**Here There Be Monsters**

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**Here There Be Monsters**

by Nanners (nanjcsy)

**Summary**

(FORMERLY TITLED RUN RABBITS RUN)

It is the honorable Stark thing to do, to accept such a civilized invitation. Better than freezing in the North for winter. Or spend winter hiding from the Lannisters. Screwing over the southern allies in the rather illegal circles they all run in, was bad. That stupid honor that allows them to fail had got them again. So why not take the trip to visit their best ally, the hand that does the dirty work. Roose Bolton has invited them to his recently purchased
private island. With their two fosters, one really a bodyguard, the other a message boy/driver/hostage really, they go to paradise. It is actually a living Hell. A human hunting grounds with a house full of traps. And each of the Boltons have decided on a pet to keep.

Notes

Formerly titled Run Rabbits Run
Ramsay allowed his toes to sink deep into the hot sand, the warm winds caressed his skin. As wonderful as it felt, he wished for a biting cold. He was big and active, the Northern climate suited him well. Even though the arrogant little brat won't appreciate it at first, Ramsay hopes Theon will understand. Understand how he should be grateful that Ramsay was considerate of Theon's thin skin. Greyjoy can scream it to the winds but Ramsay knows that Theon knows deep down who he belongs to. For so long, Ramsay has tried to get the boy and the others to understand. He could hardly stand knowing it was going to finally happen. The Lannisters could not have approached at a better time. Roose would never allow Ramsay to just take Theon by force from the Starks. Now that they have switched sides, are planning to slaughter the family, he can finally keep his pet. Once he has shattered the concept of Theon, he will be perfect. Theon will fight so hard at first, but the prey, that little pet within him will know and submit. He will remember and with each memory, Reek will appear again.

Watching his Boys in the distance, practicing different weapons, Ramsay reminisced. He remembered the first time he met Theon Greyjoy. It was a routine visit to Hawaii to visit a blowhard with amazing weapons at his disposal. Roose had been bringing Ramsay to meetings for a while now. However, it was the first time Ned had allowed Robb to go. The young cub looked so somber and eager that Ramsay wanted to puke. It just made Ramsay taunt the little shit more until Robb tried to punch him. Ned only saw his son attempt the punch, not Ramsay's bullying. So just before they entered Balon's territory, Ned strapped his son. Right in front of Roose and Ramsay. Both had to conceal their extreme enjoyment of it. Ramsay along with everyone else, despised the Greyjoys on sight. Loud brash and prideful assholes that lived like Vikings still. With one exception, the youngest, smallest son. Huge eyes, tiny compared to his siblings and he suffered for it. In spite of the kid only being nine he was expected to act nineteen. He was the verbal and physical punching bag of his family. It had turned him into a tough little scrap of a boy and Ramsay was intrigued. Because no matter how tough acting Theon was, it was never enough and Ramsay could see why. Ramsay was a true predator and could sense prey. No matter how this boy tried to hide it, bury it, he was prey deep down. Desperate to be cared for, loved and protected. Theon had no idea how vulnerable that emotional volcano made him, but Ramsay would make sure to show him. Ramsay enjoyed how Theon could not look him in the eye for very long, hunched slightly, his head an inch lower. It was subtle and no one else caught on to it. Robb of course was in the fucking way as always. Theon tried to stay far away from all of them, his own family included. That made it easier at first, but as Ramsay stalked, Robb bumbled his way in. Each time Ramsay would just about have his prey cornered, here came the idiot Stark. He wanted to make friends with this boy, not because he liked him. Because noble Ned ordered it. So Robb smiled, told bad jokes and asked really retarded questions. The prey would act like a little ass then would tell Robb to fuck off. That alone endeared him to Ramsay.

As the night wore on it became obvious that they were not all agreeing on something. The three men were in heated discussions now over prices of ammunition. Ramsay, Robb and Theon were the youngest therefore Ned ordered them outside. Rolling his eyes at his father, Ramsay smirked but grabbed each of the other boys and dragged them into the hot night air. Robb twisted away and cursed at him but Theon seemed frozen in Ramsay's clutches. That just made him more determined to get rid of the little Stark boy. He kept his arm around his prey tightly, offered insults continually to Robb and dragged them around. "Theon, do you know how to use these little boats? Why don't you take us all for a row?" Shaking his head nervously, Theon spoke. "I am not allowed to take the boats at night. My father would beat the hell out of me for it." Ramsay tried to coax him into it, but Robb intervened. "You heard him! Leave it alone, would you? Why are you such a jerk all the time?"
Robb growled. "And let go of him, would you? It's fucking creepy, Theon tell him to let you go."

Ramsay shoved Theon hard into the sand and jumped onto Robb. Grinning fiercely, he held the wolf cub down after two hard hits into his solar plexus. "Now, why don't you go fuck off somewhere else till Daddy Dearest says it's time to go? We have to pretend nice in front of the adults, but you and I hate each other. You make me sick and I piss you off, so let's just be polite about it. Unless we need to work together there is no need to be around you, so fuck off. Or I will mess you up badly, blame it on you and get away with it. Maybe this time your daddy will spank you in front of the Greyjoys too." Sputtering curses, Robb stormed off as soon as Ramsay stood up. It was too late though, Theon was gone. It took Ramsay thirty minutes of tracking before he caught his prey again. There was no time left, so Ramsay knew he would just have to settle for fast and hard work on Theon. The boy had just come from the ocean, wet and out of breath. He whipped his head around, like a startled deer but Ramsay was already in his path. "What the fuck do you want now?" He muttered at Ramsay, but the fear scent was upon him and the predator grinned.

Holding up a knife so the moonlight glinted off it was the only answer. It was enough. Theon gasped then took off running. Ramsay was not used to shifting sands so Theon had the advantage there. His mistake was veering into the trees and harder packed ground. Weaving in and out of trees, leaping bushes, Theon was lovely to watch. Growling, loving the hunt, Ramsay followed, pacing himself. As he knew would happen, the panicked boy began to make mistakes, finally tripping himself on a root. Theon had barely hit the ground when Ramsay was on top of him. Slamming a foot down hard onto the boy's heaving chest, Ramsay loomed over him. "I win. Don't worry, you'll get used to that and this too." With those ominous words, Ramsay stepped back and twirled his blade. "I wish I had more time with you, but for now we just have to establish something. You are going to be my favorite little pet. Every time we meet, you will remember that and be a good little boy for me. You'll call me Master and live under my boot someday. Isn't that wonderful news, you will get to leave this shitty family of yours, that would be nice, right?" Theon stared up at Ramsay as if he was insane and then spoke past the fear. "You are nuts. I will never call you that, I am not a pet."

Ramsay smiled charmingly and said in a singsong voice. "Silly boy, that is no way to speak to your Master. It will get you in trouble, you'll get hurt for it. I won't stay patient with you if you are a bad puppy." Theon tried to scramble to his feet and Ramsay kicked him hard until the boy curled in a ball. "I don't have time for running and hunting games right now, we will have lots of those later. When we have you at my home, then there will be tons of games to play. For now, you just need to stay still. Learn that you are my pet and pets belong at their Master's feet. Don't they?" Muttering from under his shielding arms, Theon muttered, "Not a pet. Ramsay, please just stop this, okay?"

Ramsay gave a long suffering sigh, then leaped onto the boy. Suddenly, Theon's legs were pinned by Ramsay's bulk and the glittering blade was at his throat. "Hush now, no more words from you. Not until I want to hear them or I am going to cut you up." Theon stared up at Ramsay with such pleading in his eyes, it made Ramsay hard. Sadly, that is when he heard Roose calling his name from a distance. "Shit." Yet Ramsay simply dug the knife a tiny bit more into the delicate skin. "You will never speak of this, will you? Just remember the next time I see you, what I expect. My little pet will be a good submissive boy for his Master. You never know, it might be the one thing to save your life."

The sound of a small explosion brought Ramsay harshly back to reality. Damon and Skinner were cheering at the success of their little trap. Squinting into the sun, he stretched and was impatient for the games to begin. For their guests to show and for his pet to stay Ramsay's forever.
Skimming The Surface

Chapter Summary

It was nice of Roose Bolton to send a yacht for the Stark family. Such a noble, humble family...if you don't look too close.

"Everything Is Awesome" blared across the air again, causing everyone to groan. This would be Rickon's fourth time playing the Lego movie. Cat lightly reminded everyone that it could be worse, it could be Frozen again. That made Arya shudder and Brienne say a prayer to the sea gods. Bran piped up with his defense of enjoying a traditional girl Disney movie and was instantly hushed by his father. "Enough, all of you! This is meant to be a peaceful, reflective time for us all, remember?"
From the force and amount of rolling eyeballs, the yacht should have tilted. Ned Stark had his meditative, if-I-was-not-what-I-am, then-I-would-be-a-reverand-voice going. Jon muttered, "I had a dream" but said nothing when his father glared at him. The step-monster actually had grinned at Jon that time. Wow, she must be drunk, he thought. Cat sat up and was a tad unsteady, but raising these kids day in, day out? Working for every stinking charity in town, organizing school performances, PTA work and entertaining folks for her husband, she needs a drink. In fact, she needs this vacation!

Sansa emerged from the cabin below and her mother instantly snapped, "That isn't a bathing suit, that is floss for your teeth, go change!" Uncle Benjie whistled, the kids all catcalled and Ned dropped his voice. "Theon, get me a scotch, please. Fast." The rugged looking boy with the arrogant smile obeyed. He was amused by them all in a dark bitter way, as always. It was half admiration and half jealousy, mixed with fear. A fear that remained buried, but it kept Theon doing what he was told, for the most part. He was still a Greyjoy and hell-raising was deep in his blood. So was blustering, whoring and a bad temper. Luckily, Ned was able to mostly train him into a young man instead of a savage. That was a statement the man made in front of the whole family. To this day, they have all in some way or another, used it against him. It was no secret that Theon was a hostage to keep his hotheaded father in line. Brienne was there in a similar position. Her family knew a little too much about the Starks and Lannisters. The difference was, not only was the girl built like a professional body builder, she was quiet.

No one really knew anything about how Bri felt. She was studious, courteous and obedient from the moment she came. It was two years after Theon had started to live with the Starks and he was desperate for a friend. An ally. He had nothing in common with the family and longed for a connection. To Theon's disappointment, Bri was nothing like him either. Yet their circumstances did force them to be together a fair amount of time. Theon began to enjoy the silent comfort of another struggling to survive this Northern family. Bri loved having someone to challenge and beat. The two learned archery, wrestling, shooting and hunting solely to beat each other. Weight lifting, track, even volleyball became a heated battle. Jon and Robb learned these things too, but not as fiercely or well. None of the Stark kids were ever allowed to be alone, but they balked at adult body guards. So wherever they went, Bri or Theon went. They were babysitters, bodyguards and drivers. And hostages that fetch drinks, thought Theon bitterly, handing Ned his scotch.

Arya wrinkled her nose, adjusted her fishing pole and hollered. "The fishing sucks here. Will the island be haunted do you think? After all, what other kind of place would the creepy Boltons get? Maybe there is a failed experimental lab there and strange animals will try to eat us." She said the last part staring at Rickon and Bran. Ned's voice instantly boomed out again, fortified by the scotch. "It is
very nice of the Boltons to invite us at all! You should be grateful that friends have offered you such an exotic new experience.” “Not my friends.” Grumbled Robb as he typed away on his laptop. Theon grabbed a soda for himself and Brienne, leaving the family to argue. "I love this weather, love the ocean." he commented to her and she nodded. Speaking as if each word was something she wanted to keep, Brienne replied. "I like a dry heat, too salty and humid here." Theon leaned over the railing breathed deeply. This was the first time he has felt at home somewhere.
The Boltons and Theon Greyjoy reminisce.

Roose and Ramsay had lunch together but were each far away, really. To finally recieve his just due, never again will he have to scrap to Rev. Fucking Stark. Even though his face was a stoic mask, Roose, was reeling in near gibbering joy. The Starks had only ever thought of them as their dogs. Called only to do the dirtiest work, the wet jobs and the clean ups so that Ned never has to really dirty himself. Well, now the man will really have no option but to observe it up close. All the slights, the insults through the years has built to this. Roose has hunted whores, but he has never hunted a friend. That alone was just intoxicating and Roose inwardly praised the Lannisters. He intended to make sure that Ned Stark and every other Stark knew what he will do to Robb. Roose wanted them to die with that in their minds, how he will turn the favorite, the firstborn into a pet. A broken down little slave to do his bidding. Or to be tormented because Roose felt bored. This is truly the worst thing that can happen to his parents. Ned and Cat would die for any of their children, but Robb was special to them. It would nearly kill them just to hear it.

He knew Locke and his son's boys will have a good amount of fun themselves. Traps everywhere, so they can take their time with the kids. Roose really couldn't begrudge them their moments, after all, hunting Starks shouldn't take long. Of course, Ramsay had urged his father to be a little more sporting. "Make the game a little fair, Father. Leave one boat intact on the other side of the island. Or give a time limit, if they make the time limit, you will set them free." Roose had glared at his annoying son. "And what if they do get free then? Do we just let them go to tell the tale?" Ramsay grinned and said, "My boys will not fail me, Locke will not fail you. And if for some reason we see that it is taking a little too long, we can do it ourselves." Snorting Roose nodded and replied, "Just remember you said that. If it goes wrong, I will take it out on your Theon." Ramsay bared his teeth, growling, "Reek! I told you that is his real name! Don't you touch my pet, the Starks will never manage to survive!" It made him angry that his father had forgotten Reek's name. Because it reminded him of how stubborn Theon was about it. Ramsay knew that Theon probably remembered it deep down. Yet he also knew that Theon hated it, that he would have to break him back into it.

One year after he had met the Greyjoys, Ramsay went to destroy them. Turns out the man was unreasonable in every way and pissed off the Starks. Somberly, as if it pained him to do so, Ned gave Roose the orders to kidnap the youngest son and kill any armed men. Then Ned whispered, "And kill his older sons. Balon must be broken." Ramsay had begged his father to go, he was so desperate he even got on his knees. Roose was amused and gave Ramsay's mouth something to do while he was down there. After he nearly ripped the hair from his son's head, while coming down Ramsay's throat he agreed. "You may go with us, if you tell me the truth. Why are you so wanting this hunt?" Ramsay told his father about Theon, how once they have him, he can be a pet. Roose raised an eyebrow and said mildly, "If the Starks allow it you can keep him, but if they want him, you must hand him over." Even with the humiliation of come dripping down his chin, Ramsay was still grinning. "He will be my pet, no matter where he is." Ramsay did not taste any of his lunch, recalling that raid. How he had named his lovely little boy. The huge eyes and how Theon became little Reek. Oh, Ramsay cannot wait to get that back again.

It was in view at last, the island and Theon felt the tiniest shiver. Usually, he can swallow this buried
panic down when he thought of the Boltons. Now he would be surrounded by them on a small island for days. As the time had grown closer, Theon had begun to have nightmares again. His memories grew sharper and things he only told to a bottle became sharp as blades. With only Benjie and Sansa near him, it was safe to switch from soda to beer. He sensed he would need it, but the alcohol was not washing anything away. Theon tried to even concentrate on the sight of Benjie getting some secret feels out of Sansa. Yet, the past overcame the present and he washed away into the waves. That night Theon turned ten years old was the worst birthday ever. It was also his very last that Theon celebrated. His father got drunk and started several fights. When Theon's mom tried to intervene he punched her. It was such a hard hit, that she fell over into the birthday cake. When he burst into tears over it all, Balon turned on his son. He ripped Theon's pants down and beat his ass with a strap. One that Balon keeps on his belt for such occasions.

