Kill You With His Little Finger

by LMT

Summary

Ramsay laughed. “The lady is bold – our very first meeting, and already she's asking to handle my knife.”

[[This is a Hound/Arya story, and takes place after There's People Coming. Be warned: it involves sex between Arya and Ramsay Snow. Which the Hound is not pleased about.]]
A/N: Makes most sense if read after There's People Coming. This one has sexual content. It's a Hound/Arya fic, but it takes place during a sexual relationship between Arya and Ramsay Snow. There's tiny hints of knife creepery, some consensual pain, some nonconsensual pain, some sex in front of a third party. But Ramsay is pretty damn restrained here compared to some of the stuff we see from him in canon, so there's that at least.

This take on Ramsay is influenced by both the show and the books. Show!Ramsay is appropriately sadistic, but a shade too nutty and definitely not intimidating enough for me. I mean, when you read about Ramsay in the books you definitely do not want to mess with him.

“They promised me the wolf maid of the north,” Ramsay complained. “But look at you: a Dornish slut without a scrap of fur on her. Well—no fur that I see so far, anyway.”

The girl ignored that—didn’t understand it?—and launched into a prepared speech. “Please forgive me, my lord,” she said, not sounding very sorry. “I didn’t see any of my uncle’s letters before they were sent. I would have corrected him. Nobody meant for you to be deceived.”

“But deceived we were,” he sighed. “We’ve already restored Winterfell— as a wedding present.” Because we need it to truly hold the North in Northmen's eyes. “My father thinks it might be worth marrying you anyway, even given your… shortcomings.”

“Shortcomings,” she repeated.

He kept his tone bland and polite. “Bluntly, I hear you’ve been sleeping with your dog.” He glanced up over her shoulder, but Clegane was staring off vacantly as if he hadn’t even heard.

The girl's eyes were cool and her face smooth. “I've heard you sleep with your dogs too.”

That surprised him into a laugh. What she'd done was hardly a shortcoming in his view anyway; she'd made herself more interesting to him than politics ever could. He was hungry for her now—wanted to break through that mask. For starters he wanted to see what her fear looked like, so he tsked and shook his head, with a smile that sent men running. “People did warn that you're a willful little bitch.”

No luck: she just shrugged. “People warned some things about you too. But I want to go back to Winterfell.” Then she looked down to his belt. “Is that your flaying knife?”

He liked where her thoughts were headed. Surely he'd get to the fear soon enough. “Yes. One of them.”

“Can I see it?”

He laughed. “Ooh, the lady is bold. Our very first meeting, and already she's asking to handle my knife.” But he took it out and gave it to her—hilt first.

“It's smaller than the knives I usually handle.” Her voice was completely flat; he couldn't even tell if she was being bawdy or not. She examined it for a bit, then offered it back. “Really sharp though.”
He didn't take it. “If you're going to take the poor lad out and play with him, at least give him a bit of satisfaction at the end.” He saw her brow quirk a moment – confusion. He licked his lip and ordered: “Blood it.”

The girl didn't flinch. “Oh – sure.” She put the blade in her hand and nicked her own palm with a deft little twist. “Here you go.”

“Excellent.” He made a show of cleaning the blade with his tongue before resheathing it. She gave no hint of revulsion or even concern; she just watched with mild interest and then turned to leave.

Already he was fascinated... but then, something happened to make the girl irresistible: after she was gone, Clegane shifted to block the doorway and put a hand on his sword. “Listen here.” Voice calm and even. “That's the last blood you'll have of her. From now on I will be personally standing between Arya and your knives at all times and all costs. You won't ever be alone with her – wed or not.”

That could be interesting.

“You want to ride with her,” Clegane went on, “I ride too – on a faster horse. You want to eat with her, set the table for three. And if you plan on fucking her I'll be standing in the corner, with my sword, and at the first sign of cause I'll use it.”

Oddly, none of it sounded like a threat. It was just... plain fact. But he had expected no less, given the stories. “I'll bet you will,” he said, smiling. “I've heard that the lady has a great deal of admiration for your... sword.” He dropped his eyes to it.

“She'll admire it even more once I've raped you with it.” Instantaneous. “I may not enjoy the same things you do, but I can damn well do them. Hurt her and you'll die in pieces.”

“You can do them,” Ramsay said thoughtfully. Mostly just to disquiet him, but also this was true. “Hm. That's good to know – there are times when I need an extra pair of hands. I'll keep you in mind.”

And finally, he got the flash of horror he'd been waiting for. It was just a flash, before Clegane got his face under control again, but for now it was enough. He clapped the man on the shoulder with his nicest smile, pushed him firmly out of the way, and went out.

He was definitely going to take the girl now. It would be even more fun than he'd expected.

TBC.

Let me know what you think so far! I have a very busy tomorrow coming up but I'll try and post again soon.
Arya opened the chest and spread everything out on the bed. Sansa laughed at her excitement. “Look at you – all giddy over a couple of dresses and hairpins! You're like a real girl today.”

Arya bit her lip. “Let's go get the Hound.”

She didn’t understand. She waited for Arya to say she was joking, but when Arya did no such thing she eventually sputtered: “You- you're really going to make the Hound look at dresses and hairpins?”

Arya grinned. “He's going to hate it. Especially since it's a wedding present and especially since it's from Prince Oberyn. He gets unbelievably jealous.”

Suddenly Sansa was no longer giddy. “Arya... Prince Oberyn. You didn't...?”

“I didn't...?” Arya cocked her head. Then her eyebrows went up. “Fuck him? Fuck the Viper?”

Was she offended? “I- I'm sorry. It's just, you know, Dorne, people say... they say the Dornish... are very... free...” She could feel herself blushing. (And tried to stop! Petyr said that blushing at the mention of sex was a little girl's habit, and it was long past time for her to give it up.)

“Back then I wasn't fucking anybody,” Arya said carelessly. (No blush there.) “Besides, come on – he was the father of my friends. What was I going to do, marry him and become Nym's mother?”

Put like that, it was ridiculous. Still. She shrugged, and refused to feel stupid. “You said jealous,” she said, stubborn.

Arya shrugged. “The Hound's just jealous when I like people that aren't him.” She snorted. “If it turns out I like Ramsay Bolton, he'll probably kill him even faster than if Ramsay tries to do anything to me.”

Sansa reached out and took Arya by the shoulders. “Ramsay Bolton is not going to try and do anything to you,” she said firmly. “Petyr would never send you if he were. The Boltons need you alive and happy.” She believed it with all her heart. The Boltons were even letting Arya keep her own name.

“I know, I know. I'll be fine.” She stroked over one of the bright blue silks thoughtfully, and then looked up with a smile. “Besides, Ramsay knows that if he tries anything we'll flay him with his own fucking knives. I almost hope he does.”

We. Sansa sighed and tried not to feel jealous. They really were two of a kind.

On the day of the wedding Sandor went to the godswood a little curious: Arya had banished him while she got dressed, and he had no idea what she was going to look like.

He was among the first to arrive – on purpose. He had to stake out a spot close to where she would
say her words, just in case she refused at the last minute and needed help enforcing her wishes. (It would be chaos and disaster if she did. He could tell himself he wasn’t hoping for it… but that would be a lie.)

He was ready for this fucking wedding: mailed and armed and not at all drunk. He was also warm – he’d slipped down to the exercise yards directly before the ceremony. If a fight broke out everyone else would be cold and creaky, and he’d take whatever advantage he could.

He even had the wolf girl’s little blade for her. Just in case.

Since he was early he had time to look around. Time to notice the Bastard’s men and size them all up. Time to pick the shortest path to the stables if things turned really sour and they had to flee. (Time to check on Sansa, which he couldn’t help doing even though he’d reminded himself a hundred times that she was not his problem. At least she was a bit out of the way, across the aisle from him and a few rows back. “If any killing happens it’ll be within sword’s length of me and the wolf girl,” he’d told her in advance, “So make sure you’re not close. Hate to get blood on your dress.”).

Finally the wedding got underway. Out came some distant family they’d managed to scrounge up, and then Ramsay Bolton, and then Arya. His jaw dropped: someone had worked some magic with her to make her look like a real girl. Almost succeeded in making her look like a woman even. They’d given her a woman's shape: pulled her waist in, padded the hips, even given her something resembling tits. Her hair was all piled up on her head and had flowers in it – you couldn’t even tell it went barely to her shoulders instead of properly down to her arse.

Sandor took it all in when she first stepped out into the open, but then he stopped looking at her and stared off instead. He didn’t need to see Littlefinger give her away. Didn’t need to see Ramsay Fucking Snow put a cloak over her shoulders.

He definitely didn't need to see the kissing, but he made the mistake of happening to glance in her direction at exactly the wrong moment. He wasn’t thrilled to see Arya with her lips pressed tight to the Bastard’s, but when she jumped and pulled away, he really wasn’t happy. She was moving her tongue around in her mouth, frowning, and he knew that look: the freak had bitten her. Right there in the godswood in front of everyone.

Someone was getting gelded tonight for sure.

Dinner had barely gotten started when her new husband rose from his seat. “I need to go talk to my father,” he said to her. “And I’m done with this feast – I’m already out of patience with everyone pretending to make nice. Why do they even bother? As if I don’t know what they really think.”

“At least they didn’t make you wear a dress,” she called after him.

He snorted and turned to her again. “Don’t worry, I’ll have it off you as soon as we’re done here. There’s to be no bedding, so just come up to our rooms as soon as the food’s done with.”


Once Ramsay was gone, she turned to look over her shoulder at the Hound. “Come sit down. You can guard me just as well from down here. And aren’t you hungry?”

“No.”
“Thirsty, then. The wine’s good.” He sighed and cooperated – and she felt much better. “Eat,” she said through a full mouth. Ramsay had taken a few bites from his plate, but most of the good stuff was still there.

Incredibly, even though he wouldn't hesitate to scavenge from carcasses that *animals* had been at, the Hound turned his nose up.

She rolled her eyes at him. “Share with me, then. You can't skip dinner.” She stabbed up a huge forkful of meat and held it out.

He'd never had a problem eating from her hand before, but this time he huffed at her and snatched the fork himself. “Stop,” he said. (Ate it at least, though.). “People tell enough damn stories already.”

“You stop,” she shot back. “I’ve been good all day, and I'm sick of it.” She looked down at herself. “I'm even wearing *this* silly fucking thing. Be honest: how bad does it look.”

He chewed and swallowed. Drank some wine. She had the distinct impression he was stalling on purpose, to figure out what to say. “It's fine,” he said at last. “You look nice.”

