently flexing as he readjusted the sleeves. “Alright.” He turned his whole gaze onto Sansa. “But you have to try first.”

“Everyone has seen me do it, and fail,” Sansa cleverly replied, while her mouth was still connected to the straw. “But no one has seen you do it.”

The corner of his lip quirked upwards in reply, pleased to see she could rebut his request so subtly. He ended the look with a raised eyebrow ever so slowly, and then he turned his gaze away to snatch at the dart still lingering in Robb’s hand. He raised his left hand to silently ask Robb to move out the way and studied the dartboard for a few seconds before he released it. It whizzed forward and almost hit the bull’s eye, which made a grunt escape the corner of his mouth. “Let me try again,” she heard him say, and then stretched out his legs to retrieve it.

“He’s good,” Robb confessed aloud, and looked rather nervous with the fact that Petyr outperformed him.

“I need more luck this time,” Petyr responded after he returned to them. “Irish superstition,” he lied, and then raised up the dart in front of Sansa. “A kiss,” he unexpectedly said and then pinched the red stem of his dart between two fingers with the flight pointed in Sansa’s direction. “On the end will do,” he dangerously said aloud, and then let it hover over Sansa’s lips that were still connected to her straw.
She looked down at the last of her lemonade, seeing there was no more excuse to have her lips permanently connected to the straw. She gulped heavily, and then placed her lips to the thin black part at the tail end of the dart. Her fingers just brushing against the tip of his fingers in the process. Her Uncle reaction was instant, he took a step forward with purpose and whizzed the dart forward to hit it dead center in the board.

“You did it!” Rob exclaimed with wonder, while Arya stormed away in anger. “You actually did it.”

“A stroke of luck,” Petyr calmly replied, and then left the two Starks suddenly to go back into the crowd and return to his wife.

Petyr was sitting comfortably in a long couch, the brown leather material was cracked behind him, denoting the age of the old Italian café. Petyr’s gaze was directed to the open glass window behind him which stretched effortlessly from ceiling to floor. A large porcelain white cup was settled on his lap, the silver rings glistening off the sunlight that shining down on him. He appeared to be comfortable in his surrounding, hardly aware that Sansa was standing next to the café front counter just watching him. She like the sight of him in a tailored tuxedo, it was clear he put in his best effort tonight. His eyes drifted away from the window, and then he looked around the small café in search of her. A tiny wave of relief came over his face, and then he laid his mug down on the table before he raised himself from his seat. She was quick to join him, hoping he would like the rosy coloured dress she put on for him. She caught his eyes glance over the deep v-neck dress, noticing this was the first time she ever let her chest be exposed to the world. Normally she would hate the way men would gape at her large chest, but with Petyr it was different. “You look nice,” he muttered out softly, and then smiled at her to show his words were true. “You did well.”

She looked down at her long dress that descended all the way to the rugged hardwood floor. “It’s not too much?” she asked and was delighted when he shook his head in reply.

“I still don’t know where we are going.”

“Have a seat first.” Petyr waited until she took a seat next to him, and then he casually wrapped his arms around her with a comfortable gaze resting on her person. “Do you want anything to drink?”

“What are you having?”

“A coffee… black.”

“I’ll just have tea.”

“Okay.” He pressed a soft kiss on the side of her cheek, and then left her to go make the required order for her.

Sansa felt nervous when he was gone, feeling like this date was far more than she had ever expected. Petyr rented a car for tonight, a nice one, and he was wearing a tuxedo that made her literally weak to her knees. She wondered if this was all to good to be true.

I’ve never said that to anyone before, still echoed in her ears, the truth of him expressing his love for her had made Petyr more transparent than ever before.

She watched him stand in line, there was a certain attentiveness to the pastries in the glass case, as if he was looking for something. She loved the way he stood, the sharp look in his eyes, the silver ash at his temple that gave his look an overall refinedness. The occasional glances in her direction made her feel warm inside, like he was missing her presence all ready.
She forced her gaze to the outside window, trying to make herself watch the pedestrians that passed by, even when she really didn’t want too. There was a need for a distraction, however, and this was the best avenue to take. She was tired, she knew, a long day with lectures practically back to back. She ran to the drop-off station at the front of her school with her backpack strung over her shoulders and a small duffle bag in hand. Arya had made a small inquiry about the duffle bag, but Sansa’s lie was enough to dismiss her younger sister’s suspicions.

She felt the couch dip down to the left of her, and then turned to see Petyr with a mug in hand and a plate in the other. “They had lemon shortbread cookies,” he remarked in a pleasant voice. “I know you like them.”

“I do.”

He laid the plate down in front of her knees, and then strategically placed the mug next to her. “I hope you like it,” he said with uneasiness, and then reached into his trouser pocket to unearth a stack of napkins. “I hope you don’t get your dress dirty. We can sit on a table if you’d like.” Sansa smiled at his obvious concern for her. “But I thought you would like this more.”

“No, its lovely.”

He leaned into her, letting his outer thigh rub against hers. “I didn’t know what you put in your tea.”

“I can do it.”

“You can just tell me.”

Sansa felt guilty for him serving her, but Petyr had a look of determination about him, she felt it would be foolish for her to refuse him. Sansa explained the way she liked her tea softly, aware of how silent the empty café was at this time of day. Petyr took up her mug without a second notice, and off he went to make it exactly to her liking. She let out a soft sigh of nervousness, realizing it was the first time they were ever on a proper date.

She took up the small circular cookie and took a small nibble to see how it tasted. Delicious.

“Do you like it?” Petyr asked her in a low tone of voice, almost raspy in nature.

“Its wonderful,” she politely answered him, and then insisted he ate the second one. Petyr took a close seat next to her again, and then quietly agreed to her whims by taking up a cookie to taste. They ate their dainty snack in silence, and when it came to drinking their tea or coffee there was a perfect sense of harmony among them. Petyr steadily wrapped his arms around her more, making Sansa inclined to rest her head on his shoulder once she finished her beverage. Her eyes were closed in pleasurable bliss; the scent of Petyr’s familiar cologne and the ground espresso near the front counter made her feel euphoric, as if this was all too good to be true.

“Dinner reservations are at seven,” he drawled out lightly. “We have a couple of hours.”

“That’s fine.”

“Are you hungry?”

“A little.”

“Should I buy us a sandwich to share?”

“That would be nice.”
“Okay, sweetling. I will do it soon.” His fingers were wandering over the curve of her shoulder, flaying out occasionally to feel the soft fabric of her dress. “How was school?”

“It was hard to concentrate today.”

“I hope you won’t do badly in your studies because of me.”

“You’re a distraction, Petyr, but I won’t fail because of it.” She heard a soft chuckle from him, and then he leaned his own head against the side of hers. “I’m happy,” she revealed, wanting to put the state of her feelings out into the open.

“I’m glad.”

“Are you happy?”

“I am,” he replied after a moment or two of silence. His arm fell down the side of her arm, hovering just over her elbow as his fingertips applied a small amount of pressure to her skin. Sansa shifted her head slightly to stare out the open window, seeing the people coming and going before the dreaded rush hour. She decided it was a nice day with the sun shining, and the breeze blowing soft enough to not make the humidity truly felt. She could see Petyr’s parked car in the distance, a shining white that was blinding in the sun. “What are you thinking about?”

“Oh, I was just admiring the scenery.”

Petyr pulled her body closer to him, ensuring there was no more space between them. “I like you here with me,” he confessed with a steadiness to his voice. “I come here every now and then, but your presence makes it better.”

“You like their coffee?”

“I cherish any place that serves a good cup of coffee,” he answered her with relish sounding in the deepest tremors of his voice.

“How often do you come?”

“When I’m in this area of the city.”

“Is the restaurant near here?”

“You are very curious about the restaurant,” he observed. “I thought you would like the mystery.”

“I do.”

Sansa tilted her head so she could look at him, and the sunlight was so bright on his face it dilated his forest green eyes. She sat there studying the complexities of the colour, the alluring shade that changed the longer she looked at it. Petyr had no idea what had captivated her, but he took the opportunity to lean forward and kiss her lips, drawing it out slowly until she felt she was melting like butter. He let her go after a few moments, watching her dip her head low to settle it over the top of his chest. A low sigh escaped Petyr, as if she was the very air that he breathed. “I wish I could take you with me.”

“To Taiwan.”

“Selfish as that sounds, yes.”

“I think it would make things fairly obvious.”
“I disagree,” he said with sarcasm, and bit down on the bottom of his right lip when she tilted her head to look at him. “We will make the best of tonight.”

“Petyr, I can’t stay with you.”

“I know,” he breathed out with regret. “But we still will.”

She tucked her head into his chest again, feeling his fingers stray down the length of her loose hair till it reached to the bottom. It felt like he was combing her hair, parting it with care and then letting it slip through his fingers to catch the last of it in the sunlight. “Tell me something about you.”

“Like what?” he asked of her.

“About your life.”

“There is nothing to tell.”

“That’s not true.”

“What do you want to know?”

“What were you like as a boy?” Sansa sat up now and rested her head on the shoulder so she could examine his profile.

“I was a bit of an introvert,” he said with care. “I was often alone.”

“You’re an only child, right.”

“Yes.”

“Did you want siblings?”

“Sometimes.” He stared down at the palms of his hands, showing his uneasiness as he glided one hand atop of the other. “When my mother died, I regretted not having one.”

“Why?”

“She could have given me one,” he replied in a lifeless voice. “But once she was gone, so was… that chance.”

“I heard it’s hard being an only child.”

“I’m not sure,” he answered her. “It’s the only life I’ve ever known.” He smiled harmlessly, though it never reached his eyes. “Lysa has a big family.”

“Yes.”

“And so, do you.”

“I know.”

“Cat is ever fond of Ned,” he expressed with some resentment. “I’m afraid I don’t understand the appeal.”

“She needs him,” was all that Sansa could offer him, and then tilted his head in her direction. “Just like I need you.”
A sad smile came over his face, and then he lowered her gaze to the arm that was propping him up.
“I don’t think you need me, Sansa.”

“Why not?”

“I just don’t.” He moved his face away, wishing her hand to fall away from his jawline and chin.
“You are too independent for one thing.”

“I know, but that doesn’t mean I don’t need you,” Sansa argued back with a sternness in her voice.

“Maybe I’ve gone so long wanting things, that I forget what its like to truly need something,” he relayed to her with half-closed lids.

“You’re a man that has everything, Petyr.”

“I do.”

“Your marriage to my Aunt Lysa secures that.” Sansa felt a wave of bitterness then, and wondered what she could possibly offer to Petyr that he didn’t already have.

“If I divorce her, she will take half my shares and I will be out of a job.”

“Then take a new one.”

“Its not that simple.”

“Why?”

“Because I may have some things on people that work in my section, and the minute I’m gone those strand of blackmailing them is over.”

“What do you mean?”

“I think I’ve said enough for the time being.” He moved his shoulder away from her, and soon his body became rigid and uncomfortably straight.

“So, you have a lot to lose if you leave her?”

“If I didn’t…” He placed his hands over his lap and fiddled with his wedding band. “Then I wouldn’t have to be wearing this, would I?” The ring was removed from his finger, and then he opened the flap to his tuxedo jacket to secure it in a small pocket.

“And you’d have me,” Sansa said with confidence, and then leaned forward so her lover could kiss her. Kiss her Petyr did, with a hand placed firmly on the side of her head to keep her near. She felt the palm of her hand lean over the front of his chest, her body tilting off the couch to be nearer to him. His mouth felt hot on her, hot with desire that kept coming in waves. His fingers slid down the side of her face and nuzzled itself against the back of her neck, bringing her forward as he tilted his head to get a different angle of her lips. Sansa let her hand stray lower, feeling his lower abdomen before she settled it over the band of his trousers at the very front of it.

“Sweetling,” he said in a husky voice, and moved her face away from his with a gentle hand to have a look at her. “Not here.”

“I wasn’t-”

“-not here,” he warned. Petyr looked down at her hand still wrestling over the black band, and with a
He smirked at her deviously, liking the fire in her eyes when she was annoyed. “What is it?”

“You’re too tempting for your own good.”

“Hmph,” escaped his half-closed lips.

“What does that mean?”

He let his eyes stray downwards to settle it over her breasts, and then gave her a look to show he was struck with a similar temptation as well. Sansa’s cheeks blushed a bright shade of red, a sharp series of blinks soon followed and then she settled back down to her side of the couch.

“I’ll get us sandwiches then.”

Sansa raised herself off the couch to join Petyr, seeing he was intent on leaving her even when she didn’t want him too. She grabbed a hold of his hand and then led him to the front counter, and like a helpless man in love Petyr followed her all the way to the end of the line.

“What do you want to eat?”

She responded by wrapping her arms around him and staring at his face instead of the pastry case beside them.

“I meant food,” he clarified, once Sansa was staring a little to hard at his neckline.

“What do they have?”

“You can look.”

“Tell me.”

“Ham,” he droned out with an arched eyebrow. “Turkey and bacon.”

“What else?”

“Spicy salami.” He turned his gaze back at her. “You can look, you know.”

“I have something more interesting to look at.”

“You flatter me.”

“Petyr,” she almost purred. His glance quickly shot back on hers. “You don’t believe me?”

He leaned forward to kiss her lips in reply, hoping that would be enough to quell off her desire.

“They have tuna.”

“I don’t like tuna.”

“Vegetarian.”

“Petyr.”

“Should we just go in the car then?”

“No, I have my dress,” she complained, and then let her arm slink of him so she could look at the pastry case for the first time since they stood in line together. “It would get crumbled or worse-
dirty.”

Petyr covered his mouth to hide his amusement. “It’s a very pretty one.”

“You do like it, don’t you?”

“Yes, you look as beautiful as a princess,” he answered her in jest, but when she frowned, Petyr was utterly confused.

“I don’t want to be a princess, Petyr,” she said in an exacting tone of voice. “I’m not a girl anymore.”

“Sansa, I’m so—”

“I want to be a Queen,” she teased, and then covered her fit of laughter by laying her face against the side of his arm. She really did love his look then, she decided, and felt nothing but happiness when he bent forward to press his lips on her brow in pure adoration.

They had spent the evening walking around the local shops, and once that was done, they sat down at a glossy white bench that surveyed the city’s park. Shaded under the hanging branches of an aging willow tree, Sansa and Petyr had talked for over an hour together, enjoying each other’s presence as they watched the world go by. It felt almost surreal to be there, to see the water spraying from upwards from the granite fountain, the misty water floating over to cool off Sansa’s hot skin. Petyr had unbuttoned his tuxedo jacket and laid it on the back of the bench, his eyes lazily taking in the bottom of the hill where a man was playing fetch with his dog. Sansa had learned a lot about him, Petyr had opened up to her little by little this afternoon much to their surprise. She quietly watched the way his saddened gaze fell over his lap, the way his mouth opened partially as he revealed certain truths about his childhood.

Sansa had learned that his mother died when he was two years old and was sad to hear he didn’t remember anything about her. It was his father that took up the duties of his deceased wife, and the struggle to make anything edible was an issue that Petyr admittedly haunted him to this day. “He never married again,” Petyr relayed with a distant look over the silver skyline of newly developed condos and buildings that made up the city where he worked and lived. “He had a girlfriend once when I was a teenager, but it never worked out. I don’t think she really liked me.”

“Why not?”

“I was… I wasn’t nice to her,” he admitted with shame. “But I didn’t want anyone to replace my mother.”

“So, it was just you and your father.”

“To the very end.” He rubbed his hand down on the lining of his trousers at the side, looking almost nervous as he confessed: “I wish he wasn’t in a home.”

“He is still alive?”

“Barely.”

“Oh, I’m sorry.”

“Dementia.” He looked away with lowered eyebrows. “He has good days and bad.”

“Does he remember you?”
“He does, actually.” Petyr smiled at her then, looking quite elated with that thought. “And his past oddly enough. Its more of recent things like what he ate for breakfast or what he wore yesterday.”

“Short term memory.”

“Yes, but it would make it impossible for him to live on his own.”

“Its not too severe then?”

“The meds,” he answered her softly. “It makes things better for him.”

“Is he well taken care of?”

“Yes, I try to visit the home every two weeks.” His face looked to be in pain, wrinkles forming over the corner of his eye as he squinted at the ground beneath his feet. “Lysa and Robin won’t come with me.”

“How come?”

“It scares them.”

“Scares them.”

“Have you ever been in a home?”

“No,” she said with some regret. “I never knew my grandparents.”

“Its like watching people die ever so slowly,” he said with half jest. “It really is a terrible place.”

“But isn’t he in a nice one?”

“I can put him in the nicest home the city has to offer, and it would still be unpleasant. You go there to die, Sansa, and that’s the end of it.” He looked down at the ground with uncertainty. “And my father is dying anyways, if dementia doesn’t kill him than old age will.”

She quickly took his hand in her own. “Petyr.”

“Yeah.”

“I’m sorry,” she hushed softly, and then leaned over to press her lips at the side of his cheek. “I’ll go with you someday.”

“Why?”

“Because I want too.” She squeezed his hand a little tighter. “I want to meet your father.” His head was tilted downwards but Sansa still caught a shadow of a smile. “Does he look like you?”

“Yeah.”

“Then I will like him even more,” she joked, and then tilted her head to the side so he could kiss her on the lips. Petyr performed the duty quickly, but Sansa remained where she was until he willingly tried again. “That will make you better,” she promised him, and then rested her hands on the back of his nape to pull him into her. She intended on kissing him, even if he didn’t want it. His hands soon enveloped the whole of her frame, pressing his hands at the back of her lower spine to push her forward into his body. Sansa was turned on by his heady aggressive touches, the way his nails sunk into her skin and the tantalizing tongue that jutted forward every so often. They were at it again,
enjoying in the pleasure of each other, throwing common sense to the wind as Sansa moaned into his mouth with a sound of pure seduction. Petyr suddenly turned his head away to look over the skyline, feeling Sansa peppering the side of his cheeks with wantful kisses. “What is it?”

“I’ll take you to see him,” he replied to her, and then turned his gaze back to her so they could kiss for one last time. “Not today, but I will,” he promised her, and then moved back on the bench to create some space. “Its almost dinner time.”

“I’m not hungry,” she teased, while she let a wandering finger rub back and forth on his outer thigh.

“I say you call your parents and make up an excuse,” he abruptly shot back. “You are clearly wanting it.”

Sansa’s finger froze at his words, and then she snatched it back to let it sit over her crossed legs.

“I have a place to myself.”

“Petyr,” she moaned out with a sheepish shake of the head. “We will get caught; you know we will.”

“There’s a chance that we won’t.”

“And when we do, I know you’ll regret it.”

Petyr crossed his legs as well, and then looked over the horizon that glistened under the fading sunlight. His lips were tight as he confessed: “I might.” Sansa reached forward to lay her gentle fingers over his defined jawline, tilting his head over till it faced her completely. “Wouldn’t you?”

“Maybe.”

“You have your family,” he relayed into the ever growing breeze flowing down the hill and over the tops of his head and shoulders, making Petyr’s dress shirt shake slightly from the impact. “And I have Lysa and Robin.”

“What worries you more?”

“Seeing my whole world fall apart.”

“But you’d have me.”

“Would I?”

“Yes.”

“Your parents,” he pointed out quickly, and then lowered his gaze till it fell on the Sansa’s chin. “Ned.”

“I know how my parents will react, but I don’t care.”

“You should.”

“I don’t.”

“When you’re a little older-”

“-don’t give me that!” she fought back. “I’d drop everything to be with you.”
“School.”

“I’m done in spring.”

His eyes glanced upwards, striking her with a look to cool off the rage in Sansa’s pale blue eyes. “Maybe then?” he suggested, though the sound of his voice was far less convincing.

“If you don’t want me then tell me.”

“Sansa,” he frantically breathed out. “I do.”

“Then show me.”

“I am.” He let his hand rest over the side of her waist, prying his fingers into her skin. “You’re here, aren’t you?”

“I don’t want this to be a thing to last for years,” she told him. “I don’t want to be the other woman for the rest of my life. I can wait for you, Petyr, but there will come a time when that clock runs out. No matter how much I love you.”

He swallowed hard at her words but said nothing in reply.

“Just think about it,” she exclaimed in a shaky voice and then rose herself off the wooden bench. “We should go, or we’ll be late.”

“Please don’t be angry at me.”

“I’ve said all that I need to say.”

He took her hand gently, and then brought it against the side of his hip as he began to descend the grassy hill. Sansa’s heels were in her other hand, her dress slightly hiked up so she wouldn’t get it stained by the green grass. They were hardly wearing outfits suited to the weather and ambiance, but perhaps that was what made it more magical. Petyr stopped at a fountain to throw in some change, making a sly joke that he made a wish. “I can’t tell you,” he said with a wink, and then led her around the last of the fountain to get to his car.

Sansa had stopped to slip on her heels, using Petyr’s sturdy shoulder as support. His hand rested over the side of her waist; his chin practically pressed to the top of his chest as he watched her. Sansa looked up to see him absolutely smitten with her and had no qualms for Petyr to kiss her once he realized the difference in their height. She loved him, and she knew his love for her was deepening day by day. “I wished for you,” he hushed into the dark pillow of her auburn hair.

“You do have me.” He remained silent, and when he didn’t move, Sansa began to worry. “Petyr?”

“All of you,” was all that he said, and then he let himself slip out of her arms with some reluctance. An arm was offered up to her, though his gaze wavered on her person.

“You have me,” she told him with confidence, and then slipped her arm under his wing so he could lead her forward. “You always will.”
Petyr and Sansa come up with plans for their future, ones that could be so dark and twisted it would be terrible if it was to come to light.

Sansa had never believed in soul mates but looking at Petyr from across the dining table she felt something akin to it. He had stared at her for almost a full minute, his thumb gently rubbing the top of her hand as it rested atop of the table.

He was happy, it could be perceived in his eyes, the way his face was impeccably smooth without a line of worry or regret.

The waiter had left them some minutes ago, and a peaceful silence descended on the table in which they sat. It was amazing how no words were necessary to express how they truly felt, how the look in his eyes was enough to tell her that he loved her.

“I want to be with you,” Sansa found herself saying, the words escaping her lips before she could ever hold it back.

“I know.”

“No, you don’t.”

“I understand what you are trying to say,” he uttered out slowly, before a tiny quirk of his lip went upwards.

“Petyr you don’t love her.” His gaze dropped substantially, and then he tilted his head so all she could see was the glimmering silver streaks at the side of his temple.

“Can we not talk about this now,” he grievously relayed.

“I can’t help it,” she confessed with honesty. “I don’t want to ruin this, but…”

“I feel the same way,” he softly answered her. “But I need… more time.”

“It hurts,” Sansa croaked out in pain. “Hurts to feel this way.”

He squeezed Sansa’s hand more firmly, letting her know that he felt the same way. “I want you to be happy.”

“Then have me,” she suggested. “We could make it work.” Petyr’s eyes darted from left to right, his mind busy with a thought that Sansa was unaware of. His lover twisted her arm in a way to let the back of it rest over the table, and then Sansa stared at their connected hands across the crisp white tablecloth. “This feels right,” she relayed in a calming tone of voice. “I’ve never been so sure of anything in my entire life.”

“You deserve better than me,” he unexpectedly retorted. “But that doesn’t stop the fact that I still want you.”
“You already have me, Petyr,” she commented with a sad-like smile. “You just have to make it official.”

Sansa remember the first time she heard the news; she was seated on the front porch with her legs dangling off the side in a childish manner. Her phone went off in her pocket, and she pulled it out to see her mother’s name imprinted in the front of the screen. It was unusual for her mother to call, even more so in the middle of the day.

“Sansa, how are you? Is there anyway you can return home sooner? I know you are with your friend, but I was just wondering…”

“Is everything alright?” Sansa quickly responded and looked over her shoulder to see her friend’s window was wide open.

“I know you don’t like her.”

“Like who?”

“Aunt Lysa.”

Sansa mouthed a barely audible “O” into the cellphone speaker.

“Its just that… she wants everyone to come.” She sighed into the phone. “Why does everyone have to be out of town when she decides to marry?”

“Aunt Lysa is getting married?” Sansa instantly felt sorry for the poor soul that had to share his life with her.

“Yes, a man she met at work.”

“I guess that’s good for her.” Sansa rubbed the side of her head in confusion. “A bit soon, isn’t it?”

“Its been a few years.”

“Its still soon,” Sansa argued back. “I don’t think I could ever get over it.”

“You know my sister never truly loved him,” her mother confessed in a shaky voice. “I shouldn’t have said it, but its true.”

“So, she likes this new guy?”

“Petyr, then yes.” She remembered she liked the sound of his name, it sounded sweet- almost kind when her mother uttered it. “Of course, your father is already on the road to drive Jon and Robb to that university two hours away,” Cat fretted aloud. “And I can’t take the others because they are too young and will misbehave.”

“Yeah.”

“I was hoping you could come with me.”

“I’m at Kiera’s cottage,” Sansa reminded her. “And you know she is moving away in the fall, this might be the last time I spend time with her.”

“Stay where you are, love,” her mother entreated. “I am sure Lysa will throw a big party once you are all back. She really is happy.”
“That’s a first.”

“She is quite smitten with him,” her mother uttered with a strong level of suspicion. “I only wish I can meet the man first, but it will have to wait until their wedding day.” Her mother paused, as if her thoughts were changing to a new direction. “Alright baby girl, I will let you go back to your friend. Make sure you text me, so I know how you are.”

“I will.”

“Love you,” happily sounded through Sansa’s speaker, and with that a small click to signal the end of their conversation.

They had a generous amount of wine with their dinner, and now that the table was clear she could feel a fluttery feeling at the bottom of her stomach by the way Petyr was looking at her. “Do you like it?” he asked and waved his hand energetically in the air to show off the dining room setting.

“It’s a nice restaurant,” Sansa agreed, and then looked over her shoulder to take in the crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling behind her. “Very upscale.”

“Yes.”

“I like that they have live music,” Sansa added. “The harp adds a nice touch.”

It was Petyr’s turn to look over his shoulder, staring at the elevated platform where a lone man was performing a peaceful tune.

“I can see why you asked me to get dressed up now.” She caught the pleased smile spreading over Petyr’s face, a normal occurrence now that the wine had fully entered his system. “And you look nice, Petyr, if I hadn’t said it before.”

“You hadn’t,” he slyly drawled out over the rim of his glass.

“I mean… you always look good,” she stammered out shyly. “But I don’t know…”

“Are you at loss for words, Sansa?”

“It’s just different,” she explained. She found relief when he nodded his head at her in understanding, and then swallowed any words he would have said with a large helping of wine.

“Should we have dessert?” he proposed, once the glass was settled over the table. “Are you still hungry?” He lifted his arm to glance at the silver watch at his wrist. “Might not have enough time though.”

“It’s not that late,” Sansa remonstrated. “I told my parents I was going out with my friends for a dinner and a movie, so technically—”

“… a lie I gave to you,” he reminded her. “Only because I am taking you somewhere else after this.”

“Where?”

“It’s a surprise.”

“Oh, Petyr!” she scolded, while she gripped at the cloth napkin at the side of her plate.

“I only hope you will like it.”
She wanted to roll her eyes at him, hating that sinister look about him as he kept the secret to himself. It drove her up the wall, but she knew he enjoyed it. “If not…” He raised up a hand to stealthily call over the waiter. “We could just leave.”

“Can you give me a hint?”

“You told me you like stories.”

“And?”

“That is all I’m telling you.”

She frowned at him most adamantly. “Petyr,” she moaned out with frustration, which made him bite down on his lip with amusement.

“The bill,” he stated to the waiter, and then turned his gaze back to her with tiny crinkles around the corner of his eyes. “Yes, sweetling?”

“Another one?”

“No.”

“Will I like it, truly?”

“I have no idea,” he confessed aloud. “But I hope you do.” He unbuttoned his tuxedo jacket and reached into an inner pocket to pull out his wallet. There was a look of worry that flashed across his face as he reached into it again, a quick patting a little further down and then all his anxiety was washed away.

“What is it?”

“I thought…” His voice trailed off suspiciously. “The ring.”

“What about it?”

“I thought I lost it,” he quietly muttered, and then darted his eyes to the swirling mauve carpet. A tenseness fell over the table, one in which Petyr avoided her gaze.

“And what if you did?” she daringly asked. Petyr nervously tapped his nails against the corner of the table.

“I imagine I would get in a nasty argument with Lysa,” he droned out emotionlessly.

“Are you scared of her?”

“Lysa… no.”

“Then prove it.”

“What?”

“You heard me.”

“I think you’ve had too much wine,” he darkly replied.

“Or maybe- maybe,” she stammered out heatedly. “It gave me the courage to say it.”
“What do you want me to do?” he demanded in a grizzly voice.

“Leave her.”

His face darkened substantially, and then he sucked in his right cheek. His hand fell away from the edge of his table settling over his lap moodily.

She knew they were going around in circles, but she couldn’t help it. Sansa didn’t want to upset Petyr, but the closer they became the more she wanted more of him.

“We’ve been over this,” he argued back.

“Its just…” She fiddled with the cloth napkin frustratingly. “…I’m tired of it.”

“Of what exactly?” he demanded in a coldly raspy voice.

“Of us lying to each other.”

“Lying?”

“You aren’t going to leave her, are you?”

“I am.”

“When?”

His chest sunk deeply, his shoulder hunching over in pain.

“When?” she demanded. “Should I just go here and now?”

“Is that what you want?”

“I want an answer,” she insisted with the lids of her eyes closing in pain.

“Give me a month.”

“Why?” she demanded. “And why are you giving me a time frame only now?”

“I know you drank a lot.”

“I didn’t actually.”

“Sansa,” he droned from the corner of his lips. “I want to be with you… truly. But you must consider the consequences as well.”

“I looked at them, and I don’t care.”

“You are willing to risk it all?”

“Yes, so why can’t you?”

“I’m not sure if its because I’m older than you,” he drawled out. “Or because I’ve experienced a lot more things, but that might be the reason for my hesitation.”

“I don’t understand the point of all this… me being here with you, if it will won’t lead anywhere.”

“A month, Sansa,” he declared in a louder tone of voice. “Let me get certain thing settled, and then I
will hand the divorce papers to her.”

“Why a month?”

“Because I will need to prepare things.”

“Alright,” she shot out with reluctance. “But I get the feeling that I’m forcing you to do it.”

Crinkles formed near the corner of his eyes, and he studied her carefully. “You’re not forcing me to do anything,” he woodenly replied, and then looked over his shoulder to see if the waiter was coming anytime soon. “Are you satisfied?”

“A little.”

“I just want to be careful that’s all. It will get ugly once I give her the papers, and how do you think she will react when she finds out the truth?” He rubbed his hands together nervously as he added, “And I would have no chance of going into your home to see you, or even be anywhere near the place.”

“I guess.”

“Let’s not make a mess of things.” He paused once the waiter approached the table, handing him a closed leather check holder. “I’ll need the machine,” he quipped out sharply, and then waved his credit card nonchalantly. “Just think about it. A month, Sansa, that is all I ask of you.”

She crossed her arms, unsure if she was forcing this statement out of him. *It was like pulling teeth with him,* she thought, and a part of her distrusted Petyr.

His credit card was swiped into the machine with indifference and then he handed the machine back to the waiter.

“On that note,” he mumbled. The card was slipped back into his wallet and then he stuffed it into the pocket of tuxedo jacket. His fingers interlaced themselves together, extra care was taken as he settled it over his abdomen and then his lap. “What’s on your mind?”

“If I didn’t say anything… would you have let this go on forever?”

“I would have ended it with Lysa. I told you that before,” he placidly replied without a hint of deception. “But if you want it sooner than I will do it.” He raised his chin up slightly as he uttered: “I only want to make you happy, Sansa.”

She eyed him carefully, trying to trust the words that he had just uttered.

“I give you my word,” he softly hushed. “A month and no more.”

“You don’t have to give me your word…” she replied in a voice as soft as his own. “Especially if you *can’t* keep it.”

“What will you do when I give her the papers?”

“Wait for you to tell me what to do.”

“And what would I tell you?” he asked in a dangerously husky voice.

“I don’t know.”
“Neither do I.” He tilted his head to the right, eyeing her up and down as she sat across from him at the table. “They will hate you for it.”

“No.”

“Lysa will… and Robin. God knows how your parents will react to the news… your sister.” His eyes fell to his lap, and it was there that he rubbed his finger down the top of his thigh nervously. “And how will they react when you come live with me?”

“Are you suggesting we end this?”

“I am only pointing out the consequences of our actions,” he jeered from the corner of his lips.

“I will face hell fire itself,” she told him with confidence. “I don’t care what they think… anyone’s opinion doesn’t matter to me.”

“Your own parents, Sansa? Cat? Ned?”

“I…”

“They will never forgive you, especially when they put two and two together. You running around sleeping with me behind their backs.” He batted his eyes tiredly. “Your Uncle,” he drawled out with special care and then lifted his gaze to lock onto hers. “But as you say, you cannot wait any longer so… a month it is.” He laid his hands down on the grooves of his chair and pushed it back so he could stand up tall in front of her. Steadily he walked to her side of the table and offered her a hand to raise herself out of a chair as well. A light kiss was pressed on the side of her cheek, and then he led her away from the table and soon the restaurant itself. They were quiet, it was an uncomfortable one, Petyr’s grave warning was clawing its way to the back of Sansa’s head.

They were outside when a gust of evening wind hit them, the scent of smoke from a couple’s cigarette wafted in the air. Sansa let go of Petyr’s hand to tuck herself under his wing, hoping his figure would shelter her from the stormy gale. It was dark outside, the sun had long set and now the bright fluorescent lighting of the city was all around her. They walked at a slow pace along the sidewalk, Petyr leading her past the valet parking much to her surprise to go a little further up ahead. She knew his silence was deliberate, he wanted her to think about what he said. His warning was accurate, painfully so, but she knew what she wanted all the same. The sidewalk became cluttered, people were lined outside of a fancy venue, and to her astonishment Petyr joined the huge crowd.

“Petyr, its for a play.”

“I know.”

“A musical,” she specified, knowing this was not exactly his scene.

“I know.”

“We are seeing a musical?”

“I thought you might like this one.” He lifted his arm, stretching it across Sansa’s frame to check the time. “The doors should open soon. You don’t mind, do you?”

“The Phantom,” was the only thing that escaped her. “Of the Opera.”

“Yes.” He raised up an eyebrow wearily. “I can take you somewhere else.”
“This is a joke.”

“No.”

She could have kissed him, the way he looked utterly disappointed almost made him look adorable.

“Its not exactly my thing, but I’ll try it.”

“I thought it would be better than a movie,” he explained. “And I went to this venue for a film festival once, its really quite nice.”

She smiled at him, only because he was doing his best to impress her.

“Thank you for the dinner, Petyr, and I am really sorry I ruined it.”

“It was the elephant in the room,” he confirmed in a gentle tone of voice.

“It was.”

“But our date will get better now, won’t it.”

“Hopefully,” he said with some skepticism, only to pull her more into his frame once the line started to move.

This was never the way she imagined her night, sitting on plush ruby coloured seat with Petyr’s arm strung around her. He had bought one of the nicest seats in the venue, higher up in a balcony that was reserved for only themselves. He knew very little about the play but thought he would take a gamble once he heard the plot line.

“I will start making plans,” he hushed once the lights started to dimmer in the theatre. “We would have to find a new place to live.”

“I want to be apart of your plans.”

“Oh, you will play a role,” he warned with a tenseness to his voice. “I want you to have good relations with your parents, you can’t give one sign of what I have planned.”

“Which is?”

“I am debating whether to smuggle you away.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Or step past your father’s threshold and ask for your hand.” He turned to her with something of a smirk. “Which one would do more harm to me… and to you too, you think?”

“I can’t just run away.”

“You think your father will let us be together?” he asked in a husky voice, so low it could barely be heard by even her. A hush fell over the audience, for the play was about to begin.

His words haunted her, forcing her to turn her gaze to the shadow of his silhouette rather than the stage area. She waited until the orchestra blasted its way onto the scene, and only then did she speak: “You really do want to take me away?”
“I have no attachments here.” He leaned into her space, letting his breath brush over the side of her face. “I can leave.”

“I have everything here.”

“A life with me… won’t be as you imagined.”

“Speak to them,” she implored. “Try and make them understand.”

“Is that what you want?”

“I will tell them.”

“Sansa,” he warned in a deep tenor.

“I have no trouble lying but to them…” She shook her head quite desperately. “You can’t ask that from me.”

“They will never want us happy.”

“They would.”

He turned his gaze away from her and looked down at the play, taking in the dancers prancing across the stage.

“Life is not a song,” he answered her, and waved his hand in the air dramatically as he uttered it. “It won’t be a happy ending for us.”

“You’re wrong.”

“I might be.”

“You are.”

“I want to spend my life with you,” he said from the back of his throat, letting his lips lightly press against the shape of her ear as he uttered it. “If the time comes, if I’m right… you will have to be ready to leave at a moment’s notice.” His hand crept upwards, tilting her head to his, and with a sudden burst of energy he kissed her luscious lips. The play was forgotten, she got out of her seat to sit on his lap, tilting her body towards him with her arms wrapped around him with profound affection. “Kiss me, Sansa.”

She followed his orders, never needing to be asked twice. He settled his hands over her bottom, pushing her up more until she was practically crushed against his chest. Petyr’s hair went wild at the moment, her fingers brushing it backwards as she kissed him incessantly, her whole body wanting him there and now. He kissed her harder, his fingers gripping into her lower back and bottom as the music was playing loud in front of him. Steadily he laid her on the ground, and then looked in between the seats to make sure none of the theatre employees would pull back the velvet drapes. They were utterly alone, and with another look ahead to make sure no one could see them he began to inch up her dress. “Quiet,” he warned, his hands sculpting her beautiful legs inch by inch, while Sansa was pulling his hair back so far it was nearly standing up on his ends. He pulled her dress over her waist, and then abandoned her suddenly to undo the front button to his breeches. Sansa pulled him into her chest, not knowing the actions he was trying to undertake. Her lips were applied to his, and Petyr fumbled about anxiously as he tried to undo the buttons as fast as he could. A minute was hardly done before he was pulling down her panties, letting his fingers swab around her womanhood to find that she was wet. It was utterly perfect, the music was loud enough to blot out the noise, the
darkness of the theatre would ensure they wouldn’t get caught.

“Do it quick,” she pleaded, enough to pull back Petyr’s attention, and he eased himself slowly into her as she was stretched out upon the floor. Lips attached to each other to make sure they made no sound, Sansa thought this whole thing was utterly sinful, so brash and uncontrollable, and she loved every second of it. Petyr thrust into her hard, making her grip the back of his neck and head as she felt the weight of him. It wasn’t until he was half-way in that she remembered they had no protection. “The condom,” she hushed into his ear, which earned her a frustrated curse.

“I don’t have it on me.”

“Petyr.”

“Are you still taking the pills?”

“Yes.”

“Shit.” He wavered over her, half-way in with a death grip over the sides of her arm. “Fuck.” Their chests were heaving heavily, and she heard another curse escape Petyr as he tried to figure out what to do. “Its in the damn car.”

The theatre went silent, and she saw the way he tilted his head to the right only to see the large balcony wall covering their view. He placed a hand over her mouth in case she made a sound, and then gently released it so she could get the hint. The angle that he was over her was uncomfortable, and she felt a burning sensation down below as she waited for him to continue. Temptation sat at her door, and all it needed was a little push. She found herself peppering the side of his face, gathering his attention instantly. She didn’t care how silent the theatre was, he was over her, and she couldn’t wait any longer.

“No, Sansa,” he breathed out softly.

She kissed him still, lowering it till it reached the corner of his jawline and the sensitive skin along his neck. She felt his body shift downwards, and then back up once he realized what he was doing.

“The car,” he said in desperation. “Let me get it.”

“I don’t want to wait.”

“Sansa,” he nearly screeched, before a trumpet blared to signal a new song was about to begin. He quickly slipped himself out, realizing there was nothing to really clean himself up. A series of curses escaped him, as he did his best to dry his hands off on the carpet. He took up his coat and used the inside of it to dry off Sansa’s inner thighs and with a strong tug he lifted her off the ground. “Stay still,” he warned, and arranged her dress neatly as it was before. Another tug sent Sansa’s body flinging forward, past the heavy drapes that separated their theatre box from others, and soon they were stepping quickly down the emergency staircase to get out the theatre. Sansa laughed aloud once the emergency door shut behind them, Petyr frantically pulling her forward as they stepped down the dark alleyway that would take them to the main street.

He never stopped until he reached the valet parking, and nearly threw the card to the young man for him to bring his car around. “I’m fucking you,” he told her the second the man disappeared behind the large desk.

“I know you are.”

“And you are coming home late.”
She blinked at him with worry, startled to see the lust in his eyes.

“I’m fucking you,” he repeated, and wrapped his arms around her firmly to give her a taunt kiss. He was out of control, stirring her forward until her back fell into the high countertop wall. His kisses were incessant, quick and hurried as if he couldn’t get enough. Her back was arched, his mouth leaning heavily against hers; she let her hands slink down his back to rest it over his ass and he almost snickered against her lips. “That’s my girl,” he appraised her, and took his time to let his mouth stray away from hers. “God, you make me mad sometimes.”

“Petyr, your hair is a mess.”

“I thought you like it this way,” he half teased, and then leaned forward to peck his lips against hers again. “A month,” he promised her, and with that he turned around to see his car pulling up in front of them.
All I Want

Chapter Summary

On the eve of Petyr's departure he realizes what he wants- its her.

She was laying on her chest when he was peppering light kisses on the curve of her upper spine, her hair stealthily pushed back so he could have more room. The tiny hairs on his goatee tickled her skin, a somewhat haggard breath escaped him still. He had fully ravished her, and now Sansa laid over his hotel bed completely spent with only Petyr’s habitual kisses to keep her awake. Cold air blasted from the air vents over her, forcing her to push more of her chest into the wrinkled sheets with her fingers folding it over till the ends gradually came out from the corners of the bed. His hand was heavy over her lower spine, brushing it gently as he explored the length of it.

Petyr came closer, leaning his body over hers as he pecked his half-tired lips over the back of her nape. “Sansa,” he groaned, making it almost sound like a growl in the dead of night.

“Yeah,” she moaned. The lids of her closed, so exhausted after Petyr had his way with her.

“I don’t want to take you back home.” His hand snaked around the whole of her back, gripping the smooth curve of her hip to roll Sansa’s entire body around until they faced each other. Sansa had no time to react, his lips were on her already, his chest pressed hard against hers until their bodies were nearly indistinguishable. Petyr hooked a leg around her lower body, bringing them together until she could feel his continual need for her. She moaned in his mouth in the negative, startled that he wanted her still. Petyr gripped a strong hand around the curve of her neck, lathering his lips against her in the hopes that she would submit to his desires. He made an inarticulate growl, his teeth nipping at her slightly, and then with a sudden movement he rolled her over to straddle her completely. She moaned into the side of his face, knowing exactly what her Uncle was trying to do. He let his tip just hover over her, circling it, but never truly going inside of her. Sansa could feel her body react on her own accord, the way her hips branched upwards in expectation. “Sansa, please,” he begged. “One last time before I let you go.”

The way he pleaded in front of her made Sansa open her eyes, the thought that they should have to go their separate ways after tonight made her feel numb inside- broken.

Petyr caught the look in her eyes, and immediately pushed himself inside of her, feeling her body expand for him as they maintained their gaze. “I love you,” was heard in barely a whisper, barely a breath, but Sansa caught the sound of his voice all the same. She froze at his words, the look in his eyes, and when he leaned forward to press his lips on Sansa’s she was quickly losing it. When Petyr made love to her earlier it was done with a certain lustful madness, but this time he was slow and passionate, and the way he rocked the bed with her underneath him was almost soothing this time. He descended on her, stretching out their kisses each time, letting the flats of his hand press down on the side of her cheeks so she would never leave him.

Sansa’s nails carved lines down his back, and she didn’t care if it would leave a little mark. She was so high she almost felt like she was leaving her body, and when he kissed her, it made her want to fall into his arms over and over again. Sansa’s hands slipped upwards, feeling the tense muscles in his bent arms, and curled it upwards till she rested her hands-on top of his; ever so carefully she removed them to interlace their fingers together. He kissed her wondrously at that, feeling the
connection so strong with her it was hard to put into words.

“A month is too long,” he mumbled, and then tucked his head downwards to kiss the length of her neck.

“You wanted longer.”

“I was mad,” he shot back quickly, and then intensified his thrusts inside of her to prove his point. She moaned out his name immediately, letting her head fall back into the pillow as her hips arched upwards. “I want to hear you say it,” he warned, though his voice was heard in desperation. Sansa smiled at his words and dragged her fingers through his hair till it flicked upwards. They laughed at the same time, both so madly in love as they stared into each other’s eyes at that moment.

Sansa felt the intensity of his stare, it was the strongest she had ever seen, and it made her hold her breath immediately. “I’ll come back for you,” he told her, pausing so the words he had said echoed in the silent room.

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know.”

She blinked at him with curiosity, and then lifted her left hand to stroke her hand through his messy hair.

“I meant the minute I land I will come find you.”

“You will?”

“Sansa,” he implored, and it was enough for her to realize his words were true. She arched her back to rise off the bed, pressing her lips against his lovingly as he tried to catch his breath. He leaned her back into the bed and finished what they started, kissing her in the darkness as he slowly made love to her.

When they were done a heavy blanket covered them both, and Petyr tilted his head upwards to peck his lip against her nose. “Rest for a little while and I’ll take you home.”

“It’s late already.”

“You need rest,” he chided, and brought her body into the safety of his arms. “I can’t be without you, Sansa,” he uttered softly into her ear. “Not anymore.”

“You’re dependent on me.”

“Unlike you, yes.”

“You know that’s not true,” she chided, her voice sounding higher than usual. He watched the way Sansa blinked at him perplexing, taking in the tiny smile that made her pink lips rise upwards.

“Sansa Stark you can have anyone.” His arm wrapped around the whole of her, pushing her chest right up against his.

“But I want you.”

“Me.”

“Yes, Petyr.”
“Okay,” he teased. “I’ll see what I can do.”

Sansa reaction was what Petyr expected, a tiny laugh that rang through the air beautifully. He waited for her to be done before he crushed his lips on hers, clearly not done even when he thought he was. She submitted to his whims, wrapping an arm around the back of his neck to bring him closer to her. “I like the taste of wine on you,” Sansa teased, which made Petyr’s jerk his head backwards in surprise. “And mint too.”

“Ah.”

“You’re a good kisser, Petyr.”

“Why thank you, Sansa.”

“Good in bed too.”

“Hmmm,” he mumbled, a sound that showed he was pleased by her compliment.

“I’m probably going to be touching myself while your gone.” Another jerk of the head backwards, but this time Petyr’s mouth was opened partially. “I wish I could say it was the wine talking.”

“Oh?”

Sansa lowered her head shyly, feeling embarrassed by her confession.

“Three days is a long time,” her Uncle smoothly replied. “But I’ll make it up to you when I get back.” He tilted his head while he inched his face forward, hoping against hope that Sansa would forget her embarrassment and just kiss him.

“I can’t seem to hold my tongue when I’m around you.”

“I quite like your tongue, sweetling.” Another invitation that Sansa was insensitive of; her head tilted lower into the small space between their two bodies. “Sansa, I will probably do it too,” he assured her, and when she lifted up her head in surprise, he took that moment to kiss her lips. Her hair was brushed upwards, and then fell behind her head so it wouldn’t get in the way of anything. He tilted her body again, forcing her to lay on her back as he went on top of her. “I don’t want to take you out of this bed,” he bemoaned, and then sat up until he was sitting on her lap with his cock suggesting laying over the area of temptation. “But it’s getting late.”

Sansa arched forward, brushing the flats of her hands against Petyr’s pale chest as she felt him trying to dig his way into her.

“You are going to break that condom,” she warned, and that was enough for him to pout at her in the darkness. “We should go.”

“Midnight.” He informed her, and then lifted a leg off the bed so he could no longer straddle her. “Or a little past it.”

“Shower?”

“Time for it?” he questioned as well. “Better than getting home and smelling like me.”

Petyr helped her out of bed and rested a warm arm around her body as he led her to the bathroom. The light flickered on and she was startled to see how flush her cheeks were, and what’s more, the frazzled state of her hair. Petyr caught her reaction and placed a kiss on the side of her cheek, and
then stared into the reflection of the mirror to catch an image of them both. The smirk he wore was alarming, but at least it was a proud one. He turned his head to the open shower, a glass door that was transparent from ceiling to floor. “Shall we?” he proposed with a raised hand in the shower’s direction, and then with sly movements snatched the shower gel and a small hand cloth to spread the tangerine scented liquid around. “I wish I had my own,” he uttered dryly, and raised the intolerable thing in front of him. “It will have to wait until tomorrow.”

Sansa took her time turning on the water to a temperature she enjoyed, while Petyr idly stood at the back watching her. “City or country?”

“What?”

“Would you prefer living in the city or country?”

“None of it matters to me.”

“But if you had to choose.”

“Somewhere cold,” Sansa answered him with her back to her Uncle.

“We would have to go up north.”

“I know.”

“Ah,” he expressed with pain. “I like the warmth.”

The water was pouring out of the tap as Sansa responded: “Ying to my yang.”

“What?”

She trailed a single finger into the spout, feeling the temperature as she readjusted the handle. “You are my opposite,” she explained. “But we compliment each other.”

“I thought we were one in the same.”

“We just look that way, Petyr,” she lightly chided. “I hope you like cold showers.” The shower head burst violently upon them and Petyr immediately took a step back in fear, only to find it warm against his skin.

“Its not cold!”

“I know,” she laughed, and then went over to Petyr to wrap her arms around him. “You’re so adorable.”

“I’m really not,” he sighed out miserably, not liking the way Sansa was patting the top of his wet head like he was a child. Irritated, he took a firm grip around the curve of her hips and applied himself against her to kiss her under the showerhead. She did her best to move back, only slamming into the wall where Petyr suddenly let go of her only to trap her with his arms.

“Would you like me to take it back?”

“Yes, sweetling.” He was squinting at her under the water; water droplets pouring over the top of his head and falling backwards as he arched his chin up at her. Sansa saw the way his chest hair dampened and fell flat against him, how the silver scar turned slightly pink under the bright fluorescent lights. His hands were on either side of her, laying flat against the brick wall that she was leaning against.
“You are in a way…” her voice trailed away when Petyr shook his head in the negative. Sansa arched her back off the wall and leaned her body against his firm chest, feeling the need to kiss him suddenly under the hot water from their shower.

They were losing it again, making Sansa wonder if they had enough willpower to leave the hotel room. Petyr was spinning her around under the warm beads of water pelting their skin, showering her with kisses like the water they were under.

“I love you Sansa,” he breathed out softly once they locked eyes. She moved in to kiss him, but he laid a hand over her chest so he could continue. “I want… I want you to live with me.”

“I will.”

“If anyone convinces you otherwise, don’t listen to them.”

“I am capable of making up my own mind, Petyr.”

“I know,” he smoothly replied with a faint grin. “I’ve seen you do it before.” He took a firm hold over the top of her back as he added, “You’re here with me, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” she answered him with a dark look.

He was spinning her around again, not even bothering to wash himself off with the citrusy smelling shower gel. “I want you,” he told her. “I want you so bad. I’ve never wanted anything in my life, like how I want you.”

She was left speechless from his words, feeling frozen under his heated gaze.

“I’m taking you away with me,” he promised her. “And not even Lysa’s or my lawyer can convince me otherwise.”

“Your lawyer.”

“It will look bad me jumping into a relationship so soon, one can only assume that I was having an affair.” The last of his words sound musical, like a strange melody that was playing inside of Sansa’s head.

The showerhead was shut off unexpectedly, and Petyr removed an arm from her to turn off the tap as well. “It’s getting late,” he told her. “Put on the same clothes you had on when I picked you up.”

“I wouldn’t put on my dress.”

“Yes,” he replied gently. “I wasn’t really thinking.”

“Your worried.”

“It’s late,” he responded quickly. “Nothing worse than worried parents waiting up for their child.”

“I’m old enough to have a child,” she reminded him, which made the colour to his cheeks fade away into an eerie whiteness. “Petyr, I took the pills.”

“And I had protection,” he remembered, and then looked like he could breath again.

“Why isn’t Lysa pregnant?”

“Because I don’t perform my marital duties,” he simply told her.
“And she is okay with that?”

“Lysa isn’t as clever as she thinks he is,” he placidly replied, and then strung a towel over her shoulders to keep her warm and dry. “The only person I ever sleep with is you.”

“Okay.”

“No one else.”

“Okay, Petyr.”

He tilted his head to study her, making sure everything was okay between them before he turned his back to her. A towel was used to cover the lower half of him, and then he abandoned the bathroom to have a few quiet moments to himself. Sansa used the hotel lotion to moisturize her skin, and then did her best with the blow dryer, but her efforts were in vain. “You don’t have a brush?” she yelled out of the bathroom.

“No.”

“They will know I got my hair wet.”

“I should have thought of this before.”

“I can make up a lie again.”

“You have a hat.”

“No?”

“Scarf?”

“That would only make my mother more suspicious,” she yelled, and then shut off the dryer seeing it was all completely helpless.

Her phone rang, so she ran over to her backpack to fetch her cellphone. Petyr was standing just beside her when she heard her mother’s concerned voice on the phone. “Yes, everything is alright. We were just hungry and stopped off at McDonald’s to get something to eat.”

There was quick chatter coming from her mother’s end, complete oblivious of her brother-in-law standing next to her daughter with nothing but a towel wrapped around his lower torso.

“What time will I be home?” Sansa repeated, and turned her gaze to Petyr to receive some assistance. She watched him mouth out a time, and then echoed her lover’s words: “I’d say two.” Petyr removed his towel to dry at his lower back, making Sansa lose attention for a moment or two. “Sorry… what?” Petyr thoroughly entertained, smirked at her, and then pulled the towel back to cover up the object of her attention. “Yes, I have school tomorrow,” Sansa replied with something of annoyance. “I don’t know if I’m skipping it. And no, I don’t always skip my lectures.”

Petyr shook his head at Sansa and pushed his hands downwards into the air to get her to stop.

“No, this won’t be a regular thing. I know school is important, and I’m the one paying for it so…” Petyr applied a hand over Sansa’s shoulder. “…I’m coming home now. Bye.” She hung up the phone and chucked it into her open backpack.

“Overbearing parent?” he taunted. “Not smart to get in an argument at one in the morning though.”
“She treats me like a *child.*”

“She only loves you,” he reminded her. “Go put on your clothes, sweetling.”

Sansa pecked a kiss on the corner of his shoulder and then slipped away to put on her things, unaware that her Uncle was watching her the whole way through.

Petyr yawned as he turned the last bend, the headlights showed the old postal box with that was just down the street from the Stark’s household. “Are you going to sleep?”

“No point.”

“You have to be at the airport for five?”

“Yes.”

“No point,” she agreed, once she glanced at the clock in the front of the rented car. “We never intended to stay this late.”

“I was hoping you’d stay over the whole night, so I’m satisfied.”

“It wasn’t the whole night,” she reminded him, and pointed at the clock to prove it.

“I fucked you two times; I think that counts.”

“So proud of it too.”

“Yes.”

She had a sneaky suspicion he was and turned herself around to pull the duffle bag from the backseat of her car onto her lap. “You think all the lies will work?”

“You know the movie you and your friends supposedly watched,” He reminded her. “The lovely restaurant where you got picked up by a *young* man.”

“Funny.”

“And you declined.”

“Yes.”

“And you had McDonalds because…”

“The theatre food was too expensive,” Sansa chirped in. “And it tastes better.”

“And the thing in your bag is?”

“A dress,” she confirmed. “The one I wore on the date, and the one you stripped off me just to-”

“-Sansa,” he interrupted, not needing a reminder of what he had done.

“I don’t mind it, you know,” she shyly confessed to him.

“Hmmm,” he mumbled as he pulled up in front of Sansa’s house. “The windows are tinted, so give your Uncle a kiss.”
She kissed him despite of his crude words, and then leaned backwards with a look of sadness. “Please message me.”

“I will.”

“Have a safe flight,” she added, and then leaned in one last time to kiss him on the lips. “Text me when you land,” she pleaded and then opened the passenger door with reluctance. “Text me all the time,” she half joked, and then slouched out of the high car seat to find her feet landing upon the sandy floor. “I love you, Petyr,” she softly uttered, and then offered him a sad sort of smile before she closed the door in between them.

It wasn’t until she was upstairs in her room, laying in her bed that she read Petyr’s typed message: “I love you too, sweetling.”
Closer to the Truth

Chapter Summary

Petyr enjoys his phone conversations with Sansa a little too much. Cat starts to have her suspicions about her brother-in-law, Petyr, and the impending doom of a Tully get together could spell a disaster for all.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It was early in the afternoon when her mother was cleaning the kitchen. She was busy scrubbing down the countertop as she leaned forward to hear her brother more clearly on the phone. Her eldest brother, Edmure, sounded quite concerned as his deep voice vibrated through the cellphone speakers.

Sansa was outside of the kitchen, sweeping up the hardwood floor to appease her mother. She would have to go to work in less than an hour, but it was something that needed to be done before her father drove her to work. Sansa thought it best to stay on good terms with her mother, knowing any tension would only prompt her mother to ask questions—questions she didn’t want to answer.

“I don’t have much time to argue with you,” her Uncle Edmure sighed. “It’s almost time to start my shift.”

“I don’t understand why I have to talk to her.”

Sansa halted her movements and moved forward to peak around the corner where her mother was in obvious distress. The argument was over their sister Lysa, and it was only getting worse.

It was the perfect time to discuss their sister, with Petyr out of the country it left more room for the Tully siblings to intervene. Her mother wanted to let things be, but her brother wanted things to permanently end between Lysa and her husband. Sansa could only hope things would fall in her favour, as selfish as that sounded.

The broom was leaned against the wall, and Sansa casually strolled into the kitchen to catch the last of their conversation.

“I have tomorrow evening off, which is really rare,” Edmure stressed out. “Invite her over and let us talk about it.”

“You will bring her into hysterics,” Cat argued back. “You know that you will.”

“You can’t let this go on forever!”

“It’s her life.”

“Cat,” Edmure drawled out weakly. “He left her, and the only reason he came back is for the money.”

“For a day or two.”
“What does it matter how long?” he demanded. Cat tossed the wet cloth aside and strode towards the kitchen sink with a vengeance. “I was against it from the start,” he reminded her. “Even on their wedding day, I was the one trying to convince Lysa to not walk down the aisle.”

“I remember.”

“And Lysa never listened.”

Cat was washing her hands in the kitchen sink, trying to get rid of the chemicals she had used on the countertop earlier. Sansa was standing in front of the open doorway, her arms crossed tightly against her chest as she mused over her Uncle’s words.

“She loves him,” Cat bitterly reminded him. “How will she react when we try to convince her otherwise?”

“There is no point dragging out the inevitable. He will leave her, if not now than later.”

“And he will find himself a younger woman,” Cat spat out while cruelly wringing out the kitchen towel to dry off the last of her hands.

“With a flat stomach and a nice ass,” her brother jeered, which instantly brought a gasp out of Cat. “And blonde hair to boot.”

“Edmure.”

“He will have enough money for it.” There was a loud sigh that shook the speakers, something that made Cat look at the phone only to catch her eldest daughter in the corner of her eye. “I should have taken up a job at a bank like him.”

“You did well as a police officer,” his sister kindly corrected him. “I will message Lysa about dinner tomorrow, but please don’t upset her.”

“It will be at my house.”

“Very well.”

“You can bring the family, but I’m not sure if it will make it any better.”

“You can’t house all of us,” his sister politely reminded him. “Let it be the three of us, like old times sake.”

“Very well,” he coldly replied. “I ought to go. Pass on a hello for me, especially to your husband.”

“The two of you could never get along.” Cat lifted the phone off the edge of the countertop and turned her entire body in her daughter’s direction. “You like Sansa though.”

“Everyone likes Sansa.”

“Say hello to her now.”

“Is she there?” he asked with a cheerful tune to his voice. “Hello, my dear!”

“Hello Uncle Edmure,” Sansa replied with less emotion than her Uncle. “How are you?”

“Just fine, thanks.”
“Am I not getting an invite?” she teased.

“Were you listening the whole time?” Edmure asked with suspicion. “Cat?”

“She came near the end,” his sister explained.

“Oh.” There was a short pause, and then he cleared his throat with deliberation. “I need to talk to my sister, and you being there would not make things easier. We all know…” he paused again, but it was longer this time. “How much your Uncle Petyr likes you.”

“All to well,” Cat quickly responded with a sharp shake of the head.

“You would only add to Lysa’s suspicions,” Edmure explained. “The fear of losing him.”

“But,” Sansa piped up. “You want her to lose Uncle Petyr!”

“I do.”

Sansa turned her head away from the lit-up phone and daringly looked at her mother with a bold question in her eyes. “And my mother doesn’t?”

“She only wants her sister’s happiness,” Edmure droned with displeasure. “But if the man doesn’t want her, she should let him go.” He sounded rather uncomfortable as he added, “There is an old saying in our family, if the fish is bad when you catch it than you might as well throw it back in the sea.”

“He is trying to say,” Cat clarified. “She should look for another.”

No one would have her, Sansa thought, but felt it was best to keep that thought to herself.