Theon was awake because his ass burned and he was scared for his mother. When he was banished to his room, he could hear his mother screaming. Balon roared and thuds came next, then silence. He tried to build hate so he would feel less sad and that is when things went to hell. Guns boomed and men roared, Theon only could see gun smoke out his window. Balon screamed, "Oh you cocksuckers, you killed my boys!" The worst was hearing his mother begging for mercy and then scream so loudly. Theon armed himself with his knife and base ball bat, each an earlier birthday present. The door burst open and there was a gun pointed at his head. "Drop the weapons and speak to me. Is your name Theon Greyjoy?" asked a dispassionate thin man. "Did you find him Locke?" Another voice yelled and Theon forced himself to speak with pride. "I am." "Found him." The man hollered back and went closer to the frightened boy. "The Starks have decided it's best for you to leave here. Roose Bolton has come all this way to get you. So put on some clothing and let's go. Don't make me have to put a bullet in your leg." Theon numbly dressed himself, wiping away tears. They left the room, Locke's gun firmly pressed into the boy's back. Another gunshot came from down the hall and Theon dodged away. "You little shit!" Locke yelled and did try to shoot the boy's leg but missed. The little punk was fast and gone in a heartbeat. He flew past two men before he ran straight into what felt like a brick wall. Laying on the floor, looking up at Ramsay who slowly placed a large boot on his chest. "Hello again pet. Do you remember who I am?" Theon had squirmed under the boot and gasped out, "Ramsay Bolton." Giving a gentle smile, Ramsay moved his boot to the boy's throat and pressed down. "Yes, that is my name. You will call me Master though, go on and say it for me." Theon looked up and even though his fear shined off him, he sneered. "Fuck you." Ramsay kicked Theon in the chin so hard, he saw stars, mouth filling with blood. Reaching down, Ramsay grabbed Theon by his hair and dragged him like a caveman. After a minute, the boy began to screech and kick, scrubbling at his wrist. "Please, I can walk! Stop it!" Ramsay turned and shoved Theon hard into a wall. A blade nicked the boy's skin, right next to his right eye. "My pet doesn't really need two eyes, Theon." Ramsay whispered against the frozen captive's ear. "Don't please. I won't fight you or run, okay? Please don't take out my eye." Theon said in a desperate ragged voice.

Ruthless, Ramsay moved the blade slightly deeper and Theon whimpered. "Now, tell me you are my pet." Theon barely dared to move his lips and moaned. "I am your pet." Ramsay smirked and started to glide the knife across Theon's face. "And who am I again? What does my pet call me?" With a shudder, Theon choked out, "Master." Roose appeared then and snapped at his son. "Save it for later, we need to leave, keep that boy under control. Hear me, Ramsay?" Nodding respectfully, Ramsay said, "Yes father. Theon won't cause any more trouble, will he?" Glaring at Theon, the blade digging into his cheek till the boy blurted out, "I won't try anything!" Ramsay spun Theon around and tied his wrists tight with zip ties. "Now be a good puppy for me and walk." With one firm hand around the pet's neck and the other holding tightly to Theon's arm, he was taken away. When Ramsay tossed Theon into the back of a van, there was darkness. He could not see a thing, but Theon heard Ramsay climb into the back with him. Trying to hide panic, Theon squirmed into a
corner, huddled against the monster he couldn't see. Rich laughter followed and surrounded him. "Do you really think you will get away from me? No matter where you are, I can find you. I am the predator, the hunter, you are just my pretty little prey." Theon hated, seethed, couldn't stand hearing Ramsay talk like that. He snarled every curse he could think of into the blackness.

Before Theon could recall the next horror that had happened, the Starks became loud. The kids were all yelling about trying to carry everything. The father was hailing Roose as they docked and Cat was yelling at Jon to hurry his ass up. Brienne and Theon helped the family get off the yacht. Theon tried to keep his eyes averted, to pay no notice to Ramsay Bolton, who stared at his prey. Bury the fear, hide the panic and do as you are told by the Starks. They may keep me hostage, but they will protect me from him this time. They just have to, Theon thought as he carried Rickon onto the dock.
Ramsay watched Theon help all the Stark kids off the yacht as if he were their butler. He supposed that Theon was that too. Idly, Ramsay wondered if all those lovely cuts were scars now, some he knew scarred. Each time Ramsay had a chance, he would add more or check to see which ones healed. If they had healed too much, he would cut it deeper while Reek would beg so sweetly. Trying to catch the pet's eye, but this was Theon not Reek and he was so stubborn. Theon rudely ignored his Master, pretending for this false family. Roose gave his son a hard pinch to pay attention to the Starks. Putting on a charming smile, Ramsay greeted the enemy. He shook hands with Robb and Jon, then complimented each of the girls. Sansa blushed a little bit but Arya simply screwed up her face at him. The youngest boys asked him if he had seen The Lego movie and Frozen. He promised to watch both with them even as he thought of their deaths. Ramsay hoped to the gods that it happened before he had to watch these movies. However, Roose heard them and gave a sadistic smirk to his son. "Right before dinner tonight you can view those with Rickon and Bran."

When it finally came time to be able to greet Brienne and Theon, Ramsay nearly burst. First, he shook Brienne's hand, he knew better than to compliment her. Then Ramsay pierced through his pet's huge eyes and gave a malicious grin. With a glare back, Theon said hard as nails, "It's nice to see you again, Ramsay." Only his Master could see that little shine of fear, how that delicate face lowered a little. The stillness of all prey, the faster panting of his breath and Ramsay was warmed by it. "I am really glad that you are here, Theon. You must love being on an island again." he spoke casually for the Starks, but Theon heard the veiled threats. For the next hour, Theon and Brienne helped the kids unpack and settle in. The parents were roomed near Roose's own quarters in the near mansion. The kids were in their own wing and when Ned heard where his hostage-servants were to sleep he objected. "Ned, servants should really sleep in servant quarters. My own maids use those rooms, I assure you they are quite nice. I can even show you the rooms, if you'd like?" Roose had said, with a tinge of humor. Ned spoke quite firmly. "No, Brienne and Theon are not servants. They will stay with our children as they always do." Shrugging, Ramsay said, "The only rooms left then are on my wing. I suppose I can have the maid set up two more rooms." Ned shook his head and said, "They can sleep on extra blankets right in Robb and Sansa's rooms."

Roose invited them all to relax or explore as they will. With a smile directed at Ramsay, he announced, "Ramsay has invited some of his college friends to visit. They are staying down in a small cottage, nearer to the waterfall. Son, take the children around and introduce your pals if they wander by. Ned, I will give you and your lovely wife a tour of our gardens, but first let us tour my little bar." This made Ned chuckle and Cat suddenly pay attention. "Lead the way, Roose, please." she said already forgetting to helicopter about the children. Brienne and Theon made sure the younger ones did not wander off, which of course they did. Theon collared the two boys, while the larger girl went after the smaller quicker one. By the time they managed to convince the younger ones back on the path, it was empty. "Well, should we try and chase after them to meet frat boys, or let them get this energy out?" Muttered Theon, not wanting to go anywhere near Ramsay. He saw
the looks that sociopath gave him and Theon knew. Ramsay was still going to try that Reek/Master shit again. Even in his head he had to bluster, since the fear of Ramsay would drown him.

Brienne shrugged then said, "Let's let them burn some energy, who knows, maybe they will drown?" "Hey!" Arya yelled indignantly and tried to give Brienne a kick. Easily, Brienne dodged the foot, then threatened the little brat. "I am giving you ten seconds to run, then I am going to make you eat some sand." By the time she counted to three the girl was tearing through the jungle trees. The boys ran after her giggling, "Chase us, Theon! Bri! Come get us all!" Both lunged as if to pounce and the boys were gone, screeching giddily. Smiling, the two then slowly followed the sounds of charging, yelling kids. The further from Ramsay they went, the better Theon felt. Arya scrambled over rocks, Bran climbed trees and Rickon kept trying to drown himself in the waves. Theon reveled in the spray of seawater, he tossed the little boy into the waves and laughed. He felt so much more alive in the heat and water. The winter always was so dark and it weighed him down, the cold bit deeply. Even their summers made him shiver. He coaxed the others into the water and managed to give Brienne a new challenge. She could not swim faster or more gracefully than Theon.

Oh, what a bad pet, a clever and disobedient puppy! Ramsay had to smile at the audacity of his little pet. His prey had managed to bolt away again, to sneak off. Reminding himself that he has forever to catch Theon now, Ramsay introduced his friends to the Starks. "Robb, Sansa and Jon, meet Damon, Skinner, Alyn, Ben, Grunt and Dick." Robb did not like how they seemed to leer at his sister and Jon felt nervous. These were not college boys, at least not at any college his family attended. Damon and Skinner seemed kind of cute in a dangerous way, so Sansa preened a little. Not much though, she was into much older men but she adored attention. Giving a coy smile, she said it was very nice to meet them all. The boys all followed as Ramsay showed the Starks their waterfall. As inane conversation happened around him, Ramsay thought of his pet. He remembered the first cuts he ever gave Theon. And the naming of his pet and hoped Theon was recalling it too.

He thought of how Theon cowered in the dark, so vulnerable. With his hands tied behind his back, the boy had no defense. Ramsay had silently crawled closer and he began to softly speak. "You act so tough, but I can tell the truth, pet. So terrified and so helpless, are you crying yet? You will soon enough, beg too. It is useless to keep trying to get away from me, you know." The van took a sharp turn and it knocked Theon down. Ramsay swiped with the blade in that moment and made a cut through his pet's shirt. A cry and then scrambling as a panicked little puppy tried to run again. "You didn't need to cut me!" Theon snarled, as Ramsay grabbed his foot, pulling him back. Another flick and this time the shirt came off completely, so did another bit of skin. This game lasted for awhile, Theon kept trying to dodge the blade and Ramsay kept creating bloody lines in his skin. He allowed Theon to have his panic attack, driving him further into it. Until Theon burst into braying sobs and began to beg. "Please stop! Please, mercy, okay? Don't cut me anymore, please! I..I will do whatever you want, just please!"

Ramsay pulled Theon close again but when the boy whined in terror, he soothed him. "Hush now, no cutting this time, see? Just listen to me and stay very still if you want me to stop cutting you. Can you do that for me, pet?" Theon panted and tried to stay still. "Good boy, much better. You need to understand that you will never be free of your Master. I will always hunt you down, flush you out. I can smell you, little prey. You stink of fear to me, you reek with it. I can always catch your scent and then I will have you. Running from me only gets you hurt, unless that is a game I feel like playing. In fact, to give you a nice reminder of what you are...we shall rename you! I will give you a nice pet name, so you won't keep forgetting what you are. Isn't that nice of me, pet?" The blade pressed warningly against Theon's throat, so the boy said, "Yes, M..Master, thank you." The words were forced out past gritted teeth, but they were said. Ramsay felt he was being fair by accepting the unwilling response. "Your new name is Reek. So you remember that I can always sniff out my pretty little pet. Tell me your name, puppy."
He wouldn't, he couldn't and Theon refused to say it. Such a stubborn pet and it took Ramsay flaying just a tiny bit of Theon's pinkie. That made the pet scream and gibber, causing Locke to yell back for Ramsay to knock it off. "I'll say it! Please, stop, I am Reek! Reek! No more, please!" The words were music to Ramsay's ears and he lay on top of the writhing pet, praising him. "Very good boy. Who am I again?" Cradling his pet, Ramsay grinned when Reek said in a tiny voice, "Master." "You won't forget again who you are will you?? Or who I am?" Reek shook his head and surrendered into Ramsay's arms. The pain and fear made him shudder over and over. Ramsay thrilled to the feel of it and wished he could get away with even more. However, there would be plenty of time. Even if the Starks did not let Ramsay keep Theon right away, at least he had the return trip to the North to enjoy. Robb's Uncle Benjie found them and began to wander away with Sansa. Ramsay laughed at his friends, they looked snubbed. It was nice to know that Ramsay was not the only one striking out. Soon, he reminded himself and his boys, soon.
Any Heroes To Fight The Monsters?

Chapter Summary

A lazy afternoon and evening that brought some horror or suspicion, others found magic. Dinner brought stories, it was what came after that brought the bad endings. Or at least the beginning of them.

Ramsay was in hell, this had to be a living fucking hell. He leaned over to Theon, who flinched slightly, "Please, do me a favor and rip my eyeballs out? No, pierce a needle through my ears, both, do both." The whisper was so close to Theon's neck and he shivered. "What, and leave me to suffer this shit alone?" How he managed to joke back so gruffly was something Ramsay admired. So fun to break that arrogance down, it was like a silly rebel puppy. Bran glared at them then at Rickon who was in a drool coma from Let It Go. "Apparently, watching this too many times can help you Let Go Of Your Brains." Ramsay laughed in spite of himself and relaxed. He wanted to make sure to be careful when stripping him to Reek again. This time there are parts to Theon he will keep. The joking and bantering was fine as long as it was respectful. Grinning fondly at his pet, Ramsay tried to ignore the horror of a singing snowman.

Roose was so smooth as always, yet so matter how hard he tries, he gives them chills. From the first day they had met, Ned knew he hated and needed this man. There was never a mistake, never a problem, not a question ever of loyalty and yet...something. So why did his wife slap him that very first night after Roose had met her? "Don't ever, ever bring that man into our home! Ever, not around our children. I have never asked, never involved myself in your work, I respected your privacy! This, this is crossing that line, Ned. He is dangerous and I won't have it." In spite of her stance, which Ned actually enjoyed the hell out of, he stood firm. The Boltons were always welcome, but luckily rarely showed. They went through a similar scene when Cat met Ramsay, which Robb got involved in. He told tales of things he could never mention to Roose. Ned tried reason and finally did have to use a heavy noble hand on both of them. It was not something he was proud of and he said that to the shocked family. He does not like to resort to violence ever. Yet it was not their place to question, to deny but to obey. Ned even shed tears which made everyone shed tears. But the Boltons were important to the Starks and this was just another distasteful event to get through.

So Cat and Ned drank expensive wine, made small talk with Roose. Mercifully, the man said he must attend something, he will see them at dinner. He told them to feel free to explore everywhere and left the room. Heaving a dramatic sigh, Cat staggered into Ned. "Is he really gone? Is it really over?" she stage-whispered and Ned smothered laughter. "Yes, it's over for now, minx. Do you want to go outside for a bit? Get some air maybe?" "Yes, get me the hell out of here, please. Your as bad as the damned kids." Groaning, leading his drunk wife out a door, he groaned, "Oh, don't even say it, please. Your as bad as the damned kids." Cat kicked the sand and sang off key, "Let It Go, Ned" Chuckling, he stuck a large hand over her mouth and kissed her neck. "I love you so much. You are strong and beautiful. But you sing like a dying raven." They found themselves in a secluded garden. Maybe for a second, for once ever in their marriage, they had magic. Because here they were, necking like a couple of drunk teens. It had been so long since they were relaxed together anymore. Too many things have happened that they each had to overlook. Yet here, in the home of someone they both despised, they have found love again.

Benjie loved his niece. He really, really loved her and whispered it all the time. Sansa melted at the
magic of his tongue and fingers. Of course she melted most when he gave her presents and money. Oh, she used to be naive about men sure, then Daddy let her go to work. He decided she wasted too much money and need to earn some herself. An upstanding Mr. Petry Baelish of the charities father runs needed help. Sixteen years old and pissed off, she showed to do clerical work. It was not long before he taught her so much more. Once he had convinced her of how gullible men could be, Sansa was hooked. It was Petry who chose Benjie as her first real challenge. Sansa had always known her uncle tried to sneak peeks at her, brushes against her. It was so easy to take him down, even better that he was a great lover. So far Sansa has gotten a car as her biggest gift from him. Petry wants her to do little spy work now too, adding to the spice. She was about to work on that when they were pulled to this island. Sansa gasped and squeezed her uncle tighter, today her uncle, tomorrow someone bigger.

Robb and Jon wandered the island with Brienne. All three were suspicious and knew no one else would believe them. Their parents were too drunk and even if they weren't. They would mutter something about proper manners and respect then wander off. Jon argued that if the other kids would stop thinking of themselves for two seconds. But it was an old argument and no one really was in the mood. Brienne suddenly had something to say. "Where the fuck are the boats? Where is the yacht we came here on?" Startled the boys looked around. Tentatively, Robb suggested, "Maybe they dock them somewhere on the other side?" "It sounds stupid but it's really all we have. Let's go look." Jon said and they began to wander, looking for boats. They circled the island and were back by dinnertime. Dirty, sweaty and really worried now. No boats, except for one rowboat with holes and a raft. "We have to say something now. At least I do, I am supposed to protect you." Said Brienne who has spoken more on this island than she has in six years. If they weren't so nervous, the brothers would be fascinated.

