### The Snow Bird and the Sand Viper

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**Summary**

Sansa is forced to marry Prince Oberyn, only he is not what she expects; the opposite of the men she has come to know in King's Landing. Can she learn to start a new life? Can she learn to trust him, a stranger from Dorne?
Sansa had been summoned to the tower of the hand, by Lord Tywin himself. She had no clue as to why, however, and that was even more terrifying than being in the mere presence of Tywin Lannister. *Or was it Joffrey who summoned me? The servant who came to notify me did mention others were there.* Lord Tywin has never actively tormented her, besides killing her family of course.

As she approached the small council chamber the tightness in her chest only got tighter, she reminded herself to slow her breathing. She noticed Ser Meryn Trant standing at attention outside, only meaning the presence of the king. Cersei’s presence could also be assumed by Ser Kettleback. What unnerved Sansa the most were the unknown knights also standing outside. There were three, all clad in armor that bore the sigil of house Martell.

*Why is there a Martell a part of this?* Sansa wondered. Ser Trant announced her presence and bid her enter. Tywin was at the head of the table on the right, Cersei and Tyrion to his left. There was a space for Sansa to his right, next to who could only be the Dornishman those knights followed. Joffrey was sitting at the other head of the table with a scowl on his face.

If she were not here, not involved, that scowl would amuse her. Anything to see the little monster unhappy, unfortunately her presence would usually mean him taking it out on her. She was thankful then for the Dornishman’s presence, as she knew it was more likely Joffrey would behave himself in the presence of an outsider.

As she was thinking all of this she had dipped into a curtsey for the king and sat in her assigned chair. Lord Tywin cleared his throat and directed his attention to Sansa.

“Lady Sansa, as you have known for a while now, you are not to marry his grace. However, as a ward here, the king has rights to give you away for marriage. Prince Oberyn Martell…”, the hand of the king gestured towards the Dornishman she could finally out a name to, “…he has requested your hand in marriage. The king has obliged him and you are to marry Prince Oberyn at the end of this moon”.

Sansa’s stomach dropped to her feet and could only remember her wall of courtesy. Turning to the prince she spoke in her sweetest voice.

“I-I thank you, Prince Oberyn. It is an honor I do not deserve”. She looked over at Cersei who seemed more than pleased with Sansa’s discomfort. The voice of her betrothed broke her gaze away from Cersei, however.

“You are a beautiful woman, Lady Stark. I will do my best to be a dutiful husband, but do not speak so lowly of yourself”.

Sansa knew not what to say and so she bowed her head in respect and nodded. His words were a trap she would not fall into. Lord Tywin looked as if he was about to call an end to this meeting when the prince spoke again, only this time he was addressing Tywin Lannister.

“As Lady Stark is my betrothed I believe I can replace your Lannister soldiers guarding her with my own. There are two outside waiting for her”.

This was clearly something that was not discussed as the look on Joffrey’s face was that of rage. Cersei’s face only showed her outrage for a moment before it was schooled back into that sinister smirk she was previously wearing. What fascinated Sansa the most was how the only tell of Lord
Tywin’s rage was a flex of his jaw before he nodded his head, only once, in agreement.

After that matter had been settled, Joffrey dismissed the meeting and glared at Sansa. She knew that look meant she would be in trouble later, but she would not let the fear show on her face. As she exited behind everyone else, she felt a tug on her elbow. She gasped, but nothing more.

It was her future husband. Fear coursed through her body and she could not meet his gaze. He brought his hand under her chin and gently coerced her to look at him.

“Lady Sansa, I will not harm you, that you should be certain of. We do not have much time before they turn around from walking away only to discover we are talking. These are your guards, Sers Mors and Maron, brothers in both arms and blood; they will keep you safe. We will talk later my lady”.

Sansa took a brief glance at the guards, not believing him for a second. “I thank you Prince Oberyn, I-I hope to see you soon”.

Prince Oberyn did a strange half-smile; as if he was barely satisfied with this conversation. He kissed her hand before turning on heel and walking up the steps to find Tywin Lannister yet again. Sansa and her new guards walked in the opposite direction towards the gardens.
A Most Interesting Chat

Chapter Summary

Sansa talks longer with Oberyn, who's motives become slightly more clear.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Oberyn

He had stormed into his chambers with anger visible on his face. He sat down and reached for the Dornish wine on the table. His anger didn't even faze Elaria and she sat with him. He was busy drinking and so with curiosity clear on her face she spoke first.

“My love, what has happened?”

“It is the girl, Sansa Stark. I could tell from the way she spoke and acted, she has not been treated kindly here. I did not expect kindness from Lannisters, especially towards a Stark but she is a helpless girl. She is afraid of me, of Joffrey, Tywin, Cersei, of the world. There seems to be no justice for innocent girls here in Kings Landing.”

“This is why you are saving her. She will be much happier in Dorne with people who respect her, people who care for her. Where there are no Lannisters to harm her”.

“She will be safer in Dorne, this is true. But a girl of her importance will never fully be safe from Tywin Lannister. Her brother’s death left her a queen in the north. She may soon be heir to the river lands as well. But Dorne will do its best” Oberyn moved to the door and turned before he left, “My love, I told her I would speak to her more privately. Where would I find her?”