“Or simply raise Robin on her own,” Edmure suggested. “Nothing wrong with being a single mother. Petyr gave her a period of happiness after she lost her husband, but now its time to move on.”

“She could never do that.” Cat tapped her fingertips against the edge of the countertop lightly. “She is obsessed with him.”

“She will have to see the truth sooner or later,” Edmure mumbled. “But its time that I leave my house, otherwise I will be late for work.”

“I will text you when she confirms.”

“Thanks, sis,” he half teased, and with that there was a loud beep to signal he hung up his cell phone.

Sansa felt the phone at the back of her pocket after that, wondering- wishing she would receive a message from Petyr to assure her that he was safe. She knew he would still be in the air, a fifteen-hour flight to Hong Kong before he stopped there for the night, and then continue the rest of his journey to Taiwan. I only hope he catches up on some sleep.

“Did you have fun last night?” Sansa blinked her eyes, trying to recollect herself at that moment. “With your friends?”

“Yeah.”

“Enjoyed the movie?”
“It was pretty good.”

Her mother turned her back to Sansa, determined to empty out the dish-strainer. “I don’t mind you coming home late, after all, you are practically an adult.”

“I am one!”

“Yes, you are,” her mother assented. “Just text me every now and then.”

“Okay.”

“It doesn’t help that I was staying up late with your father watching some horror film.”

“No,” Sansa answered her with a lazy smile.

“Watching all those young woman getting stalked and then murdered.” Her mother fidgeted with a spoon, rocking it back and forth between her hands. “And you being out, and not hearing a word from you.”

“I’m sorry.”

“I trust you, Sansa, you are a good girl.” She felt a painful feeling at the bottom of her stomach, knowing her mother was only seeing an illusion of her- a memory of her long ago. Sansa wasn’t a good girl, not anymore. She felt selfish for carrying on this affair, deceitful for lying to her entire family, but she wanted Petyr so bad sometimes she feared she would go insane without him. All those years waiting, pining after him in secret, and now that he openly returns her affection she didn’t care if all hell broke loose.

“Meet any boys?”

“There was one guy at the restaurant that kept making eyes at me, but he wasn’t my type.”

“What is your type?”

“Someone who gets me,” she unexpectedly answered. “I can be myself, and they will accept me for who I am.”

“Then they will love you.”

“Yes,” she answered her mother back with supreme confidence. “They would.”

It was just after five o’clock when her cell phone vibrated in her jeans pocket, and Sansa instinctively knew it was him. She complained she had to go to the bathroom and snuck off the main floor to get to the backroom. Once she locked the bathroom door behind her, did she pull her phone out to see Petyr’s message. “Just passed the security section,” he wrote. “Heading to pick up my luggage now.”

“You must be tired,” she quickly texted back.

“How are you?” appeared on her phone, which brought a hand over her mouth to cover her laughter.

“More than you will ever know.”

She knew he could keep his head high, despite his over exhaustion. He had a presentation the next morning, and she knew he would appear unphased by the sudden time zone change and severe lack of sleep.

“How are you?” appeared on her phone, which brought a hand over her mouth to cover her laughter.
They were so far away, but that could not stop him from concerning himself about her.

“Missing you.”

“Oh.”

She grinned at his quickly typed message, imaging he was quite busy at the moment. “Its true, you know.”

“If I wasn’t so tired, I would have replied with something clever.”

She laughed at that, and then realized her manager might have heard it. She quickly ran over to the toilet to flush it, completely thankful that Petyr couldn’t hear it. “Sleep.”

“The minute I get to my hotel I intend too.”

“Imagine me in your bed with you.”

“I can’t do that,” he quickly replied. “I would never sleep.”

“Try.”

“No, sweetling.” She smiled at her chosen nickname, leaning her head against the side of her hand fancifully.

“Petyr, I have to go back to work.”

“Talk to you in the morning?”

“Yes.”

“Rise up early,” he told her. “Goodbye, Sansa.”

She gripped her phone, wishing he could say something more than that. He was busy, she knew, probably waiting for his luggage to come down the converter belt.

“Dream of me,” she mockingly replied, hoping to get a reaction out of him.

“I will.” She pocketed the phone back into her jean pocket and then left the bathroom, knowing her manager would not stand for her to locked away in that room any longer. Her conversation with Petyr would have to wait, there were more pressing matters to attend too.

The bus was half empty, Sansa was sitting in the back with her school bag resting over her lap. She was smoothing down her long ponytail when Petyr had called, her eyes drifting in and out of the dark scenery coming from her window as she heard his familiar deep sonorous voice through the phone. “Twelve-hour difference,” he noted with particular excitement. “Six in the morning for you, while its evening for me.

“Dinner time?”

“I’m outside strolling the city streets right now.” She could tell Petyr was enjoying himself, the sounds of whizzing cars and a foreign language rang in the air around him. “There are too many options.”

“I’m sure you will find something.”
“And you are on the bus?”

“A very early one,” she explained, before she drew a castle with the tip of her finger across the frosty window. “And cold one.”

“At least no one will overhear our conversation, like your family for instance.”

“Yeah.”

“The first presentation went well,” he announced with fervour. “We are trying to convince them to invest in our country, and if all goes well, it will allow our credit cards to work more easily in this country with added benefits.” He paused for a second, as if the world around him stole his attention away for a moment. “I think we should open up our banks here as well, but it would take years.”

“Have you suggested it?”

“My boss does not agree with me.”

“But you think it’s a good idea.”

“Another presence of an American bank here, then yes.” She smiled at his smug words, knowing that he was right in this matter. “Love us or hate us, Americans can be found anywhere, and who will they more likely bank with when the time comes.”

“It makes sense.”

“I will propose it at the second presentation tomorrow.”

“With that smooth tongue of yours, I am sure you will succeed.”

“Until I get back to my boss and he has my head for it.”

“Or the opposite.”

“My boss is proud,” Petyr grumbled. “It’s unlikely.” His voice grew more excitable as he mentioned: “They have take-away at this place, I might try this one.”

“Don’t want to sit down?”

“It’s busy,” he remarked. “Much faster getting take-away.”

“Hungry?”

“Starving.” She smiled at his statement, and found her head leaning against the back of the seat with an overwhelming sense of sorrow. She really did miss him, and it hasn’t even been that long yet. “Are you hungry?” She heard a door swing open, and loud music crackling through the speaker to make their conversation a lot harder.

“I need a coffee.”

“I miss American coffee.”

“You know its shit compared to European.”

“Yes,” he droned out softly, and then asked her to hold off for a moment. Petyr made his order in English, and a few moments later he was back on the phone. “Anything new?”
“As a matter of fact, there is something I ought to tell you.”

“Okay,” he breathed out worriedly.

“It’s about Edmure.”

There was a grunt on his end of the phone, a sign that he disliked Edmure as much as his brother-in-law despised him. “What about him?”

“He invited my mother over to his place tonight… and Lysa.”

“What for?” There was a tenseness in Petyr’s voice, a distrust that Sansa picked up immediately.

“He wants to tear you guys apart.”

“Lysa and I?”

“Yes.”

There was silence on this end, and all Sansa could hear was the chatter of customer and the occasional banging coming from the restaurant kitchen.

“Perhaps, I should stay longer,” Petyr said in jest. “You will let me know how it goes, won’t you?”

Sansa nodded her head in agreement despite him not seeing it. “If you want.”

“For once the thorn in my side works in my favour.” Her eyes squinted in pleasure, enjoying the raspy sound to his voice after he uttered that. “Though it may backfire.”

“You don’t think it will work?”

“I think my phone will light up by the end of it,” Petyr droned out with despair. “With a hundred messages of how much she misses me, and when will I come home.”

“But it sounds like me.”

“Except I respond to yours,” he mockingly replied, with a hint of endearment. “You are nothing like her, Sansa.” She felt her cheeks blush a rosy hue by the way he pronounced her name, his Irish accent growing stronger by the end of it.

She felt her heart yearn for him then, wishing she could lay sweetly in his arms as he adorned her with kisses. Her hand went limp over the phone, sliding down the side of her face as she felt a wave of impenetrable emotion. “Petyr,” was all that she could say with the lids of her eyes closed tightly.

“I know.” He seemed to be sensing her feelings without her knowledge and found some comfort with that. “It won’t be long now, sweetling.”

The phone was raised over her ear once more, and she opened her eyes to see the silhouette of the city she was currently entering. The lights flickered over the midnight blue sky, the sun was rising on the opposite side of the bus, which reflected a vague golden hue over the high risers.

“You’ve gone quiet.”

She looked away from the glass window and at her backpack resting over her lap. “I’m sad,” she said in truth. “But I’m trying to be strong about it.”
“I do love you, sweetling,” he answered her back in a hush voice.

“I love you too, Petyr.”

The bus was driving over a ramp, taking them off the highway to enter the city. She toyed with the zipper on her backpack, feeling at a loss of words already.

“My dinner is ready.” She glanced upwards to look at the back of the chair and did her best to suppress her emotions so she could appear happy for him. “Sansa?”

“That’s good.”

“Should we do a video chat next time?”

“We can do that?”

“There is an option.”

“Yes,” she said almost immediately.

“It will be morning for me next time,” he acknowledged aloud. “And you will be… done work, right?”

“No work tomorrow evening.”

Petyr expressed his pleasure on everything working out, clearly elated with the prospect of seeing Sansa’s face once more. She heard the ringing of the bell as he pushed open the restaurant door and the faint humming of the city street as he walked down the steps. “How are you feeling? Not too sore, I hope.”

“You would be happy if I was sore because of you.”

“No, sweetling,” he teased. “Quite the contrary.”

“A little, but its manageable.”

“Hmmm.” There was something on the tip of his tongue, but he wouldn’t say it.

“What?”

“Oh nothing, my sweet.”

“Petyr.”

“Forgive me, I am hungry and tired, and…”

“Yes.”

“I am trying to think of how to word it.”

“What?”

“You would say horny, but I wish for something more sophisticated than that.”

“Petyr,” she scolded, realizing where he was going with this. “There is no other way to put it.”

“I want to fuck you,” he laughed with pure mockery. “There, is that better?”
“You are a bit too far away for that.”

“Yes,” he droned out sadly. “This is true.”

A long pause ensued, and Sansa could only hear the light ringing of a bell as cyclist passed by his side. There was an occasional roar too, sounding like it came from a motorbike if memory served her well. “How is your hotel?”

“Nice.”

“Your company is paying for it?”

“They sure are.”

“You are well cared for, Petyr.”

“I’m good at what I do,” he murmured into the speaker’s phone. “And I get paid well for it too.”

“I know.”

“And a part of me will regret leaving the company, but I can’t stay there much longer- not with Lysa.”

“She can’t ever leave it, could she?”

“Not with all those stocks in her name from her first husband.”

“You replaced him, didn’t you?”

“Yes, I worked under him before.”

“Odd.”

“What is?”

The bus was pulling over to the side, letting Sansa know that her journey had ended. “That you take over a dead man’s job and wife.”

“It’s how I met Lysa,” he explained. “I had to contact her quite frequently as I navigated my way in Jon’s old chair for the first few months. She worked down the hall and…” His voice trailed off, realizing he was saying too much. “And I can tell she was attracted to me.”

“Before or after Jon died.”

“I worked on a different level.” Sansa lifted the bag off her lap and stood to her feet to join the ever-growing line. “I never met her until after the funeral.”

“And the rest is history.”

She was nearing the front of the bus, almost getting off it when she heard: “You can say that.”

“Was it worth it?”

“I met you, didn’t I?”

“That’s not what I meant.”
“I know, but its true.”

“Petyr.”

“I’m not sure what you want me to say.” There was a strain in his voice, a frustration.

“That you regret it.”

“Of course, I fucking do.” His accent grew stronger as his anger rose, and she nearly tripped over her two feet as she heard it. It was rare for Petyr to lose his temper, a fact that made her realize she had never seen him lose his head before.

Sansa descended off the bus platform and slowly strode towards the subway station, seeing there was no need to join the crowd that was rushing into the building as fast as they could.

“You’ve gone quiet again?”

“I don’t know why I needed to pry like that. I’m sorry, Petyr.”

“Its fine,” he answered her in a stilted voice. “I ask myself the same question everyday.”

“Will it be hard divorcing her?”

“Very messy.”

“And very long,” she surmised, as she looked up at the sky that was slowly turning a happier shade of blue.

“I feel more sorry for Robin than anything else. He is quite fond of me, you know, but Lysa won’t let me have anything to do with him once she receives the papers.”

“I think so too.”

“I’m nearing the hotel,” Petyr said with excitement. “Its really nice, I think you would like it.”

Sansa grinned from ear to ear, always happy when Petyr attributed his present surroundings with her.

“How far are you from school?”

“Well I was about to take the subway, but I can’t.”

“Why not?”

“No service down there.”

“Oh,” he replied in a small voice.

“I will wait in the main lobby until its time.”

“Thank you, Sansa.”

“You are more important than school anyways.”

“That’s not true,” he softly chided, as the sounds from the street dwindled away from him. He must have entered the front lobby for it was uncommonly quiet.

“I want to drag my fingers through your hair, Petyr. I want to kiss you,” she revealed in a
dangerously husky voice.

“Sansa?”

“I’m sorry. I…”

“No, its fine.” There was a chiming of an elevator door. “I just can’t reply right now, not here at least. Give me five minutes.”

“Okay.”

“Its not exactly appropriate,” he chuckled lightly.

“I imagine not.”

“Sansa, love.” She heard soft voices next to him, probably a few men joining the elevator alongside of him. “Tell me what you would do to me right now, if I was there.”

“I’m in a public area.”

“So, am I.”

“But its not fair, you will go into your hotel room soon.”

His voice was husky, dropping a low tenor as he answered: “I will.”

“Then I would remove your shirt and unbuckle that leather belt of yours. I’d laid you flat on the bed, and pry away at your boxers inch by inch.”

“And then what.”

“I’d suck you dry,” she moaned, just to get a response from him.

“Fuck,” was heard in a wheezy voice, and then Petyr went silent on his end. She waited for a few moments, and then a low drumming noise made her think something was happening around him. “I’m using my box of dinner to cover myself.”

“Too bad my mouth can’t.”

“Sansa,” he warned, clearly not in his hotel room yet.

“I’d suck it dry for you.”

“Uhhh,” he responded with some level of pain. “Where is my fucking room?”

“And then I’d lay myself flat on the bed for you, and let you have your turn.”

“I want to book the next flight back home,” he retorted. “I’m in my room, finally.”

“Lucky you.”

“And my food will have to wait,” he grunted, and then she heard him put the phone on speaker. “Say something else.”

“Like what?”

“Something dirty.” He was in the mood for games.
“Like what?”

“Should I go then?” There was a pause, and then noises went off in the room like he was pushing something away. “Can you hear me?”

“A little.”

“Closing the blinds,” he answered her. “Like I would do if you were here with me. All naked and delicious, like you normally are for me.” She bit down at her bottom lip, hearing the low tenor in his voice that proved he was fully turned on. “I would cup your breast while the other hand fondles you down below, and just when your reaching a high I would suck you hard at your nipple until its you’re practically begging for it.” Sansa went silent, and her only response was shutting her legs tightly.

“Petyr isn’t not even seven in the morning.”

“All the more reason for me to bend down lower with my hands sliding all over you, and when the time is ready steady your hips so I could slip my hot tongue inside of you.” There was a moment’s pause. “I can almost taste you now.”

Sansa was done at that point, falling into the nearest chair to keep herself together.

“God, I’m getting harder just thinking of it.”

“Then fix it.”

“You cruel little thing,” he gibed, though she was almost certain he would. “Its too bad you can’t be here to do it.”

“Petyr.”

“I know you would.”

“Shut the fuck up,” she cursed out unexpectedly, which gained a dark laughter from her lover on the phone.

“Manners, sweetling! Is that anyway to talk to your Uncle.”

“Oh, please.”

“You deserve a spanking, Sansa.”

Her cheeks went a flush red at that, and she knew for certain that his words were earnest. “That would be new.”

“Yes.”

Another silence, and Sansa did her best to tighten her legs together.

“I’d use an open hand, if that helps.”

“So, it would leave a mark,” she commented with a roll of the eyes.

“I hadn’t thought of it that way.” There was a shrill to his voice. “Do you enjoy getting punished?”

“I enjoy you fucking me slow,” she told him in truth. “And not like we only have five minutes to
“Well, sometimes we do,” he gibed. “Can’t have us get caught, can we?”

“Just fuck yourself already.”

“Gladly.” To her surprise she heard something of a suppressed groan, and then realized he was actually doing it. The phone went away from her ear in disbelief, and then pulled closer to her ear to make sure. He was doing it, and that made her bite down on her bottom lip with a heavy sense of arousal.

“Petyr?”

“No, don’t say it like that.”

“Petyr,” she responded in a sultry voice, which garner a heavy sigh from him. “Would you like me to finish it off for you?”

“You can lay your tongue right here,” he half chuckled. “And then take it whole if you want, since its practically dripping for you.”


“Yes, I didn’t think it all the way through,” he said in a breathless voice. “You won’t mind if I finish it off myself, will you?”

“Petyr,” she begged, knowing she would have to do the same, but she wasn’t in a private place like him. “Please don’t.”

A low groan of pure pleasure reached her ears, and to her horror he was doing it again. “I’m on the fucking bed,” he taunted, and she wanted to cover her ears.

“You horny bastard.”

A laugh escaped him, and then she knew he was nearly done by the pleasurable sigh in his voice. “Kiss me, sweetling.”

“I can’t.”

“I know,” he droned out with sadness. “But it was worth a try.”

“Come home and I will.”

“What a sick relationship this is,” he huffed out wearily. “Masturbating on the bed with you on the phone.”

“Very.”

He grunted in response, and then he excused himself quietly to obviously clean himself up.

*Why does he get to pleasure himself, and when I’m not able too?*

It felt like ages since he went away, but in actuality it was a minute at most.

“It feels weird eating after that.”
“Pig.”

“Not really.” There was a ripping sound, and she knew he was opening up a package. “This beef noodle soup smells delicious.”

“You are eating the real thing.”

“Not our city food,” he noted. “God, I’m hungry.”

“Satisfied?”

“Partially.”

“Not fair.”

“It will be your turn next.”

“No.”

“Will see,” he taunted. “You must be starving.”

“I should get going soon. I need time to buy a coffee and a bagel.”

“Sounds delicious.”

“Yes,” she answered him in a sarcastic voice.

“I will let you go then,” he surmised. “We can still text anyways. The night is young for me.”

“Okay, Petyr.”

“I hope I didn’t make you uncomfortable earlier, I wasn’t really thinking things through.”

“No, it was different… but I enjoyed it in some sick way.”

“Hmmm.”

“But it shouldn’t be a regular thing, especially when I’m in public.”

“It won’t, sweetling,” he told her in truth. “But it needed to be done whether you were here or not.”

A smug smile came across Sansa’s face, proud that she could even get that sort of elicit confession from him.

“I thought you knew that already.”

“I guess I should have.”

“I was always fond of showers in the late evening when Lysa was in bed.”

“You sick bastard.”

“Even before I kissed you.”

“Really?”

“I always wanted you, Sansa, but I thought you knew that already.”
“I guess I had my suspicion.”

“But I couldn’t entertain it, not until recently. Seeing your nipples piercing through your sweater at one or two in the morning did wonders,” he surmised. “It was no wonder I kissed you in your room.”

“Petyr.”

“I would have done more if you let me, but perhaps it was the right thing,” he concluded. “But I should let you go, or I’ll suddenly change my mind again.”

“Alright.”

“Talk to you soon, love.”

“Night.”

“And morning to you,” he lightly chuckled, and with that they shared their final goodbyes before Petyr hung up the phone.

She was sitting on the step of her backyard when the glass door opened behind her. Sansa’s mother stepped down to the left of her and silently took a seat beside Sansa. “Tea?”

“Yup.”

“Not looking forward to working tonight?”

“Nope,” she mouthed out quickly, and then drew the mug forward to take another sip.

“I’m not looking forward to this dinner either,” her mother surmised.

Sansa looked ahead of her, taking in the unruliness of the garden that had been neglected this past summer. She felt exhausted, knowing her early trek to school would eventually catch up to her. She had a headache, and she felt uneasy about the dinner her mother was soon attending. Things could work in her favour if Lysa listened to her siblings, but she didn’t think life would be that easy for her.

“You’ve been quiet,” her mother observed. “Tired?”

“Yes.”

“Went to school early today.”

“I had to go to the book shop and there is always a long line. Uni life.”

“I understand.”

Her mother wrapped an arm around Sansa, pulling her into her frame lovingly. “I sometimes forget you are all grown up.”

“I know.”

“Lysa hasn’t,” her mother joked. “Edmure was in the right for not bringing you along.”

“I don’t mean to make Aunt Lysa jealous.”

“I know, dear.”
“I can’t help it.”

“I know,” she softly answered her, once she noticed the crack to Sansa’s voice. “Petyr does like you; everyone can see that.”

“I like him too,” she confessed, though it was more of a half confession than anything else.

“I know you do, but he is still Lysa’s husband, and for that reason I would exercise caution. You know how mad my sister can be.”

“Like a loose screw,” Sansa joked, though her mother didn’t join in with her laughter.

“Summer school is nearly done.”

“And another two weeks.”

“And then school in the fall?”

“Yes, and I will graduate by the spring,” she told her mother with confidence. “And then I’m free to do as I please.”

“Good girl.” Her mother kissed the side of her temple with pride. “But Sansa… I know you said you like your Uncle Petyr but… The hold around Sansa loosened, and then she found herself sitting beside a frigid-like mother. “I think you should know that Lysa has suspicions about the two of you, and that is why I always try to separate you from him at parties and stuff. I mean, you aren’t exactly together, but the two of you always find sometime to talk alone.”

“As friends,” Sansa clarified.

“I know, but as Lysa and Ned pointed out… you are so much older now.”

“Where are you going with this?”

“I think he likes you, Sansa,” her mother said with worry, which made the young red-headed girl lower her gaze to disguise her true feelings. “I think he always has.”

“Okay.”

“You don’t seem bothered by this?”

“Should I be?” Sansa lashed out with spitefulness.

“You seem okay with it,” her mother retorted with concern.

“I like him,” Sansa confessed. “If he likes me more than that, I can understand.”

“He is your Uncle.”

Sansa said nothing, only lifting up her heavy mug off the stony grey step to have another mouthful of black tea. She thought it was best to hold her tongue for the time being.

“Don’t let me walk into my brother’s house, and not be able to defend you,” her mother begged. “Tell me I shouldn’t be concerned.”

“You shouldn’t.”
“Sansa, dear.”

“I don’t like him that way,” she lied, and hated herself for it.

“Oh.”

“Allright,” Sansa huffed out with annoyance, and loudly placed the mug down on the stony step. “Is that what you came out here for?”

“Sansa, that is rude.”

“Sorry.”

“And I did, partially.” A hand rested over Sansa’s shoulder with concern. “Petyr isn’t a good man.”

“I think he is.”

“Yes, I thought you would say that.”

“He is.”

“You deserve better than that,” her mother remonstrated, and it was then that Sansa sensed she was coming closer to the truth, perhaps more than her mother let on.

“I know I do.”

“I’m going to be late.” Cat rose herself off the stony step, and Sansa couldn’t help but catch sight of her shaky hand. She’s worried. “I won’t be gone long.”

“Why do you really want Petyr to stay with her?” Sansa demanded with a sudden boldness to her, once she started to put the puzzle pieces together. “Is it because you think he will come after me?”

“His niece.”

“Yes!” Sansa shrilled out sharply, suddenly angered by the realization of her mother’s true intentions- unconscious as it was.

“He wouldn’t be allowed to step a foot inside of the house if that was the case,” Cat warned.

Sansa stood to her feet, being the same level as her mother. She wanted to tell her the truth then and there, but something inside of her was holding it back.

“Ned would kill him first,” Cat added with a look of desperation.

“Why do you think he would come here?”

“I…”

“Mom?”

“Tell me you don’t feel the same way about him.”

“I don’t,” Sansa lied with a straight face.

Her mother closed her eyes with pain, and then leaned a hand into the side of her face wearily. “Tell me the truth.”
“I don’t,” Sansa repeated in the same wooden voice as before.

“I want to believe you, but I can’t.”

“Then tell that to Lysa,” she shot back, and with that she lifted her mug off the ground and stormed inside of the house.

Chapter End Notes

Please share your thoughts below. I truly am interested to hear what you think.
On the Edge

Chapter Summary

Cat returns to the household in hysterics, and her weakened state of Cat's emotions makes her and her husband look at the hard truth—whether there is something going on between Petyr and their daughter, Sansa.

It was late at night when Sansa was sitting on the top step of the staircase, her legs pushed up against her chest as she listened to her parents' argument. They were in the kitchen, and her mother just returned home, her voice sounding fragile and weak as she went through waves of emotions. Her husband was doing his best to comfort her, but obviously he didn’t agree.

“She kept screaming at us!” Cat wailed, sounding like she was on the verge of tears. “Saying we were out to ruin her life.”

“But you were only trying to help,” Ned offered in a consoling voice.

“I know we were, but Edmure kept making it worse.”

“They are always at each other’s throats.”

“Edmure is too stubborn,” Sansa’s mother fretted. “And so is my sister. Why do I have to be the level-headed person there? And now she won’t talk to either of us, those were her very words.”

“She will come around.”

“Like I want her too,” Cat fumed. “I’m tired of her nonsense, as if I don’t have enough stuff to worry about. Paying off the mortgage, finding money to put the rest of our kids in school. Sansa…” her voice trailed off softly, seemingly unaware of the last of her confession until it hit her. “She didn’t care.”

“What are you implying?” Ned demanded in a brutish sort of voice.

Sansa heard footsteps approaching her from behind, and then her cousin Jon took a seat next to her.
A soft hand was placed over her own in comfort, and it was only then did she realize the gravity of the circumstances.

“What do you want me to do about it?” Ned argued back.

“Talk to her!”

“And say what, I think your Uncle is a pedophile.”

“He is not a pedophile,” Cat argued back with a strain in her voice. “As much as we don’t want to admit it, Sansa is a grown woman.”

Jon leaned into her space to ask if she was okay, but all she could manage was a tired nod of the head.

“I don’t care how old she is, if Petyr makes any advances to her, I’ll swear I will kill him myself!” There was a clanging in the kitchen sink as if he dropped dishes inside of it. “And what were you thinking letting Petyr drive her to work? He could have done anything to her.”

“She’s fine.”

“Is she?”

“You know our daughter,” Cat remonstrated with a shaky voice. “She would tell us if he did anything.”

“Would she?”

“She would,” her mother replied in a stern tone of voice, one that her husband couldn’t run away from. “If he touched her, she would tell us.”

“Not unless she wanted it.”

A long silence pursued, and it was at that moment that Sansa realized she was holding her breath. She turned her head sharply to her cousin, realizing that he was watching her. The guilt was portrayed on her face, and she wanted to get up and leave, but she had to hear the rest.

“Are you implying that our daughter would let Petyr do that?”

“No.” Her father was trying to back-track but he was failing miserably.

“Is that what you really think of her?”

“No!”

“You saying, Sansa would let him touch her?”

“Cat, I’m sorry.”

“What kind of monster are you?” There was a smacking sound, and then a wailing sound coming from Cat that echoed the air. “Get out of my sight!”

“Cat.”

“I can’t believe you would say such a thing.”
“He could persuade her… seduce her.”

“No.”

“Then ask her.”

“I won’t.”

“I will.”

“And see how she will react to it,” Cat cried out. “I should smack you with this towel again, just to knock some sense into you.”

“Cat, please,” her husband begged. “Let us resolve this right now.”

Sansa stood to her feet, leaving her cousin surprised when she turned away from the staircase and stormed into the room. She was just closing the door when she heard footsteps following her, and then a hand pushed the doorway open so Jon could come in.

“Is it true?” he asked her with sudden boldness.

“No,” she meekly answered him, and then strode in the darkness to turn on the lamp.

Jon closed the door behind him, and then walked into the center of her room with extra care. The lamp illuminated her bed; crumbled sheets and an overly messy room was a good reflection of the state of Sansa’s own mind at the present moment. Her parents were coming closer and closer to the truth, and she didn’t know how she felt about that.

“You look upset.”

“How do you expect me to feel?” Sansa asked him while brushing her loose hair back. “In a few minutes dad will storm in the room and behave like a cave man until he hears exactly what he wants.”

“I don’t believe it,” he told her. “I know you would never do something like that.”

She looked into her cousin’s dark eyes, seeing how innocent and naïve he was at that moment. He was a few years older than her, but she knew he would never understand what its like to be in love with someone twice their age. She covered a portion of her face in distress, feeling the colour to her cheeks lessening by the minute.

“I know the two of you are close,” Jon admitted. “A lot more than you are with Edmure and Blackfish.” He smiled at the mention of their great-Uncle, always finding a way to get along with him on their fishing trips together with the rest of the Stark family. “Uncle Petyr is sort of like you,” Jon rambled on. “I don’t know, it makes sense.”

“What does?”

“The two of you getting along.”

“Oh?”

“But not what dad is thinking,” he added. He never hesitated to call Ned “Dad,” not after his parents died in a bus crash along the heavily touristed coastal line in Costa Rica. “I don’t sense anything like that.”
“Thank you, Jon.”

“But that is not what is upsetting you.”

“I’m tired of getting punished just because Petyr likes me.” She shut her eyes with remorse. “I can’t help it if he hates his wife.”

“He doesn’t hate her.”

“But he doesn’t love her!”

_He loves me_, Sansa thought, and then stood off the edge of her bed to pace around the room. She knew her father would come sooner or later, if not tonight than he would speak to her tomorrow morning. She could keep on lying, but how long must she keep it up?

“Sansa,” her cousin breathed out. He stretched out his arms and brought her in for a hug, letting him know how much he cared for her. “Let’s go downstairs and tell dad now.”

“No.”

“You will never sleep if you don’t.”

“Will you come with me?” she asked into the crook of his neck.

“I will.”

Ned was on the couch watching old sport clips when Sansa and Jon approached him, the television was turned to mute once he noticed the whiteness of Sansa’s face.

“What’s wrong?”

“I heard what you said,” Sansa stated without feeling.

“Oh.”

The television was turned off, and then he looked around the room as if his wife would come to his aid.

“I’m here now.”

Ned turned his gaze back to her, sensing the rest of his daughter’s unuttered thoughts.

“You want me to ask you it to your face,” he reasoned, and waited for head to nod in approval before he began. “Has Petyr touched you?”

“No.”

“Kissed you.”

“No.”

“Behaved inappropriately.”

“No,” she answered with a slight hesitation, it was a pity the image of them in the back of the car had to come into her head at that moment.
“Sansa.”

“No.”

“You would tell me, wouldn’t you?”

“Yes,” she lied, and hated herself for the hole she was continuing to dig for herself.

He stood to his feet and placed his hands over his hips to maintain his dominance. “I want you to tell me the truth,” he began. “Do you like your Uncle?”

“Yes.”

“Not in that way, the other one.”

Sansa stayed silent, unsure if he was asking her the question she always feared.

Jon stepped forward and turned his body to her. “Do you like him sexually?” he droned out with a clear expression to show he was only being the mediator in this pursuing argument.

Sansa was silent, staring at her cousin with disbelief. Cat entered the living room at that moment and sensed something was wrong.

“Answer the question,” Ned demanded with a voice that showed he was at breaking point.

Sansa swallowed hard and with closed lids confessed, “Yes.”

The room fell into a deafening silence, and she refused to open her eyes at that moment.

Cat came up behind her and pressed a heavy hand on her shoulder to make her daughter face her. “Take it back,” she wailed.

“You wanted the truth, didn’t you?”

“He is your Uncle.”

“I don’t care!”

“Sansa,” her mother scolded with a high-pitch voice. “Take it back!”

“Why?”

Her father stepped forward and in a demeaning voice asked, “Why do you think?”

“Because he is my Uncle,” Sansa sharply answered back. “But he is not my blood.”

“He is married.”

“I am aware of that fact, but Jon asked me if I was sexually attracted to him. The answer is yes.”

“He is handsome,” Cat admitted, much to her husband’s dismay.

“I don’t care if he was George Clooney,” Ned shot back. “He is still her Uncle and married to your sister.”

“For now,” Cat confessed in a low voice. “Lysa might consider the matter of separation.”
“But not divorce?” Ned asked with worry.

“She would never leave him,” Ned said with utter confidence. “And if Petyr did, I will make sure to lock and bolt the door, so he doesn’t come near my daughter. I don’t give a damn how sexually attracted Sansa is to him.” Ned stormed away from them all to go into the basement, obviously needing a moment to cool down.

Jon stood beside her, staring at her profile with something of disgust.

“You asked me a question and I answered it,” Sansa snapped.

“Yeah, but he is so much older than you.”

Sansa merely smirked at him, which made her cousin look away with fear.

“Sansa,” Cat scolded in a thin tone of voice. “I will not have you smile that way.”

“Sorry,” she replied softly, though she didn’t mean it.

“I can’t have you anywhere near him.”

“Just because I am attracted to him, doesn’t mean I will do anything.”

“Or him to you?” Cat reasoned. “If you are both, as you say ‘sexually attracted’ to one another-”

“I never said that!”

“Lysa did,” her mother clarified. “And she is tired of your Uncle giving you sly looks when he thinks she isn’t looking.” Her voice dropped a tenor when she added: “We all are.”

Sansa feebly licked at her lips, sensing she was falling into a hole that she couldn’t get out of.

“Lysa isn’t the only one that notices his lingering stare,” Cat confirmed. “And I’ve stood for it long enough.”

Sansa crossed her arms at her mother, feeling defiant with each passing moment.

“What do you have to say?” Cat demanded.

“What about my stare?”

“What about it?”

“Petyr isn’t the only one.” It was bold, but she felt the need to say it. His name felt rich on her lips, for gone was the guise of “Uncle” into something else- something new.

Her mother was baffled by her words, and Jon immediately left them since he was so upset. The house was crumbling before her very eyes and Sansa didn’t even care it fell over her head.

“What have you done?” her mother asked her and laid both of her hands over the sides of Sansa’s arms. “Sansa?”

“Nothing.”

“No, I know you did something.”
“Nothing.”

“Sansa Stark.”

“I’ve done nothing!”

“What happen in that car when he drove you to work?”

“He drove me there.”

“And what else?”

“Nothing else.”

“Sansa, please,” her mother begged. “What did he do to you?”

Sansa attempted to push her away as she muttered out: “Nothing.”

“If Lysa ever finds about this?”

“About what?”

“Don’t look at me that way, I know you are lying.”

“I’m not.”

“Sansa!” her mother’s voice rose so loud it must have woken up the entire household. “Tell me the truth.”

“I did nothing,” Sansa fought back, holding onto that last thread of the lie to keep herself together.

“I swear to God if Petyr did anything to you.”

“He didn’t.”

Her mother chest heaved with anger, blue eyes flashing like daggers that were barrelling into Sansa’s soul. Cat sensed the truth but was too scared to go any further.

Her father’s footsteps rocked loudly against the hardwood floor, letting the two of them know he was fast approaching. “Why are you yelling?” Ned barked out. “You will wake everyone up?”

“I want you to be here when I ask Sansa this question.”

“What question.”

“Stand right in front of her.”

“Why?”

“Do it!” her mother whimpered, and then took a hold of her husband for support. “Sansa Stark,” her mother said in a tone of voice that made her know she was in trouble. “Did you use protection?”

Sansa’s jaw dropped at that, her blue eyes widening with utter horror. “No!”

“No what?”

“I didn’t sleep with him,” she lied, and did her best to look away from her father’s heated glare.
“You didn’t sleep with him,” her mother repeated with a hint of sarcasm.

“That’s just… gross.”

Ned crossed his arms, and Sansa could feel the heat rising to her cheek. *Shit,* she thought, and did her best to not panic.

“If I go in your room will I find something I will regret?”

“No.”

“Or your phone?”

“No.”

“Sansa?”

“I said no.”

A long silence pursued, before Cat let out an aggravated sigh next to her husband. “Ned, what do you think?”

“I don’t know.”

“She is a good liar, isn’t she? Always has been.”

“I guess when her stomach begins to swell then we will know for sure.”

“Or nausea,” her mother suggested with a narrowing of the eyes at her daughter. “I don’t know what to believe anymore, or even what to think.”

“He drove me to work and that is all,” Sansa reasoned with her. “I wish you wouldn’t let Aunt Lysa’s paranoia get into your head.”

“Lysa is staying with her husband for the time being, but don’t think for one second I would hold back my *suspicions* about her husband and you.”

Sansa looked away from them both, not sure what to think at that exact moment.

“I want you to go upstairs,” her mother ordered. “I can’t look at you anymore.”

“Because I said I’m attracted to him.”

“Because you don’t care what he is to our family, or to Lysa either.”

“Why should I care what Lysa thinks?” she flinched, when she thought her mother would smack her for her sharp tongue, but instead the blue eyes of Catelyn grew cold.

“Go upstairs.”

“I wouldn’t do anything like that,” she lied again, and then turned her back to her parents to leave the living room, hoping that was enough to quell down the storm for a little while longer.

The second she was in her room she sent a panicked text to Petyr, and then deleted the app in case her parents demanded to see her phone. Petyr would understand if he didn’t hear from her in a couple hours, the quick message of “I need to lay low for a little bit,” should have been enough for
him to decipher that they were in trouble. The meeting her mother had with her siblings was spelling a disaster for the lover’s affair, a disaster that was leaving Sansa on edge.
Confessions

Chapter Summary

Sansa's lies are failing her, and it is only a matter of time until everyone in her family starts piecing things together.

Sansa never went to sleep that night. Endless hours awake with her sitting in her office chair, leaning over her work desk with her gaze directed at the endless stars. The scenery was peaceful, but she felt quite the opposite. The moon was absent that night, and only a stray street-light at the end of her street gave the surroundings outside her home some artificial glow to it. The silence was unnerving to her, and yet peaceful at the same time. Her mind was ticking, a conscious battle between wrong and right, and in the end, she was worse off then when she first started it. If she wanted to cry no tears would come to her, only an empty feeling at the bottom of her stomach, twisting and contorting with guilt.

She lied to her parents.

She lied to her family.

The pencil in her hand had snapped in two, and even than she felt it wasn’t a perfect analogy to her current predicament. Petyr was leagues away, in an entirely different country and when she needed him most, he wasn’t there for her. Only the silence, the never-ending silence.

The bus was rocking slightly as it sped down the highway, the tiny bumps in the road did little to ease her nerves. It was barely six in the morning and already she was on the main bus to take her to school, it would be hours until her first lecture, but she didn’t care. Sansa couldn’t face her parents, even more so the truth.

She was honest when she said told her parents she didn’t care that Petyr was her Uncle, or even that he was married. Sansa should have, but she didn’t, and for the life of her she couldn’t understand why.

The bus was practically empty, and she thought it was the perfect time to ring Petyr, but she didn’t have the app installed and she couldn’t bare to use anymore data. It would have to wait, she thought, and felt he deserved a reasonable explanation of why she suddenly disappeared for the past few hours. Petyr would be upset she knew, but the warning she gave should have been enough for him to figure out something was wrong. If not the subtle warning than at least the flurry of messages from Lysa, would have given him enough information about the catastrophic circumstances of Tully’s dinner last night at Edmure’s house.

I'm in deep.

Sansa put on some headphones and tried to distract her rattled brain. Sleep was clawing into her, but the never-ending anxiety prevented her from fully falling asleep.

I shouldn’t have lied to them.
She took out her phone to see no messages from her parents, and then stuck it back in the small pocket of her bag.

_They will hate me for this._

The window was frosty from the cold, but she didn’t feel like drawing a snow castle today. A sad face was scrawled on the foggy glass window instead, but she quickly erased it in shame.

_I hate this._

The window was cleared completely, and then she tried to stare through the blurry glass to spot the first signs of the city.

“City or country,” she heard Petyr say, his voice echoing in her head with the pelting sound of water on her upper body and swirling around the drain in the tub.

_Country_, she thought, far away from everything.

The bus ascended on the ramp, and she put away her untouched books to get ready to leave the bus. She was falling behind in her studies, the excitement of being with Petyr and now the disaster that was quickly following upon her made her textbooks less appealing than normal. She would have a presentation in a few days for a seminar, and she barely looked at the rubric. It was unlike her to fall behind, but she supposed that is what happens when you fall in love.

The silver necklace around her throat was twirled around her fingers, the dangling dragonfly with a silver jewel in the center did little to cheer her thoughts. She was plagued with sadness and regret, and truly hoped she would snap out of it soon.

The bus stopped, her belongings were gathered, and she made it a point to be the last person to get off the bus. The subway lobby was empty, so she took an abandoned bench next to a window and put in the charger for her phone. The app was immediately installed, and she watched the loading button slowly going around in circles to her annoyance.

A flood of messages popped up on her phone one by one, flickering across the screen until it looked like Petyr had spammed her inbox while she was gone. A rush of energy came over her, sensing his panic and distress was strangely comforting to her. The first one was sent just after her last message, and already she could sense his discomfort.

“Lay low? Why what happened?”

She scrolled down to the next one that was sent only a few minutes later.

“Sansa? Talk to me.”

She scrolled down further, seeing the worry Petyr was experiencing was getting worse.

“Is it about the meeting Lysa had with her siblings? What did she say? I’m sure its nothing, sweetling. Please don’t worry.”

_How little he knows_, Sansa thought, and let out a shaky breath because of it.

The next one went to her phone sometime past midnight, perhaps sent during Petyr’s lunch break.

“Something is wrong. You aren’t answering me and Lysa won’t stop texting me. Please call me when you’re free no matter the time.”
She was tempted to do so but saw there were still some unopened messages he left sometime later. “Cat and her brother upset her. This isn’t good. She intends to stay with me.”

Sansa rolled her eyes as selfish as that was, it was just the icing on top of the cake for her.

“I’m worried for you. Please text or call me as soon as you can.”

It was the last message on her phone, and immediately she dialed his number to hear it ringing. Petyr answered it after the second ring, his voice shaking slightly as he asked: “Sansa?”

She immediately covered her eyes with her hand, not even sure where to begin.

“Sansa, love. What happened?”

“Petyr,” she whimpered helplessly, noticing how her voice echoed across the empty lobby.

“Sweetling?”

“Petyr, they know everything.”

“How?”

“They just do.”


“Yes, my mother figured it out.”

There was silence on his end, like an unseen fist had struck him hard in the gut.

“I denied it to the end, but she knows.”

“What gave it away?”

“Lysa.”

“How?”

“Her paranoia was transferred over to my mother,” Sansa spitefully shot out. “And fed by my father, it was only a matter of time.”

“But there was something you must have done?”

“Its not my fault!”

“Hush,” he chided. “I never meant it was.”

“Petyr, she asked… no she never asked me anything,” Sansa fretted aloud. “She told me she has some suspicions that you liked me, and then was disturbed when it never bothered me. It wasn’t my words but my reaction, and then one thing led to another and now… now she knows!”

“Okay,” he chanted softly. “Okay.”

“Petyr, I’m sorry.”

“It wasn’t your fault, darling, honestly.”
“Petyr,” she wailed out in distress, not caring in the least if someone in the lobby could hear her.

“It’s not the end of the world.”

“It feels like it.”

“Look at the positive side to it, when they found out the truth it will be less of a shock to them.”

“Oh?”

“Yes,” he smoothly replied. “Let the shock hit them now, and when they find out the truth than-”

“-they know I’m sleeping with you.”

“Well, what gave them that idea?” he inquired, clearly taken back by Sansa’s interruption.

“A mother’s intuition.”

“Cat isn’t that insightful.”

“She must be, cause she knows.”

“Everything?”

“She asked if I used protection.”

“Fuck.” Petyr’s curse was unexpected, which raised her anxiety even more. “No,” he groaned, as if he was tasting defeat. “This divorce case is going to be the death of me now.”

“Petyr, I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault,” he moaned, but the sound of his voice said otherwise. “It’s just one bad news after another.”

“Why? What happened?”

“My presentation was successful yesterday. They want me to present it again, to a new group of people that are even higher up than themselves.”

“But that is good, isn’t it?”

“My boss isn’t happy,” he retorted quickly. “And what’s more I will have to stay in Taiwan a little longer.”

“No.”

“I’m afraid so.”

“How long?”

“They said two days, but that could all change.”

“Petyr, I want you back now.”

“So, do I,” he entreated. “But I have little control over these things, you know that.”

“I’m going to face the wrath of my mother and Lysa, and you aren’t there to help me.”
“Please don’t make this harder than it already is.”

Sansa looked up once she heard a clanging sound, and watched a female custodian dragging out her cart to clean up the main lobby area. She realized she was completely alone at the moment, probably not the safest thing, but it was early enough in the morning for nothing dangerous to happen to her, or so she hoped.

Petyr’s voice broke her thoughts: “You are angry at me.”

“No, I got distracted.”

“I am sorry, love.”

“It’s good for you, its what you wanted.”

“But I want you more,” he drawled out in a husky voice. “And now I’m worried about what will happen to you.” There was a slight pause as he added, “Why did you not answer me back?”

“My mother threatened to look at my phone. I had no choice but to delete the app.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Please tell me next time. I had this horrible nightmare of Lysa breaking into the house and dragging you by the hair.”

“Ah,” Sansa painfully mouthed.

“Yes, I know.”

“Now you are frightening me.”

“As much as I dislike your father, I know for a fact he would intervene.”

Sansa laughed hard at that, feeling tears creep in the corner of her eyes due to the high amount of stress. It felt good to hear Petyr’s voice again, it made half of her worries melt away.

“There is your laugh, you had me worried.”

“Its been terrible,” she wept, and used the sleeve of her sweater to wipe away a stray tear. “I hate lying to them.”

“Then tell them the truth.”

“It would ruin everything.”

“It’s already ruined,” he surmised. “It can’t be helped.”

“But I’m scared.”

“They will find out now or later, which would you prefer?”

“Why don’t you smuggle me away like you suggested earlier?”

“Because I am in Taiwan,” he reminded her gently. “And I have no magical wings to fly over and get you.”
“Petyr, stop,” she giggled, knowing he was only toying with her. “I miss you so much.”

“I missed you too,” he softly replied with a strong amount of emotion vibrating through his voice.

“What are we going to do?”

“Take it day by day.”

“Okay.”

“Are you better, sweetheart?”

“Yes.”

“Okay, good,” Petyr firmly stated with a certain level of satisfaction. “You are up early?”

“I snuck out the house before my parents would wake up.”

“Ah, are you preparing for the day I smuggle you away?”

“Maybe,” she giggled again, and smiled widely at the thought of it. “You know I googled the plot-line to the Phantom of the Opera, and I noticed some similarities.”

“Between what?”

“You and the phantom.”

“How kind,” he answered her back with sarcasm. “I thought I was more handsome than that.”

“Smuggling the girl you love away,” Sansa retorted without a second passing between them. “So, where is your dark lair?”

“Hidden away from your line of sight,” he teased back. “Why? Do you wish to see it?”

“Yes.”

“It’s a deep, dark place Sansa.”

“Like a cave?”

“Much worse.”

“Is it beneath the opera house?”

“No.”

“Where?”

“I can’t tell you,” he teased with delight, and Sansa could have sworn if Petyr was right there beside her, he would have kissed her after that.

“I want to live in the countryside,” she told him. “Somewhere secluded with just you and I.”

“Okay.” He seemed undeterred by the sudden change of conversation. “I will look into it.”

“But I wouldn’t be able to help you out financially.”
“I have more than enough for both of us,” he assured her. “I will take care of you, promise.”

“Alright, Petyr.”

“Any other requests for our future home?”

“No,” she answered him with glee, clearly smitten with the idea of it.

“I sometimes envision it in my mind,” he told her. “I want it to be somewhere near a lake, just as it was back home in Ireland.”

“Alright.”

“Are you fine with that?”

Sansa nodded her head before she realized he couldn’t see it. “Yes, Petyr.”

“Well…” his voice trailed away, as if he didn’t have the courage to say it. “Anything else new?”

“Were you going to say something?”

“No, no,” he chanted softly into the phone’s speaker. “Nothing important.”

“Everything is important for you.”

“Anything new?” he said with purpose, clearly not wanting to reveal what was truly on her mind.

“I want to know when you are coming home.”

“They extended my trip for another two days, so we will see.”

“That isn’t too bad.” Sansa stood up to stretch her legs and pulled out the cord from the wall since her phone was back to fifty percent.

“I thought so too.”

“So, what was Lysa messaging you about?” A deep sigh shook the speakers, letting her know Petyr didn’t want to talk about it. “You sounded worried.”

“No, she is just very needy,” he complained. “And angry at your mother.”

“Oh.”

“Very angry,” he stressed out with a tenseness to his voice. “Which makes everything more difficult for me.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Yes,” he dryly replied. “It could be worse… she could be on the trip with me.”

Sansa laughed loud at that and shook her head at Petyr’s witticism.

“I like to hear you laugh,” he told her. “Especially when its something that I’ve said.”

Her heart warmed at that; it was almost insane how much she wanted Petyr there standing in front of her at that moment.
“Sweetling, I miss you,” he hushed into the phone, almost sounding like a whisper. “I want to come home.”

She closed her eyes with bliss, feeling her heart expand at his words. Petyr wanted her just as much as she wanted him.

“I want to hold you in my arms,” he continued. “That’s all I want right now.”

“You will.”

“God, it feels like ages since I’ve touched you.” There was no lustfulness in his voice, only pain—an ache that seized them both. “Smile for me today, will you. No matter what happens.”

“Okay.”

“I’ll let you go,” he surmised. “I’ll say something I will regret.”

“Like what?”

“Nothing, sweetling,” he lied, and with that he wished her a goodbye.

*What was he going to say*, she wondered, and stared at her pitch-black phone in silent wonder.

An hour before her lecture was about to begin her phone vibrated against the cafeteria table. It was her mother, and she was in no humour to answer it. The phone went off after another twenty minutes, a thing that Sansa ignored freely, pretending her book was more interesting than the vibrating phone. By the third ring she was on her way to lecture, and when she pulled it out, she was surprised to see Robb on the caller I.D.

“Robb, what’s wrong?”

“I was about to ask you that?”

“Is mom with you?”

“No, I’m on campus like you.”

“Oh.”

“Sansa, talk to me,” he stressed, which made her look around at her surroundings wearily.

“About what?”

“The fact that Dad thinks you are sleeping with Petyr.”

“Well, I’m not.”

“I know you aren’t, but that is not stopping a mess of things,” he complained. “Arya, Bran and Rickon don’t know, but they definitely worked out that something is wrong.”

“I don’t know what you want me to say,” she complained, and pushed open the emergency staircase to descend the shabby stairs for more seclusion. “None of it is true.”

“I know you like him,” Robb concluded. “I always knew that, and we never talked about it.”

Sansa halted on the staircase, her hands rubbing the handrail up and down with uneasiness.
“And your silent, which confirms it.”

“Okay.”

“So, tell me what is really up?”

“I do like him.”

“I know.”

She waited for him to add something, but he didn’t, and it was tearing Sansa up inside. “What do you want to know?”

“Are you sleeping with him?”

“No.”

Another silence, one that she hated most profusely.

“He likes you?”

“No,” she lied, but it was less convincing, she could hear it in her voice.

“He likes you,” Robb remonstrated. “And you like him.”

Sansa went dead silent and found herself crumbling onto the staircase in defeat.

_Why does he have to know everything?_

There was a long pause between them, and Sansa knew her brother was smart enough to not break the silence between them. _He wants me to cave in_, she thought, but she was too stubborn to do so.

“I know he likes you,” Robb softly stated. “Why else would he show off and hit a straight bull’s eye?” He paused once he heard the light chuckle from Sansa, clearly remembering that incident as well. “And the two of you making eyes at each other the whole night, especially after he had something to drink.”

“It was wine.”

“Wine,” he jeered with a harmless ring to his voice. “With him calling you ‘sweetling’ and all that.”

“He always calls me that!”

“I know, and you should see the smile you give him every time.”

“Robb, stop.”

“I know you like him, Sansa. I can hear it in your voice.”

“So, what if I do?”

“And your sleeping with him?”

“No,” Sansa quickly shot back, caught off guard by Robb’s statement. _He was always the clever one in the family, no doubt about that._

“I won’t tell you know.”
“There is nothing to tell.”

“I just want to know where and when.”

“It’s a never,” she drawled out punishingly. Feeling exhilarated by her small victory, Sansa gripped the handrail and began to push herself off the stony step. “Any other questions?”

“I will repeat my mother and ask if you used any protection?”

“Very funny.”

“Yes, I’m sure.” He surprised her with his sarcasm, something he rarely did around her. “I’m sure Uncle Petyr is smart enough to use one.”

“Robb!”

“And you must be taking something as well,” he mused aloud. “I’m almost sure of it.”

“How many times must I tell you there is nothing going on between Petyr and I.”

“Petyr,” he mockingly echoed. “It sounds strange when you don’t call him ‘Uncle,’ but I suppose you are used to it, aren’t you?”

“I am hanging up on you,” she threatened, though she couldn’t help but laugh at his statement.

“I don’t want to know what you call him.”

“I’m hanging up.”

“And calling Petyr I’m sure.”

“I can’t, he’s…” She bit down on her tongue, realizing the error that gave everything away.

“He is where, Sansa?”

Shoot.

“Away.”

“Yes?”

“And I couldn’t call him, even if I wanted too.”

“Uh huh.”

Damn.

“Tell him I said ‘hi,’” Robb smugly replied, and with that he hung up the phone on her.

I hate him, she thought, before she trudged up the steps to get to the lecture she was clearly late for.

Sansa came home late in the evening, spending most of her time after class in the cafeteria messaging Petyr and doing her homework. It was useless prolonging the inevitable, she would have to go back home eventually. She feared her parent’s reaction, the telling look in their eyes.

It was only a matter of time until she let something slip, her conversation with Robb on the phone
When she walked up the driveway, she noticed Arya was kicking a soccer ball around, unaware of her eldest sister’s presence for some time. Only when she dropped the ball after the twentieth keep-up, did Arya look upwards and the colour in her cheeks dissipated away immediately. “Sansa!” she called out in anger. “No one is telling me anything, but I know it involves you.”

Sansa hugged the textbook over her chest a little tighter, knowing this was something she would have to face.

“Mom says Petyr isn’t allowed here anymore. He did something to you, didn’t he?”

“No.”

“I’m not stupid.”

“I never said you were;” she drawled out lifelessly. “What else did she say?”

“To kick him in the balls;” she joked. “No, she never said that.”

“That isn’t our mother.”

“Sansa,” Arya helplessly called out. “What happened?”

“Nothing.”

“Mom has been crying most of the day, and father won’t even look at me.”

“I’m sorry.”

“He just stays in the basement or in his room. He’s terribly angry.”

“Where is mom?”

“In her room, maybe. It’s the only reason I’m outside.”

Sansa shook her head with despair, and then mounted the steps to seek out her parents. Rickon was laying upon the floor with his train set, while Bran was lazily sitting on the couch watching the television. “There you are,” Bran piped up, and lifted his head off the back of the couch to have a better look at her. “You were gone all day.”

“I know.”

“Mom was calling you.”

“I know.”

“You never answered it.”

Sansa pursed her lips tightly, and deliberately looked away from her brother’s haunting glare.

“You should speak to her,” he suggested, and pointed at the staircase that would lead to her bedroom. “She is upset.”

Sansa listened to her brother’s advice and slowly ascended the stairs, her hands shaking the whole time with trembling fear. It took ages for her to reach the room, but when she did, there was a light
knock on the door before she opened it. Her mother was sitting on her bed with a box of napkins beside her and an open photo album with baby photos. Her father was in the bathroom taking a shower, leaving Sansa with some peace and quiet for the moment.

“Mom?”

“Your home,” she stated with feeling. “Sansa, come here.”

She slipped into her mother’s arms easily, feeling the warm embrace that made her feel a thousand times better. Things would never be the same between her mother and her, but there was still some hope in the end.

“Please talk to me,” Cat pleaded. “I know you aren’t a child anymore, but you can tell me.” The photo album was closed, and then laid over her lap for extra comfort. “I feel like I failed you as a mother.”

“You never failed me.”

“Then tell me why you chose Petyr.”

“I never chose him.”

“You did.”

Sansa fidgeted with her long sleeves, feeling uncomfortable with the subject matter. She didn’t even know where to begin.

“When you were a child, I never knew who you were going to marry, or even like for that matter. You wanted to be a princess, or at least your father believed so. I know you are more complex than that, even when he didn’t see it.” She reached for her daughter’s hand, seeing how they were practically the same size as her own sullenly. “I don’t understand what you see in Petyr.”

“You don’t have too,” Sansa confessed. “None of it makes sense, but… it works.”

“You like him?”

“I do.”

“And he likes you?”

“He does,” she replied in a weaker voice, though she felt the corner of her lip reluctantly curl into a lop-sided smile.

“So, you are seeing each other?”

“No,” she lied. Her eyes were shut together tightly as she confessed, “Sort of.”

“Sort of.”

“I… ummmm.”

“That is not a sentence,” her mother scolded her sharply.

“I don’t…”

“Sansa.”
The bathroom door opened, and immediately Sansa’s demeanour changed. She felt fearful under her father’s heated stare, timid as a rabbit that wanted to sprint across the deep forestry of the woods. *Where is a rabbit hole when you need one?*

“We are making grounds,” Cat informed her husband.

“Oh of how Petyr seduced my eldest daughter,” Ned droned with a deep measure of bitterness.

“No, not that.”

“The second he lands here I’m going to strangle him with my bare hands.”

“Ned, stop that.”

“My own hands,” he warned, before he strolled over to his closet to find some proper clothes. Sansa was secretly thankful, the last thing she needed to see was a towel wrapped around his lower torso. It wasn’t the same feeling she experienced when she saw Petyr wearing the same thing the night before.

“I called Lysa,” her mother interjected, taking Sansa away from her deep reverie. “I told her about my suspicions.”

“But why?”

“Because she deserves to know.”

“Are you mad?” She instantly regretted her words. “I’m sorry, but aren’t you afraid-”

“-no, you are.”

“That she will come here and kill me herself.”

“You’re my daughter, she wouldn’t dare.”

Sansa arched an eyebrow at her mother in disbelief.

“It is less than you deserve,” her father barked over his shoulder. “I will open the front door for myself.”

*Yeah, right.*

Sansa looked away from her parents, and bit down on her tongue to swallow her words. It would not due to anger them again.

“I told her that I think Petyr was trying to seduce you, and she was hardly surprised by it.”

“Oh.”

“And then I added…”

“No,” Sansa uttered with a quick wave of the hand. “What?”

“That you might have… what is the word I used… *encouraged* it.”

“Mom!”

“And then she hung up the phone.”
“You want me dead, don’t you?”

“I think Petyr will be the first one to die, sweetling.” It was for her benefit, she knew, the brightness of Sansa’s cheek was enough embarrassment to amuse her mother greatly. “So, she knows everything.”

*Not everything.*

Sansa lowered her gaze to contain her grin, hoping her mother wasn’t catching on to her unuttered thoughts.

“Your father is disgusted with you.”

“Yes!” Ned yelled out from inside of the closet, clearly trying hard to find a certain shirt.

“And I am more confused than anything else. Disappointed too, since you know he is married.”

“And did it anyways.”

*Did what?* Sansa flickered her gaze between Cat and the back of her father, wondering what exactly they were thinking at that moment.

“You will face the consequences for your actions, Sansa. Whatever you did will come out eventually, even if it is harmless as a kiss.”

“Or more,” her father jeered, once he was striding towards them. “I bet Petyr wanted more than that.”

Sansa swallowed hard and thought it best to keep her thoughts to herself.

“I’ll kill him.”

A tiny sigh escaped Cat, and then a raised hand to cover the side of her face.

“I’ll kill him,” Ned bellowed, after he took a seat beside his wife.

“Sansa,” her mother whimpered. “Why did you do it?”

*No more lying,* she thought, and with a heavy sigh she confessed: “Because I love him.”
Chapter Summary

Everything comes to light. Petyr and Sansa must face the consequences of their actions, even the ones they never saw coming.

The same old Christmas serenade Sansa’s mother played every year rocked the living room speakers. Sansa ducked low over hanging Christmas lights in the main hallway and did her best to put them back up, shaking her hips back and forth to the upbeat tune. She could spot her father dancing in the living room with her mother, and Arya doing her best to practice her break dance moves she learned from their next-door neighbour.

“Saannnsssa!” Robb screamed out behind her, lifting her into the air once he took a hold of her from behind. “Why are you hiding?”

“I’m fixing the lights.”

“Let me help,” he offered, and lightly pushed her aside to readjust it. Sansa crossed her arms as she watched her parents dance, the little jig her father did nearly set her into a fit of giggles.

“You got it?”

“Almost, its tricky,” her brother muttered, while he narrowed his eyes in the darkness of the hallway. “Put on one of the main lights for me.”

Sansa walked down the length of the hall, taking in the bustling living room full of family and friends. She flicked on the light switch, before she scanned the room for her Uncle. There was no sight of him, so she returned to her brother’s side to watch him successfully slip the thin green wire onto the plastic hook. “Thanks,” he huffed out. “We are watching a movie downstairs. How the Grinch stole Christmas, you coming?”

“I’m alright.”

“Seen it a hundred times, right?” Her brother was in a good mood this evening, it was probably because it was so close to Christmas. “Hanging out with the boring adults.”

“Robb we are adults.”