Dinner was an elaborate affair and there was no time to speak privately. The Stark kids were watching in shock as their parents acted crazy. Laughing and making goofy eyes at each other, it was embarrassing. Brienne and Theon watched with a sort of sadistic glee. Not at the parents, at the siblings looking so discomforted. It might be wrong, but it helps to see that they can have misery too. The Boltons made no comment nor strange looks at all. They were charming and full of entertaining if not a bit chilling stories. They told the little boys of buried treasure and curses all over this island. Uncle Benjie kept trying to distract them but it was no use. Eyes wide, they listened carefully to everything he said. Finally, Cat started to hear words of skeletons ripping pirates to death. Politely, she asked if the boys could be excused to bed early. They still are under the weather from a flu last week. Amused, Roose had a servant usher Rickon and Bran to their rooms. Arya had already crawled under the table and out through the pantry.

The stories were exciting and the boys couldn't let it go. They silently left the room and went to the massive haunted library they saw earlier. Bran was the smart boy in the family, according to his dad. He loved to read, to study and was passing this onto Rickon. "There are or were real pirates and real treasures before, Rickon. It's not like ghosts and monsters which are made up. We can find books on it, maybe a map." Rickon followed but chewed his fingernails. He and Bran fight about monsters all the time. Rickon believed in them and Bran did not. If there was anyplace full of monsters, this was it, this island. He saw it in a dream but Bran did not believe in those either. A secret night treasure hunt was just what he needed to get his mind off monsters. Roose had not lied completely, there was a map in his bookshelf, with a marked treasure. No one saw or heard the boys slip out. After all, they have been doing it at their own house for years. Watching Arya and Sansa gave them lots of sneaky tricks. One was a Master Liar and the other a Master Ninja. They tried to combine both and now they are adventurers in search of pirate treasure.

All the boys and Locke were in place, all others were instructed to leave during the dinner. So it was easy for no one to see two children that had no wish to be seen. Arya was not caring if anyone saw her, but instinct kept her hidden as always. Dinner was boring and humiliating, so she had left. Also
because she was very interested in all these cameras. Earlier that day, Bran was climbing trees and mentioned to Arya about cameras. They had been everywhere, hidden all around the island that she could see. During dinner she started scouting and saw more. Now she was searching the house and finding them everywhere. Roose invited the remaining group into the living room to chat. Skirting past them all, Arya goes towards the basement door. It was locked but she knew how to pick a lock. Before she could find anything to use in the kitchen she heard hushed voices coming. Darting into a shallow space in a breakfast nook, Arya held her breath. "Okay, now, let's go." Waiting until the pounding of feet left, Arya breathed again. What the hell was that about? Then came raised voices, her father roaring, her mother screaming, not in anger, in fear. All sorts of voices screaming and some crashing too. No gunfire at least that was something but Arya needed to do something. She wished she knew what that was. Grabbing a knife and running out the door was all instinct.
Would Everyone Please Remove A Mask?

Chapter Summary

Ramsay reminds Theon who he is just before dinnertime with the Starks. Roose had planned some lovely entertainment for after dinner. Theon is too cowed to warn anyone of what was coming. Ned and Cat see a rather unique home movie.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is dedicated to TommyGinger who came up with the names for Bran and Rickon.

For a small while, Theon had been happy. The weather, air, water, it healed something in him, he renewed him. Even Ramsay Bolton couldn't ruin that. So he hadn't even flinched when Ned insisted Theon sit with the boys and Ramsay to watch Frozen. So far, Ramsay has not actually done anything wrong. Theon lied to himself, ignoring everything in those eyes that pierced him. Ignoring his own flesh creeping and a hideous name in his mind. Leaning closer, Ramsay whispered, "You have heard how my ancestors flayed their enemies, right?" Theon rolled his eyes and nodded, his pinkie suddenly aching. "Well, I have come up with new names for your two little charges here." Pointing at Rickon, Ramsay whispered, "Mittens." Then he pointed to Bran and whispered, "Lampshade." Theon had to smother laughter and he had no idea Ramsay was serious. "You know, when you aren't trying to terrify me, you are actually fun to be with." Theon said, in spite of himself. He could not understand the look Ramsay gave him, but it scared him. It made him feel very small, like a little boy again, helpless and his pinkie ached worse now. Then a shark smile grew and Ramsay threw his arm around Theon. "Don't worry, pet. I will allow humor and fun for you. And you won't just like me, you'll love me."

After the movie had ended, the boys had gone to wash up for dinner, Ramsay pounced. The little flaying knife was well known and Theon panicked. Making little "uh" sounds, he moved to the other side of the room as Ramsay advanced. Theon had begun to look about for anything to defend himself with. Ramsay spoke in a cold, ruthless command. "If you try and fight me at all, I will take your thumb. Do you want me to flay an entire thumb? How long can you take that, do you think? If you try and run, I am going to flay a toe. You are in my home and there are no hiding places I don't know of. If you yell for help, I will flay an earlobe. Go on, I dare you to try something, stand up for yourself, do it. You remember what happens when you do that, don't you?" Theon was in a corner now, cowering. Not even sure how he got there, why he wasn't trying to save himself. Ramsay was relentless in his slow stalking, in his careful wording. His eyes pinned Theon down and the knife froze him. "Please. Don't use that...okay? I..I won't fight or run. Just don't hurt me with that again. Ramsay, you don't need the blade, I swear!" Theon heard himself babbling, as Ramsay came so close now. "Have you forgotten our names, Reek? I know you are stupid, a real slow learner, but you must remember that much."

Clenching his teeth, Theon growled in frustration. He did remember and the knife was now caressing his cheek. "Yes! Yes, I remember. Master, please don't cut me. Don't flay me, please, Master."
Theon pleaded, his eyes huge with panic, staring up at his personal monster. Ramsay smirked and his free hand gently petted the sweaty curls, causing Theon to whimper. "Good boy. Now what is your real name?" Theon panted but the blade moved towards his eye and he surrendered. "Reek! My real name...it's Reek." Ramsay put the blade away, his other hand fist in his prey's hair. "I need to know you won't forget that again. It really bothers me, I will start to give harsh reminders, Reek." Theon curled his hands into his chest, his pinkie in torment now. "I won't, okay? I won't forget again...Master. Please, I am sorry." He nearly whined, his mind and body remembering those days in Ramsay's clutches. Theon knew, he knew in that moment what would happen later on. His eyes grew wide and he grabbed the fist in his hair in surprise. "Oh God, this is not a vacation, is it? Your going to kill them, aren't you? That is why you would flay me even with Ned right here. No one leaves alive, do they? Oh God."

Ramsay grinned fiercely and then slammed himself hard into his captive. "That is right and you can do nothing but watch it happen. Even if you tried to give warning, who would listen or believe you? And what do you think I will do to you for such disloyalty? Hmm, once we have killed them all, there is no one left to help you anywhere. You will be mine forever and you remember, you must, what it was like. Do you remember when you were mine before, how I reacted to disloyalty? How angry you would make me with blatant disobedience?" Theon's whimpering told the truth and Ramsay bit the slender neck, teeth sinking deep. They fit right into the scarred teeth marks, Ramsay has left before. The reason why Theon had long hair, even though he has riotous curls. It had driven the Stark parents up the wall, but it was something he never gave in on. Reek almost burst out of Theon, who screamed into Ramsay's hand. The large palm smothered all the terror that poured out of his little pet. The memories tore through Theon's head and he sagged into Ramsay's arms.

Theon had been in that dark hell with Ramsay long enough to have pissed himself in fear and pain. When he refused to do something, Ramsay would peel a small piece of skin off his pinkie. Then would bathe in it alcohol, which made Theon scream until Locke started yelling again. By the time they stopped at a motel for the night, Theon was calling himself Reek. Ramsay had no problem getting Theon to walk silently into the motel room. Clutching his hands against his chest, eyes on the ground, Reek obeyed all orders. Locke was impressed but still annoyed at the crude and LOUD methods used in the van, while he was DRIVING! Ramsay laughed and Reek flinched at the lecture. When Ramsay sat him at the table to eat food that Locke had brought, he made his first mistake. With a shaking hand, Theon reached for the burger and Ramsay's fist came crashing into his cheek. Theon fell from the chair and clutched his face, his pinkie flaring worse. "What? What did I do?" he slurred, backing up fast, as Ramsay stepped closer. "Already? How did you manage to ALREADY FORGET WHO YOU ARE? WHAT YOU ARE?" Theon reacted to the roar by darting away. He almost got to the door before Ramsay had him by the neck.

He slammed Theon's head into the wall twice, till the boy slumped down. Locke called out uneasily, "Ramsay, he is a hostage, not a hunt, remember? Your father will be pissed if you kill him." Glaring at the man as he knelt next to the slumped and dazed pet, Ramsay snapped, "I am not killing him. I am training him to be a good pet. He is a bit stupid and stubborn, he needs special attention. Sighing, Locke grumbled, "He cannot scream here like in the van. At least muzzle him if you are going to torture him, would you?" Ramsay growled that he would if Locke brought him one. He ripped off the remaining clothing on his pet before the boy came around more. "What...why are you...please...stop, don't do that!" A backhand across the face and Reek shut his mouth. Ramsay took the offered ball gag then showed it to his pet. "Open your mouth and let me put the gag in. Or I am going to remove some teeth. Your choice, Reek." With a sob, Theon opened his mouth wide and allowed the hard rubber to be pushed in. He did not dare move while Ramsay adjusted and secured it. Theon did not even really understand what he has done to anger Ramsay. He just knew that it was best not to make things worse by resisting.

"I told you that you are a pet,didn't I?" Ramsay asked in a deadly soft tone, holding his pet's face to
his. Theon nodded, whimpering a bit. "Did you ever have pets at your home, Reek?" He nodded again. "Did your pets sit at the table, use chairs and hands to eat?" Now it sunk him and Reek shook his head, eyes wide and pleading. "So do you see what you did wrong now, pet?" Nodding, Theon tried to speak through the ball gag and cried, waiting for the blade to come. This time when Ramsay pulled out his blade, he did not flay. Before Theon could rejoice in that, Ramsay began the long thin cuts. Slowly, carefully, Ramsay etched thin bloody lines everywhere. Reek screamed into his gag the loudest when Ramsay made long lines along his inner thighs, then along his private parts. He made a line through one of Reek's nipples, everywhere but Reek's hands and face. After was when the real horror came. Ramsay dragged Reek into the little bathroom and dumped him in the tub. Only then, did Ramsay take the zip-ties off Reek's wrists. He had expressed regret that he had to tie him during the cutting, but the idiot pup had not stayed still. Arms were nearly useless now and Reek just curled against the cold dry porcelain tub.

"You must remember who and what you are, Reek. It is important, because if I ever have to leave you for awhile, you need to remember. That someday I will be back and you will remember and submit. So I must do this for your own good, Reek." Ramsay disappeared for a moment then returned with a 2 gallon bottle of alcohol. Which he then dumped all over the thin cut up body. Reek had flailed and screamed into the gag. After a minute he blessedly passed out, but it was brief. A moment later he came back to himself still writhing. Ramsay pulled the boy to his feet and took out the ball gag. "What is your name?" With a voice dry and hoarse screaming, Theon replied, "Reek." "What are you?" "A pet." "Who am I?" "Master. Reek's Master. Please no more, Master, mercy?" Ramsay had smiled then and praised his miserable, writhing puppy. "There, you have learned something, I am proud of you. Good Reek. I will let you shower the sting off then you can learn to eat properly." From that point onward, he learned to eat on the floor. To wait for permission, to never use hands. Sometimes Ramsay hand fed him, other times he made Reek eat from the actual floor.

For glaring, growling and protesting, Reek got broken ribs, a pinkie raw and glistening, and bruised. Fists and hard kicks were a constant for minor mistakes. He lost two teeth trying to bite Ramsay plus a ton of bite marks of his own, when Ramsay put the dog collar on him. Once, just before they boarded a private plane for the North, Theon tried to escape. There was no thought to it, he saw himself in a car window. The huge fearful eyes, the gaunt, tight, thin look he had and couldn't stand it. It only took Ramsay thirty minutes to track his fast, terrified, lost puppy down. When he took down the squirming, screeching boy, he made it clear that running was a NEVER. It was disloyal, it was bad and it is a rule, NEVER RUN FROM YOUR MASTER TO ESCAPE!!! Ramsay repeated this as he ripped the boy's pants down, then his own. "I did not wish to have our first time this way, but you must learn. You need to know who you belong to, that you are just my pretty little prey. You can never get away from me!" Theon felt a shame and pain that was so unique, it made him leave. Just gone and leaving behind this crying shell of a boy. Reek had no choice but to submit to this, as Ramsay, no, MASTER, hurt, flayed him from inside.

When Ramsay was done, his little pet was curling into a ball, so tiny, so scared. The submissive attitude, the begging softly, the shaking was perfect. Ramsay praised his Reek and told him that if he was a very good boy, Master would be kind to him. Proving this, Ramsay petted his little puppy and held him, till he stopped crying. Then Ramsay helped Reek fix his clothing and he carried him all the way to the plane. He did not release his pet until they were in the air. The rest of the trip, Reek was obedient, if he did make a mistake, he cowered. Apologizing, begging for forgiveness, which Ramsay loved and praised him for. There were still punishments for the mistakes of course, but not very bad ones. Not cutting or flaying or raping ones at least. When Ned had decided to meet Roose and his hostage when they got off the plane, he was horrified. The boy's condition physically and mentally shocked him. Ripping the collar off the shrinking child's neck, Ned spoke harshly to Roose. "This is a ten year old boy! Not some hunting trophy for your son's sick amusement. He comes home with me, right now."
Ramsay had no say in the matter but he made sure Theon saw his eyes until Ned drove away. It was never spoken of by Theon or any of the Starks. When he came into their home, all looked pityingly at his wounds, but remained silent. It took a few months before the boy stopped screaming in his sleep. Longer for him to not flinch when someone moved fast, but his body if not his mind, had healed. Now it was all back, those teeth, the knife, the fucking names and Theon was alone again. With the monster. "Master, please, I won't be bad. Don't hurt me like before, please. I will never forget again, I swear it." The Starks could not protect him, he could not save them either. In this moment, with the monster and memories looming, knowing he was never leaving Ramsay again, it was too much. Theon sobbed in a way he has not in years and Ramsay petted him. "Good boy, Reek. We shall have a nice pretend time with the Starks and Father. Then afterwards, when the games begin, you will be my Reek forever, won't you?" Reek nodded and Theon squirmed down deep, to hide and think.

During the dinner, Theon took control of himself again, but was silent. He had heard Brienne, Jon and Robb speaking together of their suspicions. He said nothing to them, nor did he say anything to Ramsay. If he couldn't be brave enough to help at least he could not hinder what small chances they had. Theon did not know who he hated more then, himself or Ramsay. When they all went into the sitting room, he was on pins and needles. Ramsay maneuvered Theon into sitting next to him on a large chair. Jon, Robb and Brienne shared a couch across from their parents and Roose. Sansa and Uncle Benjie shared a loveseat and whispers no one heard. "For our entertainment, Ned and Cat, I have a little movie I would like to share with you." Both looked up with barely concealed dread. Home movies were a torment unlike any other and no one ever wants to see them. Roose laughed then said, "I know you are thinking another dreadful home movie of someone's good time, but this is truly unique." As he started the large wall screen's power, Roose continued. "You may have noticed I have a goodly amount of security cameras. We picked up some interesting footage today. Ned, I know with all your hard work, you cannot always see every side of your family. So I have kindly edited some little clips from your vacation so far here."