His tone was stiff and forced. Great: she looked bad, then. At least he was being kind enough to lie about it. Stupid dress. She went to heave a sigh, but she was laced in so tightly she hardly could.

Which reminded her… “There is one thing I like, though. Watch.”

She picked up a knife from the table, turned it in her hands, and drove it into her stomach.

“Girl-!” He was much too slow to stop her, but before he had time to really go crazy, she showed him that the knife hadn't penetrated.

“The bodice of this thing is like fucking armor,” she explained. Grinning. “I should wear it all the time. People would never be able to kill me.”

“I would,” he growled. Snatched the knife out of her hand. “I'd bloody strangle you, you silly bitch. Don't scare me like that.”

That was a little bit sweet, so she refilled his glass for him.

He took only a token sip, though, and then pushed it away. Her jaw dropped, but before she could make some joke about was he dying or something, he gave her a look that was not at all joking. “Best I take it slow tonight,” he explained. “Might be I have to kill your husband in an hour or so, and they say he's not bad in a fight.”

She took his wine and gulped from it herself – her mouth was suddenly dry. “It’s going to be fine,” she said, as firmly as she could. She could tell she didn’t sound very convincing, though.

The Hound plucked the glass from her hand. “Aye,” he said. Took a slow calm sip. “It is.”

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**TBC.**

*So, be warned: the next chapter contains some icky ramsay. To get an idea of what he’s going to be like: I cribbed some of his behavior from the wedding/bedding with Fake Arya from the books. Of course, my Arya is a lot less wimpy than that girl, so…*
Chapter 3

The Hound escorted her upstairs to the bedroom, and stepped inside before she did. She watched him turn left and right, checking that there was nothing and nobody in the room that shouldn't be. She realized that this was the kind of thing people’s shields usually did for them all the time – the Hound had probably checked a thousand rooms for Joffrey back in King’s Landing. For a second it made her feel important… but then it made her a little nervous. As if she were in danger, and not capable of protecting herself.

When he was satisfied he moved aside to let her enter, and barred the door behind them. He stood at her shoulder, stiff except that he had one hand on her back where nobody could see. *I bet he never stood that close to Joffrey.* He stroked a little, the way he did to soothe her when she was upset. She knew then that he was sober, and here to take care of her, and she felt her worry drain away. She raised her eyes.

Ramsay was waiting in a red leather armchair. Hands steepled under his chin, knife gleaming on a table beside him.

Arya had never in her life seen a more transparent effort to *scare,* and she was not impressed. Loud and casual, she declared: “All right, feast's over. Let's fuck.”


She rolled her eyes and crossed her arms (And felt the dress pull tight across her shoulders. The stupid sewing women hadn't listened to her when she said she needed more room to move.). “I can undress myself.”

“I didn’t ask that.” Ramsay’s eyes flickered up to where the Hound was lurking. “Do it.”

A low rasping laugh – the kind that scared men away in taverns. “You think you can make me?”

It would be stupid to fight over something so stupid. “You’re both ridiculous,” Arya said. “Let’s get this over with so I can go to sleep.” She elbowed the Hound and turned to face him. “Come on. It’s faster if you help.”

He'd changed out of his nice feast clothes into a plain tunic, and she could feel that he was wearing mail underneath. His hands hovered by her shoulders. “Turn,” he said at last. “I’ll unlace you.”

“No,” Ramsay said. “Laces take too long. Cut it off.”

Arya laughed, because she had been just about to say the same thing. “You heard the man,” she said, grinning up at him. “My lord husband says use your knife.”

The Hound sighed, but somehow a dagger was already in his hand and at her throat. “Don’t move,” he growled, and slipped the point down into her neckline.

She gasped – it was even colder than she’d remembered, steel on her skin. He pressed the blade against her for a moment before yanking it away to cut, and she knew he’d done it on purpose. Because she liked it.

She quirked eyebrows at him to show she'd noticed. She tilted her chin up and rolled her shoulders
back, arching herself so he had more space to work. He didn’t seem to want to make it fun though; he just cut through the dress efficiently, sawing straight down the front of the bodice and then kneeling to hack through the skirts.

“There,” she said when he was done. She shrugged the ruined dress off her, and then held his shoulder to balance herself while she stepped out of the pile.

“Her smallclothes too.” Ramsay didn’t sound pleased. She wondered how on earth they’d annoyed him; they were doing everything he said without making any fuss at all.

“Knife,” she prompted, tugging the Hound's shoulder. He obeyed. She pressed against it extra every chance she got, but he pretended not to notice.

She stepped out of her smallclothes too and then took a second to brace up before looking over at her husband. She knew he would probably disgust her, the way Walder Frey had disgusted her, looking at her like she was a meal he was going to eat.

Everything will be all right, she’d told herself a hundred times. Just ignore the looks, and if he tries to do anything the Hound will stop him.

She took a deep fortifying breath and then faced him square. Released her death-grip on the Hound's shoulder and spread her arms. “There.”

It turned out his look wasn’t like Walder Frey’s at all. He didn’t look gleeful or greedy – instead, he was frowning. He looked disappointed.

“Sorry – I’m not pretty,” she conceded. Suddenly felt the urge to cover her chest with her arms. “You knew I’m not pretty.”

The Hound spoke up. “Shut it; you’re pretty enough.”

She turned to him in surprise – was he making fun of her? Now? Before she could figure out what to do Ramsay laughed.

“Pretty enough to fuck, anyway. Isn’t she?” Ramsay flashed the Hound an unfriendly smile. “Get on the bed, my lady,” he ordered. “Against the pillows like a good wife… that’s right. Now spread your legs.”

She didn’t like being ordered around, so before he could tell her what else to do she beat him to it: brought her hands between her legs and spread herself out for him. “Like that?” she said.

Again Ramsay wasn’t happy. “I didn’t say to show off your cunt, you little slut,” he snapped.

Arya shrugged and stopped showing. “Then why’d you tell me to spread my legs?” She tapped her fingers on her knees, fidgeting. “I’m only trying to do what you want.”

He looked, if anything, even unhappier.

When the freak’s face darkened, Sandor suddenly understood. Bolton didn’t give two shits about undressing Arya or ordering her around or even fucking her… all he wanted was to upset her somehow. And the less upset she was, the more unhappy he was going to get.

After so long with Joffrey he knew the routine. Couldn’t scare her. Can’t embarrass her. Next he’ll try hurt.
Sure enough, the Bastard put his drink down, stepped up and without preamble shoved fingers up into Arya’s body.

She jerked, but didn’t even close her legs. Fucking hells, girl. Lie to him! Give him what he wants. But all she did was scowl and complain: “Ow – that really hurts. Aren’t you supposed to warm me up first?”

“A little expert we have here.” He pulled free and slapped her face. “You’re dry, wife.”

Arya touched her cheek, looking confused.

“Shall we have your dog come lap at you until you’re ready?”

Sandor went cold, but the girl only cocked her head and said, blank: “What?”

“Clegane, come over here.”

Fuck that. “I said I’ll step in to stop one of you from killing the other,” he reminded. “Otherwise, leave me be.”

“Oh.” Arya was looking at him, understanding dawning. “He wants you to do Melly’s trick?”

He nodded.

She sighed and turned to Bolton. “He doesn’t know how.”

“I see. Then... I suppose I’ll just stick a knife up you instead. That’ll get you wet enough.”

She raised her eyebrows. “You do that,” she said coolly, “And he’ll stick his sword up you. Til it comes right out the top of your head.”

Sandor shifted his weight, readied himself to move fast. This could turn ugly at any minute, and the freak could do quite a bit of damage with that blade of his in the time it took to cross a room.

But the freak smiled at her. “I like where your thoughts are going,” he said – warm. “But you don’t know the first thing about impaling a man, do you. Never seen it done?”

She shook her head, wary.

“It really never comes out the top of the head. Usually pokes through around here.” He reached out to her chest and drew a circle.

(I could have told her that, Sandor thought, irritated. Though he’d never actually done it, and the Bastard likely had.).

Arya shivered, and then rubbed her chest hard as if to get rid of the touch. “Fine. Now would you please just get the fucking over with? It’s cold in here and I’m tired.” Sandor listened carefully and heard some irritation in her voice, but no fear. Nothing to justify drawing – nothing even close.

The Bastard shook his head. “I said I want you wet first. Never mind – I’ll take care of it myself.” He dropped to his knees beside the bed and grabbed one of her ankles.

TBC.

Uh okay, so... next chapter is yucky and explicit. Sorry.
Let me know what you think so far!
Chapter 4

A/N: Sorry this one took so long. I rewrote it several times in order to de-graphic it a bit… but warning for yuckiness still applies, because Ramsay is involved. :-/

Ramsay was even stronger than he looked. He dragged her one-handed, easily, until her rear was right at the edge of the mattress. He ducked underneath so that her legs were on his shoulders, hauled her hips up, and got started.

It wasn't much like with Melly at all, except for the wetness and the way it made her want to buck around. This time it felt slimy and disgusting. She wanted to close her eyes and pretend it wasn’t Ramsay, but she couldn’t because it made her nervous not to see. She tried looking over at the Hound, but he was too busy glaring at Ramsay to meet her eyes.

She soon decided that aside from being disgusting on principle, Ramsay also wasn't as good at it. Melly had found a spot that felt heavenly and he didn’t. His tongue was a lot slower and harder too, pushing where she had only teased… and yet, despite using so much force, he still wasn't doing enough of something. She didn't have the words to say what, but she knew that what Melly had done had satisfied, while this was just maddening her and making her want.

Before long she got frustrated enough to try shoving her hips against his face, but he held her still. Then she thought to pull him instead, by the hair. For that he bit her (but not too badly; nothing she needed to tattle to the Hound about).

She sighed at the ceiling. Slobber was dripping down to tickle her arse; it felt pretty wet; how fucking wet did it have to be before Ramsay would stop this and do something better? It didn't help that she didn't really even know how to explain what she wanted. More, she wanted to say, except what did that mean? He didn't seem to be holding back on purpose.

“Come on,” she breathed, twisting around. “Come on.”

At last he pulled back. “Come on what?” he said, laughing at her. A sharp pain shot through her and she gasped, and squirmed to sit up and see what it was.

His hand. He was using his hand again; he had two fingers inside her and twisted them as she watched, and it was uncomfortable but it was definitely doing something towards scratching her itch. “Yes,” she told him, moving with it.

“Yes what?” he said, and twisted much too hard. “Are you saying you want to get fucked now?”