“Yeah, I guess,” he laughed out lightly. “Well, I’m going downstairs.” He pointed to the other end of the hallway and off he went in a flash, with only the echoing of his feet against the creaky wooden steps that lead to the basement.

The music had stopped, it was that odd transition between one song and another. Slowly she walked down the hallway, seeing how the lights were strung neatly along the ceiling to illuminate the whole area. She stopped at the opening of the main hallway, hearing the familiar clanging of Christmas bells that announced that Mariah Carey song she heard so many times before. How fitting that “All I Want for Christmas,” should play the second she spotted her Uncle’s back, and she hated that awful coincidence. Of course, Sansa thought, and then glanced around the rest of the room to see everyone was having a good time.
“Stark,” her Uncle Blackfish hollered out, he was the only one in her family that referred to her by her last name. “How are you doing?”

She looked up at him, feeling the towering height of her great-Uncle as he stared down at her. His face was weather-beaten, a dark tan to his wrinkly old face from being out in the sun so often. He had come up from Florida for the week, staying at her Uncle Edmure’s house until New Years Eve. He wore his familiar camouflage jacket, looking like he was about to go out in the woods for a good hunt. Sansa smiled as she felt the earnestness of Blackfish’s gaze, the look of concern that momentarily flashed through his eyes. “I’m fine,” she answered him with all politeness, even when she didn’t feel that way.

“You’re not with the younglings today,” he noticed. “Spending time with the adults now.”

“Yes.”

“Good.”

He wrapped his arm around her and led Sansa to a small group of people around the fireplace. She could feel Petyr’s lingering gaze in her direction, but she chose to pay him no mind. The people around the fireplace were not dancing thankfully. Edmure was standing closest to the fire with a wine glass in his hand, his glasses perched over his nose as he tried to read the front of Christmas cards that were neatly organized together. Jon stood to the other side of the fireplace simply watching the crowd, clearly not in the mood for small talk at the moment. His girlfriend broke up with him last weekend, so for Jon to stay around for the annual Christmas party was a miracle in itself. “Jon, are you alright?” Sansa asked, as the song slowly died away behind her.

“I’m fine,” he said in a stilted voice, and did his best to avoid his cousin’s gaze.

“It’s the song,” Edmure piped up. “I hate it too.”

“Look at us single folks,” Blackfish commented, and then looked over his shoulder to see the room filled with couples. “I hate this time of year.”

“Valentine is worse,” Sansa piped up, and then leaned more into Blackfish’s shoulder for extra comfort. “I generally stay in my room at that time.”

“She will regret it,” Jon muttered under his breath, and then crossed his arms tightly as he listened to the last of the song.

“I see there’s been a mistletoe put up,” Edmure muttered from the corner of his mouth, and pointed near the front door for all to see. “Your mother did it?”

Sansa did her best to hide her annoyance as she answered: “It was Lysa’s idea.”

“Lysa?”

“Unfortunately,” Sansa admitted. She looked over her shoulder to stare at the dreaded thing, but when she tried to return her gaze to her companions, she caught Petyr staring at her. Her cheeks flushed brightly, realizing he knew what she was doing, and then sharply turned her gaze back to her cousin.

“Its been three years and Lysa is still walking on the moon,” her brother commented. “I thought it wouldn’t last.”

“Everyone thought that,” Blackfish retorted. “We made bets, remember?”
“I’m still losing,” Edmure mentioned over the rim of his wine glass. “Oh well, as long as she is happy.”

“Uncle Petyr isn’t,” Sansa daringly said. “You can see it.”

“Smell it,” Blackfish darkly relayed. “Figuratively speaking.”

The four of them laughed, and Sansa felt a little easier to see a lazy smile on Jon’s face. His melancholy was putting a damper on everything, but she knew he couldn’t help it.

“Sansa will cheer him up, won’t you?” Edmure slyly commented and raised his glass at her dark-haired Uncle that was watching them from across the room. “Go on.”

“Why do you think I will?”

“Because he has been looking in our direction ever since you came here. So, go on!”

“No, he hasn’t.”

“Prove us wrong then,” Edmure laughed, and then took a step backwards to give Sansa more room to escape.

Sansa shrugged her shoulders innocently, and replied, “Very well.” She left them all and strode straight towards Petyr. He wore a smile only for her once she stood in front of him, and she did her best to contain her nervousness. “Hello Uncle.”

“Sweetling,” he answered her, and was quick to open his arms for her. A hug was their usual custom, but she felt he had often held her longer than it was appropriate. He let her go, but not completely, letting a hand rest over her arm as he continued to encroach upon her space. She noticed the darkness to his eyes, the obvious tension in the air as he stood so close in front of her. “It’s been a while,” he commented softly, while his thumb made an effort to stroke the soft fabric of her ugly Christmas sweater. He tilted his head to the left slightly, letting his eyes glance all over her face as if he was searching for something. “How have you been?”

“Fine,” she answered him in a softer voice than her Uncle’s, letting it mix in with the slow Christmas melody that made everyone stop dancing in the room.

Uncle Petyr nodded his head in understanding, seeing the sadness betrayed in her eyes. She was quick to shut them, thinking it was best not to get so emotional in front of him.

“My wife says things without thinking it through,” he relayed carefully, sensing her frustration was a result of the dinner party that ended less than an hour ago. “I think you are making the right decision.”

Sansa nodded her head softly, doing her best to not stare into his eyes so long. It was like a vortex sometimes, a dark hole that she could easily fall into.

His hand moved down her arm until it rested over her wrist, and she felt his fingers stretch out so he could feel her bare skin just underneath her sweater.

“I think she is jealous of me,” Sansa confessed. “That’s why she feels the need to make fun of me all the time.” Her lips pursed inwardly as she tried to swallow down her anger. “Mom says she isn’t thinking things through, but I think otherwise.”

“She is jealous of you,” her Uncle agreed in a strangely raspy voice. He leaned forward as he added,
“You are absolutely beautiful,” he stated in a clear tone of voice. “Intelligent, ambitious, and if the cards fall in your favour you will be more successful than her. Stay in school and study the thing that you love. The rest will follow.”

“Thank you, Uncle.” He nodded his head at her stiffly, wishing she would call him something else like he had asked Sansa so many times before. “You always make me feel better.”

“Oh, I can do more than that, sweetling.” It was a tease, but she wondered if it was an invitation for something more. Fire blazed in the depth of his blackened orbs, a longing that she could see so very clearly. Sansa tilted her head downwards so she couldn’t see anymore, it was best to not entertain the idea of their friendship turning into something more. “How is your Christmas break?”

“Busy. I’ve been working at that department store I told you about. Its awkward since I’m no longer friends with Marg.” She bit her lip funnily, as the past tried to catch up with her. “She’s my best friend. No, she **was** my best friend.”

“What happened?”

“Oh, I’d rather not talk about it.”

“Alright,” he droned out steadily, sensing it was a sensitive topic.

“The hardest part is going into work everyday. Marg’s grandmother is my manager you see, so it’s a bit awkward. I only got the job because of my friendship with her.”

“Because of Marg.”

“Yes,” she quickly answered him. “I hope that makes sense! I’m rambling.”


“I don’t like to talk about it,” Sansa admitted with regret. “It’s embarrassing.”

“What did she do to you?”

Sansa looked at the tiny mockingbird resting over his cashmere sweater, it was fitting that he should wear a plain grey sweater when everyone else was wearing bright ugly Christmas sweaters. She lifted her hand, tempted to touch the silver pin, but since it rested over his heart, she suddenly changed her mind. To touch him was to overstep a boundary, and she wasn’t ready for that yet.

“You can touch it,” he remarked in a gruff sort of voice, sounding so different from the usual smooth baritone voice she had often admired. Sansa quickly laid the tips of her fingers on it, before she banished them away to stuff them inside of her jean pocket. “It won’t bite you.” He watched Sansa laugh in utter embarrassment, while trying to fight back his own look of disappointment. “I swear you will come to no harm.”

“Okay.” Sansa pulled her hand out of the pocket to feel the intricate details to his silver pin, crouching down lower to have a better look at it. “Where did you get it?”

“It’s a secret,” he told her with something of a smug smile.

Upbeat music began to blast through the speakers again, and some of her family members took to dancing in the middle of the living room floor again. Sansa wouldn’t dare try that and did her best to ignore her parent’s embarrassing dance moves. “Where is Lysa?”
“In the kitchen, I believe.”

“Left you all alone?”

“For some peace and quiet, then yes.” He watched Sansa laugh at her words, liking the way she leaned forward to cover her mouth as she squinted her eyes beautifully at him.

“Maybe that is why I was allowed to touch you.”

Petyr’s smile fell downward, becoming construed until a well-placed mask came over his face. He shrouded his emotions from her, not wanting Sansa to see the truth.

“But its true, isn’t it?” Sansa questioned him. “You know how she is?”

“All to well,” he woodenly replied.

Sansa’s gaze fell from his, seeing it was too hard to read her Uncle’s true thoughts on the matter. She crossed her arms tightly and positioned her back to the wall more, letting her gaze fall over the group of people wildly dancing all over the living room floor.

Petyr tried to follow her gaze, but it often ended up on Sansa’s profile. She felt his curious stare, the wonder betrayed so often in his eyes as if he couldn’t believe she was real. Another minute and she couldn’t take it, so she positioned herself to stand directly in front of him. “You are quiet.”

“So, are you,” he coolly observed.

“Should we dance?”

“If you wish.”

He took her hand willingly, leading her onto the carpeted floor right next to her parents. Sansa thought it was a good idea until he laid a hand in the center of her back, and then she felt her cheeks heat up by the unknown physical contact. She knew her cheeks were a rosy red by the time he reached for her left hand, interlacing their fingers together tightly until she could feel the heat of her dance partner’s hand. She supposed the feeling must have been mutual for Petyr avoided any eye contact with her as he slowly led her through the dance, not paying any mind to her unlearned feet that was unaccustomed to such dance moves. “I can tell your not from my time,” he reasoned, while his hand crept downwards at an ever-growing pace. “I forget you guys dance differently now.”

“Yeah,” Sansa laughed. “But you dance better than my dad.”

She heard Petyr’s chuckle echo next to her ear and felt a warm fuzzy feeling at the bottom of her stomach as he inched his chest closer to hers.

“Slow down your steps a little,” he lightly chided. “Make it less robotic.”

“Hey, I’m not stepping on your feet.”

“Imagine the pain if you do.”

She laughed at his words again, so loud it caught the attention of her mother beside her. There was a flicker of worry in her mother’s sea blue eyes, something that made Sansa dart her gaze elsewhere so she couldn’t see the truth. Petyr was unaware of her nervousness, too focused on the moment to notice anything else. His hand rested low over the curve of her back, pushing her against him until there was very little room between them. Sansa found her chin resting over his shoulder, her head
tilted into him until she could feel the soft hairs at the side of his temple. They were silent during the
dance, and she found the lids of her eyes closing with the sense of overwhelming comfort.

“I could dance with you all night long,” she heard him say, which made Sansa open her eyes with
wonder. Her gaze landed over her parents, the two of them standing hand in hand in the center of the
dance floor with their faces so devoid of colour it was as white as snow. She immediately sensed
something was wrong and halted her feet, nearly making Petyr fall into her. “Sansa?”

His fingers steadily untangled themselves from hers, but his hand remained over Sansa’s lower back
as he looked around the room. Half of the people there were watching them, and Sansa sensed that
something was terribly wrong.

“Sansa,” her mother shouted out breathlessly. “I’d like to talk to you for a minute.”

The young redhead exchanged a look with her Uncle, knowing that nothing good would come from
this. Sansa closed her eyes mournfully after she broke her gaze away from Petyr’s and departed from
the warmth of his steady hand. Her mother was most determined to led her upstairs for a “talk,”
much to Sansa’s dismay.

The room was silent, she should have expected it to be so. A declaration of love is always startling,
especially when it involves her Uncle. Sansa clutched her hands together nervously, hating the way
her body language betrayed how she truly felt.

She said it, and there was no point beating around the bush.

“Do you really expect us to believe that?” Ned demanded, standing up from the bed with his
shoulders rolled back defensively.

“Why would I lie about that?”

“Because you lied about everything else.”

“I don’t understand why you are so surprised,” Sansa complained aloud. “You’ve known it all along,
the both of you, and you thought sweeping it under the rug would make things better. Well, it
doesn’t!”

“Sansa, you should not speak to your father that way,” her mother immediately reprimanded. “At the
end of the day he is still your father.”

She felt her hands ball up in anger, but there was no point lashing out at her father because he failed
to understand how she truly felt about Petyr.

“And I have never swept it under the rug,” Ned muttered. “I have warned you time and time again-”

“-I have,” his wife corrected. “I specifically remember it was me.”

“Your mother warned you time and time again,” Ned retorted. “And I’ve given Petyr enough hard
looks for him to get my meaning.”

“Then why are you so surprised?” Sansa demanded. “If you saw it all along.”

“Because,” Cat answered her. “I never expected you to act on it.”

“Well, I did!”
“Jesus, Sansa,” Ned cursed. “Did you think anything through?”

Cat roughly removed the photo album from her lap and screamed out, “I knew it! I knew I should have never let them baby-sit that weekend. Is that when this all started?”

Sansa eyes widened at her mother’s words, wondering how she was able to figure everything out in so short a time period. “What?” was the only thing that escape her, hoping her nerves wouldn’t give anything away.

“Ned, we should have never gone on that mini-vacation!”

“You needed time away from work and everything,” he reminded her. “How would I know Petyr would do everything he could to… to…” Ned’s face darkened after that, and he made it a point to cross the room to be as far away from his daughter as possible.

Sansa didn’t dare look at her father, and she knew her mother’s face would be as equally as grave. If she could run out the room she would have, but her father’s back was to the door. Shit.

“I want the truth from you,” her mother relayed in a frigid tone of voice. “Everything.”

Sansa swallowed hard, knowing the truth would only hurt them more.

“Was it he who instigated it that night, or you?”

*Why does she have to think it was that night?*

Sansa balled up the thick blanket next to her knee, wishing she could cover herself with it until everything just disappeared.

“Sansa.”

“You see…”

“Yes?”

“I can’t…”

Ned cleared his voice loudly and shouted, “Just spit it out already!”

“It was… mutual… sort of.”

“I’m disappointed in you,” her mother answered her.

“I know.”

“With everyone home too.” She shook her head wearily. “His wife *and* your siblings.”

“We didn’t do anything.”

“But you did something.”

Sansa lowered her head, letting her gaze fall over her lap as she reflected over that night. “I wanted him to kiss me,” she revealed.

“So, he kissed you.”

“Yes.”
“Even when you knew it was wrong.”

“I got him to stop,” she confessed aloud. “But there was no point, once you started…”

“It is hard to stop,” her mother finished for her. “So, you continued it this whole time.”

“Yes.”

“How far?”

“Far enough,” she revealed, and that was all her mother was going to get from her.

“I am telling Lysa everything.” Sansa raised her gaze upward to see her mother’s face as hard as stone. “And I won’t stand aside to defend you either.”

“You are supposed to protect me.”

“I can’t defend a liar,” Cat replied. “Or a mistress, for that is what you are Sansa.”

She batted her eyelids slowly, feeling an overwhelming sense of shame. “I love him,” she openly declared. “Given the opportunity I would do it again.”

“Then that is your decision.”

“And you know it too,” Sansa remonstrated. “Deep down inside, you know that I’ve always loved him.”

“And Petyr took advantage of that.”

“Maybe he did… maybe he didn’t.” She shrugged her shoulders wearily. “But I know he feels the same way about me.”

“Sansa, dear. Men tell you anything to get them into bed with you.”

“Petyr isn’t like that.”

“You think he loves you?” she asked with disdain, her look was filled with utter mockery. “A cheater is a cheater.”

“You’re wrong.”

“Time will tell.”

“You are wrong about him,” Sansa shot out venomously. “All of you are wrong about him from the start, and that’s why he only had me as a friend.”

“A friend? I thought that was simply a cover for the both of you.”

“We were friends,” Sansa relayed. “Because we couldn’t be anything else, at least… nothing more than that.” She stood to her feet now, feeling an elated feeling over her chest now that her parents knew the truth. “But not anymore.”

Ned blocked the doorway with purpose. “He’s married, Sansa.”

“For now,” she answered him with glee.

“And you expect us to stand aside and support this?”
“No.”

“I love you Sansa, but right now I can’t even look at you,” her father revealed. “To think I raised a daughter like you.”

Sansa bit down at her lip funny, feeling a pang in her chest after her father’s words. She knew she hurt him, and now it was her turn to feel his pain.

“I’m calling Lysa,” Cat announced to the two of them. “Then the three of you must decided what to do, even if Petyr is out of the country.”

Sansa fidgeted with the long sleeves of her sweater, fearing Lysa’s wrath more than anything else.

“I want you to go to your room, Sansa. I must call my sister and discuss what to do next with your father. Goodnight.”

Her head was lowered with shame as she walked away from her mother, and she couldn’t even bear to bring her gaze to her father as she waited for the door to be open. “He doesn’t love you, and he never will,” Ned told her as she passed him by, and she found the trek to her bedroom was longer than she could ever remember.

_____________________________________________________

“Petyr, say something.”

She could hear the soft pelting of rain against her closed window. The darkness of night descended upon her form, shrouding her pale figure as she sat at the edge of her bed. It was midnight on the dot, a small window of time they could talk when their awkward timelines corresponded with one another. Petyr had said “Hello” to her the second he picked up the phone, but now there was a dead silence on his end. She reached for the bear he held once before, laying it over her lap as she stroked her fingers across the soft fabric. She needed comfort, to hear his voice, even if it was just a few words.

“I just got fired,” he told her in a monotone voice. “Lysa arranged it.”

“Petyr, I’m so sorry,” she breathed out helplessly, feeling it was all her fault.

“I’m…” Petyr did his best to clear his throat. “Once I’m done talking to you, I will book the next flight home. It’s a shame really, my business plan was a success this morning.” His voice grew softer as he added, “Such a shame.”

Another silence descended on his end, and Sansa could only assume he found out everything.

“Did she call you?”

“Yes, and she wants a divorce.” She noticed the lack of energy or even lifelessness to his voice. “Which is good for us, of course,” he sighed out. “I just never expected anything to happen so soon.”

“My mother called her,” Sansa informed him with care.

“Yes, she told me,” he drawled out steadily. “She told me everything.”

“What are you thinking? What’s on your mind?”

“Sansa I got a call that I was fired from my boss ten minutes ago, and another with Lysa screaming on the phone to me right after so just…” His voice was failing again. “Give me a second, please, for me.”
“Okay, I will.”

She crawled back into her bed, resting her back against the headboard with a pillow for extra protection. “I never asked how it was for you. Sorry, darling.”

“It was bad, but I am happy it is all over now.”

“Young parents?”

“Angry is an understatement.”

“Yes,” he droned out sadly. “Yes, I believe you.”

“I don’t regret it,” she boldly told him. “I know its wrong, and everyone hates us for it but… I don’t regret loving you.”

Petyr silence stretched on for ages, but in time he expressed his thoughts as well: “I wish it could have come out differently, but your parents wouldn’t have accepted it regardless. I am older than you. I am technically still married to your Aunt, and no matter how much I tried your father was never fond of me.”

“Never.”

“But I…” He paused for a moment, as if he became tangled with a flurry of words. “The moment I saw you in that restaurant, that first moment I knew there was some strong bond between us. Call it what you will, but I felt it… and its still there.”

“I know.”

“I love you, Sansa,” he told her with confidence. “I’m coming home, and then we will figure it out from there. Okay?”

“Yes.”

He sighed loudly into the phone, showing the events of this morning weighted heavily upon his mind. He was silent again, but it was a comforting one. Sansa only wished she could stretch out her hand and hold it, caress his back and kiss his lips until he felt that everything would be okay.

“Petyr?”

“Yes.”

“What will you do? You are out of a job.”

“I will find a new one,” he simply stated. “I am highly qualified for most things, its more of looking for the right one.” He laughed lightly as a thought came to him. “The people here, they really liked me. I’m sure if I told them the news, they might connect me to the right people.”

“Will you move there?”

“No, sweetling. You have two more semesters to finish, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she answered him with a certain level of surprise.

“Done in the spring,” he said with an alluring charm to his voice. “And then away we go to a new destination.”
“Where?”

“Anywhere you like.”

“Petyr, I really do love you.”

“I know you do,” he simply replied, and she could hear the happiness betrayed in his voice. “Will you sleep well now? I know you must have had a rough day.”

“I will the moment I see Lysa.”

“Yes, I am sorry you will have to face it alone.”

She shrugged her shoulders even though he couldn’t see. “It can’t be helped. If I die, then I will be sure to haunt her in my afterlife.” She paused once she heard Petyr’s laughter ringing through the phone, and supposed it was something he dearly needed. “We will make this work, you know.”

“I know.”

“Do you have a place to stay once you come back?”

“No,” he sighed.

“No friends?”

“Work friends that will want nothing to do with me once the truth comes out.”

“No other friends?”

“You are my only friend, Sansa,” he reminded her, which brought back a pact they made long ago. “Or don’t you remember?”

“Yes,” she simpered. “But I want to help you.”

“You can help me by staying safe,” he reminded her. “And not giving up on me just yet.”

“Okay.”

“Go to sleep, sweetling. I will speak to you in the morning.”

“I can’t sleep.”

“You can.”

“No,” she moaned out wearily, knowing it would not come to her tonight.

“Sansa,” he stated with feeling. “Dream of me,” and that was enough for her to smile, and know that his words were true.
Sansa puts on a brave face when she wakes up the next morning. She knows she will face backlash from every corner, but even she didn't realize how their anger towards her could make her reach a breaking point.

It was an unusual cool day when Sansa woke up, a sign that summer was nearly coming to an end. The last of her summer course was completed in a week or so, and after that she would be free. *Two more semesters*, Sansa thought, before the rest of her worries caught up to her.

A tired yawn escaped her, and she was surprised she managed to get some sleep last night. Petyr’s final words must have given her comfort, for under normal circumstances she wouldn’t have gotten a wink of sleep. Covers pushed back, she crawled out of the bed to inspect her phone to find no messages from her lover.

She yawned again as she tiredly scratched her back, staring at the locked bedroom door that barred out the rest of her family. She would have to face them once she went downstairs, but for some reason she did not fear the backlash she would face down there. *It's because I'm not lying anymore*, she mused.

She stalked her way into the bathroom to take a shower, feeling she needed to start off her Thursday off on a good start. A thousand things ran through her mind as she stood under the showerhead: the possibility of seeing Lysa today, Petyr having no where to come back to once he landed, the long-drawn out process of a divorce, her parent’s disappointment, and her father’s inevitable revenge. It was too much, not even the hot water could soothe away her worries. Her shower was quicker than usual, and she stepped out of the bathtub with shoulders hunched forward. She wanted this- Sansa knew the consequences she would have to face when the truth came out, but still, it was much harder than she had originally anticipated. It honestly felt like it was the two of them against the world.

Her bedroom was illuminated with the sunlight when she entered her main room, a small glimmer of a better future in store for her. The drapes were shut partially; the neighbours were no where near her, but it wouldn’t be a good sight for the rest of her family to see her nearly undressed. Her fluffy white towel slipped from her body and descended to the floor, her long red hair was twirled around tiredly and then she flung it backwards to rest down her smooth back. She needed to be strong today, Petyr wasn’t with her, but she needed to put on a brave face to the events she would inevitably face today. *No more running.*

A long black dress was thrown on, an unusual colour for her, and she made an effort with her makeup and hair before she went downstairs.

Robb did a double take when he spotted her, abandoning his bowl of porridge for a moment to truly take her in. Most of her siblings were eating their breakfast at the table and had not noticed her presence immediately like an eldest brother. Robb must have sensed her mood, for he rose out of his seat and quickly took a hold of her once they were close enough to do so. “It will be alright,” he murmured, as he increased his hold over her. Robb’s infamous bear hugs felt perfect at that moment, it was enough to make her eyes water. “I heard what happened.”
He let her go and took a hold of her hand, leading her out of the kitchen and out the front door of their house until they stood in front of the stony steps. Robb took a careful step downwards and tugged on his sister’s hand to get her to follow, and soon they were casually strolling over the dusty front driveway until they were out of sight of everyone. Robb leaned on the hood of Jon’s pick-up truck, looking comfortable in the sunlight as he waited for his sister to join him. “We should talk about it,” he suggested. “I won’t judge you like the others.”

“I know you won’t.”

“So, you finally caved in.”

“Yes,” she sheepishly replied, catching the amusement betrayed in her brother’s voice.

“Alright,” he mouthed with a tiny nod of his head. “What’s going to happen now?”

“Why aren’t you mad at me like everyone else?”

“Because I saw the way you looked at him,” he proposed. “And how he looked at you, and it was only a matter of time until something happened.”

“So, you knew?”

“It was a guess, that’s all.” Robb crossed his arms over his chest, lazily leaning back against the hood of the car as he squinted into the sunlight. “He is a man unhappily married and is absolutely smitten with his niece.” A tiny tug played at his lips. “Only a matter of time.”

“It happened when our parents were away, and you and Jon went to the casino.”

“Alright.”

“Nothing really happened… okay, that’s a lie.”

“Yes.”

“Robb,” she guilty said. “It was so… ugh.”

“Did he use his tongue?”

“Yes,” she unabashedly answered him.

“Oh, the two of you had a good time,” he half teased his sister. “But I don’t want to know all those explicit details, since you are my sister and all.”

“Agreed.”

“So, you did it with him?”

“Uh huh.”

“Okay,” he smoothly replied with an awkward quirk of the lip. “All that happened fast.”

“No, he took his time.”

“I never meant it that way,” he quickly scolded with a sudden brightness to his cheeks.

“Robb I’m going to live with him.”
“You are leaving?”

“Yes, but not just yet.” She interlaced her fingers together and settled it over her lap. “He can’t go home.”

“Lysa will be waiting for him with a butcher knife.”

“I’m scared for him.”

“You should be scared for yourself.”

“She hasn’t been the same since her husband died,” Sansa admitted. “Even if she didn’t like him.”

“The irony.” Robb relaxed his arms and let it gracefully fall to his sides. “First husband liked her, and she despised him, and now the man she actually likes is more interested in her niece.”

“It’s not funny.”

“A little bit.”

Sansa smacked the side of his arm lightly with the palm of her hand, and then fell into his chest so she could lovingly hug him. “Thank you,” she hushed into the side of his ear. “Really.”

“I guess I am more understanding than most,” he answered her back while they still maintained their hug. “If only…” He let her go, pushing her away with deliberate purpose until his sister could stand in front of him. “In an ideal world he should have waited until the dust had settled after their divorce, but sometimes there are things that are out of our control.” He looked over her shoulders and into the deep forestry behind her, contemplating something in his head for a moment. “But you and Petyr have been suppressing this for so long, it makes sense that it came out this way. Four years, isn’t it?”

“Since they got married,” Sansa acknowledged. “Robin was only three years old when it happened.”

“The poor guy,” Robb mouthed out softly. “Baelish… he is like a father to Robin.”

“I know.”

“This will hit him hard, especially when he finds out it was with you.”

“Lysa wouldn’t tell him that.”

“It’s only a matter of time till he finds out,” her brother warned. “And he is so close with Rickon too.”

“I don’t… you are making me feel bad.”

“You should feel bad,” he half scolded. “It’s going to tear the family apart, and you know that. The both of you did, but you did it anyways.”

“I thought you were on my side!”

“I am on your side, but I am also looking at the bigger picture.”

“So, what do you want me to do about it?” Sansa demanded, feeling betrayed by her brother.

“Face it,” he bellowed from somewhere deep within his chest. “Don’t run.”

“I won’t.”
“Face the consequences,” he continued. “No matter how hard it will get.”

“Okay.”

“You started this mess; you might as well finish it.” His eyebrows lowered substantially. “I know he was the first one to kiss you, but in the end, you let him.”

“I…”

“You let him,” Robb remonstrated. “And you continue to let him do it.”

“Because I wanted it.”

“Then face the consequences,” he flippantly replied. “We should go inside.”

“Robb,” she called out, and took a hold of his hand as he tried to walk away from her. “You are the only support I have, please don’t turn your back on me as well.”

“I have your back,” he reminded her. “I’m there for you.”

She hugged him as a thank you, letting her head rest over his shoulder with overwhelming gratitude. She had an anchor in a storm, and that simple fact meant the world to her. “Thank you,” she whimpered, before she dipped her head into the crook of his neck and shoulder. She felt safe as long as she remained in his arms.

Arya stood out of her seat when Sansa entered the kitchen, her fingers clutching the end of the table until her knuckles went white. Bran looked up at her from his wheelchair, his tall glass of chocolate milk suddenly forgotten in his hands. Sansa knew Rickon was ignorant of the recent events, because he was the only one to greet her. “Hallo, Sansa,” he cheerily shot out, wrapping his hands around her legs despite the looseness of her dress.

“Hallo, Rickon,” she echoed, feeling in a playful mood as she looked down at her cute little brother. “Did you eat your breakfast?”

“Yeah.”

Rickon was the baby in the family, spoiled to bits, but he was a good boy all the same. She decided she was going to sit next to him for breakfast today, pleased with herself for not sneaking out the house like she had grown accustomed too, for the past two days.

She could only hope Petyr wasn’t trying to call her phone, it was fast approaching that time when they would normally talk.

“I will grab your breakfast,” Robb announced, and strolled over to the oven where a pot of porridge would be.

Arya stared at her coldly, not touching her food since Sansa had entered the room. Bran watched her with a sad look in his eyes, almost despondent-like, as disappointment continued to unnerve him. They wouldn’t say anything because Rickon was there, but she knew it was only a matter of time until one of them cracked.

“As long as you are not explicit or swear than say it in front of Rickon,” Sansa demanded, after she had enough of their icy stares. “I mean it Arya.”

“He is creepy!” she shouted out. “I knew it all along.”
“Yes, I thought you would say something like that.”

“Mom said you are having an affair with him.”

“Do you even know what that means?” Sansa questioned her, knowing she was too young to understand all the explicit details that accompanied that word.

Arya puckered her lips to show her ignorance. “That you are seeing him.”

*Its probably better that she doesn’t know everything.*

“Aren’t you?” her sister demanded.

Sansa leaned back as the bowl of porridge was settled in front of her. “Yes.”

“He is a creep,” was all that Arya could say. “And I always knew you were his favourite, but this is just wrong.”

“You are entitled to your opinion,” Sansa thinly answered her, not feeling like arguing with a girl who knew nothing about her relationship with Petyr.

She dug her spoon into the hot bowl of porridge, spinning it around as the hot steam wafted up into the air in front of her. Arya was fuming but she couldn’t think of anything else to say.

It was Bran’s turn to accosted her, which would make her breakfast go down harshly if things went his way. “He is married, Sansa,” he stated with a frigidness to his voice. “And you knew that.”

“I did.”

“Have you considered how Lysa would feel? You are her family, whether you like her or not.”

“I…” She let out a low sigh, unsure how to answer him. “I just wish everyone would get off their high horse and maybe- just maybe ask me why I did it.”

“You like him,” he acknowledged. “I already knew that.”

“Then you understand *why* I did it,” she yelled over the dining table, not caring in the least if her parents could hear her raised voice upstairs.

“I remember that night,” he told her. “The two of you were sitting on the living room couch with your pinkies connected.” Sansa raised up her eyebrows, trying to figure out the memory that Bran so vividly remembered. “You thought I was asleep, but I wasn’t. I heard everything.”

“ Heard what?”

“You made a pact,” he relayed softly. “To be friends, but the way he looked at you- the way he let his little finger slip away only to take a hold of your hand I knew… it would lead to something more than that.”

“Oh.”

“I knew he liked you more than a friend,” Bran simply stated. “I just hoped I was wrong.”

“I’m sorry.”

Bran lowered his gaze from her slightly and found himself pushing away his empty bowl. He grew
silent, and she thought he would stay that way for the rest of the morning.

Arya finished her meal and abandoned her seat, not sparing a glance in her eldest sister’s direction as she left the room.

Robb laid a hand over his sister’s shoulder for extra comfort. “Just finish your breakfast,” he told her. “It will be alright.”

Bran wheeled himself over, suddenly wanting to be closer to his sister. “You know,” he began in a shaky voice. “I think if he met you before the wedding, before he ever laid eyes on Lysa he would have married you instead.” He pursed his lips fiercely after that and looked away from his sister with regret. “But it still doesn’t make it right.”

“I know it doesn’t.”

“There is no love between Lysa and Petyr,” he admitted. “But it was their decision to make. It was wrong for you to wedge yourself between them.”

“Maybe.”

“It was,” he conceded. “But I suppose its for the best.” Bran wheeled himself closer, eyeing his sister warily to catch her changing expressions. “What will the two of you do now?”

“We will be together.”

“What do you mean your in Hong Kong?” Sansa unabashedly asked, shocked that Petyr was making his way home already.

“I fly out tonight.”

“Already?”

“I’m a day ahead of you, remember? Its just after seven.”

“Evening,” she remembered. “So, when will you be home?”

“Thirteen-hour flight,” he deliberated aloud. “The flight is half past eleven so… I will get there after one in the afternoon. No, that’s not right! I’m thinking local time. It should be… one in the morning. Oh god.”

Sansa laughed at his response, knowing that would not suit him well at all.

“Just when I was getting over my jet-lag.”

“Poor Petyr.”

She was tucking her books away into her tote bag, making sure she had everything for school today.

“And when I see you, I will be dead. The flight will kill me.”

“Is it the sitting for long periods?”

“Yes, and I have a lot to worry about,” he reminded her. “And I will want to see you too.”

“At one in the morning.”
“Yes,” he drawled out seductively. “Do you object?”

“Do you need me to pick you up from the airport?”

“Your parents won’t allow that.”

“I will take the keys and go; they can’t stop me.”

“The last thing I need is for you to get in more trouble.”

“I don’t give a damn,” she cursed, which made Petyr chuckle darkly.

“Alright, but worse comes to worse I will take a cab.”

“Where will you go?”

“I called up a work friend and he reluctantly let me stay for a couple of nights. It put his job on the line, but he owes me a favour.”

“Why? What will happen if he gets caught?”

“Lysa has a lot of leverage over the company. Her dead husband’s stocks ensure that.” There was a slight pause as he added, “She even has more than me. Jon was one of the founders of the bank, technically speaking it was his father, but you get my drift.”

“So, that is why you married her.”

“If you want to move up the company you got to make some sacrifices.”

“How much stocks do you have? Do you still keep them?”

“Yes, sweetling.”

“You are evading my question.”

“Yes, sweetling,” he cooed out affectionately. “Enough to keep me stable until I find a new job.”

“Are you worried?”

“I am more worried about the divorce case,” he fretted aloud. Sansa lingered in front of the doorway of her room, not wanting to go downstairs just yet. “There is public knowledge that I had an affair. This will not bode well, I’m afraid.”

“At least its out in the open,” Sansa suggested. “You don’t have to worry of it suddenly coming out in court.”

“Yes, you are right,” Petyr quickly agreed. “Aren’t you such a clever girl.”

“I thought I was a naughty girl.”

“Yes, you are,” he droned out nicely. “A most wicked girl when you’re ready.”

“I look forward to picking you up tonight, Petyr.”

“Hmmmm,” he moaned into the speaker, where she could almost picture that devious smirk spreading across his face. “Tempting.”
She licked her bottom lip, and found her hand resting over the doorknob tightly. She wanted to say something to set him over the edge, and just when she opened her mouth to utter it, there was a knock on her front door. “Petyr, I will call you back,” she quickly shot out, and then unlocked the door to let the stranger in. Her mother was on the other side, and judging by her face, Sansa knew she was ease-dropping for some time.

“Was that Petyr?”

“Yes,” her daughter nervously replied, before she protectively put her cell phone behind her back.

“Picking him up tonight?”

“I intended too, yes.”

Her mother nodded her head soberly, eyes glossing over with all her heartache exposed to her. “I wish it could have been someone else.”

“I know you do.”

Lips parted slightly, but then shut close with obvious force as her mother walked further into the room. “Close the door, Sansa.”

They sat down on the edge of the bed together, and after a quiet moment her mother took Sansa’s hand. “I want you to end it with him.”

“I’m not going too.”

“Even if I ask you of it.”

“I love him too much, mom.”

“And you don’t love me?”

“Don’t make me choose between you both?”

“That is how I feel about my sister and you!” she wept aloud and used a shaky hand to cover the front of her face. Sansa laid a gentle touch on her mother’s back, knowing it was only a matter of time until tears would cover her mother’s face. “I either lose my sister or I lose you, but I can’t have both. Think, Sansa! Think!”

“I am sorry.”

“Then end it.”

“I can’t.”

“She is coming over tonight,” her mother warned. “You will be here, and you will face her yourself.”

Sansa blinked harshly after that, and soon a deep grimace came over her until her mother could sense her unuttered thoughts.

Her mother sniffed loudly before she continued: “It may not look like it, but I do love my sister. She is a headache, but we went through a lot together. I don’t have parents like you, both of them are dead. All I have is Edmure and Lysa, and now you put me in a situation where I can’t even have that.”
Sansa looked away from her mother, feeling guilty for causing her mother so much grief.

“And my marriage,” Cat added. “Your father won’t even speak to me, or anyone for that matter. Why do you think the house is so quiet? He just got in the car and left before the sun even rose this morning. God knows where he went, and he won’t answer his phone.” Dark auburn hair was pushed back violently, and then her mother broke down in tears. The tote bag dangling between Sansa’s fingers was dropped to the floor, there was no point in going to school this morning. She hugged her mother from the side, apologizing repeatedly for breaking her mother’s heart. They were always so close, and it pained her to see their relationship shatter because of her love for Petyr. “I know Ned will come back to me,” Cat sniffled. “But… he wants you gone.”

“Gone?”

“Gone,” Cat said with utter firmness. “And in the end, it is his decision.”

“He wants to kick me out?”

“Yes.”

“Why the fuck would he want to do that?”

“Swearing,” her mother remonstrated. “Will not be tolerated in this household, no matter how old you are.”

Sansa grunted fiercely, and then stood off the bed with sudden alertness. “If he wants me gone, then I’ll leave.”

“I don’t want you gone.”

“Well, you said its his decision so… I guess you don’t have a say.”

“Sansa!” Her daughter stormed over to her closet and began to take out her clothes, throwing it on the floor violently till the hangers crashed against the hardwood floors. “What are you doing?”

“Packing.”

“I will talk to your father.”

“If he wants me to leave, I will leave.”

“Sansa!”

“I’m going!” her daughter screamed back, and it was then that she realized she had reached her breaking point. “If he can’t even take the sight of me than there is no point staying.”

“He is angry.”

“I’m angry!” she shot back. “You’re angry, but at least you are not threatening to kick me out the house.”

“You slept with your Uncle.”

“I fucked him!” Sansa screamed back. “I fucked him, and he fucked me.” Another hanger was thrown across the room, skidding across the floor till it hit the other end of the wall. “And I enjoyed it.”
Cat’s lip quivered in anger, and then she stormed out the room. Now I ruined it, Sansa thought, before she pulled out the rest of her clothes with every intention of packing them.
Lysa

Chapter Summary

It's the moment Sansa has been dreading ever since her affair began with Petyr, facing Lysa.

Sansa hoped she wouldn't fall behind in her studies too much as long as she received a copy of the lecture notes and a brief synopsis of what her classmates had been discussing this morning from her friend Jeyne. It felt like a chip off her shoulder, but Sansa knew it would make a world of a difference. Her short essay with the added presentation due Monday would have to be tackled tomorrow, for now it was more important to figure out what she would take with her tonight.

Her suitcase was packed with essentials, placed neatly against her locked bedroom door. She never imagined her day to be like this, hurriedly searching through her belongings to find all her important things: passport, important financial documents and all the required books she would need to finish up the school year. How long would she be gone, she wondered, would it be forever? Was she doing the very thing she swore not to do—run away from her problems?

She was hungry, it had been hours since she had taken a step out of her room and now, she felt hunger constricting her small stomach. There was a small window of time until Lysa would come, so Sansa thought it was best to put something in her stomach to help settle her nerves.

The door was open, and the hallway was uncommonly dark. She crept along it, and slowly made her way downstairs with every hope of not making a sound. She knew Robb must have gone to school and so did the rest of her younger siblings. Her cousin Jon normally spent his day at the construction site, but she remembered his car was outside, so it was possible he was still around. She heard the television from the main living room, the depressing drawl from the news anchor as he detailed a gruesome shooting downtown. She reached the bottom of the staircase, knowing it must have been her mother in front of the television. Sansa crept down the short hallway, nearly turning into the kitchen when she heard her name being called out by her mother.

Soft footsteps padded the carpeted floor, and soon enough she saw the small figure of her mother quietly approaching her. Her face was pale as ivory, dark circles were around her eyes from crying, and she knew her mother was still upset with her by the look in her eyes. “You came downstairs.”

“I was hungry.”

Her mother approached her, and never stopped till she stood directly in front of her daughter. She was silent, but her look said it all, she hadn’t forgiven her. “You never went to the movies with your friends, did you?”

“No.”

“You were with him.”

“I was,” she replied in a small voice, noticing how the right jaw of her mother jutted outwards in anger.
“And that’s when you slept with him?”

There was a wavering in answering this time, a moment of hesitation before Sansa nodded her head in affirmation.

“I don’t know what to say,” Cat admitted. “Or what to do.”

Sansa knew she was hurting her mother, but an apology wouldn’t make a difference—nothing would.

“You are all packed?”

“Yes,” Sansa replied with more confidence this time.

“Where will you go?”

“Wherever Petyr does.”

“I agree with your father,” Cat grievously revealed. “I think you need to leave.” She stepped away from her and entered the doorway kitchen, the same one that Petyr stood in front of at two in the morning with a tight-fitting t-shirt and light blue boxers not so long ago, the night he kissed her lips for the first time.

Sansa followed her into the dark kitchen, noticing how the dark stormy clouds made every room seem gloomier. Cat opened the fridge door and pulled out a ceramic dish, and with swift moments stuck it into the cold oven before she turned it on. She was taking care of her daughter even when she didn’t want too, loving her even when she felt broken inside. Sansa wanted to hug her, but instead she kept her arms closely to her side, watching her mother move about the kitchen to water the plants.

“I never wanted to hurt you,” Sansa stated out with empathy.

“You hurt the entire family, Sansa.”

“I never wanted to hurt them either.”

“You only thought of yourself,” her mother reminded her, a truth she couldn’t hide from. “Your selfish.”

“I know I am.”

“And look what it cost you.” The empty jug was placed upon the countertop loudly, making a strange echo crash against the four walls of her room. “It cost you everything.”

The gaze of her daughter lowered. She stood there motionlessly in the kitchen with a bitter feeling of regret.

“You take your brother’s car and go find Petyr, but I want that car back by Sunday morning. Drop off the keys, and after that I don’t think I want to see you for a while.”

“You are being just like dad.”

“Because I’ve had enough, Sansa,” her voice was firm, so cold it took Sansa off guard. “I love you… I will always love you.” She stepped forward, and only stopped when the kitchen table stood between them. “But I don’t like the person that you’ve become. You threw everything away to be with a man that I simply cannot believe loves you. If he loved you than he would have taken the honourable route— the right one.”
“He wanted too.”

“He will tell you anything to get you into bed with him.”

“Not everything is about sex!” Sansa shot out. “Our relationship is based more on that.”

“Then why did you sleep with him?”

“Because I wanted too!” her daughter confessed. “Because I loved him ever since I set eyes on him and been jealous of Lysa for as long as I can remember. Because I wanted to be with him.”

“And look what it got you.”

“It got me him.”

“It got you pregnant.”

“I’m not pregnant,” Sansa quickly retorted with furrowed eyebrows.

“How do you know?”

“Because he used protection,” she quickly spat out. “And I’ve been taking pills.”

“You have some sense after all.”

Sansa chest heaved with annoyance, the added sound of the oven beeping to signal it was heating up didn’t help either.

“Eat something before Lysa gets here, you have an hour.”

“She is coming earlier?”

“She’d be here now, but I want a man present to restrain her in case anything happens.”

“Dad is coming home?”

“Yes,” she admitted darkly. “God help you,” she muttered, before she stormed out of the kitchen.

Her father was stiff in front of the window, immovable like a wall with his back to her. Jon was pacing back and forth across the living room floor, his chin lowered to take in the intricate details of the carpet as he waited for Lysa’s arrival. Cat was setting up two chairs over the carpeted floors, the stiff and rather uncomfortable ones that Sansa had always disliked. It looked like a show down as she placed them directly across from one another, like two opponents on opposite ends of a boxing ring. It was pouring outside, a fitting ambiance for the event that was about to take place. Cat seemed satisfied with the position and darted her eyes quickly at her daughter. “Sit here,” she told her, and tapped on the back of the chair that was now an assigned seat. Her long white house coat was draped over her mother more, and then her soft slippers padded across the floor until she reached her husband. They had made up this morning without Sansa being aware of it, the mutual agreement to cast their daughter out of the house had seemingly made them closer.

Sansa was scared, her fingers clawing at the long black dress she was currently wearing. She knew her Aunt was a psycho, a step away from her mind being unhinged. She feared that her affair with Petyr had pushed her over the edge, and god knows what will happen when she steps into the doorway.
“I don’t want you to say a word,” Cat informed their husband. “Let them talk about it amongst each other.” Cat sharply turned her head to Jon and rapped out, “You as well.”

“I have no intention to speaking to Sansa,” Ned answered her in a gruff tone of voice.

Sansa looked down at her shaking hands, wishing Petyr was there to comfort her. She would feel so much stronger with his presence there, but as it is, she had to face this problem alone.

An engine was heard outside of the house, and Ned immediately left his vigilant position to bust open the front door and step outside.

“Robin is here,” Jon said from the back of his throat, and turned his head to Cat with worry. “Why would she bring her son?”

“She never took him to school today.”

“Well?”

“I don’t know.” Cat went over to the window to stand next Jon. “Take him in the basement and entertain him. Robin can’t be here to see this.”

“I will.”

Sansa closed her eyes, trying to suppress the terror she felt as her Aunt was fast approaching. Was it worth it, she wondered, and at this moment she couldn’t say with certainty that it was.

“Jon!” her father called out. “Come!”

Sansa opened her eyes to see him swiftly jogging out the room, an alert movement that told her something was wrong. Jon slipped out the door, she heard his feet pounding on the dirt driveway and then nothing more. She leaned in front of her seat, eyeing the back of her mother that was staring out the window. Sansa stood out of her seat to see what the matter was and at that moment her father walked into the room, his eyes hard as stone as he glared at her. “She’s coming,” was all that she said, and then he took his accustomed place in front of the window again.

Cat reached for her husband hand, looking worried as she watched the looming dark figure flash across the open window. Lysa stood in front of the doorway, all draped in black, and Sansa thought she looked more frightening than she remembered. Her face was covered with water droplets, her shoulders drenched from the rain. The wind blew the back of her coat forward, while her hands were tightly clasped together in a menacing manner. Icy blue eyes tore its way into Sansa, stripping her away with a single look.

Sansa remained defiant, maintaining her gaze since she knew she ultimately won in the end. She had Petyr’s affections, something this woman could never have.

Rain pelted the inside of the doorway, splattering against the rugged carpet where Lysa stood. She had brought the storm inside with her, and Sansa knew she intended to use it. “I want to speak to her alone.”

“We want to be present,” Cat replied.

“I don’t want you to hear the things I say to her.”

“We won’t intervene,” Cat assured her.
“Then you better keep your promise,” Lysa hissed as her body shook with anger. She stepped forward with purpose, her eyes never leaving Sansa’s. She walked past the chair that was assigned for her, and never stopped until she was in front of Sansa. A sharp smacking sound filled the air after she struck her niece in the face with an open hand, and Sansa could do nothing but hold the side of her cheek in pain. “You whore,” Lysa hissed from the corner of her mouth. “I knew it all along.”

Sansa squinted her eyes up at her, feeling enraged that her Aunt had hit her. She rose out of her chair defiantly, standing tall until she towered over her aging Aunt.

“You think you know everything, but you don’t,” Lysa rebuked. “You think you can open your legs and just please him. Petyr is so much more than that, and you will never understand him.” Lysa leaned her face forward in a menacing manner. “You were just a taste, a one-time fling. The thing he always wanted, and now that he has it, there will be nothing left for him.” She paused to stare deep into Sansa’s eyes. “You really think you can make him happy?”

“I do.”

“The whore speaks,” she gibed. “But she is so wrong about that one.” Lysa took a step back to give herself some room and let out a shaky sigh that showed how disturbed she was. “He has nothing now! I took away his job, his house, his car and now all he has is a stupid little child to take care of. You think you can make him happy, we’ll you will find out you’re wrong the hard way. No one can make Petyr Baelish happy.” She paused to walk a little further from her niece, her hands shaking so much she had to put it behind her back. “The problem with Petyr is that he is never truly satisfied. He will move on from you and find another, and then you will know how it feels to be cheated on—to be casted aside. And when that day comes, I will come to your doorstep and remind you of this day.” She shook her head adamantly while she unclasped her hands. “Ambition will be his downfall.”

“He left you because he never loved you, Lysa,” Sansa boldly proclaimed.

“He left me because you seduced him.”

“It wasn’t me that-”

“-don’t lie to me!” she demanded. “I know how you are around him, batting your eyes prettily at him.”

“I never-”

“-no!” she interjected. “How many times have I gotten a warning from my sister and brother about Petyr’s continual attention towards you? And I knew it was you, always been you.”

“It wasn’t.”

“It was!” Lysa screamed out, so disillusioned there was no point in arguing with her. “If you weren’t my blood, I swear to God I would kill you for this.” Sansa took a step back, finding herself falling into the wooden chair unwillingly. “I’d take a knife and slit your throat, and watch Petyr come back in horror to find only your dead corpse.” Lysa was hovering over her, like a dark shadow with icy blue eyes that reflected the distant lighting coming from the open window. “I’ve seen you…” she drawled out carefully. “Make eyes at him when you believed I wasn’t looking, pulling him into some dark corner. You went for a walk with him that evening, and you thought I was stupid enough to not notice. You kissed him that night, didn’t you?”

Sansa swallowed hard, too frightened to admit to the truth.
“Every moment I looked away you tried to seduce him, bring him into your web. You pretend you are so sweet and innocent, but I see behind that lie.”

Sansa rested a hand over the curve of the chair to bring herself upwards, feeling the need to stand up to her Aunt once and for all. “Petyr was the one that kissed me,” she blatantly told her. A tiny smile escaped her as she thought of their first time. “And I kissed him back.”

A hand swung in her direction, but Sansa managed to evade it. Lysa pounced at her, bringing her knobby fingers into the sides of Sansa’s arms as she tried to take her down. Her Aunt’s face was suddenly unrecognizable, she looked like a wild animal as she tried to wrestle Sansa to the floor. Her father came to Sansa’s rescue to pry the woman off her, but even than she was fighting back her brother-in-law. “Noo,” Lysa screamed out as her father kept pushing her away from his eldest daughter. Lysa broke into tears suddenly, weeping hysterically even as she vainly fought against Ned.

“Lysa, stop!” Ned ordered, but she wouldn’t listen. “Stop this madness.”

“I’ll kill her!” the woman shrielled, which made Sansa back away to the other end of the living room. “I’ll kill them both.”

“Stop!” Lysa reacted by trying to pry her fingers into Ned’s face, reaching out for his eyes so she could jab her fingers into them. She wasn’t overpowering him, but she was doing a might goody job of resisting Ned’s sturdy grasp. “Cat, grab Jon!” he screamed out, once Lysa nearly slipped out of his grip for the first time ever. His wife sprinted out of the doorway, and Sansa backed herself into a wall with a quick glance around for a weapon if needed. “Calm down, Lysa! It isn’t worth it.”

“That bitch deserves to die!” she growled; a sound that made Sansa run over to the nearest desk in search of a weapon to protect her. There was nothing but pens and paper, and a wooden mantle that kept a few books upright. She took a hold of it, not caring that it was in the shape of an elephant and held it in front of her in pure fear.

Lysa suddenly elbowed her father in the right side of his rib, enough effort to release herself from his mighty grip and come sprinting towards her. Her father was quick to run after her, but Lysa was faster, curling around the couch and coming at Sansa at full pace.

“Lysa!” Ned warned, knowing that his sister-in-law was completely out of control.

“You kissed him!” Aunt Lysa screamed at the top of her lungs, and then knocked the wooden book holder straight out of Sansa’s hand. “You fucked him!” A strong grip came at Sansa’s throat, a sudden movement that made Sansa’s heart nearly stop. “You took my husband away from me, and now you will see what happens to people that come between Petyr and I,” she screamed as she tightened her hold over Sansa’s throat. Her niece tried to fight back but her Aunt was stronger, and it wasn’t until Ned smacked the natural bend to Lysa’s arm that her hand forcibly removed itself from the front of Sansa’s throat. Sansa choked out loudly, backing up as fast as she could to create some distance. Lysa fell to her knees crying, and Ned took careful steps away to show he was frightened of her as well. Jon ran into the house with Robin right beside him, their joined hands were immediately separated as they took in the sight: the wooden chair tossed on its side, Sansa coughing loudly in the corner with her hands over her throat and Lysa weeping bitterly, so loud it could be heard from outside the house. Cat was the last to enter the household and immediately gasped at the state of the living room, clutching onto little Robin in a protective manner.

“I’m taking him upstairs,” Cat announced to everyone in the room, and lifted Robin off the ground since he was still dumb struck by everything to cart him upstairs.
“Lysa, he isn’t worth it,” huffed out Ned as he still tried to catch his breath.

“He’s my husband,” she darkly replied. “And your daughter took him away from me.”

“It was his doing.”

“You would protect her,” she sneered. “You won’t admit it was Sansa’s fault.”

“It was both of theirs,” Ned reminded her. “And this is not the way to solve the problem.”

Lysa slowly crept upwards, staggering upwards with great heaving of her chest. “I want her to feel the pain that I feel.”

“Isn’t a life condemned with Petyr enough?”

“I hope he tosses her aside,” she jeered, as she steadily approached her niece. “I hope he leaves her out in the cold some day.”

“He won’t,” Sansa stammered out, even when the woman was fast approaching.

“You think you know him? You think you know my Petyr?”

“No.”

“No one knows Petyr like I do.”

“I meant to say,” Sansa said in a small voice, as she strategically put a small circular desk in between them. “I know the real one, not the one that married you for money.”

“You think you know the reason he married me?”

“I know he didn’t love you.”

Lysa made a sudden movement, and Sansa was quick to dart out of her way to go around the long living room couch.

“I never want to see you again,” Lysa shrilled out, seeing there was no use in catching her. “I don’t care if you are my blood, if I see you again, I swear on my life that great harm will come onto you. Not even Petyr will recognize your pretty face after I’m through with you,” Lysa swore, and then her weeping turned almost hysterical until she stormed out the last of the living room and ran out the front door. Ned was quick to follow her, more concerned for her well-being than anything else, and Sansa took that opportunity to back away as much as she could until she could leave the living room entirely.

Her cousin Jon was following her like a dark shadow, and only when he found Sansa standing outside in the rain in their backyard, did he take a place beside her. “Go on,” encouraged Sansa. “Have a go at me as well.”

“You couldn’t even say sorry.”

“Why would I say something I can’t feel?”

“What is wrong with you Sansa?”

“I don’t know,” she answered him, as she stared at the pine tree Petyr had dragged her towards sometime last week. He kissed me behind there, she remembered, and then closed the lids of her eyes
bitterly. She didn’t care if she was getting wet, not even the cool air of late summer could convince her to go back inside.

“You were just making the situation worse for yourself,” he stated with anger tethering his voice. Jon stood in front of her with deliberate purpose to block out her view. “And you know that too.”

“What did you want me to say to her?”

“Apologize and admit that you were wrong.” Sansa rolled her eyes at him. “Or are you so far gone that you don’t even see it that way?”

“Jon, I…” Sansa mouth opened and then closed abruptly.

“You are better than this? Has our Uncle corrupted you so much that you can’t even see this anymore?”

“I’m not you, Jon.”

“I never thought you were.”

“You don’t know how it is between Lysa and I,” Sansa relayed with feeling. “This has been going on for four years, and now that Petyr has left her, she has no choice but to face it. He doesn’t love her; he never did.”

“Then let him say it, and not you.”

“You heard what she said to me back there!” she fought back, not even caring that the rain was coming down harder.

“Sansa.”

“Lysa hit me!” she screamed out. “Tried to kill me when she wrapped her hand around my throat, and here you are telling me what I did wrong.”

“You egged her on.”

“I told her the truth,” Sansa fought back, and stepped away from the stony patio to stand in the soft grass instead. Her feet were bare, but she didn’t care, it felt more natural to stand in the spot where things seemingly went wrong, where she once continued her affair with Petyr.

Her back was to Jon when she heard him ask, “Was it worth?”

Sansa wasn’t sure if it was, so she simply looked over her shoulder at her dark-haired cousin before she left him to seek refuge in the woods.

Lysa and Robin had left the house sometime ago, and now Sansa was standing in her soaking wet dress stuffing a suitcase into the back of her silver sedan. She was alone in the driveway, putting in the last of her belongings into the car which she intended to take for the night. Her parents were somewhere in the house, and Jon had taken his pick-up truck for a drive to blow off some steam.

Sansa was never so determined to leave a place; she knew her life here was over. Her parents were disappointed in her and her sibling failed to understand how she truly felt. Her Aunt wanted to kill her, and only God knows what must be going on in Robin’s little mind right now. Sansa thought she was done running away from her problems, but now it looked like it was the only option she had left.
A yellow bus pulled up in front of their driveway, a small one that let her know it was coming from her younger sibling’s school. Arya was the first to jump off the steps of her school bus, and immediately sprint her way towards Sansa. “You’re wet!”

“Yes,” Sansa mouthed out sadly, before she did her best to brush back her long hair.

“You’ve been crying.” Sansa turned her head away from her sister, to ashamed to reveal her true emotions in front of her. “Why do you have a suitcase in the back seat?”

“Because I’m leaving.”

A ramp descended near the back of the bus, letting Bran wheel himself out of it and into the pouring rain. Rickon descended the ramp right beside him, holding up his bright red umbrella to keep his older brother dry.

Arya’s voice sounded small and troubled as she asked, “Where are you going?”

“I don’t know.”

“Please don’t go, Sansa.”

“Dad wants me gone,” she half lied. “There is nothing I can do about it.”

“I want you to stay.”

Sansa laid a gentle hand over her younger sister’s shoulder. “I thought you didn’t like me, Arya,” she teased, though there was truth behind her words.

“I don’t like Petyr,” she rebutted sharply. “I can’t understand why you like him.”

“The creep.”

“Yeah,” Arya laughed into the rain. “The creep.”

“I just do.”

Bran was slowly approaching them, taking in Sansa’s dreadful state with her dress clinging to her limbs under the relentless rain. “You are leaving us,” he observed, without Sansa ever having to say a word. He wheeled himself around to the open trunk, peeking at the abundance of boxes and luggage stuffed inside of it. “I know you will come back some day.”

“Why?”

He half smiled at her. “Because we are family, Sansa.”
Home

Chapter Summary

Petyr returns home to find it not the same as when he left, and a woman he loves greatly changed after this past week's events.

Sansa was standing in the main lobby section, a large sign above her head told her she was in the right spot to greet Petyr. He had messaged her the minute he landed, and now it would be another twenty minutes or so until they were reunited.

She was standing perfectly still, but her mind kept spinning. The image of her distraught mother when they said their final goodbyes, the way she cupped Sansa’s red cheek to see the evidence of what Lysa had done to her; the uncontrollable anger in her father’s eyes when he glanced at her from time to time, angry at himself and Sansa for the way things had turned out. She was leaving them, their eldest daughter, to go live with a man that was not her husband. I'm his mistress, Sansa reflected, as she waited under the bolded “Arrival” sign. Sansa never felt like a homewrecker, even if she technically was one. After all, it was her actions that tore apart her family as well as Petyr’s. There was no telling how Robin would turn out from this, would be an angry imbibed boy with the knowledge that his step-father cheated with his niece? How would it affect her own family in the long run? What will become of them?

Sansa watched the doors slide open to let some passengers through, but as they walked across the raised platform, she knew they didn’t take the same flight as Petyr. The swim trunks, and bright beach apparel was enough to tell her they had just come back from the Caribbean.

Sansa worried about where they would be staying the night. She worried if Lysa would suddenly show up behind her, figuring out Petyr’s flight time to accost him in person. There was so many thoughts plaguing her mind, so many flashing images that she feared her head might hurt. Her fingers rubbed over the front of her throat, still sore even hours after Lysa had a death grip on it. She noticed the slight bruising in the car reflection when she pulled into the airport parking lot; a high collared sweater was put on to cover the bruising’s from Petyr, but she knew it was only a matter of time until he saw it.

The doors slid open again, but the people exiting the security section were all speaking Spanish, so she knew it wasn’t Petyr’s flight as well. Her cellphone was pulled out of the back of her jean shorts, seeing it had been over twenty minutes since he last texted her. She only hoped everything was okay, that there was nothing suspicious to hold Petyr back in the security section. I'm going to be sick, Sansa thought, and did her best to breathe in deeply. Its going to be alright.