“I would check either her rooms or the gardens, I have heard she has made a friend out of the Tyrells”.

Sansa

She was not permitted to ride her horse or go outside the red keep. It had been years since she was outside the city, and so she took to walking in the gardens. Of course she knew every part of the gardens inside and out, but it was always nice to walk around. She had set out to find Lady Margery, where better to find a rose than in the gardens?

She looked up to see her betrothed walking towards her with a friendly smile on his face. She took a deep breath as she stopped and curtsied before the prince.

“My lady, you never need curtsy to me, how fares your day”

“I-I am well my prince, thank you. How goes your day?”
“It has been fine. Let us skip the pleasantries, we need a private place, do you know one?”

Her face turned to a shade of crimson Lannisters would be proud of. Oberyn looked to amused than was appropriate, as his smile only grew and he let out a small chuckle.

“Nothing of that sort my lady. Even the bushes here have eyes and ears. Do you know a place where we can converse privately?”

“The-godswood”. Oberyn nodded and held his arm out for Sansa to take.

They walked in a suspenseful silence to the godswood. Sansa was only slightly aware that their guards stopped following when they reached the entrance of the godswood. Prince Oberyn stopped walking, he unhooked his arm from Sansa’s and turned to face her.

“Lady Sansa, I know all too well the Lannisters have not treated you fairly here, though I do not know to what extent.” Sansa looked as if she was about to interject but Oberyn kept talking. “I do not expect you to tell me everything, at least not until you are ready, but know this lady Sansa, I will never hurt you”.

*I heard those same words from Joffrey once, Cersei too. Although, Oberyn seems to be better than them, I must still be cautious.* “I-Thank you Prince Oberyn, for being kind”. It was all she could manage. What else could she say to him without risking upsetting him?

“Should you ever want for company from others besides these Tyrells, seek out Ellaria Sand. She is kind and great company, she is eager to meet you as well”.

“I hope to meet her as well”.

Prince Oberyn motioned for Sansa to take his arm again but Sansa wanted to test him.

“I-I think while I am here I would wish to pray. If it please you”.

Prince Oberyn smirked at her as if she knew exactly what she was trying to figure out. He kissed her hand and told her that her guards would still be at the entrance, protecting her.

*As he walked away, Sansa stared at his back with thought. If I asked that of Joffrey, Ser Meryn’s hand would have already been at my face. Perhaps he is a bit different. It is apparent he hates the Lannisters, they did kill his sister and her children. I suppose only time will tell what type of man Oberyn Martell really is.*

Chapter End Notes

I know this chapter was a little dry and very short, sorry about that. I promise the upcoming chapters will be much better.
Sansa

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In truth Sansa did not know how she ended up rounding the corner to the Martell apartments. Perhaps it was out of loneliness, talking with the Tyrells was always amusing when Olena would voice her blunt opinions. After a time, even Sansa grew tired of the silent judgment of the other ladies there, besides Oberyn expressed his desire for them to meet each other.

Sansa held no illusions as to why Ellaria Sand was here. She heard that Ellaria was the mother of a good sum of his bastard children, that they truly loved each other. Sansa figured she could live out the rest of her days with bitterness towards this Dornish woman, much like Cersei, or she could try and make peace with Ellaria.

A guard at the door announced her presence and once inside the room Sansa was face to face with Ellaria Sand. She was beautiful, that much she could not deny. Ellaria held a smile to her face much like Cersei used to do before Sansa’s father was killed, but it also held a warmness much like her mother’s. Sansa had been ushered to the couch and Ellaria was pouring two cups of wine as she talked.

“It is good to meet you Lady Sansa, I was surprised when Oberyn told me of this marriage. He has never been the type to settle, but it appears you may be the one to change that”.

“I-it is very good to meet you as well Lady Ellaria. I do hope I am not interrupting your day, I found myself lacking anything to do and Prince Oberyn had mentioned you as well were looking for company”.

The woman’s smile never faded but her eyes started to cloud with suspicion, which confused Sansa. Why would she be suspicious of me. Yes, Cersei and Joffrey keep eyes on me to make sure I do not plot an escape but no one has ever truly looked at me with that kind of suspicion.

Ellaria gave a small chuckle before she spoke, “I am no lady, my name is Sand. I am a bastard of Dorne, not a hightborn girl; please, just call me Ellaria as I hope to call you Sansa. Let me make myself clear. I have been with Oberyn for a long while now, and I am the mother of several of his children. I do not intend to go away anytime soon. The way I see it, we can fight each other and hate each other for years to come or we can be friends. I do not want to fight you, or wish ill towards you but I fight for the things I love, and I do love Oberyn:”.

Sansa was struck with both nervousness and relief with her statement. Relief that Ellaria did not wish her dead, but anxiety towards the woman’s pointed words. Sansa conjured a smile to return to the woman and found it was not all that hard to produce one.
“I-I would like you to call me Sansa. I came into this room with the hopes that you may seek peace between us as well. I hold no intentions of trying to move you out of Oberyn’s’s life. I am glad that you and I can agree on this”.

The suspicion cleared from Ellaria’s eyes and the warmthness returned to her face. She raised her cup and gave a toast to friendship.