Ramsay was tense against Theon now, excited and ready to attack. Theon began to curl his hands against his chest and Ramsay smiled at him. Leaning close, loving the way his pet tried not to flinch, he whispered, "Remember, be a very good boy. You will not move until I say to, will you?" Theon shook his head and remained still, watching the screen. Everyone watched as the first bit was of Ned and Cat. Blushing, Cat covered her face and Ned cleared his throat. The kids all groaned, but for Theon, he was quiet. It was just a short clip, only of them kissing and laughing, not what came afterwards. Ned breathed a sigh of relief at that, until he saw the next scene. Now he was speechless, breathless and his wife made a sort of bleating sound next to him. The clip was of Jon in a secluded part of the waterfall. He was smoking a joint and making small cuts in his upper arms. It explained why the boy was always so covered in black clothing. Jon was horrified and stayed frozen. There was no real time to react before the next clip. Brienne sharing some beer with the boys in the cottage. Playing darts, spitting and drinking right along with them. Next was Arya stealing small items out of the bedrooms and Roose's study. The last one was the worst of all and got the big reaction, as expected.

The sight and sounds of Sansa and Benjie having very consensual sex filled the screen. Ned leaped up and jumped to kill his brother without any thoughts but rage. Cat had actually thrown up all her wine at the sight on the screen and screeched, "Ned, don't!" But Ned was crashing his fist through his brother's face and Brienne had leaped to pull away Sansa. The girl also started to scream, "Daddy no!" Robb pushed at Brienne then dragged his sister further from the fighting. "How could you! Jesus, you whore, Sansa!" he yelled, shaking her. Jon was on his feet then, but he was watching the Boltons, not his family. "Why? Why would you show us that shit?" Brienne faced the Boltons then as well and even Cat looked up, wiping her mouth. "Ned! NED, I SAID FOR YOU TO FUCKING STOP IT!" She roared, nearly ripping his hair from his head. That did it, as Ned as
never once, heard Cat speak that way. Benjie was on the floor, half unconscious now, Ned sitting hard next to him. Staring up at Roose, Ned asked heavily, "Is this blackmail? Or a threat, a warning of yours, Roose? Or just another sick fucking game you let your son make?" As Ned went to stand up that is when Roose said, "No, not a threat or blackmail. It is a game however, at least for some of your family it will be. Not for you or Cat though, you two just get to watch. A nice restful vacation, right?" That is when Locke and the others came storming into the room. Armed to the teeth with guns pointed at each of them. Well, not aimed at Theon of course, Ramsay had already shoved his pet to the floor. A glare kept him there. To lay in degradation and watch the game begin. It was about to be every Stark for themselves.
I Love Running Rabbits! So Run!

Chapter Summary

Ramsay explains the rules of the game. Roose and Ramsay announce their pets. Bran and Rickon are not enjoying their adventure after all. Arya tries to save someone, anyone.

Two tiny adventurers made it halfway across the island before Rickon nearly impaled himself. Somehow, these two crafty kids had managed to avoid every booby trap made. Yet they had managed to trip three of them without a scratch, without knowing it. However, even they could not miss the huge pit full of spikes, Rickon was dangling just over them after all. Bran thanked god for his quick reflexes as he held tight to the little wrist. Yanking him up slowly, they both stared into the pit in confusion. "It's a trap..for folks looking for the treasure." Rickon tried to assure himself but Bran was shaking his head. "Then those spikes would be old and rusty. They look new. It's a trap, I bet there are more of them." So they did what most little boys late at night, near death would do. They kept going and were now searching for traps, not treasure. They found many more and dismantled them if they could. Unbeknownst to Cat, these two have already begun training under their father. Each of the boys learned from a very early age. The only one Cat had known and approved of was Jon's education with Ned at six years of age. Mainly because it meant she saw less of him and it wiped that little grin off his face. Eventually, Cat did feel a bit guilty when after a year of it, Jon had rarely ever smiled again.

These two were not fearful of traps, they were cautious, they understood. The first lessons were the very hardest, which was to never panic. Ever, no matter what, a Stark does not panic. Cat did not know this either, but that was the one lesson Ned included the girls in to. Even though he has sworn to her never to involve the girls, Ned needed to make sure his girls could survive. Both girls learned to basic fight, in defense. And both were water boarded by their own uncle to learn never to panic, ever. Arya was the only one to seek more knowledge and training. Sansa had cried and not spoken to her father for three months over it all. It annoyed Ned how Arya reacted more. He expected the same response her sister gave, she should not wish for more. Ned would have given in if it weren't for Cat. Grimly, Bran said, "Our family is probably hostage or dead now. We can't go back there, we can get out of this. Get help for our family. Remember, Brienne said there was a raft. Let's find it." In the distance, they heard the first screams and froze. Rickon turned to face Bran and said, "I was right. I win the fight forever now. There ARE such things as monsters."

Arya ran around the massive house until she nearly could HEAR her head pop out of her ass. "Duh, the boys, okay, get the boys out of there." Muttering this over and over, the girl turned mountain goat. Thank god the house was made of stones. Easy to grip and Arya's rock climbing classes were assured forever. Her father's voice boomed in her head, "If an emergency happens, you get Bran and Rickon safe. That is your first priority, understand me?" A cane swiftly coming down on her back had helped her understand that tremendously. Only during her "training" with father, did Sansa ever show compassion to her sister. Helping her cover it all from mother, treating her wounds. Explaining softly that father only did it to protect them, to make sure they can care for themselves.

Well, she must admit, the preachy bastard of a dad was right after all. So was her all knowing, all ice sister. The day had finally come and here Arya was scaling a wall like freaking Spiderman to save her brothers. Except when she found their balcony, they weren't there. THE LITTLE SHITS WERE
NOT THERE AND WHAT THE HELL DO I DO NOW? Both boys had left lumpy shapes under the blankets, just as she'd taught them to. Well, hell. The first time they have ever listened to a word she said. Crazily, the song, Everything Is Awesome started to blare through her head and she groaned. Heading back down from the house, she heard more noises inside. Some were getting closer to the doors and just in time, she fled into the jungle. It took roughly twenty minutes before Arya triggered a net that slung her high in the air. Luckily, gymnastics were also something she enjoyed and she was able to untangle. Hitting the ground was not as easy and she sprained her knee. Swearing, Arya began to try and find a large stick to balance herself on. No luck and she found herself hobbling, trying to be more careful this time. Trying to think where her brothers may have gone.

Once the armed men had everyone on their knees, arms behind their heads, Ramsay spoke. With a maniacal grin and cheery Christmas morning eyes, he explained. "I have planned a wonderful vacation game for Jon, Bran, Rickon, Arya, Benjie, Sansa and Brienne. It will be amazing fun, you'll see and sporting too. I am fair about my games after all." A frown marred his happy features and he said with fake sadness, "Mommy and Daddy cannot play this with you. They just get to watch, no advice, no help at all. Even your giant nanny will desert you, she will have her own battles. She will be fighting to survive just as much as you. It will be every Stark for himself. Though, I do expect Benjie will help Sansa, after all, favorite niece." He let out a giggle and Benjen started to swear at him. A swift kick in the face from Locke and a growled threat ended it. "I don't have to let you play Ramsay's game. One more thing and I shoot you right here." Ramsay continued, his hands moving about in excitement. "My boys and Locke they love hunting as much as I do. I love to hunt rabbits and that's what you are now...little rabbits." Another fake sympathy look and Ramsay added, "Of course not everyone can be rabbits or watchers. No, some are just prey that needs to be kept, tamed and broken into pets." At that Theon had to smother a whimper and began to creep slowly around. He wanted to face away from the Starks, he could not bear them seeing Reek.

However Ramsay would not allow it, kicking Theon hard in the ribs. "I want the Starks to know who my pet is, Reek. Come kiss your Master's boots, Reek." Moaning, he couldn't bring himself to escape or fight, not under that voice. It was the same voice he heard when Theon's pinkie was flayed. When Theon was cut and burned. A voice Reek heard during a brutal rape and he cowered. Slithering a bit, Reek quickly gave Ramsay's boots a kiss each, then lowered his head down. "Good boy!" said Master in a voice meant for stupid dogs. Roose spoke next as he walked over to Robb and yanked him by his hair. "And this, will be my personal pet, Ned. Cat stop that screaming, it won't change anything. Locke, we only need Ned really. If she screeches again, kill her." Only after Ned looked up after soothing his wife to just tears, did Roose continue. "Notice that I had nothing on your son, Ned. Your perfect, golden boy, the one who will rise above all, rule for you someday. Except that will not happen now. Instead, you are going to watch me break him down into a foolish idiot servant boy. My own pet. It should at least help to know one will survive? One Stark will live on."

Ramsay cut back in then and said, "Actually, I have convinced Father to be fair. There is a raft, I will not allow any firearms used outside for the hunt. So there is that at least." Ned and Cat tried to reason with Roose, then they tried threatening, begging. Finally, Ned tried to stupidly rush at the man, causing Damon to knock him out cold. A screaming Cat and her slumped husband were dragged away. Roose had Robb standing, with his hands wrenched up high behind him. Ramsay smiled at the others and said brightly, "Here is your chance, kiddies! I will allow a forty minute head start then you will be hunted down, one by one. So run, rabbits, run now! Go, hurry!" After a moment, Jon and Brienne fled, Sansa was right behind them, heading for the door. Benjie ran too, but he was going further into the house, determined to save his brother somehow. After the room emptied except for the Boltons, Roose spoke. "I have changed my mind about something, Ramsay. You will join this hunt since you gave such an advantage to the Starks." Groaning, Ramsay ran his hands through
his hair in frustration. "I have waited so long to be with my pet, father."

Roose gave a thin smile and wrenched harder against his own squirming boy. "You wanted to make it fair for them all. You must see through all the deaths then. Take your pet with you, he is loyal to you after all. You keep bragging of it, so prove it. Have him go with you while you hunt the Starks. Start by going upstairs and taking care of the little boys." Huffing, Ramsay started to stomp towards the door. "Come, Reek, let's go hunting." Staggering to his feet, clutching his hands to his chest, Theon staggered forward. Only to be met by a fist crashing into his stomach. Hitting the floor with the next punch and then he curled into a ball against the kicking feet. Robb yelled for Ramsay to stop but Roose hissed, "You should worry for yourself, not him." Ramsay stopped and asked his pet, "What are you again?" "A pet..your pet, Master." He babbled, covering his head with his arms. "Do pets walk on two legs unless their Master tells them to?" Reek wailed, he had forgotten a rule and the flaying would happen now. "I am so sorry, please. Mercy? Please mercy, I will crawl, I promise." Robb was disgusted and sneered at his former bodyguard. "You disgust me, how could you? Betrayer, coward!" Spit Robb until Roose made him howl by slamming a shoe down. Roose had just broken Robb's right foot but no one payed any mind.

Ramsay was thrilled at his little Reek's response. He was determined to finish killing the boys fast, so he could take a few moments. The thought of taking his pet hard, while making him stare at the bodies was turning him on. "This one time, Reek, I will forgive it. Next time you forget I will take your left ring finger. Understand, pet?" Theon nodded quickly and thanked Ramsay for the mercy. Submissively, he crawled after Ramsay towards the stairs. "Let's go pay Mittens and Lampshade a little visit." Choking back a sob of despair, Reek followed. He was utterly terrified, because he knew Theon could not watch this. He will try and save the boys anyway, in spite of the flaying knife. And Theon was pretty sure that Ramsay had even worse punishments now.
Chapter Summary

Ned learns some things and so does Cat. They are caught in a horror movie of their own and cannot control anything. Including themselves. Flash by flash they watch everyone struggle for survival. The hunt is brutal but the words of these two married people is the true savagery. Outside is everyone for himself, but not every perhaps in this room is a Stark and a Tully.

Alyn sat in the little control room and made a sour face as he finished his drink. "Hey, fucking Liam Neelson wants his daughter back, I guess. Fucking moronic niece fucker." He slurred, as he stood up and texted Locke. "Bnjn bk hlwy" With another drink and a belch, Alyn congratulated himself on doing well. Of course, all he was really doing was staring at cameras and making little clips. Of course, the best part will be when they let him join in the hunt. He will have the cameras all on timers then, so that Ned and Cat have good views. Then Roose can control what they see or not and Alyn can nail a Stark. He really hopes for one of the girls but he'll settle for any, really. They don't care how long it takes or how it is done, so Alyn has so many ideas.

Locke looked at the text and stared at it. "The fuck is that? Jesus, fucking little rat is drunk, I knew it, knew he'd be. This is not a video game, he isn't supposed to text me. He should go and kill the fucking man himself! I am not a fucking babysitter of sociopaths"! Yet, he is and always has been, since he has been with Roose. So heaving a sigh, Locke went in search of Benjie, who actually got pretty far. He has found Ned and Cat, he had to save his brother! Benjen knew Ned is pissed right now but family is family. He will want to save his family before murdering him. Hopefully, somewhere in there, Benjen can explain himself or just grab Sansa and run. When he saw Ned and Cat strapped into chairs, even their heads forced forward, they glared at him. After that initial shock, it was all rage. "I came to free you, we have to save the children. I cannot do it all by myself, Ned."

Benjie approached the seething man and asked, "Can you put this shit about me aside long enough to save the kids? To save your wife and get the fuck off this island?" "Yes, but once we are out of here, Benjie. We'll talk, it will be our last one." He growled ominously but before Benjie could respond, there was a click. In a lazy voice, Locke drawled out, as he pointed the gun at Benjie's face. "Well then, can you remember what I said to you earlier? What I said I would do if you pissed me off? All you had to do was run outside like the others. So what now, G.I. Joe? Got a jet pack maybe? Or do you know some Matrix moves? Oh, how about some Liam Neelson shit? No? Huh, what do you think Ned, should I blow your brother's brains out? I mean, he HAS been fucking your little girl. Who knows for how long? When do you think he started grooming her for that?" Ned glared at Benjie, who has paled, "No, Ned, it wasn't like that. I never touched her till this year, she came to me! I swear that on our parents name!" "HOW DARE YOU? YOU DARE EVEN SAY OUR PARENTS IN THAT FILTHY MOUTH!" Ned roared and Locke grinned, delighted.

Locke looked at Cat, who was actually snarling at Benjie, a new look for her, alright. She went from a sort of rugged prettiness to a gargoyl fast. Locke wished he had some of Alyn's drink to kill THAT sight. "What do you think Cat? You think your little girl seduced Benjie like he says? You raised her, would you have taught her to fuck forty five year olds? He gave her a car, a brand new car from what I heard. Sounds like grooming to me, like a bribe." "I will rip your fucking throat out myself, Benjie. Do you hear me, you piece of shit? You touched MY daughter? MY LITTLE
GIRL? You don't need to worry about that gun or your brother, asshole. Worry about me instead." She hissed with such venom that even her husband flinched. "Well, he must die anyway, so what way should he go, Cat. Why don't you get to make a death call for once?" "Let me do it." She said tightly, ignoring mumbles from Ned. "Don't play into their games, Cat." Right now she no longer cared for her husband, she cared about vengeance. "Sorry, darling, but I cannot release you. But I will kill him however you want." Now Benjie stared at Cat and Ned was trying to advise her. "Oh shut up, Ned! This is all you, we are killing our kids! I hate you just as much as HIM! Your own brother has been fucking our baby girl. So much for the honorable Starks! I even accepted your whore's baby. Now you have killed us! So this is MY call. Full castration, then rip out his guts." Ned gasped in horror and whispered, "My god, Cat, why?" The gargoyle turned slowly to her husband and growled, "Because that is what a TULLY would do when someone's hurt their baby."

Locke laughed, thrilled and put down the gun, brandishing his knife. It was not a very long tussle and twice it seemed like Benjie would win. Both times even Ned roared for Locke to get him. Once Locke got Benjen down and dazed, that is when Ned remembered the death. He cried out twice for Cat to halt it, to just have his throat slit. Cat was stone, she was ice and she was justice, smiling sharply. Ned sobbed and begged for Locke to do it faster, please! Cat grimly said nothing, allowing Locke his fun. When it was finally over, Ned had vomited twice and Cat looked calm, so cold. "Thank you, Locke, very much." She said very politely and he gave a small bow. "It was my pleasure, Cat. I must say, I wish we had known this side of you all these years. It would have made this so much better for me." Cat nodded and said, "You always underestimate women, you northern men with your idiot ways. Never occurred to anyone that we Stark women can take care of yourselves? Tell you what Locke, if one of my girls don't kill you, you can fuck me. How's that for you, sweetness?" Locke actually took a small step back thinking, who'd fuck a gargoyle? "Your girls won't kill me, but I bet you I'll fuck them both. And you get to watch it the whole time. Alyn does great random clips, you will just love it. I will do something special to little Arya. I wonder if the men have started raping that tight virgin yet?"