She fidgeted with the long sleeves of her coat, and once she got tired of it, Sansa ran her fingers through her long hair she left down for the night. It was unbelievable how time could move so slowly, how many thoughts can speed through her mind as she stood there waiting for him. The doors slid open again and based on the crowd of people exiting the security section she sensed it was Petyr’s flight. He was one of the first people to make it through the doorway, wearing a white dress shirt with his sleeves rolled up and a light carry-on he carried with one hand. She watched him anxiously scan the crowd in search of her, and when he finally spotted her there was a great beaming smile across his face. Sansa pushed herself through the throngs of people, making her way to the
downward ramp where she knew he was heading.

His bag was dropped onto the floor and he lifted her high off Sansa’s feet before he kissed her. She smiled against his lips, feeling the heaping wave of affection showered on her as he anxiously kissed her lips again and again. “Sansa,” he said with glee, settling her on the ground before he leaned in to kiss at her lips in a playful manner. She held him close to her, rubbing her fingers through his luscious hair that she always loved, carving her way upwards until his head was pushed hard against her own. “My sweetling,” he cooed out adorably, which made Sansa giggle lightly.

“Petyr,” she teased, inching her head back so she could finally have a look at him. She felt his gaze roam all over her, and then he blinked with confusion once he noticed how bright her left cheek was. Sansa lowered her head in shame, desiring to shield herself from Petyr’s inquisitive gaze.

“What happened?” he asked her in a dark voice, his hold over her tightened with worry. “Tell me.”

“Lysa.”

Sansa never looked in Petyr’s direction, but she knew he was upset.

“Did she… hit you?”

“Yes.”

“Anything else?” he droned out suspiciously, doing his best to contain his fury.

“She…” Her lip quirked to the right, making her cheek inflate slightly as she did her best to hold her tongue.

“Tell me, I need to know.”

“She tried to choke me to death. Well, she… she…” Sansa lifted up her hand cautiously and wrapped around Petyr’s throat, imitating the actions she suffered earlier on today but with less strength to her grip.

“I will make her pay for this,” he swore, and she found herself fearing Petyr’s wrath. “Anything else?”

“She would have done worse if it wasn’t for my father.”

“I have him to thank then.”

“Unfortunately for you, yes.”

“Sansa,” he voiced aloud with concern, laying his hands on both sides of her cheek with sadness betrayed in his eyes. Sansa inched her head to the right, not wanting him to touch the sensitive side of her left cheek. “What kind of madness did I leave you in?” he questioned aloud and bent her head forward so he could kiss her brow.

“It wasn’t your fault. Everything happened so quickly, there was no way you could stop it.”

“What do you mean?”


“I should have been there to protect you,” he surmised aloud. “I won’t make that mistake again.” His carry-on was lifted off the floor, and with his other free hand he took hold of hers to lead her down
the airport’s main lobby area. He was unusually silent, but she thought he was doing his best to quell back his rage.

“Have you eaten?”

“I had something on the plane.”

“But that’s not real food.”

“Its two in the morning, Sansa,” he pointed out. “What would you have me eat?” Petyr closed his eyes regrettably, not meaning to lash his anger out at her. “I’m sorry.”

“We both had a long day,” Sansa reminded him, and kissed him on the cheek to show she accepted his apology. “There is a coffee shop near the front of the airport entrance. Maybe you can get something light to eat for later on tonight at least.”

“Smart girl,” he observed with a smirk, and she knew he was pleased by her forethought. “I missed you, Sansa,” he relayed softly, and stopped in his tracks to get a hold of the back of her head. He kissed her with delight, slow and careful, and she found herself falling into his arms yet again. Her family was wrong, Petyr really did love her, and she knew that her instincts were right about him all along. Petyr paused, inching his head back with his eyes still closed. “I just realized that you are all mine now,” he mused aloud. “No more hiding.”

“Yes.”

“How did you manage to get the car and come get me?”

“My parents know.”


“They sent me to get you.”

“Is it a trap?” he asked with worry, and suddenly looked around as if Lysa would appear out of the crowd.

“No, Petyr.” She laid a hand on the bottom of his chin, directing his gaze to fall on hers. “They sent me away.”

“I don’t understand. Away? Where?”

“I got kicked out of the house,” she bluntly replied, still too embarrassed to reveal the truth.

“Cat would never do something like that.”

“You underestimate my mother’s anger,” was all that Sansa said, before she dropped her hand off Petyr’s chin and laid it lightly over the top of his chest. “I’m not welcome back home.”

“God, I’m so sorry, Sansa.”

“Its fine,” she lied, which forced her to break her gaze away from Petyr’s soothing green eyes.

“They will forgive you in time,” he assured her. “You can come live with me now, isn’t that what you always wanted?”

“Yes.”
Petyr took her hand and lifted it to his lips, kissing the back of it fervently. He watched the sad smile travel over her face and thought it best to kiss her lips instead. Strong arms wrapped around her frame, bringing her in so he could taste more of her. She felt safe in Petyr’s arms, it had always felt like home to her, and now it really was.

The odd time zone worked in Petyr’s advantage; he was wide awake when he took the keys out of her hand. “I’m driving,” he stated in a way that prevented any objection from Sansa. “The hotel is really close.”

“Aren’t we staying at your friends house?”

“I was going to stay there for the weekend,” he briskly shot out, as they quickly strode through the crowded parking lot. “But I will message him in the morning to tell him you will be staying with me as well.”

“Will that be fine?”

“He won’t like it, but he will agree.”

“It’s a man,” Sansa said with relief, for in the back of her mind she had always feared it would be a woman.

“Roose,” he piped up. “Rhymes with ‘Moose’ so you won’t forget it.”

“Petyr,” she scolded, knowing he was just playing games with her.

“Don’t tell him I said that,” he warned. “His son is in the military, and I’m pretty sure Roose is skilled in boxing and Ta Kwon Doe,” he said with a smooth tenor to his voice. “Added protection if Lysa ever comes around looking for me.”

“I hardly think Roose will fight off Lysa.”

“No, I suppose not. I will call the police without hesitation if I see her come around the place.” Sansa felt his grip tighten over her hands, feeling his protective nature come out when he thought about the harm he caused to his ‘sweetling.’

Sansa pointed out the silver sedan, which made Petyr pick up the pace even more. He seemed to be in a hurry, but she could tell that he was a little off. His body was wide awake because he had gotten used to the time zone in Taiwan, and the adrenaline running through him from the fear of them getting caught by Lysa must have propelled him further.

He opened the trunk to find it stuffed to the max and gave a sharp look at Sansa to demand an explanation.

“I took everything I needed,” she told him with a not so innocent shrug of the shoulder.

“So much happened in that span of thirteen hours,” he observed, and then shut the trunk seeing his carry-on wouldn’t stand a chance of fitting inside of it. He opened the passenger door for her and watched her go inside with extra attentiveness. “You sure she didn’t touch you anywhere else?”

“I’m sure.”

He grunted loudly before he slammed the door, and then opened the door directly behind her to stuff his belongings there. “You have things in the backseat too.”
“Petyr, I have no idea when I will be allowed to come back home again— if ever.”

“I’m sorry, sweetling,” he repeated. “I’m still trying to comprehend everything.” He closed that door and then walked around the front of the car to get to the driver’s side. “I have a million things going on in my mind,” he confessed to Sansa after he opened his car door. “I won’t get a wink of sleep tonight.”

“You can sleep in,” she suggested lightly.

“Yes,” he agreed. “You have school in the morning. Friday, right?”

“In the afternoon,” she conceded. “And I got my shift covered this evening, before I drove to the airport.”

“Okay,” he hushed out, while he still tried to wrap his mind around everything. “This car… how long will you have it?”

“Not long. I think my mom wants it returned by Sunday morning.”

“I will have to go home and get mine.” He smirked at Sansa, making dents appear in his cheeks. “Won’t that be fun,” he said with pure sarcasm, which made Sansa burst out with laughter.

“Robb thinks she will be waiting for you with a butcher knife.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised,” he relented, and then thrust the key into the car ignition to start the car. “It’s just one thing after another.”

“Petyr, you are home,” she reminded him with a soft touch against his forearm. “And I’m here.”

“Yes.”

“And we don’t have to hide this from anyone,” she added. “It’s out in the open… we can be together now.”

“Sansa,” he breathed out with love, and abandoned the steering wheel to take a hold of her. He kissed her cheek devotedly, only shifting downwards to the side of her neck when he remembered how sensitive her cheek was. Sansa took a hold of the side of his face to guide Petyr upwards, not wanting him to be near her sore neck either, and kissed him open mouthed to satisfy his desire. Sansa could feel him shift upwards, coming out of his seat to have a better hold of her. Eyes closed she could hear the low moaning coming from him, the fervent touch of his hand as he shifted it over her body. “Sansa,” he repeated, and pressed his lips against the tip of her nose. “You are so right about everything.”

“I love you, Petyr,” was her only reply, and then kissed him back frantically to let out all her emotions. They continued this way for some minutes, before Petyr leaned back in his seat with his mouth open wide to catch his breath.

“I missed that,” he confessed to her. “God, I missed it so much.”

Sansa laughed at his words and leaned into his side of the seat to peck her lips against the side of his right cheek.

“Sansa, love. You are exhausting me.”

“Tired, Petyr?”
“Give me a second.”

She could hear him still trying to catch his breath, laying his left hand over his crotch to keep himself at bay. She decided to let him be, seeing Petyr’s discomfort was not necessarily a good thing at this time of night.

“You stopped?” he observed, and sharply turned his head in her direction.

“Its what you wanted.”

“Hmmm,” he muttered with closed lids, and then squinted his eyes at her playfully.

“Petyr, we have been in this parking lot for ages.”

“I haven’t kissed you in days,” he rebutted. “Be happy its just kissing.”

She smiled at him before she looked away, and then stretched her arm out to rest her hand over the steering wheel. “Maybe I should drive?”

“Hmph.”

“Since I keep distracting you.”

“I will have my turn soon enough,” he warned, and then set the car to drive so he could come out of the parking spot.

“Take my credit card to pay.”

“I can do it,” he rebutted, clearly wanting to take care of Sansa financially.

“Its fine.”

“Sansa.”

“Petyr, I think-”

“-no,” he argued back and pulled up to the machine to simply stick his credit card inside of it. “I have money.”

“I have money too!”

“You’re a student,” he blatantly reminded her. “You work part-time at department store. I’m sorry, sweetling, but you don’t have money.”

“I do.”

He turned his head at her with a raised eyebrow, and she thought it was best to shut up.

“I don’t mind taking care of you,” he assured her. “Please don’t think otherwise.”

“I like being independent.”

“You are independent,” Petyr retorted, after he snatched back his credit card. He paused to stuff his wallet back in his trouser pocket. “But I like taking care of you.” He leaned forward to peck his lips against her cheek, and then returned his focus on to the road so he could come out of the enclosed parking space for good. “I have money.”
“I know.”

“You might think I don’t because I just lost my job, but I’m telling you that I will be fine.”

“Okay.”

“I’m still looking for another one, just give me some more time.”

“I’m not worried, Petyr. I know you are resourceful.”

“Its for the best anyways,” he deliberated aloud. “It’s not like I could keep working with my ex-wife.” He turned left, the opposite direction she assumed he would take, and continued down the road much to her confusion.

“Where are you taking me?”

“Hotel! I thought I told you that.”

“Where is it?”

“Eight-minute drive,” he deliberated aloud. “Nothing fancy, since it was so last minute.”

“Oh.”

“I wanted to stay in the city for now,” he informed her. “I can drive you to school tomorrow, if that makes it easier.”

“No, its alright.”

“I will,” he informed her, so strong in tenor she knew it was pointless to argue. “And pick you up too. We could go for dinner, if you’d like. Then I can drive over to Roose’s house and see how he has the guest room set up for us.”

“Are you sure he will be fine with me?”

“As long as I don’t fuck you loud, it should be fine.”

“Petyr,” she snapped, and pushed his shoulder lightly despite him driving down the main road.

“I think we have enough experience sneaking around and doing that stuff.” He turned his head towards her to simply give her a wink, and then returned his attention back to the road. “I forgot to tell you… I lost my wedding ring.”

“You did?”

“Yeah, the same day Lysa called me and I got fired. I went searching for it, I don’t know, to see it one last time, I guess. Purely sentimental reasons. Well, I lost it… and imagine where it is?”

“I don’t know.”

“Guess.”

“Petyr, you’ve been in Taiwan this whole time.”

“The last time you saw me wear it?”

“The restaurant.”
“Close.”

“I don’t… the opera house?”

Petyr laughed wickedly, which took Sansa off guard. “I took my jacket off to clean you off, remember? It must have fell out of the pocket then. Ironic.”

“Oh, after we sort of…” Sansa left the rest of the words unsaid, which made Petyr chuckle darkly for the second time tonight.

“Where I almost fucked you,” he spat out with pride. “Until I remember I had no protection.”

“I remembered, actually,” Sansa half teased, once Petyr reached a stop light.

“What would I do without you?”

“I’m not sure.” She rested her hand over his forearm, dragging it up lightly to feel the whole of his arm under the thin dress shirt she wore.

“It must have been terrible for you while I was away,” he mused aloud. “I really am sorry about that.”

“It’s okay,” she whispered.

He pressed down on the gas pedal to start the car up again, the light being green was the only signal he needed to accelerate down the dark windy road. The city was hush at this time of night, quiet as the dark hours of twilight hung over them. The moon was absent yet again, but the streetlights were enough to illuminate their way.

Sansa hadn’t felt this much peace in a long time, it was enough to set her heart aglow.

“How did Robin take it?”

“I’m not sure. He sort of stood there frozen like a statue, but he didn’t see anything, only the last of it.”

“But he knows?”

“I’m not sure,” she repeated. “I honestly don’t know.”

“Seven is old enough to tell what is going on.”

“But not all of it.”

“Thankfully, no.”

“He was like a son to you.”

“In a way, yes,” Petyr revealed. “But he was more of Lysa’s golden child than anything else. I never felt like Robin was truly mine.”

“Did you ever want kids?”

“Not really.” He was scratching the side of his jawline where he would need to shave. “But I got used to taking care of Robin, so I will probably feel that void growing in time. Why?”
“I was just wondering.”

A silence fell over them, a slightly awkward one since Sansa was holding back her tongue.

“I visit my dad on Saturdays. Would you like to come?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Do you work?”

“In the evening.”

“We can go there for ten in the morning, if you’d like. I think my dad will like you?”

“Really?”

“Yeah,” he casually remarked. “Knowing dad, he will try and pick you up.” Petyr paused when he heard Sansa’s happy laugh. “I miss hearing that,” he relayed with feeling. “I miss so many things about you.”

Sansa’s heart warmed substantially, she feared it might burst.

“There is a nice place to take you out for lunch afterwards,” he continued, as though he never went off topic. “When you go to work, I can spend that time getting files prepared for my lawyer and looking around for a job.”

“Do you want something similar to what you have?”

“Yes, but I want to have a voice this time. I don’t mean I want to be the man at the top, but I want to have a say at least.”

“You will find something.”

“I know I will,” he uttered with confidence. “I thrive in chaos, didn’t you know?”

The car pulled into a low bungalow type hotel, and Sansa could see with a single glance it wasn’t something particularly grand. Petyr pulled into the closest parking lot, and then looked over his shoulder to see Sansa’s luggage piled up in the back seat. “We aren’t taking it all inside, are we?”

“No, I only need this one bag,” she told him, and then pulled out the grungy old black backpack in the backseat to throw it over her lap.

“I hope no one gets any bright ideas,” he deliberated aloud. “I parked in front of a security camera, so I get the last laugh.”

“Petyr?”

“Someone might be tempted to steal all your stuff,” he pointed out. “Did you bring your entire closet with you?”

“I’m ignoring that comment.” The passenger door was pushed open and she stood up on the hard tarmac. The dark outline of the building wasn’t a comforting sight, but when she saw Petyr stand under a streetlight, Sansa felt that everything would be okay.

“I’m home,” he tauntingly remarked, and then stretched out his hand for her to take.
“Welcome home, Petyr.” She laid a kiss on the side of his cheek and snuggled up in his arms as the cool night breeze gently blew upon them.
Smashed

Chapter Summary

Petyr and his lawyer come up with a plan to make their divorce case run smoother. Petyr becomes a victim of Lysa's revenge, and Sansa finds herself in the tail end of it as Petyr's plans continue to be thwarted.

Chapter Notes

Hi guys,

I took a long break for some self-care, but now I'm back and look forward to continuing the rest of the story. I hope you enjoy it,

petyrbaaaeeelish

When Sansa had awoken, she found herself in a room she didn’t recognize. The long, drab-looking grey drapes immediately caught her attention as something particularly strange; the tight shutters with a thin layer of dust over top illuminated in the morning, mingling with the tiny dust spectacles that glared harshly in the sunlight. She squinted at the sight of it, and then found a tiny sigh escape her as memories slowly came back to her. She was safe. Sansa rolled over to find the man she loved in bed with her, fast asleep without a hint of him getting up anytime soon. She could see his bare back glow from the peachy warm lighting of the sun, Petyr’s bushy chestnut hair curled effortlessly over his head as he laid there asleep. One long arm was wrapped around his pillow and the other one was tucked somewhere deep under the covers. She couldn’t remember him getting to bed with her, Petyr was so stressed with everything that he immediately opened his laptop and took to his work. Ideally, she would have liked a more romantic reunion, but she was so tired at that point it was probably better that she fell asleep.

Very few blankets laid over her, and the ones that were laid over her chest was pushed back to rest over her stomach. The room was comfortably warm, the sunlight gave her hope of a better day. She slowly sat up on the bed until she could rest her head on the large fluffy pillow, taking in the sight of the simple hotel room that was their’s for the day.

She pushed back her hair tiredly, trying her best to wake up so she could start the day. She would need a shower, and a change of clothes, and more importantly start on her assignments before they were due on Monday. She wanted to spend time with Petyr though, it had been so long since they had spoken to each other face to face.

Petyr’s breathing was soft, barely audible as she sat beside him. He was in a deep form of sleep, the deepest she had ever seen him fall into, and it made her glad to see him this way. A soft touch rested over the back of his shoulders, fingertips lightly grazing his smooth skin that she always enjoyed touching. He’s like a dream.

She let her eyes stray away from him to look straight ahead, seeing the television screen set up on the
office desk with a mediocre photograph of the city skyline she had seen with her own eyes’ countless
times before. A closed laptop was settled over the desk as well, charging along with Petyr’s phone to
prepare him for the day.

Her head dipped down again, letting her hands stretch outwards to feel more of his supple skin. It
was tempting to wake him up, roll him over so she could kiss his lips in the hopes of it leading to
something more. Tempting…

She bit down on her bottom lip, feeling her cheeks being sucked inwards as she silently toyed with
the idea. It would be a good way to wake him up, she mused, but thought it was an awful excuse for
her horniness.

Blankets pushed back she decided to create some space and went over to her backpack to pick out
her clothes for the day. It was a silent procedure, in which her clothes were folded neatly on the
office chair in front of Petyr’s desk. A thought came to her that she should look at Petyr’s phone,
seeing all the texts he would get from Lysa, but thought that would invade his privacy. He deserves
better than that, she decided, and then went over to her own backpack to check the time.

There was a single message from her classmate, Jeyne, informing her she sent the lecture notes to her
school email address. No other messages were seen, showing her parents were satisfied with keeping
their distance for the time being.

She flickered through social media, scrolling through images her work friends had posted to show
they had a life outside of work. Sansa smiled at the images, briefly recalling she would have to thank
Missandei for covering her shift so last minute. If it wasn’t for her, Sansa would have never been
able to pack her stuff so efficiently. A brief message of “Family emergency” was enough for
Missandei to have her friend’s back. It was just after seven in the morning, but Sansa opened the
messenger section and typed: “I got kicked out of the house. Long story. Don’t worry I’m well taken
care of.” Feeling naughty, Sansa slipped off the hard chair and snuck her way to the bed, crawling
alongside Petyr’s frame until she could take a good picture. You could only see a portion of his face,
a shadow of his profile with a sheen of grey at the side of his temples; enough for his identity
to go undetected should the photo spread beyond her reach. Sansa sent the photo with an attached
wink face, knowing it would make her friend absolutely freak once she caught sight of it. The
questions would have to wait until later, for now she placed her cellphone on the corner of her bed
stand and cuddled up with Petyr, wrapping her arm around him to keep him close. He was with her
finally, and things could only get brighter from here.

She wasn’t sure exactly the time, but when she did awaken again Petyr was hovering right over her.
She blinked open her eyes to see a shadow of his silhouette, his gaze intently on her though she
couldn’t make it out so clearly. Steadily he leaned forward, encroaching on her space until there was
barely anything left. “Morning, Sansa,” he drawled out seductively, and that when it hit her.

Her lip curled upwards knowingly, sensing his mood without him having to utter a word.

“You had a good rest?”

“Yes.” She reached up a hand to cup the side of his cheek. “Did you?”

His hand was creeping down the side of her neckline, wondering why she had her light sweater
zipped up all the way when all he wanted was for her to take it off. Petyr chose to ignore her
question, letting his finger go to the dangling zipper instead. She was becoming aware of her
surroundings now: the brighter lighting in the room told her it was sometime late in the morning, and
she wondered just how long Petyr was watching her sleep. Her thoughts were distracted when she
heard a sharp sound of her zipper going downwards, knowing Petyr was in a mood to see her naked
and laying in his bed. The sharp metallic sound ignited the air around them, adding to the tension that was already building. It was hard to match his mood when she was still waking up, though the weight of his hand against the top of her chest as he continued to unzip her high-collared sweater did wonders. The mood had ended suddenly, once Petyr moved back a little with a shocked look on his face. His lips pursed tightly, and even though he was cast in darkness she knew there was something staggeringly different in his appearance. The weight of his hand left her, and so did the rest of his body until he rolled off the bed and ungracefully let his feet fall upon the floor. Sansa reached her hand upwards to feel the soreness of her throat, that tender area that told the tale of what her Aunt had did to her.

Wordlessly, Sansa pushed back the covers and crawled over to Petyr’s side. Her knees were bent as she went behind him, and with long arms she wrapped it around his front till she could rest her head upon the top of his right shoulder. She knew he was upset, and had trouble articulating his thoughts at that moment.

Sansa’s voice was soothing as she uttered: “It's not your fault.”

“I’ve never seen anything like it.”

“She is stronger than she looks.”

“I want her to pay for it.”

“And she will.”

“Yes,” her lover answered her darkly. He remained unmoveable to her gentle touch, the soft caressing of the side of his cheek before she let her hand roam downwards to his jawline and neck. “You have no idea what I want to do to her.”

“I know what you are thinking, and the answer is no.”

“This divorce case just got personal,” stated in a deadly voice. “Let me take a picture of the bruise.”

“Why?”

“So, I can send it to my lawyer.”

“Alright.”

“And I want you to send you a copy as well. It may come in handy one day.”

“How can you say something like a time like this?”

“Because I want her to…” Petyr shut his eyes resentfully. “Sansa,” he uttered in a raspy voice. “What do we do to those who hurt the ones we love?”

She lowered her gaze, letting it stray away from her lover. “Isn’t the fact that we are together enough?”

“If that is what you think.”

“It is,” Sansa reached downwards to lay a hand on his chest, feeling the soft fabric of his pajama t-shirt with the tips of her fingers. “More than you know.”

“She will never hurt you,” he swore under his breath.
“Because you will be there to protect me,” Sansa fondly answered him. “Won’t you?”

Petyr leaned backwards, knowing he would slam her straight into the center of the bed. She was hardly down before he rolled over and crawled over to the pillows, laying his back against the headboard mischievously. “Come here, sweetling,” he taunted at her, a sign that his mood was returning once again. “I’ll do more than protect you.”

“Where is your condom?”

“Ugh,” he grunted, and then darted his eyes over to his suitcase as if it was stored in there. “Oh, no.”

“What?”

“No.”

“What?”

“Shit,” he cursed, and then jumped off the bed to practically run over to his suitcase. “No, I can’t believe it.” He was going through his suitcase, inspecting the front flaps with frantic energy. “I don’t have it.”

“Again.”

“I never needed it,” he exclaimed. “I was in Taiwan, and I planned to purchase some after I landed and came to see you. I never imagined you would pick me up, let alone you come living with me and…” Petyr stopped to stroke his fingers through his bushy hair frantically, still untamed since he had not combed it to the side yet. “The ones I bought is in the car.”

“You should just give me a few to keep in my purse,” Sansa suggested. “Since this is the second time-”

“I know,” he cut in.

“And I fear there might be a third.”

“Tell me you’ve been taking the pills.”

“Yes,” Sansa shyly answered him, since the sunlight exposed the lust that suddenly appeared in his eyes. He was stalking his way forward, and Sansa instinctively shuffled up higher into the bed. No words passed between them as he stepped onto the bed, crawling his way forward with a hungry look in his eyes.

His hand returned to the top of her chest, unzipping her jacket slowly as he gazed into her soft blue eyes heatedly. She could hear their tense breathing, the way their chests rose and fell at ever interval as his face inched closer to hers. There was something in sync between them, and not even the sunlight could hide the darkness of their thoughts. Her jacket came down all the way, Petyr’s eyes lingered over the dark bruises stretched across her neck. Sansa was resolved to not have their moment ruined and took to kissing him to make him forget his sullen thoughts. He responded immediately, kissing her back with his head tilted to the side to taste more of her; a firm pressing of his hand at the back of her head kept her in place as he quickly devoured her. Sansa was the first to dip her hands underneath his t-shirt, remembering it was the same one he wore the night he kissed her for the first time in her bedroom. She was inexperienced then, so shy, but the woman Petyr was kissing on top of a dingy hotel bed was an entirely different person. She could hear his breaths grow more haggard; his hands deep into the back of her hair as he felt the smoothness of it. He had somehow straddled her without her knowing, even when she was sitting up with her back against a
mound of pillows. The sound of their kissing was loud, mixing well with the hush noise of blankets being pushed back to have more room. Petyr parted their lips for a moment, placing his strong fingers against the bottom seams of her tank-top to gracefully pull it over her head. He smiled at the sight of her bra, letting his thumb grace the plump rounded breast that was partially covered by her it.

“Sweetling,” he cooed out for no reason, before he cemented his lips upon hers again. Petyr was enjoying himself thoroughly, knowing that they had all morning long to waste away. Soon enough his shirt was removed as well, which allowed Sansa to feel his jagged scar like she had done so many times before. The thin hairs of his goatee rubbed against his body as he went about exploring her, soft lips caressing her skins with adoration knowing Sansa was his to enjoy. He could smell her sex under the sheets, watch her abdomen tighten as he laid a heavy hand there to feel the firmness of her skin. He was hard for her when she laid herself flat on her bed with her fingers softly playing with his chest hair. The sight of her fully naked was beyond Petyr’s comprehension. The sunlight exposed every flaw and nick of their skin, but to the lovers they saw nothing but each other’s beauty. Sansa closed her eyes with bliss when Petyr tilted her head, kissing her on the good side of her cheek as he fondled her nipples teasingly. He missed this so much, the high he could give her, the profound pleasure that he could provide by simply touching her this way. She wriggled underneath him, stretching out her legs to the other end of the bed as he continued to play with her.

“You don’t mind that I’m stretching this out?” he asked of her, in a voice hardly recognizable for even himself.

She moaned in reply, digging her nails into the front of his chest as if she wanted him to stop. Petyr stooped downwards to take a nipple in his mouth, sucking it harshly as he let his right hand deftly stroke at her other breast. He could feel her hips bulk upwards to meet him, her body calling out for him even when her lips were tightly sealed. The smell of her was so strong now, making Petyr almost delirious as he closed his eyes in ecstasy. He neglected her breasts suddenly, dipping lower with a harsh pull of his hand to drag the sheets down the sides of her legs. His mouth was immediately pressed against her without warning, mouthing his lips over hers to taste the thing that was driving him mad. Sansa’s legs bent upwards in surprise, startled by the firm grip around her back and hips as he kept her there. The hairs of his goatee caused an odd sensation down there, but it all stopped when she felt a long tongue lap at her. “Oh god,” she panted, after she felt it the first time, placing her knuckles into her mouth to keep herself under control. Petyr did it again to hear her reaction, and the menacing groan that accompanied it brought a wicked smile to his face. Petyr used a finger to prod her wider, letting his tongue lap at her clip tauntingly before he settled his chin onto the bed and prodded his tongue in the sacred area. Sansa exploded with a series of sounds, echoing loud enough for all the neighbours to hear. They were having sex in the morning, and Petyr was thrilled that the world should know it. He didn’t want Sansa to get used to the sensation, so Petyr hunched upwards and slipped a finger into her as he climbed his body on top of her.

“Kiss me, sweetling,” he gibed, and tried to imagine the look on Lysa’s face when Sansa pulled his face into her and lathered his slick wet lips against hers. If only I could send her a picture, he wickedly thought, but the morbid details of their love affair were taken away when Sansa pleaded for him to dig his finger more into her. He was taken back by her plea, but made no fuss about it, rather he encouraged her with elicit whispers into the depth of her ears. “Tell me exactly what you want, Sansa,” he reminded her by the end of it, circling her with a roll of a finger before he eased it into her more.

“Something even better,” she answered him in a sultry voice, and drew her hair away from her face so he could have a good look at her.

“Tell me what you want.”
“You know what I want.”

“What do you want.”

“I can feel your hardness, Petyr,” she countered. “Just do it.”

“Tell me.”

She laid a hand over his to pull his finger out of her, and then shook her head quite adamantly when Petyr wavered over her. “Don’t ruin the moment with your teasing,” she warned, which brought a large smile on his face.

“You can’t say it.”

She kissed him in reply, stroking her legs against his until he settled over her unwillingly. Sansa was a tease as much as him, and the hunger in her kisses only made Petyr apply himself against her and ease his way inside. Sansa was taken back at first at the feeling, the absence of a condom made everything feel more real for her, and soon she was huffing loudly underneath him as he dug his way inside of her. She had to shut her eyes closed as the feeling overwhelmed her, the relentless touches of Petyr down below at her clit made her go insane. She couldn’t respond to his kisses, tilting her head to the side to try and catch her breath as the feeling hit her in continual waves. “Petyr,” she moaned out in pure bliss, letting her head settle low into the firm mattress as he pushed himself inside of her. His name was rich on her lips, taunt and hanging in the humid air. The feeling he gave her was indescribable, and the fact that it hit her repeatedly made her eyes shut close tightly. Sansa could feel her nails digging its way into his skin at the back of his shoulders, clawing its way to the sides until she tightly cupped his rounded shoulders. “Petyr,” she repeated, only to receive no answer from him. When she finally did open her eyes, she could see in his face how hard he was trying to please her, his face was flushed and sweaty, while his lips were partly slightly to let out uneven breaths. She tilted her head upwards to kiss his perk lips, drawing out the moment to make him slow down a little. Petyr paused for a moment to relish their kisses, bringing his hand behind her head to hold her still. Lips parted; he inched his head back to get a good look at her. “You’re so good,” she told him, while her thumb gently rubbed the curve of his shoulder.

“I know I am,” he confidently rapped out, though she could tell he was flattered.

“Will you do this to me every night?” She caught his raised eyebrow, the tiny smirk he was trying so desperately to hide. “Until you get tired of it.”

“What makes me think I’ll get tired of it?”

“I don’t know.”

“You really don’t know men, do you?”

Sansa giggled lightly at his statement, and then tilted her head away from his ardent gaze to look at the sunlight shining through the dusty blinds.

“Should I continue?”

“Yes, Petyr,” she sweetly replied, feeling shy all of a sudden as she could feel his relentless gaze upon her.

“You are good too,” he relented softly. “If that helps.”

“I’m not doing much.”
“You’re loving me,” he told her. “And that makes it all the more enjoyable.” She turned her head in his direction, hardly surprised when he kissed the top of her brow. His foot scraped against her leg as he readjusted himself inside of her, shifting slightly so he could stare at her face for a little bit longer. “Thank you for doing this.”

“What?”

“For…” he mouthed out carefully, before he let the lids of his eyes droop slightly. “For letting me kiss you in your bedroom that night,” he relented. “And kissing me back.”

Sansa wasn’t sure what to say at that moment, so she curled her hand over the last of his shoulder until it glided over his collarbone and rested on the side of his neck.

“For going through everything just to be with me,” he added as a second thought. “I know it was hard for you.”

“It was.”

“We will make it work with your family,” he assured her. “You’ll see.”

“I don’t know…”

“Give it time,” he reasoned with a clear look in his dark green eyes, warm as ever in the sunlight.

“You are probably right.”

“I want you to see you happy,” he told her. “And I know you won’t be that way until you are reunited with their family.”

“What about your family?”

“I’m not sure what to do about Robin,” he sighed aloud. He brushed his sweaty hair backwards, looking dazed at the prospect of losing a step-son he found himself carrying for. “Lysa won’t let me near him.”

“He might try and contact you once he is older.”

“Eighteen?” Petyr laughed at her. “Hardly.”

“You never know.”

“I broke his heart,” he simply stated. “No, the boy will want nothing to do with me.”

“You were like a father to him,” Sansa reminded him. “You do not value yourself enough, or all that you have done for him.”

“I’m not sure…” Petyr lost his train of thought, a soft curling of Sansa’s fingers over his neck made him become more alert. “Hear I am taking about Robin when I’m in bed with you.”

“You are human,” she reminded him. “And you care.”

“I care for you,” he rebutted, before he eased himself inside of her more. “And its about time I remind you of that.” He continued to make love to her, watching her with a devious smirk as he made her all hot and sweaty again, it was cruelly beautiful to see how much he affected her, and Petyr loved every second of it. When he was done, he stayed inside of her, the knowledge of Sansa taking daily pills was enough for him to remain deep in her womb. Sansa lathered his face gratefully
with kisses as he lazily laid over her, feeling the strength of her love with every quiet moment that passed by. “You’re beautiful,” he voiced aloud.

Sansa blushed at his words, taken back the unexpected statement that fell from his lips.

“I thought that the first time I saw you.”

“You did?”

“Didn’t you see the way I looked at you?”

“Yes,” she confessed. “Only I did the same thing.”

“Imagine how I felt when I remembered I had just married Lysa, and then to find out you were related to her. I stood there like an idiot…” He closed his eyes with remorse. “I felt like an idiot.”

“You weren’t.”

“And I couldn’t pursue you,” he stammered out. “I couldn’t purse the one thing I really wanted in life because of the damn marriage,” he cursed out with spitefulness. “And I knew you wouldn’t do anything if I made advances to you.” He paused to let out a deep sigh. “You were so young then.”

“I know.”

Petyr smirked at her lovingly, letting his eyes squint with pleasure. “Young and beautiful, a deadly combo.”

“For you?”

“For me,” he conceded. “But I love the woman in bed with me even more.”

“Oh?”

“Confident,” he stated with feeling. “Willing to stand up for what she believes in. A woman that goes after what she wants—”

“-like you,” Sansa interjected.

“Like me,” Petyr breathed out happily, before he leaned in to kiss her.

Sansa was laying lifelessly on the bed as she listened to Petyr take a shower. There was no way in hell she was moving right now, and she was grateful to Petyr for understanding. The sheets were pulled over her, her hands wrapped around a spare pillow to snuggle up with. It was fast approaching the afternoon and she was still in bed.

Petyr offered to pick them up brunch and bring it back into the hotel room, reassuring her that she could complete her schoolwork another time. I’m going to fail, she fretted, knowing with every minute she laid in bed she was falling behind in her studies. The pillow was clutched tighter against her, a gripping drowsiness was coming upon her and she knew it was only a matter of time until she fell asleep. The familiar warm tingling feeling down below still lingered over her, a feeling that put a reluctant smile on her face. She felt good- more than good, she felt amazing. She would have to thank Petyr once he came out of the shower, and if he had some suggestions on how to express her gratitude Sansa would be more than happy to take up the offer.

Eyes closed, she shut out the outside world, only listening to the pelting of water droplets against the
sides of the bathtub. Over the past few days she questioned if this was all worth it, but at this exact moment she knew it was. The sheets were drawn up her entire form, and with a relaxed sigh that deflated her chest, Sansa knew she could relax and once again fall asleep.

She was awoken later with a gentle prodding of Petyr’s finger into her arm, and she rolled over to see him with a tray of coffee cups in hand. “Hello, sweetling.”

“How long was I asleep?”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“I have to go to school.”

“You’ll be late,” he mournfully replied. “Unless you want me to speed down the highway like a madman.”

“Oh, Petyr.”

“You wouldn’t concentrate anyways,” he quickly rebutted. “And you needed the sleep. I tired you out, didn’t I?”

She covered her mouth to shield her growing smile, knowing Petyr’s ego didn’t need to grow any bigger. Petyr pulled back the covers to slip himself inside, resting his back against the stack of pillows against the headboard. “I bought you lemon loaf,” he stated. “Your favourite.”

“It’s funny how you remember it.”

“Yes, I pay attention to certain details,” he casually informed you. “Especially when it concerns you.”

Sansa rose herself upwards to take a seat beside her lover, knowing he was watching her every move eagerly. She placed a blanket over her exposed chest, sensing he wouldn’t concentrate if she let it all hang out before him. “What did you get?”

“Oatmeal cookies,” he responded quickly, and then placed the paper bags in between them to show the stash of food he had brought for them. “I will take you out for lunch. This is something to put in my stomach for now.”

“My mother told you that I like lemon, didn’t she?”

“Well she announced it to the whole family when I was present.”

“I couldn’t stop drinking the lemonade,” she sheepishly laughed. “I had about three cups, I think.”

“I remember,” he told her in truth.

“You don’t really care for it though?”

“Not really,” he admitted with some level of guilt. “I think I’m too boring.”

“No, you aren’t.”

He smiled at her adorably, letting dimples crease his cheeks. “Thank you, sweetling.”

Sansa fell into his chest, feeling the crispness of his black dress shirt as he sat in the bed beside her. She still felt like this was all a dream, everything was too good to be true.
“Roose is fine with you staying over.”

“Really?”

“Well, he didn’t really have a choice,” Petyr bemused aloud. “But he won’t put up a fight.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes,” he droned out in a low tenor. “He could lose his job for this, so let’s make sure we don’t do anything stupid.” Petyr felt Sansa nod her head against his chest, which made him glance downwards with pride. “But I know you will be on your best behaviour.”

“I will.”

“I might go around my place to take back my car.”

“When?”

“After lunch,” he supposed. “Maybe even before. It’s not that far, actually.”

“Won’t she be there?”

“According to Roose she is at work.”

“Can we trust him?”

“Yes, Sansa,” he said with amusement. “We can trust him.”

“So, you will take the car and just dip.” Petyr raised both of his eyebrows at her statement. “I mean leave.”

“Slang?”

“Sort of.”

“Okay.” He lifted his left arm to stretch across the bed stand to retrieve his cup of coffee. “This coffee is not as good as the place I took you too on our date. Hey, we should go there again sometime!”

“Okay.”

Petyr smiled over the rim of his cup, letting tiny lines stretch in the corner of his eyes as he beamed at her.

“You’re happy?” Sansa observed.

“I am.”

“That makes two of us.”

“Tea?”

“Sure.” Petyr took his time to retrieve his lover’s cup, placing it in her hand while purposely dragging his fingers across of hers. “What?”

“You look so pretty,” he complimented her.
“So sweet.”

“I try,” he quipped, and leaned forward to pepper a light kiss on her sensitive cheek. They drank their beverages in silent contentment, easily sitting on top of the bed as they stared in between the thin cracks of the blinds. They had no where to go really, so they took their time enjoying their preferred beverages. “I will pick up the car before lunch… just in case.”

“Okay.”

“You pull up near my car and let me out. If anything goes wrong, under no circumstances will you come out. I’d rather you call the cops on her, than come out and try and defend me.”

“Okay.”

“Promise me.”

“I promise,” she reluctantly replied.

“And I sent the pictures to my lawyer already.” He paused once he caught Sansa’s unhappy expression. “He thinks we can make a case out of this.”

“Of her hurting me.”

“Being mentally unstable.”

“That won’t work.”

“Won’t it?” he cleverly replied. “My only worry is they will take Robin away from her if I win, and I know for a fact they won’t want me to have him.”

“Do you want him?”

“I don’t want him in a foster home.”

“Petyr, this doesn’t sound like a good idea.”

“She is insane,” he stated with a firmness to his voice. “She needs help.”

“I’m not a judge,” she argued back. “I don’t need you to convince me.”

“Lysa is sick,” he continued. “Terribly sick.”

“Okay, so you might win.” Petyr smirked at her happily, knowing his case might win after all. “But you would need evidence.”

“In time,” he relayed, before he stealthily took a sip of his coffee cup.

“What do you mean by that?”

“Oh, Sansa,” he said with glee. “This is only the beginning.”

Petyr inserted his card into the machine, waiting for the machine to recognize his residency number so the long barricade would swoop upwards and let him drive down into the deep cavern of the garage. Sansa nervously looked around, feeling like they were stealing a car even though it technically belonged to Petyr.
“Are you sure she won’t be waiting for you?”

“Lysa has more important things than waiting around a garage for me.”

“But won’t she know you will come back?”

“Yes, but she doesn’t know what time,” he reminded her, as the barricade began to move upwards.

“Or day?”

“My mother wouldn’t have told her?”

“See, that is what I thought.” He pressed down on the pedal to take him down the short ramp. “But then I thought Cat didn’t want to get involved anymore, not after she saw what Lysa did to you.”

“She wasn’t there.”

“The whole time?”

“Well, she saw me getting slapped in the face by Lysa-”

“-and did nothing,” Petyr interjected.

“She was upset.”

“I’m upset,” he retorted darkly. “I thought they would at least protect you from Lysa.”

“Does she hit Robin?”

“I don’t think that’s boy has ever been spanked.” Petyr turned the steering wheel sharply to descend another level of the garage. “Spoiled.”

“So, she isn’t violent?”

“Only to you,” he rapped out with bitterness.

“Not you?”

“No, Sansa,” he stated as fact.

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Alright.”

“All those years and you never had a child with her.”

“I lied,” he softly answered Sansa, with a purposeful turn of the head to look around the garage area.

“What?”

“I told her I had a disfunction. Low sperm count and painful to ummmm… perform.”

“So, you got away with it for all those years.”

“I went to the doctor often enough,” he said with a smug smile. “It worked.”

“You’re unbelievable.”
“You asked me a question.”

“Yes, and I’m surprised at how crafty you can be.”

Petyr slowed down the car, letting his foot press down the brakes as he reached the designated area. “I thought you knew me better than that, Sansa,” he lightly chided her, and then shut off the car radio once he spotted his parked vehicle. “I only hope she didn’t go through the glove compartment.”

“Does she have your key?”

“I leave a back-up one at our place.” Petyr set the car in park, and then unstrapped his seatbelt. “Wait here.”

Sansa rolled down the windows after he left the vehicle, trying to hear if there were any sounds of danger. Petyr swaggered over to his vehicle, pulling out his key out of his black trousers before he pressed down on a button to make the back lights flicker. Sansa watched him attentively, seeing how he carefully scanned the area and the security camera before he crept towards it. He seemed satisfied and was about to squeeze in between the small space between his car and the other before he let out a loud groan. His head went upwards to stare at the ceiling, and from the distance Sansa could tell he was beyond upset. She wanted to go out the car to see what was wrong, but she decided to heed his advice. The front door of his vehicle was abruptly opened, and the engine started up almost immediately. Slowly he backed out his car and then she could see that the side mirrors were smashed into pieces, and when he reversed out of the spot all the way the engraving of “BITCH” was scrawled so deeply into the side of the car it was beyond repair.

What is Petyr going to do now, Sansa wondered, as she watched him reverse to the right until he pulled up the car beside her. The other side of the car door said “WHORE” in all capital letters, and Sansa knew Petyr was beyond furious. He casted her a dark glower, though he did his best to contain it once his window was rolled down all the way. Sansa thought it was best to say nothing and did her best to keep her face as dead-pan as much as possible.

“Go on the driver’s side,” he barked out with a sharp wave of the hand. “We’re leaving.”

“Petyr.”

“Leaving,” he muttered, before he rolled up his window.

Sansa came out of the passenger seat, looking around carefully, and then stepped around the car to get to the driver’s side. Petyr waited until she was fully seated before he pressed down on the pedal to lead the way out of the garage area, knowing his car would cause commotion and a world of attention once they got up top.

*Lysa knew he would come back for his car.*

Petyr parked his car on the side of the road after he drove a block away from his condo. He slammed the car door behind him and went around the back of it until he stood directly in front of Sansa’s vehicle. He stared at her for a moment with half-closed lids and then stalked his way to the side to get into the passenger side of the car. Sansa immediately pulled his head into her, letting it settle over her chest as she stroked at his hair fervently. She knew he was beyond upset and was doing his best to control his emotions. “The seats are slashed in the inside,” he muttered. “It will cost me thousands to repair everything.”

“She wanted to send you a message.”

“Lysa is making this worse than it needs to be.”
“I know.”

“I can only imagine what my belongings are like,” Petyr muttered from the corner of his lip. “I’m debating going upstairs to see if I can salvage anything.”

“I don’t know… is it safe?”

“I live there.”

“I know, but Lysa-”

“-will be lucky if…” Petyr stopped himself. “I shouldn’t think such things. She is getting under my skin.”

“Hey,” Sansa called out, and tilted his head upwards until they could look at each other. “I’m right here.”

“I know,” he hushed. “Its just…”

“You are upset,” she reminded him. “Should we leave the car here and come back for it later?”

“I should take it to a garage,” he muttered. “I don’t even know if they can repair the side doors.” An audible sigh escaped him, and then he rolled his head to the side to rest it over her chest. “Sansa, I have a headache.” She soothed her fingers through his hair lovingly, trying to elevate his feelings. “The morning was so good too.”

“It was amazing,” she assured him. “You gave me something she could never have.”

“Thank you,” he mumbled. “I need your advice. What should I do?”

“Its usually the other way around,” she reminded him. “You are the mastermind behind everything.”

“I need your help, Sansa.”

“Is there anyone you can call about the car?”

“I will have to think about it,” he sighed deeply. “But I can’t leave it here.”

“Roose’s place?”

“No,” he chuckled. “I will leave it at a park for now and come back for it at night. Thankfully, the car is black.”

“No one will see the damage.”

“Its not as visible,” Petyr agreed. “I will give some people a call and see what they have to say.”

“Okay.”

“It’s a few blocks away,” Petyr informed her. “I won’t drive so fast this time.”

“It wasn’t intentional,” she acknowledged aloud. “You were embarrassed and not thinking straight.”

Petyr lifted his head upwards to kiss her lips gratefully, and then let out another sigh before he leaned his head against the side of her shoulder. She coddled the side of his head lovingly, trying her best to lift his spirits. “You mean the world to me,” he muttered, and she knew Petyr would pull through in
the end.
They were strolling hand in hand in the city square. It was an old district, but beautiful all the same. Petyr let her stop to admire some flowers at a cross walk, taking in the intricacy of the floral pink petals, the speckled design that went upwards into the center of the flower. Petyr leaned into her side, letting her marvel at nature’s beauty in silent contentment. They were on their way to a restaurant he suggested, thinking it would be nice to unwind from the day’s events and just focus on each other. Sansa lost interest eventually, turning her gaze to Petyr instead, and she felt warm with the ardent gaze he bestowed upon her. She smiled shyly at him, tilting her head slightly down for Petyr only to kiss her at the side of the temple.

“We should keep going,” he suggested in a hush voice. “Before it gets busy.”

She let him lead her by the hand, strolling over the smooth sidewalk as they passed by shops on the left side of them. They needed this, she realized, after everything they went through, they needed this tranquil moment.

They stopped at another cross walk when her phone buzzed in her pocket, making her dig out quickly to look at her caller-ID. “It’s my mom,” she sighed out heavily. “Should I answer it?”

“It’s your decision.”

Sansa let go of Petyr’s hand and departed from the crowd around them, heading to an isolated area on the corner of the street so she could lean her back against the brick wall. “Hi,” she said in a small voice.

“Hello Sansa,” her mother answered her back in a similar tone of voice. There was something wrong, she could sense it. “I called to see how you are doing?”

“I’m well,” she carefully replied, and gave a quick glance over her shoulder to see Petyr was waiting for her at the cross walk. “I’m with Petyr.”

“I know.”

“You don’t have to worry. We are fine.”

“I wanted to apologize,” she stated with firmness. “I keep thinking… I can’t get that image out of mind of Lysa hitting you. I know she lost control, but to do that…” Cat’s voice trailed away, uncertain of where her next few words would take her. “Your father said she almost choked you to
death.”

“She did.”

“He broke it up.”

“Thankfully, yes.” Sansa looked around when she heard a honking of a car ahead of her, and then looked over her shoulder again to lock eyes with Petyr. He offered her a comforting smile before he slowly strode over to her. “I have an awful bruise. Its black and yellow, and I can’t go out the house without people thinking Petyr did it.” Sansa bit down on her lip regrettably. “I thought you should know that.”

“I’m sorry, sweetie.”

“I’m half considering pressing charges on her,” Sansa confessed. “But I don’t want things to get worse between us.”

“I would prefer you to not do that,” her mother simply stated.

“But I would,” she heard a deep tenor beside her, and looked up to see Petyr giving her a meaningful look. It would work in his favour, of course, more evidence of Lysa’s psychotic behaviour.

Cat’s voice echoed loud on the phone: “Is that Petyr?”

“Yes,” Sansa admitted, and used her hand to push Petyr away from her lightly. “He just came over now.”

“Sansa! Listen to me. Let everything cool down.”

“You want me to sweep it under the rug again.”

“I don’t want you to make things worse for yourself.”

“If it was anyone else you would have asked me to go to the police station.”

“She is your aunt,” her mother pleaded. “My sister.”

Sansa rolled her eyes in defeat, knowing her mother would become more upset if she went through with it. “She vandalized Petyr’s car,” Sansa added. “It’s beyond repair.”

“Oh.”

“She is out of control, and someone has to stop her.”

“Not you.”

“I’m not scared of her… not anymore.” She looked to the left to see Petyr smiling at her wickedly. “You tell her that too.”

“I haven’t spoken to her since the day she came over.”

“Oh?” Sansa mouthed out with surprise. Petyr laid a hand over her shoulder to bring her into his form, holding her tightly as he caught small remnants of their conversation. “Is she mad at you?”

“Lord knows what is going on in her mind,” Cat sighed out. “I want you to be careful, especially when you are with Petyr.”
“I will.” Sansa knew the warning her mother was trying to give; this wouldn’t be the last bad encounter they had with Lysa.

“You should see a doctor about your neck, just in case.”

“Alright.”

“You are not prone to bruises, so I know it must have been bad.” She could hear the anger in her mother’s voice, the frustration that she wasn’t there to stop it. “Perhaps, I was wrong inviting her over,” she mused aloud. “But I wanted to teach you a lesson.”

“Oh, I learned my lesson,” Sansa said with utter sarcasm.

“Sansa, its not to late to turn around and come back home.”

“I’m not leaving Petyr.”

“Think, Sansa.”

“I am.” A tighter hold came over her, and she knew Petyr secretly feared that this would be too much for her and she would run. “I’m staying with him.”

“I think you are making a mistake.”

“Its mine to make.” Petyr tilted his head to the side to kiss the side of her temple, pressing it there repeatedly as a thank you.

“If you change your mind you are welcome home.”

Sansa wanted to argue back that she wasn’t. Her father would never forgive her for what she had done, and she would feel like a coward if she went back home to hear them all say: “I told you so.”

Her silence on the phone was duly noted by her mother and Petyr, and it wasn’t until he rubbed the side of her arm for extra comfort that she broke through her thoughts. “We are dropping the car off on Sunday. Please don’t tell Lysa.”

“I won’t.”

“Will you be there when I hand back the keys?”

“I will.”

Sansa batted her eyes sadly, knowing she missed her mother’s company. “I’m sorry for all the pain I caused you,” she related softly. “If I could… I only wish there was another way.”

“So do I.”

“I have to go,” Sansa lied. “I will see you on Sunday afternoon.”

“Morning, preferably. No one will be home then.”

“Sunday morning,” Sansa clarified, and with that she offered a soft goodbye before she hung up the phone.

Petyr watched her pocket her cellphone sadly and placed a kiss on the side of her sensitive cheek to cheer her up.
“It was nice that she called,” Sansa mumbled.

“She cares for you.”

“I know.”

“You will see her Sunday,” he reminded her gently.

“I know,” was stated in a more sober voice this time. Petyr positioned himself in front of her to peck his lips against her, a few chaste kisses before he moved his head back to watch her changing expression.

“You need something in your stomach.”

“Okay.”

“It will be alright, sweetling.” He offered her his arm, and away they went back to the crosswalk so they could return to their normal route.

Petyr was slicing his knife into a delicious looking salmon fillet when she felt his lingering stare. She stopped her sipping of water to look up at him, locking eyes with him instantly.

“Why didn’t you tell me you consider pressing charges?”

“Because it came into my head when we were walking down the city streets, but I didn’t want to do it.”

“Why?”

“Make a mess of things.”

“It could help me.”

“I know,” she admitted. “But not everything is about you.” She watched how Petyr’s hand froze over his salmon, how he looked pained by her words. “I never meant to sound so cruel,” she quickly retracted. “Its only…”

“You are worried,” he finished for her. “About the consequences.”

“Yes.”

“You weren’t worried when we carried on our affair.”

“I did, but I simply didn’t care.”

“But you care now.”

“The legalities.”

“You simply go in and tell them what happens,” he remonstrated. His fork lifted up the tender looking fillet, letting steam rise in the air just in front of his face. “What if she does it again? You let this slip through, and what is stopping her from doing it a second time.”

“You’ll protect me.”

“I will do my best, but you know how Lysa is.” Petyr chewed on his food miserably, turning his
head away with a look of regret. She felt that Lysa was ruining the moment again, so she stretched forward to take a hold of Petyr’s hand. “I don’t want to argue with you.”

“We are not arguing,” she remonstrated. “We are discussing.”

“Will you at least consider what I have to say?”

“As long as you know that this affair will go public if I give tell the police exactly what happened.”

“It’s a risk I’m willing to take,” he said with a smug smile. “After lunch then?”

“Sure,” she weakly replied, still unsure if this was the right decision.

“Only if you want too.”

“I only wish all of our problems would go away.”

“They never will,” he assured her. “But I will be at your side the whole way through.” Sansa smiled at him beautifully, a thing that made Petryr’s eyes gleam excitebly. “Eat your food, love,” he urged her quickly, and then released his hand so he could return to his lunch once more.

He went to the restroom a few minutes later, giving Sansa an opportunity to pull out her phone. She saw a message from Jeyne asking where she was and felt guilty that she skipped a lecture once again. Jeyne deserved to know the truth, but for now she stated it was another family emergency and left it at that. The details would be better in person, rather than a brief message through text. Another message was sent by her mother sometime after she called Sansa, a reminder that she could contact her at anytime if she needed anything. Sansa was relieved she was not cut out of their lives, completely, she could only suppose the space was necessary to heal.

She logged onto the restaurant wifi to see she received a message from her work friend, Missandei. A series of heart emojis was her friend’s sole answer. Sansa quickly texted back: “I will tell you about him at work tomorrow,” so they had something to look forward too. This mystery man had suddenly returned to his seat, flapping up his napkin before he laid it over his lap.

“Your smiling?”

“I was telling a friend about you.”

“Ah,” he said through a barely parted mouth.

“She covered my shift last night so I could come get you. I owe her one.”

“How did your manager react to see me friskily touching you in the parking lot last time?”

“Oh,” Sansa answered him with a crooked smile. “She doesn’t bring it up, but she looks at me a certain way.”

“Not a good one?”

“No.”

“I really didn’t do anything,” he chuckled. “I only kissed you on the cheek.”

“Yeah, but it wasn’t an innocent one.”

“Rarely is,” he commented lightly, as he scooped up wild rice. She had marveled at his diet, it was
supremely healthy, it was no wonder he was so fit for his age.

“Are you still not talking to her grand-daughter?”

“Marg… no.”

“You never told me what happened?”

“She slept with Harry,” Sansa find herself spitting out with a look of hatred. “After I did! The very next day to be exact.”

“Harry… the drunk guy?”

“At the party,” Sansa said with uneasiness. “I had a crush on him for the longest time, and he liked me, but it never worked and-”

“I thought you liked me,” Petyr cut in slyly.

“Oh, I did!” Sansa shouted out across the table. “Always!”

“But you said you liked Harry?” Petyr pointed out with something of a smirk.

“You were unattainable,” Sansa explained. “I thought I could never have you.”

“But you do now.”

“Yes, Petyr,” she sweetly replied with squinted eyes. “I got what I wanted.”

“Me.” He was teasing her, liking the way Sansa expressed her true feelings about him. “But go on with your story.”

“Oh, well he was sort of flip-floppy.” Sansa fidgeted with the small dinner roll at the side of her plate. “He liked me and Marg at the same time, so it was a bit of a competition. The thing is she usually gets the guys because she is easier.”

“And you’re not.”

“I was a virgin until I slept with Harry,”

“I know.” Sansa poked a small hole into her dinner role, trying to hide her true feelings from Petyr. “There is nothing to be ashamed of,” he reminded her.

“I had it in my head it would be so good, and it was done before we even started. It was terrible.”

“Drunk.”

“He just stumbled out of the room, and then threw up all over the staircase a few minutes later.”

“Very drunk.”

“You won’t tell anyone, will you?”

“No, Sansa.”

“And then Marg had a go at him and kept boasting about how good it was.” Sansa crossed her arms tightly across her chest in jealousy. “He was her side thing. She never did like Harry.”
“And that is what ended your friendship.”

“Yeah.”

“Does she know the reason you don’t talk anymore?”

“Oh, I told her,” Sansa said with something of a smile. “I was very loud and clear about it.”

“Then there it is.”

“I feel silly telling you this.” Sansa broke the bread roll apart and placed a small piece into her mouth. She lowered her gaze in embarrassment, it was the first time she really told anyone about the fall out with her best friend. She continued to lower her gaze until she felt safe enough to lift them again, feeling the softness of Petyr’s grey-green eyes as he watched her. “You won’t judge me, will you?”

“How could I?”

“I don’t know,” she meekly replied.

“We’ve all had our hearts broken.”

“Have you?”

“Oh, I’m not sure,” he half lied. “Seeing you and knowing nothing could happen was the closest thing to it.” He picked up his napkin and laid it over the side of the table. “Does that count?”

“Sure.”

“You don’t believe me?”

“No, I do,” she answered him with more confidence this time. She enjoyed her food more, feeling a tremendous weight off her shoulders now that she had confessed the truth. “I used to tell Marg about you all the time. I made an oath that she would never get to see you, cause I feared she would take you away from me.”

“That would never happen.”

“Oh, she can be charming when she is ready.”

“Not going to happen,” Petyr repeated with a side-eyed look, since he noticed their waitress was approaching their table. “Bill would be great,” he answered her, and then took to folding his napkin neatly until it looked like he had never used it at all.

“You don’t look jet-lagged.”

“I feel it a bit.”

“Still… I can hardly tell.”

“The sleep helped.”

“I like watching you sleep.”

A quirk of his lip went upwards, and then he rested his elbow on the table to hold up his head. “What else do you like?”
Sansa bit down at her lip guilty. “What we did this morning.”

“I liked it too.”

Sansa averted her gaze from him, knowing if they continued to talk this way, they would end up doing it again. “Anyways…”

Petyr’s voice was silky as he uttered: “I enjoyed it.”

“Same.” Her eyes flickered upwards, instantly connecting with the man across the table from her. She caught a sliver of his tongue hanging down the side of his mouth, making his bottom lip moist before he brought it back in. Tenseness fell over the table, and she feared what would happen next.

“Its good I have you all to my self now,” he droned in a monotone voice.

Sansa felt his heated gaze, the haunting desire that was consuming him. She wished his tongue didn’t have to appear again, knowing where he would lay it against if she let him. “Do you know if Roose snores loudly?”

“No. Why?”

“I was hoping he would muffle out our sounds.”

Sansa twirled her fork around the spaghetti noodles, trying her best to keep her composure when her mind was running away with her.

“I think you can be quiet.”

“Its too bad we gave back the key to the hotel,” Sansa deliberated aloud.

“Pity,” he answered her in a lower tenor. Sansa bit down on her lip and looked away from him, forcing her gaze to take in the people seated at the other tables in the restaurant.

Footsteps captured her attention, and she glanced upwards to see the waitress laying the cheque in front of Petyr. He immediately reached into his pocket to pull out his wallet, grumbling that he only had foreign cash at his disposal. A credit card was handed to her, and he quickly punched in his pin to pay the bill.

The waitress left them as quietly as she came, and then Petyr rose out of his seat with his body language suggesting he was ready to go. Sansa thanked him politely for their lunch, showing appreciation even when it wasn’t needed. Petyr was quick to take a hold of her hand, leading her down the main area to take them to the front door. “Are you alright going to the police station?” he questioned her.

“You really want me too.”

“I think its best,” he assured her, after he held the door open for her.

“If I do… we can never go back to the way things were.”

“Its your decision.”

Sansa stepped out into the sunlight, marveling at the fine summer’s day. A heavy sigh escaped her as she reflected on what Petyr had said, the opportunity was in front of hers, but would she take it?

“What are you thinking?” he inquired, making his voice so soft she could barely hear it. Petyr stood
in front of her, letting their hands dangle in between them.

“I’ll do it,” she said with some regret.

“I don’t want to force you.”

“It will make things easier.” She sighed out quickly and let go of his hand to let her arms wrap around the back of his neck. “For the divorce and all.”