... Oberyn

Oberyn came to King's Landing to attend a wedding and to seek justice for his sister's death. He did not expect to be planning his own wedding, especially to such a young girl. He had sent merchants to take her measurements and give her new gowns, including one for the wedding.

The food was already selected, Dornish meals and Dornish wine. Of course, the cooks here in King’s Landing could not do Dornish delicacies any justice, they would have to suffice. Oberyn wished to give his new wife a gift, but he found himself lacking the knowledge of what Sansa Stark liked.

He sent merchants to get her measurements for new dresses and left Sansa to make decisions on the fabrics and such. He noticed she never wore Stark colors, but also never Lannister or Baratheon ones either. He would give her new dresses and new jewelry, both in Stark and Martell colors, but perhaps also in greens and blues.

Robb Stark’s death left her Queen in the North, and Oberyn Martell would have the West knowing it. It was decided that her wedding dress would be the colors of her house but the design and details he left to Sansa. He wanted the West to know she was a princess of both Dorne and of The North. Oberyn also hoped to achieve trust in Sansa though this, perhaps letting the girl choose her own clothing

Oberyn stopped his wedding planning once he was reminded he was scheduled to meet with Olenna Tyrell about some trading routes through Dorne.

Perhaps I can find a way to inquire about Lady Sansa’s treatment here. I have heard she has become friends with Margaery Tyrell, as much as one can make friends in this place. Mayhaps the Queen of Thorns can direct me towards a gift my future wife would appreciate.

Chapter End Notes

Not my best chapter, sorry guys. I also apologize for not getting this updated sooner, but real life stuff got in the way.
Ellaia and Oberyn talk about Sansa. Meanwhile, Sansa has a run-in with Joffrey in the gardens.

Oberyn

Ellaria and Oberyn had been in the bath together when the conversation shifted to Sansa. He knew that she and Ellaria had been spending quite a lot of time together. Ellaria had even grown to like the northern princess.

“She is shy, my love, and I suspect there is reason for it. But she is a very interesting girl. I have tried hard to avoid the topic of her experiences here with the Lannisters. It was a hard enough task to get her to speak freely”.

Oberyn moved his hand to snake around Ellaria’s waist, as she was sitting in his lap within the tub. “I have not spoken much to her, she seemed timid and meek, but I could sense some Northern steel in her while in the Godwood.” Oberyn chuckled before he continued speaking, “I hope to polish that steel so she can walk about comfortably. She will soon be a princess of Dorne. She carries the grace of a princess, I want to unleash the icy steel I once saw in Eddard Stark. I saw a glimmer of it, I know it is there”.

“I think once we get her out of this place she will shed her meek demeanor. But for now, lover, turn your attentions to the wedding which will happen in a matter of days. Do not take her to bed Oberyn, she is not ready”.

“I will not, I was not planning to. I know I have not spent much time with her but I would not do that to something that innocent. When the Imp approached me about this girl and I agreed to marry her I made a silent promise never to let anyone or anything harm this girl again. Seeing her and speaking with her has only strengthened my resolve of this promise. Come my love, it is time for us to dress”.

Ellaria grave a reluctant sigh but got out of the tub and Oberyn soon followed, chuckling. *I should get to know my future wife better. I will ask her dine with us tonight, Ellaria’s presence will hopefully ease the tension.*

Ellaria laid down on the bed and looked hopefully at Oberyn. He laughed again as it was his turn at a reluctant sigh, “As much as I would love to, I have to write to my brother and tell him he will soon have a Stark as a good-sister. I also have to finish paperwork regarding these damned Tyrell trading routes.”

And so while Ellaria fell asleep after a moment of play-pouting, Oberyn set to working on his small mountain of paperwork.
Sansa

Sansa had spent an hour or two in the Godswood, to be honest she did not know. Her new guards would not come bother her, telling her it was time to leave or that Joffrey had summoned her. *Now that I think of it, I believe this is the longest I have gone while avoiding him.*

Sansa brushed her skirts off and walked to the exit of the Godswood, where her two guards waited. They were nice enough, it was not hard to guess that they reported her comings and goings to Prince Oberyn but at least these two treated her with respect, at least to her face. They usually silently followed her around at a respectable distance. There was a smaller man, he couldn't have been much older than Sansa, who was standing a few feet off from Ser Mors.

The brothers seemed unfazed by this, comfortable with an unknown man in their lady’s presence. By the looks of him he was Dornish. Probably the squire or son of a knight in Oberyn’s party, perhaps both. The knights stayed at attention while the small man bowed. “My lady, Prince Oberyn wishes to know if you would like to sup with our prince and Ellaria Sand tonight?” Sansa swallowed hard, wondering if it was a test.

“Tell our prince that I would love to attend and give him my regards please.” The small man bowed once more before speaking for the last time “Of course, my lady. Have a lovely day”.

His closing sentence only added to Sansa’s confusion. No one had wished her a good day since her father day, not sincerely at least. The most confusing thing about it, was that this man did sound sincere. Sansa continued to walk through the gardens that lead to the Godswood, soon finding the rest of the crowd in the gardens.

She was headed for her rooms and the entrance to the keep was in sight when it was obscured the terrifying sight of Joffrey. He was headed towards her, with that same evil smirk he always had when she was being beaten.