She supposed she was, but she couldn't say so aloud, because the Hound was watching and if she sounded like she wanted to fuck Ramsay Snow he'd think she was the disgusting one. “Fine,” she said instead. “Just get it over with, all right?”

He tsked at her, and moved even harder. “Is that any way to talk to your lord husband?”

“Fine: yes please,” she snarled. Something still wasn't quite right – why couldn't he fix it, give her more? Or whatever it was she wanted.

He changed angles and for just a second that was it, exactly what she needed, but then he pulled
out. She made complaining sounds and almost asked him to do it again, but on second thought she didn't want to give him the satisfaction of thinking he was doing anything right.

When he climbed up on the bed with her she started to put her legs up around his waist, but he had other ideas: he hauled her hips up, bent her all the way until her calves were against her ears, and then crashed down into her so hard she thought he'd impaled her for real.

“AAH!” For a second she just froze and yelled, hardly able to find words. “Ow ow – stop!” The way she was folded like this it felt he'd shoved something all the way up through her stomach. She peeked to make sure it wasn’t actually coming out her chest like he’d said.

He was thrusting now, punching into her insides over and over. “Too much for you?” he pretended-pouted. “Are you sure? I thought you’d like a good hard dicking. Do you need to call your dog over here to protect you?”

Obviously she didn't; if this could actually hurt her the Hound would have taken Ramsay's head off already. It was just something unpleasant that she had to get used to. “No,” she managed through grit teeth. “It's just- could you-... not-...”

“Not what?” he said, with a really hard one. “Not this?”

She could feel stinging behind her eyes but she took in a huge breath and held it; she would not cry, not for Ramsay Fucking Snow, not just because he was fucking her a little harder than she would have liked.

“Say please,” he said.

“Please shove it up your arse,” she shot back at once.

He paused. “Oh – you want it up the arse instead?” he said, and she'd heard people say that a thousand times but she'd never really thought about what it meant until Ramsay reached down underneath where his cock was and poked at her with his finger.

She yelped and jerked away, and he resumed fucking her.

He pinched her cheek, laughing. “We'll save that for a special occasion.”

Our hundredth anniversary? she wanted to say, but she didn't quite have the nerve.

He pinched harder. “Say thank you.”

Don't be an idiot. They had talked about this in advance; they knew Ramsay would want to make her say stupid things, and she’d promised she wouldn’t get herself hurt resisting. “Thank you, my lord.”

“Good girl.” He wasn't done. “Now: I look forward to your tearing me open with your cock any way you like. I can't wait to bleed for you.”

That was easier, actually, than being courteous with him. “I look forward- to your tearing me open- with your cock- any way you like,” she said between thrusts. “Can't wait- to bleed for you.”

In a minute she was going to puke for him though. What would he do then?

Fortunately it didn't come to that; he pulled out of her and repositioned her to lie flat. She whimpered a little; she felt all raw already and he showed no signs of being finished.
Before he went on, though, he spat into his hand and used it to wet her up again. She hoped it would make things slide easier; the Hound had used blood but she really didn't want to bleed today. Not for him.

Wet or not though, when he started again it burned. Nothing she couldn’t take though. The Hound had burned worse.

(And, the Hound hadn't licked her or touched her first to help make her ready. As soon as she was done here she was going to go tease him for being an even worse lover than Ramsay Fucking Snow. No she wasn't. If she did that he'd get really angry.).

Ramsay slapped her, hard. “Pay attention.”

“Ow. I am.” She made a face at him. Wanted to punish him somehow, but there wasn't a whole lot she could do from this position, especially with him pinning her wrists to the bed. She clamped down with all her muscles inside, thinking maybe she could squeeze hard enough to hurt him, but all he did was make grunting noises that sounded happy.

She really needed practice at fucking. Nym would have known what to do.

When he was done the Bastard shoved her out of the bed with his leg and said: “Now get out.”

That was good enough for Sandor. He went over and grabbed her by the arm and marched her for the door, ignoring her “This is my room too, you know.”

She pulled free before he got her over the threshold. “Aren't you forgetting something?” she said. He stared blankly. “My clothes?”

A reasonable request. Her dress was in pieces, so he went back and snatched a blanket off the bed to drape around her. “There. Now let’s go.” He shoved her out and shut the door hard behind them.

In the hall she looked up and him and said – she said: “You all right?”

He let out a long deep breath. “Aye,” he managed steadily. “You?”

She nodded.

“You sure? You said-. Ramsay it really burns. Broken and plaintive. He couldn't repeat it.

“Oh, that.” She snorted. “That was just to make him finish faster. I knew he'd like it.” An easy shrug. “I mean it was true, but I was fine. Do need a bath though. I've got his spit all over me.”

Sandor wasn't about to let her walk the halls and bathe where people could see her; he'd had more than enough of people sniffing around her for one day. Instead he had a tub brought to his room. He sat facing the window while she washed – sharpening a dagger, because fidgeting was pathetic.

“I really am fine,” she volunteered after a bit. “I could tell he was just... feeling me out, trying to get my measure. He wasn't going to do anything the first time. Next time he might, though.” He heard her splashing around idly. “You're going to be there next time too, right?”

There was nothing he wanted less in the world.

…Except to leave her alone with the Bastard instead. “Yes,” he said – turning to tell her straight on. “He won't be alone with you for a second.” Then it occurred to him to ask: “You rather I
didn't watch though?"

It seemed odd, now, that he hadn't thought to look away. He'd never used to watch when little shit Joffrey had people abuse Sansa.

“No.” She shrugged. “If I'm bad at fucking you can tell me what I'm doing wrong. How else am I going to get any good?” He could feel himself looking horrified, and she made a face at him. “I'm joking.”

Seemed the wolf girl didn't give two shits if he looked away or not. That's what time in Dorne would do to you, he supposed. Ned Stark would roll over in his grave.

She interrupted his thoughts with a snort. “You care, though. You don't want to watch.” When he shrugged to admit it, she nodded and dipped a cupful of water to pour over her head. “Thought so. You really are a dog,” she laughed. “Can't stand to see someone else pissing on your tree.”

Was that it? Or was there something else? He wasn't sure which was worse. In any event he had nothing to say to her in answer, so he got up and came over to the tub. “Shit,” Arya recognized, but too late to do anything about it. He planted a hand on top of her head and shoved her down underwater. When he let go she came up coughing. “Fuck you, dog.”

He let her wipe her face on his sleeve. “Fuck yourself, tree.”

TBC.

Next chapter will probably contain a little yuck, but also some stuff on the plan to help Arya ascend to widowhood. So that’ll be good at least.
Chapter 5

A/N: Okay, so I know I promised some vengeful plotting, but they started arguing and now they don't sit down to plot until next chapter. Sorry guys!

The second time was worse. He'd been prepared for the Bastard to be rough with her (which he was), but what was totally unexpected was that Bolton encouraged her to be rough in return. He had her straddle him and rake nails down his chest, complaining harder, you weakling! until finally he threatened straight out: “If you don't draw my blood, we'll change places and I'll draw yours.”

“One second.” Arya sat back and bit her fingernails back to their usual raggedness – maids had filed them neatly for a change – and then clawed bloody lines from Bolton's throat to his waist. Grinning down at him. “Better?”

Later that night Sandor helped her (made her) wash; the freak had drooled all down her back while he fucked her from behind. (“Like a hound takes his bitch,” he'd laughed, licking and biting, while Sandor stared off and pretended not to hear). He scrubbed hard, even when she squirmed. “Hold still. He put fucking teeth marks all over you.”

“They'll go away,” she dismissed. “Anyway you're one to talk! I'm already covered in your scars.”

“Shut the fuck up. Training’s different,” he muttered, feeling contrary and childish and ready to hit something. Managed not to hit her though, because that certainly wouldn't help his mood.

“Mm. Still. Some weren’t training.” She reached a hand up, dripping, and touched the back of her head. “Here – this one.”

He blinked. Couldn't remember ever cutting her in the back of the head. “What one?” he said, and felt for it. Sure enough, there was the rough of a poorly-healed gash back there. Felt like a bad one, too. “The hell was this?”


He remembered clobbering her over the head to stop her from running off to die, but he'd had no idea she'd bled of it. Why hadn't she asked him to sew her afterwards?

He supposed they'd had too much on their minds. And they were hardly friendly back then anyway.

Sorry, he wanted to say, except it came out as: “Mm.” He gave her shoulder a squeeze.

“It's all right. I know you saved my life that night.”

“Aye.” And he could have done more, if they'd only been a little earlier. Robb Stark was a fool boy and his mother a fool woman but he, dog that he was, would have smelled Frey's treachery a mile off. He'd have seen the difference between men just wearing their arms and men ready to use them. He could have given the warning that made the difference.

He didn't tell the girl that, though. The last thing she needed was to know that if she'd let him ride peaceful instead of fighting with him and delaying him at every turn, her fool family would probably still be alive.
And she wouldn't be married to Ramsay Fucking Snow. But that, at least, he would be able to set right in time. Littlefinger had told them that they had to wait at least a season before they made a move, but once a season was up...

He might not be able to ram the sword quite all the way up through the top of the Bastard's head, but nobody would say he hadn't tried.

The second time was better. Ramsay seemed to have given up on making her miserable, which was odd because people said that the only time he was happy was when he was making people miserable. Instead, though, he seemed mainly interested in teaching her what he liked.

He liked some odd things, but nothing she couldn't put up with. Some things were painful. Others were just stupid, like when he made her say in the same breath that something was really hurting her, and that she wanted more of it. Some of it was fun, though – bleeding him especially. (She would have preferred to use a knife for that, but the Hound refused to allow a knife into the bed with Ramsay and she supposed that was probably wise.).

She put up with it all for four nights running, and then she got a break: Ramsay took a couple of his men and went out somewhere – hunting or something? – and didn’t come back for weeks.

Once he was gone she thought she would finally be able to start really enjoying Winterfell. Even though a lot of it had been rebuilt in ways that were just not quite correct, it still mostly felt like home. The Northmen were good to her, too, and glad to see her, which was almost unnerving because she wasn't used to being liked so much. They even liked the way she looked – instead of telling her she was ugly and complaining about how she wore trousers, people stopped her at least once a day to tell her how much she looked like her father.