Petyr laid a hand on either side of her hips, bringing her closer with a look that showed he wanted to kiss her.

“I feel like we going to war with her.”

“She doesn’t want us together,” Petyr reminded her. “There is no other way.”

“I suppose.”

“You do see it that way, don’t you?”

“No, you are right,” she relented. “We really have no choice.”

“We always have a choice,” he remonstrated. “Its about making the right one for us.”

“I’ll do it,” Sansa resolved, and with that Petyr pulled out his phone to look up the nearest police station.

They were seated outside of the police station, resting over the edge of the sidewalk on a quiet street. Sansa was silent, not wanting to speak at the moment, even though she knew Petyr wanted her to voice her thoughts aloud. The process was painless, but she felt an emotional low by the end of it.

She found herself agreeing to press charges against her Aunt. The personal nature of their relationship made it difficult for Lysa to have jail time, but she would still get arrested by the police. It would be impossible for her to be convicted for assault, but Petyr mentioned it would at least give Lysa a restraining order.

She trusted Petyr to follow up with his lawyer, knowing he would call him once he was certain Sansa had calmed down.

“Well…” Sansa stammered out. “I guess I did the right thing.”

“You did.”

“I will need a lawyer.”

“I will call mine and get you a reference.” He placed a hand over her lower back as he mentioned: “I’ll pay for it.”

“You don’t have too.”

“I will.”

She turned her head to him, examining his facial features to see how resolved he was to take care of her. His face was clear, lines smoothed out to the point she could see the lightness of his eyes as he gazed at her. Petyr reached forward to cup her cheek, leaning forward to encapsulate her lips. She
fell into him, kissing him back to feel some sense of security. It was all so much, the knowledge that
the police were on their way to arrest Lysa at work, and it was all her fault. Petyr deepened their
kisses, making her lose her train of thought. She could feel his hand slip around her back, the
arousing feeling of his fingers digging into her skin as he pulled her closer. His other hand lightly
scraped along the side of her neck, remembering she was in pain before he slipped it behind her
neck. Desire was felt with every touch, and she was loving it. He parted their lips slowly, moving
backwards so he could take a good look at her. “Thank you,” he muttered, with his lips so moist she
wanted to kiss him again.

She nodded her head in reply, knowing Petyr was thanking her for so many things at that moment.  
“We should go.”

Petyr pecked a small kiss on the corner of her ear, and then helped Sansa rise off the edge of the
sidewalk. “Roose won’t be home until a couple more hours.”

“We can roam around the city,” Sansa suggested. “You can take me to that coffee shop again.”

Petyr took her hand with expectation, looking pleased that Sansa was so eager to go to his favourite
spot. “I’ll drive.”

“Okay,” she said with eagerness. It was best to lay low for a little bit, drama would blow up in
everyone’s faces and Sansa knew in her heart it was best to enjoy their falsified peacefulness while it
lasted.
Reality

Chapter Summary

A visit to Roose Bolton's house sheds some light to the chaos unraveling in Petyr's former workplace, including the current state of Lysa's madness. To add to the drama, Petyr finds out that him staying over at Roose's house will come at a cost. Will he give in to Roose's demands, or will Petyr make a rash decision to break his alliance with the only friend he has left.

Chapter Notes

I'm back! Long absence I know, but school has been crazy :( Speaking of crazy, this chapter reveals a little bit more of Lysa's madness hehehehe

Roose Bolton was a fun one to write, only because I have never written him in any of my other stories. He was a fun character to counter-act against Petyr, so hopefully he will crop up in this story for one more time (who knows).

On a final note, the rhythm of my writing felt a little off today. Its probably because I am burnt out from school / Hopefully you don't notice it, and if you do then rest assure it is only a momentary weakness. I have no school next week, which means I can get back to the rhythm of writing multiples stories again. Yayyy! Anyways, enjoy this chapter.

Much love,

petyrbaaaeeelish

Sansa was nearly asleep when Petyr pulled up to an unknown driveway, her head tilted slightly to catch only a glimpse of a quaint house. Petyr turned down the stereo, letting out a relieved sigh as he gently nudged Sansa on her shoulder. “We’re here,” he murmured, feeling rather guilty for stirring her awake from her restful slumber.

Sansa used the back of her hand to rub her closed lids, trying to break herself out of her drowsy state. It had been a long day, eventful, but long and now all she wanted was to curl up into a ball and fall asleep.

“Are you alright?” her lover asked of her, nudging her a little more so she could turn her gaze to him. “You want to wait in the car?”

“No, I’ll come,” she assured him in a tired voice. “Give me a moment.”

Petyr directed his gaze ahead, taking in the small driveway that only allotted two cars. The sleek black car was a sharp contrast to her old silver one, it was years older and had taken more of a beating than Roose’s. “Take your time,” Petyr offered out after he shut off the engine. “There’s no rush.”
“It’s just for a night, right?”

“Yeah.”

Sansa moved her body forward, straining her eyes to take in the bleak front yard that told her nothing of its occupant. There was no garden in front of it, or decorations to give Roose’s drab little house any personality. It was bland and lifeless, although Sansa did admit it was kept neat with a freshly swept pathway and low, leveled grass that the owner had obviously cut down. The sound of a seat unbuckling caught Sansa’s attention, making her eyes avert to Petyr with a curious gaze. “I’m awake,” she assured him, since she could read the question posed in his eyes. “I’m sorry, I’m just—”

“-don’t apologize,” he interrupted. “We did a lot of walking today.”

“Yeah,” she weakly replied, remembering how they walked through half of the city this afternoon.

“Let’s leave our stuff here for now,” he suggested lightly. “Just in case.”

“You think he will turn us away?”

“Lysa was supposed to be arrested this afternoon,” Petyr reminded her with extra care. “I’d say Roose will have some second thoughts about housing me.”

Sansa bit down on her bottom lip guiltily, knowing she had something to do with it. “Maybe I should stay…”

“No, come.” Petyr pushed open the driver’s door and dropped his feet down on the grey pavement. “It will be better this way.”

“Alright.”

Sansa was the first to come out of the car, feeling a spurt of energy now that she realized how much was at stake. She wasn’t sure if she was supposed to put on the charm, but she didn’t like the idea of Roose Bolton turning her and Petyr away. The sound of the car chirping assured them the car doors were locked, and then Petyr reached out his hand to take his lovers. She knew he was nervous; it was evident by his silence as they walked up the tiled pathway that led to the front of the house. There was the sound of children playing down the street, a steady bouncing of a basketball gave some life to their dim surroundings. Petyr was the first to walk up the three grey steps, continuing to hold Sansa’s hand to assure her that everything would be alright. A heavy knock resounded on the wooden door, and then he took a step back with a tiny sigh. He offered Sansa a smile that did not reach his eyes, and then tightened his hold over her hand for extra assurance. The door suddenly opened, a tall man with a pale face and dark hazel eyes glared at them with suspicion.

“Hello Roose.”

“Petyr.”

“How are you?”

“Tired,” he quipped, while he turned a hardened gaze to Sansa. “So, you’re the girl everyone’s been talking about.” Roose maintained his hold on the other side of the doorway, revealing his confliction in letting the couple pass through his door. “She looks like Lysa.”

“No,” Petyr stated in a steely voice. “She looks nothing like her.”

“It could be the hair.”
“The only resemblance, I assure you.”

“Hmmm,” He mumbled with closed lids. He blinked slowly, a tiny gesture before he turned his gaze to his former co-worker. “I suppose you heard about Lysa.”

“It depends.”

“Arrested.”

“Yes.”

“Came to her office and the next thing I heard she walked out of there handcuffed.” A tiny quirk of his lip went upward as he added, “Apparently she was putting up a fight.”

“With an officer?” Sansa asked with disbelief.

“That’s what I heard.”

“She’s mad,” Petyr quipped with slight amusement. “Fighting back with officers.”

“Tywin wants to be rid of her,” Roose boldly stated. “And if the time comes, I will side with him.”

“As if anyone will side with Lysa,” Petyr answered with obvious glee. “Are we going to continue our conversation out here, or will you let us come inside?”

“Its for one night?” he asked with open hesitation. “I’ll have your word.”

“I give you my word,” Petyr replied with his right hand raised in open surrender.

“It shouldn’t even let you stay for a single night,” he gruffly responded as he held open the door.

“Take off your shoes and leave it on the mat.”

“Okay.” Petyr was the first to step inside, letting his hand release from Sansa for a moment to hold open the door. “Thanks again, Roose.” There was no answer from his former co-worker, but Petyr chose to ignore that small fact. “I trust you didn’t let anyone know about my whereabouts.”

“You think I would tell Lysa?” Roose questioned him with a raised voice. His arms were crossed over his broad chest, his eyes keenly watching Petyr and Sansa remove their shoes. “You know I can hardly stand her.”

“Imagine being married to her.”

“I just have to look at you,” Roose replied with dry witticism. “You can have my son’s bed. He isn’t around this weekend.”

“Oh.”

“Staying at his girlfriend’s place, its about a two-hour drive from here.” Roose narrowed his eyes at Petyr with deliberation as he added, “I won’t have to regret anything will I?” He relaxed his eyes a bit as he added, “Letting the two of you share the same bed.”

“You won’t hear a sound,” Petyr answered the man in front of him with a terrible smirk. Roose grimaced at the man with ash on his temple, showing his disapproval of Petyr’s witticism.

“I better not,” Roose warned, and then turned away from the couple with a hint of discomfort. “Have you eaten yet?”
“Sansa and I have already had dinner.”

“I haven’t.” Roose was walking down the hallway, with his hands deep inside of his black work pants. There was a laid-back ambiance about him now, as he slowly strolled towards the kitchen. “Might have left-overs.” It wasn’t until he was inside of the kitchen that he stood in front of a long countertop and crossed his arms at his two guests. “Why should I let you stay here?”

“Because we’re friends,” Petyr answered in him a sharp raspy voice.

Roose nodded his head in open disagreement. “No.”

“You’ve changed your mind. Why?”

“My job will be on the line.”

“How exactly? No one will know.”

“I should hope so.” As staring contest ensued between the two men, while Sansa stood to the side awkwardly watching the whole thing.

Stannis was the first to break his gaze, turning around to retrieve a pot from underneath a cabinet. It slammed into the bottom of the empty sink; a sharp pouring of water soon followed to fill up the pot.

“I don’t think its your job that’s bothering you,” Petyr drawled out.

“We worked together for six years,” Roose reasoned in a steady voice. “All that time you and I have crossed paths, and what did you offer me?”

“We aren’t even in the same district, Roose.”

“Exactly.” The tap shut off with a heavy hand, and then he slowly turned his head with a dark look about him.

“We had to suffer the same fate,” Petyr reasoned with a careful step forward. “All those long conferences, that agonizing pain of hearing Tywin drone on-”

“I have a good job, Petyr,” he sharply interrupted. “Oh, this house might be small, but there is more to life than big houses. You know that as well as I.” It was Stannis turn to step forward, bringing his face forward to intimate him. “I have a large savings, and I would like to keep it that way.”

“Your job isn’t in danger,” Petyr assured him. “If it worries you that much, then we will leave.”

Roose lowered his head in deliberation, wearing a long frown as he mused over the careful situation. “Stay for now. We have things to discuss.”

“What kind of things?”

“The company and the opening of your position.” Roose turned his back to Petyr, retrieving his pot to set it upon the oven. There was a tense silence, a moment of hesitation as Petyr’s lip quivered with anger. “I have been told your job pays well.”

“It does.”

“I’m considering applying for the position.” Roose grabbed a hold of a cutting board and firmly placed it on the countertop. A shrill of a knife cut through the air, and soon the silver metal flickered in the last of the sunlight.
“I’m not sure if you are fully qualified for it.” The knife was flatly placed on the cutting board, and then the dry harsh sound of palms rubbing against the other could be heard as Roose’s back was still to Petyr.

“Tywin may disagree with you.”

“Tywin would not put you in my position.”

“From what I heard…” Roose turned around with a dangerous look in his eyes. “He was not pleased with you taking extra advances while you were in Taiwan.”

“Tywin is closed minded!” Petyr spat out pridefully. “The people there were open to my idea of bridging alliances between Lion’s Bank and theirs. I was so close… so close to bridging a successful alliance, but Lysa had to come in the way.”

“Lysa?” Roose stepped forward, closing in the gap between his opponent. “You blame Lysa for what happened.”

Petyr rolled his shoulders backwards defensively. “It was her that fired me.”

“It was you that broke your marriage and slept with her!” Roose shouted out with a pointed finger at Sansa. “If you hadn’t engaged in this affair you would still be having a job, and not standing in my kitchen because you have nowhere else to go.”

“I made my decision, Roose, and I don’t regret it.”

“Regret,” the man echoed back to him. “Regret is a dangerous thing.” He moved away from Petyr to open the fridge door. Half a bag of potatoes was pulled out of the bottom shelf, and then tossed over the countertop just next to the cutting board. “Tywin regretted his decision in letting you go.”

“As he should.”

“Though he disagreed with your methods, it was clear you were effective.” A strong hand balled up an entire potato and placed it over the wooden cutting board with careful precision. “But I might be able to change his mind.”

“You will have big shoes to fill,” Petyr pointed out with half a smile. “I wish you luck in your endeavours.”

“You don’t think I can do it.” The smirk on Petyr’s face grew wider, and when he tilted his head to the left to look at Sansa he knew his point will come across. “I’ll prove you wrong, Baelish.”

Petyr shifted his feet closer to Sansa, bringing his hand outwards until he could connect it with hers. “Something tells me staying here won’t be free.”

“I want you to tell me everything I need to do to succeed.” Roose looked down to slice the potato in half, the sharp sound of the blade grinding against the wood could be heard once he was done.

“It’s quite simple really,” Petyr said in jest. “You would have to be me.”

“You forget there was another one that was the head of the financial department before you.”

“Yes, there was,” Petyr replied from the corner of his lip. “Isn’t that right, Sansa?”

She looked down with a sense of guilt as she uttered: “My Uncle.”
“Uncle Jon,” Petyr drawled out with glee. “At least I know which Uncle you prefer.” He released a hold of her hand to stroke her arm deftly, making her feel alive again by his touch.

A sharp sound of the knife against the wood attracted their attention. “I have no care for sentimental words, especially in this household.” A crunching of a plastic bag was soon followed, as Roose dug a handful of smaller potatoes out of the bag to cut it up for his dinner. “I ask that you kindly leave it at the door.”

“You’re as cold as ever,” Petyr blurted out as he maintained his gaze on Sansa.

“Will you take up my offer?”

“What do you want to know?”

“Any insight.”

“On?”

“The running’s of your office, the clientele, and…”

“Yes?”

“When the time comes, what to say for the interview.”

“With Tywin?” Petyr piped up with a certain level of excitement. “I wish I was a fly on the wall to watch that. Roose, listen to me! You have no qualifications. You were hired to work in the security sectors, and somehow you managed to climb your way up.”

“Just like you!”

“Yes, just like me,” Petyr quickly replied. “Except I went to school for this kind of thing! I’ve been working at the company for nine years and only in the last four years have I managed to be one of the heads at Lion’s Bank.”

Roose bent his head low as he sliced into the rugged brown potato, revealing the top of his head where he was just balding. He sliced into his food silently, an uncomfortable silence filled the air. Sansa took a hold of Petyr’s hand, wanting to comfort him in his time of need. Fern green eyes connected with her own sea blue, allowing a sudden wave of peacefulness to fall over them.

“That position is in my sight,” Roose droned in a low tone of voice. “The office is right down the hall, a few steps away. I wonder why you don’t think I am fit to have it?”

“And I wonder why you are so determined to have it!” Petyr shot back with a sense of irritation. “You do realize I was wrongfully fired. I have half a mind to take them to court.”

“Aye, I thought the same thing,” he unexpectedly replied. “But I heard you were well compensated.”

“Define well.” Petyr’s eyes darkened substantially as he directed his hardened gaze to his former co-worker. “Nine-month compensation is nothing for what I will have to go through! Fired from a prestigious bank without a reasonable explanation.”

“You fucked her niece.”

Petyr smirked at Roose unexpectedly, a strange glimmer crossed through his darkened eyes. “I did.” He pulled Sansa’s hand to send her jolting into his body. “I don’t know what disillusion has come over you, Roose, but you are not fit for that position. You have no experience, no qualifications, and...”
though I admire your ambition…” Petyr paused when Roose turned around with his knife still in his hand. “…for I have had the very same not so long ago.”

“I’d say you are as slippery as a fish, Baelish, but you’re not like that.” The silver-sheened knife he held in his hand was now positioned in front of his chest, his index finger resting over the tip of the sharp blade. “Too good with your words. You have a silver tongue.”

“A silver tongue that reaps gold, Bolton,” Petyr gibed from the corner of his lip.

“I will reap more than gold,” the man swore to him. “I will do more than you and Jon Arryn have ever done combined.”

“And take Tywin Lannister’s place no doubt.” Petyr took a large step back. “Every ambitious move is a gamble.” He slyly pulled at Sansa’s hand to bring her closer to his side. “If you want that position than I wish you luck. As for me, I am more than happy with what I have.”

“And what is that?”

“To be rid of Lysa,” Petyr relayed in a deeply raspy voice. “And to attain something far more beautiful than I could ever imagine.”

“I shall have gold and you shall have her.” Roose outstretched his left hand to lay the knife upon the cutting board. “Now, will you help me?”

“I have reconsidered your proposal.” A sneaky look came across his face, the kind that Sansa was unused to seeing. “To stay here would mean I give you advice to succeed in my position, but you see, how can I offer you advice when I intend to take Lion’s Bank down? I have been unjustly fired from my position, and I intend to make this injustice known to the world.” A mischievous smirk came over him. “What they gave me will be pennies compared to what I will take from them, and I will make Lysa pay for this… for everything.”

“Revenge?”

“Revenge, Bolton.” Petyr pulled Sansa into his chest, so he could wrap a long arm around her mid-section. “Revenge of the purest.”

Petyr drove his car off the side of the road once something caught his eyes. The engine turned off, and he quickly opened his door to go around the back of the car to get to the passenger’s seat. “Put on a light sweater,” he instructed in a tired voice, and then burst open the back seat to retrieve some extra clothing. The sun was nearly setting, though it lingered longer than usual on this warm summer’s evening.

A light spring grey spring jacket was thrown over his shoulders, followed by a dark shade of sunglasses. “Why are we pulling over?”

“You in a rush?”

“Petyr, we are in the middle of nowhere.”

The back door slammed shut and soon he was standing right in front of her. “We are on the outskirts of the suburbs,” he told her with a whimsical smile. “Another twenty-minute drive and we are in the country.”

“And that’s where you want to go?”
“I want to find a place to stay,” he reasoned. “And I don’t want it anywhere near Lysa. I googled a motel that is not too far off. We can stay there for the night.”

“A Motel?”

“Sansa, we just left the suburbs! There was no where to stay. Don’t you trust me?”

“Yes.”

He brought her hand to his lips, kissing the back of it with a steady gaze. “It will be alright.”

“Okay, but why did you pull over?”

“I saw that lake over there and thought it would be nice to just relax for a moment.” He dropped her hand down to be leveled to their waist. “To talk.”

“You’re worried about Roose.”

“I have a lot of things on my mind,” he confessed to her. “You have a flashlight in case we get lost in the dark? I don’t intend to stay here long, but still?”

“Yeah, and I’ll get my first-aid kit just in case.” Petyr let her go to retrieve the things from her trunk, slightly relieved that Sansa would go along with his spontaneous plan. He walked down the graveled path as he waited for her, taking in the conservation sign that detailed the great extent of the pathway that started from the suburbs into the uncharted country. The man-made lake could be seen off in the distance, so he knew it would be another five-minute walk until they could find a nice place to sit. Sansa appeared at his side suddenly with a flashlight in hand, and he smiled at the careful look she gave him. “Let’s go.”

“Okay, sweetling.”

The gravel underneath their shoes crunched softly, a tiny chirping of a grasshopper could be heard as they trailed down the narrow pathway. A soft gust of wind blew at the side of them, but it was gentle enough to not disturb the lovers. Petyr strung a long arm around the back of her neck, bringing her body into him as they trekked downhill. “I locked the door.”

“Thank you, Sansa.”

“You have a lot of things on your mind,” she relayed. “You are too quiet.”

“I was thinking about starting a case against Lion’s Bank,” he answered her grievously. “And all the other cases that are going on around us.”

“Divorce.”

“And the criminal one against Lysa.” He pulled out his cellphone from his back pocket. “You haven’t heard from the police yet, have you?”

“Not yet.”

“Christ,” he cursed. “I feel like everything is falling over our shoulders all at once.”

“Petyr! You are doing the right thing.”

“I know.”
Sansa was raising up her free hand to swat at the intruding mosquitoes. She was thankful that Petyr had the insight to tell her to put on a light sweater.

“Have you heard from your parents?”

“My phone has been silent,” she told him in truth. “Nothing.”

“I have the same thing.” A deep sigh escaped him as he added, “It feels weird not talking to Robin.”

“You can’t call him though.”

“Oh, I know that.”

“Do you think he will ever forgive you?” Sansa paused her continual swatting at mosquitoes to lay a heavy hand on Petyr’s chest. “Forgive us?”

“When he is older,” Petyr deliberated aloud. “I see a bench for us to sit on.” The black bench glittered in the golden rays of light; it was situated right next to the bank of the artificial lake, and it was there that a family of geese where swimming towards them. “I have no food,” Petyr laughed out sadly.

“They are still coming,” Sansa chuckled, after she took a place next to Petyr. “I can see the moon too.”

“Yeah, it’s coming up early.” Petyr brought her into his chest, encouraging Sansa to rest her head upon his shoulder. A natural silence fell over them as they stared at the natural surroundings, hearing the dam not to far ahead streaming loudly as it controlled the water level of the man-made lake. The squawk of geese distracted the couple, letting their eyes fall over the little family that was padding over the water. Sansa breathed in the fresh air, hoping to clear her head as a thousand worries coursed through her. “I was thinking…” Petyr paused to lick the bottom of his lip. “There’s an old cottage I bought out a few years back, long before I married Lysa. I haven’t been to it in a while, but I still own it.” He turned his head to take a good look at his partner. “It will need a good clean up, but we could stay there for a while.”

“Is it far?”

“Outside of the city, about an hour’s drive.”

“Petyr, I have school.”

“I know.”

“That would take me ages.”

“I know, love.” Sansa looked down once she felt Petyr’s fingers prodding against hers; they interlaced together naturally, and then he rested their joined hands on the top of his leg. “But its something.”

“Will Lysa think of looking for us there?”

“She despised the place.”

“So, that means no?”

“We will be safe.”
“Could we go there tomorrow?”

“I was going to take you to see my father,” he reminded her gently. “And you have work in the evening.”

“After that.”

“It will be late then.”

“You don’t like driving in the dark?” Sansa teased before she turned her gaze away from him. “I think the geese finally gave up.”

“They were quite determined,” he said as a distraction, since the family of geese began to swim in the opposite direct of them. “But I don’t want to take you to that cottage in the dead of night, especially when I don’t know what to expect.”

“Rats,” Sansa taunted, which brought a groan from the man beside him. “It feels like we are starting over.”

“We are, Sansa.”

“As long as I am with you than I’m happy.”

Petyr inched his face forward pleadingly, silently begging for a kiss until she gave in. Petyr’s lips were hot against hers, demanding, and like a powerful wave his lips were crashing down on hers without restrain. A hand hooked over her far shoulder, bringing her entire body in his direction. So many time’s she dreamed of moments like these when they were apart, but now she was able to enjoy them. There was no lust in his kisses, more of mournful longingness that was hard to put in words. She felt the depth of his feelings in his touch. She was intoxicated by his smell when he was that close, the taste of his mouth that was hot against hers, the way his fingers weaved around the smooth fabric of her sweater as he trailed over her form. Lips parted for a moment to simply gaze into each other’s eyes, a fanciful feeling was felt at the bottom of her stomach when she looked at him.

“Looking at you makes it all worth it,” Petyr promised her. “I would give everything in my power…” he muttered from the corner of his mouth. “The entire world to be with you.” The hoods of his eyes closed soberly, taking a moment to truly breathe in the moment. “Roose will never understand what he is asking for. I know this isn’t a loss for me. You, Sansa, are the best thing that ever happened to me. I want you by my side… always.”

“Petyr, you have me.” Her hand rose upwards to cup the side of his cheek, tilting his head in a way to see all of the emotions betrayed in his eyes.

“I want you to be happy,” he sighed, before he lowered his gaze away from his chosen partner.

“You have.”

“Things aren’t working out well for the both of us, is it?”

“We will find a place to stay.”

“I only wish your parents didn’t force you out the house at this time of…” He grimaced slightly as he concluded: “Instability.”

“Its better this way.”
“You think?”

“You really think father would let you come visit me? He would do everything in his power to separate us? Lysa would do everything in her power! Believe me, Petyr this is for the best.”

He scratched the side of his head meditatively. “I’ll show you the cottage on Sunday, and then from there we can make plans. And don’t worry, I will drive you to school on Monday.”

“Oh, I have so many things due on that day,” Sansa fretted with her eyes closed with regret. “So many things on my mind.”

“Imagine doing your homework where you will be sitting on the side of a lake… a real lake.” He smiled at her with obvious amusement. “With a plate of lemon cake at your side.”

“Petyr,” she cooed softly, knowing he was doing everything he could to ensure her happiness.

“Let me do the cleaning! I want you to relax and once you are settled, my love, we will begin talks of finding a place for ourselves before the winter comes. I expect you will want a place located close to your school.”

“I won’t be there long.” Sansa let her fingers glide over the shining strands of greys in his hair. “I’ll graduate soon enough.”

“I can rent an apartment for the last few months you are there.”

“But you don’t like living in that sort of place! I remember you told me about how much you disliked your condo.”

“Its true that I was unhappy…” Petyr droned before his voice trailed off completely.

“I want you to choose a place that you truly love, Petyr, and not because it will make my life easier.”

“In that case give me time, and I will find us a home that will make us happy.” He used his hand to tilt her head downwards and followed it with a dry kiss to her brow that was filled with reverence. “And when the divorce is finally over, you Sansa, shall be my wife.”
Dad

Chapter Summary

Petyr introduces Sansa to his father, a significant event that brings them closer together.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sansa knew that the man undercovers with her had always thought that she was beautiful, but sometimes she wondered if Petyr knew she felt the exact same way about him. His dark brown hair was matted on one side, proving he moved around the bed at some point last night. The brightness of his silver temples glowed in the warm sunlight, shining beautifully with its marvelous shade of grey. The edges of his jawline had tiny bristles of hair coming in; she knew a close shave would take it away, but she would miss that rugged look about him. Sansa sat up to take a better look at him, letting her eyes take in the sharp cheekbone, the perfect trimness to his goatee, the distinctive shape of his nose as he laid there sleeping. She almost hoped Petyr would open his eyes so she could see that marvelous colour, that enchanting shade of green with specks of silvery grey. A hand reached up to drag her fingers through his smooth locks, and before she knew it, she was kissing the side of his cheek deeply. Petyr let out a tiny groan from closed lips, slowly waking up by his partner’s gentle caress.

“Morning,” she cooed out slowly, before she drew herself forward with her lips hovering over the corner of his mouth. She wanted him to turn his head to meet her in the middle, an awkward moment subsided until Petyr finally opened his eyes to see her. “Kiss me,” she murmured, and he tilted the back of his head across the pillow until his lips could connect with hers. A tired hand dragged up her bare back, stealthily resting between her thin white t-shirt and her bare skin. Petyr must have woken up because he started to kiss her seductively, pressing his face hard against hers as he dug in for more. Sansa shifted herself atop of him, having no shame as she dug her nails into his scalp as a silent request for more. Their legs rubbed against each other, each begging for more, Petyr had his fill and began to pull up Sansa’s t-shirt over her belly and chest. They paused only for her shirt to be removed completely, sending her bedhead aflame as it flung out violently in the sunlight. Petyr licked his lips at this woman atop of him; the girl of his dreams leaned forward until their faces were just hovering over each other. A strong hand propped itself on the side of her face, cupping the side of Sansa’s cheek until his fingers rested at the back of her head. They stared at each other for a long time, only letting out a shudder of a breath before Petyr leaned forward to lather her lips with his own. She knew they would make love then, and Sansa grappled with his own dark burgundy shirt to encourage him to pull it off. Petyr surrendered to her whims instantly, sitting up on the bed to remove his shirt. The jagged scar dimly reflected the sunlight, it was a sharp contrast to his own pale skin that had rarely felt the harshness of the summer sun. Petyr watched her as she removed her tiny shorts, letting out a deep sigh once her undergarments were removed as well.

“Morning sex,” he observed with a shrill in his voice.

Sansa smiled at him with a mischievous look about him. “Morning sex,” she concurred, before she turned her back to him so she could push back the blankets. The motel was shabby, a downgrade from what they were both used too. It was a bed, however, and a comfortable one at that. When she turned her attention back to Petyr, he had his black briefs removed, and was now stroking the length
of his member with anticipation. It was clear she was more aroused than he was, Sansa found it funny that he had a lot more catching up to do. She was on her knees watching him, noticing how the front of Petyr’s bangs dipped down in frustration as he tried to make it harder. Feeling bold, she crept towards him, only stopping once Petyr’s hands froze in front of her. “Lay down.”

“But I’m not ready,” he said in a shaky voice, clearly embarrassed by their predicament.

“I’ll make you ready.”

He swallowed at her answer, letting the hoods of his eyes blink with acute curiosity. “Alright, sweetling,” he finally submitted, and abandoned the sturdy headboard to lay himself down upon the bed. Sansa moved herself around him, letting her fingers trail over his chest upwards till it rested over his nipple. She leaned down to decorate the front of his chest with dry kisses, liking the way it heaved forward and downwards with expectation. Her other hand stroked the side of his arm soothingly, wanting him to relax and be in the moment.

“I know we’ve been having a difficult time,” she murmured in a quiet voice. “But I want you to forget about that for a bit.”

He licked his lips at her with expectation, noticing how Sansa was steering herself lower until her lips rested over his flat abdomen. Her hands snaked down to the deep pelvic muscles, liking how prominent they were to his own skinny frame.

“Let me remind you of why I chose you,” she said in a seductive voice only seconds before she let the tip of her finger drag over the length of his cock. Petyr looked downwards, watching her stealthy movements. She repeated the same gesture as before, slower this time to let a sharp breath escape Petyr. Sansa never batted an eye as she leaned forward to kiss the top of it. She moved herself backwards, and then simply sat in between his legs with a pleased smile.

“What?”

“I love seeing you this way,” she abashedly replied.

“Sansa, you are in a mood.”

“Maybe I am.”

“What time is it?”

She only smiled at him, and then turned her head to the left to stare at the window with the half-covered drapes. They were on the second floor, so she knew for a fact no one would be watching them.

“Where are your thoughts turning too?”

“Hmmm,” she murmured with her right eyebrow lowering over her eye suspiciously. A hand trailed up the length of his leg that was closest to her, moving slowly to keep Petyr alert. She passed the sacred area, moving her fingers through his dark hair until she rested it just over his waistline. It was at that point that she bit her lip at him, and then surrendered to bring her hand down to wrap it around his cock in a cunning manner. It wasn’t until she reached the tip that she let it rest in her hands, and then brought her mouth forward to slip her lips around it. Petyr made a wheezing sound at that point, caught off guard by the warmth of her mouth, the slickness of her tongue that laid heavily over the tip before she flicked around the outer edges. Two hands rested over his thighs as she slipped herself upwards, dragging her mouth along his hardened member at an agonizing slow pace. Her lips curled in as she took him in more, sucking him at a steady pace while Petyr let out a peaceful groan.
“Sansa,” croaked from the back of his throat, while his neck stretched out to the fullest. His eyes were closed as he let out sharpened breaths, elated by the feeling of Sansa’s hand stroking around his base. He made an inarticulate sound at that, and then a deep groan as Sansa stroked it up and down. He could feel himself pushing forward, his body automatically reacting to his partner’s seductive touch. “Sansa,” he wheezed, when she paused for a moment only to slip herself downwards to the tip. He wasn’t sure if she was done, but Petyr could still feel the warmth of her hand rubbing along his base with her knuckles just brushing against his balls. He moaned in agony once Sansa removed her mouth completely, and he couldn’t help the sounds he was making once she was done since his body was still demanding more. A hand covered his eyes to shield him from the light after Petyr opened his eyes, though his mouth was still pursed to muffle out any remaining sounds.

“Petyr,” was whispered softly in the motel room. A hand was laid on the side of his leg, smoothing over the top of the ridge till it fell to the inner part of his leg. “I stopped early.” Her hand shifted upwards, gliding up his hairy leg till it rested over his knee cap. “But I don’t think I could take anymore… at least, not now.”

“You did more than enough,” Petyr replied in a groggy voice.

“I can tell,” she laughed lightly, and then her hand slid against his bare leg till it rested over the curve of his hip bone. “Are the lights too bright in here?”

“A little.”

Sansa shifted upwards on the bed until her tall form could block out the obtrusive rays from the sun. She was hovering over him, watching the hand that was still covering a portion of his face. A few heartbeats passed as she heard Petyr trying to catch his breath, still unable to come down from the high she gave him. A soft peck was laid over his lips, Petyr suddenly dropped his hand from his face to pull her in, bringing a long arm around the back of her nape so she couldn’t move back any further. His tongue danced inside of her mouth greedily, slipping in to taste himself on her lips. The tousling of sheets was heard as they rolled across the bed, only stopping once Sansa made a sound to show she was nearly at the edge of the bed. “Sansa,” Petyr said happily, before he dropped his head downwards to give her a long kiss.

“Yes, Petyr.”

He rolled over to his left, letting his head rest on the last of the pillow. A hand was placed over her breast, right over her beating heart as he uttered: “I love you so much.”

“I know.”

He smiled at her, the kind that set his whole face aglow. Sansa laid a hand over his, pressing it harder onto her chest with closed lids. Petyr wasn’t sure what she was trying to say, but she knew there was something deep about it. “Look at me,” he murmured, though he was weary to break her out of her trance.

The redhead opened her eyes to stare deeply into her lovers, the corner of her lip quirked upwards as Petyr returned her gaze. “I love you too.”

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Petyr held open the staircase door until Sansa passed under her arm. A hand took a hold of his silver buckle at the front of his pants to tug him forward, Petyr submitted instantly to follow her into the abandoned staircase. Arms feverishly wrapped around each other as they made out, trying to get the last of their sexual urges before they went upstairs. “Sansa, you got to stop,” Petyr chided quietly, knowing this redhead still hadn’t had her fill.
She responded by taking a hold of his leather belt as he tried to step away. “Not yet.”

“One more,” he submitted, and pecked her lips lightly before he stepped away.

“Fine.” Petyr chuckled as he turned his back to her, sensing a morning fuck may very well become a tradition for them. He was the first to go up the staircase, knowing Sansa’s mood would die down once she saw the dreariness of the retirement home. The first floor was for the best seniors, the ones no one feared to see, but the higher up the floors were, the worst the physical and mental conditions would be.

“What’s his name again?”

“Padraig.” Petyr turned his head to have a good look at Sansa. “But most people call him Patrick, it’s the Anglized form you see.”

“Oh.”

Petyr stopped in the middle of the staircase. “I told you he has dementia, didn’t I?”

“Yes.”

“He might forget even meeting you… who knows.” A hand was laid on her far shoulder to bring Sansa into him. “But what matters is that you came, and you met him, which is far more than…” His voice trailed away, and then Petyr darted his eyes away with an overwhelming sense of guilt.

“I get it,” Sansa spoke into the silence.

“I didn’t mean to compare you with her,” Petyr pleaded, since he feared he had offended Sansa.

She brushed her hand over the bottom of Petyr’s spine, wanting to assure him that she didn’t take his words to heart. “It’s fine.” A gentle kiss caressed the side of his silver temple, and then she continued her little jaunt up the second flight of stairs. “Are you nervous?”

“Should I be.”

“I don’t know.”

“Even if I explain everything will he remember?” Petyr stopped in his tracks to make eye contact with Sansa. “He won’t like the fact that I am going to divorce Lysa, but I have to tell him.” He swallowed hard while lowering the lids of his eyes. “If he shouts or anything… don’t take it to heart.”

“Okay.”

Petyr took a small step forward to close in the gap and kissed her lips innocently. “We’ll be alright,” he whispered, and then planted his lips upon hers again until she would believe him. “One more flight. Let’s keep moving.”

Sansa was the first to break the space between them and lead the way up stairs. Petyr was silent behind her, though it wasn’t a troubling one. In time he was the first to open the door, instructing her to stay close before he slipped through the small crack of the doorway. It was the smell that hit Sansa first, it reeked, enough for her to cover her nose with her hands. The next thing that shocked her was the amount of wheelchairs crowding the side of the hallway, elderly people simply sitting in the chairs as if they were awaiting their death. Most of them were motionless as Petyr passed them by, but others mumbled under their breath as they had a one-sided conversation.
“Sansa?” broke through her thoughts, and Sansa looked upwards to find Petyr half-way down the hall. She looked around to see a few old people turning their heads in her direction, rarely seeing anyone as young as her in this place. Petyr outstretched his hand and Sansa nearly came running towards him, refusing his hand to wrap her arms around him instead. “I know,” he murmured. “It’s a shock.”

“Petyr.”

“It’s a retirement home, sweetling.”

“Petyr,” she repeated with a tremor in her voice. Sansa’s eyes widened as she realized the dire state of this retirement home.

“I’m sorry, love.” A hard rubbing of his hand went down her spine, easing away the tension that filled up this moment. The sound of coughing was behind her, making her look over her shoulder to see an old man sounding like he was coughing out his lungs. Petyr moved her forward, probably sensing the man was sick, and kept her close as they walked down the hall. An occasional nurse popped out of the doorways, wishing them a good morning as they continued their errands. A deep drawl from a news reporter echoed down the hallway, a thud from a cane, tiny sniffs from an old woman that was steadily walking down the hallway behind them with her hand wrapped around a railing for dear life. Sansa thought it was a sorry sight, but it was reality, and she knew it was one of those things she couldn’t avoid. “It’s just here,” Petyr pointed out, once he spotted the silver sign next to an open doorway. “Take my hand,” he uttered softly, and only moved forward once it was firmly connected in his own.

“Hello?” echoed through the silent room, an old man with pure white hair was squinting up at the two figures standing at the foot of the bed. “I can’t see.” A shaky hand stretched forward to find his glasses, bumping into a heavy mug of cold tea before he finally felt the front of his lens. “Here it is.” It took him a while for him to prop it on his face, and all that while Petyr had settled himself and Sansa comfortably at the end of the bed. “Petyr!”

“Hello Dad.”

“Petyr,” he said with glee. “I was thinking you forgot about me.”

“I hadn’t.”

“Oh, and you brought someone with you.”

“I did.”

“It’s not… oh…” He licked his lips feebly, though Sansa noticed how shaky his hand was as he laid it on his lap. “What was her name again?”

“Who?”

“I can’t remember.”

“It’s not Lysa.”

“Lysa!” He recollected. “That was your wife, wasn’t it?”

“Yes, she was,” Petyr stressed in a steely voice.

“So, it’s Lysa!”
“No, this isn’t Lysa.”

“Huh?” Petyr bit down on his lip with frustration, trying his best to keep his composure. His father was readjusting his glasses, and once he was satisfied, he squinted at Sansa until her cheeks were aflame. “She’s pretty.”

“Thank you,” Sansa sweetly replied, happy that she won some approval from Petyr’s father.

“Lysa.”

“No,” Petyr cut in quickly. “This is Sansa.”

“Sansa?”

“Sansa Stark.”

Patrick fidgeted with the long sleeves of his plaid dress shirt, adjusting the white cuffs as he sat there in confusion. “I don’t remember her.”

“This is the first time you are meeting her.”

“Oh?” he said with excitement. “You brought a visitor. Ah, its nice to meet you Sansa.”

Sansa outstretched her hand to return his shake. “Its nice to meet you too.”

“Awfully pretty, Sansa,” he said with glee, and then let out a laugh once he caught Petyr’s glare. “I’m too old for you, I guess.”

“Yes,” Petyr warned. “She’s already taken.”

“Oh, by who?”

Petyr pointed his finger against his chest as he uttered: “Me.”

“You?”

“Me.”

The old man scratched the side of his temples, looking down at his cotton grey pants with careful deliberation. “I’m not following.”

“Tis rather hard to explain, Dad.” There was a sound of a moving cart outside of the doorway, and then the wheels squeaked loudly as a nurse pushed the white cart into the room. “Hello,” Petyr offered out, once the female nurse was half startled to see two figures sitting on her patient’s bed.

“Oh, Patrick has visitors,” the lady said with a thick Jamaican accent. “Patrick! You never told me you got visitors.”

The old man simply raised up his arms in answer, and then let out an elated squeal once she handed him a small wrapper full of biscuits.

“I got ya some tea too,” she piped up, after she placed the piping hot cup at the edge of his bed stand. “Yah, fathers health been pretty good.”

Petyr crossed his legs in front of the nurse as he uttered: “I’m glad.”
“Eye doctor will be seeing him next week. He’s been complaining about his eyesight.”

“I can’t see nothing!” Patrick yelled out with irritation. “I used to read, you remember that, Pete. Now, I can’t even see text in front of me.”

Petyr stretched out his hand to lay it over his father’s shoulders. “You are getting old, Dad.”

“That’s what I’ve been telling him!” the nurse yelled out. “But does he listen, no!”

“Yes, well thank you,” Petyr said in a crisp voice as a way to dismiss her.

“And tell your father that baths are good,” she warned, before she would leave the small party. “I’m tired of him yelling and complaining whenever its bath time.” She shook her head at Patrick with annoyance, and then the squeaking of the white cart whistled through the air as she departed the room.

“I do hate those baths,” Patrick hushed, once he was sure the nurse was gone.

“Dad, you have to take a bath.”

“Its cold in there.”

“You have too.”

“You never liked baths when you were a boy.”

“And yet,” Petyr said with a suppressed smile. “I still took them.”

“Used to go out in the rain, I remember. Must have jumped and rolled into those puddles, cause ya would come back all wet and muddy.”

“Dad.”

“Filthy.”

“Dad.”

“Aye, what?”

“I brought Sansa.”

“Who is Sansa?” the man questioned as he struggled with the plastic wrapper for his tea biscuits.

“This is Sansa.”

“I don’t get it.”

“Look.”

“I’m looking,” Patrick shot back, though he was more focused on tearing the clear wrapper open.

“Give it here,” Petyr answered him in a deep Irish brogue. “Look up!”

“Wha?” The old man lowered his white eyebrows as he peered at the girl beside Petyr. “She looks like someone.”

“No,” Petyr drawled out, sensing where this was going.
“Your wife had red hair, didn’t she? Is that your wife?”

“It’s not Lysa.”

“Lysa,” he mouthed out with suspicion. “Lysa.”

“Dad,” Petyr said with annoyance, knowing exactly where this conversation was going.

“She never comes to see me! Her and that boy.”

“Robin.”

“No, not the bird.”

“His name is Robin,” Petyr clarified.

“What kind of name is that for a boy?”

“Dad,” Petyr said with misery, clearly having this fill.

“I tell ya, Robin is no name for a boy! What kind of man is that?”

“It’s his name.”

“My grandson’s name is Robin.”

“Yes.” Petyr patted the top of Patrick’s forearm as he added, “And this is Sansa.”

“Who is Sansa?”

“She’s my…”

“Aye? What is she?”

“Its…”

Patrick scratched the top of his head tiredly. “I’m getting tired son.”

“Sansa is my girl…”

“You have a daughter?”

“No, I don’t have a daughter,” Petyr spat out quickly. “She’s my girlfriend.”

“Girlfriend?”

“Yes.”

The man shifted forward until his feet touched the ground. Tired looking slippers padded across the floor until he could stand in front of the young redhead. He peered at her carefully, and then resolved to take a seat beside her once his legs started to shake. “Where is my damn cane,” he grunted.

“She’s my girlfriend,” Petyr repeated, knowing his father was bent on changing the conversation.

“What happened to Lysa?”

“She’s getting a divorce.”
“Divorce?”

“Yes,” Petyr droned in a tired voice. “We are getting a divorce.”

“Why would you do that?”

“Because I don’t love her.”

“You love… what’s her name… oh.” He was pointing his finger at Sansa, which made his son nod his head in agreement. “I can’t remember her name.”

“Sansa.”

“That’s it!”

He dropped to the bed again, letting his hands spread out as he tried to return to his regular seat. Patrick mumbled under his breath that he wanted a cup of tea, and that seemed to be the end of their conversation. Petyr let out an exhausted sigh when his father’s back was to him, slightly comforted when Sansa pecked his cheek to cheer him up.

“I’m forgetting names,” Patrick drawled out into the silence. “Places, things.” He blew at the top of his tea. “I used to have the greatest memory. I couldn’t forget a thing, and now, it’s like the moment I hear it…”

“I know, dad.”

“The greatest memory,” he muttered out with distress. Loud slurping was heard as he drank his tea, seemingly get lost in the moment as he took his time. Petyr rested a hand on Sansa’s outer thigh, feeling slightly embarrassed that he acknowledged she was his girlfriend.

“So, how is your wife?” was piped up loudly, forcing Petyr and Sansa to break their gaze.

“Lysa?” Petyr mouthed out sadly. “Dad, I just told you we are getting a divorce.”

“Now, why would you do that?”

Sansa found the whole situation rather funny, though it was sad at the same time.

“I just told you why,” Petyr growled with ill humour. “I don’t love her.”

“Love? What has love got to do with it? You have a wife, you are supposed to stay with her.”

“Well, I’m not.”

“Your generation is quite something.”

“I’m divorcing her,” Petyr sternly answered him. “And that’s the end of it.”

“Giving up?”

“It’s far more complicated than that,” Petyr confessed.

“I never really liked her,” Patrick unexpectedly blurted out. “But she’s your wife! And don’t you have a child.”

“A step-son.”
“You giving up on your step-son too. What was his name again?”

Petyr puckered his lips, feeling uncertain of whether he should answer that question for the second time this morning.

“It was a stupid name.”

Sansa used her hand to cover up her laughter, knowing Petyr was close to reaching breaking point.

“Besides, what are you going to do if your divorced? Who will take care of you?”

“Sansa will.”

“Who is-”

“-she is right here,” Petyr interjected, and leaned back so he could see the redhead clearly. “And you met her twice now.”

“Hello,” the old man sheepishly replied with a tired wave. “God, she is awfully pretty.”

“So, you have said before,” Petyr replied through gritted teeth.

“How did you pick her up?”

Sansa answered Patrick before her partner could. “It’s a long story.”

“I like long stories.”

Petyr shook his head at his father as he dug his hand deep inside of his pant pocket. “Not this one,” he said with determination before he unearthed a shiny red apple. “I brought you something.”

“Oh, I can’t eat that stuff anymore.”

“You used to love me bringing apples!” Petyr remonstrated, absolutely stunned at his father’s refusal. “Practically begged me too.”

“My teeth,” the old man groaned, and opened his mouth to prove his point. “Bloody dentures are making a muck of things.” He paused when Sansa laughed at his remark, and then offered her a sly wink much to his son’s displeasure. “How old are you Sansa?”

Petyr stuck out his hand to let it hover over his father’s chest. “She’s off limits.”

“I asked a question.”

“You can have any girl on the third floor, but Sansa is off limits.”

“Hmph.” The mug was placed down on the table with a loud bang. “Take the fun out of things.”

“Isn’t it almost time for lunch?”

“Oh, lunch?” he said with excitement, and then looked around the room as if he was searching for a clock. “Pete, what time is it?”

“Almost 11:30.”

“So, I got another thirty minutes.”
“Yes.”

The man frowned at his son, and then stretched out a shaky hand to pass the closed wrapper of tea biscuits to Petyr. “Open it.”

Sansa took the time to notice the similarities between the two men, it was odd to see Petyr have the same hand as his father, only it was strong and smooth to match his age. She wondered if his hair would turn a snowy white like his father, or if the greys in his temples was a fair warning for the rest of his head. It would take another twenty years for Petyr to look anything close to his father, and she realized how quick it would be in comparison to herself. It was a common issue to have when being in a relationship so significantly older than herself, but that wouldn’t deter Sansa from giving up on their relationship.

Patrick was munching on his first cookie as Petyr piped up, “What do you think of Sansa?”

“Quiet.”

“That’s because you keep forgetting who she is.”

Patrick laughed at his son, and then nodded his head in agreement. “Sansa?” He peered through his clear lens to have a better look at her. “What do you do?”

“I’m in school.”

“Young, isn’t she?” he observed to his son. “What are you doing in school?”

“I’m an English major.”

“What does that mean?”

“I study literature, specifically archaic ones like Greek mythology and Medieval folklore.”

“You should look up some Celtic folklore when you have the time,” he mentioned with a stuffed mouth. “Or ask Petyr here, he might know some.” His son shrugged his shoulders in response since he was currently under a gaze of scrutiny. “I see you are a redhead too.” Patrick lowered his handful of cookies as he questioned: “Are you Irish?”

“No.”

“Pity.”

Petyr laughed in response, and Patrick kept eating his snack as if his two guests weren’t in the room.

“What have you been doing, dad?”

“Oh, I’ve been keeping busy.”

“With what?”

“They have a choir on Sunday that I attend.”

“You have a nice singing voice.”

“I’m a real bard,” he teased with squinted eyelids. “You can sing too.”

“No, not really.”
“Nice voice! I only wish you could take up an instrument.”

“A failed attempt.”

“Maybe it runs in the family.” Patrick leaned forward as he inquired, “Can you sing Sansa?” She shook her head in response, it was a sad one at that. “I don’t believe you!” He nudged Petyr at the side of his arm. “Tell me, I’m wrong.”

“I have never heard Sansa sing.”

“You never heard your girlfriend sing!” Petyr smirked at the title his father had given Sansa. “We ought to change that.”

“One day.”

“Hmmm.” Patrick outstretched his arms before he let it fall against the side of his body with exhaustion. “What time is it?”

“Nearly twelve.”

“Huh?”

“Nearly twelve, dad.”

“Lunch time.”

“Yes,” Petyr droned out. “I think its time we get going.”

“You leaving?”

“Yes, Sansa has to get to work,” Petyr lied.

“I haven’t seen you in weeks!” Patrick yelled out angrily. “I better see you soon.”

“Next week.”

“Better!”

“Next week,” Petyr repeated, though Sansa didn’t exactly believe him.

“I want a hug from her… oh what is her name…”

“Lysa,” Petyr teased, but instantly regretted it. “Its Sansa!”

“I want a hug from Sansa,” he demanded, though he made no effort to leave his seat. It was Sansa’s task to walk past Petyr and give his father a tight hug, knowing he would enjoy every second of it. “She’s pretty just like your mother.”

“I get no hug, I see,” Petyr quipped, now that he was standing next to Sansa. “Am I not pretty enough for you?”

“Handsome young lad.”

Petyr leaned forward to hug his father. “I will see you soon.”

“Hmph.”
“I promise.”

“You and your promises,” Patrick roared out with ill-humour. “You better bring Sansa with you next time too.”

“Oh, now remembered her name!”

“I’ll probably forget it by the end of the day.”

“I’d give it an hour,” Petyr mumbled under his breath. He took a hold of Sansa’s hand and gave her a look to show he was ready to leave. “Tell the nurse to cut that apple for you when I’m gone.”

“I’ll have it for my lunch.”

“You take care of yourself.”

“You too! And bring Sansa with you.”

“Bye Dad,” Petyr nearly chuckled, and with that he tugged on Sansa’s hand to send her out the door.

Chapter End Notes

Hmmmm,

This chapter is one that hits close to the heart. I normally don’t write stories based on my own life experiences, but Patrick is a good representation of my great grandmother. Dementia comes in all different forms, and luckily for Patrick and my great grandmother it isn’t so severe. Some people aren’t so lucky. I am not sure what else to add, but I hope I brought a little more awareness to this mental disorder even if it was in a light-hearted manner.

petyrbaaaeeelish
Their morning was wonderful, but the rest of their day is starting to feel like a rollercoaster ride for Petyr and Sansa.

Sansa wasn’t surprised to find Petyr fast asleep in the passenger seat. Jetlag had finally caught up to him, and now he was curled up with a light jacket propped against the side of the car window as a comfy pillow. The radio had been turned off long ago, and now she was steering her car closer to Petyr’s old place to pick up his vandalized vehicle. It was clear a lot had been going on for them to forget about it, but the sudden remembrance that they had to drop off the family car Sunday morning sent them barreling down the highway to get into the heart of the city.

Sansa couldn’t help reflecting over her experiences in the retirement home; the image of Patrick steadily etched its way into her mind. Petyr hadn’t said much when they first got inside of the car, but she knew he was secretly pleased with the visit. She was liked by his father, it was clear Petyr had become rather fond of her, but a part of her feared it was based on looks alone. He said I was pretty as Petyr’s mother, Sansa reflected. It was a nice compliment, a thing that brought a tiny smile to her face. And Petyr told him I was his girlfriend. The title gave her some sort of pride, it was so much better than homewrecker or mistress or anything else her mother and Lysa managed to come up with over the past few days.

The park where they abandoned the car was another ten-minute drive, a slight relief for Sansa for her nerves were getting the best of her. She knew they were edging their way closer to Lysa and Petyr’s home, and she couldn’t help her imagination running away with her with a horrific image of Lysa finding them with a butcher knife.

Straight out of a horror movie, she mused, after she looked into the rear-view mirror. The window was rolled down a tad, it was an unusually warm summer day and she wasn’t dressed for it. The colourful floral scarf was torn off her neck, exposing the last of the dark mustard coloured bruise that spread across the front of her neck. She hated the fact that Lysa left a mark on her, and she did her best to put that thought out of her mind. It was a good thing Petyr was going to contact his lawyer when she was off to work, for Sansa felt like she was losing the last of her patience when it came to her Aunt Lysa.

A spontaneous decision was made to pull into a drive-thru to order two cups of coffee. She knew it was the only way to keep Petyr awake for the rest of the day. It was just after noon and his body betrayed him into believing it was well past midnight. If it was any other day Sansa would have let him sleep, but there were too many things to do before the day was through.

“Petyr,” she hushed, just after she jabbed him at the side of the arm.

“Yeah,” he croaked out with exhaustion.

“How do you take your coffee?”

“What?”
“Your coffee.”

“I don’t want coffee,” he complained, before he buried the front of his face into his crumpled jacket again.

“You need to wake up.”

“San,” Petyr whimpered, clearly not ready to continue with the rest of his day.

“Black or what?”

A sigh shook through the air despite most of his face being buried inside of the thick fabric. “Black,” he muttered, before he let out a tired groan.

Sansa made the orders once she got to the intercom box and steadily drove forward with an occasional side-eyed look at Petyr. “Do you want something to eat? We haven’t had lunch yet?”

“Not now.” Petyr pushed himself off the side wall and leaned back onto the seat with half-closed lids. “I’m so tired.”

“I know, hun.” Petyr smirked at her chosen nickname, and then dropped his chin down onto his chest. “Nothing to eat at all?”

“We can go out for lunch afterwards.”

“After what?”

“I don’t know.”

“You really want to drive around in that car?”

“I have no choice,” he grievously replied, and then stroked his fingers through his thick mane to wake himself up. “What size coffee did you get me?”

“A small.”

“That will hold me up for a bit.” He lifted his chin to stare straight ahead of him, taking in the large black minivan ahead of him. “We’re close to my place.”

“Yeah.”

“Lysa doesn’t go here.”

“Oh.”

“If she did… we’d be fucked.” Sansa laughed at his words, though she was unsure why she found humour in their grave situation. “Anything from your mother?”

“No.”

“My phone is silent too,” he mused aloud. “I’m almost expecting an angry message from Lysa, but I’ve got nothing.”

“You think she is at the police station?”

“If so… who is watching over Robin.”
“Ah,” Sansa mouthed out with pain. “I hadn’t thought of that. You think she is still there?”

“Radio silence,” Petyr answered her as the car inched forward. “God, its hot!”

“Tired and hot,” his pretty redhead observed. “Feeling irritable, Petyr?”

“Can you tell.” He smirked at her ruefully, and then turned his head sharply to the right to stare out the window. There was nothing but a grey old building for a sandwich shop for him to look at; a pregnant mother and her child were waiting outside of it as her husband left to fetch the car. Petyr blinked at the sight of them and then sniffled loudly as he tried to wake himself up. “What did you think of my dad?” he asked out of the blue.

“I liked him.” Petyr opened the glove box to retrieve his sunglasses. “He was sweet.”

“Yes, my father is a sweet-tempered sort of person.”

“I can tell.”

“He liked you too,” Petyr concluded in a low tone of voice. The window was rolled down to the fullest and then he leaned his arm partially out of the window. “He’ll forget your name, but he won’t forget you, if that makes sense.”

“It does.”

“Though he might confuse you with Lysa for a bit.” Petyr raised up his left hand to point at the woman next to him. “Its the colour of your hair.”

“They aren’t that similar.”

“Yours is more vibrant,” Petyr observed. “Like your mother’s.”

Sansa nodded her head even when she felt awkward at that moment. “You told me once that I look like my mother.”

“You do.”

“Okay.” Sansa bit down on her tongue so she couldn’t say anything else. A long silence fell over them and Sansa was curious if the tired man beside her was even aware of it. She was just reaching down for her purse when Petyr stopped her with a light hand on her forearm. “I can pay for it.”

“No.”

“But Petyr, it will be nothing.”

“I don’t care.” His wallet was whipped out of his pocket and he handed her some coinage to pay for their drinks.

“Will you ever let me pay for something?”

“No,” he revealed with a playful grin. “That’s what you get when you go out with someone older than you.”

“Like that has anything to do with it.”

Petyr opened her hand to drop the coins inside of it. “It does,” He murmured softly. “Consider me old fashioned.”
A roll of the eyes was his sole answer, and then Sansa inched up the car to get to the open window where the attendant was waiting for them. The drinks were placed into each of their hands, and with a satisfied sip from Petyr they were soon off again.

“Once we pick up your car…” Sansa began as she edged the front of her vehicle out of the last of the parking lot. “…where do we go next?”

Petyr let a silence fall over them for emphasis before he answered her: “The police station.”

“Again.”

“Vandalism.”

“Oh.”

“I should call my car insurance.”

“Why are we doing this now?”

“I had a lot of things on my mind and forgot,” He said with sudden crispness. “Like where the hell are we staying tonight?”

“We should go to Taiwan.”

Petyr laughed at her quip, and softly agreed with her that it wasn’t such a bad idea after all. His light sweater was removed to expose his bare arms; a snug fitting t-shirt of warm chocolate brown became an unconscious distraction for Sansa. “Alright, turn right over here,” Petyr piped up after they went through a busy intersection. “Slow down, and then we are here.” The clicking of her indicators went off, the car slowly turned right to let them enter a quiet room that was vaguely familiar to her. “I parked it near the back.”

“We left it here overnight.”

“Yeah, it wasn’t the best idea,” he said with sudden sarcasm. “I fucked up, I know.”

“Isn’t it illegal?”

He made a grunting sound to confirm Sansa’s suspicion. “You think they towed it?”

“Unlikely.” His arm bent so he could let his hand rest over the top of the car window, his elbow propped outside the window to feel the cold breeze. “This park is rarely used. It is more for people walking their dogs and stuff.”

“So, it should be here?”

“Better be,” he grunted with sudden fierceness.

“You need sleep Petyr.”

“I need Lysa to get off my fucking back,” he cursed before he tore off his sunglasses. “Its up ahead!”

The brake pedal was pushed down softly as Sansa edged her car near, taking in the black vehicle that was lost in the shadow of the hovering trees. Petyr was already unbuckling his seatbelt, impatient to have another look at his damaged car. “Let me stop first.”

“Just hurry up!”
“What’s the rush?”

“Its…” She heard a faint grunt from him. “Fuck, Sansa! Just stop the car here.”

“Why are you yelling at me?”

“I need sleep,” he murmured. “I’m sorry.”

“You’re on edge. Its fine.”

“I could kill her.”

“It’s just a car.”

“Imagine what my stuff is like back at my place.”

“It’s just belongings. They can be replaced!”

Petyr opened the car door while Sansa was still moving, forcing her to slam down on the car brakes from fear of her boyfriend jumping out of a moving vehicle. “Park here,” he ordered, and with that he jumped out the car door and jogged over to his vehicle. The door was still wide open much to her annoyance, so she followed his instructions and then had to shift over to his seat to shut the passenger door closed.

He’s not behaving like his normal self, she reflected, but Sansa knew she had nothing to do with it. Petyr was exhausted, worried, stressed, and she knew the issue of where they would sleep tonight was getting to him. He’s right about the radio silence too…

Her seat was unbuckled once she saw how fast Petyr opened the black car door, knowing something was wrong by the look on his face. It was her turn to run out the car door, sprinting towards him once she saw him crawl out the door and begin to kick the side of his front tire. “What is it?”

“Some fucker came in here and stole my GPS system.”

“What?”

“They stole it?”

“You had a-”

“-yeah!”

“How?”

“The windows are wide open! Some dumb fucker smashed it.” He shut the car door and stormed away, heading into the darkness of the forest to cool down. Worried, Sansa followed after him, knowing he shouldn’t be left alone at a time like this.

A crumbled form was seated on a smooth patch of grass, Petyr’s head rested between his two legs as he hunched forward. Sansa crept up to him carefully, only sitting down when she knew it wouldn’t aggravate his nerves further. “Its just one thing after another,” he grumbled against the front of his kneecap. “And I can’t take it.”