As both of the parents began to froth at the mouth, he laughed and left. "Have fun, you two! Roose will see you soon! Don't worry, he is just hanging with Robb for a bit first!" Cat began to scream in rage, sheer fucking rage and she wished to kill her husband. She wanted to rip him apart, then tear the rest of them to shreds, oh, the rage she hides. It's a storm she can no longer control and she screams. Ned moans, sobs, prays and then goes silent. He raises his head and decides, no, fuck their games. They have taken down my wife, but not me. "Go on Roose, do your worst, you traitor!" The clips began suddenly and they went quiet. A flash of Arya limping, dirty and angry, darting through trees. A few feet from her is a rather squat beefy boy that was leering. He knocked her into the sand, but when he landed on her, she tried to dig out his eyes. Screaming, the boy flinched away. Kicking out, the girl shattered his jaw, then used all the karate lessons she has ever taken. The whole time Arya was bug eyed and roaring at the top of her lungs. "I NEED TO GET MY BROTHERS SO FUCK OFF!" The boy had gone limp, her parents were cheering and crying. "I told you, Locke,Arya already took down one of your boys, you bastard!" Cat had fiercely said, then someone lunged onto her little girl. The screen went black and switched to another.

"No, no no, Arya! Oh, baby girl, no!" Moaned Cat as Ned screamed, "GO back, let me see it, damn you! You sick fuck!" On the screen was Brienne engaged in a race. She flew followed by arrows and a boy with dogs. Next was Sansa, this was not good at all, she was clearly terrified. She looked so helpless, so hysterical in her tears and Ned's heart contracted. Cat sobbed and said, "Oh, Ned, what have you done, look at her! She cannot even defend herself!" Ned shook his head and hotly denied it, "Not true! Both girls were trained for survival, to withstand torture and to defend their brothers." "YOU WHAT? To withstand torture, Ned, is that what you just said to me? If Locke comes, if Roose comes, you are next, I will blow him for your death. Hear me, you cocksucker? HEAR ME? TO DIE FOR THEIR BROTHERS? Is that what you said, what do you tell the
brothers to do? Save their sisters, or each other?" Silence was the answer and Cat moaned. "Oh god, you are a fucking monster. I married a monster, how could I have been so stupid? I will fuck every man here if it will get Roose to order your death." Ned had nothing left to say except a monster would ask to castrate and gut a man. Maybe she should have married into the Boltons.

The screen lit again and now it was the little ones. "Oh no, not the babies, please I can't look, I can't." Cat sobbed and shut her eyes. Ned watched grimly and growled, "If you can do what you did earlier, you can watch your sons. At least give them that, instead of nannies." "Oh fuck you, Stark." Cat opened her eyes and forced herself to watch. Rickon would wait until Bran checked for traps. They found one and dismantled it before moving on. Faces pale and full of robot shock, acting on basic survival instruction. Cat simply said, "The boys too?" Ned simply nodded back. Suddenly, Bran whispered, "Climb the tree, now, hurry!" The boys climbed fast and a skinny, tall man slinked by. As the screen changed again, they each breathed a sigh of relief. Now was the worst, the most horrific, no oh no please not this and it was here. Right in their faces, was their son Robb, the first. He was responsible, smart as whip, good at everything. Robb was class president, a football player and top grades at college. A good college too and his work for father only seemed to enhance him.

Ned started to cry now, Cat hissed, "Good, I hope it fucking hurts, hope it gives you a heart attack! Oh, my baby boy, Roose, please don't. Can you hear me somewhere, Roose? Please, anything, I will do anything, not my son!" The screen was relentless and there was Robb. He was wearing only his underwear, strapped to a cross in some dungeon room. It was obvious he was in agony. Roose had already been working on him, flaying a nipple off. Cat screamed and Ned vomited again. Rob screamed in pain, then would swear. He would not give in, not Ned Stark's son and Roose smirked patiently. The screen flashed again to Sansa. Who was now in a circle of rough looking boys, she was cowering on the ground. Her shirt was gone, only her bra and ripped shorts left. Hair was tumbled everywhere and her sobbing was so pretty. Cat sucked in her breath but Ned wailed for his daughter. How could she be so scared to forget all he taught her? Grinning meanly, his wife hissed, "Looks like some Tully training got in there. You always said my sister was a whore that manipulates men. Well, your training wasn't stronger than some female Tully blood. You stole all my other children, Sansa was the only one really mine. I wish I could tell her how proud I am of her." Cat sobbed, knowing her daughter will die having thought her mother was disgusted by her. Hated her even.

Cat wished that heart attack on herself now. "Sansa, I am so sorry, honey. Oh, baby, I am so sorry, shut your eyes then." Ned said, ignoring the filthy words from his crazed wife. "Oh, you idiot, blind and stupid. Sansa knows what she is doing, Ned. She is manipulating those boys. So they will rape her instead of kill her! If she can get them to let down their guard, she might gain some time."

Stammering for a moment, Ned asked, "So...did Sansa seduce my brother, Cat?" Nodding icily, she said, "Probably. And it doesn't matter a bit. He was her uncle, he was an adult and he knew better. I don't regret a second of his death, Ned." The men closed in and Sansa made her most graceful move. She crawled fast to the strongest, largest one, the leader. Nearly climbing his leg, begging so pretty, allowing her cleavage to show more. "Please, don't hurt me, don't kill me! I will do anything, anything you want me to, please? Sir, please, I want to live, just tell me what you want me to do!" Her eyes were teary, submissive and every boy grew harder. As the leader yanked her face towards his crotch, the screen changed again.

Here was Arya again, oh, did she get away, clever girl! No, she was still running, someone with her, after her. Then stopping dead, both of them. The larger one seemed to whisper to her and then they moved slower. Jon's face showed as he noticed the wire trap dismantled. He mentions to Arya this is the fourth one, it must be the boys. "We are so close now, I know we are. Let's get them, get the raft and leave. Okay?" Arya nearly begged and Jon hugged her hard. "Get our brothers and then get help, I swear it. Ready, go on ninja girl! Run!" Ned let out a harsh bray of laughter. "It must suck to know Jon might just save the kids!" Cat tried to spit at him. "You fucking asshole! I hate the boy, I
don't wish him dead! I will fucking kiss him if he will help my babies escape!" The screen flickers and Brienne was running again, bloody now. She darts behind a tree and grabs a large rock. The man and only one dog came by and she bashes the mutt's head in. That is when the man jumps onto her, trying to stab her. Twice he manages to give her stab wounds in her back, but she was possessed. When she ripped his throat out with her teeth, Cat cheered. Ned had gasped, a sound Cat hated now.

The screen flickers again and Roose is back. Smirking still, speaking in a soothing tone, as Robb shudders and sobs. "Hush, that wasn't too bad. No, you are such a strong Stark boy, aren't you? You did not beg at all, just took the flaying. You know that mommy and daddy are watching some of this. Make sure they see how your handsome son is holding strong and true. A pure martyr, the lovely honorable Robb Stark." Roose leaned so close now, one long pale hand sliding along the bloody chest. "You are mine now, I don't need a martyr. I need a little pet. A broken little boy who is all mine. Loyal, meek and obedient, trusting only his Master. We should rename you, perhaps, like my son did to Theon. Gave him the pet name of Reek back when your father had us take him. He has belonged to Ramsay ever since, you know. Did you see how afraid of Ramsay he was, how submissive? You will be devoted and fearful as if I am a deity, compared to that." Ned snarled and Cat shredded her own lips with sharp teeth. Robb's face was filling with fear and a tear escaped. Then Robb slowly said, in a voice croaking in terror, "Fuck you, Roose Bolton!" 'Oh, Robb NO!" Screamed Cat, who wanted to KILL, DESTROY, SMITE FROM THE EARTH, this man and her husband.

Roose had gone still like a statue, staring at Robb's eyes. Until the boy began to whimper and pant. Only then did Roose suddenly lunge forward, gnashing teeth. Screaming in terror and pain, Robb thrashed against the cross. Blood splashed and Roose had eaten, EATEN a chunk of Robb's chest! Cat joined her husband in vomiting and sobbing. The screen switched and filled with Sansa. It did nothing for their stomachs, to watch their daughter being used in every way. She may have been manipulating to survive, but it was still rape. They ached for her, but still not as much as their son. Cat was almost numb now and she wanted to die. No matter how much her children were trained by whomever, or what talents they inherited, the game is rigged. They won't get to leave alive and Cat did not want to see her babies die. Just her husband and herself. Sansa was only with two men at least. Ned raggedly said, it was a good sign. The leader wants her for just himself and one other. It might keep her alive long enough. Tiredly, Cat asked, "Long enough for what, Ned? Are you going to stage a rescue somehow? Roose isn't even here for you to negotiate with. What can you do for her? For anyone, Ned? No one is coming to save us or them, stop bullshitting yourself." "Fuck you, Cat, go fuck yourself, you dried up old bitch." growled Ned.

Arya and Jon were climbing towards the beach now, they can see the raft. "Where are the boys, though?" Whispered Arya, they had followed the tracks. The boys came this way and where are they now? Suddenly, a crash behind her and she turned just a second too late. Jon was on the ground and a knife flashed. He screamed as it came down into his belly. Screeching like a demented monkey, she landed on the hunter's back. "Get off him! I will kill you, get off him!" Digging into the man's eyes, popping one out, he screamed and rolled away. Jon crawled after them, blood trailing him. Arya got the knife from the panicked man and had begun stabbing wildly. When Jon managed to pull her away, the man's face was gone. "Are you alright, Jon, how bad is it?" Arya asked sobbing, trying to move his shirt. "Don't, stop it! It doesn't matter! We need to find the boys and go, alright?" Ned moaned and even Cat shed a tear as the grayness of Jon's face told the truth. He staggered with Arya for a small bit, then fell down.

The screen, hateful fucking thing switched again. Now the boys were running, so fast and determined. Following behind them was Ramsay, knife in his damned mouth! Like a savage and his eyes, they were insane with glee. Behind him came Theon, stumbling and shaking. His Master was kind enough to allow him to run and Reek remembered to obey. Theon remembered how to run on
hot sand and luxuriated for a moment. He tried to forget why he was getting to run across and island.
"You brought that boy into our home. I fed, clothed and cared for that boy these years and all along,
you knew. The only reason you took him was because of Ramsay. The only reason he was even IN
THE NORTH WAS BECAUSE OF YOU! You killed Balon's boys and brought home a child. Yet
another child dumped at my damned door. And you let the Boltons break him into an animal first.
Then you took him in so this could happen." Just then a bloody Brienne was stumbling by, dazed
and not seeing. Theon stopped, then waved and jumped fast. Only until the girl saw him, then he ran
after Ramsay.

Sansa again, the two men were sated for a moment, it seemed. She was naked, laying passively
against the leg of the bigger man. He ordered her to go to the little fridge in the cottage and get beer
for him and his friend. The wide grin told Cat of how big that boy felt right now. "Good girl, Sansa,
castrate that fucker when you can, baby" She growled out and Ned shuddered, watching the screen.
Gracefully as she could, battered and sore as she was, Sansa stood. Meekly, aware of the eyes on
her, Sansa demurely tried to cover herself. A single bark from the larger man and she dropped her
arms fast. Blushing, Sansa begged in a little voice. "I am sorry. Please, I am just scared, sorry."
Nodding the man told her to get the beer. Instantly, she turned and obeyed. The men never even saw
her swipe her fingers across the desk. Accidentally, Sansa dropped a beer and had to hunch down
cleaning the glass. "Oh, I am so sorry, I will clean it right now!" She cried out and the boys laughed
at her. As she cleaned the mess, they taunted her.

It was so fast, that Cat was amazed and Ned was sure he saw something wrong. "Did she just?" Was
all Ned could manage and Cat just nodded. "She did. Holy hells, who have you sent her to work for,
Ned?" With a large swallow, he answered, "Petyr Baelish." Laughing bitterly, Cat said, "Oh, you
foolish man! He runs a prostitution ring on the side, not just your damned charities! You had to know
that, did you think he would not try and use a Stark? Did you think he was really that loyal to a
Stark?" Sansa cleaned the mess and managed not to look awkward at all. She brought two new beers
and apologized again. Seeing that Damon was getting hard again, she timidly went to her knees. "I
can use my mouth to say I am sorry properly, Damon. Please, I want to show you that I don't need to
die. I can always do anything you all want, I would rather be a pet. Like my brother and Theon are.
Please, allow me to use my mouth?" Damon nodded and Sansa hid her relief. She made sure her
eyes were seeking approval the whole time. Afterwards, Sansa gently begged to use the bathroom.
Damon stood right outside the door, but allowed her to shut it.

As soon as the door was firmly shut, Sansa reached into herself hard. Wincing, those boys have torn
and bruised her. There was no time to be gentle and she pulled the cell phone out of herself.
Shuddering, tears falling, Sansa turned on the phone and typed the password. She had remembered
when Dick had typed into it earlier, then took pics of her. He came on her face and took four pics of
it. Now it unlocked and uncaring of dried semen on her face, Sansa smiled. Two texts to Petyr and
then she dropped the phone into the sink cabinet. The smart man she followed, the one who adored
her, will come. He knew they went away to the Boltons little island. Now she just has to stay alive
till Petyr arrives with the Calvary. Coming out of the bathroom, Sansa mentally prepared herself for
round two.
Kids And Their Games

Chapter Summary

It is anyone's game now and no one is spared. No one can afford to be anything but ruthless now. Ramsay and Brienne clash. Theon tries to help a broken Stark. Rickon evades the monsters his own way. Jon is noble and wants to protect his siblings. Sansa has become everything Petyr has taught her to be. Locke is irritated again. The boys are having some fun of their own. Causing them to neglect their duties.

Brienne rushed past Theon, who was staggering along, heading for Ramsay. Reek wanted to call out a weak warning but Theon wanted her to hurt him. Kill him and then Theon could be free. Ramsay had a great hunter instinct and turned in plenty of time. Crouching down, Ramsay pulled his knife from his teeth and beckoned to her. "Oh, goodie, a rabbit that comes to me. Here, bunny, big old bunny, come play with me." Reek stopped dead and fell to his knees, clutching his fingers. The boys kept running but then stopped, so tired. They all watched as Brienne and Ramsay circled each other. "I thought you said, you would play fair. You have a knife, I don't. Drop the knife pussy, fight me the right way. Or are you too much of a little bitch without your blade? Hell, I bet that flaying knife is the only thing that keeps your pet loyal. Huh?" The taunts worked and Ramsay put his knife away. "Very well, cunt. Here I come you over-sized bitch!"

The two clashed together with a fearsome shriek and roar. The boys and Theon stared, fascinated and fearful of who would win. It was bloody and gruesome as Brienne took a piece of Ramsay's earlobe. Rickon was scared and started to back away, whining. "Let's go, Bran, we need to get on that raft. It's right there, remember the raft, Bran?" Yet the son of a Stark cannot leave another in distress, not when she was trying to save them. So Bran grabbed a huge stick and ran forward, trying to whack at Ramsay's legs. Rickon screamed when Ramsay kicked sideways hard at Bran. There was a fearsome crunch and Bran's right leg went sideways as he fell into the sand. Brienne cried out in sheer rage and attacked again harder. Ramsay bit chunks from her and she bashed new shapes into his skin. Bran was too close and almost was crushed to death until Theon dragged him away. Ramsay shot a deadly look at his pet, but Theon had to. He pulled the injured boy away from the two forces clashing to the death.