She dipped into a curtsey and keep her head bowed. “Your Grace.”

“Lady Sansa, I have not seen you in a long while. You have not been attending court, I have heard you have been spending time with the whore of your future husband.”

“I find Lady Ellaria good company, she has many stories to tell and is very humorous, your Grace”.

Sansa remembered what Ellaria told her about calling her a lady Sansa felt it necessary to carry her point across to Joffrey, who snorted in response to her. “She is a bastard not a lady,” *Many say you too, are a bastard.* “I assume you were walking to your rooms? I will walk you there.”

He spoke with a smile on his face but with evil in his voice. But Sansa had no choice, she took the arm of her once-betrothed, an action she had performed many times before. Sansa knew all too well it was an action that usually ended in pain and humiliation.“So, Lady Sansa, you are to be engaged to Prince Oberyn. I am upset you are leaving me, I shall grow bored. Of course if Margery presented no tactical advantage in the war, it would have been you I should have liked to marry.”

“I-I thank you Your Grace. I believe I will be happy with Prince Oberyn, he is very attentive. But of course, Your Grace will always hold a special place in my heart.”Sansa forced herself to add the last part almost as an aftermath. If she learned anything from her time in King’s Landing it was that almost everything had a double meaning, so why should she not as well take advantage of this skill?

As they approached her rooms, Joffrey stopped them and looked at her with an evil intent. “After
you are married and Prince Oberyn has broken you in for me then I will visit you until you leave for Dorne. This way you can feel what it is like to have someone of true royal blood inside you.” With that closing statement Joffrey bid her a good day and left. Sansa went into her room and sank into her bed. She would have cried out of fear if she any more tears to cry. Instead she opted to her handmaiden to draw her a bath, that way she could relax before dinning her future husband and Ellaria.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys like this chapter. Please dont forget to give me some feedback!
Oberyn, Ellaria, and Sansa sit down for dinner.

Oberyn made certain that the servants were to bring Dornish dishes, but also a few Northern dishes. Oberyn's goal was less to enjoy this meal, but to let Sansa know she was safe in their presence.

Sansa's presence was announced and Ellaria quickly ushered her into the room. Oberyn observed that the girl's smile was tiny but seemingly genuine as she greeted Ellaria. Sansa's eyes soon flickered to Oberyn as she curtsied and greeted him. "Please, Sansa, do not curtsy to me. There is no need, just as you should call me Oberyn. We are to be wed, I hope to call you Sansa the same as I hope you call me Oberyn." Oberyn spoke with a smile and what he hoped was a lighthearted voice.

Sansa seemed uncertain of his statement and she spoke with false courage "Of course my P-Oberyn."

Ellaria put her arm on Sansa’s and led her towards the table. Oberyn pulled out chairs for both women and finally himself at the head of the table. Ellaria was seated to his right and Sansa to his left, so the two women were across from each other. As the servants poured the wine Ellaria broke the silence with a question. "Sansa, what is the North like? I have never seen snow and I am very curious."

"I-It is cold. Even in the summer the towers would be covered in snow. I suppose it is much less flamboyant than King’s Landing or Dorne. What is Dorne like, I have never seen a desert?"

"Dorne is a beautiful place. It is covered in sand, almost everywhere. The summers can be stifling but the winters are not to bad. Winter is when it rains a lot in Dorne, which can be a good thing, given the dry nature of everything."

Oberyn gave a small smile and put his hand on top of Ellaria’s. He supposed this was as good a time to start getting his message across, “Dorne is also much more open and accepting than up here. Bastards are not openly despised and women are provided with much more respect.” As he was talking Sansa’s focus was on her wine glass, A glass she has barely touched, but that last part made her look up.

Sansa

I had heard that about Dorne, that if the firstborn is a girl she still is the heir; that Dorne does not oppress women the way they do here.

For a moment Sansa’s heart fluttered with the same hope she was hit with in the Godsmwood, that Prince Oberyn would not be the same as Joffrey. It was Ellaria who answered Oberyn with a look of
understanding, what there was to understand between them, Sansa had yet to figure out. It was Ellaria who broke the gaze between the two and then spoke to Sansa, “He is correct Sansa. You will have freedoms once you are named a Martell. My love will not treat you the way the boy king or anyone else has.”

*It's a trap, it has to be a trap!* “I-I thank you, Prince Oberyn for your consideration, King Joffrey has been nothing but kind to me, however.”

Sansa watched as Oberyn’s smile faltered a bit and his eyes darkened. “Sansa, I am sure you are aware of the reasons Dorne and the Lannisters do not get along well. My sister was also murdered and mistreated by the Lannisters and their dogs. Please, all I ask, is that you not recite those lies here. I wish to make myself clear Sansa, I will not hurt you, nor will I let anyone else hurt you.”

Sansa had heard those same words from Joffrey and even the queen. But these words, these were true. Oberyn spoke so passionately of his hatred of the Lannisters. It suddenly dawned on her. His guards actually were there to guard her, not to spy. The messenger did not speak to her with the false courtesy of many others in King’s Landing because he respected her. Sansa took a deep breath hoping what she was about to say was not foolish, “Thank you, Oberyn, I believe you. It is true, the Lannisters have not been very kind towards me, but I believe you and Ellaria that you will not treat me as such.”

