In Medias Res
by ThisbeOpheliaOisin

Summary

Sansa Stark is stranded in the capital, forgotten by her family in favor of the war her brother wages. She is pawned off to a monster by the Lannisters and subsequently stolen back by the Lion himself, intent on securing his legacy and the North. Sansa must maneuver a volatile capital, the collapse of her family and her own identity, all while in medias res.

A universe where Sansa is first pawned off to Ramsay by the boy king only to be re-captured by the Lion himself. The Dragon Queen ascends and uses her only blood to manipulate the young Sansa Stark to bow to her whim.

(I am not great at summaries-this is my first go at a fic. Enjoy)

Notes

Hello! This is my first stab at a fic- I don't really know where it's going yet but I had this idea around Sansa's plot line that I'm just going to run with. I'm open to suggestions and comments-I love feedback. I may play around with timelines and characters plots in order to orient them around Sansa's story and I'm thinking most characters are going to be a bit different than their original arcs.I hope you all like it, enjoy!
There is no good in the world, she has decided. There is only pain and suffering. Life is an endless cycle of these two states, constantly drawing from us until death delivers the final blow. She decides this while in the haze of battle. The battle broke out in the night. It began with a hushed whisper that swept through her once beloved childhood home. Despite the late hour, she had not quite been asleep. Her body was still reeling from Ramsay's visit to their chambers in the hours prior. The act of lying still on the bed took the breath from her as she descended into a pit of pain. Her feet had been brutalized past recognition, the soles having been torn to shreds. "To prevent any future inconveniences" was his exact wording. This new maiming is what prompted her, in the dead of night, in her childhood home- a place she would have fought tooth and nail to get to not just a year ago- to give up fully on hope.

Almost as if the gods themselves had been listening to her thoughts, a thundering chorus of war rang out through the halls. The undercurrent she had felt had suddenly erupted into fury outside of the door. The once dark night was now lit by fire light and the previously silent castle was colored with the call of dying men. Who could attack this Lannister owned castle? Surely not the Northman for it had been nearly a year and a half that they had sat idle. There was no one to come for Winterfell, no one to come for her. As her mind became more alert to the incoming danger she evaluated her situation. Even if she had the desire to run, she could not. Her body was irreparably broken as was her mind, her will. Whoever it was that brought the light, the death, whoever was dying or winning it did not matter. She had not been in this life long but she knew in what was left of her soul that there is only pain and suffering. With that she closed her eyes. Finally, she rested.
This is a Tywin chapter. I think I will try to alternate between the two point of views for now until the story demands otherwise. I would love to hear comments, feedback or suggestions (because I have no idea where I am going)! Thank you for reading- I hope you enjoy!

Tywin Lannister watched from the ground as his men, clothed in blood red and gold, stormed Winterfell. The snow mixed with the ash to create a grey dusting lit by the backdrop of fire in the sky. This was a fool's errand, one that should not have come about at all. His daughter and his grandson, left unattended were the perfect concoction for utter disaster. Pawning off the key to the North to a butchering bastard was the final nail in his daughter's, and his grandson's proverbial coffin. He decided then and there that he could not risk his legacy in the hands of these two buffoons, nor could he risk the kingdom. It took him nearly a year to construct this plan, well thought out enough to maintain all existing allies and territories and delicate enough to result in the reacquisition of one Lady Sansa Stark. She had remained in the capital as a waiting piece, hidden for her potential power. His daughter and grandson did not see that and decided, in his absence, to sell her to the most violent bidder to quell their own sadistic tastes. He saw them as they were now and had adjusted accordingly. His legacy would remain intact as would the kingdom- all of this hinged on the young Sansa Stark-who by his estimation- was still in the castle.

"Jaime." The son who once held the promise of a legacy trotted over on that white horse he liked, Honor. Jaime, still gaunt from his own recent endeavors, stopped beside Tywin.

"Father."

"Jaime, find the girl. She should still be in the castle. See that she is not harmed on your way out."

"Yes father, a damsel in distress saved by a white knight, we could be in the midst of a song in the making." He didn't give Tywin time to express his displeasure, he had already dismounted and begun advancing into the castle. Tywin waited alone now, watching the battle unfold. They had ambushed at night, on a day he knew the Bolton defense to be weak. Bolton had been lazy with his upkeep of the castle, too busy with more sinister activities surely. He took no shortcuts and spared no expense in seeing that this mission did not fail. Sansa Stark would save his legacy and a sleazy bastard like Bolton would not get in the way.

Just then, he saw Jaime exit the front entrance of the castle, surrounded by his ever loyal red cloaks, holding in his arms a small, frail looking woman- Sansa Stark, presumably. As Jaime approached, Tywin felt the catharsis of a year and some's worth of planning bubble within him. Finally, he would cement his legacy.

As Jaime drew closer, his previously jovial attitude had dissipated into a rather subdued tone. Once Jaime and the girl were in the light, he could see why. She was not being kept well for a prisoner, let alone the wife of the Warden of the North or the Lord of Winterfell. She looked starved, in the way that he had only ever seen among prisoners sentenced to death or soldiers on the march from war. Her collar bones were sharp and her cheeks looked concave. Her skin was very near translucent in the firelight. Tywin could almost see the blood flow through the prominent green
veins that were wiring around this whisp of a girl. Her eyes, although closed, were surrounded by a deep purple. There was a violet ring around her neck that he nearly mistook as a necklace. He didn't hesitate as he raised his hand to lift her shift collar to reveal extensive bruising and scarring along her shoulder and chest.