Rickon panicked and was running, running hard. He got to the raft and pushed it into the water, jumping onto it. Crying, wailing really, he watched his brother get smaller. Ramsay will kill Brienne then finish off Bran, or maybe Theon will do it. Rickon could not understand why Theon was with the monster, why he seemed to help him. All the boy knew was he was the only Stark floating into the ocean. Alone and scared, hoping the monsters won't know how to swim. Once Theon had pulled Bran out of the way, he whispered frantically to the boy. "Drag yourself away, I know it hurts, but don't scream. While they pay no attention, go hide over there." Theon nodded quickly towards the rocks. "Hide in the crevices and stay silent. You can do it, Bran, I know you can. It's all the help I can give you right now. Go fast." Bran bit through his own lip as he dragged himself off, Theon moving to block the view of it.

Ramsay was not stupid and he missed nothing. "Reek! You fucking little brat! I saw what you did! You had best start picking a toe out for me." Ramsay grunted this out in between punching and dodging this hulk of a girl. Reek cowered low and whimpered. Yet Theon smothered a smile. Then he grew more fearful when he saw that Ramsay noticed it. The fists that hit Brienne were merciless
now. Ice cold rage at Theon, who forgets he is really Reek gave him the adrenaline he needed. Ramsay had the girl down finally, spitting teeth and blood. Leaping upon her, Ramsay's strong arms came into play. They tensed as his large hands began to strangle her. Theon clutched his hands and watched, whining. Every inch of him was tense, wanting to save Brienne.

Then a miracle occurred as the girl turned purple and slumped. Ramsay noticed Rickon was floating the hell away and cursed. He gave a last hard squeeze and hoped she was dead. If not, at least out till he can get back to finish the job. Getting carefully off the unconscious girl, Ramsay grabbed her cell. "Locke! Rickon Stark made it to the raft, he is in the water. Someone needs to get him!" Locke's voice came drawing back at him. "Why don't you do it then, Ramsay? I am trying to work on the fucking clips for your -" Allyn took off to get himself some hunting time, little shit." Gritting his teeth, eyes flashing, Ramsay yelled, "I can't! I have fucking Brienne the bear and Lampshade, the cripple. I need to kill them first. Go get the boy!" When the phone disconnected, Locke yelled, "Oh fuck you!" He wanted to destroy the phone, then Ramsay himself. Instead, as he finished sending the clip of Ramsay's fight to Ned and Cat, he cursed. Then called Allyn and told him to do it. Fuck Ramsay and his stupid hunting games. Locke will stay here to monitor and help Roose if needed. Besides, it was more fun to watch the couple deconstruct. Even more fascinating to see Roose at work on Robb. It was not often that Locke was treated to Roose doing hands on work.

Ramsay turned and pulled out his knife, causing Reek to grovel. Ignoring his pet for the moment, he slit Brienne's throat. He stood back up and twirled the bloody blade. "Which way did you tell Bran to go? Tell me what you said to him or I will flay three toes, Reek." Cringing, burning in self hate, he repeated everything he had said. Nodding, Ramsay said, "You will follow me and watch as I skin Lampshade alive. Wouldn't have done that to a little boy really, but you need the lesson. It hurts me that you misbehave, Reek. You'll hurt so much worse, pet." Ramsay warned as he began to head towards the rocks, his terrified Reek behind him. "Too bad I cannot reach Mittens. When we go back north, you get so chilly, don't you? I could've given you Rickon mittens to warm you up. Maybe a scarf too. No matter, I am going to make you a muzzle out of Lampshade for you, pet." Sobbing now, Reek timidly followed his Master, flinching at the biting words.

Damon was enjoying Sansa's sweet ass while Dick rammed into her mouth. That is when Allyn burst into the cottage hollering. "Hey, dudes, need some help out here. Oh fuck, how come you get to tap that ass and I don't! You asshole! What the fuck are you yelling about?" The startle of the door made Dick spill early into Sansa's mouth. "Aw, you asshole! Why the fuck are you yelling about?!" Whined Dick, pulling out of that soft mouth. Damon continued to pump into the girl, harder now, enjoying her distress. Sansa tried to make only tiny sounds, but oh, it hurt! "Ben is dead! That big bitch smashed his head in! That little boy found the raft and is leaving the island. I need to take a boat and get him. But you guys need to get out there, one died already! One of us!" Damon gave a last brutal push and shuddered into the girl. "Fine, I will go after the others, you get the little one. Just drown him." He adjusted himself then spoke to Dick. "If our little pet whore tries anything at all, you kill her." Looking down at Sansa, who was covered in more come, disheveled and intoxicating. Damon spoke gruffly. "If you behave, I will ask Roose if we can keep you. One move wrong and you die. Understand me, whore?" Sansa meekly nodded then whispered her thanks. "I will behave, I swear." Damon followed Allyn out the door.

Arya was alone again and it hurt. Silently, she cried as she tried to cover up Jon's body. At least so that the savages don't eat him or something. Her father and Benjie told her during training what enemies can do to a dead body. Then the ninja slipped into darkness running. She had heard screams and roars, with no other option, Arya went towards the now silent beach. Prowling about, she saw a tiny figure in a raft, floating into the sea. It was Rickon, she was sure of it and Arya cheered him on in silence. At least one of them might get away, then to her dismay, Arya saw a motor boat heading for him. It was still very distant, but Rickon was helpless. And so was she to help him. When Damon spied her and smiled wide, Ned and Cat despaired. They called warnings that Arya could not hear as
Damon started for her.
Arya faces her next challenge in a reckless way. Sansa finally finds her limits. Roose finds a creative way to make his new pet docile. To be a good, helpless, fearful pet forever in the most brutal fashion. Ned and Cat keep seeing worse and worse till the pinnacle of it. Their precious boy and Roose could have done no worse.

Locke was adding artistic licensing to his clips now. He deliberately kept messing up the time span and clips. He used their expressions to guide his muse. Ned cried bitterly at the sight of Jon laying half buried, his son dead. Cat softly keened when Ramsay killed Brienne and said a prayer softly. Rickon running down a beach, then suddenly in the ocean, floating on a raft. That made both cheer wildly until a motorboat began a chase. It dissolved into a dizzying array of Arya stabbing someone in the face. Bran attacking Ramsay and his leg breaking sideways. Cat fainted at that and Ned vomited again. He was crusted in his own filth and cried in ruin, in shame. Cat was awake in time to see Theon drag Bran away, then her boy trying to claw his way to the rocks. Now the clash of Brienne and Ramsay at a new angle to the bloody horrific end. Then Bran dragging himself, blood falling from his mouth. He has torn through his lips to keep from screaming in agony. Both could only moan now and watch in terror. They wailed as Ramsay headed for the rocks. Bran had only managed to go a few feet.

Gone, it was gone and who knows if this happened earlier? Maybe their sons were already dead? Arya was not seeing the huge man coming for her. Yet as soon as he got within grabbing distance, the ninja returned. As the man hulked over her, she had spun and kicked him in the groin, hard. Her next hit was in his throat, which she had to leap for. That meant it wasn't as hard as she meant it to be. He wasn't as hurt as she had wanted. Arya fled as the large now pissed man recovered fast. The chase was on. "Oh, thank god she takes track. That she jogs, run, Arya, fly baby girl, go for it!" Ned yelled desperately, a huge weight on his chest, his heart ached. Cat whined deep in her throat and prayed harder than ever in her life. The large man crashed after her, taunting, catcalling. "Where are you going, don't you want to play? Come on, I can tell you like it rough, that is fine with me! Here, little bitch, come here and take your punishment. Are you a virgin, little girl, or a used slut like your sister? She is a great fuck, I wonder if you are too? Let's find out before I kill you, okay? Are you up for it? I bet you love the idea, don't worry, we'll take a nice long time, bitch!" Arya dodged in and out of trees, leaping over roots. It seemed possible for just a moment. That Arya would fly away ninja style like usual. Then to the utter terror of her parents, she TURNED AROUND TOWARDS HIM.

When the scenery changed again, Cat screamed in horror. Oh, god, her little girl, what was she thinking? Yet, here was her other girl and how much more can she fucking take? When Dick drank too much, he turned into a real DICK, as Sansa discovered. He started to hit her, crying. Then he raged about the room looking for his missing cell phone, getting further pissed. Sansa tried to stay still and silent, hoping he would pass out or calm down. No such luck, he took his anger out on her instead. Ripping her legs open, he grabbed his beer bottle and did the unthinkable. Cat screamed along with Sansa and Ned shut his eyes. "Please! Mercy, mercy, oh god, Please, don't! Anything, I'll do anything, Sir! Sir, please, I'll be just yours, anything, please stop!" This seemed to appease the cruel man and he removed the bottle, only to use himself instead. Sansa cried loudly and he ordered her to beg him for mercy. She did and it broke her father's heart, cracked into the stone.
there. Cat watched stoically now, her heart can take no more. A cold surrounded her now and she thought, I will never feel again. I have seen too much, Roose broke me. The man won.

After the vile man finished, he pulled out and spit on her back. "Whore, dirty little whore, say it! Say, I am your dirty little whore, Sir." Sansa sobbed out, "I..I am your dirty little..whore, Sir." Ned moaned at the filth that his daughter's soft voice had to say. The man smiled as he tucked his cock away and zipped up. "Next time Damon comes back, you crawl to me right away, right in front of him, understand bitch?" Sansa nodded and whispered, "Yes Sir." The man seemed to preen in assumed victory over the big bully. "Get me another beer now. Then you will get on your hands and knees. Whores only stand and walk when they have permission. A little whore pet like you doesn't deserve more than crawling, do you?" Sansa answered timidly, "No, Sir." "Crawl to get the beer, then you can stand to bring it to me." He spoke loudly and slowly as she flinched. Terrified, she scurried fast to the fridge. In despair, her parents watched their degraded daughter obey desperately. After getting the beer, Sansa stood up and got the bottle opener. She opened the beer and the opener disappeared. Ned held his breath and Cat whispered, "Oh honey, oh baby, it's too much hurt I know."

Sansa knelt before the man, head down in fear and awe. Timidly she offered up the beer and he leered at her as he took it. Wildly, a movement unfamiliar yet instinct and the bottle opener opened that throat up. Blood sprayed across Sansa's face and she screamed. Her face was contorted in rage and it was another gargoyle. Locke shivered at that and muttered, "Will the little girl do that too? A family trait straight from hell." Locke wondered how many more of the idiots he should let die before intervening. Truth was, Locke was sick to death of dealing with Ramsay and his merry band of morons. Why should he miss watching the true show about to begin for them? Ever since Roose had told Locke what he had planned, Locke has wanted to see it. Fuck it, as long as no one seems like they might kill Ramsay, he will stay here. Glancing at the screen to Roose's dungeon, he grinned. "Oh, lovely, here we go, Mr and Mrs Stark. Enjoy, my loves, enjoy." For the next few minutes, Locke saw nothing else. Locke has seen and done many things but this actually freaked him out. He cried out, "Oh, shit!" while flinching away. It took him a moment to begin transferring the feed to Ned and Cat.

Numb and silent, Ned watched his bloody daughter ransack the cottage for weapons. Then he watched her fly out the back door and into the jungle. Cat was frozen, encased in ice and gave no reaction at all. Then the scene was gone, another daughter gone and here was Robb. Cat moaned and melted a bit, staring at the boy that was so injured. However, it looked like Roose had treated those injuries. Where Robb had a nipple, was a bandage. Now Roose was talking so quietly and reasonably to her son. The boy was weak, in pain, so scared and he was listening. Heaving, panting, shuddering. "We can take a little rest now. I will give you a little water. Would you like that, pet? Does that sound good, pet?" Each time Roose emphasized "pet", Robb whined. "Yes, please, can I have some water?" Cat made a low howl of misery crawl into the air and Ned told her to shut up. Roose gave Robb's head an approving pat. "Much better. See how being respectful can help you? You may have some water now." Holding a water bottle to his lips, Roose slowly gave the boy some water. "Not too much, not too fast, you'll get sick. That won't do at all. That is enough now." Robb moaned when the bottle was taken away and Roose chuckled. "I know, poor boy. You are not used to such harsh things. It is alright, I forgive you for it. I will take my time with you, pet. You will get used to all these harsh things soon.

Robb's eyes widened in panic at that, but Roose untied him. This made Robb fall hard to the ground, he barely managed to shield his head. Crashing down, Robb thought he was broken and screamed. Casually, Roose strolled about as Robb tried to move around. As soon as he could, the stubborn boy tried to crawl away. In a flash, the man held a cattle prod and electrocuted Robb. He jerked and screamed, legs thrashing. "I am sorry, please don't! I won't try anything again, I promise! Please don't please!" The pleas and cowering of their boy stabbed deeply. "Excellent. Crawl over to that steel
table. That's it, good boy, now stop." While Robb had crawled over, the cattle prod seemed to stay almost touching his face. Robb obeyed and dared not fail, not with that threat there. "You may slowly and carefully stand up, Robb." Holding his breath, he obeyed and moved at a snail's pace. Once Robb was standing, Roose ordered him to lay on the table. He wanted so badly to beg not to have to, Robb smothered it. Taking a ragged breath, Robb lay on the chilly table and shivered. "Very good, pet. You can learn after all. Now, can you stay still while I do your straps? If you do, I won't zap you again. If you are bad then I will make the next twenty minutes a living hell for you."

In a hoarse, shaking voice, Robb said, "I will stay still. I won't move, I swear, please." Even though Robb growled and gnashed his teeth, he let Roose strap him down. "Very good, I am so pleased at your progress. It took you so little time to learn how to obey the rules. You would hate it, but you would learn them. Because then I would let you loose a bit, maybe let down my guard, right? I have terrified and hurt you today, but you are not really broken yet. You might feel like you are cracking, but I assure you, it's not there yet. Even as the new part of you, this fear and pain part makes you obey, you still fight. Your eyes glare, each word is so forced and angry. It is just a matter of time before you try something defiant again. Forcing me to hurt you worse each time. What a terrible circle that would be. So we must just think outside of the box here." To Robb's horror, Roose put some form of neck brace on him. Then something steel was on either side of his head, holding him immobile. "What?? What are you doing, please? I was good, I did what you said, mercy, please!" His eyes darted from side to side, but Robb couldn't see anything.

Roose began to stroll back towards the near hysterical boy, hands behind his back. With a little smile, he spoke so softly. "Tell the truth now, pet. My little proud and noble Stark, you are hating my existence with every breath. Cowering so pathetically, it looks real, but it's not, is it? You are trying to keep me from hurting you further, but soon as you can,you'll come for me. Or you'll run away, right?" Pushed beyond his mental endurance, Robb cried out, "Yes, yes, I hate you but I will obey, I will do as I am told. Then someday, I am going to kill you!" Ned and Cat both wept at their son's stubbornness. Tilting his head, Roose leaned close over Robb. He began to study the boy's features as he spoke so softly, as if to a lover. "Grand plans, just like your father, pet. This stupid Stark honor is as tarnished as my own, it's a fucking joke. I must remove the shield of pride, of logic." Roose gave a tiny smile and then said warmly, "You are such a clever boy. A studious one, who loves old things, strange books filled with strange items. Tell me if you know what these are? If you guess correctly, I won't peel off your fingernails for glaring at me."

Robb looked up at the items in Roose's hand and paled. "Please..don't..don't do that..don't use that. I will obey you, I won't run, I WON'T TRY TO ESCAPE OR FIGHT YOU, PLEASE, MERCY!"

Roose moved so slowly yet relentlessly and Rob screamed in pure terror. His parents have figured it out as well and were joining those screams, causing Locke to get hard. Robb could not move his head and he babbled, bargained and pleaded. The small rusty but still sharp spike still came into view. Then the small hammer and Roose spoke. His voice was a mere whisper, but Robb calmed trying to hear it. "You know all about the different effects of lobotomies. So many different areas that can be erased, remade or just made bigger or smaller. I did some studying on it, but I am no expert." The nail hovered in a few sections, then it settled coldly near his left temple and Roose said, "Let's see what we can improve on, pet. Tell me if you are clever, pet. We both know you are,so say it for me." After two tries, Robb managed to say, "I..I..am such a clever bo-" TINK, the world exploded and Robb was LIGHTS, HE WAS DARK AND IT WAS ALL-

His parents screamed in agony as their firstborn, handsome, strong and smart boy convulsed. Foam poured from his mouth. A patch of piss appeared on the underwear, dribbling down his leg. Limbs jerked crazily and he made a grunting sound as his eyes rolled away. Roose seemed to admire his handiwork then put the nail gently on another part of the skull. Another smaller and lighter TINK. Both Cat and Ned vomited this time as their beloved son contorted and his face, it CHANGED. Something seemed to slide and his face looked wrong. Robb's eyes were vacant, then slowly he
became aware. He started to cry huge tears and made animal sounds. Like a lost wounded animal, needing to be saved. Roose began to stroke his hand across the boy and asked, "Do you remember who I am?" The boy stared at him and shook his head. "I know you, scared of you, but I don't know you." Even the voice was wrong, slower and Robb sounded like a seven year old. Cat wailed and Ned was falling under such a crushing weight. Roose smirked down at the boy and said kindly, "I am your Master. You are my little pet and good pets should always fear their Masters."
Meanwhile, In The North...