“I know, Petyr.”

“Why can’t she just let me be?”
Because she is your wife, Sansa thought, but wasn’t stupid enough to utter it aloud.

“Is there even a point in getting the car repaired?” He asked from the back of his throat, an unrecognizable sound for the young woman beside him.

“Have you called the insurance company?”

“I’ll do it now.” Sansa rubbed her hand down his curved back. “I shouldn’t have left it for this long.”

“You have a lot of things going on.”

“Looks like it will be a busy night for me.”

“Take it easy.” Her hand went up higher till she was massaging his upper spine. “You need sleep.”

“I have been sleeping.”

“Yes, but your body needs more of it.”

“Fucking jetlag,” he cursed from the corner of his mouth. Petyr moved his head off the front of his knees and gave a quick glance to the woman beside him. “Thank you, Sansa.”

She offered him a chaste kiss and then a warm-hearted smile to cheer him up.

“I’ll call them now.”

“Okay.”

“Long day.”

“It happens.” She moved forward to endow him with another kiss. “It will be okay, Pete.” She brushed the front of his bangs back to take a better look at his eyes, noticing how the colour resembled the lush forestry surrounding them. “Do you want some space?”

“You can stay if you wish.” He reached down to retrieve his cellphone. “Or go for a walk to stretch your legs, but I don’t want you going far.”

“I will walk to that tree and back,” she assured him, and then rose off the floor to stand tall before him. “I will always be in your line of sight.”

He smiled at her, the first in a while, and then he opened his wallet to take out the necessary documentations. Sansa did wander for a bit, feeling the alluring comforts of the cool summer breeze against her hot skin. The shade of the tree made the summer heat more bearable, and she found the fresh air did a lot for her addled nerves. Petyr’s sonorous voice was heard off in the distance, sounding like its normal self to Sansa’s relief. She felt like this day was full of highs and lows: awesome morning sex, meeting his father and now this…

And I have work tonight, she remembered, and wished it could be any other day but this one.

There was a clearing in the trees where she could see a narrow dirt path, a small sign detailed it would lead to a nearby stream and she was tempted to take it. Petyr’s words seemed to echo in the back of her head, so she turned around to bring herself closer to his form.

“Oh, so its covered under my insurance? I’m delighted to hear that,” Petyr said into his cellphone speakers. “Yes, I am taking it to the police station right after I am done this phone conversation.” Petyr nodded his head, seemingly lost in the conversation. “I took pictures.” He opened his mouth,
but soon closed it since the person on the phone wasn’t done yet. “Things are different when it comes to the GPS,” he said with dismay. “Public property.” He nodded his head sadly. “Yeah, I did leave it here overnight… it was a mistake.” He frowned at the person’s next few words. “I see.” Fingers dug into the earth to pull at thin strands of green grass. “I understand, sir.” The grass was thrown into the wind with frustration. “Yes, lesson learned,” he sighed, before he darted steely green eyes up to look at the woman in front of him. “Lesson learned.”

Sansa took a seat beside him, brushing her hand down the whole of his back to calm him down.

“And after the police station I can take it to a repair shop? Does it matter which one?” He sounded offended when he added, “Yes, of course I will take it to a legitimate one!”

He shook his head at Sansa, which brought nervous laughter from her lips.

“If you could just email a list then,” Petyr piped up. “Oh, I can go to anyone? Okay… but it has to be a repair shop that will guarantee their work. I understand. So, I pay the deductible?” Petyr nodded his head slowly at the man’s answer. His mood became lighter for he turned his body in Sansa’s direction and pecked a small kiss at the side of her ear. “Thank you very much, sir.”

Sansa caught that look in his eyes and did her best to suppress her smile. A warm hand rested at the bottom of her spine, while Petyr maintained a heavy gaze on her person. “You have a nice day as well,” he answered back just before he hung up the phone. Lips connected instantly; Petyr made sure to draw Sansa’s body into him so he could taste more of her. Sansa let out a low moan, the kind to encourage this man’s behaviour as he leaned her backwards onto the grassy bed. Lips decorated the good side of her cheek once Sansa tilted her head, and it was there that Petyr crushed his lips against her warm skin until he had his fill. “You look beautiful like this,” he surmised, after he inched his head backwards to get a good look at her. His fingers strung through her loose auburn hair, noticing the sharp contrast it held against the green background of the soft green grass. He smiled at the sight of her, eyes squinting with pleasure the longer they maintained their gaze. Sansa was the first to connect them, crushing it hard against his own to send Petyr to new heights. The last hour had been a struggle, but this kiss- this feeling alone made him realize that everything they were going through was worth it. “Thank you,” he murmured softly, a bare whisper in front of her lips.

“You’re feeling better.”

A shadow of a smile appeared on his face, his pink lips tilting upwards as he deeply considered it. “I am.”

Sansa nuzzled the tip of her nose against his, and then tilted her head to the right to connect their lips again. Petyr took that opportunity to lean her against the grassy bed, kissing her opened mouth at a gentle pace.

Sansa let him have his way for a few moments, knowing he was pouring out his love onto her. She broke her lips away to catch her breath and laid soft fingers against the top of his chest to maintain their distance. “We needed that.”

“Yeah.”

“At the end of the day… its just a car.”

“Yeah,” Petyr repeated in a sadder voice this time.

“We can rent a car.”

“She’ll never stop, Sansa.”
“What do you mean?”

“Lysa will never stop ruining our lives,” Petyr said with bitterness. “Trying to tear us apart.”

“She can never tear us apart.”

“She’ll try,” he answered her back with closed lids that was filled with remorse. “You know I am speaking the truth.”

“Then we will stop her.” Petyr nodded his head slowly, his left cheek denting as he frowned fiercely. “We will.”

“Uh huh.”

Her hand feverishly rubbed up and down his arm, doing her best to bring back that cheerful mood he displayed earlier. “Your lawyer will help us.”

“Yeah, you are right.” The frown on his face lessoned, and then he lifted his gaze to return it to the girl in front of him. “Always right.”

“Not always,” she nearly laughed, and then patted his chest to get him off her. “Let’s go to the station.”

“Okay.”

“And if it is a long line, I will leave you for a bit to pick us up some lunch.”

“What time do you have to work?”

“Six o’clock.”

Petyr was on his knees smiling at her. “We still have time then?”

“Loads!”

“Great.”

Sansa could have laughed at his agreeable mood, but instead she did her best to crawl off the ground so she could stand beside him. “I’m sorry about your GPS system.”

“What is done is done,” he concluded. “No camera’s here, so I am out of luck.”

“Your safe, so that is all that matters.” The two lovers instantly connected hands and off they went to head back to their cars again.

It was two hours later, and they were standing outside of the police station. Petyr had his sunglasses over his eyes to block out the blinding light from the sun. The collar to his light spring sweater was stuck up, brushing against his jawline as he took another glance at his phone. It felt like they were in the waiting room forever, but now they could be relieved with the fact that Lysa had another criminal charge rapped against her. “I lucked out with the cameras in the garage,” Petyr noted, after he pocketed is phone. “Evidence.”

“I thought the words at the side of your car was enough.”

“Yeah,” he laughed, before he offered his arm for Sansa to take. “Lunch or…”
“Let’s drop off your car first.”

“Those bagels didn’t last long.”

“It was the only place around here,” Sansa complained. “I swear this police station is in the middle of nowhere.”

“Yeah, I liked the other one better.”

“You saw how that officer kept glancing between you and I.” Petyr slowed down his steps as he tried to recall the moment. “He thought you were the one that made that mark on my throat.”

“Did he question you?”

“No,” Sansa sneered. “I think after watching us together he suddenly changed his mind.”

Petyr pulled in his arm to bring Sansa closer to him. “And that was before or after I kissed you.”

“After.”

“I thought so.” He casually pulled out the car keys out of his pocket. “Am I driving or…”

“Are you tired?”

“The coffee helped.”

“Then you can drive.”

He smiled at her with pride. “Alright, sweetling.” A turn of the head succeeded, and then he placed a satisfied kiss against the side of her temple. “I do love you so.”

“So, you keep saying.”

“As long as you remember.”

Sansa felt like they were little love birds, inseparable, and a part of her wondered if that was a good thing. “What will you do when I am at work?”

“Find a local coffee shop to make some phone calls.” He opened up the passenger side of the car door for her. “Brush up my resume.”

“Look for jobs?”

“Have to get a few things out of the way first.” He lightly closed the car door and then stuffed his hands inside of his pockets as he went around the front of the vehicle. “I think I have a good case against Lion’s Bank. They fired me, but Twyin and Lysa did it wrongly.”

“So, you are…” Sansa’s voice trailed away, unsure of herself.

“I might start a case against them,” he deliberated aloud. “But they will have more money than me… influence.”

“I don’t understand.”

“The court system is just, but how far?” Petyr proposed. “Its risky business.”

“I thought you like that sort of thing.”


“I don’t feel like going bankrupt because of it.” He started the car engine after he gave a surrendered shrug of his shoulders. “I will bring it up with Lionel.”

“Who is that?”

“You sound like my father,” he teased. “It’s my lawyer, sweetling.”

“Oh.”

“I never told you his name, so don’t worry about it.” The car was sent to drive and then Petyr inched his car forward with a careful look to the left and right. “Repair shop is two minutes away.”

“That is close!”

“I thought the same thing.”

“And then lunch?”

“Lunch.”

“Finally!” Sansa turned around to see her favourite co-worker smirking at her. Missandei’s eyes widened the second she saw Sansa walk through the store front hand in hand with a stranger, and now that they were alone, she wanted all the juicy details. “First of all, he’s hot!” Sansa bit down at her lip to contain her smile. “Secondly, he is a lot older, but I’m not judging.” A folded sweater was laid over the pile of white and black striped sweaters that were placed neatly upon the table, satisfied, Missandei continued: “Thirdly, is he the one you’ve been fooling around with? Family emergency my ass.”

“I did have one!” Sansa shouted out defensively. “If it wasn’t for him, I might be living on the streets right now.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, really,” Sansa lied. She brushed her hands down the outer part of her arms nervously. “Thanks for covering my shifts again.”

“I got you, girl.” Missandei looked to the ceiling to peer at the security camera above her head. “How long do we have until the Queen of Thorns yells at us?”

“The store is dead and we are folding. What else could she want?”

The two girls laughed happily, joyful that they had some alone time to simply relax and enjoy each other’s company.

“So…” Dark eyebrows lowered over warm brown eyes with suspicion. “His name is…”

“Petyr.”

“Nice name.”

“Yeah.”

“And how did you meet him?”

“He’s… well…” Nerves suddenly filled the bottom of her stomach, for Sansa was fearful of her
friend’s reaction. “Petyr is my Uncle.”

An awkward silence ensued, in which Missandei was absolutely frozen to the spot. Sansa was the first to unearth a series of sweaters from a clear plastic package, hating the fact that she would have to fold them.

“Your Uncle?”

“Yes.”

“Is this a joke?”

“No.”

“It’s a nickname.” Sansa shook her head at her friend. “You know, like ‘Daddy’ or something like that.”

“No, Missandei.”

“Explain.”

“I liked him since the beginning, and he felt the same way about me.”

“Okay.”

“But when we met he just married my Aunt Lysa, so it was too late for anything. Anyways, I’ve been pining after him for four years… and then one night…”

“So, he isn’t related to you through blood,” Missandei surmised with a relieved look to her.

“No.”

“That is less gross then.”

“I guess.”

“So, what happened that night.”

“It was late and we were alone,” Sansa guiltily replied. “And he was in my room and he suddenly kissed me.”

“And then you guys took things to the next level.”

“No, not that night. I was more confused than anything else. I wanted that to happen for as long as I could remember and then it just did so… I was… I’m not sure what to say.”

“It’s weird.”

“No, it felt like I stepped into a dream.”

“Right?”

“Fantasy, maybe.” Sansa laid her hand over the crumpled white sweaters, feeling silly for going on a tangent. “I know it sounds creepy, but its not.”

“He likes you,” Missandei concluded. “You like him.” A harmless shrug ensued, before she took a step to the right to lay a hand over a cart. “Things worked out for the best then.”
“Yeah, but he is my Uncle!” Sansa looked riddled with guilt as she exclaimed, “And he is married.”

“Oh, shit!”

“Yeah.”

“Oh, shiiiiittttt!”

“Shut up!”

Missandei gave her a crooked lop-sided grin. “Oh shit,” she whispered, before she pushed at her half-full cart and steered it away from Sansa’s folding table.

Let her think what she will.

Another ten minutes passed by before Missandei found an excuse to work near her redhead co-worker. “I need more,” she wheezed under her breath, while she looked over her shoulder to make sure their manager hadn’t snuck out of the backroom.

“Details?”

“Yes!”

“What do you want to know?”

“Everything.”

“We have no time to discuss everything.”

“Come to my place afterwards.”

“What?”

“I’ll get you a drink and you can sleep over; it will be great.”

“I have Petyr.”

“What?”

“I’m staying with Petyr.”

Missandei groaned with annoyance, unsatisfied that she wouldn’t hear more about Sansa’s mysterious man.

“Unless you don’t mind him staying over too.”

“Sure, whatever.”

“I was joking,” Sansa lied. “You wouldn’t let us stay over.”

“It will be weird, but whatever.”

“We actually don’t have a place to stay right now,” Sansa confessed with a shy look about her. “I got kicked out of my house, you see.” She attempted to fold up a sweater, but it wasn’t working out for her. “Petyr can’t go back to his place for obvious reasons.”

“His wife.”
“Yeah.”

“This won’t be a permanent thing, will it?” Missandei took a step away once she heard the familiar sound of Olenna’s heels clicking against the tiled floor. “I have one bed and a couch set up for you guys, and-”

“One night.”

“Well…”

Olenna’s footsteps were coming closer, so Missandei dashed out behind a high clothing rack and darted out of sight.

“Sansa Stark!” rang through the air. “Just because there are no customers…” Olenna paused until she was standing right in front of her sales associate. “Does not give you the right to waste your time chatting.”

“Sorry.”

“Once you are done here,” Her eyes scanned the pile of crumbled sweaters that recently came out of the compressed plastic back. “I want you in the back to organize the shelves. Shipping is coming in tomorrow night.”

“Okay.”

“You got five minutes here,” she said with undeniable sharpness, and then strutted away from her with her usual irritable air.

__________________________________________________________

“Sansa, we don’t have to do this.” Petyr had whispered it into her ear with worry vibrating through his voice. “I have money for a hotel. We can stay at a nice one if you’d like.”

“No, I want to stay with Missandei.”

“Sansa.”

“She said we could,” Sansa pleaded, not wanting to lose this argument with him. “It won’t be like Roose, I promise.”

“She is offering us a couch,” he reminded her. “Look, let me google a hotel nearby.”

“I think it would be nice to share a place with someone.”

“But why?”

“Maybe we are spending too much time with each other.”

“I like spending time with you.”

“Yes, but we’ve been doing it so much and I feel… I want some space.”

He frowned at her words, saddened that she should suddenly behave in this manner.

“I love you, truly.” A hand caressed the curve of his wrist. “I just think its not healthy to be with each other all the time.”
“But I don’t know her, Sansa.” Petyr looked over his shoulder where Missandei was standing in front of her yellow Volkswagen beetle with a cigarette in hand. “How can we trust her?”

“We can.”

“How about we spend the rest of the night with her and then we leave.”

“Fine.”

He tilted his head downwards to place his lips over her brow, letting it linger there for a few moments before he departed from her presence. Sansa buttoned up her baggy work cardigan and then strode over to Missandei. “We will stay for the rest of the evening and then leave.”

“And go where?”

“Petyr wants to stay at a hotel.”

“In this city? You know how much it will be?”

“He is quite adamant about it.”

“You guys can take my bed,” she suggested. “Its just for a night.” She dropped her smoke and watched it fall to the ground nonchalantly. “I will sleep on the couch.”

“Why?”

“Cause I’m nice,” she said with a puzzling smile. “And you will owe me down the line. As a matter of fact, there is this guy I like and-”

“-I will cover the shift.”

“You don’t know the day!”

“I will still cover it.”

“Saturday shift,” she quipped with glee. “The dreaded eight-hour mid-day shift.”

“Oh, that one.”

“And it’s a red tag sale day, which means we get those kind of customers.” Sansa suppressed a groan just before she nodded her head in submission. “Two weeks to this day.”

“Done.”

“He is taking me to a football game for the long weekend,” she confessed. “Alright follow my car, it won’t be hard to miss.”

Sansa gave her a casual wave goodbye and then left the spot to return to Petyr. He never uttered a word when she buckled up her seatbelt, but she knew he had a lot of things on his mind. “Petyr! She said we could sleep in her bed and she will take the couch.”

“We aren’t homeless, Sansa.”

“Its not about being homeless,” she corrected him. “Its about having good friends.”

“Roose was never a friend of mine.”
“I’m shocked,” Sansa said with utter sarcasm. “Just follow her car.”

Petyr reversed out of the parking spot and aligned his car just behind Missandei’s. A pale white hand laid over the despondent man’s upper thigh, a thing that made Petyr glance quickly in Sansa’s direction. “What is it?”

“You are not acting yourself.” Petyr blinked sadly, and then turned his full attention back to the road. “You think it makes you less of a man for staying at her place! That you can’t take care of me.”

“I can take care of you,” he stiffly replied.

“It’s smarter this way.”

“What is she?” he demanded. “Twenty years older?”

“Twenty-seven,” Sansa revealed. “Older than me, and she’s gone through her fair share of trouble.”

“I have money.”

“I know you do.”

“Then let’s stay at a hotel.”

“You are just trying to prove a point!”

“And what point is that?” he demanded in a gruff voice.

Sansa huffed with annoyance, irritated that they should get in another argument. “That you can support me financially.”

“I can.”

“One night and then we can pick up my car at the rental place, drop it off at my parent’s, and then drive out to the country to see that cottage you were telling me about. Is it too much to ask?”

“It’s embarrassing,” he revealed in a shaky voice. “I hate it.”

Sansa move her hand upward to rest it over the curved left hand of Petyr, letting her fingers rub against his sharp knuckles as he held the leather steering wheel of his newly rented car. “It’s not so different from Roose’s place, except she is ten thousand times nicer.”

“Fine.”

“One night.”

Petyr was silent, which meant he still disagreed with her. The rest of the car ride was rather awkward for the two of them, and when they pulled up the to the seven leveled apartment building Petyr was close to fuming.

Sansa opened the car door first and went to the back to retrieve her night bag, ignoring the fact that most of her belongings were hidden in the large trunk. The back lights went off when Petyr pressed the key to lock the door, and when she looked up, he was leaning against the hood waiting for her.

“I’ll be back!” Missandei yelled from her car window. “This is visitor parking.”

“Should we stay here?” Sansa inquired with something of a yell.
“I’ll be back in five,” was the sole answer, before the bright yellow car drove downwards to get to the garage.

“Sansa,” Petyr said in a gruff voice, sending her towards him filled with concern. “I’m sorry for being such an ass.”

Sansa laughed at his words, not expecting that statement at all.

She curled her arms around the back of his nape and brought him forward, smothering his face with a flurry of kisses. Petyr submitted silently, letting his bag fall slack over his arm till it dropped to the ground. They kissed each other frantically, probably trying to let out some steam that was driving them insane for most of the day. Petyr lifted her up to place her over the car hood, spreading her legs apart so he could slide into her middle. She was high above him and he loved the fact that he had to stretch out his neck to kiss her lips. “You drive me crazy,” Sansa taunted while she ruffled up his hair.

“I know, love.”

Two hands rested over Petyr’s broad shoulders so she could inch him away from her. “A single night won’t kill your pride, will it?”

“Yes.”

“One night.”

“Fine,” he grumbled, after he tilted his head downwards.

“You’re the best Petyr,” his girlfriend taunted him, making him mumble under his breath with annoyance. Sansa fluffed up his hair some more, thinking he needed a hot shower and bed to make him more like himself. “I think she is coming. Time to put me down.”

“One last kiss.”

“Down.”

“Then I guess you are going have to stay up there.”

“Petyr,” she said with obstinance after he took a step away from her.

“Yes, sweetling.”

“Unbelievable.”

Petyr chuckled darkly as he took a step forward and had no qualms to lift her up and settle her on the ground again. He took a kiss from Sansa whether she wanted it or not, and only then turned around to be introduced to Missandei properly.
Choosing Sides

Chapter Summary

Missandei offers some keen insight into Petyr and Sansa's relationship. The next morning when they arrive at Sansa's parents place they immediately feel a sense of uneasiness, even more so when they discover how easily Catelyn is willing to switch sides.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Missandei leaned her back against the couch as she sat cross-legged. Her hot pink tank-top was a sharp contrast to the soot black material of the couch, it was the only thing dark in her living room. Missandei went to school for visual arts, and the multiple paintings covering most of her walls proved that. A tall wine glass rested over the side of her kneecap while Missandei stared at the multiple silver rings on her right hand.

Sansa sat at the other end of the couch, curled up into a ball with her head resting over a fluffy pillow. The television was on in front of them, but neither of the girls were watching the ninety’s music video in front of them.

“You sure you don’t want another slice of pizza?” Missandei casually asked.

“No, but thanks for the offer,” her friend politely answered. “Are you certain you don’t want us to give you the money for it?”

“Nah.” She waved her hand in front of her with a casual air. “It’s nothing.”

Sansa watched her friend take another sip of the wine, noticing how calm she looked in her thin tank-top and shorts. “So, what do you think of Petyr?”

“Quiet.”

“Not really.”

“It’s just around me then?” Missandei taunted. “No, he seems to be a thinker.”

“He is.”

“But you compliment each other well.”

“Thanks.”

Missandei rested her wine glass on the coffee table, and then stretched out her arms to show how tired she really was. “Since he is in the shower you can tell me everything.”

“Alright.”

“Go on.”
“The first time I met him was right after his honeymoon. My Aunt Lysa threw a party, sort of a family get together. Anyways, I wandered away from my family for a bit…” Sansa paused to sit up more on the couch, letting her legs drop down the side till it fell to the floor. “I was walking around the lobby when I saw this man staring at this painting. I froze, you know, the kind when you see someone so unbelievably attractive that you can’t believe their real.” She looked down to fidget with her fingers as she added: “He looked over his shoulder and saw me… and I knew he felt the exact same way about me.” A long exhale escaped her, for Sansa felt nervous revealing this all to Missandei. “And then I would later find out that he was married to my Aunt.”

“This is so weird.”

Sansa turned her head to the right, looking at her friend with saddened eyes. “I guess,” she sullenly responded since she was at a loss for words.

“That you should both have instant attraction like that,” Missandei explained. “Only to find out you are related.”

“Yeah.”

“And that he is married,” she stressed in a lower tone of voice. “Usually those guys are off limits.” Missandei reached forward for her glass of wine as she questioned: “And you are not the kind of girl to do that sort of thing.”

“Seduce another woman’s husband,” Sansa off-handily replied, knowing she was echoing her Aunt Lysa’s words.

“You aren’t like that!”

“I don’t know.” Tired hands rubbed the sides of her pale arm as Sansa deliberated, “Maybe I am.”

“No, I know you.”

“It sure looks that way.”

“How did it happen then? The two of you getting together?”

“I already told you, one night he came over and-”

“-you are telling me one night changed everything?”

“Yeah.”

“So, the two of you just agreed to ignore the fact that he is married and just do it.”

“I didn’t have sex with him then.”

“Okay,” she answered back quickly. “But how can a single night change everything?”

“He kissed me, that’s what happened!”

Missandei took a slow sip of her wine as she mused over her friend’s words.

“It doesn’t help that he is a good kisser.” A chocking sound was heard, and then Missandei had to lower her glass to prevent herself from chocking further. “I didn’t mean to make you laugh.”

“It was your voice,” she croaked, and then placed the wine glass down on the table so she wouldn’t
“Spill it. “You sounded so guilty then.”

“His sexy,” Sansa admitted. She brushed back her hair, letting her fingers glide through her thick mane as she thought about it more. “The way he kisses…” She let out a sigh while closing the lids of her eyes, a part of her was craving Petyr and she had to suppress that side of her quickly.

“Petyr is good looking,” Missandei voiced aloud. “He has nice eyes.”

“He does,” Sansa concurred with glee.

“I like the sound of his voice too.”

“Uh huh.”

“He isn’t my type,” her friend quickly explained. “You know I like guys with more of a physical build, sort of like a football player.”

“I know.”

“I like them muscular.”

Sansa gave her Missandei a cunning grin before she repeated: “I know.”

“But Petyr suits you well.”

“Thanks, girl.” Sansa lifted her hand to silently request a sip of her friend’s wine and Missandei was quick to oblige. “No, don’t give me a full glass. Not tonight, at least.”

“I have tons.” She was standing up to retrieve the bottle of wine that was left on the dining table. “I’ll come back. Let me put this pizza box in the fridge.”

Sansa stretched out her legs to the fullest, taking up the last of the couch as she did her best to relax. The television was thankfully on mute, so all she could hear was the running water coming from the shower. Petyr was in there for a long time, but she was happy to they had some space from. She needed alone time and thought reconnecting with her co-worker and friend would set her mind straight on things.

“Take this small glass,” her friend suggested. “I will pour a little bit for you.”

“Thanks.”

“It will help you relax.” The glass was placed into Sansa’s hand and then Missandei gently swatted at the top of the redhead’s feet to get her to move it. “I need to sit down too.”

“Sorry,” Sansa lightly laughed, and then curled her legs inwards until her knees were pressed against her chest.

“So, how did your Aunt figure out?”

“My mom figured it out first, and then she told her sister.”

“Awkward.”

“Very.”

“You weren’t good at keeping it a secret.” Missandei leaned forward to turn the television volume up
“I thought I was, but I suppose I was wrong.”

“What did your mother do? When she found out, I mean.”


“How could it?” her friend exclaimed. “Its her sister! She must have felt horrible.”

“Yeah.”

“Talk about being stuck between a rock and a hard place.” Missandei only paused to take a sip of her red wine. “This whole thing is crazy.”

“A fucking mess,” Sansa unexpectedly cursed aloud. “You understand why I had to give away so many shifts then?”

“Totally.”

The two of them looked over their shoulder as they heard the bedroom door open. Petyr poked his head through the doorway, squinting at the two girls with curiosity. “Sansa, you can take a shower now.”

“Give me a minute.”

“Sure.” Petyr readjusted his waist band, pulling up his slouchy grey trackpants up more before he strolled into the living room. His eyes scanned the various abstract paintings on the wall, unaware that the two women were watching him closely. “You sell any of these?”

“Online, then yeah,” Missandei yelled back. “Not enough to quit my job though.”

“Give it some time,” Petyr lightly suggested with his back to him. “These are good enough to put up in an office space. I have a few connections, maybe I can ask around for you.” He looked over his shoulder to inquire: “Got a website?”

“I sell them on Etsy.”

“An official website.”

“No.”

“Set one up,” he suggested in a strangely compelling voice. “Contact me once it’s done and I will send a few of my friends the link.” Petyr turned his gaze to Sansa, noticing the hungry look in his girlfriend’s eyes. “What is it, sweetling?”

“I can smell your body wash,” she said in warning. “And your hair… its so shiny and…”

Petyr bit on his lip knowing his girlfriend was clearly aroused. “And?”

“I think I might take a shower now,” she relented, and then hopped off the couch to stride straight for the bathroom.

Petyr was tempted to follow her, but common sense prevailed, and he found himself sauntering towards Missandei to take Sansa’s original spot on the far corner of the couch. “Thanks for letting us stay over,” he offered out, hoping it would diminish the awkward silence. “Especially since you
don’t know me and all.”

“Want a drink?”

“Sure.”

“I only got red wine at the moment, unless you want cheap beer.”

“I’ll take the wine.”

“You want Sansa’s since she only took a sip.”

Petyr stretched out his hand to point at the small clear glass on the table that was usually intended for hard liquor. “This one here?”

“Yeah.”

“I’ll take it.”

The two strangers sipped at their wine to fill up the silence, both secretly hoping that Sansa’s shower wouldn’t take too long. Missandei was the first to place her tall wine glass down, and curled up on her end of the couch with tattered blankets purposefully covering most of her form. “You really like her?”

“I love her,” Petyr stated as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“She told me all it took was one night to change things.”

Petyr nodded his head in agreement, hardly taking in the lead singer jumping up and down with a union jack around his shoulders on the television screen.

“Sansa said you kissed her.”

“I did.”

“Why?”

“I wanted to kiss her the first moment I laid eyes on her,” he answered her over the rim of the cup.

“But what made you do it that night?”

“I lost my nerve I guess.” He sipped on the sweet tasting wine, feeling it was too light for his taste buds at that moment. “I shouldn’t have… but I did.”

“And how did Sansa react?”

“She never told you?” he asked with a raised eyebrow. “She kissed me back.” A pleased smile spread across his face, sending two dimples into the center of his cheeks as his smile grew even wider. “It was fucking good.” His smile grew lop-sided once the right side of his lip crooked upwards in a menacing way. “After that night there was no way we could go back.”

“Go back to the way things were?”

“To pretending we didn’t have feelings for another. It was always there but we could never act on it. Sansa said she was too young when we first met and maybe she was right.” Petyr stared down the bottom of his cup, seeing what was left for him to enjoy. “I wanted her then, and I sure as hell
wanted her the night I kissed her. I would have gone all the way if she let me.”

“But she didn’t.”

“No,” he hushed from the back of the throat. “Lysa was right down the hall so it was probably better that way.”

“You really have no morals,” Missandei relayed softly, before she sharply turned her head away.

“I have some.”

The glass was slammed down harder than the two of them would have liked before Missandei stood to her feet. “I don’t think so.”

“You don’t have agree with the things I did,” Petyr softly stated. “But I would prefer you to not stand over me and judge me.”

“I’m not.” Petyr blinked at her in reply, before glaring at her hard until she was forced to rethink things. “I was just thinking about your wife.”

“You know nothing about her.”

“I know.”

“You never loved her?”

“I married her for money,” he bluntly replied. “To ensure that fancy office suite would be mine alone.” He stepped forward to encroach upon Missandei’s space. “I wanted the title of ‘Head of Finances’ and marrying Lysa was the best way to secure that.”

“Oh.”

“So, you can keep your opinions to yourself,” he warned with a dangerous look in his eyes.

“I didn’t know.”

“I love Sansa,” he told her in truth. “I love her with all my heart. I don’t care that she is my wife’s niece. You think you are the first person to judge us? To be sickened at the thought of what we have done? No, you aren’t the first Missandei, and most certainly not the last.” Petyr licked his lips feebly, doing his best to control his anger. “Thank you for giving us a place to stay, but if you think that gives you the right to insult me than I would prefer to leave.”

“I never meant to offend you.” Missandei blinked at the man in front of her nervously. “Sansa never gave me the details, that’s all.”

Petyr grunted from the back of his throat, and then took a step back to create some space. The tension in the room lessened at that moment, and then he looked down to see his right hand was
vaguely trembling. He never realized how angry he was, but perhaps the stress of the week was finally catching up to him.

“If the two of you ever need help you know who to call,” Missandei suggested. She dropped down on the couch and pulled the blankets over her form once again. She made sure not to make eye contact with Petyr, since she still felt a lingering sense of nervousness. She had witnessed only a snippet of this man’s temper and wondered what it would look like if it was full-blown.

Petyr took a seat on the other end of the couch, crossing his legs tiredly as he tried to get his breathing back to his normal pace. The running water of the shower echoed near the back of the room, a tiny crack of the bedroom door managed to carry the noise to where the two strangers were seated. Missandei retrieved her wine glass and gulped the last of it down, wondering if that awkward conversation was a direct result of her loose tongue. Petyr broke the silence by clearing his throat and remarked: “I hope I am not making you uncomfortable.”

“No,” she lied.

“It’s a sensitive topic,” he explained. “One Sansa and I are still getting used too.” He rubbed the palm of his hands together as he added, “You must understand this is all still new to us.”

“It was stupid of me.”

“No, you were curious.”

“I shouldn’t have intruded.”

“We are in your house, so technically it’s us that are intruding.” Petyr allowed himself to make eye contact with the young woman on the other side of the couch, feeling relieved when she offered him a timid smile back. “Believe me when I say, it was not my intention to go out of my way to hurt my wife.” He lowered his gaze to the empty spot between them. “Or Sansa’s family.” He scratched the side of his greying temple as he thought deeply about his present situation. “Or my step-son.”

“You have a step-son?”

“Robin.”

“Oh no.”


“How old is he?”

“Seven.”

“Still so young,” Missandei said with worry. “Does he know? Have you spoken to him about it?”

“I haven’t seen or spoken to him since I came back from my trip. I was in Taiwan for a couple of days,” Petyr explained in a tired voice. He moved his back against the arm of the couch and rested the side of his head against the comfy couch. “I want to call him, but I know Lysa will have my head if I do.”

“Do you think he want you too?”

“I know he does.”

“Were you close to him?”
“Its complicated.” Petyr rubbed the palm of his hands up his thigh, watching the smooth fabric crinkle under his fingers. “His father died and then I stepped into the picture, so I guess…” The corner of his mouth shifted to the right, making his lips scrunch up awkwardly. “I guess in a way I replaced him.”

“But that is even worse.”

“I don’t think Robin will ever forgive me for what I’ve done.” Petyr forced his gaze to go upwards to lock eyes with the stranger. “But why should he?”

“He loves you.”

“Lysa will corrupt his mind.”

“He will still love you.”

“I don’t deserve his love,” Petyr confessed to himself and the avid listener beside him. “Not after what I have done.” He scratched his nails into the plush fabric of the couch, wanting a distraction to take him away from his guilt. Missandei believed he had no morals, but Petyr felt she was mistaken. “The only good thing about this whole situation is that I have Sansa.”

“Yeah.”

“It will be hard for us though.”

Missandei raised herself from her seat to pour a tiny bit of wine into her empty glass. She offered some to Petyr, but he gently declined. “It will be hard for everyone,” Missandei concluded once she returned to her side of the couch.

“I want to marry her.” The dark-haired man closed his eyes slightly as he added, “But how can I when her entire family will be against it.”

“You are still married to Lysa, so I see no point in worrying about it.”

“That’s the thing! Will she agree to the divorce or will she be her usual stubborn self and contest it?”

“So, what if she does?”

“Do you know how long that will take?” he shrilled with a maddening look about him. “Years!”

“Yeah, but you could still live with Sansa, can’t you? You don’t need a legal document to state how the two of you feel about each other.”

“It is not the same thing.”

“Sure,” she consented. “But you just told me that you never loved your wife and only married her for money so…” She smirked at him in a fiendish way. “I guess that legal document meant nothing to you after all.”

“You have a point.”

“Of course, I have a point!” she snapped. “The two of you can live together and wait it out, and once the court decision is made that Lysa is no longer your wife than you can rush over to the closest church and marry the girl.”

“Are you a counselor or something?”
"I'm a good listener."

"Yeah," Petyr chuckled with a pleased air. He reached forward to take a swig at the last of his wine and then stood to his feet. "Hey, the water shut off. What do you think Sansa is doing in there?"

"Getting changed."

Petyr had turned his whole body to the bedroom door as he uttered: "Oh."

"I saw that look she gave you before she ran into the shower." Missandei stood to her feet and raised her voice as she exclaimed: "I don't care what goes on in your sex lives but please don't do anything in my bed."

The first thing that Petyr did was raise his eyebrows and then he had to control his facial features to the best of his abilities as he turned around to face Missandei. "We won't."

The drive was long back to Sansa’s house. She spent most of the time watching the green leaves flutter in the torrential wind, finding it ironic that the clouds were darkening the closer they she got to her place. She looked through her rear-view mirror every now and then, comforted with the sight of Petyr’s burnt orange sedan he received from the rental place. She knew the car was ill-suited to him, but it was something to get them from one destination to another.

Sansa found herself missing his presence. It was only minutes after she took a shower that she found herself snuggled up in bed with Petyr, and the next thing she knew she was fast asleep in his arms. Breakfast was entertaining with happy chatter from Missandei, but a part of her wished it was silent with only the sound of their spoons clanging the bottom of their cereal bowls. She wasn’t sure why she felt exhausted, it was unusual, but she thought the madness of the past week was finally catching up to her. It was going to be a long day for her too since she had a lot of homework to complete in a single day with the added worry of a long drive into the barren countryside to see this cottage Petyr was so fond of.

She would have to send a text to Missandei to thank her for her kindness, knowing she went out of her way to make the two of them comfortable in her home. A quick ring to Jeyne wouldn’t hurt as well, knowing it was best to tell her about her situation in person since she had been covering for her all week long. I will do it as soon as I have the chance, she concluded, and then turned onto a dirt road that would take her straight to her house. Petyr’s car was close behind hers, a sure sign that he would he would stay with her to the very end. A warm glow in her chest ignited at the thought of him, knowing it was more than butterflies but something even richer than that complex emotion. She was lucky to have his affection, more than lucky, she felt like she won the lottery when she considered how the two of them ended up together against all the obstacles that continually stood in their way.

Her wandering thoughts were cut off once she noticed the empty driveway in front of her house, an unusual thing at this time of day. A part of her feared something had gone wrong, and then she remembered that her mother intended for everyone to be away when they came to drop off the car. She had not spoken to her mother since the time she called her cellphone, a grave warning for her to not press charges against Lysa was ignored and now Sansa feared the repercussions.

Petyr rolled down his window and then signaled Sansa to do the same. “You want me to come inside with you?”

“Stay in the car!” she yelled out of the passenger side of the window.
“Will you be okay?”

“It’s only my mother that will be inside.”

Petyr lowered his sunglasses, tossing it over the dashboard with worry. “What if Lysa is in there?”

“She won’t.”

“How can you be sure?” he declared. “What if it’s a trap?”

“Paranoid, Petyr?”

He grinned at her heartedly. “Protective.”

“If you come inside it will only make the situation worse.”

“I could explain things to her.”

“She won’t want to hear it.”

“Let me try,” he pleaded, and the pitiful look in his eyes made the redhead submit. “Thanks, darling.”

“It’s sweetling to you,” she teased before she rolled up the window.

Petyr was the first to drop down on the smooth graveled driveway, leaning against his car door until his lover was at his side. He kissed the good side of her cheek as a thank you, a habit now, even though it had fully healed from the terrible pain Lysa had brought upon her. Sansa was thankful the pain over the front of her neck was barely felt now, though the yellow mark was still visible in the dim sunlight on this cool summer morning. Petyr took her hand to lead her to the front of the house, casting her occasional glances to make sure she was okay. Sansa was thankful the pain over the front of her neck was barely felt now, though the yellow mark was still visible in the dim sunlight on this cool summer morning. Petyr took her hand to lead her to the front of the house, casting her occasional glances to make sure she was okay. Sansa pulled his hand unexpectedly towards him, spinning his body into her chest before she pressed a hard kiss against his lips. He stood there frozen to the spot, shocked by the suddenness of it all, so Sansa took the opportunity of raising her free hand to stroke the back of his nape wildly till it was deep into his thick mane. Her mouth opened wider to swallow him whole, feeling a wave of passion come over her that made her almost delirious. Petyr was the first to break away, smirking at her wickedly since he could sense her mood. “Well, then…” The lids of his eyes squinted playfully. Puckered lips were all too tempting for her, but she refrained once she realized someone might have saw the whole thing through the open window. “What did I do to deserve that?”

“I will let you guess,” she taunted, before she took a large step backwards. Petyr was at a loss for words when she pulled his hand, sending him into her solid back before she stepped forward to lead them to the front steps of her parent’s house. She turned her head to the wooden ramp designed for Bran, wondering where her entire family was at that moment. She deliberated using her house keys to open the front door but thought better of it. “I can’t believe I am knocking,” she muttered after she pounded the wooden door loudly with a closed fist.

Petyr took a step beside her, enclosing the last of the space between them. He was her anchor in the storm and she needed him more than ever.

The door cracked open and she recognized the pale sky-blue eyes almost immediately. “Sansa.”

“Hi mom.”

“You brought Petyr.” Her voice dropped a decimal when she uttered it, showing she wasn’t exactly
pleased by his presence. “He will have to wait outside.”

“We wanted to talk to you.”

“Robin is here,” she spat out quickly. “I couldn’t convince him to go with the others.”

“Could you send him to his room?”

“No.” Petyr took a step backwards, creating a gap that Sansa wasn’t ready for. “Thank you, Petyr.”

“Lysa wouldn’t want me seeing him,” he explained, before he turned his back to the Stark’s. “I’ll be in the car, Sansa,” he mentioned quickly before he stormed to the rented vehicle.

Cat opened the front door wider, inviting her daughter inside of her household with saddened eyes. “Please don’t speak to Robin.”

“How about you come outside? We only came here to drop off the car keys anyways.”

Cat nodded her head stiffly and then excused herself for a moment to put on a jacket. Sansa watched the door close in front of her, finding it a perfect analogy of her life, and with reluctant steps she backpedaled and then turned around to make her way down the wooden stairs.

“What happened?” Petyr demanded once she stood in front of his vehicle. “You talked for less than a minute.”

“She is coming out to talk to us.”

“Oh.”

“Don’t say anything to upset her.”

Petyr took a hold of her forearm as he implored: “You know I would never do that.”

“No,” Sansa lied, hardly believing it herself. “Just be careful.”

“I will! I swear it.”

The front door shut loudly, and then Cat wrapped up her beige cardigan across her slender form as she trudged her way towards them. She was unable to make eye contact once she finally stood in front of them, only lifting up the palm of her hand in silent command until the car keys were placed inside of them. “I see you got a new car.”

“Lysa,” Petyr grumbled out with revulsion.

“You weren’t able to get your car back?”

“She keyed it,” he spat out quickly. “And then I had some punk vandalize it further once I took it outside of my garage.”

“Keyed it?”

“Stabbed the leather seats with God knows what,” Petyr complained. “She’s mad, I tell ya.”

Cat crossed her arms and leaned against the side of the car as she uttered: “We all know that.”

“You taking sides, Cat?”
“I’m acknowledging the truth.” She looked over her shoulder to glare at her house with scrutiny. “Why else would I still have Robin here with me?”

“Where is she?”

“Under custody.”

“For what?”

“Attacking an officer.”

“God! What was she thinking?”

“She wasn’t thinking at all,” Cat murmured as she brushed back her hair. “Sansa, I told you not to contact the police.” Her daughter chose not to respond, only staring across from her where a large tree was swaying in the breeze. “You think she was bad before, now imagine what she will be like once she gets out of there.”

“When?”

“I think this afternoon, but I could be wrong.”

“I’m going in to apply for a restraining order tomorrow morning.”

The two Stark girls gasped at Petyr’s statement, and then Sansa prodded his arm to get him to look in her direction. “When were you going to tell me this?”

“On the drive to….” He stopped himself short once he realized Cat was on the other side of him.

“Right.”

“Last night wasn’t the best time,” he insisted. “And I haven’t had any alone time with you this morning.”

Cat alternated a look of scrutiny and suspicion as Petyr tried to explain himself, unsure why they hadn’t had time to talk about this important decision until now.

“I was talking to my lawyer yesterday evening when you were at work. I wanted you to apply for a restraining order, but it wouldn’t work. We don’t have enough evidence that your life is at risk or you are just plain scared of her, but I can apply for it under the court of law and have it passed. Think about it! My vandalized car, the threats to your person and my own. The way she attacked you, the angry messages on my phone, and the fact that she had me fired.”

“Petyr!” Cat called out. “You have no one to blame but yourself.”

“She’s crazy and you know it!”

“No one to blame,” she repeated. “Though I agree with you, if she ever laid eyes on you.”

“Which she won’t.”

“It took two grown men to prevent her from attacking Sansa,” Cat pointed out. “And they are two times stronger than you!”

“Yes, but you are ignoring the fact that you shouldn’t have let it get to that point.” Cat straightened her back with obvious offence. “She hit Sansa across the face, and you did nothing.”
Cat opened her mouth in rebuttal, but then suddenly closed it.

“Petyr,” Sansa softly uttered. “I don’t need you to defend me.” Their hands interlaced with each other, and then Sansa let her eyes soften as she settled it on her mother. “He is right, you shouldn’t have let it escalate to that level.”

“I told her I wouldn’t get involved.”

“There is a difference between getting involved and being a bystander,” her daughter corrected her. “If it wasn’t for Dad I might not even be standing here right now.”

Cat sniffled loudly, looking down with a strong level of guilt.

“I was wrong for carrying on this affair,” Sansa admitted. “I hurt you and Dad.” She used her free hand to take a hold of her mother’s wrist. “My family and cousin Robin.”

“Let’s not forget Lysa,” her mother remonstrated in a strained voice. “You will never understand the pain you put her through.”

“No.”

“It takes work to maintain a marriage, Sansa. You can’t even imagine how much you broke her spirit.”

Petyr couldn’t help but chuckle out: “And her mind.” His smirk widened at the thought of it, though Sansa wished he didn’t have to do it at a time like this.

“Her mind is most unstable,” Cat reluctantly confessed. She looked over her shoulder once she heard the front door creak open and a bushy head child push his way through the narrow crack. “But so is her son.”

Chapter End Notes

Dun dun dunnnn
Broken

Chapter Summary

The simple task of dropping off the car keys at Sansa's parents' house has gone haywire once Robin comes into the picture.

Chapter Notes

I wasn't intending to write an update so soon, but here we are with another chapter in less than 24 hours. Oh well, I hope you enjoy the drama.

petyrbaaaeeelish

Petyr was pouring Sansa's cup of tea in his kitchen; grey puffs of hot air hovered over her piping hot cup. He settled the silver teapot down, letting his fingers rest over the handle of her pale blue mug with an expressionless face. Sansa found herself stepping closer to him, intrigued by this man she hadn’t seen for many months. “You never told me what you like in your tea,” he lightly piped up with every intent on avoiding her gaze.

“Milk and sugar.”

“Of course,” he mouthed out softly, and then pushed himself off the edge of the kitchen countertop to head towards the fridge.

“You’re not dressed up,” Sansa observed. Petyr had his hand on the handle of the fridge, considering her words for a minute before he propped open the door. “Why?”

“What would you have me dress up as?” he questioned over his shoulder. A container of milk was retrieved, heavy enough for him to prop the bottom of it against the smooth ridges of his belt buckle.

“Robin is dressed as a prince.”

“It's his birthday.”

“Aunt Lysa is dressed up.”

He turned around to face her and Sansa could detect the amusement in his eyes. “Unfortunately.”

“So, is Robin’s friends.”

“You aren’t.” Petyr placed the heavy carton down on the beige kitchen countertop, making sure it was between them before he let his eyes fall over her for the first time since she walked into the kitchen.

“I’m too old for that.”
“I’m twice your age,” he quipped before he pushed the carton closer to her. “Let me grab you some sugar.”

“You don’t want any tea.”

“Not right now.” He wandered away from her to open a small cabinet, taking out the clear glass container that was filled to the rim with white sugar.

He was just returning to Sansa when a tall dark figure appeared through the doorway, which made Petyr instantly become defensive at the sight of his brother-in-law. “Sansa,” Ned bellowed out. “What are you doing?”

“I came here for a cup of tea,” she answered him over her shoulder, appearing indifferent to her father’s overprotective behaviour. “Is mom looking for me?”

“I was,” he answered her gruffly while darting his eyes between his daughter and Petyr. “You should tell us next time?”

“I’m not going to get kidnapped,” she quipped with annoyance. “I will be out in a minute.”

“And what about you Petyr?” the taller man demanded. “What are you doing here?”

“Being a good host,” the smaller man with silver temples answered him. “Can I get you something to drink too, Ned?”

Sansa’s father turned on his heels and left them, not bothering to answer Petyr’s inquiry. Sansa kept her gaze on the milk carton in embarrassment, knowing the real reason her father came all this way to find her. “They don’t like when we are alone together,” she finally admitted aloud.

“I don’t know why,” the man in front of her lied. He pushed the glass full of sugar in front of her hand that was resting on the countertop. “You’ll need a spoon,” he relayed in a deep tenor. He took a step closer to slide open the cabinet, letting them know the exact distance that they maintained between each other. Once he closed it with a loud bang, he took a step forward to enclose upon her space, letting the spoon dangle between his fingers as he held it in front of his chest. “You like it sweet.”

“I have a sweet tooth.”

“You do,” he answered in an even lower tenor with his eyes locked onto her with resolution. “I’ll have to remember that.” Sansa felt the heat of his gaze and found herself faltering under them.

Petyr turned in a way to have his right shoulder facing Sansa, and then he corked open the milk carton so she could pour it with ease. She knew if she had something important to say this would be the perfect opportunity. The whole evening they have done nothing but small talk, knowing they could easily be overheard but now that they were alone in the kitchen she wondered if she had enough confidence to say something daring. “You don’t need a costume, Uncle Petyr.” Her voice went softer as she added: “You look regal already.”

She saw the way his eyebrows raised for a single moment, and the way he tilted his head to the side so he could hide the rest of his facial expressions. “Thank you, Sansa.”

Sansa stirred her spoon idly in the borrowed mug, doing her best to not have it clang too loudly. She was nervous, there was something akin to butterflies fluttering at the bottom of her stomach the longer they were standing there alone.
“What six-year-old boy wants a birthday party with a fantasy theme.”

“Robin.”

“Dragons, magic, and him being dressed up as a Prince.”

“Aunt Lysa as a Queen.”

“Yes,” he answered back with bitterness. “It’s a little silly, isn’t it?”

“I think she wants to make him happy.”

“She does,” he admitted in a lower tenor. “She bought me a costume, but I refused to put it on.” He scratched the back of his head nervously. “We got in a fight last night and this morning about it, but I’m still not wearing it.”

“Does it look funny?”

“I look like a mascot in it,” he jeered with something of a smile. Sansa broke out in laughter, knowing Petyr was probably speaking the truth if it was anything like her Aunt Lysa’s costume.

“Really?”

“Really,” he assured her. “I couldn’t impress you wearing it,” Petyr quickly added. “Especially when you’re dressed like that.” He took a moment to look her up and down, appreciating the tight fitting long black dress she was currently wearing. “You’re growing up Sansa.”

She found herself leaning more into his space, unable to maintain the careful distance that she created for both herself and him.

“I am.”

Petyr let his dark green eyes fall down to her deep neckline, noticing she was exposing more skin than usual. His eyes flickered upwards to her polished makeup and the dark eyeliner that made her blue eyes pop with colour. “You look good,” he said in a hush tone of voice. His bottom lip trembled as if he wanted to add something more, but then he turned his head away from her to stop himself from saying anything else.

“It goes both ways.” Sansa bit down on the corner of her lip once he turned his gaze back to her, hating the fact that he could read so much in her eyes. A nervous laughter escaped her suddenly, realizing exactly what the two of them were doing. “I’m not usually this forward,” she admitted with a crooked grin. “Sorry, Uncle Petyr.”

“No, no,” he chided, and laid a hand on the side of her forearm that made her body stiffen immediately from his touch. “It’s fine.” Petyr found his arm stroking up the length of her arm to trail over her precious bare skin. “More than fine.”

His touch alone was setting her on fire, and yet, Sansa was doing everything in her power to ignore the sensation. Her tea was probably growing cold at this point, but she couldn’t find an excuse to complain over the matter. Her Uncle was touching her, and she so conflicted with the myriad of feelings quickly taking over her.

“Funny…” He increased the heat of his gaze as he followed it with: “…that it should go both ways.” Sansa had to close her eyes at that, feeling herself being seduced by that tempting look of his and the
touch that was going higher up her arm. Petyr let his hand rest over the top of her shoulder, resting over the delicate lace strap.

“You look stunning Sansa.” She had no choice but to open the lids of her eyes then, finding herself instantly sinking into the depths of Petyr’s gaze.

Cheering roared from the main living room, making Petyr drop his arm downwards with the realization that people were still around. “We should go back,” he suggested, though he sounded disheartened at the thought of it. “Let me get a glass of water first.”

Sansa lifted her mug up to take a sip of her tea, the change of temperature was evidence enough of how long they had lingered alone in the kitchen together. She only hoped her Aunt Lysa hadn’t noticed their lengthy absence. *It’s not like something happened anyways.*

Petyr walked into her line of sight, offering her a smile that didn’t reach his eyes. “Shall we?” he proposed with an arm offered for her to take. She wavered to slip her arm inside of her Uncle’s, aware that it was more of a romantic gesture than a paternal one.

“Thank you.”

“Anything for you, sweetling.” He made sure to catch her eyes for one final time, knowing that once they exited the kitchen their interactions would be watched with a wave of scrutiny. The last time they were together at the Christmas party had put a thorn in things; the exchange of glances across the room and how close they danced together put Sansa’s parents in a state of alarm. Sansa wasn’t a little girl anymore; she was a woman that was familiar enough with her body and how it reacted around Petyr. There was a reason she had to avoid eye contact once her Uncle’s arm leaned into the upper part of her torso. The closeness of Petyr’s body made the lids of her eyelids flutter, knowing it was rare for him to even be allowed to be this close to her. By the time they entered the living room she feared her cheeks were aflame, offering a small thank you before she slipped out of his arms and strode to the other end of the room. She wasn’t normally this nervous, but the crush she had always harboured for her Uncle had rose to new heights after so long an absence. For months she kept replaying the scene of them dancing together in her parent’s living room and seeing him after so long a time made her shy and unsure of herself. Sansa pretended the DVD display case was more interesting than the small band of children surrounding her cousin Robin; the excited cries was a sure sign that they liked his toy sword that he had gotten from his parents.

“Robin, be careful!” his step-father warned. She looked over her shoulder to see him standing in front of Robin, his hand trying to take a hold of the plastic hilt before it managed to stab a child in the eye.

“Hey Robin!” Robb yelled out from a nearby couch. “You have only two ways of using that sword: to fight or to knight someone.”

Robin let his father take a hold of his sword, too intrigued by his cousin’s words to fight back. He strode past his friends and approached the arm of the chair where he managed to barely see over it. “Knight someone?”

“Yeah! You can make someone into a knight.”

“How?” he mouthed out with a puzzling expression. “Why?”

“Don’t you want someone to fight for you?” Robb asked with enthusiasm. “To protect you from dragons and evil warlords.” Robb stood to his feet, letting his hands turn into claws as he added: “Mysterious mystical creatures, wizards or a jealous lord that is out to kill you.”
“Why would they want to do that?” Lysa caught the last of Robb’s words, and left her sister’s side to calm down her son’s nerves. “Who would want to kill me?”

“Hush Robin,” his mother pleaded, before she curled an arm around him and pushed him into her stomach. “No one would want to kill you.” Her eyes became sharp daggers at Robb, making him look timid under her venomous glare.

“Robb said someone would want to kill me,” he cried, and started to shake violently in his mother’s arms. It was at this point that his school friends started to back away from Robin. “I’ll kill them first!”

“Hush,” his mother chided.

“I’ll kill them all! Where is my sword? Dad, give me back my sword.” His father shook his head stiffly, a look of resolution showed he had no intention of returning the plastic sword to his stepson. “Mom, he won’t give it to me! Tell him to give it to me.”

“Petyr,” Lysa scolded, absolutely furious that he shouldn’t give in to the six-year-old boy demands.

Robin’s friends were backing up once they sensed the tension, pushing themselves against the edges of the couch to create some space. Cat sensed their uneasiness and suggested they go into the kitchen to have some cupcakes, sending them out the room before she had a chance to change her mind. Robb quickly followed his mother, motioning for his father and sister to follow him out the room. Ned dropped his stack of cards that he was playing with his son, stuffing it into his back pocket before he quietly exited the room. Sansa had every intention to follow, but something about Petyr’s body language made her want to stay.

“You spoil him too much,” Petyr insisted. “Giving him the sword will not solve the problem.”

“He is upset!”

“All the more reason for him to not have it.”

“Petyr!”

“Someone will get hurt,” He implored with a hint of desperation. “You know what he is like when he loses his temper.”

“Robin is not upset.” She knelt on the ground to be at eye level with her boy. “Are you Robin?”

“No,” the boy answered her back in a squeaky voice. “I want my sword.”

“You shall have the sword,” she sweetly replied. “You will have everything your heart desires.”

Petyr flung the sword on the ground, letting it fall at their feet before he stormed out of the room. Sansa left a lingering look on her Aunt’s person, realizing how black her eyes were when they finally turned to her niece. Frightened she immediately left the room, turning the corner to find Petyr wasn’t in the room with the rest of his guests. “Where is Uncle Petyr?” she asked aloud, even if no one was listening. A sound came to the left of her, and she instinctively knew it came from the front door. Sansa ran to the rugged brown mat to pick up her sandals and then cracked open the door to slip through it. She had barely taken a step when Petyr looked over his shoulders, appearing startled to find her in the hallway alone with him.

“You should go back,” he warned. Her Uncle turned around fully to face her, taking in the sight of this beautiful redhead woman that followed him outside of his condo space to make sure he was okay. “Lysa will come looking for me.”
“So, what if she does?”

“You can’t be here with me,” he insisted. “You know what she is like.”

“You did the right thing!” she yelled back, since there was such a large gap between them. “Robin shouldn’t be able to have the sword.”

“I’m right and look where it’s gotten me?” He dragged a hand over the whole of his mouth, letting it trail downwards till it rested over the front of his chin. “I’m not a father to him,” he said with regret. “I don’t even know what I am half the time. I can’t discipline him, and he knows it.”

Sansa bent down to lay her sandals upon the carpeted floor, taking her time to slip her feet inside of it since she had no intention of returning to Petyr’s condo.

“Don’t bother putting on your other sandal,” echoed down the hallway after Petyr took a few steps away. “I’m already in trouble. I don’t want you to be in the same boat as me.”

“In trouble for standing up to Robin!” she jeered from the ground. Sansa stubbornly slipped her left foot into her black sandal. “For acting like a responsible parent.”

“You shouldn’t say that.”

“Someone has too.”

Petyr took another step back with reluctance. “Go!”

“Petyr,” she called out. “You’re upset and you need someone to talk too.”

“I’m fine,” he lied, as he waved his hand to dismiss her. “Go back inside.”

“I’m not a child,” she argued back after she took a few steps forward. “You can’t tell me what to do.”

“I don’t want Lysa to find you here,” he pleaded. “Go before its too late.”

“I’m not scared of her.”

“You should be,” he said in a deeper tenor.

“Are you?” Sansa defiantly stood in front of him, eyeing him with a mixture of lust and avid curiosity as to how her Uncle would answer her question.

Petyr looked over her shoulder as if he feared the door would swing open. “I’m not scared of Lysa,” he hushed. “But I know how jealous she can be… especially when I’m around you.” He took a step back; the largest one he has ever done since his niece entered the hallway. “I’m going for a walk to cool down. Don’t follow me.” Petyr quickly stepped away from her, bypassing the elevator door to take the stairs at the other end of the hallway. It was clear he wanted no one to follow him, so Sansa thought it best to listen to him. Let him be, she surmised, seeing there was nothing she could do to change the situation. Lysa was intent on spoiling her son, and there was very little Petyr could do to change the matter, not when she was so intent on ignoring him.

She watched the last of Petyr’s back retreat to the far end of the hall. He looked over his shoulder before he propped open the solid door, and she knew by the look in his eyes that there was no invitation to follow him.
Robin was running up to them, which immediately put Cat in a state of alarm. “I thought I told you to stay upstairs.” Robin ran past his Aunt, pushing her outstretched hand away from him until he stood right in front of his father. “Robin!”

He pushed Petyr dead center in his stomach, taking the man aback as he nearly lost his balance. “Robin,” his father reprimanded him, taking a hold of his outstretched arms before he could push him again. “What did we talk about? You keep your hands and your feet to yourself.”

“You!” he shrilled out in anger, wrestling his father’s tight grip with a rage of hysterics. He started to weep, tears flooding up his eyes before he let out a deep throated cry. Robin suddenly pushed his head into his father’s abdomen, laying there lifelessly without any sign of attacking Petyr again.

“I’m sorry, Robin.”

The boy cried louder, while a shaking fit came over him that was uncontrollable. He shuddered in his father’s arms, weeping with closed eyes as he buried his face into the center of his father’s stomach.

“I know,” Petyr whispered, while bending his head low in shame. Cat took a hold of her daughter’s arm to pull her away from them, never letting her go until they were near the rear-trunk of Petyr’s rented car.

“Sansa,” she whispered, only continuing once she retained her daughter’s gaze. “They need time alone.”

“I know they do,” Sansa softly answered her.

“And so, do we.”

Sansa nodded her head in acknowledgement, turning her back to Petyr so she could lean against his car. “Okay.”

“Do you see that what you have done is wrong?”

“Yes.”

“You see how it affects everyone’s lives, not just yours.”

The tip of her tongue jabbed the inside of her right cheek. “Yes,” she said through barely parted lips, too embarrassed to maintain eye contact with her mother anymore. The sobs of Robin were echoing loudly, masking the comforting words Petyr was trying to offer to his stepson.

“Do you see why I am so upset at you now?”

“Yes.”

“And why I said that Petyr was the wrong person for you?”

“No,” she answered her mother back quickly. “You never said that, and even if you did, you’re wrong.”

“Sansa!”

“I know,” she admitted. “Everything’s gone to hell because of this, but Petyr is not wrong for me.” A heavy sigh escaped her lips before she looked over her shoulder to see Petyr on his knees to speak to Robin. “He’s right.”
Cat rested a hand over her daughter’s hand, taking note of her crossed arms that was a physical wall between them. “He tore our family apart.”