At first she wanted to take the Hound around and show him everything. He was grouchy and standoffish, though, and he seemed more interested in drinking than in learning anything new. Nothing seemed to work to cheer him up. She eventually thought maybe his mood would be improved if he went and got a girl, but when she suggested that he turned really nasty. He said he didn't need advice about bedding from someone who whores for the bastard freak – so she turned nasty back. “It's not whoring if he doesn't pay me,” she snapped. “There's other words for when husband and wife go to bed together. Not that you'd know.”

After that she spent her days exploring by herself, or making friends with other people. That was fine.

It was nights that were the problem. She had awful dreams, which wasn't unusual, but now she awoke alone, which was. In the Eyrie she'd had Sansa in her room, and on the road her traveling companion was always just across the fire. (Dorne had been a little less satisfactory; she'd had to borrow some of Nym's little sisters to share rooms with and none of them were a particularly reassuring presence. For some reason she hadn't had as many bad dreams there, though, so it hadn't mattered too much.).

In a lot of her dreams she was running – poorly, as if she were injured – through dark rainy woods alone. She wanted more than anything to find help, and sometimes she yelled for it, but whenever she saw someone up ahead and ran to them, they turned out to be bloody and dead. It was usually her father or her brother or the Hound, but a few times she dreamed of Gendry instead, or Prince Oberyn, or even her mother. Usually when she woke up she'd pace until her heart stopped hammering, and go back to bed with Needle in her hand.

One night she dreamed of Ramsay. In the dream she ran to him because even Ramsay was better
than nothing, but when she got there he was dead as usual. Except then his dead eyes opened and his dead mouth smiled. She heard his laugh – from behind her, and she spun around so fast she jerked herself awake.

She knew that no amount of pacing was going to get her to calm down, so she put a robe on and crept down the hall straight away.

The Hound was snoring. Stinking drunk – and just stinking, too. She realized suddenly that she hadn’t seen him at the baths at all since they’d argued, near a week ago. “Hey,” she said, and hit him in the shoulder. Danced back so that he missed her when he lashed out.

“Wuh.”

“It’s me. It’s Arya. Are you awake?”

He grumbled and rolled away from her. “Ffffuck d’you think?” he slurred.

She wasn’t about to admit she was frightened of a dream… but there were enough real things she could demand reassurances about. “Listen. This is important. Are you listening?”

“Mm.”

She didn’t waste words. “You haven't been very friendly with me lately. Which is fine for now, but eventually Ramsay’s going to come back. I have to know that you’re going to be there in case he tries anything. Can I count on you?”

His breathing was deep and even, and for a minute she was afraid he’d just gone back to sleep. “Come on,” she pressed, and poked at him as if she were being playful. Tried to keep her voice steady. “I can’t be worse than Joffrey, right?”

“I'll be there,” he said finally. Not so hoarse – he sounded much more awake now – but completely flat. “I’ll go where you want me, and kill who you say.”

Hopefully it was just the liquor that made it sound so cold and uninterested. “Thanks,” she said shortly, and turned to go. No point asking for more; if she pushed him he’d just slur and swear.

“Girl,” he called as she got to the door.

“What?”

“You want in?” She heard covers shift in the dark.

She did – badly. The last time she’d run to someone’s bed for comfort after a bad dream she'd been a little kid, and Sansa had sung her lullabies. The memory hurt a little, made her all soft, so she pushed it away. He wasn’t going to sing her lullabies anyway. Unless his snoring counted. “No.”

She heard him go really still for a second. Good. “But if you’ll go where I want you,” she added, “How about you start with a bloody bath?”

TBC.

Next part should be up soon; it's almost done. Let me know what you think so far!
Sandor knew how to recognize the end of a bender. He dragged himself out of bed when the sun was high, but his head still hurt. His mouth tasted foul, but wine only tasted fouler and made his stomach flip.

That's about enough, then. He reached for water instead and tried a sip. His stomach heaved a couple of times but he ignored it; it would fall in line on its own in time. His energies were better spent getting himself to the baths and cleaning up. If even the wolf girl thought he was disgusting...

The baths were deserted, which turned out to be no accident. “Good,” Arya said from the corner. “I'd feel bad if I threw everybody out and then you didn't come.”

He stripped down slowly so as not to make himself dizzy – it wouldn't be the first time he'd puked pulling a shirt over his head. “If you wanted a bodyguard who doesn't drink,” he growled, “You picked the wrong man.” He got in the water slowly too. “Never saw Ilyn Payne get drunk puking sick. Should've tried him.”

He wondered why he was picking a fight. Turned out not to matter though; the girl just said quietly: “Ilyn Payne's dead.”

“Right. Then Selmy maybe. Though you wouldn't like him; he doesn't hold with girls fighting. Guess you're stuck with me.”

“You're an ass,” she said, but came to sit on the tub behind him, like she'd used to do back in the Eyrie. “Don't drink like this once Ramsay's back, all right?”

“Mm.” Her legs were bare and spread wide, and he tried not to notice that he was sitting awfully close to where the freak had polluted. He knew she'd washed a dozen times since then; he'd stood over her and made sure. But still.

“I mean it,” she said, and jostled him.

The world tilted, and he breathed hard until the urge to retch passed. “Fuck off, girl,” he said at last. “I may not be good for much, but the day I'm not able to kill a man who needs killing, you can-”

“You fuck off,” she said over him, and jostled again. “It's not your sword I don't trust, it's your sunny fucking disposition. You get nasty when you're drunk – and Ramsay is enough nasty for me to deal with at one time.”

It was stupid of her to blame the drink – unkindness was just in his nature. But he let it pass. “Fuck it all – let's just kill him,” he said, and sank down to rest his head on her leg.

She slapped lightly enough not to aggravate his headache. “Stop it. You know we can't; everyone will suspect us if he dies now.”

“If they have any brain at all they'll suspect us whenever he dies. Being that we're the ones going to do it.”

“They won't suspect us in a couple of months.” The rhythmic, determined quality of the words told him that this was something she repeated to herself often. He liked that – it was good to know that
killing the Bastard was on her mind as much as his. “As long as everyone thinks Ramsay and I are getting along.”

“Mm. Letting him eat your face goodbye in the main hall probably helped with that.”

“Yes, that was the point.” She nudged him with her knee. “So stop acting so stupid and jealous.”

“Not jealous.” He denied it reflexively, and then realized it didn't sound very convincing, so he added: “Just disgusted. How would you like sitting around watching that freak lick me?”

She giggled. He felt her move and opened his eyes just to make sure she wasn't about to do something objectionable, but she was just reaching for a cup.

“I think I'd pay money to see that, actually,” she said. She poured water over his hair – with a hand on his forehead, so that it stayed out of his eyes. “Maybe we'll make him do it before we finish him off.”

The thought had definitely crossed his mind.

“Want to take your time with him, girl?” It scared him, a little, that his voice had gone all deep and gravelly.

Arya didn't even seem to notice. “Oh, yes. If even half the things I've heard about Ramsay are true, he's getting as slow a death as Gregor got. And a rape.”

He (pretended not to have been thinking the same thing himself, and) opened his eyes to give her eyebrows – she might have at least asked permission before signing him up to fuck the freak!

She rolled her eyes and misunderstood his objection completely. “Not in that order, obviously.”

He laughed. “The order's no matter. I've raped a couple of corpses in my day.”

She laughed too. Clearly thought he was joking – and he didn't correct her.

When she was finished rinsing his hair, she set the cup aside. Her fingers started walking over his face. “No – stop that,” he protested, swatting at her.

She held him still. “You've got dirt,” she said severely, “Or blood, or I don't know what, caked in your fucking scars. Talk about disgusting.” She tapped his cheek. “Hold your breath.”

“Don't,” he complained, but sucked in air and held it.

He let her push him underwater and scrub a cloth or something over him. The heat felt nice and it was good to be clean again, but enough was enough. When he came up he pushed away from the wall and went to the middle of the tub where she couldn't reach him.

“Go away.”

“Fine.” She kicked in the water. “Are we all right?”

She sounded nervous, and he felt damn insulted. “Ask me again and I'll beat you,” he growled. “I've told you not to fucking worry.”

“All right.” She got up and dressed. Once she was ready to go she faced him and put hands on her hips. “Can I say one more thing?”
He gave her his most forbidding glare.

She ignored it. “You really do have to learn Melly's trick some day. Even Ramsay Fucking Snow can do it.”

She stalked off with her head high, and he cursed himself for being too hung over to chase after her.

Any last doubts about whether they were back to normal or not were resolved the next morning, when the Hound came to her room at dawn and dragged her down to the practice yard.

“You've been playing Lady of the Castle so much lately, I haven't seen you down here once,” he growled.

This was not true, but it was true that she needed to practice more. She drew Needle.

But he shook his head. “Not today. You're big enough now to use a real sword for a change. You don't have to give that thing up,” he said over her protest. “But you do have to also learn you way around with this.” He tossed a practice sword to her, and she almost dropped it on her own foot.

A water dancer's stance was out of the question; she could hardly hold the blade up. “Two hands to start,” he said. He came to stand behind her and fix her grip.

Once she was in a position that satisfied him, instead of starting right away he made her hold the pose while he lectured. “What's the biggest difference between your needle and a real sword?”

“Needle is delicate and beautiful, while this thing is for big beastly idiots.”

“Be serious, girl.”

_Girl._ She remembered sweating and trembling like this during her first lessons with Syrio, too, only he had been calling her _boy._

She didn't have long to daydream though, because a second later the Hound whacked her in the side with the flat of his blade. “That help?” he said.

She gave ground but he followed her. Whacked her again – other side. “How about that?”

“Ow!” She wasn't going to be able to duck away from him, not lugging this huge heavy sword with her. After the third or fourth blow she understood. “Parries,” she said. “I need to block instead of dodge.”

“Aye. Watch.” He demonstrated how to protect the flank and the belly, and had her go through the motions a few times. “Mm. Again. Higher. _Higher_ – you're too short; your guard needs to be higher. Mm. Again. Good. Ready? I'll alternate sides to start.”

“Yes,” she said, and blew hair out of her eyes. His cuts were slow, giving her plenty of time, but they were a lot more forceful than she was expecting. They jarred her shoulders and ground the sword's leather grip against her palms, so that blisters opened up after just a few minutes. But she kept going. He made her block standing still, stepping forward, stepping back. Circling.

She was almost at the end of her endurance when he finally put his hand up and announced a break. “Get some water.”

She did, and then asked: “Can I wrap my hands? Look at them.”
“You planning to take time and wrap before every man you kill?”

“No...”

“Then just shut the fuck up and get used to it. They'll toughen up. Let me see.” She showed him... and he seized her and rubbed hard over the raw patches.