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Oberyn

His smile returned back to its fullest at her words. He knew it would take much more than that to alleviate the fear the Lannisters have bred inside her but it was a start. He also grinned because in a small way he just saw the ice inside of her. He knew it took a lot of courage for her to do that, he was almost proud in a way. The rest of dinner carried on without much more incident. Oberyn continued to note how she was not much of a wine drinker. He would have thought that years being subjected to this place and its people all alone would have made even Sansa Stark come to like the taste of wine; Oberyn was sure however, that Dorne would also change her mind in that too.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry this took so long to update! I know this isn't one of my better chapters, for some reason I was experience some tough writer's block for this dinner party.
The Wedding

Chapter Summary

Sansa and Oberyn get married. POVs from both characters.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Sansa

Her handmaidens had woken her up earlier than usual. As Sansa protested getting out of the warm bundle of her bed her handmaidens yanked back the covers. It was then that it dawned on her as to why she was being woken up so early. Today was her wedding day.

Sansa was ushered towards a bath and gladly sank into it. Soaking in a bath had always been a soothing time for her. Her handmaidens would leave her be and it was the one excuse she could give to Joffrey sometimes. When he had called upon her without warning her old handmaiden Shae would tell the guards that she was bathing and Joffrey would accept it, conceding that his lady should always be clean.

Today afforded Sansa no such luxury as one handmaiden was plucking hairs off of her legs and the other was scrubbing down Sansa’s skin so hard she could see it getting red. After her bath, Sansa was put into an ostentatious shift, though she supposed the purpose of it was to attract the attention of her future husband.

As Sansa turned towards her bed she saw her wedding gown for the first time. She was expecting Martell colors, anything but Stark colours. Oberyn had sent merchants for Sansa to order new fabrics and dresses from, but Sansa was informed Ellaria and Oberyn would take care of her wedding dress. By the looks of it, it was pure Ellaria. It was a grayish-white gown with silver hemings. It told the world she was a Stark and there was no mistaking that fact.

It complemented the maiden cloak she had been working on since she had been informed about her marriage. Sansa had dismissed her handmaidens so she could style her own hair. Her mother had loved brushing and combing her hair as a child, but her mother insisted that learning to style her own hair would build character. Since she had come to King’s Landing her fingers had fallen out of practice. It took a few tries until she was satisfied with the results.

She had braided her hair in a traditional northern style. She opened her door for her guards to escort her through the streets and into the Great Sept of Baelor. Going to the sept would be the first time she would step outside of the Red Keep in years. She tried to take in the sights and sounds of the city but the litter she was moving in had her guards surrounding her. Clearly Oberyn had heard about the Bread Riots and did not want history repeated. Sansa was all too accepting of that, as she remembered her experiences during them.

As she entered the sept Oberyn was waiting at the end of the aisle. She briefly scanned the crowds for somewhat friendly faces. She saw Petyr Baelish and Varys, who clearly talked their way into the
wedding. Ellaria was up front smiling at her. She would have continued to search but she sensed someone walking towards her.

She turned to her right only to see the evil smile of Joffrey. _Oh no, I knew he would have found some way to torment me._

“Lady Sansa, in the absence of your father, I will be the one to give you away.”

“Thank you, your grace, you honor me.”

Joffrey did not give her a response. All he did was offer his arm and begin walking once Sansa took it. He seemed to want to take as slow a time as possible walking towards Oberyn. Sansa felt Joffrey lean in closer to her as they walked and soon felt his hot breath on her ear.

“Dornishmen are famous for their wine drinking, perhaps after your husband passes out I will pay you a visit.”

It was all Sansa could do but to shudder at the combination of his breath and his words. She tried to keep a straight face and look forward but soon felt his hand digging into her arm

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**Oberyn**

He watched her enter the sept, she did look stunning. Ellaria did a good job picking out the dress. It was very...Stark. He wanted the whole of King’s Landing to know that Dorne will soon put the Queen in the North behind a wall of Dornish spears.

But he was getting ahead of himself, his focus needed to be on the present. In the plans, Joffrey was supposed to stand up front with the rest of the royal family, the little shit had found a way to meet Sansa by the entrance. He escorted her down the aisle and Oberyn could plainly see the girl’s fright. But it was the icy way she was clearly ignoring whatever he said that he found more than amusing. He watched the boy dig into her arm and the girl gave nothing but a slight flinch, she was clearly used to pain.

When Joffrey finally handed her off to Oberyn, he made sure to be gentle in his grip. Ellaria likes a tight grip, it is in her nature. He knew this girl would not find comfort from such a grip, so he offered a light but, what he hoped was, reassuring squeeze. Oberyn had been to many weddings through the course of his life, and he had never paid much attention to the vows. He usually just tuned out and daydreamed about whatever until it came time to clap.

This time, however, he spoke the vows clearly and paid attention to each one. Oberyn Martell was known for many things, but breaking a vow would never be one of them. She spoke her vows clearly and without an ounce of hesitation. Oberyn stole a glance into her eyes and he was surprised to see a lack of hesitation. An anxious and uncertain look, but no hesitation.