"Her feet are the worst."

So lost in his appraisal, he had nearly forgotten his son was holding this limp girl up. He moved around to examine the offending area. Tywin, in his decades of service, had never seen this extent of torture inflicted on any soldier or spy. To do so to a highborn, to a girl, his wife, nearly made bile come up the Old Lion's throat. There were casualties in war, he knew and accepted that. He lived by the ideology that the ends justifies the means. This, however was madness engraved on this young woman's flesh. A rage engrained in the Bolton bastard's psyche, projected onto her. Mutilated so that she couldn't walk- this was an act of pure malevolence. To butcher his prey, a girl who had no power in her to oppose. Who had nothing to offer and nothing to flee to. Tywin inhaled and exhaled.

"Give her to me Jaime. I'll take over from here."
Hello! I am having a grand time writing this. I thought I would alternate points of view but that didn't work for me so here is Tywin again. I think I am also going to start writing longer chapters - I don't know if that's better or worse for the reader though so let me know. I still don't have any idea where I'm going but that's ok for now. Any comments, feedback or suggestions are very welcome! (please comment, I have no idea what I'm doing) I hope you enjoy!

Tywin had placed her in the only wheelhouse brought to this mission. He anticipated success and supplied the mission accordingly. Lady Stark, a Bolton no longer, was still unconscious. She appeared peaceful lying on top of the plush pillows inside the carriage but he knew that, in light of her recent experiences, that she was hovering as far from peace as north was from south. He bid Jaime to sit in the carriage with her. His eldest son took this as an honor, not an insult, like he would have as a youth. Tywin needed a trusted pair of eyes on the girl at all times and as frustrating as Jaime was throughout his adolescence, he was always loyal.

He left Winterfell, what was left of it rather, in the capable hands of his own brother. He always knew that blood and loyalty were key in securing spoils and prospects but this recent nonsense with his own daughter and the Bolton bastard proved to him that the circle of trust must be even more limited. If he truly wanted a lasting and impactful legacy, one that surpassed his own personal reputation, one that would flow through his descendants like a raging river towards the sea of heroes, he would need, quite frankly, better decedents. He would need descendants with the blood of two great houses, destined to rule with an iron fist and a true heart. Descendants raised by a caring mother, rather than a battle hardened father. He loved his children, in his own way, but he knew where he went wrong with each of them. He saw his mistakes now and he refused to let them destroy the progress he had labored over for nearly five decades to place the Lannister name among those of legends.

His future, his family's future and his own, dare he say, his own hope, sat firmly in that wheelhouse with a very battered, and abused fifteen year old girl. Tywin was aware that the nature of his plan would be whispered about among the lowlifes of court. Marriage, so long after the passing of Joanna, and to a girl not yet a woman-unthinkable. He knew that his means to this end would not matter centuries from now. This girl would bear him sons who would rule the North, the Vale, the West and soon, should all go according to plan, the Riverlands as well.

He presumed, just from the cursory appraisal he had performed at Winterfell, that Sansa Stark would be forever grateful for the basic kindness and courtesies owed to a woman of her standing. He had heard of Ramsay Bolton's tendencies but he had not anticipated the extent nor the volatility. Tywin fully intended on receiving a detailed account of Lady Stark's life over the past year and a half in order to better understand what he was dealing with. However, despite the immediate obstacles, Tywin saw his path through this war with the young Robb Stark as but a speck on his larger aims. The fruitless battle would end soon and the sister of the young wolf would open the door for Tywin to realize the Lannister potential.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Hello! I tried to make this one longer- I don't know what is a good length yet. I'm working on maybe having a plan but who knows. I really am open to feedback, comments or suggestions. I cannot emphasize enough how much I do not know what I'm doing. I'm really enjoying writing this though so let me know what you think! I hope you enjoy!

Sansa wakes up sore. This is not unusual. Her surroundings however, mainly that they are moving, that is most unusual. Sansa immediately feels her throbbing feet, a sickly reminder of what had occurred with her husband only hours before. She looks around now. Perhaps it was more than hours ago, she thinks. Her mind starts to put together the pieces of what she is experiencing. Her surroundings are moving because she is moving. More precisely, she carriage she is in is moving. As far as she can remember, she was not supposed to be in a carriage. She was not supposed to be going anywhere.

"Morning"

Sansa nearly falls off the bench, stopped only by a large gloved hand. Her gaze travels along the arm connected to the hand until she reaches a face. That face was thinner and more rugged than she remembered but she remembered it well. It possessed the same features as the woman who sold her to Ramsay. Lannister green eyes and blonde hair. Sansa feels the air sucked out of her lungs violently, as if Ramsay had just kicked her in the ribs as he was apt to do. The air rushes back but it feels as though she is only able to draw it in through a hole the size of a needle. This cycle continues violently until the edges of her vision begin to blur. Shades of green outline the objects nearby as black floods the foreground of her sight. Hadn't she already decided this? Life is but a cycle of pain and suffering. Sansa had been launched from the pain of Ramsay to the suffering of once again living under the Lannister thumb. Pain. Suffering. Pain. Gods help her.

Just as Sansa started to feel her body go limp as her head became light, the Lannister across from her did something rather uncharacteristic of the ruthless house. He pressed a now bare hand to her cheek.

"Lady Sansa, breathe with me."

He dramatically inhaled, rather comically puffing up his chest, and then blew out the air so that she received a rather gentle wind on her face, whisking her hair around. He seemed to notice her distraction.