“I tore it apart,” Sansa remonstrated. “I let him kiss me. I wanted him to kiss me.”

“You are protecting him.”

“I’m telling you the truth.”

“You are better than this!” Cat argued back. “I know who you are, Sansa, and you are not like this. There is still time to change this.”

“-no!” Sansa yelled out, immediately knowing where her mother was going with this. “The answer is no.”

A scream shrilled behind them, and Robin pushed his father away from him before he sprinted to the front of the house. Petyr was yelling out his name, but the boy wouldn’t listen, and soon the only sound they heard in the empty parking lot was the slamming of the front door and a locking of it.

“Thank God I have a key,” Cat mouthed under her breath. She left her daughter to storm towards Petyr, casting him an icy glare as she quickly approached him.

“Cat,” he spat out, since he sensed the rising temper from his sister-in-law. “I was trying to explain.”

“I want you to leave,” she warned in an icy voice.

“I was trying to explain why I can’t see him anymore.”

“He doesn’t need to know!”

“He will find out soon enough.”

“Look at the two of you!” Cat yelled out. “Look what you’ve done to our family!”

Petyr turned his gaze towards Sansa, and each of them shared a guilty look.

“Robin is sick!” Cat screamed out. “He’s been hysterical, and when he isn’t shaking violently than he is throwing a tantrum. A violent one at that.” She crossed her arms over her chest. “You have no idea how hard it is to take care of him, to hide the fact that his mother is in custody. To hide the fact that his father has been sleeping with his cousin Sansa.” She let out a sharpened breath as she glared at them both. “And now living together!”

“Mom.”

“Don’t!” she screamed out. “I don’t want to hear it.”

“We’re sorry.”

“Sorry doesn’t cut it.”

“Cat,” Petyr pleaded. “We didn’t mean to upset you.”

“Upset me?” she echoed. “You’ve done far more than that.”

“Robin has to know the truth.”
“Are you insane?” she demanded with a finger pointing at his chest. “You want to push the child over the edge?”

“He has to know! You don’t think he can’t put two and two together by seeing Sansa and I here with you?”

“Oh, he knows there is something going on.”

“Tell him!” He side-stepped away from Cat so her finger wouldn’t be hovering over his chest anymore. “Let me tell him.”

“Lysa would kill me for even letting you see him.”

“Let me talk to him before its too late.”

“You’re like a father to him!” Cat wailed out with distress. “He loves you Petyr.”

Two hands dragged over the front of Petyr’s face, trying to hide the emotions that were overwhelming him.

“And you, Sansa!” her mother called out. “He adores you. Do you have any idea how this will break his heart?” She looked at the two of them pitifully, sickened by the sight of them standing in front their shared rental car. “I want you two to leave… now!”

Petyr pulled out his car keys and slouched away from her. Sansa stayed where she was, however, still not ready to give up on her mother. “I wish things could turn out differently,” Sansa began. “I really do. You have to understand that I love him, mom. I know you want me to give him up, but I can’t.” She took a step back, knowing this might be the last time she saw her in mother for a good long while. “If there is a small part of your heart that could forgive me than I hope it does. I know Robin will never be the same from this-”

“-no!” her mother yelled.

Sansa flinched at the loudness of her mother’s voice, realizing how close she was to breaking point. Petyr’s voice was calming when he called her over, but Sansa chose to ignore him.

“Robin won’t be the same person he was a week ago. He will need you, mom, and everyone else in the family. Perhaps, it is better that he is separated from his mother? You know how much she spoils him.”

“I will not hear any excuses from you.”

“Its not an excuse,” Sansa replied in a softer tone of voice. “I’m just saying…it might be better this way.”

“He lost his father,” Cat grievously replied. “His stepfather, and now maybe even his mother. You do realize she attacked an officer, Sansa, do you really think they will let her off on a light charge?”

Sansa shrugged her shoulders slowly, unsure what answer to offer to her.

“Attacking you would mean a light charge because you are a civilian. I specifically told you not to contact them, but since you are a grown adult I have no say.” She blinked at her daughter sadly, aware of the dark presence that was slowly stalking its way over to Sansa. “I expect you had a hand in this, Petyr.”
“Sansa was assaulted.”

“You didn’t need to tell the police.”

“I did,” he retorted in a steely voice. “I’m not putting Sansa’s life in danger again.”

“I’m her mother! You don’t think I care for her well-being.”

“Cat, you won’t even let her go to the police. If I laid a hand on her, you wouldn’t hesitate to go into the house and call 9-1-1.” Petyr’s green eyes turned a steely grey as he remonstrated: “Lysa is violent when she is angry like that! You saw it yourself, and since I’m a gambling man I bet she did something similar to the police officer.” He stepped in front of Sansa, blocking half of her view as he added: “Cat, don’t you think the minute she gets out of that prison cell she is coming for me and your daughter.”

“No.”

“She keyed my car,” Petyr reminded her. “Stabbed my seats with something sharp, like a knife.” He narrowed his eyes at her. “Had her hand around your daughter’s throat.”

“Lysa will control herself.”

“You really think so?” he breathed in a raspy voice. “I spent the last four years with her, seen her at every waking moment. Your sister is sick, Lysa, and this jealousy… this madness makes her a threat to you and I.” He looked over his shoulder as he deliberated aloud: “Maybe even her son.”

“She would never hurt Robin.”

“I see his son takes after her,” he jeered from the corner of his mouth. “You saw the way he pushed me.”

“He’s angry.”

“Angry,” he echoed in a cunning voice.

“Petyr!” she screamed out in anger. “He must have saw the two of you kissing when you exited the car, cause I sure as hell did.”

Sansa closed her eyes with the remembrance of it, knowing she had no idea that Robin was inside of the household at the time.

“And he knows that Sansa’s been missing! No one talks about her, and her bedroom door is always closed.” She crossed her arms with regret. “And then the two of you pull up to the house. I told him to stay in Rickon’s room, but there is no telling if he listened to me. I think Robin attacking you is quite natural for a seven-year-old boy.”

“Can you imagine if he was sixteen years old? Twenty?”

“You are manipulating the situation,” Cat fought back. “And I’ve heard enough of this.”

“Can’t you see that Robin deserves to know the truth now, instead of years later? Will he be fed a lie his whole life?”

“I can’t tell him that you and Sansa are together!” she roared out with her hands slamming on either side of her hips. “I just can’t!”
“Then let me.”

“No!”

“Cat.”

“Get out!” she shrilled. “Or I will be the one calling the cops.”

“Sansa,” Petyr pleaded, but to his dismay she took a hold of his shirt and pulled him away. “You know I’m right.”

“She’s too upset,” Sansa murmured. “Let’s just go.”

“Robin deserves to know the truth.”

“Another time.”

Petyr stood in front of the driver’s door, laying his hands on either side of Sansa’s arm to keep her close to him. “But when?” he questioned her with saddened eyes. “This might be the only chance he hears it from me.”

“Petyr,” she whispered. “My mother is at her breaking point. Let’s just go.”

A deep frown came over him, but he relented and released his hold over her. “You mind if you drive?”

“Yeah, you are not in the right state of mind,” she agreed. Sansa opened the palm of her hand to receive the car keys. “Let me say goodbye to her.”

Petyr went around the front of the car silently to take his proper seat on the passenger side, while Sansa strode towards her mother. “I came to say goodbye.” She stood in front of her mother, taking in the passiveness of her face that lacked any sort of emotion. “I know you are angry with me, but I am still your daughter.”

“My eldest daughter,” Cat replied in a broken voice.

“We used to be so close,” Sansa rejoined. “Now its like… we’re strangers.”

“You broke my heart.”

“I know I did.”

“You broke your father’s heart.” Sansa couldn’t retain her gaze with her mother anymore, the watering to those pale blue eyes was enough for Sansa to lower her gaze to her feet. “You are so beautiful.” A hand cupped the side of her daughter’s cheek. “Kind, strong, and when you put your mind to something you can achieve anything. Why you chose Petyr will never make sense, but there is still time to turn back.”

“And leave him.”

“Yes.”

Sansa took a hold of her mother’s hand and lowered it away from her face. “That, I cannot do.”

“I don’t think I can see you ever again, Sansa,” Cat answered back in a monotone voice. She
watched her daughter let out a shaky sigh, getting emotional by her sudden words.

“But I’m your daughter,” Sansa croaked from the back of her throat once her eyes began to water. “Why can’t you understand…”

“You choosing Petyr over your own family.”

“No, that I love him!” Sansa shrilled. “That it was only an infatuation for Lysa, and she will never feel the way I do for him.” She shook her head grievously as strong emotions seized her. “Or how he feels for me? Mom, he wants our family to stay together.”

“Lysa is my family.”

“And what about me? Your own flesh and blood.” Her mother gave her a hardened stare before she took a step backwards. “I want to have a connection with you,” Sansa pleaded. “I want to be able to see you.”

“You have already made your decision, Sansa.”

“You are my mother!” Sansa exclaimed after Cat took another step away.

“And you are my daughter,” Cat whimpered. “But I cannot understand your decision to stay with him, not when your entire family is against it.”

“You want me to choose between Petyr and you.”

“I want you to come home,” whined Cat with her arms outstretched before her daughter. “I want my sister to be released from prison and have her family again.”

“It was all a lie,” Sansa replied into the sudden gust of wind upon her person. “Petyr never loved her. He married her for money and a high position in the company. You really think he cared for her? They were never a family, mom, it was all fake. You saw the way Robin treated him? Sure, he was a father, but he knew Petyr could never discipline him or have any say on how he was raised.”

“You’ve said enough, Sansa.”

“They looked like a family, but they never were, not how it is with our family.” Sansa took a step forward, sliding the car keys into her jeans pocket as she recalled: “Why do you think Lysa was always jealous of you?” She saw her mother grimace and knew she was in the right. “Jealous of me for as long as I can remember, and that was before Petyr ever came into the picture.”

“You are making excuses.”

“She saw the way Petyr looked at me,” Sansa continued. “The way he sought me out, just as much as I sought out him. You tried to separate us, remember? Did everything in your power to ensure we were never alone, but not even you or Lysa or my father could stop the inevitable.”

“You really think this is the inevitable?”

“I never did until this exact moment!” Sansa rapped out. “The moment I realized Lysa’s life has always been a lie, a stupid competition that she could never win!”

“Lysa is unhappy.”

“And why do you think that is?” Sansa stepped closer to her mother until there was hardly any room between them. “You had a boyfriend before her… married before her. You have so many kids when
she could hardly produce one, and the one she does have is small and sickly—"

"Sansa."

"With shaking fits," she continued. "And you have a happy marriage with a husband that actually loves you."

"Enough."

"And then this beautiful daughter that just so happens to turn the head of her second husband. Oh, if that didn’t set over her over the edge, then I am not sure what will?"

"She is your Aunt," Cat reminded her. "I will not have you speak of her that way."

"I’m done." Sansa took a step back with purpose. "I’m done!"

"With what?"

"All of this pretending! If you want me to believe things will go back to normal than I might as well leave now, because it can’t." Her voice grew tense with each utterance, making Sansa realize that her sadness was now replaced with anger. "You have my phone number. When you are ready to talk than you know how to contact me."

"Sansa!"

"I’m leaving."

"You are staying with him?"

"Yes, I am staying with him," Sansa found herself yelling aloud, and then strode away from her mother to get to the rented car. She made no eye contact with Petyr once she stepped inside, though she heard him close the crack of his passenger door once she stuck the keys in the ignition. "You were listening."

"You looked upset."

Sansa said nothing as she started the engine, only turning her gaze to her mother to make sure she wasn’t in the way. "I don’t think she is speaking to me ever again," Sansa admitted to herself aloud. She reversed out of the graveled driveway and made a sharp turn to the right to get out of her parent’s driveway for good.
Sansa see's a side of Petyr that she doesn't like, even though a part of her fears it is a dim reflection of her inner self.

A water bottle was placed over the steel countertop, Sansa didn’t bother looking up at the cash register as she dug inside of her small purse for her wallet. She felt sick to her stomach, and she knew she needed the water for more than just her birth control pills. A part of her wondered if she should pick up some condoms as well since Petyr and her have been having sex unprotected, but the thought of him even touching her right now made her uneasy.

A beep went off once her debit card tapped on the machine, and Sansa raised up her hand to receive the paper receipt. “Thanks,” she droned out lifelessly, and then walked past the long line to get to the sliding doors.

Petyr was standing outside of the car; his hand was over the latch to close the gas pump lid when he noticed her approaching their rental vehicle. He offered her a small smile, it looked false in the dim morning lighting that fell upon him. Sansa chose not to return his kind gesture, only walking on the other side of the car until she could get into the passenger seat. She took out her bottle of headache medicine and poured out a pill for her to swallow down with the water. Petyr opened the car door then, taking in her annoyed expression with a steady gaze. “I’m driving?”

“I don’t know how to get to the cottage.”

“Oh.”

He took a seat, pulling on the thick seatbelt strap until it covered his whole frame. His fingers stroked the bottom of his goatee, looking at a loss for words when Sansa was still fuming. “You want to talk about it?”

“I don’t know.”

“We haven’t spoken since you left your parents place.”

“I’m upset,” she confessed in a low tone of voice.

“I can tell.”

“I’m upset that my parents will never understand…”

“Us?”

“Yes.”

Petyr outstretched his arm to rest over the back of Sansa’s seat, bringing his face forward so he could have a better look at her. “In time they will.”

“You are just saying that.”
“It’s a possibility,” he suggested in a hush voice.

Sansa sharply turned her gaze from him, taking in the business of the gas station instead. She felt miserable, the lingering sensation of anger and frustration continued to claw itself inside of her. *This is all my fault.*

“Sansa.” He waited for her to redirect her gaze to him. “Tell me what is bothering you?”

“The fact that everything is falling apart,” she muttered out softly. “This tremendous sense of guilt I keep feeling.” Petyr removed his hand from the steering wheel to lay it over Sansa’s upper thigh. “The fact that I spoke to the truth to my mother and she didn’t want to hear it. She never wants to hear it. She would be happier to bury her head in the sand then see things how they really are.”

“And that is?”

“Us,” she mouthed out with pain. “The fact that I love you.” Petyr smiled at her softly, letting his eyes soften while he gazed upon her face. “Why can’t she see it, Petyr?”

“She doesn’t want too.”

“Why can’t they be happy for me?” the girl in front of him chocked. “No! They just want to cast me aside and pretend I’ve never existed.” Petyr raised his hand off her thigh to string his fingers through her dangling hair, knowing she only needed this moment to get things off her chest. “It’s not fair for you,” Sansa continued. “Or me!”

“No.”

Sansa sniffled softly, feeling overwhelmed with emotions. She tilted her head downwards and let Petyr kiss her crown, knowing the scent of him and his gentle touches would make her feel better. “I can’t go back to the way things were, Pete.”

“No,” he repeated in a stronger voice. “You can’t.”

Sansa raised up her head to kiss him. Petyr immediately positioned his hand behind her head, pulling her into him so they could continue their little game. Sansa’s kisses were sad, he knew, but it was something. She soon turned her head, so he pressed soft kisses to the side of her cheek, trailing it around till it reached her earlobe and the deep tresses of her hair. “Sansa,” he breathed. “You need to take charge of your life.”

“What?”

He watched her lean backwards, creating some space as she wore a puzzled expression.

“You can’t live your life to please other people.” He offered her a small smile that did not reach his eyes. “You have to live for yourself.”

“But that’s selfish.”

“Its life.”

“Petyr,” she chided softly. “If I lived that way, I wouldn’t be able to please you either.”

“You will always please me, sweetling.”

“I’ve been selfish for far too long.”
“If it hadn’t been for that night,” Petyr stressed. “You and I would still be unhappy.” He kissed the tip of her nose whether she wanted him to or not. “Always pining after one another, harbouring feelings…” He tilted his head to the side to kiss her sweet lips. “Imagining a world that only held you and I together.” His lips went harder against hers this time, melting against her soft lips until he couldn’t take anymore. The sound of his seatbelt unfastening sounded through the air, and then an arm was raised to slip around the back of her nape. He was pushing himself against hers, delirious with the sensation only her lips could provide to him. “But Sansa,” he pursued. “That picture has become a reality.”

“A terrible one.”

“From whose perspective? Lysa’s? Your mother’s?” He eyed her carefully, trying to detect the truth in her eyes. “Yours, sweetling?”

“Petyr.”

“Look at me,” he entreated. “You really want to give this up?”

“No.”

“I know you don’t,” he pursued to bring her back to his side. A hand feverishly stroked itself through her long hair, while his fern green eyes retained a heavy gaze. “We belong together, Sansa.” She sniffed at him in reply. “I belong to you.” He blinked at her, and then let his gaze lower to her chin. “You belong to me.”

“Yes, but don’t you feel even a shred of regret?”

“Seeing Robin today… that look in his eyes of pure brokenness.” Petyr moved back, letting himself fall to his side of the chair. “Yes, I felt regret.” He shrugged his shoulders lightly. “But what would you have me do about it? What is there even left to do? Robin belongs with his mother— not with me.”

“He is your son.”

“Step-son,” he droned out deeply. “He belongs with your Aunt.”

“What are you saying?”

“If I had to choose between Robin and you… I would choose you,” he stated in a thin voice. “So, yes, love. I have regrets. A mountain of it on my shoulders, but…” He inched forward with a steady gaze on her person. “… if I had to demolish this world and start again, it would be you Sansa that I would choose over anyone else.”

“You shouldn’t say that.”

“You don’t want me to tell you the truth,” he entreated in a raspy voice. “I want to build a better world with you.” He cupped the side of her cheek with care. “I want to start over again.” He inched himself forward with every intention of kissing her. “And it starts today,” he mused aloud, before he leaned into her frame to kiss her.

The countryside was soothing to look at, but Sansa still felt conflicted. Petyr’s declaration as he sat across from her in the gas station made her realize how truly selfish he could be. She knew he had flaws, so did everyone, but seeing it so vividly made her feel uneasy. But I’m just so selfish, she remembered, knowing they wouldn’t have ended up in this mess if it hadn’t been for own self-
centred decisions. She cared for nobody but herself when she engaged in this affair and look where it left her. She was right when she said that Lysa’s entire life was built upon a lie, but was she the right person to expose it? At this particular moment she wasn’t so sure.

Petyr was silent beside her as he drove down the old country road, not sparing her a glance for the past five minutes. She knew he was lost in his own thoughts as well, troubled by the things they had incurred over the past several days. It had been nothing but madness since his plane landed, and she wondered at what point would he have his fill.

“What did you tell Robin to make him mad?”

Petyr broke out of his deep reverie, somewhat startled to hear Sansa’s voice break their long silence. “Oh,” he mouthed out with pain. “I told him I couldn’t take him home.”

“He wants to go home?”

“He doesn’t know where his mother is, but he knows I have something to do with it.”

“Why?”

“He just does.” Petyr shook his head feebly. “But he is disillusioned. Robin thinks things can go back to the way things were.”

“The three of you.”

Petyr’s lips puckered outward with distain. “Yes,” he finally relented after an awful pause. “But that can never be.”

Sansa turned her head towards the window, catching sight of her reflection to see how troubled she really was. She put her arm up to block the view, letting her elbow rest on the inside of the car window as she stared straight ahead.

“Its better that he stays there.”

“Yes, but for how long?”

“As long as possible.”

“Lysa will be released from custody.”

“Allegedly,” he replied in a thin sort of voice. “But we will see.”

She didn’t like the tone of his voice then, the cunningness dripping behind it. She knew he was hiding something from her, but Petyr was unwilling to reveal it. She crossed her arms with ill-humour, wishing she could get out the car to go for a walk. “We should stop to get something to eat?”

“We haven’t had lunch yet.”

“Its nearly two,” she observed, after she took a glance at the digital clock over the dashboard. “And pick up something for dinner, since there won’t be anything to eat at the cottage.”

“I intended to go to a grocery store. Its not so far away from my place.”

“When is the last time you went there?”
“Considering it’s the end of summer,” he related in an uneasy voice. “And Lysa had no desire to go there.”

“It hasn’t been over a year, has it?”

“Over a year,” he grievously replied. “It will be in quite a shape.”

“Oh no.”

“I’m sorry, love, but it can’t be helped.”

She brought her elbow back on the edge of the car window frame, burying her face into the palm of her hand to cover up her frustration. It felt like things were going from bad to worse, or maybe she it just her hormones raging inside of her. It was that time of month when she would normally get her menstrual period, but she knew the birth control pills were having a say in her natural cycle. A part of her worried if something would go wrong, if those two times Petyr didn’t wear a condom would fuck everything up. She hadn’t bled yet, so that was a good sign, but a part of her still feared the worst. “Petyr, I don’t feel well.”

“You want me to pull over?”

“Yeah.”

Petyr pulled over to the side of the road, probably forever thankful that there was a gravel shoulder that gave him enough room to stay out of traffic. Sansa was the first to open the door and pushed herself away from the vehicle to stand at the edge of the graveled curb. Petyr took his time getting to her side, simply slipping an arm around her to pull her into his sturdy frame. “Tell me,” he whispered. “What is wrong?”

“I don’t feel well.”

“Okay.”

“I feel sick to my stomach with worry.”

He curled his second arm around her and gave her a tight hug, making it last longer than either of them expected. “It’s been a rough morning.”

“Yeah!”

“It will get better.”

“How?”

“It just will,” he concluded after he pecked her crown with a promising kiss.

“I normally get my period around this time and I don’t feel so good,” she confessed while avoiding his ardent gaze. “So, if I am more emotional than usual…”

“I understand.”

“I haven’t missed a day,” she assured him, so he wouldn’t worry.

“You are responsible.” A broad hand pressed itself against the center of her spine. “I trust you.”

“What will your cottage be like, Petyr? Will it be falling apart?”
“Dusty,” he teased. “Maybe a bit damaged, but nothing I can’t fix.”

“Will it be broken into?”

“No, sweetling.”

“Bats?”

He laughed at her merrily, liking the nervousness Sansa was willing to expose to him. “It will be fine, love. It is only temporary housing.”

“Okay.”

“I will wake you up early to drive you to school.”

“I have a presentation tomorrow,” she moaned. “And I have to hand in an essay that I haven’t even started.”

“You will do fine.”

“I don’t even think I can concentrate.”

“You will, sweetling.”

She buried her head into his solid chest, liking the way her lover brought his arms around her more for a warm embrace. She breathed in his scent, enjoying the warmth of his body temperature when he was this close. “Petyr, you make everything feel better.”

“Someone has too.” She laughed at his quip, doing her best not to ruffle up his shirt as she did. “The next shop I see on the road we will stop there. You need something to eat.”

“Yeah.”

“It will make you feel better.”

“Yes, you are right.” She turned her head to look at the expansive farmland, the bright golden field glistened in the sunlight with nothing but a few rolled up hay. She felt relieved by the sight of it, which gave her enough strength to depart from Petyr’s arms. “Thanks for that.”

“Uh huh.”

She tilted her head upwards to endow him with a kiss. “You love me so much.”

“I do,” he replied in a steady voice. “Ready to go back inside?”

She slipped her hand inside of his, and gladly let her partner lead her back to their vehicle. Petyr opened the door for her, letting her slip inside of her seat before he glanced upwards to stare directly in her eyes. “We will make it work, sweetling.” She nodded her head feebly, still having trouble believing him. “I promise you, we will.” The car door was closed gently after that, and then he sauntered around the front of the vehicle to get to his side of the car door. A car whizzed past them, and she thought if it wasn’t for Petyr’s alertness, he would have been swiped by the speeding vehicle. Petyr gave her a look through the glass window that almost stated: “That was close,” and then he carefully crept to his side of the car door to prop it open.

“They could have hit you!”
“Driving so close to this side of the road,” he mentioned with lowered eyelids. “You would think it was intentional.”

“I don’t think they saw you coming.”

“Good thing I heard them coming.” His eyes widened when Sansa pulled at him to give him a kiss, making it long and hardy till he moaned out happily. He took it gratefully, knowing the near death experience was another reminder of how important he was to her. “It’s alright, love. I’m fine.”

“You be careful next time,” she scolded, while she drew her fingers through his dark hair. “Promise me.”

“I will, sweetheart.”

She smiled at this new nickname, and then quietly encouraged him to start the car. They were in a better mood than when they first pulled over, so Petyr had no qualms to get back on the road again.

Water was pouring loudly from the kitchen spout and falling upon a tray of frozen shrimp that desperately needed to be dethawed. Petyr was bent in front of the countertop with a broom in hand and a dustpan in the other. Sansa took a moment to appreciate the sight of Petyr half naked while cleaning, somewhat pleased that the man in front of her was overheated. There was no air conditioning at the cottage, only three dingy little fans that did nothing to cool off the humid temperatures they were currently experiencing. Petyr stood up with the dustpan in hand, letting out an exhausted exhale before he realized he was being watched. “You are supposed to be preparing for your presentation.”

“You’re a distraction.”

“Well, maybe you should relocate somewhere else.”

“No.” Sansa crossed her legs together and let her back rest over the couch. “I like watching you.”

“It’s almost seven o’clock in the evening,” he warned. “You don’t have time to watch me.”

“Petyr,” she groaned, and hated the fact that he turned his back to her. She admired his loose grey shorts, taking in his sculpted legs that were rarely exposed to her unless they were in bed. “Come here!”

“Finish your work.”

“Don’t you want a kiss?”

Petyr didn’t bother answering her, only making unnecessary noise as he emptied the garbage bin. She knew he was busy cleaning, everywhere you looked there was something that needed to be attended too. Petyr was nice enough to let her do her work while he made the cottage more liveable, but her mind was more focused on the light sheen of sweat over his back and shoulders as he walked away from her.

She decided to distract herself by messaging Missandei back, glad that she had one friend that understood her current predicament. The next message raised her eyebrows and the next thing she knew she was getting off the couch to find Petyr. The man in question was at the front of the house, investigating the small garage as he looked for something. “Missandei asked me to cover her shift tomorrow night.”
“Alright.”

“I would need a drive.” Petyr pulled out a toolbox, though she noticed the hesitation of his movements as he considered her words. “I would normally have the family car, but…”

“I can take you.”

“You would have to pick me up from school and take me there.”

“That’s fine.”

“If its too much work then-”

“-its fine,” he assured her, and then strode towards Sansa with his left hand stretched out. “I’ll take care of you.”

She kissed his cheek as a thank you, noticing the sheen of sweat that rested over his brow and the bridge of his nose. “You’re hot.”

“I might go for a swim.”

“In the lake?”

“No, sweetling. The bathtub.” He smiled once she broke out in laughter, often pleased to hear her laugh at his witticism. “I’d ask you to join me, but you’re busy.”

“I don’t have a swimsuit.”

“Then you know what to buy before your shift tomorrow.”

“Yeah.” He was leading her back into the house, letting the toolbox swing at the right side of him. He paused in front of the doorway to let her open it, taking in her beauty form with a soft gaze. Sansa tugged on his hand playfully, sending him into the house with a sudden jolt. He returned the gesture, bringing her against his chest before he pressed a hard kiss against her lips. She let him lean her up against the wall, making no remonstrations when he set the toolbox down and returned his lips to hers. Sansa let her hands smooth over his bare back, intoxicated by the heat of his body that made her feel alive. The hairs of his goatee tickled the sides of her chin as he lowered his kisses, letting it explore the length of her face with idle wander. A part of her wanted to take things far, but she knew it wasn’t the right timing. She paused her efforts, only closing the lids of her eyes as Petyr continued to press his body against hers.

“How are you not hot?” he remonstrated, while a single finger was pulling down her tank-top and bra strap.

“Cause I’m not like you.”

“Its fucking hot,” he growled before he let his top teeth glide down the side of her neck. “And here you are looking so cool and composed.” A hard press of his lip went against the side of her neck, right over the faint blemish of yellow that Lysa had left on her skin. “Does it hurt, love?”

“No.”

“I’m glad.”

Sansa used her finger to tilt his chin upwards, letting those mossy green eyes sink into hers. She kissed him without reserve, losing herself in the moment as he removed her from the wall and began
to spin her around. The narrow hallway gave them enough room to move around, and a part of her feared he would inevitably take her to bed.

She wasn’t surprised when he pulled off her tank-top, leaving her in the center of the hallway with only her bra. The right strap dangled down to the side of her arm, Petyr was intent on dropping down the left one if he had his way. “Petyr, we don’t have time.”

“I’ll make it quick.”

“You are cooking,” she reminded him, while his hands slid down the length of her arms. “And I have schoolwork.”

“How about we roleplay?”

“You can’t be serious!”

“I can be your professor, sweetling.” He smirked at her in a fiendish way. “You can be the student that needs an extension on her assignments. Convince me, darling.”

Sansa shook her head with amusement, knowing Petyr was intent on having his way. “No.”

“Really?”

“Not now.”

He rolled his eyes at her openly, and then let his hand slide down the side of her only to lay it over his ass. “Come on.”

“No,” she drawled out softly, and only then did Petyr realize she meant her word. “Later.”

“Arghhh,” he groaned, but submitted to her whims instantly. “I forgot the water is still pouring through the facet! What a waste.” He released her to retrieve his toolbox and left her to attend to their dinner. She took her time watching him go down the hallway, thankful that Petyr was the type of person to respect her decisions. He was truly something special, and she wouldn’t have it any other way.
It was just after two o’clock in the afternoon and Sansa felt it had been an emotionally draining day. She thought the busyness of her back to back lectures would keep her mind straight, but she found her mind flickering into the past and worrying about her future. The tapping of her pen was annoyed the person beside her, so Sansa took her phone off her desk and stood to her feet to go for a quick washroom break. She was in the back row of the small lecture hall, which made it easy for her to make a quick escape without her professor knowing about it.

It wasn’t until she closed the back door that she looked at her phone to find no messages from Petyr. *He is probably busy,* she mused, and then walked down the short flight of stairs to take her to the main hallway. Students crowded the halls, an everyday occurrence as each of them went about their day. Watching the university students reminded Sansa of her brother, so she turned on her phone and decided to give him a ring.

“Hey Sansa,” he immediately responded since he had caller ID. “What’s up?”

She applied herself to the dingy wall, ignoring the flaps of flyers that were trying to get her attention as she looked at the board behind her. The silence was long on her end, but she was trying to figure out what to say to her brother.

“Sansa? Is everything all right?”

“Yes,” she answered him in a small voice, trying to come to terms with the wave of anger that was seething inside of her as well.

“You don’t sound like it.”

“I’m fine,” she lied in a steely voice. The lids of her eyes closed with regret, knowing if she didn’t say anything than she would likely explode.

“Has Petyr done something to you?”

“No, I’m at school.”

“You haven’t answered the question.”

“Petyr has done nothing to me, Robb.” She could hear the tenseness in her own voice, the betrayal of her feelings after being so long in her head. *What if I’m overthinking things,* she worried, but there was only one way to find out. “Robb? Will I ever see you again?”

“Yes,” he answered her back softly. “Why are you asking me this?”
“Maybe because I haven’t heard from you.”

“I haven’t heard from you either.”

Sansa scratched the side of her arm, letting her nails drag over the thick fabric of her navy-blue sweater. Her brother’s words haunted her, although it had some truth in it. “Do you want me in your life?” she boldly asked him.

“Of course I do, Sansa.”

“Our parent’s decision hasn’t changed anything,” she asked in an accusatory voice. “Their decision to disown me.”

“I wouldn’t call it that,” he deliberated aloud.

“Then what would you call it?” She found herself growing cold at that moment, as if a part of herself was turning to steel.

“I’m not like them,” Robb explained himself. “I understand how you feel about Uncle Petyr.” There was a deliberated pause, showing he was carefully considering his next few words. “Do you want me to come over and see you?”

“I work tonight,” she answered him sharply. “But I do want to see you, Robb, and the rest of my brothers and sisters.” She licked her lips with wantonness. “At the end of the day we are still family.”

Robb’s voice was heavy, almost deep as he uttered: “I know that.”

“Our parents are allowed to make their own decisions, but you can make yours.”

“I will see you this week,” he promised. “Tomorrow afternoon?”

“I have class, but maybe afterwards.” She felt rather guilty as she added: “I will have to let Petyr know. Do you mind if he comes?”

“No, I don’t mind,” Robb answered her in a gentle voice. “But it will just be me.”

“That’s fine.”

A lengthy silence soon commenced, where both participants became lost in their own thoughts. Sansa watched the world go by in front of her, knowing she could never enjoy the same carefree merriment that the other students had. She had won Petyr, but it came at a cost, a cost that was much darker than she could ever imagine. Sort of like Hades and Persephone, she mused.

“How are things with you and Petyr?” her brother asked with care.

“Good,” Sansa answered him in truth. “It’s been a little hectic since we don’t have a stable place to say, but Petyr is improvising.”

“He can’t go home?”

“Not with Lysa there.”

“I heard she is in custody,” her brother gently reminded her. “So, the house is empty.”

“Oh, shit! You’re right.”
“But it would be weird going there when you know…” Robb’s voice trailed away. “I mean them living there and all.”

“Like I replaced her,” Sansa stated with confidence, since she knew what her brother was hinting at.

“You could never replace Lysa,” Robb teased. “But to sleep in the same bed as her.” Sansa visibly shuttered at the suggestion, not needing another reminder that she was in a way replacing Petyr’s wife. “I don’t think it is such a good idea.”

“No.”

“But if you are struggling to find a place to stay…”

“Petyr will figure it out,” she assured her brother. “Please don’t worry.”

“He is very resourceful. And I’m not, believe me.” Robb cleared his throat as if he had something important to say. “I don’t have much time because my class is about to start, but if something happens… if you need any help you know you can call me.” Sansa nodded her head in agreement, but Robb was unaware of her subtle gesture. “Right?”

“Yes,” she responded almost immediately. “Thanks, Robb.”

“You’re my sister,” he exclaimed in a deep tenor. “I’d do anything for you.”

She found her eyes watering at her brother’s words, thankful that she could at least find some support from him. “Robb? How is the rest of the family? I feel so cut off from everything.”

“I haven’t seen dad lately, its like he is avoiding the house.” She knew Robb was thinking about something when he paused for a moment. “I heard you came by yesterday morning. I wasn’t supposed to know, but I heard mom arguing with dad. What happened?”

“Robin happened,” she spitefully replied. “He wasn’t supposed to be there.”

“No, but he wouldn’t come to the breakfast house with us. But what happened?”

“Its Petyr and Robin,” she explained. “Their relationship is so rocky, especially when he isn’t allowed to know everything. Petyr wanted to tell him the truth… the whole truth, but mom wouldn’t listen to him.”

“That’s what mom and dad were arguing about when I came home,” he informed her. “What to tell Robin?”

“How is he taking everything?”

“Oh.” Sansa looked to the right when she heard the lecture hall door open, watching students spill out of the doorway for their coffee break. She was on the phone longer than expected, but it felt like ages since she heard her brother’s voice. “Robin,” Robb breathed out with the sound of remorse. “He throws a lot of temper tantrums. Sometimes its for attention, and other because he doesn’t know how to react to these sorts of things. And how can you, really? His father has been absent without any reasonable explanation and then he comes home from school to find his mother gone as well. Oh, we can make up some small lie, but sooner or later Robin will have to know.”

“And he saw me with Petyr yesterday.” Robb sighed loudly into the speaker, letting out a wave of distress to hear how bad his cousin’s situation really was. “The last time he saw me I was just
attacked by his mother, and then he see’s me yesterday with Petyr. Robb, don’t you think he is putting these things together?”

“He might.”

“Robb.”

“How can I child… a boy that young comprehend these things?” he mused aloud, a sure sign of his intellect. “These things aren’t normal, Sansa.”

“No.”

“Its not normal for an Uncle to…” Rob wavered to follow through with his words. “…to end up with his niece.” Sansa looked down at her feet, feeling uncomfortable with Robb’s blunt statement. “But I think you are in the right for wanting him to know in the truth. Mom’s desire to keep him ignorant will only hurt him in the end.”

“Yeah.”

“And I think it should come from Petyr.”

“That is what he wanted.”

“And not from you,” he remonstrated. “Or mom or dad.”

“Yeah,” she repeated in a faint voice that could barely be heard through the speakers.

“Cheer up, Sansa.” She smiled at his words, since she knew he could sense her despair. “We can meet up at that donut shop I like, the one I am always telling you about.”

“Okay,” she laughed into the cellphone speakers.

“And you will see what all the fuss is about. Its in the city, so we can meet each other half-way. How does four o’clock sound?”

“That should work.”

“I’ll see you then?”

“Yes, and you better behave around Petyr.”

“Will do,” he quipped, and with that he wished her a pleasant goodbye. Sansa found her spirits lifting the moment she hung up, relieved that she could still retain a connection with her family. They were close, her family, so the thought of them cutting themselves out of her life completely deeply wounded her.

Robb was the understanding one in the family, the most open-minded person she had ever met. It wasn’t a coincidence that he was the first to repair the bridges that she had Petyr had destroyed, and she knew with his help she might be able to see the rest of her siblings again.

She felt grateful for the few that were willing to stay by her side: Jeyne, Missandei and now her eldest brother, Robb. This pout of self-hatred that she had suffered earlier on this morning would have been worse if it hadn’t been for them. Jeyne quietly listened to her tale as they waited outside of class this morning, biting down on her tongue even when she openly disagreed with Sansa’s decisions. It would have been so much easier to say a snide comment and get up and leave, but Jeyne listened to the story till the very end and did nothing but give her a comforting hug. That’s what true
friends are, she thought, and that is how they are supposed to make you feel. Now, did Jeyne approve of Petyr? Understandably, she was quite against it, feeling that Petyr was some kind of creep that was preying on his younger niece. Would she understand the truth of the matter, it wasn’t likely, but Sansa could only pat herself on her back for at least trying.

It sounds like something out of movie, echoed in her ears, as she watched her classmates return to the lecture hall. Leave it to Jeyne to compare my life to a movie.

The only question is, how will this movie end?

She was standing at the edge of the pavement when she spotted the odd burnt orange colour to Petyr’s rental car. Her backpack was hoisted over her shoulders more in anticipation, feeling a wave of energy knowing he was near. She was ashamed to say she did miss him, though the time they spent apart was necessary to maintain a healthy relationship. As far as she was concerned he went into the police station to request a restraining order against his wife, but oddly enough he hadn’t informed her what he intended to do for the rest of the day. He hasn’t texted me either, she thought with suspicion, and couldn’t help but narrow her eyes at the car as he pulled up.

Petyr took longer to exit his car than usual, frequently looking into the seat behind him before he wearily opened his door. A loud slam sounded behind him, and then he dug his hands deep into his jeans pockets as he strode towards her. There was very little eye contact between them, a thing that immediately put Sansa on guard. “What is it?” she demanded, once he stood right in front of her.

Petyr sheepishly pushed back his hair, and then laid a hand on Sansa’s arm to turn her away from the car. “I have something to tell you, and you might not like it.”

“What is it?”

“Sansa, please don’t get upset.”

“You’re scaring me.”

“You don’t need to be scared, sweetling.” His hand moved away from her arm to lay it over the top of her back. “I went into request a restraining order today.”

“You told me.”

“But when I went... I was met with a few surprises.”

“Lysa?”

“Convicted of preventing lawful actions to seize her. She used bodily harm against an officer, enough for her to be guilty of a crime.” He looked over his shoulder with worry, and then turned his gaze back to Sansa that was filled with concern. “Its an indictable offence.” He blinked at her with a mixture of worry. “She will be in prison for quite sometime.”

Sansa swallowed hard at his words. Does that mean we are free, she wondered, but she sensed there was something that Petyr was holding back.

“She has multiple charges as well, which she has pleaded not-guilty too. There will be a trial, maybe in the coming months, I don’t know.” His hand shifted upwards on her back till it rested over her far shoulder. “I might have to go in for a testimony, maybe even you.”

“That’s fine.”
“Charged with assault and battery upon your person,” he added in a low tone of voice. “And of course, the vandalism to my car.”

“Let’s not forget those threats.”

“Save that for my divorce case,” he quipped with a tiny quirk to the corner of his lip. “Interesting to see how that will go now that Lysa’s in prison.”

“How long?”

“I’ve been told three years. They say the officer was badly bruised, I think she used something other than her fists.” He tried not to laugh, though his eyes betrayed his amusement. “She hired a lawyer, and they are in the process of bringing the number of jail-time down. They will say she is emotionally distressed, of course. Probably throw in the fact that her husband committed adultery to her to let things work to her favour.”

“As long as we are safe for now.”

“Oh, we are sweetling.” He let his hand grow slack over Sansa’s shoulder. “But that’s not the issue.”

“What is?”

“With Lysa out of the picture… its up to me to raise Robin.”

“Oh,” she mouthed out in a tiny voice.

“I’m his legal guardian.”

“He can’t stay with my family?” Petyr looked over his shoulder to stare at the car, and only then did she realize why he was so fixated on it. “He’s in there, isn’t he?”

“I had to go to his school with a social worker. They called him down to the office and we took him to a private room to explain everything. He hasn’t said much, and I gather he is losing his mind seeing me talk to you right now.”

“Am I safe?”

“You should be.”

“Are you?”

“He is just a child, Sansa.”

“Yes, but you have seen his mother.”

Petyr nodded his head at her sadly and then broke his gaze from her. “I’m not sure if this is karma, or not. Are you upset about it?”

“He is your son,” she reminded him. “It’s out of our control.”

“It was either that, or they send him to foster care.” Petyr scratched at the back of his head wearily, looking up at the steel grey sky that hovered overhead. The clouds were darker today, but Sansa didn’t think it was going to rain this evening. “Robin deserves better than that,” broke through her wandering thoughts. “I’m not thrilled about it, but I’m not sending him to that place.”

“So, he knows everything?” Sansa mused aloud. “About us?”
“Yes.” Sansa felt a wave of guilt come over her, which made her unable to look at Petyr’s rental car. “He knows about us.”

“Did he say anything?”

“I think Robin is too confused.”

_Fuck_, she cursed inside of her head, but felt too shocked with everything to utter it aloud.

“I wanted to build a new life with you,” Petyr hushed softly next to her ear. “I never imagined things ending up this way.”


Petyr nodded his head wearily, feeling just as unsure about it as his partner.

“He’s my cousin,” she pondered aloud. “I guess… how can they even allow this considering the implications of our relationship?”

“Things may change but right now, it is my duty to take care of him.”

“Fuck,” she cursed aloud this time. “This is so twisted, so messed up.” She took a step away from Petyr, unsure of where she was going. “Is any of this even real anymore?”

“I had a similar reaction to you,” Petyr assured her in a gentle voice. “Sansa? Will it be alright if we stay at my condo for the night?”

“What?”

“All of Robin’s things are there, and it will be easier to drop him off at school tomorrow.”

“All my things are at the cottage!”

“I know, love.”

“I guess… I mean, its not like I have a choice.” Petyr raised up a hand to place it over the side of his face, letting his fingers rest just underneath her ear. “I’m sorry.”

“For what?”

“I’m not acting the proper way.”

“What’s the proper way?” he drawled in a deeply sensuous voice.

“I should be happy that Robin is here… that he’s back.”

“You don’t have to lie to me, Sansa.” He leaned his head forward, tilting it slightly to show he wanted to kiss her. “I know you well.”

Sansa bowed her head so their lips wouldn’t meet, feeling remorseful for the feelings she was harboring.

“He wasn’t a part of the picture,” Petyr mused aloud. “But the picture can be changed… altered if you will.”

“Yes.”
“I don’t want this either,” he confessed. “But if the lot falls into my lap, who am I to complain?” He bent his knees to get a bit lower, brushing the soft hairs of his goatee against the tip of nose. “Although it will be harder to kiss you when he is around,” he uttered in a raspy voice. “Fuck you.” Their eyes met at that, and it felt like an electric current ran down her spine. “Seeing that we didn’t do it last night.”

“I was tired,” she reminded him. “And so were you.” She pushed him on the shoulder lightly, a little tease as she added, “And I’m not doing it in the same bed as Lysa.”

“I never did it with Lysa, I thought I told you that already.”

“I forgot.” He brushed his cheek against hers, bringing her into a hug that acted as unspoken words. Sansa closed her eyes with relief, feeling like their two bodies were merging into one. They were more alike than they chose to confess, a small comfort when she considered how black-hearted she could truly be. “I guess I should speak to him.”

“You have enough time before work,” he rapped out quickly. “Is there a place to eat nearby it?”

“Burger joint that Robin will like.”

“We can explain more things to him there.”

“Like he’ll listen,” she coldly replied, which earned a sharp quirk of Petyr’s eyebrow at her. “Because I wouldn’t.”

“You’re not Robin,” he assured her. “But I’ve left him in the car long enough. Come! We have stood here for too long.” He separated himself completely from her, only letting a single finger trail over the back of her hand before he departed from her presence and strolled towards the back seat of the car. The car beeped when he pressed the unlock button and then he pulled open the door to find his step-son sitting in the car seat. “Robin,” he called out, in which the boy shielded his eyes to not have anyone see that he was crying. “Robin,” he repeated in a softer tone of voice. “Your cousin Sansa and I are taking you to get something to eat.”

Sansa took her spot beside Petyr, unable to look at her silent cousin when she was filled with so much remorse.

“And after that I am taking you home.” The boy chose not to reply, or even look out the open door for that matter. The right side of Petyr’s face flinched with frustration, and then he took a step back to close the door. “He’s been like this ever since he found out about his mother.”

“He needs time.”

“He needs his mother,” Petyr unexpectedly argued back. “And you and I can never fill that void for him.”

“No.”

Petyr stepped behind her, going behind her back before he stood in front of the passenger door. She thanked him softly as he held the door open for her. It was going to be an uncomfortable ride, she could see it on his face, but there wasn’t much they could do about it. “Near your workplace, you said?”

“I’ll give you the directions.”

“Alright,’ he said from the corner of his mouth. The passenger door was closed without a sound, and
then Petyr took his time going around the car so he wouldn’t be met with an unexpected accident again. Sansa looked over her shoulder to glance at Robin, noticing how hunched over he was in the car seat. He was shaking, but it wasn’t as violent as his normal tremors. Sansa expected him to break out in a fit, so the never-ending silence set her on edge. She felt compelled to say something—anything, but no words would come. Petyr entered the car soberly, pulling on his seat-belt with a distant look about him. Sansa feared to speak, not sure how Robin would react to their interactions. Her top set of teeth toyed with her bottom lip, while her eyes glanced over the smooth grey dashboard with disinterest. “What time are you done work?”

“I close, so after ten.”

“Late night.”

“Unfortunately.”

“I will be there to pick you up, not to worry.”

“I keep telling myself it’s something I have to suffer until I graduate.” Petyr turned on the car ignition with ease, letting his mossy green eyes flicker to the rear-view mirror before he merged into traffic. “But it doesn’t diminish the pain of having to go.”

“At least you have a job.”

“Oh, Petyr! I’m sorry.”

“It wasn’t intentional, I know.” A hand dropped down from the steering wheel to grip onto hers. “I’ll figure things out.”

“You keep saying that.”

Petyr appeared motionless for a second, only tilting his head ever so slightly to catch a glimpse of her from the corner of his eye as he spoke: “I have no choice. Its pure instincts.” His lips quirked upwards with pleasure as he uttered: “Survival.”

“Are you still looking in to opening a case against Lion’s Bank?”

“With Lysa gone I might be able to pull a few strings,” he mused aloud. “Contact some old work members, maybe retrieve some of my belongings from the office. I have a way with words as you already know, maybe I can work something out to find a new job.”

“I’m sure you will.”

“Roose won’t be one of them,” he assured her. “I can’t depend on him.”

Sansa watched Petyr smoothly turn the steering wheel, wondering at what lengths would this man go to get what he wanted. He was dark, resilient, and exceedingly clever; she felt she was only catching glimpses of that man’s character and a part of her wished to see it all.

Petyr rolled down the window to let in some fresh air. "You should say something," he whispered, once the oncoming traffic was enough to disguise his words. He looked over his shoulder sharply, taking a glance at Robin that was still determined to cover his face.

"I don't know what to say."

"Neither do I," he admitted. "But I can't take the silence," he hushed back, hoping the little boy in the
Sansa turned around her seat, and let out a pitiful sigh at the sight of him. "Hello Robin," she meekly relayed, her voice trembling with nerves. Silence was her only answer. Her blue eyes turned back to Petyr's, offering him a fake smile before she settled back in her seat.

"Ummm Robin," his father piped up. "The three of us are going to be living together now." Sansa visibly tensed at his words, feeling uneasy with the thought of her cousin Robin living with them. "So... I think its best that we all get along," Petyr proposed.

Sansa looked over her shoulder to see her cousin's demeanor had not changed.

"I know this is rather awkward for us," he deliberated aloud. "And I am sorry about your mother." Petyr pressed down on the brake pedal to slow himself down, and then merged into the far left lane with perfect ease. "Sansa, do you have anything to say?"

She blinked at him nervously, caught off-guard when she was put into the spotlight. "I'm sorry about what I did, Robin." Her cousin continued to be motionless, not moving a single limb as he sat in the car seat. "About everything that's been happening to you."

"This thing that happened," Petyr piped up in a smooth tone of voice. "My separation with your mother doesn't change how I feel about you." Sansa grimaced at the man's words, knowing it was the very thing every child that had divorced parents hated to hear. And I'm the cause of it, she realized, which brought her chin down to her chest. I'm the reason Robin's whole world is falling apart.

"You are still my son," Petyr pursued. "And I will take care of you." His car was in the middle of the intersection as he waited to make a left turn, pausing his one-sided conversation with Robin so he could fully concentrate on the traffic ahead. Sansa took another moment to look over her shoulder, watching Robin sweep his bushy hair away from his eyes as he remained hunched over. A small sniffle escaped him, the first sound he made since they entered the car. Petyr made a successful left turn, going onto a much busier road before he continued his former train of thought. "As you know, Sansa and I are together now."

"What I am trying to say is that I really like Sansa romantically and..." He unexpectedly pulled the car over to the side of the curb, setting the car into park before he fully turned around. "Robin!" he called out. "For God sakes, look at me." The boy did lift his head and all the couple could see was dark circles around his eyes. "Say something."

"I want my mother."

"She's in prison, I told you that."

"I want my mom!" he yelled in a much louder voice.

"Robin," his father gruffly answered back. "We've been through this before."

"I don't want to be here!"

"I know you don't." He sniffled loudly, dragging the back of his hand against his nose. Petyr turned to open the glove department, taking out a stack of Kleenex in a clear package before he tore out half the stack and handed it to his son. "Here."

He turned back around to roll up the window, fearful that Robin would scream again and set the street in a state of alarm.
"Sansa, please say something."

"Like what?" Petyr covered the front of his face in open frustration. "I'm just as lost as you, Petyr."

"We have to live together," he stressed with his hand dragging down the side of his face. "Which means we have to learn to communicate with one another."

"Robin, I'm sorry!" Sansa spat out. "I didn't know this was going to happen." She saw Petyr shake his head in the corner of her eye, unsatisfied with her spontaneous statement. "I don't know what to say because I've never been in this situation before!" she yelled at them both. "I'm just as stressed and high-strung as the both of you." She raised her hands up in agony as she exclaimed: "I shouldn't have carried on this affair! I know that, I'm sorry for everything I've ever done over these past two weeks, and if I could go back than maybe I would have done things a little differently." Robin raised up his head to look at Sansa for the first time. "You are too young to understand the feelings I have for your father." Robin blinked at her in his ignorance, though he seemed to be willing to hear her out. "I like your father, Robin," she explained. "I really, really like him."

Petyr took a hold of her wandering hand and brought down on his right knee cap. "I really like her too," he stated loudly for the two of them to hear. "I have feelings for Sansa that I couldn't have with your mother."

Robin sniffled into the silence.

"I think we should put something in our stomach's," he pondered aloud. "Its been a long day." Petyr started the car engine with a look of resolution. "After I drop Sansa off at work we are going to the grocery store. I reckon there isn't much in the house to eat and you will need something in your lunch bag for school tomorrow."

Sansa's voice was quiet as she inquired: "What about all that food we bought for the cottage?"

"We will go up there on the weekend," he proposed. "I think we all need a place to relax."

She felt uncomfortable at the moment, still not getting used to the fact that it would be the three of them now.

"It will be easier for you since you go to school in the city," Petyr gently reminded her. He was merging back into traffic, letting his attention return to the immediate things in front of him.

"Robb invited us out for tomorrow. Its at four o'clock, can you come?"

"I'll be there." He looked over his shoulder for half a second as he added: "And so will Robin."

Chapter End Notes

I can't help but think of the GOT books and the moment when Petyr and Sansa realize that with Lysa dead they are now in charge of the new Lord of the Vale (aka. sweet Robin). We all know how that went in the books. Don't worry, he won't be given any small doses of the milk of the poppy. All the same, I am interested to see how things will pan out now that they have the added responsibility of taking care of a minor, a child that is severely impacted by this couple's actions.

That being said, this chapter generated a lot of negative reactions from me. I'm not
surprised if you felt the same way as well. Sansa could have dealt with the situation better, but I suppose everyone has their flaws...
The Ghost of Lysa

Chapter Summary

Lysa may be out of the picture, but that doesn't mean the memories she has with Petyr are gone forever. In fact, the ghost of Lysa may very well spell the end for this couple.

The assistant manager was locking up the doors when Sansa pulled out her cellphone from her pocket. There was an immediate sense of alarm when she saw two missed calls in her notifications, both missed calls coming from her mother. She scrolled down to see that her mother was begging her to call her back as soon as she was free, making a tight knot quickly form in the bottom of her stomach.

“I think we are done here,” Rebecca surmised. “Thanks for covering the shift again.”

“Something came up for Missandei.” Sansa offered her a warm smile to disprove her lie. “Anytime.”

“I see your ride is here.” Sansa looked over her shoulder to see the orange rental car parked in the first available parking spot. “Not your dad tonight?”

“No.” Sansa wrapped her arms around her cold frame, slightly shivering from the change of temperature that signaled the end of summer. “Alright, well goodnight.”

“Night!” Rebecca yelled back with her car keys in hand, and it was there that they went their separate ways.

Petyr went out of his way to open the car door for her, not minding that he had to exit the car to do so. Their customary kiss soon followed, and then Sansa took the liberty of giving him a tight bear hug. “What was that for?” Sansa ignored his question and pressed her cheek against his with a sigh of satisfaction. “Sansa?”

“Yes,” she answered him lightly, while she stroked her fingers through his soft cashmere sweater. “You took a shower; I can smell it.”

“Ahhh the body wash,” he realized. “You like it?”

“Spearmint?” she questioned him instead, and then pressed her nose against the bottom of his jawline to truly breath him in. “Wearing some cologne too, I see.”

“A little,” he confessed. Petyr applied more pressure to the back of Sansa, holding her tightly as if it was there last time. “How was work?”

“Long.”

Petyr laughed at her answer lightly, knowing she meant every word of it. “If I wasn’t so busy, love, I would have visited you.”

“Too much of a distraction,” she surmised before she let her hands go slack over his back and fall downwards. “I’m tired, Pete.”
“I bought you hot chocolate,” he replied in a gentler tone of voice. “I hope you don’t mind.”

She kissed his lips in response, a chaste one that simply brought a smile to his face. “Okay,” he submitted, seeing that she was pleased with his subtle gesture. “It’s in the car.”

Sansa broke away from him to take a seat, watching him attentively as he slowly closed the door in between them. The scent of his cologne filled her nose as she sat there, and she found her nails gripping the sides of her seat as she tried to control certain urges. Petyr opened the door in time for her suppress them, but she had to be careful otherwise it would return sooner than she’d like.

“With whip cream,” he noted, after he held up a tall white reusable cup. “I bought you this too. I thought it would help since you are a hard-working university student.” His smile grew wide, enough to create deep dimples in the center of his cheek. “Do you like it?”

“Love it,” she quipped quickly, so she had enough time to kiss him on his plump cheek. “Too kind.”

“I like taking care of you,” he assured her, and then lifted his own reusable mug in a dark mahogany colour. “Robin is safely tucked away in bed.”

“How did the evening go?” Petyr started the ignition with a steady hand. “Has he spoken yet?”

“Very few words.”

“That isn’t like him, is it?”

“I wouldn’t say Robin is a talkative sort of person,” Petyr contemplated aloud. “But I’ve never seen him behave this way before.”

“I’m just happy he is not in hysterics. Apparently he did that sort of thing with my mother. Oh, I forgot she called!” Her hands scrambled inside of her purse to retrieve her phone. “She called two times when I was at work.”

“How come?”

“I’m not sure.” Sansa clicked on the redial button, hoping it was not too late at night for her mother to pick up the phone. “It must be pretty bad.”

“It might have something to do with Robin,” he suggested. Petyr did a quick U-turn inside of the mall parking lot while the phone was ringing and then suddenly pressed down on the brakes to send the car to a jolting stop. “We’re not going anywhere until we get this sorted out.” Sansa was shocked by the determined look in his eyes, forgetting her words when she heard an echo of her mother’s voice on the other end of the phone. “Answer her,” he entreated in a raspy voice that was almost thrilling to behold. A hand was pressed down on her shoulder and then he leaned in to hear her mother’s voice more clearly.

“Hello,” Sansa uttered in a small voice.

“Sansa, is that you?”

“Yes.” She blinked under Petyr’s steady gaze, wondering how so many emotions could be betrayed there.

“Are you alright, honey? Where are you?”

“I’m fine.” Sansa looked to her right to see the dim lights outside of her workplace. “I was at work
when you called. Is there something wrong?"

A deliberate pause was on her end, making Petyr lean in even more to hear the faintest of sounds. “Is Robin with Petyr?”

“Yes.”

Cat’s voice was stronger, almost chilling as she uttered: “And are you with Petyr?”

“I’m with him now,” Sansa answered back without a moment of hesitation. “Where else would I be?”

“I don’t need you to be rude.”

Sansa blinked with confusion. “I told you I would be with Petyr. Did you think I would change my mind about it?” It was a snide comment, but Sansa felt like she had her fill of everyone. Her frustration was broken when a hand was pressed to the side of her head; the soft tips of Petyr’s fingers smoothed out her hair, untangling the faintest curls until it streamed through his hands. “And now you are quiet.”

“I am holding my tongue,” Cat threatened. “I don’t need you to speak to me that way.”

A roll of the eyes was her answer and thankfully her mother wasn’t there to see it.

Petyr let his fingers curl the end of her auburn locks, twirling it around his fingers with fascination. She knew he was aroused by her anger, even if she was rude, it was something he naturally gravitated towards. The faintest smirk confirmed it, though he tilted his head enough to hide most of it.

“What did you want to tell me?” Sansa demanded. “I know its important, otherwise you wouldn’t have called.”

“I got a call from the principal that Petyr and a social worker came into Robin’s school.”

“Yes.”

“And that Petyr has the authority to take him… which he has.”

“Its his son,” Sansa remonstrated. “Not yours.”

“I think he could have informed me first.” Bitterness was betrayed in her voice as she followed it with: “Instead of me finding it out from the principal.”

“If you have qualms with Petyr I think you should tell him yourself.” The phone was pushed down from her ear and then she handed it to the man beside her. A click of the phone signaled it was now on speaker. “Now is the time.”

Petyr cleared his throat as he positioned the phone between them. “Hello Cat,” he said in a smoothly elegant voice. “I have Robin.”

“You could have told me.”

“I’m sorry, but its been a busy day.” He gave Sansa a side eyed look, knowing their opinions were one in the same. “Its good hearing from you again, Cat.”

“How can they let you have him? After everything you’ve done?”
“I’m not sure.”

“Do they have any idea how you’ve behaved?” Cat demanded in an even louder voice. “How can I know the boy will be safe with you?”

“He’s my son, Cat.” Petyr’s eyebrows lowered with disapproval. “I’m not sure what you are implicating, but I can assure you that Robin will be quite safe with me.”

“I don’t trust you, Petyr.”

“It’s not for you to trust,” he replied in a raspy voice that came from the back of his throat. “If I can take care of Sansa, then I can take of Robin too.”

“Take care of Sansa,” she sneered. “You seduced her, Petyr. You took her away from me!” Her voice became shaky with desperation as she added: “From my family!”

“As far as I am concerned Sansa is a grown woman!” Petyr quickly rapped out. “Old enough to make her own decisions. She is not a child anymore, Cat, in fact she is old enough to take care of a child like Robin.” Petyr’s mouth curled downwards in anger, making Sansa look harder at his profile than ever before. “I know you love her,” Petyr reasoned. “I love her too. In a different way, I suppose, but I do love her Cat.” His voice went husky as he related: “You have my word that I will take care of her.”

“What about Robin?”

“Robin too,” he answered her with a slight jerk of his head. “He is family after all.”

“He’s too young to be put in a situation like that,” she exclaimed. “To know the things that you have done.”

“That we have done,” Petyr corrected her. “Sansa is to blame as well. I know you like to exclude her, maybe point the finger at me, but it was your daughter that pursued me… just as much as I pursued her.”

There was a choking sound on the other end, as if Cat was doing her best not to cry.

“I understand your concern, but Robin will be perfectly fine with us.”

“I don’t like it.”

“You don’t have to like it.”

“Sansa!” her mother called out. “Convince Petyr to change his mind and send him back home to us.”

“We can’t mom.”

“Is there really nothing you can do?” Petyr and Sansa exchanged a look, it was a dark one at that. “Sansa?”

“It’s late,” replied Sansa in a crisp voice. “And Petyr already gave you his answer.”