When it came time to trade cloaks, he removed her Stark cloak with little difficulty and replaced it with his own Martell cloak. The orange blended well with her dress and her hair. He turned to face her once more and they shared a chaste kiss. He knew once he heard applause that it was done, the ceremony was over. She took his arm and they walked out of the sept together.

He had arranged for them to ride horseback within a convoy. This way King’s Landing could see her, so that the people could see Sansa Martell; in her Stark and Martell colours. As they rode through the streets, Oberyn noted many pale faces, faces he would associate with The North.
He could see that the people gathered to see her even more than to see him, and he truly could not blame them.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed this chapter. Let me know what you think.
The Wedding Celebration

Chapter Summary

The celebration. Joffrey misbehaves and Sansa takes a chance.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Oberyn

Oberyn did not like the idea of having to sit down at a “celebration” after the wedding ceremony. Oberyn’s disdain for King’s Landing and its nobility was a barely concealed one. He would tolerate all of the mummer’s acts for the night. His priority needed to be on Sansa and making sure she felt comfortable, rather than on which knight he would rather kill first.

I suppose the bottomless amounts of wine is a thing to look forward to.

Sansa, was steady on his arm, she stared straight ahead as they moved towards their places on the high table. No one but Joffrey could have placed them where they were. Sansa was directly to his left and Oberyn was to Sansa’s left.

Ellaria and he were given last minute notice of the fact King Joffrey forbade Ellaria’s presence at the celebration. Oberyn hated the boy and needed very few reasons to start officially thinking of how to murder him.

Ellaria arranged the foods for the party. The cooks were taught Dornish meals and how to properly store and pour Dornish wines. To whet the appetite a small dish of onions, cheese, and chopped eggs were served. As Oberyn took a bite he realized that it was cooked with fiery peppers. He would have normally paid no mind to this, in fact Oberyn loved spices in nearly all his food and drink; however, as he looked to his right he watched Sansa take her first bite. Her face gave away how unused to fiery foods she was. A fiery haired woman, with no taste for fiery foods, how quaint.

She went to drink the water she had asked for but it helped only for a brief moment. He slid her his goblet of spiced wine. She gave him a confused look and he felt the need to clarify, “The spice in the wine will cancel out with the spice in the food.” He gave a small smirk before he continued “That is why we Dornish drink so much, our spices require other spices that only taste good inside wine. Well, perhaps just one of the reasons the Dornish are known for their drinking.”

Evidently his joke was worth a chuckle because that is what he got out of her, along with a tiny but genuine smile. She didn't seem to be enjoying the night but he didn't expect her to, so long as she wasn't overly uncomfortable. Oberyn realized then that laughter was the key to making this girl open up; at least, in the tiniest bit.

Sansa
The wedding went by quickly. Her mind was still trying to digest everything that happened. Her kiss with Obeyn confused her. From a man who is known for bedding half of Westeros he was not passionate in his kiss. Perhaps, I am not pleasing to him. Or perhaps he was just as uncomfortable as I.

She was nervous of riding through the city so exposed on horseback, images of the Bread Riots ran through her head and caused her hands to tighten around the reigns. She felt grateful for her guards and the multitude of other Martell knights surrounding them, then. The crowd seemed calm and even light-hearted. She saw the normal low-born who lived within the city but a crowd of men caught her eye. She noticed the tell-tale beards and pale faces she so clearly remembered seeing in Wintertown and Winterfell.

As she sat next to her husband at the high table she felt empowered that her father’s people-my people-came to see her. She knew the few groups and clusters of northmen she saw could hardly storm a castle and carry her home but the fact that those in the North came to see her wedding meant something to her.

The voice of Joffrey brought her back to the present. He asked Oberyn if he would allow Joffrey to a dance with Sansa. Oberyn flexed his jaw and stared at the boy for a moment, letting Joffrey know, in his own silent way, that he’d best behave. She could see how it vexed him knowing he cannot insult the boy in front of so many.

Joffrey extended his arm towards Sansa and she took it. He lead her, gracefully, towards the dancefloor. For one so ugly on the inside, he is very handsome on the outside. Her feet carried her through the movements expected of her. The rest of her remained wooden and stoic.

His fingers lifted her chin up so she was eye level with him. “You look bored. Do you not enjoy dancing with your king?” The hand on her back made itself even more present by the digging of Joffrey’s nails into her lower back.

Sansa conjured a smile that she knew did not reach her eyes, but it seemed to appease the king. Although, he did not cease his relentless grip on her back, even as his other hand moved from her chin. Her face kept her smile, her feet kept their pace, and her mind prayed for this song to be over.

Once again, Joffrey’s voice pulled her out of her thoughts, “I meant what I said, in the gardens. After the Dornishman has broken you, I will come for you.”

Sansa did not respond. Any other day, she would have replied dutifully with a submissive affirmative to his statement. She did not know if it was because she was now a Martell or because of the northmen in the streets but she was feeling brave.

Joffrey looked as if he was going to say something to make her respond but he was cut off by the abrupt ending of the song. Joffrey let go of her and walked back to his seat on the high table. She turned to do the same but saw Oberyn blocking her path.