"Look at me Sansa. With me."

The command resonated with something engrained in her over the course of her imprisonment. A Lady does as she is told. A lady curtsies when she is told. A lady dines with the queen when she is told. A lady is beaten by a king when she is told. A lady is raped by a lord whe-

"Sansa. Breathe."
Yes. She must do this as well because she is told. She tries to mimic him in a more graceful manner. In-like water being poured into a vase. Out-like the flower growing from the soil. She always did like pretty things. Flowers of all sorts were her favorite. She certainly missed them now, all alone in the world. One would think that having suffered the loss of her father, sister and younger brothers, and having been separated from her mother and brother she would at least be allowed the courtesy of seeing flowers. Alas, life, it would seem, does not operate around how one would think. Pain and Suffering. That is all.

"That is very good Sansa." A sick part of her, the part that was quickly becoming the whole, basked in the praise which meant no punishment-yet.

"I am Jaime Lannister. We have met before, very briefly but you were much younger. My father asked that I sit with you on our journey given your-condition." He paused momentarily and then began again, more sincerely. "I did not know about your treatment here, Sansa. My sister, well, nobody should endured as you have. You are so young and- well- I am sorry that such pain has been inflicted on you when it was preventable."

Sansa looks up then because her curiosity, what little is left of it, had been piqued.

"Preventable?" Her hoarse voice is quiet as a mouse because of her damaged vocal chords, the result of a strangulation that nearly left her dead. Jaime Lannister makes eye contact then with wide green eyes.

"Yes, we don't have to get into that now though. My father will likely want to speak with you now that you are awake. We've been on the road for about three days. It will likely be a while before we reach the capital. I'm afraid you're going to have to get to know me." He says it with what she assumes is a charming wink and a crooked smile. At one point it may have even made her blush but their destination causes palpable fear to flood the carriage. She can't go back there. She can't go home anymore either. She doesn't respond to his comment. Instead, she slowly sinks down into the cushions, turning her back to the Lannister. She sits in a state of fear and despair. All she can gather in her mind is pain and suffering. Pain and suffering. Pain and Suffering.
Hello! I hope everyone's holiday season is going well. I know it can be a very joyful time of the year for some people but also a very difficult time for others so I hope that no matter where you land, that you're doing all right. I have another chapter here which is beginning the momentum toward the good parts, I think. There are definitely mentions of Sansa's abuse by Ramsay here, not too graphic but no matter what I want to warn you all-make sure that you take care of yourselves. I have really enjoyed piecing together this plot, I hope this chapter has started to form the backstory for everyone and that things are less confusing. As per usual, I am very open to, in fact I actively encourage comments, suggestions and feedback. I very much don't know what I am doing but reading your comments and seeing that people are actually reading my work has been really uplifting and encouraging so thank you! I know this is a super long not and for that I'm sorry. Please enjoy the chapter!

They travel for days on end. Sansa doesn't know if she should wish for an end to the journey or if she should pray for the King's road to miraculously become never ending. Their destination weighs heavily on her. Ramsay was no longer a threat, according to Sir Jaime, but that didn't prevent his ghost from looming over her every day. Sansa was frightened by every man that he encountered. Even Sir Jaime, who took every precaution to be polite and entertaining, kept her heart racing and her muscles tense. She didn't know anymore if there were men, or even women, who possessed kindness. The fear that Ramsay inflicted nightly would not die with him. It seemed that she was destined to be always fearful. Fearful of the past, of the future, even of her own shadow.

Sansa found that their path away from her ancestral home and that monster of a man reminded her greatly of her travel from Winterfell to the capital for the first time, as a girl of just ten and two. Back then she had possessed delusions of grandeur that no one, save her younger sister, felt the need to relieve her of. It would have been a mercy to have been fed a few harsh truths as a young person and be prepared for what she was sent to face in the capital and beyond. Sansa was unsure of where her fate lay now that her husband was dead and she was in the hands of the Lannisters again. Jaime had made vague allusions to his father and a grand scheme that seemed to be in the making. The lack of specific details, however, left Sansa in the dark about where she stood. She wouldn't live under Cersei or Joffrey's tyrannical manipulations again. They were about a day away from the capital now. She decided that if, when they arrived, it became clear that her circumstances were similar to those she endure under Ramsay or those before she left the capital, she would take matters into her own hands. Pain and suffering were inevitable, as was death. She could only withstand so much and if she was made to live like a dog again while Joffrey humiliated and abused her in front of the court then she would take action to see her father and brothers once more.

The day that they arrive in King's Landing is the day that Sansa speaks to Tywin Lannister for the first time. They pass through the city gates in the early morning, while Sansa is still sleeping. Jaime gently wakes her once they reach the castle. Jaime had been right, she had had to get to know him over the journey and he, interestingly enough, had tried to get to know her as well-which she avoided with all her might. Sir Jaime, she had learned, was rather easy going and charming. She did
not indulge in speaking much anymore but he seemed to pick up on this and filled the silence with stories of his youth. He also seemed to sense when she needed quiet, a trait she was ever so thankful for. He told her about cliff diving as a young boy at Casterly Rock, skipping rocks with Tyrion into the Sunset Sea and even how determined Tywin Lannister was to teach a young and stubborn Jaime how to read.