Chapter Summary

Is the Calvary coming? Petyr gets a strange text. Some new characters come into play...welcome to the game, ladies!

Petyr flipped up the collar of his tan camel hair coat. The fabric whipped around him like a cape as he ran into the tall building. Giving himself a little shake, blessedly warm now, Petyr grimaced. Ros walked towards him with a hot cup of coffee and gave a sympathetic pout. "Oh, still not used to the cold after all this time? Maybe you need extra layers?" Giving Ros his jacket and taking the coffee, he replied, "Should've kept the missus here to enjoy the weather. After all, Varys enjoys the layers of clothing, how did I let him talk me into this end of the deal?" Ros smothered a giggle and walked away. He began to follow after her, wondering if any of these idiots really bought it? When Varys and Petyr began to meet at college, to plan grander things, they joked of it. "What is more harmless than a gay man?" Considering it was the eighties, this made sense to Petyr. Varys was all bald, soft and flirty. He had more information then Petyr could collect. That was more than he could stand and begged for the secret to it. Thus it began, their fake romance. When it was possible to marry, they did. So many scams, so many cities and many adventures along the way. Sex trafficking became a rather large part on both coasts for them. As well as offering services of the spying or hiding variety. Most of the girls could fuck you, rob you, frame you and have you thank them for it. Oh and most of them could kill you if needed. Varys and Petyr trained their girls very well.

Taking turns, Petyr and Varys would travel to main locations. Varys was in well with the Lannisters in the south while Petyr ran the northern areas. He was working for Starks, with whatever was discreetly needed. Petyr still laughs at the mere fact that Ned accidentally gave over his own daughter. Ned had stared hard at Petyr and commanded like a king. "You have her only work in the actual charity office. With other girls that are regular employees." At first, he had done it simply for the pure joy of getting back at Ned Stark. Then he saw what a true talent she had and he remembered her mother well. Before Petyr had become a gay man in a committed relationship, he loved Cat. Okay, not real love perhaps, but it was as close as he'd ever come. They had gone to the same school for awhile. The Tullys had lived in the same little river town for a few years. Before that amazing job for her father that would send his Cat to the frozen north. They had hit it off as friends and then as lovers. She was sneaky and fierce, hating how girls were treated by some. Complaining mainly of the northern men, what a joke considering who she had married! Nevertheless, he had loved that girl or something like it. He taught her so many tricks and she used them well.

Then Sansa surpassed her mother in talents and as a joke she robbed Petyr himself. That was the first time he had bedded anyone since Cat. When Sansa had stood there with such a fierce look, holding his wallet, his watch and his gun, Petyr was lost. He never wanted to know if the girl enjoyed it as much as he did, or if she pretended. It did not matter really, they conned each other. His own preference actually, Petyr could not ever allow power over him of any sort. Love, even obsession is a power. So instead those feelings became admiration and determination. Sansa will help him bring down others on the ladder and that was what mattered. Varys cautioned Petyr to be vigilant, that the girl was still a Stark, to be careful and Petyr listened. As most Northern men did to a wife. With half a dismissive ear. It was Friday night which meant time to visit his best girls. Time to recieve whatever bounty has been made during the week. The same happens in the South, then Petyr and Varys will speak over the computer screen. Yet, this text has been on Petyr's mind and he had
"Earlier this evening I received a blank text. Then another that had corroded letters. It turns out that the cell that sent these belongs to a Richard Yellow. Do any of you know this person? It said the call came from a small island." A rather intense brunette sat up and said, "He is called Yellow Dick, one of the Bolton boys." Arching an eyebrow at Myranda, a favored whore among the Boltons, he murmured, "Now why would he want to text me? Wait, Sansa is at the Boltons new island this week, correct? Why would Roose allow those boys around the noble Starks?" Myranda gave a little smirk and said, "If the boys are on the same island then the Starks won't be living long." Petyr thought for a moment then turned on his computer and started to speak with Varys. "Lannisters have taken over, I told you it was happening. The Boltons are killing the Starks, all of them. Sorry, love." Petyr swore softly and looked back at Myranda. "Do you know this island at all, dear?" Shaking her head, Myranda told him they never took her there. "What are you thinking, Petyr? You aren't going to be foolish, are you? We have worked hard for this hold. I cannot lose their faith now." Varys started to gently protest, alarmed.

Shaking his head, Petyr says, "Don't be so dramatic, little wifey. You just keep yourself firmly involved with the pretty Lannisters. I will do the harder, colder work here, you just rest, okay?" Varys bristled, he fucking despised it when Petyr acted this way to him. He was a man, just as much as Petyr was a weasel. However, the sadist little whore in the background kept his mouth shut. Ever since Petyr moved permanently to the north he has become meaner, more sneaky too. The girls he has hired there are grittier, colder. The worst had to be Myranda, she loved to cause pain, loved to receive bloody work. She was a perfect girl to finally infiltrate the Boltons. However, the tales she told, it excited her and Varys saw that, as did Petyr. It did not bother Petyr any, but it plenty bothered Varys. He had some deadly girls as well, ones that loved bdsm games and worse. That was not the issue, it was how much Myranda enjoyed suffering. She told of children being skinned and actually had an orgasm during her report! Varys had offered to send his best man to come snap her neck and Petyr declined. "She is too valuable, she goes where others won't."

Petyr smirked at Varys and said smoothly, "I am sending Myranda and a girl of her choice. There only jobs will be to save Sansa and get information. Nothing else, dear." Varys argued but it was like speaking to a wall and he gave in. "Fine." He sulked. "But I am sending the brothers down to help them." Myranda grinned, liking the large savage Southerners. It has been awhile but she remembers working with them before. This should be fun and she asked, "I can take any girl I think will do best there?" Petyr nodded and reminded her that he wanted Sansa safely retrieved. "Then I want to hear any information you have, don't linger to find out things. The main goal is our girl, understand?" Myranda agreed cheerily and went off to find Ygritte. They had to hurry and catch a private plane. The redhead groaned and said, "I don't mind the rest of it, but the Cleganes, really?" Myranda packed her blades and gun. "Don't worry about the juice-heads. Worry about the Boltons. Chances are the only thing we might find of Sansa is her skin."
Arya had won a gymnastics competition with a fractured ankle. She held out longest during water-boarding, compared to her siblings. She was endurance and arrogance, this made her fast in spite of a swollen knee. It also made her stupidly turn around and not flee to safety. Watching the large man crashing towards her, Arya made a quick assessment and grinned like a wolf sighting its prey. "Hey, asshole, gonna take all night to reach me? Tell me where my sister is? Did you she fuck you, hope she gave you herpes. I am gonna fuck you, how about that? You are going to spend all night chasing me and never reaching me. How do you think your friends will like hearing that? OH, wait, that's right. Cameras everywhere, I remember! Do you think everyone will enjoy the show? Of you getting your ass kicked by a little girl? Yeah, don't break into a stroll or nothing, I have all the time in the world." Enraged now, the man came roaring after her, and Arya flew as if her knee wasn't bursting.

In spite of himself, Ned found himself smiling at the screen. The girl was dodging the bear and baiting him, making the man clumsier. Several times, Damon almost would catch her and then Arya was gone again. Upping the ante, she was now hurling rocks at him. A flicker and here was the calm night waters, with a smudge on it. A motor boat approached and someone in it stood up unsteadily, yelling to the boy. Locke groaned and part of him hoped Alyn fell in. He wanted to watch the drunk fool drown, but he didn't want to be on a boat either. So he hoped the boy and the drunk fell in. "Hey boy! Hey there! Roose don't want kids in his raft this late! You should be in bed, here, I will take you back." Rickon stared at the weaving man, then blinked twice and raised his middle finger. "OH! BAD BOY! That is a rude thing to do, I am trying to help you!" Alyn was incensed and began to shake his fists when Rickon added his other hand. Cat started to laugh. The rusty sound of it creeped out both Ned and Locke. Alyn almost has reached the raft and Rickon tried to think what to do. Taking the largest breath in his life, Rickon jumped into the sea.

Almost in unison, Locke and Alyn yelled, "Fuck!" The boy was gone as if he never had been, not a single kick above water level. Alyn tried to search with his spotlight but found no sign. He was pissed, the boy drowned and he never got to touch him. Not a single rape or kill or maiming, this trip sucked! Locke called Alyn and screamed for ten minutes. "Do you see his body, then keep looking! Get in the water and swim, look for him! Wait, I see him, you fucking loser! He is almost to the rocks, little brat managed to swim it! Go, get to those rocks and kill him before I come kill you, Alyn!" Locke roared and sneered at the couple cheering at the screen. They knew how well Rickon could swim, taught by Theon himself. Before they could feel too good about it, Locke switched the screen. Here was the worst again, the sight dreaded among all others now. Robb was staring at his foot, all blackened and he sobbed. His hands hovered over it and then did the same over his aching head. A thick collar was wrapped around his neck. It was attached to a chain that was firmly stuck in a wall. Not that Robb was trying to run or fight, he was too scared, too hurt and confused.

After a few minutes of listening to their son cry so desolately, it switched. Sansa was running, almost to the beach now. They watched as their daughter leaned over the body of Brienne, then scanned the beach. On the other end of the stretch, Sansa could not see her brothers on the rocks. She could
however hear a sound that had never made her happy before. The sounds of her sister yelling taunts and boasts. With a small laugh, Sansa ran towards whomever her sister was harassing. Ned prayed that the girls would save each other as the screen changed. "Oh Lampshade! I want to sing with you! Here, little rabbit!" Ramsay called to Bran who was struggling to stay just out of reach. Singing, Do You Want to Build A Snowman, Ramsay got closer and took aim with his blade. Theon was able to climb as well as he could swim, both talents taught to the Starks. Reek might be cowed but this was Bran. Too long has Theon protected the boy and in spite of his terror, he must save him. So to Ramsay's utter shock, Theon was there! Not behind Ramsay, but just poof and in front of Bran. Dragging the boy over the rocks away from his Master! Oh, the arrogant little bitch!

Cat whispered raggedly, "Theon, thank you, thank you! You can do it, I am so sorry for never helping you. I never knew how bad it was, save my boy. Save him and it's all forgiven." Ned wished he could knock his wife out cold and wanted to say he was not the only hypocrite. Yet, he said nothing and the screen changed. A different view of the rocks, closer to the deep sea and there was little Rickon. His mind raced along with his body. Channeling every bit of energy a boy can have, he had swum, now climbed. In his mind, he saw Lego guys, never giving up, fighting. He heard a scream of SPACESHIP and urged himself more with each hearing of it. It was his favorite part of the Lego movie, the Lego who wanted a spaceship. When he finally makes one, he is delirious with it and soars! This is Rickon, soaring and screaming Spaceship, trying to not hear Alyn scrabble up rocks. Ducking behind a rock, needing to breathe, to rest, he waits. When Alyn got close enough, Rickon kicked out both legs and caught the man in the face. As Alyn held his bloody nose, Rickon crawled further away, muttering, "Spaceship."

Even as Theon dragged Bran out of Ramsay's range, Reek sobbed. Half of him was with Bran, trying to save this boy. The other half of him was in the past, dredging memories that hurt. The next time Theon saw Ramsay was when he was thirteen. Three years later and Theon was showing his Greyjoy side then. A meeting happened at the Boltons and the whole family had attended. Roose's son, his first born had died the year before. This was the first time he opened his house since then, so all Starks must show support. Theon had managed to beg out of the services concerning the Boltons due to his initial treatment by them. However, duty was duty and Roose was a faithful employee. One that just suffered a terrible loss, so when Roose requested it, Ned did not think. He did not allow himself to wonder why Roose had asked for Theon to show as well. Cat and Ned both knew yet said nothing. Firmly, Theon was told he would attend this party and that was it. When Theon went missing and Roose asked Ned if the boy could stay a few days, he never flinched. Cat tried to gently persuade Ned to say no, but Ned said it was fine.

When Robb protested leaving Theon with them, Ned was resolute. "Theon is a valuable hostage, Roose knows that and will not let harm come to him." Robb had tried to find the boy anyway, earning himself a strapping from his father, but no luck. There was no way he or his family could know that Theon was in a dog cage. Ramsay had been shocked at how rude his little pet had become. Theon had not just run from Ramsay, he spit at him, swore at him! After breaking all of his pet's toes and flaying one of them, Ramsay threw him in the cage. Muzzled, near fainting from pain and hunger, Theon lay curled in darkness. When Ramsay came down again, Reek was there. Repentant and cowering, the little pet had remembered. Ramsay opened the cage and ordered his pet out. Near to gibbering in trauma, Reek had inched his way before those hard boots. Not ready to forgive his stubborn little boy yet, Ramsay knelt down. He had forced his pet to kiss his boots, lick them, now he brandished his blade again. Reveling in the animal fear, in his pet's begging, Ramsay carved his family's cross into the skin. Over and over until Reek was shuddering, passive. Now Theon felt the bars of the cage, pressing into him, a dog collar choking him. Long healed skin aches and he pulls Bran into the jungle. Throwing the boy over his shoulder, Theon runs from his Master.

Arya was having a fine time till her knee took her out again. Damon had been tiring, his head was bruised and bloody from rocks, he was confused. This meant Arya took further chances, getting
closer, trying to drive him into a trap. She had found one of the uncovered pits full of spikes. Her goal was to make Damon fall into it and they were so close now. Two things went wrong for her. First, just as they reached the edge of it, Arya's knee told her to fuck off and gave out. Second, was that Damon knew where the pit started. He had stopped in time, then as the brat fell, Damon rushed forward. Arya was falling headfirst for sharp spikes when a large hand grabbed her ankle. Dangling her, Damon sat down and grinned. "Well, which is it, brat? The spikes or me? Which would you rather get pierced by?" Locke laughed and Cat clapped her hands to her mouth. "Pull me up, you win." Arya yelled and tried not to struggle. Damon stood and used his full strength, not just yanking her up, but flinging her hard. She struck a tree and fell into a heap. Stunned and spitting blood, Arya watched Damon come closer.

More humiliating was when the oaf lifted her like a sack of potatoes. When Arya tried to squirm away, Damon headbutted her into senselessness. Whistling now, he carried his prey off, towards the cottage. He saw no reason not to keep the girls for awhile. This one deserves some humbling and Damon intends to see she dies only after Arya is brought low. Besides, this way they have an extra girl. He won't have to share Sansa as much then. Locke groaned as a tall shadow gracefully followed Damon. A moment later and she was gone. Locke called Ramsay and told him that Damon was not far from him. That Damon had Arya but was followed by Sansa. Ramsay snapped to call another boy, he was busy with bad little boys right now. That was it, Locke got up and punched the wall. With a quick call to Roose, hating to disturb him, Locke said, "Three of our own our dead, Roose. Three of theirs are dead. Ramsay is fucking this up. Rickon, Bran, Arya and Sansa are killing us. Now even your son's pet is in the game. Stole a Stark boy right underneath Ramsay's nose in fact." Roose barked orders at Locke then told him to check back soon. The little broken pet in the corner, huddled in misery had Roose's attention right now. Just in case though, Roose had told Locke to call in some extra boys. That should make sure no Stark left this island alive and Roose went to play with his new toy.
Won't Someone Call A Cease-Fire?