He extended his arm and asked, “My lady, I feel it only proper to dance with my own wife at my own wedding.” He spoke with a bit of laughter in his voice but also a bit of sincerity. She found it not hard at all to produce a smile and accept the dance.

Prince Oberyn was quick on his feet and flowed with the music with even more grace than Joffrey. For a man twice her age, he acted as if he was born within the same year as her. As she kept pace with him, she began to understand why they called him The Red Viper.
As the song ended, Joffrey was heard calling for the bedding ceremony. Drunken men swooped down and started pawing at her clothing. She went wooden and let them do what they would. As she looked around, she saw Oberyn get surrounded by ladies who were just as into their cups as their lord husbands.

She felt one hand at her breast and then heard armour. Her heart raced even more than it was already, she looked for the kingsguard to torment her but only saw Martell men trying to keep control of the situation. As she was carried off, she knew that Oberyn’s bannermen would do their best to keep hands from wandering too much.

Before Sansa knew, she was thrown onto her marriage bed, naked as her name day. Oberyn came in, just as clothed as she and shut the door after him. She was terrified, she had no idea what to do.

Chapter End Notes

Im sorry this chapter took so long to get up but I got caught up in school and the holidays. I hope everyone had a good Christmas/Hanukah/Kwanza/whatever you celebrate. Let me know how I did and what you guys would like to see in the future. Thank you all for being so awesome.
Wedding Night

Chapter Summary

The wedding night of Sansa and Oberyn

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Oberyn

He looked around as drunken ladies pulled at his clothing. Someone had removed his doublet and and another unseen hand had started pulling at his tunic. He tried to look for Sansa but the crowd around him was too thick for him to see anything. Oberyn had asked his bannermen to keep control of the swarm around Sansa and he knew they were doing just that when he heard the sounds of armour amongst the shouting. He selected those men carefully; the ones he knew could control a drunken crowd relatively well without drawing swords.

When he finally reached his rooms he shut the door behind him and looked up to see Sansa standing in front of him. He looked at the girl before him. Her hands fidgeted nervously and her eyes were fixed to the floor like it had suddenly become the most interesting thing in the world. Otherwise she seemed calm, and it fascinated him.

He moved from the door and her head snapped up. He motioned towards the wine “I find that the wine eases tension in most situations. Would you like a cup?”

“If it please my lord”

He let out a chuckle as he handed her a goblet of wine “It would please your lord if you called me Oberyn.”

He handed a cup to Sansa and he only took a sip of his before putting it down on the table. He walked over to the chair where Ellaria was careful to place two robes, one for the both of them. He used the larger one to cover his own nakedness, and walked back to hand Sansa her robe. “I told you I would not harm you, and I stand to that promise. Nothing will happen tonight.” She looked relieved but still skeptical. Oberyn supposed it was only natural to be cynical after her time in King’s Landing.

She turned to face him and spoke, “I-Thank you, Oberyn.”

Sansa

The pounding in her chest was starting to dissipate, her instincts told her that he was telling the truth. He sat down at the small table where the wine was and motioned for her to do the same. Sansa had envisioned her wedding night many different times. When she was a girl, it was something of happiness. When she was betrothed to Joffrey, it was her worst nightmare. It remained a terrifying thought even before tonight with Oberyn. Nothing at all, in any of those thoughts included sitting across from her husband drinking wine.
She took small sips of the same spiced wine those still in the hall were drinking. Oberyn moved to pour himself another glass, and he seemed to notice that she was shaking ever so slightly. To be honest, Sansa barely noticed. She expected him to taunt her about it, or command her to stop, like all the others in King’s Landing would do; instead he asked her about Winterfell.

Sansa always felt sad when she thought of Winterfell, her beautiful and ancient home that was reduced to ruins by Theon Greyjoy, the man she grew up with as a brother. The more she described her home, the snow-covered towers, the Godswood, the steam heated halls, even the courtyards, the calmer she felt.

“What of Dorne, Prince Oberyn? I would imagine it to be very different from Winterfell.” Oberyn grew a bit of smile when he spoke of his homeland. “Where you have snow, we have sand. It is almost everywhere. The cities are large and colourful, the people are friendly, until you cross them of course. I have met Northern men in my time, not many, but some. They remind me of my people in some ways. The best of friends but the worst of enemies.”

They talked for about another hour until the small flagon they were drinking from had run dry. Sansa walked over to the bed and cautiously got in. She felt light headed from the liquor and wanted to lay down. Oberyn moved to the nightstand on his side of the bed and pulled out a small vile. It contained a red liquid that Sansa had grown accustomed to seeing, blood. She was confused and startled for a moment while Oberyn poured the liquid between them on the sheets.

“Yesterday, I made sure to feign an injury on the training grounds and went to see Pyccel. While his back was turned I procured one of the blood vials he keeps for his medical experiments. Tywin Lannister will send servants to check for maidens blood on the bed sheets, and they will find it.”

With that, Oberyn put out the lone candle at his bedside. Sansa heard his breathing even out after a short while, he had fallen asleep. As she lay awake thinking about the man she had just married and his actions for her, slowly she fell asleep.
The Morning After

Chapter Summary

Oberyn and Ellaria get into a little spat, while Sansa adapts to her new lifestyle.