"I've seen my father on the battle field and I have seen him with enemies of our house but I have never been scared of him, except when he sat me in his solar and told me to write the alphabet until my fingers bled." Jaime said it with a humorous tone but Sansa thought she heard a hint of something else in their. Sansa enjoyed the light hearted stories but she didn't want to hear too much about his life or the Lannisters as a family. She knew they were human but they were also responsible for the destruction of her life, of her home and of her family. Sansa was married to Ramsay to benefit the Lannisters, she was beaten by the Kingsguard to amuse the Lannisters and now, even though Sir Jaime put on a friendly facade, she was brought back to the capital, not for her own safety, but for the betterment of House Lannister. She just didn't know how this would play out yet. Joffrey was married now, to Margery Tyrell. Her brother was too deep into the war for Sansa to provide any sort of leverage for the Lannisters. The Lannisters now had official control of the North, having murdered the proxy ruler, her husband Ramsay. Sansa knew they wanted something from her, she just didn't know what. At this point though, she couldn't definitively say she cared.

Jaime opened the carriage door for her to welcome her back into the city. Her feet were still severely mangled as was, well, all of the rest of her. She had to be carried into the Red Keep into what, she presumed, were her rooms now. She had nothing but the sleep shift on her back. She had been abducted in the night, rescued she supposed. Could it be called a rescue when she was being lifted out of the frying pan and into the fire? She didn't know. She had spent the entire trip in just this shift which she now realized, would have appalled her mother. Sansa, in the company of hundreds of men and no women, kept in private company by an unmarried man, wearing the same sleep shift for weeks. It made Sansa laugh out loud, sitting on the bare bed of her new room.

Her laughter was interrupted by the door opening. Tywin Lannister himself stood in her threshold. The Old Lion wasted no time with courtesies or flatteries.

"Lady Sansa, I would have summoned you to my solar but given your current afflictions I felt it was not inappropriate to come and speak with you in your temporary rooms."

Sansa, sitting vulnerable on her bed, felt as though she were transported back to every watershed moment in her life in which her fate was held taut by the hands of another. When Joffrey had the Kingsguard hold a sword to her throat, when Cersei settled her marriage to Ramsay in the great hall, when Ramsay held her down by her neck on their wedding night and now, when Tywin Lannister stood before her while she remained immobile in the Red Keep. Sansa, at one point, may have answered him with some flattery. A projection of the Lady she wanted to become.

"What is it, My Lord?" This is all that she can summon now. No grand ad flowery language, no inquiry regarding how he enjoyed the journey home- Sansa knew whatever this conversation was about, it was better not to beat around the bush.

Tywin Lannister's green eyes, which she noted were darker than Sir Jaime's, pierced into her own blue ones. Before he spoke, she knew from his gaze alone, that his grand plan that Jaime had alluded to, involved her in a very central role. Pain and suffering.

"I will make this quick Lady Sansa. You and I shall be married within the week. Your first husband, the Bolton bastard, has been disposed of for his inability to rule the North. You will be
examined by my Maester regarding your own physical well being in light of his rather violent use of you as a wife as well as for your fertility and if you are currently pregnant. If that is the case, he will...take care of the issue immediately. I will be present for the exam which he will conduct shortly. Before this, however, I would like a detailed account of the last year and half that you spent married to the Bolton."

Sansa was mildly overwhelmed by all of this. Of course it would be marriage. She was good for little else it would seem. Marriage and babies. Why Tywin Lannister, the richest and most powerful man in Westeros would need to remarry after all of this time remained a mystery to her. She must have been silent for too long because the Old Lion once again demanded the information.

Sansa did not know how to phrase it, she felt rather humiliated. "I'm not pregnant." She whispered it out while the fatigue and defeat of her journey and her life began to set in.

"I would like a little more than a girl's word on the matter."

"He didn't... he didn't do that with me." She really did not want to have this conversation with him, nor did she want to relive this experience out loud.

"He didn't fuck you? I find that incredibly hard to believe." He sounds near angry and Sansa cannot be in a room with an angry man.

"No. He...he did but not there. I don't know why but he only ever did it... in the other place. I think he liked that it hurt me." Her voice began to hiccup as she told him this and her eyes wandered to the door behind him. Her voice was losing any power that it possessed. It seemed it was cracking every other word.

Tywin pulled the vanity chair from across the room in front of Sansa and sat down in it.

"I would like a full account of your marriage. It will help when the Maester comes and when we are married." His tone is not as hard as it was. It isn't quite soft or compassionate but it holds something in it.

"I don't think you do." She makes direct eye contact as she says this.

"Please my lady, from the beginning."

She tries to recount to him what she endured. That he never used her front because he liked her in pain. She tried to explain the games he would play and the things he would put inside her. Pain and suffering. The beatings she would take and the starvation forced upon her.

"I don't think I've been outside for more than a moment in the last year." She also hadn't had a proper look at herself in the mirror in quite a while. She was not sure what she would find. Tywin studies her for a while, taking in everything about her marriage to Ramsay. He then leaned forward, startling Sansa to flinch in her seat. Tywin paused and then continued until he had outstretched one of his large hands to encompass both of her, folded in her lap. She looked down and then back up at him, panicking at this, by all accounts, very uncharacteristic move. In a calming and dulcet tone Tywin addressed her.

"I am sorry for what that man put you through Sansa. I will make sure that nothing and no one ever lays a finger on you again. Do you understand?"
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Hello! I hope you like this chapter! Please let me know what you think, where you want it to go and all that jazz. Suggestions, comments, feedback are all welcome—as always! (I still don't know what I'm doing)
Enjoy!