“OW!” Just pulling away couldn't break his grip, so she bit him first and then yanked free.

She stood shaking her hand out and he did the same, laughing at her while she glared.

They were interrupted by slow, mocking applause.

By the Hound's expression Arya had a good guess who it was. *Fuck.* She wiped her face blank and turned to see Ramsay sweeping down into a deep bow. “I admire your spirit, wife.”

She pictured the Hound backhanding him in gauntlets, and she felt herself break out in a real smile. “Thanks. Glad you're back.”

TBC.

Not too much left of this bizarro anti-courtship fic. Just a couple more chapters, I expect.
Chapter 7

Warning for mild Ramsay creepery.

He liked her sweaty and determined like this. (He’d like her better if she was also lashed to a frame and bleeding, but he could use his imagination.)

“Mind if I cut in?” he said.

She looked over her shoulder as if for help, and Clegane stepped in immediately. “If you’re in the mood for a bout you can have me,” he said stiffly. “Not the girl.”

“You mean my wife.”

“I mean my student. I say she’s not ready.”

He had learned fighting just fine without a master to tell him who to spar with and who not. And he could surely show this dog a thing or two. “All right: you and me,” he said. It would be more satisfying anyway. “Live steel.”

Clegane laughed, short and sharp. “Absolutely.”

“Absolutely not,” the girl interrupted. She turned around and tilted her head back. “What did I tell you about not being a drunk idiot? Get out of here and go sober up.” Clegane shifted but seemed reluctant to actually walk away – until the girl straightened her shoulders and said: “I said go, Sandor. Now. You are dismissed.”

Whatever flickered across Clegane’s face was too quick to read. He bowed and left, stopping only to hurl his practice sword against the rack.

“Sorry about him,” Arya said. “People say I’m uncivilized… they have no idea.”

Now she looked flustered as well as sweaty. And now he had her all to himself.

He’d had plenty of fun carving into girl meat over the last few weeks and didn’t really need to fuck just now, but still, this wasn’t an opportunity he would waste. “He’d better be careful,” he laughed, “Or he may find himself short a finger or two.”

As he’d hoped, that got something of a rise out of her. “Don’t say that. He needs his fingers, or he can’t fight for me.”

Ramsay spread his hands. “Fair enough. Then come with me.”

“Um- what are you—… where are we going?”

Take her downstairs? No. She didn’t seem to know about downstairs, beyond the idiotic rumors people were always telling, and his father had warned him very seriously about not showing her too much too quickly. (Though perhaps it was almost time. When he’d mixed blood in with the bedsport she’d taken it right in stride.).

He steered her across the yard, relieving her of her practice sword on the way. For once she wasn’t wearing her usual slim little blade. Perfect. “In here,” he said, and shoved her into a shed of shields and maces. “I just want a bit of privacy. What happened to your hands?”
“Oh – this?”  She held one up.  “It’s nothing, I just got some blisters when I- Whoa-!”

He grabbed her and turned her in his arms so that her back was to him.  He held her wrist and yanked it to his face so that he could lick the raw sticky patches.  He slapped his free hand over her mouth to muffle her squeal of surprise, and then said:  “Quiet.  If you start making noise you’ll be sorry.  Right?”

When she nodded, he let go of her mouth and stuck his free hand down her pants instead, and rewarded her.

She responded well to hard fast touching – before too long she even came for him, squeezing his hand between her thighs and grinding around on it with abandon.  She was complaining “Ow, ow, ow” the entire time, though, even when her voice turned all breathy with pleasure, because the entire time he touched her he didn’t stop rasping over her wounds with his tongue.

He'd allow the complaining for now, though eventually she would learn to either cry for him or just keep her mouth shut.  “Perfect,” he said afterwards, licking his fingers.  “If I can train dogs, I can train you.  Then I won’t have to waste any more time pampering you; I can just twist your little tits and you’ll wet right up for me.”

She was still shivering with the aftershocks, and it took her longer than usual to think of a saucy answer.  “You’ve trained your dogs to let you twist their tits?”

“No, but I’ve trained my dogs to fuck disobedient little sluts for me,” he answered at once, “So if I were you I’d be careful.”  She froze for a second, eyes widening, and he realized at once that it was too soon for that.

He laughed as if it were a joke, and distracted her with something else.  “Your dog’s not here.”

He could tell she was very conscious of the fact.  She looked around and blushed a little, as if being alone with him made her shy.  That was rich.  “Right, he's not, and if you like it that way you’d best make sure I leave this shed in one piece and happy,” she said.  "Otherwise we’ll never be alone together again – and he’ll kill you for hurting me, and he'll beat me for being impossible to watch over.  Wouldn’t be the first time.”

Ramsay put his hand down her pants again.  Since they were facing each other the angle was different, and she unconsciously spread her legs a little to give him better access.  “You know, I do like you better like this,” he mused.  He crooked his fingers, grabbing a handful of cunt to steer her by as he backed up a few paces to a bench.

“What – annoyed and difficult?”

He sat down and pulled her close, so that he had to look up to meet her eyes.  “Alone.”

She held his gaze – good girl – as he slid fingers inside her and found her pleasure spot with his thumb.  She gasped and her hands went to his shoulders.  Good.  “Take that shirt off,” he ordered after a bit.  How was he supposed to get to her little tits otherwise?

Sandor knew as soon as he left that leaving was a mistake.  The girl had given him no choice, though.  He couldn't argue and refuse her in front of every Northman in the yard – exactly the people whose support they were one day going to need.

The Northmen, at least, would look out for her a little bit.  Lord of Winterfell or not, the Bastard would stand no chance if Ned Stark’s baby girl started screaming for help in their hearing.
He went to his room to wait for her. Now that she wasn’t here to order him around, he took perverse pleasure in doing exactly what she didn’t want him to: getting drunk as a dog. He still had plenty of wine lying around from his last bout of drinking, which had really only just ended.

By the time the girl came to find him he was well past tipsy. He took one look at her and knew the freak had touched her; she was freshly washed and her lips were all puffy. “What happened?” he slurped, gesturing with a wineskin in her direction.

Her eyes narrowed. “I told you to stop drinking.”

She had not. She’d told him not to drink too much, which he had certainly not yet done.

But he would not sit here and justify himself to a little girl. “Go fuck yourself,” he said instead.

She looked surprised. “Are you-? Because I told you off? Come on, I had to get between you somehow and this way Ramsay thinks I’m on his side. Come on. Really: I’m sorry.”

Was he angry about that? I said go, Sandor. You are dismissed. It wasn’t the rudest order he’d ever been given, not even close. He was definitely not happy she’d sent him away, though, largely because it left her alone with the Bastard in a yard filled with weapons. “What happened?” he said again.

She relaxed. “Nothing, really. He took me back into a shed and stuck his hands places. Don’t worry, I had a knife ready.”

He wasn’t sure if that made it better or worse – he’d considered a few times whether her speed and the element of surprise would be enough to overcome Bolton’s size and his madness, and he was never sure. “Mm.” He knew he should stop asking questions, but he didn’t like not knowing. “Happened to your mouth?”

“Mouth?” She touched herself, frowning. “Oh. Nothing, Ramsay’s just a very violent kisser.” She curled her lip. “That, he did in front of everyone. I made sure to pretend I liked it though.”

“Mm.”

“I was just pretending.”

“Mm.” He shifted on the bed to make room for her, and they drank in silence for a while.

“Hey,” she said at last.

“Mm?”

“Will you try the trick now?” He felt himself freeze, almost choked on what he was sipping. “What – why not?” she pressed. “He didn't fuck me. You wouldn’t be getting a mouthful of-, you know,”

“S'not that.” When she snorted he added fast: “I mean it is that... too.” And it was – if he tasted traces of the freak’s seed on her he would probably throw up.

She waited. “But...?” she prompted at last. “The problem is...?”

The problem was her lips were bad enough. If he saw, or felt--

Sandor had never before caught himself acting like a blushing maiden, but for some reason he didn't really want to say it straight out. Instead he reached out and ran a thumb over her mouth,
then glanced down, brief but deliberate, into her lap.

“Oh.” She actually smiled at him, an embarrassed little grin, and then drew her knees up to hug them. “Yes-, it, I, that’s the problem actually. I feel-... fuck, I guess it’s the girl version of getting hard, isn’t it. I don’t know. I want to fuck though."

He shook his head and drank.

“Fine,” she sighed. “Shouldn’t surprise me, I guess. If you won’t eat off his plate you certainly won’t touch his whore, will you.”

He swallowed. “Don’t.”

“What? You said it.”

Was she trying to make him apologize? Fuck girls. Fuck her. He took a couple of deep breaths for temper and finally reined himself in enough to answer: “Watch it; if you pick a fight with me you’ll get one.”

She was quiet a minute. “No – I don’t want to fight.”

“Good.”

Quiet again. Then she sat up straight. “I do have another question, though.”

This would not be good. Her voice was strained. Shit. What else could she possibly want?

“Mm?”

“Ramsay said he’s going to train me,” she said. “So that whenever he hurts me I-, you know.” She gestured vaguely at between her legs. “Like it. Is that even possible?”

Images of blood and Bolton and Arya arching when someone licked her cunt just right all bubbled up at once, and he bit through the inside of his cheek to shock them away with a bright flash of pain. “For fuck’s sake,” he growled. Tasting blood. He looked over at her, hoping to shut her up with a glare, but she was busy looking down at her hands and picking at an open sore. “Let that alone,” he said instead, swatting at her. “Let that alone,” he said instead, swatting at her. “It won’t heal if you keep playing with it.”

She waited.

“I’m not in the mood to talk about freaks and their bloody freakery,” he growled at last.

“So it is possible.”

He scowled at her. It was absurd to think of Arya having anything called innocence, but he refused to be responsible for spoiling whatever scraps were left.

“Come on. Tell me. I can see that you know about this.” She handed him a fresh wineskin – did she think him that easily bought? – and gave him the sad wide-eyed look he hated. “Please?”

I can see that you know. The last thing he wanted her to think was that he was like that, so he admitted: “I was long enough around Gregor and Joffrey to know a little.” She perked up, nodding encouragingly. He shook his head. “But I’m damn sure not going to talk you through it now.”

She patted him and settled in with her drink. “Tomorrow, then. Thanks.”
TBC!

So... next chapter is where Ramsay gets greedy and makes his mistake. Dunndunndunn! Suspense. Just kidding; we all knew what was coming :o)

I’m really busy this week, but even if I can’t finish it over the next few days I should at least have time Saturday.