“And you are going along with it?”

Petyr let his eyes fall away from Sansa, letting it drift away to the empty parking lot that was before them.
“Whether you like it or not Petyr is his legal guardian.”

“Yes, but you are willing to expose him to the things you have done?” her mother demanded. “How do you think he feels seeing the two of you together? Knowing that he abandoned his wife for you.”

“I don’t know!” Sansa screamed back. “I don’t know how he is supposed to feel.” She closed her eyes with distress as she related: “But at the end of the day he is Petyr’s son, so you will have to…”

“To what?” Cat threatened.

“Accept it!”

“You are taking his side?”

“I am taking his side,” Sansa stated with confidence. She looked down at her chest when she felt Petyr stroking the smooth tendrils of hair in front of her, letting the back of his knuckles rub over the curve of her breast. “It’s getting late.”

“So, this is your decision.”

Sansa dropped a hand over Petyr’s, curling her fingers inwards until their fingers could be interlaced together. She knew they were in it together, but it was never so apparent until now. “Petyr made his decision. Robin is staying with us.”

“Imagine what he will become because of this? This is wrong, Sansa, and you know it.” There was a sound of sobbing, which made Sansa feel a tinge of regret. “Don’t do this! Send him back to me. They won’t ever know.”

Petyr cleared his voice to get her attention. “Cat.” The sobbing grew louder, a thing that made Petyr grimace quite deeply. “I will bring him around to be with his cousins if you’d like.” He paused when he heard Cat blowing her nose. “I understand your worry, truly, but…” He had to pause again once Cat began to cough, sensing she wasn’t in the right state of mind to actually listen to him. “… according to the law I am his legal guardian. Until someone knocks on my door and takes him away it will stay that way, understand?” Petyr placed the cellphone over Sansa’s upper thigh, appearing to separate himself from the rest of the conversation already. “I’m about to drive, so I can’t talk right now.” The car beeped as he slid his keys into the ignition, and then the engine roared as he turned the car on. “I have to go.”

Sansa unexpectedly hung up the phone, cutting off the last of the muffled sobbing to leave them both in silence.

Petyr’s voice was haggard as he muttered: “Will this day ever end?”

“She has the right intentions.”

“I don’t care!” he blurted out. “Sometimes the right intentions aren’t what’s best for a person.” He slammed his foot down on the pedal, sending them forward at an alarming speed. “I understand where she is coming from. After all, she is married to the right, honorable Ned.” He stopped himself short once he realized he could have offended Sansa. “Your parents…” The car slowed down so he could pay more attention the woman beside him. “… are good people.”

“I know they are.”

“But I’m not like that.” His thumb stroked the edges of the steering wheel, showcasing the uneasiness of their conversation. “I am not a good man, Sansa.”
“I think you are.”

“No,” he droned out lifelessly. “I am sorry to disappoint you, sweetling, but I’m not.” He stopped the car only seconds before they merged into regular traffic, letting his car linger in the long parking lot for a moment more so he could simply take a look at her. “Choosing to be with me… loving me is a dangerous thing. You play with the fire and you might get burned.”

“By you?”

“Not intentionally, but it is a possibility. I’m a selfish man, Sansa.” He leaned further away from her, creating a distance she was unaccustomed too. “I can be cold when I’m ready.” His eyes squinted strangely, as if he didn’t have the strength to look at her anymore. “Heartless.”

“That isn’t true.”

“You of all people should know that,” he insisted in a strangely compelling voice.

“I know you have a heart, Petyr. I’ve seen it!”

“Maybe its warm only for you,” he jeered.

She brushed the palm of her hands down her thighs nervously, uncertain of herself and the things that Petyr was saying. “I don’t want you to be like my parents. I want you to be yourself.”

“Answer me this,” he rapped out frantically. “Do you like the person you are… when you with me?”

“Yes?”

“So, unsure, Sansa.”

“I know I don’t behave the same way,” she confessed timidly. “You make me bolder.”

“I take away the mask to show the world what you truly are,” he suggested. A smug smile came across his face, making him look like the devil. “But you never answered my question.”

“I’m darker when I’m with you.”

“Yes.”

“I don’t know how I feel about that?”

“Sometimes darkness isn’t a bad thing.”

“Why do you really want Robin?”

“He’s my son.”

“Yes, but why are you so determined to have him?” she asked in accusatory voice, sensing there was more to this mystery.

“Like I said Robin is my son,” he replied in a lower voice than usual. “Also… it is good to have Robin at my side.”

“Why?”

“Answer me this,” he began. “Would you rather him as a friend or foe? Robin is a boy, but it won’t
always be that way. Imagine what he would be like if Lysa got to him? That madness transferred onto a seven-year-old boy.” He turned his head away from her, bowing his head downwards until his eyes could meet the bottom of the rubber steering wheel. “Your thoughts?”

“You have a point.”

“I do.”

“It makes sense.”

“And down the road when there is a divorce case, it would be nice if Robin testified about me in a more favourable light.”

“You will butter him up?”

“I don’t like that term,” he said in jest. “How about I am compensating for my loses.”

“You don’t really care for him? Do you?”

“I care for Robin. I believe he can be a good boy, as long as he isn’t spoiled as he was when Lysa was around. I will have to be more strict with him.”

“Yes, but…” Sansa picked up her phone and stuffed in the bottom of her purse. “It sounds like you are incapable of love.”

“I told you about my plans, don’t you remember? Robin wasn’t included in it, but I can make an alteration. Temporary, of course, but…” He stroked his fingers through the bottom of his goatee grievously. “I confess I am not happy with this! I care for Robin, but its not the same way I care for you. I put you first, Sansa, always.” He raised up a hand to stroke his fingers through her hair, only stopping when it rested over the side of her ear. “But for now, he stays with us.”

Sansa nodded her head in agreement, allowing Petyr to turn away to hide his smug smile. The car was put into drive after a moment and off they went to return home.

It felt like Petyr was tugging her hand into Robin’s bedroom, their feet barely making a sound as they crept along the wooden floor. They never stopped till they reached the soft carpet, a small detail that was placed just under the foot of Robin’s bed. Petyr sat down at the end of it, and then used both of his hands to arrest the side of Sansa’s hips. “Sit,” he commanded, silently awaiting for her to sit on his lap so his command could be fulfilled. “He’s asleep.”

“How do you know?” she hushed.

“I just do.”

His hands curled around her form, pressing her back into his solid chest until there was no space between them. The room was peacefully silent; drapes were well drawn to block out the bright city lights. Sansa looked into the shadows, simply hearing Petyr’s gentle breathing behind her.

“I thought he wouldn’t sleep tonight, but I was wrong.”

“He is home.”

“Yes, but its quite changed.”

“I don’t like…” Her voice trailed away, since a part of her feared of upsetting Petyr.
“What is it?”

“I don’t like being here,” she admitted.

“Lysa?”

“Yes.”

“I agree with you,” he murmured in a soothing voice. “But like all things in life, it is only temporary.”

“We’re not temporary.”

“No, love.”

Sansa leaned over to the side to have a better look at Robin, but she could barely distinguish his form in the darkness. “We should leave.”

“Give me a moment.” He let his arms slide over her form, falling downwards until it rested on the bed. “I will meet you in my bedroom.”

“Where is it?”

“Ah,” he said with amusement. Petyr rose himself from the bed and pushed the blankets over Robin’s form fully until only his head was visible. “I will take you there.” She felt a warm hand fall over hers, fingers interlacing together until the palms of their hands rested over the other. He silently led her in the darkness, taking her down the narrow hallway until he reached a door. When it opened the room was pitch black and Sansa held her breath with anticipation. The bedroom light flickered on showing a neat little room with patterned grey and white bed-sheets. The scent of Lysa’s perfume lingered in the air; an open closet with all of her clothes was a sure sign of their intrusion. Petyr pulled her into the room, unaware of Sansa’s current feelings. He sat down at the edge of the bed first, bending his knee upward to remove his black dress socks. “Sit down.”

“Where?”

“Anywhere.” He was removing the left sock once he noticed Sansa’s inability to move. “What’s wrong?”

“It smells like her.”

Petyr let out a deep sigh and then stood to his feet with a look of pain. He trudged over to the window, pulled back the drapes and opened the window to the fullest. “There.” He leaned his back against the windowsill, letting the cool window blow the back of his dress shirt. “It will go away soon enough.”

Sansa looked around to see the photographs of the happy couple, the display of Robin’s achievements throughout the years. She felt uncomfortable once she saw the wedding photo at the bed-stand, a thing that immediately caught Petyr’s attention as well. He strode over to the photograph and laid it down, pressing it against the hardened material as if it could blot out their memory of seeing it.

“I…” He licked his lips feebly. “I didn’t have time to clean up yet.”

“If its okay with you.” Sansa batted her eyelashes nervously. “I think I’ll sleep on the couch.”
“Why?”

“I feel like…”

“It’s just a room, Sansa.” He took a step forward. “The same room where I would sleep and dream of you. The very same where we texted and talked on the phone.” He stepped forward again, taken back when Sansa was moving away from him. “The same one where I would close my eyes and see a picture of you… only you.”

“It smells like her,” Sansa related in a shaky voice. “It’s like she is standing right here, at this very moment, watching us.”

“She is locked away in a prison cell.” He stepped forward with his hand desperately reaching out for her. “And she won’t bother us anymore.”

“Petyr.”

“It’s alright to be uncomfortable.”

“I don’t like it here.”

“It’s alright, sweetling.” His hand finally attached itself to hers. “It’s fine.”

She was shaking slightly, every inch of the room seemed to scream out Lysa and it made her want to run. “I want to go back to the cottage.”

“We will.”

“Please don’t let me sleep here.”

“Take a shower, sweetling. I think you need to calm down. When you get out we will talk about it, okay?”

She found herself being steered to the neighbouring bathroom, and soon enough there was a stack of towels in her hand and a container of body wash that was unfamiliar to her. “What is this?” Peytr made a face when she shoved the body wash in front of him. “I’ll smell like her.”

“Then don’t use it.”

“I left my stuff at the cottage.”

“Sansa,” he warned, since he sensed there were on a verge of another fight. “Just use it.”

“No.”

“Then use mine,” he berated, and stormed past her to retrieve another bottle. “Take a nice long shower,” he ordered, before he suddenly closed the door behind him.

He’s upset.

She turned to the mirror, seeing yellow cat statues over the bathroom sink that were extremely unnerving.

Well, I’m uncomfortable.

She looked at the pink toothbrush that must have belonged to her Aunt; the string of red hair at the
bottom of the sink.

Extremely uncomfortable.

The circular carpet under her feet was a peachy pink, an odd colour that she would have never chosen. The curtains for the shower was a sheer white, the only elegant thing in the bathroom. Sansa decided Petyr must have chosen it before she pushed it back, grimacing slightly when she saw another strand of red hair in the bathtub.

She wanted to run.

The towel was dropped onto the floor and she fled out of the bathroom, only bumping into Petyr once she got outside.

“Sansa?”

“I can’t take it!”

“Sansa,” he groaned with frustration.

“Is there another bathroom I can use?”

“Not unless you use Robin’s,” he deliberated aloud with a heavy rub against the back of his neck. “What’s wrong with ours?”

“I see her everywhere.”

“Really, Sansa?”

“Please.”

“Let me take a long inside,” he grunted, and strode past her to investigate the bathroom. She heard the facet running over the top, and soon enough he walked out of the bathroom with his face beet red with embarrassment. “I’ll throw everything out tomorrow.”

“Its like she’s here.”

“Just don’t focus on it.”

“Can you change the bed-sheets?” Sansa pleaded. “I… its…”

“Go take a shower and when you come back it will be new.”

“And keep the window open?”

“I will.”

“Please close the closet.”

“Uh huh.”

“And the pictures everywhere.”

“Maybe we should just sleep on the couch,” he submitted.

“Will we fit?”
“Barely.” Sansa laughed at him, though it was a nervous one. “Take a shower, sweetling.”

“Okay.” She scuttled off into the bathroom, intent on avoiding everything that reminded her of her Aunt but it was incredibly hard when she had a say in every square feet of her home.

Sansa came out of the shower with a white towel wrapped around her form, and another one perched upon her head. Her bare feet padded across the frigid floor, aware of how cold the room was since the window had been open for some time. “Petyr?” she called out into the silent room. A bare mattress stood before her, and the assembly of framed photographs had seemingly disappeared. She felt guilty about their disappearance, but she knew she wouldn’t get a good night’s sleep if it remained in the room. She sat at the edge of the bed, realizing she had no pajamas to put on. A hand covered her face in distress, feeling like this day was going from bad to worse. They had a place to stay, a stable one, but it was filled with so many haunting memories that neither of them could escape.

“Oh, you’re done,” piped up behind her. “I can take a shower now?”

“Sure,” she replied in a weak voice with her hand still over her face.

“In a couple minutes. Sansa, sweetling, get up for a moment.” She looked over her shoulder to see him with a new bedspread in his arms. “Help me with this, will you?”

She separated the bed-sheets from the heavy blankets, leaving Petyr to put on the lighter ones first before he softly requested the heavier set. “I can’t wash the pillows right now, but we can put on these covers.”

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“Okay.”

Petyr left her to go after the said items, which gave Sansa to look around the room once again. She slowly strode over to the window to cover up the drapes, not wanting anyone to see her dressed like this. Her towel was removed next, letting her damp hair string down her back as she fold up the wet towel neatly. “Petyr!” she called out, as he walked past the open doorway. He stopped and backtracked, leaning over the door frame to have her full attention. “I don’t have any pajamas.”

“You can wear Lysa’s,” he suggested without thinking. “Or mine.”

“Could I?”

He scratched the side of his head. “I’ll lend you a shirt,” he proposed. “Not sure if my pants will fit you though.” He went to his side of the closet, doing his best to keep out Lysa’s stray items as he ruffled down at the bottom to find an appropriate shirt. A white t-shirt was pulled out from a stack and tossed on the bed behind him. “I’m looking for pants.”

Sansa undid her towel and turned her back to him as she slipped on her shirt. If he had any intention of sleeping with her tonight, he had another thing coming.

“The shirt is long enough, yeah?”

“No.”

Petyr looked over his shoulder to see that she was in the right, and then bent forward to dig into his closet again. “I might have some track pants that I used to sleep in.”

Sansa sat down on the bed, pulling a soft blanket over her legs as she patiently waited for Petyr. A
part of her wanted to cry, it was a miserable situation, but what could she do. It was a hole that she created for herself, so she just has to learn to live with it.

“I guess we’ll be matching,” Petyr piped up. He came over to her side of the bed and laid it next to her. “That will cheer you up.”

“Yeah,” she lied, after she balled a part of Petyr’s pants into her fist.

“You still smell her perfume?”

“I think I got used to it.”

“I’m sorry.” He sat down on the bed next to her. “I guess I’m just used to the smell.”

“Yeah.”

“The bed is all set up,” he relayed in a timid sort of voice. “All you need is a pillow case and you’re set.”

“Yeah.”

“You don’t mind if I take a shower, do you?”

“Go right ahead.”

Petyr sensed that something was wrong. A tiny sigh escaped him, and then he lowered his gaze with a saddened look about him. “I’m sorry.”


“I wasn’t thinking.”

“I was being over-dramatic.”

“No.” He moved down the bed to bring himself closer to her. “You weren’t.”

“I guess.”

“I will clean this place up when you are at school tomorrow.”

Sansa dug her nails into the blanket, trying to understand why she still felt uncomfortable sharing this bed with Petyr. “You mind if I sleep on the couch?”

“There isn’t enough room for the both of us.”

“Well…” She closed the lids of her eyes, afraid to say the next few words. “Maybe…”

“You want us to sleep in separate spaces.”

“I don’t know.”

A long pause subsided, a silence that felt never-ending. “If that is what you wish.”

“Its just weird,” Sansa tried to explain. “But you put so much effort in getting rid of things so…”

“It obviously makes you uncomfortable,” he drawled out, after he rose himself to his feet. “So, go right ahead.”
"I don’t want to argue with you."

"Do it."

"Petyr!"

He flung his hand at her, and quickly stormed to the bathroom to separate himself from her. The showerhead was turned on, and she knew she was fighting a battle that she could not win. A part of her wanted to escape into the living room, but she knew how much it would hurt Petyr if she left him alone for the night.

*I can’t sleep here.*

She looked around, trying to figure out the light switch.

*There is no way I am turning the lights off.*

It was after midnight at this point, and even though her body was demanding sleep she openly refused it. Petyr’s pants were put on her frame, and then she pushed back the blankets to make herself go deep inside the bed. It felt strange to be in her Aunt’s bed- the bed where Petyr imagined committing adultery. The bed where he probably touched himself while imaging that she was there. The bed he shared with Lysa, her Aunt, the very woman she absolutely despised.

Sansa lifted the pillow and laid her head upon it, not even caring that it had no protective sheet over it. The sound of water echoed from the bathroom, a small comfort that Petyr was at least near.

*If only I could close my eyes,* she thought, but she was too afraid to do so.

The faint sounds of the city were another unfamiliar to her, a reminder that she was so very far from home. She turned in her bed, wondering if this was the exact spot where Lysa used to sleep. She could see Petyr’s watch on the far bed stand, so she could only suppose so.

*Is this karma,* she wondered, *or the universe simply mocking me.*

*What if history repeats itself and I am the one being cheated on?* Sansa sat up on the bed at the thought of that, looking at the far bed stand to see if Petyr’s phone was there. *He wouldn’t cheat on me.* She crossed her arms at the thought of it, feeling conflicted with the lingering fear that crept into her mind. *Is this how Lysa felt?*

The water turned off in the bathroom.

*Am I going mad?*

Sansa wasn’t so sure anymore, the amount of things she went through went send anyone off the edge.

The bathroom door opened and Petyr walked into the room naked. A single towel was spread across the palm of his hands as he hovered it over his back. “Still up?” he observed. “I’m sorry about losing my temper.” The towel was placed over his back, rubbing from side to side to collect the cool drops of water over his upper spine. “If you want to sleep on the couch, you can.”

“You have a temper, Petyr.”

“I don’t like the fact that you don’t want to sleep with me.” He dropped the towel down to his waist and wrapped himself up to cover his nakedness. “Or you even suggesting it.”
“I only did it because I genuinely don’t think I will be able to sleep tonight.”

“I can help you with that,” he suggestively offered. “If you’d like.”

“No thank you.” Petyr frowned when he was turned down, letting his chin fall downwards until he could no longer look at her. “Not in this bed, at least.”

“Okay.”

“I’m ready for bed,” she plainly told him. “Put on your pajamas so you can snuggle up with me.”

“Alright.” He turned his back to her to retrieve his new set of pajamas. Sansa laid her head down on the pillow as she waited for him, feeling a sense of anxiety as she continued to picture Lysa in the room with them as well. “Are you asleep?”

“No.”

“Okay.”

Petyr came into her line of sight suddenly, hovering over her as he pulled own the last of his shirt.

“You don’t look so well.”

Sansa responded by turning away from him, laying over her side with her hands stretching to Petyr’s side of the bed. “Did you sleep with her here?”

“Rarely.” Sansa stiffened at his honest answer. “I had to at some point.”

For the first time that night Sansa closed her eyes, and she didn’t want to open them. She felt the bed dip downwards, letting her know that Petyr had joined her. Her body continued to stiffen when his arm wrapped around her, when his lips enclosed upon their space to press it lightly to her brow. “Not tonight,” she reminded him.

“I know.”

“Can I just go to sleep?”

“I’m trying to make you feel better,” he whispered.

Her eyes remained closed when he turned off the lamp. His arm pulled her into his chest, and she felt the heat of his body as he crowed upon her space. “So many nights I dreamed of this,” he relayed in a husky voice. “Now you’re here.”

She felt cold by his words, unsure of everything.

“Sansa?”

She couldn’t respond to him, all she knew was that she wanted to flee.

“Sansa?”

“Yes.”

“Something is wrong.” She tried to think of an excuse, a lie, anything to get him from finding out the truth. “Tell me what’s wrong?”

“Was this a mistake?”
A finger brushed the side of her cheek, letting it fall all the way through till it rested over her earlobe. “No, sweetling.”

“I feel like it is.”

“Its not,” he remonstrated in a deeper tenor.

“Okay,” she lied, hoping that would drop their conversation.

Petyr tilted his face downwards to connect their lips, and yet, she felt herself unwilling to play along with his game. “Not tonight,” she reminded him for the third time, with a shove on the front of his chest.

Petyr made a sound, and then rolled over to his side of the bed. There was a large gap between them, the first one they ever had since they started this affair. Now, I can sleep, she thought, and for some reason she did.
The coffee date with Rob goes from bad to worse, and before the evening is over Petyr and Sansa find themselves in another heated argument.

Her cheeks were turning red after she heard the first lyrics, “The other woman,” through the café speakers, making Sansa want to get up off her chair and leave immediately. They would play this song, she reflected, as she noticed Robb’s determination to not look her straight in the eyes. Their conversation seemed to be stilted from the start, a natural reaction since Robb could sense the tension between Sansa and Petyr.

She took another sip of her hot chocolate, ignoring the cries of a baby getting pulled out of a stroller in a nearby table. Robin was mute beside her, hardly saying a word since Petyr signed him out of school. He was not happy that he had to be called down to the office, even more so when he had to forcibly drag Robin out of the bathroom stall in which he locked himself there for an hour. Petyr managed to calm Robin down, but his trebling state- that severe level of anxiety made it impossible for him to return to class for the rest of the day.

Robb knee was bobbing up and down nervously under the table. Petyr was tiredly chewing on the freshly made donut, absent-mindedly staring off into the distance. No one was behaving their normal self today, a thing that made Robb uncomfortable.

“Thanks again for coming Robb.”

“Its good to see you all,” he politely answered. He scanned his eyes across the table, noticing it was only Sansa that was looking in his direction. “I’m sorry to hear about what happened to Robin.” Robb adjusted himself in his seat to fully face his cousin. “You know you can talk about it, eh.” A hand stretched itself across the table to hold Robin’s. “Locking yourself in the bathroom stall won’t change anything.”

“I want my mom,” the boy moaned.

“You can visit her soon,” Robb lightly suggested. “I am sure they have visiting hours there. I can take you.” Petyr seemed to paying attention now, tilting his head to Robb with suspicion. “Would
“You like that?”

“Yeah,” Robin mouthed out painfully. His bottom lip trembled like he wanted to cry. “Can we do it now?”

“It’s too soon, but I will let you know when we can.”

“Why is it too soon?”

“It’s her first day…” Robb blinked quickly with a look of discomfort. “She hasn’t gotten quite settled yet,” he explained in a hurried breath. “Maybe next week.”

“Can you come, dad?”

Petyr let his back fall against the straw chair behind him. “I don’t think so, Robin.”

“Don’t you want to see her?”

Petyr turned his gaze to Sansa, not sure how to explain the situation to his son. “I don’t think she wants to see me,” he finally revealed. “Given the circumstances.”

Robin’s lip trembled for the second time this afternoon, and then he dropped his head downwards in utter sadness. Sansa stretched out her hand to rub the length of her cousin’s back, hating the fact that he was so miserable. Robb responded to her touches, and soon he was pushing back his seat to stand up. “You have to go to the washroom?” Sansa inquired, before she was startled by him sitting on her lap.

“Robin,” his father rapped out. “Go back to your seat.”

Dark bushy hair was pushed away from his eyes before he sulked, “I want to sit on Sansa.”

“No.”

“But-”

“-no,” Petyr said in an even sterner voice, which made the boy’s bottom lip tremble even more. “You heard me. I’m not saying it again.”

Sansa was about to argue back that it was fine, but the look in Petyr’s eyes made her hold her tongue. Robin slid off her lap and stalked his way back to his chair, sitting down with low sounds of sniffles that warned the people at the table that he would soon cry.

Petyr and Robin had been at each other all day; from the very moment Robin woke up he was determined to throw a temper tantrum and Petyr wasn’t having any of it.

“You are too old to do that now,” his father chided. “And Sansa is not your mother.”

“I miss my mom.”

“I know you do,” Petyr expressed in a softer tone of voice. “We all do.” He turned his head after that utterance, knowing his lie would not sit well with Sansa.

“I’m going to the bathroom,” Sansa rapped out, and dropped her cup down on the table to get away from the two of them. She thought she had her fill last night, but she was seriously mistaken. Robb quickly excused himself from the table as well, quickly running after her so they could have a moment to talk alone.
“What’s going on?” he demanded. “Do you want to go home?”

“No,” she whispered under her breath. “Petyr and I had an argument last night. I can’t stay at his condo, it's too creepy.”

Robb positioned himself in front of his sister, fully aware that the man in question could still see them from where he sat. “You don’t look happy,” Robb exclaimed. “And neither does he.”

“It’s Robin.”

“I know it’s Robin.”

“It’s like he… I don’t know.”

“He’s the living evidence of what the two of you have done.”

“It’s like he put a wall between us,” Sansa sighed out. “I can’t even touch Petyr without feeling guilty about it.”

“You want me to take Robin out for a bit.”

“And do what?”

“There is a river down here. We could go for a walk, maybe see if we can catch some frogs.”

“You will have to speak to Petyr about it.” Robb let his eyes soften at that, sensing his sister’s uneasiness. “It’s been a long day.”

“I can tell.”

“Let me go to the washroom before Petyr becomes more suspicious.” She turned her back to her brother and headed in the opposite direction, knowing she would have to spend a few minutes in there for Petyr to at least believe her lie.

By the time she returned she could tell no was speaking to each other. She took her seat silently, wondering what the hell was going on. Robin stretched out his hand to take hers, seeking Sansa’s affections since he could no longer have his mother’s. She let her thumb stroke the back of his hand, offering him a smile that didn’t feel genuine. Petyr crossed his legs and lifted up his half empty cup of coffee, still being unusually quiet.

“Petyr said it’s okay for me to take Robin out,” Robb piped up. “I’ll have him for an hour or two and then bring him back here. I thought you and Petyr needed some alone time.”

“Thank you, Robb.”

He nodded his head in understanding and then pushed out his seat. “Are you ready, Robin?” The boy jumped out of his seat, displaying a happy emotion that Sansa had not seen for a long time. “Be back here by six-thirty.” He wrapped around his little cousin as he added, “Don’t be late.”

They were hardly out the door before Sansa turned her whole body in Petyr’s direction. “What the hell is going on?”

Petyr let his lips hover over the paper cup, taking a moment to think about Sansa’s statement. He took a long sip in answer, intent on avoiding her eyes.

“What is happening between us?”
He licked his lips, savouring the taste of his black coffee. “What do you think?” he snapped, showing an aggravated emotion she wasn’t accustomed to.

“Why are we at each other’s throats?” she responded back, not liking the cold look in Petyr’s eyes. “This isn’t like us.”

“No.”

“Then tell me what is the matter?”

“You gave me the cold shoulder last night.”

“You know why.”

“It’s just furniture,” he jeered from the corner of his mouth. “You are overthinking it.”

“That’s what you think!” She stood out of her seat and snatched at her purse. “Then maybe I will think about it alone.”

“Where are you going?” He uncrossed his legs, and briskly stood to his feet. “Sansa?”

She was striding out of the café without him, hardly knowing where she was going when she strode past his car. She was upset, more than upset, Sansa felt like she wanted to scream. She knew Petyr was following her, she didn’t have to look over her shoulder to know the truth.

“Sansa,” he breathed out, jogging past her only to cut off her pathway. “Where are you going?”

“So, it’s okay for you to walk away when you are angry but not me?”

“You got to be kidding me?”

“I’m not, actually.”

“Let’s talk about it,” he urged, before he laid a hand on her shoulder to keep her from walking further. “Get everything off our chests.”

“Fine! You are being an ass.” Petyr frowned at her statement, but she didn’t care. “To Robin and to me.”

“Robin is a spoiled brat.”

“Treating him like shit won’t make him any better.”

“He throws a tantrum to get his way. I thought you knew that already.”

“Why was he hiding in the bathroom stall?”

“Because he didn’t want to be in class.”

“Why not?”

“He won’t tell me.”

Sansa brushed his hand off her shoulder and walked around him. “Haven’t you ever thought that you might be the problem?” she yelled over her shoulder as she entered the busy parking lot. Petyr was following after her, but he appeared to be in no rush. They walked past an electronic shop and then
rounded to an open grassy area that belonged to a gas station. Sansa sat down on the curb, hardly surprised when Petyr joined her side. “Why is everything different between us?” she asked in a strained voice. “It was never like this before.”

“I don’t know.”

“I can’t look at you without feeling some guilt,” she revealed. “And Robin’s presence makes it worse.”

“You won’t even hold my hand,” Petyr barked back with bitterness. “Just fling it back at me.”

“I don’t want Robin to see us like that.”

“You ever considered how I felt when you did that?” he exclaimed. “Especially after last night.”

“I wasn’t going to sleep with you.”

“I knew that!”

“Then why were you kissing me in bed last night.”

“Because… because I wanted too.”

“There!” Petyr’s eyebrows raised in surprise. “It always comes down to what you want.”

“Yes, it does, sweetling.”

“Don’t give me that shit!” she cursed out. Petyr stood to his feet and grinded his toe into a sandy patch on the ground, doing his best to quell his anger lest it lashed out on Sansa.

“I don’t want us arguing,” he relayed in a tired voice. “I hate the way we are treating each other.”

“I hate the way you are treating Robin.”

“You want me to spoil him like his mother,” he jeered. “Cause I can.”

“For God sakes, Petyr! He was sitting on my lap. I never heard a word of complaint when you had me do it to you last night.”

“Robin is too old for that.”

“He wants affection.”

“He wants you to replace his mother.”

“So, what if he does?”

“Next thing you know he will be climbing into bed with us.” He wasn’t surprised when Sansa locked eyes with him. “Oh, you never knew he did that, did you?”

“No.”

“Yes,” he drawled out cunningly. “And the only reason he didn’t do it last night was because I told him not too.”

“He is seven,” Sansa replied with a look of revulsion. “Rickon doesn’t even do that.”
“You obviously don’t know Lysa.” Petyr pulled up his dress pants before he took a seat against the uncomfortable curb. “It’s a good thing your brother took him away for a bit.”

“You weren’t acting yourself.”

“I’m supposed to get a call from the principal soon.” His cellphone was pulled out of his light fall jacket. “I’m not looking forward to it. They think I’ve done something to him, and they want to know why he was hiding in the stall today.”

“Why was he?”

“He kept crying and the other kids were making fun of him.” He shrugged his shoulder soberly. “At least, that is what his teacher told me.”

“When?”

“She called me just after school was done.” A hand rubbed over the bottom of his goatee. “What a day.”

“Tell me about it.”

“And you haven’t kissed me all day,” Petyr related with a side eye look. “Or even hold my hand.”

Sansa reached across the large gap between them to rest her hand over his knee. Petyr took it willingly, letting his fingers stroke over the tops of hers before he cupped it with a satisfied air. “Now you look more yourself,” she teased. “You were like a burly caveman back there.”

He chuckled softly, finding his partners words oddly amusing.

“Its Robin, isn’t it?”

“Things aren’t working out as well as I’d like.”

“It didn’t help that he was making a fuss to go to school today.”

“If I let him stay in bed it would have continued that way for the rest of the week.” He snarled at Sansa unexpectedly. “He’s used to getting his own way.” Their joined hands were brought upwards to rest over the side of Petyr’s cheek. “It feels good to do this.” He turned his head to the left to kiss the back of Sansa’s hands. “I missed you.” Those green eyes of his softened substantially, letting Sansa know how he truly felt. A light peppering of his lips soon followed across the back of her hand and over the curve of her wrist. “Better?”

“Better.”

He let his lips travel over the length of her arm, only stopping once he reached the thick material of her sweater. “And so it ends,” he taunted, after he dropped their joined hands in the space between them. “I feel better.”

“Good.”

“That boy drives me up the wall sometimes.”

“I can tell.”

“He’s worse now than when Lysa was around.” His phone rang inside of his pocket, so he dropped their connected hands down to the white curb and reached inside of his coat pocket to pick up the
They were in the back seat kissing for old times sake; her fingers wishfully brushing back his hair as he settled over her. It was dark in their rental car, the black seats only added to the mystery of them trying to make out each other’s forms. Apparently, this was a good way to de-stress, at least if felt that way for Sansa.

“Robin’s backpack is in the way,” Petyr hushed, as he tried to kick the bright red back underneath the passenger’s seat.

“Good.”

“Sansa?”

“I know what you are thinking, and the answer is no.”

“Oh,” he droned. “Is that so?”

“Petyr,” she breathed just before he descended on her lips. She moaned into his mouth, not realizing how long ago it was since he kissed her in this way. It was the dangerously lustful kind, the kind that made her want to give in.

“We got an hour,” he reminded her with obvious glee. “Let me park the car around somewhere more private.”

“And then have Robin sit back here when the hour is done?”

“Ughhh,” he groaned, just before he crushed his lips against hers. It was a feeble attempt of seduction, but Sansa wasn’t one to complain. Hot hands slipped under her sweater, feeling her stomach before he curled it over to her sides. Legs scraped against each other eagerly, both wanting it so badly, but not willing to give in. Her head rested over the leather seat, watching the dark shadow of Petyr barely hover over her. Every so often a dim ray of light would illuminate their two forms, making his dark hair look like wild raven feathers. She was stunned by the heady lust emitting from his eyes, that open expression that was begging for her to give in. His lips were hot against hers, hard, enough to make her make a sound once he forced his fingers under the thick cupping of her bra and took her perk nipples in hand. A deep throat groan escaped her as he kneed them with his fingers, feeling her hips arch upwards towards his growing need. “Sansa,” he begged. “Please.”

Her mouth was open as she made another moan, eyes closed in pure ecstasy as he had his way with her. She could feel her chest heaving with excitement, the painful throbbing down below that was in desperate need of being remedied. Petyr lowered himself to brush the top of his mustache over the length of her neck, his wet lips soon followed it till he reached the sharp curve of her jawline. She felt his tongue swab at the area, the hot breath escaping his partially opened mouth. She knew she shouldn’t have agreed to get in the car with him. *This is what happens when your bored,* she mused, and Petyr being horny.

“I want to feel you,” he murmured, which made her want to shrink away from his touch. “Please.”

“I’ll let you take it too far.”
“No.”

“I know I will,” she argued back. “Petyr, let me go.”

His hands slipped out of her bra and down the length of her abdomen. She could feel his hot breath leave her neck, and very soon he was hovering over her with his hands resting over her leather belt. Sharp exhales escaped his open lips, and Sansa knew he wasn’t satisfied with her rejection.

“Its not a good time,” she reminded him. “And not in the car- not when Robin will soon be sitting here.”

“Always an excuse with you.”

“I can’t help it!” she fought back. “At least I have some level of self-control.” She stupidly followed it with: “Unlike you.”

“Unlike me,” he echoed back with aggression.

“If it hadn’t been for you, we wouldn’t be in this mess.”

“So, you are just like your mother?” he rapped out, after he got off the car seat completely. “Blaming me!”

“It was you that kissed me first.”

“Oh,” he darkly replied.

She knew she was in trouble now, but she couldn’t help but speak the truth.

“If that is what you think,” he reflected after a moment’s pause. “Then I think I should go back in the front seat.”

“You don’t want to admit that you were in the wrong.”

He was climbing over the arm rest to get into the driver’s seat. “What difference does it make?”

“It makes a world of a difference.”

“Four years!” he blurted out with anger after he fell into this regular seat. “Four years I had to sit around and watch and wait… and when I finally act you quickly responded, so don’t give me that nonsense of it being all my fault. You wanted it too, remember?”

“I did.”

“So, don’t put the blame squarely on my shoulders.” Sansa sat up at this point, quite frustrated with the man she chose to be her life partner.

“Is this what its going to be like from now on?” she questioned him. “Us arguing and then trying to fuck to make up for it.” Petyr remained silent in the front seat, forcing Sansa to stand up with her head brushing against the low ceiling. “Answer me!”

“I don’t like arguing with you either.”

“Then man up and admit that this is your fault.”

“Not unless you admit it too.”
“Fine!” she screamed out louder than she anticipated. “It’s my fault too.”

“What do you want from me Sansa?” he asked in pure exhaustion. “You want to end this?”

“You keep asking me that!”

“I’m not sure what you want from me?” he exclaimed with his hands raised over his head. “It’s like you are determined to tear us apart. Lysa is in jail; gone forever! And here we are in a rental car arguing over whose fault it is.” Sansa shook her head adamantly. “We’re free, Sansa!” Petyr turned around to lock eyes with the young redhead. “But if you want to end this, then I will.”

“I never said that?”

“You were implying it.”

“No, I wasn’t!”

“Sansa!” he yelled out. “I’ve had enough.”

“Enough of what?”

He covered his face with his hands, and then suddenly dropped them to open up the front door. The door slammed behind him loudly, making Sansa fall into the back seat with terror. Petyr was motionless in front of the car. Sansa was too busy trying to swallow back her emotions since she knew it was her that sent him on the edge. She opened the back door with care, never stopping until he turned an icy gaze in her direction. She thought, once they retained a lengthy gaze. “I don’t want us to break up,” she told him with a strength to her voice. “I’ve given up everything to be with you Petyr. That’s more than most can say.”

“I don’t need you to guilt trip me.”

“Look at me!” she demanded. “Do I seem like the kind of girl to do that? No! That’s more your area, Petyr.” He scowled at her, absolutely wounded by her words. “I believe it’s you that manipulates people.”

His mouth opened, and then he shut it with a stern resolve.

“What? No, answer.”

“You seem determined for me to lose my temper.”

“What if you do? Am I supposed to be scared?”

Petyr bit down on his lip, doing everything in his power to keep himself still.

“What are you like Petyr? Will you hit me? Should I know something.”

“I don’t get angry,” he lied. “But when I do… it isn’t pretty.”

“Are you a hitter?”

“Do I look like one?”

“I don’t know,” she shot back. “Do they have a sign that says, ‘Look I hit people.’”

“I’m not an abuser,” he replied in a wooden voice. “If you must know.”
“I do, actually.” Petyr opened the car door abruptly and took a seat with his legs hanging out the car. “I know so much about you, but other times I feel like I know very little.”

“You know everything about me.”

“Then how come you lied to me last night?”

“What?”

“You told me you never slept with Lysa and then you spun it around to-”

“I slept with her,” Petyr interjected. “She is my wife after all.”

“So, you lied to me.”

“And yet,” he explained. “I told her I experienced pain while doing it to minimize the amount of times I was forced to do it.”

“She never forced you.”

“What do you think would happen if I refused?” he yelled out, catching random customers attention as they curiously looked at the upset couple.

“You could have left her.”

“I did.”

“Before you started an affair with me.” Petyr turned his head away from her with disgust. “Instead of dragging me into this mess.”

“You sound like your mother.”

“I’m her daughter.”

“I want to hear Sansa’s voice, not hers.”

“You are!”

“Am I?”

Sansa had enough, she took out her phone to see if it was anywhere near six-thirty. Petyr watched her pained expression, knowing they had a while to wait outside of the parking lot until Robb and his cousin returned.

“Sansa,” he called out. “Let’s not argue, love.”

“I can’t help it.”

“I want things to go back to the way they were,” he pleaded. “To how happy we were.”

“It was a fantasy.”

“It was reality.”

“This is reality,” she stressed with her finger pointing to the rental car. “All of it.”

“I want you to stay with me,” he urged. “I want things to go back to the way they were.” He
dropped down to the pavement and positioned himself in front of her. “I feel like I’m losing you, San.”

She swallowed hard at his words. Her gaze dropped down to their feet, feeling a heavy pain in the center of her chest as the world seemed to be crumbling around her.

“I love you.”

She frowned at his words, not wanting to hear that phrase uttered from his lips right now.

“Do you remember how long it took me to say that? You were so upset with me, but I only wanted to say it when it felt right. I called you that night, do you remember?”

“With your wife fast asleep in your bed.”

“Yes.”

“Petyr this is wrong.”

“So, you do want to end it with me?” he asked in a broken voice. “Don’t you?”

She forced her chin upwards to let her gaze fall over his, taken back by the glossiness of his green eyes that were slowly becoming pools of water.

“I love you,” he repeated. “More than anyone.”

She dropped her gaze with purpose. Her shoulders hunched over wearily, unable to say anything at this moment. Petyr took a step forward, casting a shadow over her form.

“Sansa,” he uttered in almost a whisper. “Please don’t leave me.”
Heal

Chapter Summary

Sansa has reached her breaking point. Grief and a world of regret convinces her to separate herself from Petyr. Her rash decision will come at a cost, one where she could lose her lover's affections forever.

Chapter Notes

When I first started this story it was supposed to be a short one-shot for a friend on Tumblr. I wasn't satisfied with my first draft and decided to extend it to multi-chapters before publishing "Twisted" on Ao3. You must understand that unlike most of my stories I started this one without an ending in mind, or even a beginning. It is one of those strange cases were I simply sat in front of a computer and wrote whatever came into my head. Just as a sculpture is given a lump of clay to shape and mold, so did I sit in front of a laptop and type away until I was satisfied with what I produced.

I have never written a rough draft for "Twisted," nor I have a designed a detailed plot line like some of my writer friends have done. I often joke that I am writing blind, meaning I write without an ending in sight. What I am trying to say is, it has been purely instincts and my imagination that has propelled this story. I have always trusted my instincts, so when I sat down today and felt that this was my last chapter (sadly), I decided to listen to my instincts even though my mind was fighting against it. So, here it is... the last chapter for "Twisted." I hope you enjoy it,

petyrbaaaaceelish

P.S. This last chapter was inspired by the song "Heal" by Tom Odell since it nearly brought me on the verges of tears. There is nothing like a tear-jerkier song to get you writing.

Sansa felt like she had been punched in the gut. How could he say something like that? Or let his green eyes grow blurry with regret? Petyr’s chest heaved in front of her; an open mouth that threatened to add something more.

She let her gaze falter, dropping down to the small space between them. “I’m sorry, Petyr,” she heard herself saying. A deep exhale escaped him, realizing that it was too late to win her back. “I think we need some space.” She didn’t bother looking up at him, her foot moved forward and then the other, and pretty soon she was striding towards the café without looking back.

Once she entered the shop she went straight to the washroom, never stopping until she locked the bathroom stall. She wanted to cry; there were so many emotions raging inside of her. She felt regret at walking away from Petyr, but she couldn’t stay with him- not now. Sansa stupidly stood in front of the toilet, doing her best to wipe at her eyes so she wouldn’t cry. Petyr was the best thing to ever happened to her, but she knew he was also the worst.
She was a liar with him, a cheater.

Her cellphone rang in her purse, but Sansa chose to ignore it. She didn’t feel like speaking to him right now, not when her mind was so muddled that she couldn’t figure out the difference between what was wrong or right.

The cellphone kept ringing in her purse until she began to hate the sound of it. She knew Petyr was walking around the café looking for her. Thankfully, he wasn’t desperate enough to come inside of the female washroom, at least for now anyways.

*I’m a coward,* she thought. *I ran from him.* She looked down at the palm of her hands grievously. *And I’m running away from my problems too.*

*But I can’t take this guilt anymore.*

She stuffed her sweaty hands into her jean pockets, letting her shoulders hunch over in remorse. *I can’t stay in this stall for another forty minutes,* Sansa decided. She pulled out her right hand to unlock the door, pushing it aside so she could leave the bathroom for good. She never bothered to look at herself in the mirror as she passed it by, her self-hatred was enough for her to speed past it and open the main bathroom door. Petyr was standing outside of it, apparently guessing where she’d been hiding all along.

“I want to talk to you,” he said in a deathly voice with his cellphone still in hand.

She pouted at him, but submitted to his demands, and found herself following him to the nearest table where they both took a seat. Petyr was fuming, more than normal, and she was the cause of it.

Sansa watched him zip up his black fall jacket, bringing the zipper all the way up until the cloth collar snugly wrapped itself around his neck. His eyes were a steely grey when he finally let it land over hers. He was wounded, angry, and worst of all, Petyr was afraid.

“You left me,” he blantly rapped out.

“I needed space.”

“Space,” he echoed with the right side of his face flinching. She thought she could see the vein over his temple pulsating.

“Petyr.”

“Do you have any idea how much I care for you,” he warned. “I could never do the thing you just did.” His face softened as he added: “I love you too much to ever do such a thing.”

“I know you do,” she chocked out in misery. “But I can’t live like this anymore.”

“It was you that urged me to get a divorce,” he reminded her. “You told me you didn’t care of the consequences, even when I warned you of them. I knew what Lysa was like, and we are damn lucky she is currently in prison.” He tilted his head to the side, letting his gaze drop from hers to focus on his left hand where he no longer wore his wedding band.

“I know this is hard for you too,” she said as an excuse. “And having Robin around isn’t helping.”

“Are you so willing to give this up?” he questioned her. “After everything I’ve done.” Petyr leaned into his seat to bring himself closer to her. “Everything that we have been through.”
“You don’t see things how I do.”

“And you feel regret, which is perfectly normal, because I feel it too.”

“Then you understand-”

“-no!” he shot back. “Don’t give me that bullshit of wanting space.”

“I handle things differently from you.”

“You are running, Sansa.” She fell back in her seat after that utterance, not needing him to speak the truth. “You’re afraid.”

“So, what if I am?”

“We can do this together,” he remonstrated. He paused when a family took the table next to him, the excited chatter from the children made Petyr’s face sour. The parents had something that they could never have: a happy family.

Petyr stretched his arm across the table, letting the palm of his hand rest upwards so Sansa could take it. “Don’t leave me,” he repeated, in the same tone of voice that he used outside. “You are all I have.”

“But that’s not healthy.” He smiled at her, but it was a sad one. “Petyr, I can’t be the only person in your life. If I go, what else do you have?”

His smile grew sadder before he uttered: “Memories.”

“That’s not enough.”

“You really don’t know how much I care for you, do you?” She blinked at him, trying to hold back the sharp pain his words had incurred on her.

“I…”

Petyr turned his head to the open window, letting his eyes follow the lone plane that drifted across the pale blue sky. She watched his contemptible expression, knowing his thoughts were somehow straying towards her. The hand was still resting on the table, but she couldn’t find herself accepting it.

“Petyr, I need sometime to myself,” she uttered in a wooden voice. “I’m going back home.”

“Running,” he said from the corner of his mouth.

“I need time to think about what I’ve done.”

“You already know what you’ve done!”

Sansa raised herself from her seat once she caught the outline of her brother and Robb through the tall glass window, her position against the wall fortunately gave her an advantageous view of the entire café. “I think you need that time to think too.” Petyr narrowed his eyes at her suspiciously, wondering why she suddenly raised herself from her seat. “To figure things out.”

“I don’t have too,” he sternly replied with a voice he only used on Robin. “All I ever wanted is right here in front of me.”
“There is more to life than me, Pete. Have you ever thought that this isn’t love… but an obsession.”

“I’m obsessed now,” he said with disbelief. Petyr was rising out of his chair as well, no longer wanting to be at a disadvantage when he had to look up at her.

“I think it is.”

“I’m not obsessed with you.”

“No?”

“No.” Robb and Robin came into their view, making Petyr take a step back to push in his chair. His voice was rough as he remarked: “Back already.”

“Robin is tired,” Robb answered him in truth. “Hungry too.” He looked around, unaware of the couple’s current predicament. “You guys want to go to a restaurant or something?”

“No,” Sansa answered him before her partner could. “Robb, can you take me home?”

Her brother was floored, so shocked he took a large step back. “I thought the alone time would help,” he replied with a faltering voice. “Sansa, what happened?”

Petyr cleared his throat before he uttered: “It’s becoming too much for her.” He made sure to look Sansa dead in the eyes as he added: “So, she is running away.”

“No, I’m not!” she shot back. Petyr smirked at her; it was a sickening one. “I’m leaving.”

“You’ll be back,” he warned, and then went behind Robb’s back to stand next to his son. “Robin say goodbye to your cousin, Robb.” The boy had no qualms to give his cousin a tight hug, thanking him repeatedly for the good afternoon they had together. The two of them were unaware of the staring contest that ensued between the troubled couple, each wondering if the other would give in. The lengthy gaze was broken when Robin ran into his cousin, Sansa, hugging her tightly before he demanded a kiss from her. Sansa bent low to kiss his cheek, not liking the fact that Robin wanted her lips instead. She patted him lightly on the back after they broke away, somewhat worried about Robin’s growing affection towards her.

“Come Robin,” his father requested in a cold voice. “And you too, Sansa.”

“I already made my decision.”

“A foolish one at that,” he quipped, before he took a hold of Robin’s hand and led him away from his cousins.

Robb was the first to step into Sansa’s view, blocking the last sight she had of Petyr as he took a hold of her. “Sansa,” he demanded. “Why are you letting him go?”

“Robb, I can’t do this anymore,” she sulked. “Petyr and I keep arguing, and it’s only been getting worse.”

“But that is what couples do.”

“Not like this,” she remonstrated with a look of destitution. “I want to go home.”

Robb dug his hands into his coat pocket to retrieve his keys, and with a light press into the palm of her hand he led her back to his car.
Robb sensed she wanted some time alone, so he didn’t say anything for most of the car ride home. Sansa wasn’t sure if she was making the right decision, but she knew she had to leave him. It was becoming too much: the guilt, the haunting presence of Lysa that she felt in every room, and then there was Robin.

Robin was the cherry on top.

She couldn’t blame her cousin; it was her own fault that she couldn’t look him in the eye and not feel anything. She was the cause of it, and no matter how much she ran she couldn’t avoid the hard truth of what her affair with Petyr had done to him.

The country road was a familiar sight to her, it was the same one she took everyday of her life when coming home. Robb was playing his favourite rock band, though he turned it down low enough to not disturb her thoughts. Sansa noticed that the sun was setting faster than normal, a sure sign that fall was in the air.

*I’ll be done school this time next week,* she remembered. A part of her feared what she would do with her two-week break. Her thoughts naturally gravitated towards Petyr, but then she remembered what she had done.

“Robb?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you think I am making a mistake?”

Her brother set his blinkers on to signal he was pulling over. She watched him with a steady gaze, knowing whatever he had to say was important. The car was pulled over and then he turned off the engine so he could have her full attention. “Ask me that again?”

She smiled at him, knowing that was the best answer she was going to get.

“Am I making a mistake?”

“Leaving Petyr, then yeah.”

She bit down on her lip funny, feeling so conflicted with everything.

“Petyr…” She closed her eyes as she tried to think of the right words to say. “I love him,” she confessed. “I will never love anyone the way that I love him.”

“He knows you,” Robb reminded her. “Loves everything about you. Sure, he isn’t the best guy in the world, but he went through hell fire to be with you. I think that says a lot about his character.”

“We had an affair.”

“And it blew up in your faces,” he answered back in a calming voice. “It was wrong, yeah? You realize it now. I know before you didn’t… or you simply didn’t care.” His jaw jutted to the right, and then Robb let his gaze go past her to look at the golden meadows that laid beyond the rugged country road. She knew her brother regretted the last of his words, but she appreciated his honesty.

“If you go back home than our parents win.”

“I know.”

“And Petyr will never forgive you.”
“He will.”

“Okay a little,” Robb chuckled. “But he will remember it.”

“The fact that I ran from him.”

“Left him,” Robb clarified in a stronger voice. “When he needed you most.”

“So, I should go back?”

“That is your decision, Sansa.” He turned himself to face the steering wheel again. “I want you to come up with it on your own.”

“If I go back, I will see all the evidence of what I have done.” Sansa sniffled lightly and used a hand to cover up her mouth. She wanted to throw up, the mere image of Lysa’s bedroom made her sick to her stomach.

“Have you ever thought of asking Petyr to sell the place?”

“He wouldn’t do that.”

“You really think so?”

“His whole life is here.”

“You, Sansa, are his life.”

She opened her mouth to argue back until she realized that Robb was in the right. “Drive me back to his place,” she told him firmly. “I want to go back.”

“You giving me gas money for this?”

“Oh, shut up,” she laughed. Robb undid his seat belt to give her a proper hug, and she thanked God that she had a brother like him. “I love you, Robb,” she hushed into his ear.

“I love you too, Sansa.”

Petyr looked at her without blinking when he opened his condo door. She knew he was startled to see her, never expecting her to return to him so soon. Sansa crossed her arms in front of him, pretending it was the cold draft of air from the air conditioning vents that were getting to her. Petyr took a step backwards and opened the door wider for her. Wordlessly she walked over the open doorway, and then tilted her head downwards to unbutton her sweater. Petyr took a step back, staring at her profile with disbelief. The door shut behind him, and then he walked around her to stare at her face. Sansa was unwilling to make eye contact, still feeling nervous and extremely guilty for the pain she caused him.

Padding of feet caught her attention, and Robin was skipping down the hallway towards her. “You’re back!” he screamed out, only second before he jumped on her and gave her a tight hug. “You are just in time for dinner.” He let her go and then reached for her hand, steering her down the long hallway until they reached the living room. Petyr trailed behind them quietly, still not breaking his eternal silence. “I’m watching TV. Do you want to watch it with me?” Robin jumped down on the couch, letting his tiny feet rest over the ottoman. Sansa’s cousin was in his pajamas already, and he looked like he was on top of the world. “Sit,” Robin offered out. “Dinner should be ready too, right Dad?”
Petyr offered a slow nod in response, still unable to break his gaze away from Sansa.

Robin reached forward for the remote control, turning up his favourite cartoon so he could hear it better. Sansa unbuttoned the last of her sweater and pulled it off her shoulders. She could feel Petyr’s heated gaze, but chose to ignore it, electing to change into more comfortable clothing instead. The soft padding of Petyr’s bare feet was a gentle reminder that he was right behind her; it wasn’t until she reached the closed door of his bedroom that he took a place by her side. “You’re back,” he finally uttered aloud.

“I never went home,” she told him in a monotone voice. “Robb talked some sense into me.”

Petyr stepped around her, letting his back rest against the closed door so she couldn’t go in.

“Are you alright with me coming back?”

His voice was soft as he answered: “Of course, I am.”

“You don’t hate me or anything?”

“A little upset,” he joked. “But I’ve forgiven you.”

Sansa crossed her arms in front of her chest, propping up one last barrier until she was willing to give in.

“Are you staying?”

“I’m staying.”

Petyr let his hand curl around the circular doorknob behind him. A tiny chink sounded through the air and then he propped the door open to show the room had greatly changed. “I took out most of her stuff,” he droned. “Though I need a few more days to go through her closet.”

Sansa walked around to see the new bed spread, the plastic wrapping at the foot of the bed was evidence that Petyr had purchased it this morning. She saw a night dress in sheer white laid out at the foot of the bed, with a small box of perfume he had purchased for her. There was a silver necklace too; a dragonfly with a yellow stone on the front of it that nearly took her breath away.

“I hope you don’t mind orchids,” he mentioned in a dry tone of voice, and pointed to her bed stand where it was elegantly situated. “I would have gotten more stuff, but I was called into the Principal’s office.” Petyr sat down at the edge of the bed, letting his leg cross over the other. “And you already know how the rest of my day went.”

“I didn’t know,” she feebly confessed. “The things you did.”

He shrugged his shoulders at her unwillingly. “It was a surprise.”

“I feel like an idiot.” Petyr chuckled at her in good humour. “Why didn’t you tell me this before? It would have been great when we were arguing.”

“It was a surprise,” he repeated in a firmer voice. “And besides… I was looking at the bigger picture.”

Sansa stepped closer to him, though there was still a reasonable gap between them. “And what was that?”

“All of this stuff was never meant to persuade you to stay. If I told you earlier that I redecorated the
bedroom would it even make a difference?” He pressed his hands down on the bed and pushed himself further up the bed spread. “It’s like I said before, its only furniture.”

“You said I was overthinking it.”

“You were.”

“Then why would you do this for me?”

“I wanted to make you comfortable,” he simply replied. A tiny smile threatened to spread across his face. “I wanted to see you happy, sweetling.”

She felt like hugging him then, it was just like Petyr to spoil her when he was ready. “You really do put me first,” she found herself uttering aloud. “When you’re ready.”

“Yes.”

Sansa looked over her shoulder and decided to close the bedroom door, feeling it best in case Robin came around looking for them. She took a seat beside Petyr but made sure to keep some space between them. She couldn’t help but look behind her to see the new silk dress Petyr bought for her and did her best to cover up her smile with the palm of her hand.

“My father,” Petyr breathed out. “Once gave me a piece of advice, in which I will now share with you.” He uncrossed his legs and tilted his body to face Sansa completely. “It takes openness and honesty to maintain a marriage.” He blinked at her sadly. “I never did that with my wife, but I promise you, Sansa, that I will do it with you.”

“Honesty,” she repeated into the silent air. Petyr nodded his head in agreement. “Can you be that way with me?”

“I will.”

She broke their gaze deliberately, musing over Petyr’s words. “Then tell me honestly what you are feeling right now?”

“Relief that you are back.” Sansa let her fingers trail over the fluffy blanket, taking in the expensive material. “How do you feel?”

“Like an idiot,” she taunted. “No, I feel grateful that you even opened the front door for me.”

“Then you don’t know me.”

“Where do we go from here, Petyr?” she sighed out.

“I still intend to marry you, if you’d let me,” he mused aloud with an open display of nervousness. “To find a new job, it doesn’t have to be as prestigious as the last one. Enough to support the family.” He flickered his gaze at her quickly. “And keep Robin, if you are fine with that.” He frowned suddenly. “Although, I have a feeling child protective services will want to investigator the matter and possibly take him away from me. I mean, given the circumstances of our relationship.” He stared at the closed door in front of them. “So, if that’s the case, I will put in a request that your parents have custody over Robin.”

“Mom would be pleased.”

“Yes, but he is still my son,” he droned. “I’ve grown to care for him over the years… even if he is a
brat.” Sansa laughed lightly, finding herself leaning closer to him. “I never did ask your opinion
about it. I’m sorry.”

“Its fine.”

“Or moving back into this condo, which I’ve obviously done.” He stretched out his hand to fill up
the space between them. “If I intend for you to be my life partner then… I should start treating
you like one. And that includes parenting Robin.”

“Yes,” she sharply answered him, since she didn’t agree with his discipline tactics as of now.

“And laying everything out on the table,” he included. “About everything.” He stretched out his
hand more in an effort for Sansa to take it. “Like the fact that you are refraining your affections from
me and its killing me inside,” he added in a broken voice. “I feel like I’m starving for it. I had to
endure that for four years, Sansa, and I don’t want to suffer through it anymore. Please… take my
hand.”

Sansa let out a small sigh before she accepted it, holding it tightly to return some strength back to her
lover. He moved closer to her until their thighs were touching and then he gazed into her eyes as a
silent request for more.

“You understand why I was hesitant to sleep with you last night, don’t you?”

“Yes,” he droned from the corner of his mouth.

“But I won’t hold out forever.”

“I should hope not.” He licked the bottom of his lips. “When we have sex…” The top set of his teeth
bit down on his plump bottom lip. “Its another way to show… no… to tell you how much I love
you.”

“I know it is.”

“Is not something light.” The hoods of his eyes lowered with meaning. “I held off for a long time
while living with Lysa, so I do have some self-control, thank you very much.” Sansa tried not to
laugh at his sarcasm, since she knew he was still bitter about her snide comment earlier. “And I know
you do as well.”

“I do.”

He pursed his lips suspiciously. “And it will be harder now that we are living with Robin.” He
nodded his head to some silent thought that crossed his mind. “Or show any affection, but if it is a
light one like hugging or holding hands it shouldn’t bother him too much. He understands how I feel
about you, it is much warmer than I what I ever felt for his mother and…” He smiled at her
beautifully. “…and I’m pretty sure Robin notices that I can’t keep my eyes off you.”

Sansa leaned forward, wanting to kiss Petyr because of his honest words. Petyr sensed her inner
thoughts and was the first to wrap his arm around her solid back to pull her in. Their lips melted
together instantly, each expressing their love for one another. Petyr kissed her with all the passion he
had in him, pulling the last of Sansa’s body against his chest to keep her close. His lips opened wider
to gather more of her in, applying such pressure to his kisses that she found herself going weak. “I
love you,” he uttered into the air, before he returned his lips to hers. Sansa fell into the bed easily,
letting him lay her over to the side so they could continue their game. His hand wandered over her
body, trailing every line and curve that was etched into his memory. “Love you so much,” he
moaned out in pain, before he laid her flat on the bed. “You know that don’t you?”
Sansa stopped him by laying a hand over his cheek, wanting to see the vividness of his grey-green eyes in the last of the sunlight. “I do,” she confessed to him. “And I love you too.”

“Thank you for choosing me,” he whispered. Sansa let her thumb travel downwards to trace the outline of his bottom lip. “Thank you for saying yes.”

“Yes?”

He only smiled at her and kissed the pad of her thumb with delight. He let his thoughts be expressed in his eyes, and it was then that Sansa knew where his thoughts were turning too. “Yes,” he droned with squinted lids over his forest green eyes. “I already know what your answer will be when the time comes.”

She shook her head at him, even though Sansa knew her lover was in the right.

“I’ll make you happy,” he promised her. He pushed his face into her thumb, forcing it to drop down low so he could connect their lips again. Petyr was making plans for their future already, an entire world dreamt up inside of his mind that he was determined to become a reality. As he kissed his sweetling he could almost see the picture that had been haunting him for the past four years, an image of them together, of a new life he could share with her.

“Yes,” she answered him with a heartfelt smile. “I will marry you.”

“I already know that, my love,” he breathed lightly over Sansa’s lips. “I already know.”

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