Sansa understood certainly. She understood that no one else in this world would ever touch her again. She was, however, now at the mercy of Tywin Lannister by virtue of this marriage. She was familiar with his history, murdering entire houses and tacitly making political opponents disappear for the sake of the throne. The past three years of Sansa's life had taught her many things, the most important of which was fear everyone and everything, especially if they look like safety. Sansa knew, however, that the alternative was certainly danger. She had no where to run, no one to be protected by and no strategy to play out. Her family, all of whom she would love until her dying day, were either dead or lost to her. Robb and her mother, well, she wasn't sure she could expect them to leave a war for her. If they could guarantee their own safety and settlement in their ancestral lands, either Riverrun or, by some miracle the North again, then she would consider it a blessing and leave it at that. Sansa had long assumed that she was on her own. She still assumed that but even the tallest and most fortified walls eroded under the consistent and gentle breeze. She could feel it happen already. The thought of perhaps sleeping soundly once again without fear of waking to unknown horrors, it nearly brought tears to her eyes. A soft bed in a warm room with the only expectation being that she perform her duty and have a son. She wished for this at one point, very long ago. She resented this, more recently. Now, Sansa was tired. She couldn't walk on her own, her back was constantly pained from her early abuse at Joffrey's hand and all she wanted was to rest peacefully. She may not like Tywin Lannister or his name, she may wish for her mother and brother, but Sansa knew when to be pragmatic. Tywin offered the only route to this end for her. She was starting to think she needed him, and she was ok with this.

It was within these thoughts she decided to fully give into this man and whatever plan he had concocted (which couldn't logically involve harming her and that was enough for now)-all of which began with her participating in an official examination. The maester came into her bare room with a set of tools that looked rather similar to an abundance of things that Ramsay possessed. She needed to get through this. She could and she would. Tywin, having decided to remain in the room, moved in front of the instruments, blocking her view.

"I don't mean for this to be degrading, Lady Sansa. We would like a baseline assessment for future reference and that is all." She knew he was most likely telling the truth, but she also knew that Tywin Lannister had a lot at stake resting on the results of these findings. She only nodded to him in response. The maester came into her bare room with a set of tools that looked rather similar to an abundance of things that Ramsay possessed. She needed to get through this. She could and she would. Tywin, having decided to remain in the room, moved in front of the instruments, blocking her view.

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"In regards to your fertility Lady Sansa, you are, by all accounts, healthy." It was with a tone that conveyed no certain emotion that he delivered this news. She supposed she felt relieved that Tywin Lannister could have use of her yet, which ensured her safety. "In regards to your other ailments, I believe I can be of service as well. If I am not mistaken, you are in some amount of pain, yes?"

She looked quickly to Lord Lannister before answering with a quiet "Yes."

"You fell from a great height some time ago for your back to be aligned as such if I am not mistaken. And I only saw the tops of the scars on your back but they seem to be identical to... a whipping?" Disbelief colored his tone.

"Dozens, yes."

"I am sorry for the manner in which you were treated by your husband-"

"Not my husband."

"Pardon?"

"My husband was not responsible for my back, maester."

Perplexed, the maester followed up on this, "Who then?"

"Our king and his kingsguard. A traitor's presence warrants any and all conduct the king deems necessary." The three of them sit in silence for a moment.

"I must say, before I leave, that even though I am confident you both fertile and not pregnant, I worry about the superficial damage on your womanhood. The wounds seem healed but... the nature of them is, if I may be so bold, barbaric." The maester, having relieved himself of this declaration, took his leave. Tywin and Sansa remained in the room alone together.

"Given this information we will proceed as previously planned. We will be married by the end of the week and my maester will begin treating the aches he mentioned, no questions asked. You are currently in my private apartments and the kings nor the kingsguard has access or authority here. You are safe here and will remain so. You will be assigned a private guard in the morning and you will be supplied with a wardrobe as well. You will be dining with me in the evenings beginning tomorrow. The maids will bring in the linens shortly. Good evening Lady Sansa." With that, the Old Lion pivoted and left the room.

Sansa could do this. A marriage for her own safety, women had married men more brutal than Tywin Lannister for lesser reasons. She could and would do this and maybe, just maybe, she would dwell a little less on her pain and suffering.
Chapter 7

Happy New Year! It's a short update and it might change a little bit but I wanted to get something out to keep the momentum going. Please let me know any and all thoughts and suggestions, I have really loved reading them and I really appreciate them. Enjoy!

Tywin recalled his first wedding well. He recalled the anticipation, the pomp, the circumstance and most prominently, he recalled his bride to be. Joanna, not much younger than him at the time, had been more nervous than Sansa Stark appeared to be at his second wedding. Red of hair and still faint looking from her time with Bolton, she walked down the aisle with the poise and grace befitting the second Lady Lannister. Tywin had outfitted her in a gilded wedding dress. Glittering from her tiara down to her slippers, which had to have extra padding added to accommodate her healing feet, Sansa embodied the Lannister image. She was walked down the aisle by Jaime, the only member of his family with whom Sansa seemed less tense, and she was perfectly composed throughout the ceremony. It wasn't until her hand was placed on his arm that he felt her shaking. She grasped the crook of his elbow like it was the only thing tethering her to this earth. Sansa sat through the feast in silence and Tywin did not feel hard pressed to break that silence. He thought that he could give her that on this night. He had made the effort to make her comfortable in these past days. In the wake of the maester's report he had ordered her off of her feet for the week, daily assessments of her back and other injuries, dresses and decorations to be made for herself and her temporary rooms, as well as dinner with her nightly. Despite what an onlooker might think, Tywin did not intend to go out of his way to be cruel to her. Thus far she had been cooperative and as long as she continued to be he did not see any reason to inflict pain or suffering onto her. It was well within his means to support and provide for her and he had even found some form of joy in gifting her new things. It seemed to him that the best recipient of a gift was an individual who had no experience in receiving them, or in Sansa's case, an individual who had spent a year and a half having her spirit extracted from her body slowly and painfully. Tywin thought that perhaps, even if it was only for a moment and entirely superficial, he would try to give her that joy he felt through material gifts as much as he could throughout their marriage.