Let me know what you think so far!
Chapter 8

Arya left the Hound to sleep off his hangover on his own, and went riding by herself in the morning. Trying to imagine what he was going to tell her, and why it was upsetting him so bloody much.

Maybe, again, it was just that he was jealous. Didn't like to see Ramsay having any fun with her.

Or maybe it was that he didn't like seeing her hurt. He'd been clear that fighting was different; maybe when the armor came off and the swords were put away, he saw things like normal people did. Normal people didn't like to see their friends hit and strangled and fucked bloody. Maybe that was it. Except... the Hound wasn't normal, so probably not.

Maybe it had nothing to do with her or Ramsay at all. He'd admitted he knew about this sort of thing because of Gregor – and she knew he didn't like Gregor and wasn't proud of whatever they'd done together. For all she knew, he'd been even crueler to girls than Ramsay was, and didn't like to think about it.

She supposed the only way to find out was to ask. She brought her horse back and skulked around the stables a bit, putting it off because she knew the Hound was going to yell at her and be awful and mean. As if any of this was her fault.

When he first saw the girl in the stables Ramsay was not pleased. If she thought to look in the stall third from the end, or if the toy suddenly started moaning in a way that sounded human-...

He cleared his throat to make her jump. "Morning, wife."

"Oh-! Um. Hello." She was blushing a little, biting her lip.

"Have you broken your fast yet?" he said – pleasant. "Can I interest you in something to eat?"

"Uh-. Sure." Suddenly she seemed to come to some sort of decision: she straightened up and looked him in the face. "Anyway, I want to talk to you."

This should be good. "Of course." He put his hand between her shoulderblades and steered her out of the stables. She walked with him peacefully, making casual small talk with him, which he appreciated because he knew people were watching and maybe they would stop nosing around in his business if they saw that their beloved wolf bitch was getting along with him.

Once they were seated and fed and finally rid of the servants, she started: "I was thinking about what you said yesterday." He gave her an encouraging nod. "I don’t really understand it. I mean, I know... that you want..."

She was hesitating, groping for words, frowning in confusion. He saw her swallow as if nervous, and suddenly he grasped the problem. "Oh-! No, no no no," he assured fast. "I didn’t mean-- You didn’t think I was going to really play with you, did you?" If she thought that, no wonder she wasn’t sure about cooperating! "Don’t worry," he assured, "I use other girls for that. Someday maybe you’ll--"

"Other girls?"

The force of her reaction surprised him for a second. Then he had to laugh. Trust a woman to turn
jealous, even over this. “I know it’s not very husbandly of me,” he conceded. “But honestly, you
wouldn’t want your arse flayed, would you? I mean if you would, I’d be more than happy to oblige.
It’s just I thought you’d rather I step outside the marital bed than—”

“You’ve been skinning people?” She was talking over him – again.

He blinked. “Y-es...”

“Girls?”

“You’re not usually this stupid.”

“Well you’re not usually this—...” She pushed her chair back a little, as if she might jump up. (Silly
of her; the door was locked anyway.). “Ramsay… they told me you wouldn’t be skinning people
anymore. You- you know you can’t do that here.”

So it wasn’t jealousy after all – it was just softheartedness, which was much less interesting. “I
didn’t do it here. Relax.” He waved it off. “It was just a couple of lowborn sluts and whores – and
well out of the way. No one will ever hear of it.”

“You’ve been skinning whores. Alive.”

He snorted. Well there’s no point in skinning them dead, is there? Governed himself though; she
was giving him that look people gave, and if he joked there would be an argument. People either
saw things his way about flaying, or they didn’t. “I was going to invite you to watch,” he sniffed,
“But if you're going to disapprove, then you’re not welcome.”

She was silent for a while. “Sorry, but I don’t want to watch,” she said at last. Calm and measured.
“I think skinning people is disgusting.”

That was unfortunate. Well, he supposed it had been too much to hope for that she would share all
his interests. He sighed and gave her a look of tragic disappointment.

“You’re not supposed to be doing that anymore anyway,” she reminded.

He shrugged. “Keep your little mouth shut and no one will find out.”

She nodded and got up from the table. Walked towards the door slow and erect.

“Arya,” he called after her. Waited til she stopped to listen. “I’m looking forward to starting your
training. I’ll see you tonight.” She shuddered, and took twice as long to fumble with the lock as she
ought to. He chuckled at her and didn’t offer to help – flustered was a good look on her.

Sandor wasn’t half done with eating, but one look at the wolf girl’s face and he got up and left his
table. “The fuck happened?”

She dragged him out into a quiet corridor, then threw her arms tight around him – instantly
confirming that even though she didn’t look injured and didn’t smell of blood or cock or anything,
something was wrong. “Wolf girl?” he said, more softly.

“Ramsay has been torturing people.” He could barely understand her; her words were all muffled
in his shirt. “I thought he’d be all occupied with me, but it turns out he’s been skinning girls alive –
whores – and, and he wanted me to watch, and-, and...” She shook her head hard.

Couldn’t say it surprised him. Really she’d been a naïve little fool to ever think Ramsay was not
skinning people. Wouldn't want to hear that though, so he just rubbed her back and shushed her. After a long silence she shifted and said, “Hey.”

“Hm?”

“It's not my fault, is it? Maybe I got him... in the mood, or something.”

“Pfft.” Scoffing too hard for words.

“Good.” She was quiet again a bit. Then: “Hey.”

“Hm?” (He’d answer to hey again today because she was in a bad way, but eventually he was going to insist that she start calling him by his name.).

“D’you think it was anybody you know?”

He thought about it a second. “No. They say the Bastard prefers them young and pretty, which rules out most of the ones I deal with.” Too late he realized that that was probably not the answer she was looking for; he should probably have found something more reassuring to say.

Fuck it. If she wanted reassuring she’s come to the wrong person. He didn’t even know how to stroke her properly; he was more like brushing a horse than petting his—… whatever she was.

Still, she didn’t seem to mind. “I know, but…” she hesitated. “Anybody I know?”

Ah: she must be thinking about the little freckled thing who’d taught her about getting her girl parts licked. (A lesson he now seriously regretted facilitating, since she'd become obsessed with it and suggested it to him at least once a week.). He cleared his throat. “There’s an awful lot of whores in Westeros,” he said at last. “Small chance he happened to find your friend, I’d think.”

She relaxed and nodded against his chest. “I know. Plus he probably avoids the nice places, right? I bet he grabs girls he thinks nobody’ll miss.”

Sounded about right. Joffrey and Gregor had done what they pleased, but Ramsay Snow wasn’t a king or a mountain and probably knew a little more caution. “Aye, probably.”

She squeezed him – hard. When she spoke again her voice was clear and steady. “I’ll miss them, though. Ramsay’s going to die for this, as soon as I can figure out how not to get caught. Fuck Littlefinger and fuck waiting; Ramsay doesn’t get to live.”

Praise the fucking gods. About time! He bent down to kiss her on the head. “He doesn't get to fuck you anymore, either,” he declared. “He tries, and I’ll carve him an extra hole to get raped in once I’m finished with the ones he already has.”

She squeezed him with much less violence – hugged him, really. “Good. Thanks.”

Ramsay wasn't going to like getting rejected, but at least if they did it in public he couldn't make too big a scene. So, Arya had the Hound come down to dinner with her, where he hovered so close that she could feel his breath. Ramsay didn't look pleased about that, and finally went to get a rise out of them by saying he had some really great ideas for tonight.

She opened her mouth to try and say something, but the Hound got there first. “Girl's indisposed tonight,” he growled.

“Excuse me?” Ramsay rose from his chair.
Arya watched them face off and prayed for someone to snap. The Hound would have his head off in one stroke. One-handed, lefthanded, backhanded. He could do it with his eyes closed.

But the Hound just answered: “I said the girl is not coming to your bloody room tonight.” Ramsay hovered for a second as if uncertain. “So sit the fuck back down and finish your dinner.”

Ramsay's tone was pleasant, but his smile was totally mad. “I hope she'll be feeling better tomorrow. In the meantime I'm finished,” he said. “But you can stay, and pick at my leavings if you like.” He patted Arya on the head, without looking down, and then left the hall.

Arya tried not to show herself impressed as the Hound plopped down and started drinking down Ramsay's wine. “Fucking freak,” he muttered.

“You're lucky he let that go – for now.”

The Hound shrugged. “Here's to hoping there won't be a later,” he said, and raised the goblet as if to toast. He finished it and started on the food next. For a moment she wanted to ask whether he was planning on taking Ramsay's place in everything tonight, but then she decided not to because he might say no and curl his lip and she definitely didn't want that.

Besides, she thought as he poured himself another drink, At this rate he'll be too drunk to do anything but pass out right after dinner anyway. Wouldn't be the first time.

TBC.

I'm sorry for the massive delay! But I was writing two future chapters and somehow was blocked on finishing this one. There are a total of 3 parts left, 2 of which are now done. Update should happen soon. Let me know what you think so far!
A/N: I thought about being suspenseful for a while, but then decided not to and resolved everything in one chapter. So... this is the chapter where everything happens.

She walked him back to his room, talking about what they were going to practice tomorrow and how she preferred Needle anyway and hated blisters, but even before they got there she realized she’d been right about his prospects for the rest of the night.

“I don't feel well. Go away and leave me be,” he ordered as he turned down the last corridor – and misjudged the distance, catching his shoulder on the corner and reeling into the far wall.

“For fuck's sake,” she said. Took him by the elbow and steered him in the right direction.

“For why don't you fuck off,” he told her, but she ignored it and helped him with his door anyway.

When he got inside, the first thing he did was thunk down to his knees over the chamber pot and stick his fingers down his throat.

It was so disgusting she couldn't look away. “Really?” she said, when there was a break in his retching. “Go on: tell me again how you don't drink too much.”

He glanced up at her, then crawled to turn his back. “I'm not drunk,” he rasped.

“Right.”

“I just don't feel well. Probably stood too close to the Bastard and caught a fucking disease. Shouldn't've used his bloody silverware I guess.”

“Right.” She laughed. “Lying about not drinking too much is a new low, even for you.” She got him water.

He took it, grumbling thanks, but then made a rude gesture over his shoulder. “Just get the fuck out of here, will you? I'm done tonight. And you don't need to see this.” He pushed the pot into position again.

“That's right, I don't.” She sighed. “Please don't do this anymore? I know you're worried about me – deny it all you want, but you are – but you can't go and do this every time Ramsay comes near me.”