Chapter Notes

This took wayyyy to long to get out. I am SO sorry. I have no other excuse besides school has been super busy, and I feel like that doesn't even come close to being acceptable.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sansa

When Sansa opened her eyes she was in a different room. She felt something move on the right side of her and saw Oberyn Martell sound asleep next to her. Slowly the events of last night crept back to her memory. Oberyn and her spoke all night and drank wine, too much wine by the pounding in her head. He poured a glass vial of blood, so it looked as if they consummated their marriage. After they both went to bed on their respective sides. This morning she awoke on his side of the bed. *I must have sought his warmth out during the night.*

She turned to Oberyn and looked at him. He looked peaceful when he was asleep, his chest rose and fell in a quiet rhythm. His black hair was a mess atop his head, it was clear he had rolled a few times in his sleep. The robe he went to bed in had come undone in his sleep; the sheets covered him from the waste down but Sansa could see Oberyn’s bare chest.

It felt wrong to look at him without clothing. *Well we are married now, I suppose it would not be too terrible.*

He was built well. The muscles on his arms and chest showeded that he was a warrior. She could see a scar right where his shoulder turns into his arm. It did not look recent but it did look as if it was serious at the time. *Perhaps he acquired it during battle.*

Just then, Oberyn’s eyes opened calmly and he drew in a large breath. Sansa lowered her eyes, ashamed of being caught ogling him in his sleep.

She was surprised to hear a chuckle followed by, “You need not cast down your eyes. We are married, and I am not ashamed of my body in any way. Look at me as you please, you are well within your rights to do so, but please do not be shy about it.”

With that, he got out of bed, making sure to face his back towards Sansa, he tied his robe again. Reluctantly, she rose out of bed as well and noticed an arrangement of fruits on the table where they shared their wine last night. Clearly the maids had come through.

Oberyn
He went straight to the chamber pot and to put on new clothing for the day. Oberyn watched her out of the corner of his eye, she walked to the breakfast on the table and nibbled on a strawberry. When she turned towards where her clothes were laid out, a ray of light from the windows hit her face and she winced.

“Oranges will help more than strawberries if you have a headache from the drink.” walking over to shut the blinds he continued, “ I also do not recommend much sunlight until after those oranges have done what they can.”

She looked at him and nodded her head, “I am not used to drinking. I never got the taste for it here and my father would only allow us one cup at feasts or special occasions.

“I always knew your father was a wise man. I do not like for my children to drink either. My eldest few, of course, can; the younger girls I do not feel are ready for the strong Dornish wine served there.”

Sansa nodded her head once again in agreement with him. Though he was not sure if that agreement was due to her own will or her fear of what would happen if she disagreed, or downright did not respond to him. He supposed it would take time for his young wife to lower the walls she has built up to protect herself. He only hoped Dorne would be the place for that.

Abruptly, two short knocks were heard on the servants door. Both Oberyn and Sansa turned to see a short little maid enter the room.

She was clearly shocked to see them both awake, and immediately dropped to a curtsey while spilling out a disheveled “Prince and Princess”, and continuing to her duties.

Sansa was watching her as she approached the bed. When the girl pulled back the comforters she stopped for a moment, then quickly gathered up the sheets and left.

Oberyn sat in the chair opposite Sansa and grabbed an orange slice for himself while sighing, “I imagine she is on her way to tell Cersei Lannister.”

Sansa shooked her head and said “Cersei would have hired her first but Tywin would have paid her more to tell him first and bring the sheets.”

Impressed, Oberyn smiled and nodded in agreement.

Ellaria

As she rounded the corner to Oberyn’s appartments, her pace only increased with her fury. As she came to the door the Martell guard at the door immediately moved aside for her, and she swung open the door.

Sansa and Oberyn were sitting at the table; he was fully dressed while she was only clad in the robe she had left inside the room the night before.

She walked quickly towards Oberyn and he stood up with a puzzled look on his face when he saw the look of anger upon hers.

She slapped him across the face and yelled, “I had thought you better than that! That..that bloody sheet! Oberyn, what have you done to this poor girl?! I had tried to assure her that you would not harm her, and here she stands only in a bedrobe, with bitten lips and circles under her eyes!”

He grabbed both of her hands gently so she would not hit him again. “My love” he began and Ellaria
tried to squirm out of his hands, “I have done nothing like which you think.”

He leaned past her and looked at the guards who were staring, shocked, through the open door and told them to close it. Once it was fully closed he began again, “I stole a vile of blood from Pycell. The old maester will never notice, I poured it on the sheets to make it look as if I had raped Sansa.”

Oh, thank the Gods It all made sense now. Sansa was now standing too, just looking on at the interaction between her and Oberyn. Sansa soon realized Ellaria was looking at her and affirmed what Oberyn had said, “Its true. We drank and talked, then before we went to bed he poured the vile of blood.”

Ellaria turned back to Oberyn and hit him once more on the chest, “Don’t you ever not tell me things like this again, Oberyn Martell.”

Chapter End Notes

Soooo what did you guys think? Doing Ellaria's POV will take some getting used to, but I figured if I don't start now then it will only be harder later in the story. As usual, comment and critique all you like.

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