Tywin was pondering all of these things while unaware of his surroundings, a rare occurrence for him. So lost in comparisons and planning, he did not see the advisor come up next to him at the high table. The man did not stay long enough to be noticed, only long enough to slip a scroll into Tywin's palm. Tywin thought he might know what this message would say and turned slightly away from his new wife. Unraveling his correspondence beneath the table he discreetly read the message and had his suspicions confirmed. With this new piece of information, he made the decision to finish the wedding night and move the rest of his plans into motion. This war and his legacy could not be won on the battle field alone, although it would certainly be won on that front, it depended on bloodlines as well. Tywin leaned over to the young Stark, now the only Stark left in the world.

"My Lady, we should be going now."

"Yes, My Lord." She made only the briefest eye contact and began to stand from the high table. Unlike Joanna, Sansa had no family at the wedding. No father to give her away, no brothers or sisters, no mother or cousins. No family, save for himself and her new stepchildren and in-laws.
Jaime had already taken to calling her mother while addressing her. Sansa, seemingly uncomfortable with being called such by a man at least thirty years her senior, ignored it most times. Sansa was alone in the wedding tonight and, unbeknownst to her, alone in the world now. Tywin had decided that if this stage of the plan were to be executed before they wed, he would refrain from telling her until after the consummation, and he would adhere to this original plan. A hysterical bride was infinitely harder to impregnate. Tywin would tell her of her brother and mother's deaths in time, just not now.

He guided her out of the hall, away from the subdued revelries towards their new chambers. He had had her new dresses moved into the chambers earlier that day. He had also had books of poetry moved into the room following one night at dinner when she disclosed that she had enjoyed it very much before she left Winterfell. He also had the Lannister jewels that had belonged to Joanna moved into their room. He wanted to present them to her at the end of the night as an introduction into the Lannister family and the expectations that came with it. She was once again grasping onto him as if he were her life line. As they neared the rooms the noise from the feat became more subdued as did the lighting. He could feel her next to him preparing for what was to come, breathing deeply. He pushed open the entrance to his apartments and escorted her in, the promise and future of the Lannister house wrapped into this one girl of ten and five.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Hello! I hope to start a schedule for posting to keep this organized and consistent but I'm not sure when yet or how frequent I will be able to write with school starting back up soon- I hope for at least once a week though. Anyway let me know any and all comments, suggestions predictions etc. Enjoy!

Sansa felt the heavy hand of Tywin Lannister guide her into his-their-rooms. The closing of the door behind them felt like a physical weight pulling her heart through the floor. This was going to happen, her fate was already sealed. He guided her further into the room with surprising gentleness. They moved toward a grand four post bed, made entirely of dark and regal wood. A lion was carved into the headboard, of course. The quilting and skirts were a deep crimson, they appeared to be silk or satin. There were curtains tied to each post, indicating that one could block out the whole world leaving only whatever was happening in that bed. Sansa gulped at this thought.

She had endured Ramsay, without a doubt. She knew the ways of men but Ramsay was chaotic. She was still recovering from his many outbursts of rage and violence. He very rarely had his next step thought out or planned. Sansa, once she overcame the immediate shock of the degradation and humiliation she endured, could at the very least always expect something of that nature. With her new husband, she could not tell. He had been gentle and distant thus far. She knew her new son in law better than Tywin Lannister. Yet, she knew the purpose of this night was his purpose for this marriage. She had decided to do as he wished to save herself the grief. Fighting was only going to hurt her in the end and she could not withstand more hurt. The past week had put her on edge even more. The constant checking in of the maester on her health, Tywin's inquiries into her life-it all felt like an elaborate way to lull her into a false sense of security. The way that Ramsay would talk to her in hushed tone, cooing like a mother to a child, all while brutally abusing her through the night. She knew she must be in a trap, in danger- something was going to happen. She just didn't know what. Joffrey had already killed her father, Theon had killed her brothers- she knew she was alone in the capital again but she just couldn't see where this was going.

Tywin did no ask if she needed assistance disrobing. Without warning his fingers were pulling methodically at the laces of her bodice. One might not immediately notice it but Tywin Lannister was tall. Standing directly behind her, she could feel the shadow of his form cast over her in the light of the hearth. She turned her head slightly to take a proper look at him. He was dressed in a red doublet, complementing her golden gown. The two of them had been the image of House Lannister embodied- Sansa with crimson hair and a golden dress, Tywin with greying golden hair and red leather garments. She knew it was planned, of course it was. She knew that all of this was part of the game men play to win and maintain the throne. Sansa didn't care, truly. She had seen the worst of this and wanted only peace.