He was too busy puking to answer her, so she finally just left him alone.

The next morning, she was summoned by the maester. “Your man is not well,” the old man said bluntly. “He refuses to ask for help or ask for you, but you should be with him.”

Arya scowled. “I saw him last night. He was fine – just drunk.” Claiming not to be, but that wasn’t the first time.

The maester shook his head. “It is more than that. Come and look.”
She was annoyed, but if he'd come all the way up to get her she supposed it really might be important. She went with him back down to his sickroom. There, puking his guts out into a blood-streaked bowl...

...was not the Hound.

“Ramsay?” She recognized him from his clothes, the same he'd been wearing the night before, but otherwise she couldn't see much. He was bent over, his face mostly covered by sweat-stringy hair. What she could see was ashy gray in color.

“He is not well,” the maester said.

“Morning,” Ramsay said without looking. “It's nothing – I must have eaten something off. I guess you'll have to wait a bit for that fucking I promised you.”

The maester shifted uncomfortably and ignored what he'd said. “If it were a case of something wrong in the kitchens,” he said quietly, “More people would be sick. This came upon him suddenly and powerfully. He refuses to listen, but-”

“The Hound's sick too,” Arya said over him.

Ramsay coughed and spit up a mouthful of slime. “See, old man? It's just-

“He was eating off your plate,” Arya snapped. “It's not the kitchens. Look at you – you've been fucking poisoned! And you got my friend poisoned too!” She felt herself starting to panic. “Figure out what's wrong,” she said to the maester. “I'm going to go get Sandor down here.”

She managed to get out of the maester's room at a normal pace, but as soon as she closed the door behind her she broke into a wild run.

Sandor woke up to someone touching his face, which made him flinch and snarl and thrash around. “Hush, it's me – Arya” the wolf girl said to him, and then his mind caught up with him and he relaxed to let her do it. She was wiping him off with a damp cool cloth, and it felt heavenly.

He tried to ask questions, but he couldn't even hear himself over the sound of his retching. He didn't understand how he was still retching. Surely he'd thrown up everything he'd ever eaten hours ago. The blood had scared him at first but it was by no means the strangest thing he'd ever thrown up, and that thought and the bout of wracking laughter it brought on had sent him into unconsciousness.

He tried to put his head together. “Why'm I still puking?” he said.

“You're not.” He couldn't read her face; the light was too bright to really open his eyes against. “That's not you you're hearing. That's Ramsay.”

Ramsay. “Fucking freak,” he said – and threw up again.

“All right, that was you,” Arya said. “Hold on, let me get the maester. Shit. We thought you were done; you haven't puked any blood in two hours.”

He heard her move away – and then pause by where the rest of the puking was coming from. “Hear that, Ramsay?” she said. “You haven't won the vomiting contest just yet; the Hound is still going too.”
“Fuck you,” Sandor slurred, while the Bastard said, “Mock me and I’ll make you sorry.”

He spit out a foul taste. “Forget her; I’m already fucking sorry. What’s wrong with me?”

The maester spoke from the doorway. “Poison,” he said. “It appears Lord Bolton’s plate or glass was poisoned.”

“Poison.” Sandor’s head was reeling, but he managed to get the words out. “Fucking woman’s weapon is what it is. You piss off any women lately, Bastard? Think hard.”

Ramsay let out some sound that might be a cough or a laugh or both. “Call me that again, and you’d best hope one or both of us dies down here.”

The maester got between them, and chided them for wasting their strength.

Arya sighed. “No, let them alone – they both thrive on fighting, it’s probably helping. Hey: anybody want to try water?”

Sandor listened to the sound of the freak drinking. It was soon followed by the sound of the freak hurling, which cheered him up a little bit.

Two days later and the both of them were still on the Stranger's doorstep. Arya sat up with them, taking turns with the maester so that he could catch a few hours’ sleep.

She spent most of her time by the Hound’s bed, brushing hair out of his face and resting a hand on his forearm (she couldn’t hold his hand; it was clammy and ice-cold and made her sure that he was dying). He mumbled a lot, but didn’t often wake up. When he did, he was confused and uncoordinated and weak. He couldn’t keep food or water down, which only made him weaker.

And Ramsay looked to be in the same condition. He was lucid sometimes, and called for his men and wasted all his strength guessing with them about which of last week's bitches, sluts or whores might have done this to him, and what he was going to do when he caught her. After the men went away he passed out again, exhausted.

Weak. So one time, when the maester was sleeping, Arya crept over to Ramsay’s bed to take care of him. She tucked his blanket in tight, and then put a pillow over his head and climbed on top. He fought, but right now he was no match for her. Before he could even untangle himself from the blankets, the thrashing turned to jerks and twitches. Finally it stopped entirely. Once she was sure he was dead, she climbed off and put the pillow and blanket back how they belonged, and then returned to her usual seat. Someday she would celebrate getting rid of Ramsay Fucking Snow, but first the Hound had to be all right. That was the important thing.

He was going to be all right. He was strong – stronger even than Ramsay. If all that liquor couldn’t kill him then surely a little poison wouldn’t do the job. It wouldn’t.

Still, he didn’t seem to be getting any better. She tried everything – food and water, medicine, cool cloths and warm blankets. And talking to him. “Psst,” she whispered. “If you want to defile Ramsay’s corpse you’d better wake up soon.” But even that didn’t work.

Eventually she grew so desperate that she might even have prayed, except that she’d forgotten how and praying had never been much use anyway. Fuck off, she thought in the Stranger’s direction. Haven’t we given you enough? There’s more where that came from too; it’s worth your while to wait. Let him alone.
No answer from the gods. No movement from the Hound. She tried not to feel disappointed; she definitely wasn't surprised.

Once the maester learned the bad news about Ramsay and spread it, people came to see and before long the body had an entire crowd buzzing around it.

It made Arya really worried that even all that commotion couldn't wake the Hound. “Hey,” she said eventually, and shook him hard. Patted his cheek... slapped it really. “Hey. Hello.”

He spoke at last – without even opening his eyes. “You know my damn name; use it,” he growled, hoarse and raspy from days' worth of throwing up.

*I'll call you anything you want if you stay awake and start getting better.* “Sorry. Sandor.”

“Mm,” he grumbled. Then he drew in a deep breath, and raised his voice. “Shut the fuck up! There's sick men here.”

“Man.” She wiped his clammy forehead. “Sick man. Ramsay's dead.”

At that, he *did* open his eyes. “*What?*”

“My husband is dead.” She smiled at him... but he was frozen. *Horrified.* She didn't understand. “I... I thought you'd be happy. What's the matter?”

The Hound's mouth moved a moment before he could find words. “The freak was healthier than me,” he said at last. “If it killed...”

“Oh! No, he-...” She looked over her shoulder at the men clustered around Ramsay's bed, and figured they probably couldn't hear and weren't paying attention anyway. Then she leaned down close, and whispered: “He didn't die of poison. I put a pillow over his head and smothered him. Not as much fun as steel, but it worked. He didn't die of poison.”

“Didn't.” The Hound relaxed down into the bed and it was a bit before he went on. “Good girl. Meant to do that myself when I could.” Then he started laughing. “Gods, you scared me. I thought...”

“Shh. Quiet down.” She dabbed at his forehead again, the put a hand on his cheek. “You thought wrong. This is *not* going to kill you,” she said firmly. She wouldn't *let* it. “It's not.”

He laughed again. “Fucking hope not. Can you imagine-...” He had to stop to heave a little, but nothing came up. “Can you imagine how bloody stupid I'd feel,” he said, “If it turned out I'd spiked that dish with something I couldn't survive?”

TBC.

**Hey, desperate times call for desperate measures, right?**

Plot-wise we are basically done. All that remains is some Hound/Arya relationship stuff... aka fighty sex. (Don't worry, not til he's done puking though.).
Now that Ramsay was gone, as soon as the Hound was on his feet again she started bothering him about trying Melly’s trick for her. She told him she’d never leave him in peace until he said yes.

“You're supposed to be playing the grieving widow,” he pointed out.

“I am. I didn't mean do it right now. Just sometime. Come on. Please?”

He sighed. “Let some time pass so it doesn't look bad,” he said at last. He gestured around his filthy bedroom. “Then we’ll go somewhere where there’s space and it doesn’t reek of spilled wine, all right, and I'll learn your bloody whore's trick. If you let me alone in the meantime.”

She grinned at him. “Good. Otherwise I was going to have to go get another husband.”

She was only teasing... but he snatched her by the shoulder and shook her hard. “The fuck you were!”

She yanked free and looked him over. He wouldn't meet her eyes and suddenly she had a suspicion. “Are you saying...?”

“No,” he said quickly. “Course not.”

But he was, she knew. He was more than just possessive, more than jealous. The Hound was having feelings for her.

It was sweet, really. Made her giggle. “Yes you are.” She climbed into his lap, playful, and threw her arms around his neck. “Come on, admit it. You're like one of those heroes in the songs – you took poison for me.”

“Don't sound so bloody dramatic!” he snarled. Not at all playful himself. “It was a fucking tummyache, all right? Shut the fuck up.” He shoved her off hard, and she landed on the floor right on her tailbone and it really hurt.

So she flared up herself. “You're a liar! You didn't leave your bed for a week!”

He stood fast, knocking into her with his boot so hard she fell over. She didn't think it was an accident. “Call me liar again,” he said, squatting down to snarl up close, “And you won't leave yours for a month.”

She'd seen him this angry before... but never aimed in her direction. Besides, now he was worse than angry. Worse than mean. He was... hateful.

Hateful. Sansa had used the word, more than once, trying to explain what he was like to her back in King's Landing.

Back when he was...

Oh. It all made sense suddenly, and since Arya was still too angry to control herself she just went ahead and said it. “You're a fucking liar,” she snapped. “And you're in love with me.”
His jaw dropped. “In- in love with you?” he spat. “Have you fucking lost it? In love?” He grabbed her by the neck, hauled her up to her feet, and slammed her hard into the wall. Then he used the grip to drag her up off the floor. She kicked helplessly for just a second before grabbing at his wrist with both hands the way he'd taught her, to at least take the pressure off so she could breathe.

Next she was supposed to start prying his fingers back, but before she could do that he distracted her by ripping her shirt open and pulling it down off one shoulder. “You're a tree, remember? But you're fucking mine.” As he swooped in towards her neck she tried to scream, but his hand tightened so that she couldn't get enough air for it.

The flash of terror passed when she realized he wasn't going to rip her throat out with his teeth – he'd just latched on to the top of her shoulder and sucked hard.