The fact that she was at her second wedding night only hammered this point in further for her. She recalled, as Tywin slowly undid her cumbersome dress, that her first wedding night was quite different. Similar in many ways, but different enough to make Sansa firmly decide that she already preferred this one. Sansa hadn't known she was going to be married that day. She had been dressed in the gown only an hour before being marched to the Weirwood tree. She was made to say vows,
surrounded in her most sacred home by strangers, and then marched off to her bedroom. Ramsay had not, at that time, given her a complete indication as to how disturbed he was. It wasn't until the bedding that she was introduced to what that man was capable of. He had not been very interested in the ways of men and women that night rather, he seemed fascinated by the drawing of blood. Into the early morning hours he had employed every tactic under the sun to inflict pain but only that which could be endured. He was not going to kill her, that became evident, and this fact alone made Sansa feel lost. To exist in such a painful limbo was crueler than death and she learned this lesson every night for over a year.

Sansa's time before Ramsay, with the Lannisters, had also hardened her heart to the ways of men. The constant beatings and the brutal stripping of her dignity in front of the court by the King's guard and by the king himself left Sansa hyperaware of all men-of their wants, their desires and their motives. She was convinced by the time she left for Winterfell, for Ramsay, that good men did not exist and thus far, she had not been proven wrong.

While in this haze of melancholic recollection, Tywin completed his task and Sansa's dress slid to the floor. Sansa knows her mother would have fussed over such a fine dress being treated so carelessly, waiting there to be creased. She didn't care though. Standing in front of the man leading the war on her brother, the man whose daughter and grandson killed her father, who had now forced her to marry him, all while only in her shift, Sansa felt defeated. She felt how truly alone she was in this world. She knew no one cared for her any longer, save for those who needed something from her. She didn't even truly care for herself anymore. In the week since she arrived the only times she had eaten were when Tywin had demanded her presence at meals. She would sleep the day away if she could. She felt as if the world was passing her by and all of her sense were blurred. Sounds were muted, colors were dull and everything tasted like dust. This sense of listless despair is most likely what gave her no fear on her second wedding night. Her hands were shaking as was her body but her mind was still.

Sansa barely noticed that she was now laying on the large bed. She wasn't sure if Tywin was speaking to her, all she hear was a ringing in her ears and all she saw was a hazed tunnel vision of what she assumed was her reality. She felt though. She felt her shift slide up her thighs and she felt her legs be pulled apart. On her back she was able to direct her vision upwards, to the canopy. Sansa began counting embroidered flowers on the satin canopy when she felt the unnatural breaching beneath her shift. She couldn't focus on anything but the flowers, the satin, the thread. She counted fifty, then eighty, one hundred, two hundred. At two hundred and fourteen embroidered flowers the sensation, the pain, ended with a flood of something within her. Stickiness settled in her and on her, something that a younger version of herself would have had a fit over. Now, Sansa could not find it in herself to care. She wondered if the stickiness meant she could sleep, if that was the end. Despite having been married already she wasn't exactly sure on what a proper marriage was all about. She knew for sure Ramsay was not a proper husband and she had been too young when she last saw her mother for it to have been explained to her.

She could ask her new husband at some point but she figured it didn't matter what a proper marriage was. She had this marriage now, proper or not. She thought all of this while the stickiness dried and began dozing off. She was woken again, in a more alert state, when a wet sensation, a cloth maybe, was being moved around her womanhood. This was so startling that she flinched out of her dazed state only to be greeted by Tyinw Lannister, on his knees before her washing her like a common servant. He looked up from his task with all the regality of the head of Lannister house and addressed her as such.

"You have done your duty tonight Sansa, you can sleep now." It was as if he could read her mind, her one desire. In hushed tones he directed her to the head of the bed and under the covers. The manner in which he helped her into bed bordered on paternal. He joined her in the bed at some
point but at that point she was dozing off. As sleep finally took her she felt his hand brush through her hair.

"Good girl" was the last whispered thing she swore she heard and it wrapped around her like the sunset in the west.
Hello! I'm back at school so we'll see if I can be more regular about updating. As always, all comments, suggestions, feedback etc. is welcome and encouraged. Thank you so much for reading, enjoy!

Sansa wakes early the next morning and is immediately startled by her environment. It takes her a few moments to get her bearings. Once she settled he took stock of where she was. The apartments, Lord Tywin’s apartments, and her’s now, were large. They bedroom they were in was nearly triple the size of her bedroom back in Winterfell. The color pallette of the room was dramatically different than that of her childhood home. Where Winterfell had been adorned with deep greys and whites, fur and wool, this Lannister stronghold was made of crimson and gold, satin and silk. Sansa felt terribly out of place lying in this grand bed and in such a warm room. The tapestries on the walls depicted typical Lannister narratives. Directly across from the bed was a woven lion on the hunt. The colors were bold and regal, depicting the king of the forest devour the weaker stag. Within this scene a dragon flew through the sky and a wolf was depicted as running at full speed. Sansa didn’t feel she had to be well educated to interpret what all of that menat.

Upon waking Sansa also noticed that she was alone in the bed and in the room. It made sense, the Hand of the King-really, the de facto king- could not laze around in bed even after his own wedding. Truthfully, Sansa was thankful for it. She did not know if she could face her new husband given what they had done the previous night. She vaguely recalled the motions he took her through, she remembered a new and rather violating sensation that she did not wish to repeat anytime soon but she couldn’t recall too many details of the night. The reality of her situation had begun settling in and was continuing to do so in the light of day.