“Stop – stop it,” she croaked, still struggling and kicking. “You're- hurting me...” He lowered her down a little and she found his leg braced against the wall for her to straddle. Now that she could breathe she could think, and she realized that she must have been right. He wouldn't be so upset otherwise.

She felt his mouth moving over her with purpose and knew he was bruising her deliberately, marking her up. Rotten bastard. This tree has thorns. She drew the stiletto from her hair, but he was ready for that and caught her wrist with his free hand. Squeezed until the bones creaked, and the weapon fell to the floor.

“Un-fucking-believable little bitch,” he snarled. (Spraying spit all over her – ugh.) “You'd do it, wouldn't you.” He huffed and shook her by the neck – calmer now that she'd tried to stab him – and then went back to sucking. She managed to knee him in the crotch, but he only grunted without letting go. Or stopping. Which shouldn't have surprised her; she knew from training with him that all his rage notwithstanding the Hound could be incredibly patient.

Finally, when he'd finished her neck and shoulders and all the way down to her collarbone, he lowered her to the floor. He let go of her throat but snatched her wrists instead, and held them both against the wall high over her head.

“Are you serious!” she said as he started on her arms. He put suck-marks all up and down the soft pale insides, ignoring her squirming and cursing and attempts to kick. Then she spat at him. That at least he didn't ignore; he wiped his face on his shoulder and slapped her.

Then he dragged her over to the bed and tossed her down on it. He unbuckled his belt and she realized he was going to fuck her, all wild and angry like this, and she got the strangest thrill from the idea.

Still, she wouldn’t make it easy for him. He didn't do much undressing – just boots off, belt and leather – but it was enough: the belt was where the knife was. While he crawled up onto her, still in shirt and trousers, she punched his face for distraction while her other hand groped around to find hilt.

She got it. She yanked his head up by the hair and set the blade against his throat. He froze immediately. “Roll over,” she ordered, and cut him a little to show she meant it.

He obeyed, hands spread in surrender, and she straddled his waist. Moved the knife to his cheek and dug into his eye socket from below. Nodded to the headboard. “Grab those bars and don't let go.”
“What are you—fuck all right!” She pressed hard enough to change his mind about resisting.

“Good,” she said, when he grabbed on as ordered. “Now close your eyes.”

He gripped at the headboard harder. “Wolf girl...”

With his eyes closed he wouldn't be able to see that she was grinning. She'd unnerved him. He didn't know what she meant to do.

In the end, though, she decided that he was a rotten bastard but a scare was enough. She leaned down over his face and whispered: “I'm going to make you apologize, and I'm going to mark you up twice as bad as what you just did.” Then she sat up. “Someday. But for now you can get away with it.”

She moved the knife away, and he let out a long shuddery breath. He refused to believe he'd been concerned, though. He hadn't. Not at all.

He opened his eyes. “This is what I get for being so damn soft with you,” he growled. “I should've beat you bloody and fucked you up against the wall.”

She shifted back in her seat and he knew she could feel that he was serious. She smirked and ground her arse around on him. “Skip the beating,” she said. “The rest sounds all right though.”

Then why'd you interrupt me, he wanted to ask, except he knew why. And he could hardly blame her; the girl did have pride. And spirit. He wouldn't like her otherwise.

That's not to say, of course, that he wouldn't punish her for making him nervous. He let go the headboard – slowly, just in case he'd misread her. “Give me that knife.” She bit her lip, but after just a short hesitation she put it in his hand.

The little fool. He flipped her instantly, pinned her and started cutting her clothes away. He was rough and unsmiling about it but Arya still seemed to know he was playing now; she shrieked and laughed with abandon, begging stop and Sandor please and trying to fight free of him. (Paying no mind to the knife. But he was careful.).

Finally he laid the steel against her jaw and pressed hard. “Pipe down,” he growled seriously. “Or we'll have an accident, and you'll get marked for true.”

She rolled her eyes and pushed herself up on her elbows – and didn't get cut, because he withdrew the instant he felt her start moving. “The hell we will,” she said with confidence. “I know how good you are with a blade.”

He laughed and put the knife aside. “That's right, girl,” he said as he got on top of her. “Talk sweet to me.”

She giggled and put her legs around his waist, tilting her pelvis, letting him in. At first it was much like before: she hissed and squirmed at the start, but soon warmed up – moved with him, touched him, whispered and teased. Her body was a lot more welcoming than he remembered, though, and he was already on edge after wrestling with her, so he felt himself building towards climax faster than he meant to. He pulled out and made her change position, thinking he'd have more control with her on her hands and knees. There would be less hugging and licking to contend with; surely he'd come down a little.

Arya gasped as he slid into her from behind, and he remembered that gasp, and remembered
Ramsay Fucking Snow doing this and laughing about it. *Like a hound takes his bitch.*

The hell with Ramsay Snow; he would not let a dead man spoil a fuck this good. He held her by the hip and shoulder and rolled his hips hard, driving deep up into her, shoving all thoughts of Ramsay out of the way.

She gasped again. When he settled into a rhythm she gasped “Yes that's good,” and he almost laughed. *It fucking better be, because I’m not stopping.* It was a fast pounding rhythm – hard enough that he could hear himself slapping against her, and he liked that. *Mine. Mine. Mine.* He pulled her in to meet his strokes too, manhandling her, which was easy because she was so small. No wonder she was uncomfortable when he fucked her; he must be filling her up completely. *Mine.*

She fumbled at her shoulder to find his hand. Squeezed it, and said breathlessly: “Yes. Yours.”

He would later be embarrassed at just how quickly that undid him.

When he awoke there was snoring next to him. Loud. He turned and it was the wolf girl, naked, lying on her back with an arm over her face. He took a minute to admire all the suck-marks he’d left, but it was hard to think of her *that way* when she was rumbling like a bull.

“Girl. Shut up,” he growled, shoving at her.

She snorted and rolled away, sprawling out on her stomach instead. The snoring stopped – much better.

*Now* he could think of last night. And it made him smile: he’d had her but good. Fingertip bruises dotted her neck and shoulders and hips, and the marks of his mouth were everywhere. She looked like she’d seen some hard use – and between her legs she was probably...

The way she was lying, with one knee drawn up, left her spread if he wanted to find out for himself. He licked his fingers and slid them under her, feeling for her slit.

“*Mrrr, *” Arya moaned in her sleep, grinding herself against his hand. He ran his fingers through her, up and down, feeling her hot and moist and swollen. He wondered if he had the patience to let her sleep a little longer, or if he was going to have to wake her up right now.

Turned out not to matter. “Morning,” she said hoarsely. She rolled over to face him, dislodging his hand.

But then she went to her back and drew her knees up, an invitation if he’d ever seen one. She yawned. “Not a bad way to wake up,” she said, all sleepy and smiling. “Do it again.”

She’d thought he was touching just to pleasure her. That made him think it was probably awful that what he *really* wanted was to know whether she was sore or not... and that he hoped she was.

Suddenly she laughed and rolled her eyes. Spread wider for him. “Yes yes, you’ve marked your bloody territory. See?” she said – but if she meant to sound truly annoyed, she failed. “Hey – will you lick now?”

He supposed she deserved it. “Fine,” he said, “I'll try, but I really don’t know how.”

“How hard could it be? You take your tongue, and you put it- WHOA! Yep, there.”
It turned out she was just as bossy as he’d expected. She gave a thousand and one contrary and impossible directions – make your tongue flat, not so pointy. Wait, pointy's good. Down lower. No not there. Yes. Harder. Ow! Faster. Slow down.

Finally he sat back and looked up at her. “How would you like it if I talked like that?” he said. “Hold that guard higher. Never hold a high guard! Go left, I mean right. No, both.” He laughed at her attempt to look indignant. “You’d get your fucking head cut off.”

She sat up and grabbed him behind the neck. “Stop talking,” she said. “You’re doing good. Keep going.” She shoved him back down.

…for which he gave her a good sharp pinch on the inner thigh as punishment. Then he went back to trying to follow her impossible fucking orders.

She came, finally, after long minutes of grinding around wailing *come ON* as if she thought he was stalling her on purpose. He did it with his tongue, but also with a couple of fingers stuffed up her the way the whores had done. He could feel her muscles clench around him and what a waste; his cock would have liked that.

When she was done he gave her the darkest glare he could muster. “Happy?” he growled.

She beamed down at him. “Mm-hm.”

“Good,” he said. “Because now it’s my turn.”

The Hound pulled her legs up over his hips and leaned over her. Worn-out and still buzzing, she clutched at him and said into his shoulder: “Shit. Be gentle?” She realized right away that speaking up was probably a mistake; in training he was always especially merciless when she complained about being tired and in bed he was likely no different.

Sure enough, he laughed outright. “Me?” He reared back to look down into her face. “Sorry, wolf girl. Brace up. I’ll be quick at least.”

She yelped when he shoved in, because that *did* hurt, but she realized almost at once that this was the slipperiest it had ever been and that the slide felt *good*. She settled her hands on his neck and waist and told him, “Never mind, it’s fine – you don’t have to rush.”

He went harder then, and she kept up with him. Proud as hell that she was taking it from the Hound and that he didn’t have to hold back for her. It wasn’t long at all before he finished, which was too bad; she was actually enjoying it.

Afterwards he lay catching his breath, lazy and contented like he always was after fucking. When she cuddled against his chest, he sighed and reached around her to gather her in.

Now he was *holding* her. He never held whores. She thought carefully about how best to say it that wouldn’t get him all upset again. When she was sure she was ready, she spoke up as cool as she could. “Is this your first time fucking somebody you’re close to?”

He froze for just a second. Then his arm tightened around her. “Aye,” he said. “First time.”

“D’you like it?”

He sighed. For a minute she was afraid he wasn’t going to answer, or maybe even say no, but then he said: “I’d like it better if you didn’t talk so damn much.”
Good enough. She wouldn't push him any further.

But, incredibly, he went on. “You?”

At first she was careful. “Yes – it's definitely better with someone I like.” Then she thought *Fuck it; a wolf's no coward*, and went ahead. “...Which would be you, in case you're wondering.” He grumbled about what a fucking *girl* she was, but she was pretty sure he didn't actually mind.

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**The End.**

**Ta-da!** So, that's how Arya rid herself of her first husband, and got together with the Hound instead. Please let me know what you thought!

(I have one more scene written, and then I'm probably done with Arya/Hound stories. It'll be kinda knifey and bloody, posted as part of No One Worse Than You.)

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