Sansa was alone in the capital. Her father was dead and her little sister most likely dead as well. Her brother was off fighting a war, a war which was the catalyst for her recent marriage to a man nearly fifty years her senior. Joffrey was still very much on the throne, Cersei was still at court and Sansa had no prospect of a future other than to produce Lannister heirs. Her bleak future was not helped by the ache between her legs or the throbbing in her back, most likely exacerbated by the physical activities of the previous night. Sansa could barely wrap her head around the year or so she spent with Ramsay Bolton, she did not have the mental capacity to try to work through her new settlement. It did not take long for her to surrender to her fate with Ramsay. She was certain she would die there, him standing over her with a deranged smile. Now, she was sure she would die in this wretched city, in this horrid castle. At whose hand, she was not sure yet. She wasn’t sure it mattered. Perhaps in child birth, that would be ideal of the Lannisters. They would get their heir, they would get rid of her and they would not have had to commit murder to do it. Efficient. If nothing else, the Lannisters were efficient.

Sansa stayed in bed contemplating the rather upsetting existence she was staring down. It felt like only a few minutes but when the handmaiden came in she informed Sansa it was past midday. Sansa had not noticed the food trays come in for her morning or afternoon meals and felt no need to indulge in them now. The handmaid informed her that Tywin wished to speak with her in the gardens which struck Sansa as uncharacteristic of her husband-she, however, was hardly an expert on the man.
The handmaiden coaxed her out of bed and into a velvet gown. The material made her fingers curl. She did not like velvet at all. The crushed softness created a cognitive dissonance within her nerves that made her whole being feel repulsive. The color, a golden yellow, made her hair look more red and her skin even more pale. The maiden tried to put rouge on her cheeks but Sansa refused. She let her brush out and pin up her hair and perfume her excessively. What it was that Tywin needed her for seemed to also require her to be presentable.

Sansa suddenly saw clearly her life as clearly as day. Every day waking to an empty bed, every evening being- whatever that was last night- every afternoon being primped for some form of superficial presentation in front of a court of bustling hens looking to seek favor with a deranged king. A king who gave a great deal of favor to any and all who tormented her. Sansa saw this cycle repeat, day in and day out until she died in childbirth or lived and had to now care for a blonde haired green eyed lordling, suckling at her breast, growing stronger to one day be the Lord of Casterly Rock and the destroyer of her own bloodline, just like her husband was trying to do now.

The thought of raising such a creature made her stomach turn. The only anecdote had been a plot within it for herself. There was no way of getting around it. She would have to give Tywin Lannister his green eyed, blond haired boy for the legacy. Perhaps another one for security. But after that, it wouldn’t matter how many children they had, what they looked like or who she raised them to be. She saw her own story forming within the narrative she knew she would have to be a participant in. A daughter, perhaps red of hair or even a deep brown like Arya. Blue eyes, grey eyes- nowhere near green. She would raise her to be kind and gentle but resilient and cunning. This little girl would have a Northern name unlike the first two boys who would possess some nonsensical Lannister name. Maybe she could have another boy, one who would be her boy. Curly hair, dark as well-as dark as Jon’s was- if that’s even possible. She doubts that brown eyes are epossible between Tywin and herelf but maybe a deep blue or a clear grey. Eyes that would be the window into a chivalrous and loyal soul. A little boy who possessed a name that spoke of winter. Maybe they would let her name him after her dead little brother who did nothing wrong. Rickon or Brandon. Sansa began to lose herself in this new world. It seemed to make the future she knew was set in stone a little more bearable.

The maid had finished with her hair and began ushering her to the door to make her way to the solar. Sansa did so with a little less resistance because now she felt she could work towards something. Something that she would never be so bold as to name but felt frighteningly like hope. Hope for a future. Maybe not her future but certainly a future.

Sansa found herself standing in front of a door similar to her own new bedroom door. She was called into the solar by the same man who had pronounced lifelong vows to her the previous night. Sansa found that given the fact that her new secret plot relied heavily on this man, she resented him just a little less. He would be the key to a gentle daughter and a chivalrous son, and maybe a bold daughter like Arya and a thoughtful son like Jon. She was running away with adding to this new life. How many children could she realistically have? Two for him plus four for her? Could she have more? She was young but she knew childbirth was no stroll in the garden.

“Sansa.” She must have been up in the clouds and missed his first address to her as she stood in the threshold.

“Please, sit.”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“Tywin, Sansa.”

“Yes, Tywin.” Sansa found it moderately uncomfortable that he insisted on his first name-not
because of the gesture itself but because of the manner with which he said it and the look that accompanied it.

“I see that you have found one of your new gowns. I had them commissioned for you before the marriage. We can have more made for the new season but I think what you have will suffice for now. The new Lady Lannister must look presentable to the court and to the country.”

“Yes, my Lord.” Sansa had frequently been accused of being stupid in her youth but even she knew Lord Tywin Lannister would not summon her to discuss gowns and decorum. Sansa still remained silent as she had spent the last few years of her life learning that it was better to do so when uncertain.

Tywin watched her watching him. His eyes were different than usual. They didn’t seem to be calculating in the cold way that they did. They were intently scanning her however.

“Sansa.”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“Tywin, please.” Thi surprised her greatly. Please. She had not heard that term in quite a while and she had certainly never heard it, nor did she ever expect to hear it from Tywin Lannister of all people.

“Yes, Tywin.” She said this with a quiet voice but a loud pulse. Her heart knew something that she didn’t quite understand.

“I’m afraid I have news for you regarding your brother and mother.” Sansa felt her brain catch up with her heart in this moment but she still felt dumb in fully comprehending where he was going. Did they lose the war? Were the prisoners? Were they-

“Both of them have been confirmed as dead.”

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