Chapter Summary

The hunters and the hunted are starting to blur. Girls are not immune to failure after all in the Tully or Stark family. Locke joins the hunting. Alyn cannot believe how a tiny boy can win so easily. Skinner finally wakes the hell up. Theon and Bran are baited by Ramsay. Robb does not continue to thrive under Roose's tender care. Is the game tilting again?

Skinner sat up and rubbed his swollen temple. His head pounded and it was a full minute before he saw right again. Recalling what happened, he swore and turned red. How long has he been out cold since that Stark brat jumped from a tree? The only consolation Skinner had was that it was not in a camera line. Staggering out from the trees, he looked down at the rocks. Here came that little fucking monkey! Crawling the rocks like a little spider with Alyn screaming about his nose below him. Instantly, Skinner ducked, looking up at the trees. No Bran leaped down this time, so Skinner started down towards the little boy. Rickon looked up and just screamed, "Spaceship!" Skinner muttered, "What the fuck does that mean?" The boy was stupidly trying to scramble sideways, as Alyn got closer. Shaking his head, he reached down and promptly got his hand bit. "You little fucker!" This time Skinner sent down a fist into the boy's little skull. Cat screamed as her tiny son fell limply down towards Alyn.

Sansa crept past Damon then flew silently towards the cottage. Reaching it while he was still walking, she went inside fast. Catching her breath, she leaned hard against the wall, clicking the safety off the gun. Taking aim, she waited, Sansa emptied her body of everything. Stone, waiting, planning to blow Damon's head off. She never knew that her parents watched Locke stop Damon. Never knew they wailed in horror as Locke opened the door and threw in his hat. The hat burst into shreds and Locke jumped in. Slamming Sansa into the wall, his hand latched onto her fingers, wrapped around steel. Grinning into her face, he broke three of fingers against the gun. Sansa screamed in agony and Locke let the gun fall to the ground. Kicking it behind him, Locke said kindly, "Ah, dearest Sansa, I have been just dying to meet you again. Do you remember us meeting before? I am the man you treat like dirt, like a butler? I must admit though, I really underestimated you, we all have. For that I am so sorry, we NEVER would have hunted you. Roose would have been fascinated enough to keep you alive. For some heinous purpose I assure you, but not a hunt. You are a little too dangerous, whore. I can actually smell the stench of Baelish all over you. Do you know Myranda, dear? I think you have helped me sniff out a traitor, isn't that wonderful? It almost makes me feel bad to kill you, truly."

With that Locke spun the girl around, to face towards the little camera. Locke lifted Sansa's chin up so the Starks could get a good look. He grabbed one of her breasts and squeezed. "Cat, I told you, didn't I? First, I am going to fuck and flay your little whore. Then I will do something even more special to Arya." With a moan of dread, Sansa stared at the camera for the first time, it clicked in. Paling, tears spilling, Sansa recalled all that she had done, has had done to her. Every bit of it and her PARENTS, her mother saw it all. Oh did they see the cellphone trick? Her father saw her fucking his brother, her own uncle, now this. As Sansa sagged against Locke in horror, she never heard her parents sob. Damon had entered with Arya and stared at Dick on the floor. "Aw, you fucking cunt!" Yelling caused Arya to try and leap out of his arms, screeching. He dumped the girl to the floor and sent a large boot into her stomach. Gasping like a fish, nearly blue, Arya writhed. "No, don't do that!
Please, Damon, you'll break her ribs!" Sansa cried out as Locke watched, amused. Looking up at Sansa, Damon said real slow, "That was the idea." Something that Locke had said struck Damon. "Hey, did you say the whore knows Myranda? Oh shit, has Petyr fucked us over? Is he that stupid?"

"Don't jump to conclusions, we will let Roose decide that. We have these lovely ladies just dying for our attention. I say we give it to them and then make very damn sure they stop breathing forever." Locke said with a wide smile for the camera and hopes that it was showing real time. Sansa did not care that Locke was going to rape her, that she could deal with. Damon was ripping her little sister's clothing off and she went wild. "DON'T! Damon, take me, please! Anyway you want it, she is just a baby, a virgin, she won't know what to do! Please!" She managed to blacken Locke's eye in her attempt to free herself. Arya was also putting up a hell of fight, but Damon was too large. Once he finally grabbed a single piece of her, another slippery fast limb struck or escaped. Sharp little teeth sunk deep in his flesh several times and it only excited him worse. Locke was laughing as he struggled to keep Sansa in his grip. He did allow her to turn so she could watch what Damon was doing though. He could fuck her better from this angle anyway. Perfect view of both daughters for the parents and Locke rubbed against Sansa.

He whispered to her harshly, "Aw, don't hurt my feelings, love. Is he really that exciting to you? I thought you really liked older men, not boys." Sansa sobbed out to Locke, "Please, make him stop it! I'll do anything, tell him not to rape her." Chuckling warmly, Locke kissed her head and said, "Oh, silly rabbit! Why would I tell him not to rape her? I plan to fuck her myself afterwards. Except I am going to do it with my knife." Ned and Cat had gone white at the intentions Locke had for Arya, but Sansa lost her mind. Her head cracked hard into Locke's jaw and she sent an elbow into ribs. Another crack and Locke lost his grip for just a moment. It was enough for Sansa to launch herself around the room as if possessed. The gargoyle was back and Locke groaned. He was sure that her mother was channeling extra bitch powers through the camera. "Very well, love, if you wanted it rougher, should've just said so." He taunted, flipping his favorite knife out and crouching a bit.

Damon kept one eye on them, but remained on Arya. He finally got the girl naked and underneath him, fumbling himself loose. Cursing and spitting, Arya continued to squirm. When it happened, Cat howled while Ned fainted. Sansa heard the scream, it ripped her heart out. There was no helping her now, Sansa had to fight this repulsive animal. So focus, focus on this and help Arya afterwards. Using all that rage, channeling it into her body, Sansa beckoned Locke forward. "Go for it, old man. Let's see if I can shove things up you instead." Evading, getting a few kicks in, she twirled around the enemy. Except Locke never stopped smiling the whole time. "Know what is interesting, dear? You fight the same way your sister does. I know, watched that little tough girl beat up Grunt. Killed him in fact too. Point is, you both use the same technique, love." Now Locke begins to attack in earnest, blocking her every move. "What's wrong, Sansa? Out of breath so quickly? Or just out of tricks, honey. Guess your dad wasn't as smart as he thought. You could think Petyr instead, but then I am not giving you time to get some poison."

Arya was in Frozen, spikes of ice tore through her and the snow was so bitter. Where was the fucking snowman? Not even a song, she thought crazily. As if on cue, the song Everything Is Awesome blares through her brain. Of course, she thought dryly, but it's not that bad. It drowned out all other sounds, like a man grunting, her sister screaming and that was awesome, after all. The cold was fine too, it made everything numb, no pain in the cold. She was limp, ice cold and her eyes were frozen. The fact that Arya was blank did not bother Damon one bit. Even Ned, who was staring again in horror was thankful his girl had gone catatonic. Cat could not bear to look anymore. Her haunted eyes were watching Sansa getting beat and cut by Locke. It was a pure mercy for the screen to cut away.

Ramsay was not far behind them and he knew it. "Reek! Why do you make it so bad for yourself? I have tried to be kind, pet, I really have. All I can assume is Theon has forgotten who is really is
again. That would be really sad, you know. It means we will have to start all over again. This time I
am going to take more time, more effort to teach you. Did I mention we have a private doctor? That
means I can do so much more damage, Reek! Is that what has to happen for you to learn? If you
forget, just keep running, pet. Because when I catch up to you, you will deserve to begin instruction
from the start. It means you really are stupid and need harsher methods. Reek, if this was a mistake,
my little idiot just panicking, that is different. It is forgivable and I won't hurt you too badly. Just a
regular punishment for being bad. It is up to you, which was it, Reek? A mistake or forgetting who
you are?" Theon leaned, no, cowered behind a rock, shaking. His hands clasped hard into his chest
and Reek sobbed. Bran pulled at his arm, concerned.

With eyes full of hysteria, Theon babbled to Bran. "I cannot do anymore, I don't dare it. Please, I am
so sorry, I will change direction before going to him. That is all I can do, you don't understand. He
won't kill me, it is so much worse, I cannot start over again. I just can't and he doesn't make idle
threats." Bran tried to calm Theon but it was no use. He began to crawl away fast and Bran sat,
stunned. Theon circled and began to crawl before Ramsay from the opposite direction of Bran.
Ramsay smirked and seemed triumphant. "Please, a bad mistake, Master. I know my place, I didn't
forget, Reek, Ramsay's Reek. I am so sorry, forgive me." He sobbed, as Reek crawled so low
towards Ramsay. "You have been a naughty boy. I am glad it was only a mistake, pet. We are going
to take care of your punishment as soon as I have Bran. Now before you lie to me, I know you
circled before coming to me. So tell me the truth, where is the boy? Don't make me flay your face,
pet." Cringing down, Reek shook and held his face. "Oh, please, don't. I will tell the truth, I will,
Master."

Rickon shot right past Alyn, who knocked himself almost with the boy. Landing a few feet away,
Rickon groaned and shuddered. Both Skinner and Alyn were climbing down carefully. Opening his
eyes, he saw the two coming and forced his bruised body to move. Rolling, Rickon allowed his back
to slide further, while his feet acted as breaks. He still launched a few seconds later and just managed
to hit water. "Oh, seriously!" Screeched Alyn in frustration, watching the large splash and the boy
swim off. Robb's chain was not attached anymore. Ned and Cat held their breath, watching Robb
inch forward, hesitantly. Roose was standing between two things. Robb was on his hands and knees,
wearing nothing but the large collar. He looked at the man he is told is Master, confused. Roose
smiled down at the boy and spoke slower. "It is time for your breakfast, pet. You need to eat food.
So here is food, come eat it." The problem for Robb was food was on both sides of Roose. One side
had a metal bowl on the floor with food in it. It smelled good. The other side had a table and chair,
even better smelling food up there.

Hesitantly, Robb crawled closer and looked again at both, whining loudly. A blurry memory tugs
and Robb knows to sit at a table. Standing on wobbly legs, Robb goes towards the table. The little
box in Roose's hand is clicked and the shock collar is set on high. A screech and Robb is scrambling
on the floor. When the shock ended, he curled into a tiny ball and sobbed. "You need to eat your
breakfast. Try again, foolish pet. You need to learn and to eat like a good boy." Coaxed Roose with
utterly no mercy. The boy sniffed and inched forward again. This time, he made little moves towards
the dish on the floor and no shock happened. Instead, Roose gave praise. "Good boy, Robb. Pets eat
their meals out of bowls on floors. You are my good little weak pet, aren't you?" Robb looked up
with adoring terror and whispered, "Yes Master. Good, weak boy." Roose watched with glee as
Robb ate like a good doggie would. Ned and Cat no longer even commented now. The hurt was too
deep.
Locke has some fun then he doesn't. Damon has decided on a new favorite Stark girl and hopes to keep a pet of his own. Bran and Rickon go to hiding out of the sunlight. Skinner decides he wants some prey time of his own. Ramsay gives his pet a chance at true forgiveness. Roose tells Robb a story.

Sansa was feeling the sharpest edge of defeat and screamed her pain. Locke peeled a third long tendril of skin from that porcelain back. She refused to beg him for mercy, it would be useless. Damon had used Arya then allowed her to crawl a bit away from him. When she tried to reach for her clothing, he moved it away from her. The girl waited a moment, then tried to inch towards her clothing. This time Damon growled and to his complete satisfaction, Arya flinched away. Stretching, Damon yawned and sleepily stared at Locke. "Sun is coming up and I am dead tired, taking a nap. I'll take the little wolf with me and make sure she isn't playing ninja." Locke stopped stripping skin and turned to stare at Damon. "Are you really going to take a little nap now? We don't know how many more Starks are left alive. If you really want to take her again, leave Arya tied up in the corner. Go help kill any leftovers." Damon glared at Locke and sneered, "You aren't in charge of me. Ramsay makes the rules of the game. He said if we wanted to take our time, we could. If we want to take a nap, we can. So you have fun with your Stark whore, and leave me alone. So I can do what I want."

Arya whimpered when Damon lifted her up and carried her up the stairs. When he dumped her onto a bed, she tried to slide off the other side. Damon laughed and grabbed her ankles, dragging her back. Arya came up screaming, fists having little effect on the large man. "Go on, little wolf, fight me, try to win. What about all those fancy moves of yours? Huh? Thought you were going to take me down, remember?" Tears of rage and fear poured from her then Arya threatened, "I'll kill you, I swear it. No matter what you do to me now, I'll kill you." Damon gave her the most cheerful grin before her fist glanced off his cheek. He responded in kind and while she spit blood, he slammed into her. This time Arya became a real wolf, a true she-bitch. Growling, howling, scratching and her teeth ripped flesh. Damon found he enjoyed this version of Arya better than the limp doll he took earlier. Arya tried her damnedest to kill the man heaving over her. Unwittingly, this made Damon decide he liked this girl much better than the practiced Sansa. Yes, if he asked Roose to keep either girl alive, it would be this one. Maybe he could keep a pet too? He has served the Boltons for years now and was good friends with Ramsay. Surely, he has earned such a reward by now.

Ramsay wrapped his belt around his pet's neck and made a crude leash. "Later we shall get you a proper collar and leash. Father has plenty. I cannot trust you not to run off like a disobedient little puppy, can I?" Reek just whimpered, but dared not move or protest. "Now, crawl and show me where Bran is, Reek. Like a good pet should." With a moan of humiliation, Reek crawled and hated himself as he showed Ramsay the rock. Bran was not there anymore and Reek cringed at his Master's boots. "I swear I left him here, Master. I am not lying to you, I wouldn't dare, please." Ramsay looked into his pet's eyes and said, "I believe you, pet. I saw the look of relief in your eyes that Bran has left. You and I really must talk about loyalty, disobedient Reek." Hiding his hands, Reek shook then looked up at Ramsay. "Master, I swear I am trying, please! I have cared for Bran for years, it...it was a mistake. I will be loyal, let me show you. Please, show mercy, I am your pet forever now, I won't forget." The poor thing was so endearingly submissive that Ramsay melted just
a little bit. "Such a stupid, slow thing, Reek. I will tell you what, if you track down Bran with me, help me kill him. Then and only then, will I forgive you completely. I won't flay you for your bad behavior."

Bran dragged himself painstakingly up the tree, nearly passing out twice. Finally, he made it into the rotted hole. The long dead tree became his temporary home. He played the entire Frozen movie in his mind before daring to move further. It was daylight now and it would be so easy for Ramsay to track him. It was pure luck that he managed to find the pile of leaves to burrow under, then the rotted log. He heard Theon whining and Ramsay answer him a few times now. They were searching for him and Bran knew Theon was not his friend anymore. Bran felt bad at how terrified Theon was of Ramsay. He remembered how many times his dad made Theon go over the Boltons. Many times has Bran felt anger towards his father, but the blast of hate was new. His father's sick behavior, allowing Ramsay to torture Theon is what might cause Bran's death now. Another voice came from above and Ramsay called this one Skinner. Bran listened to a tale of how Rickon had managed to elude and infuriate someone called Alyn. He smothered a laugh when he heard Rickon kept yelling "Spaceship!" at them. Then felt a chill when he heard Skinner said the other guy will kill Rickon soon.

Roose was cuddling a sobbing broken boy in his lap. Sitting in a rocking chair, gently moving back and forth, Roose spoke softly. His voice was a soothing sound, his hands were gentle as they petted Robb. "That is why you are here, little boy. I shall repeat it again, you sob so loud, you might not have heard all my story. Now, pay better attention, Robb. You know how dumb you are, don't you?" Nodding jerkily, Robb rolled his eyes up to see Roose. "Dumb Robb. Dumb pet, Master?" "Yes, very good listening that time. Now, as I told you, mommy and daddy are here too. Remember I said that?" He waited till the boy nodded before continuing. "They gave their oldest boy to me, that is you Robb. Now, don't cry too loud, stay calm for your Master. Do you remember why? Why did they give me their boy, Robb?" With a hopeless small voice, the lost child said, "Dumb Robb, bad boy. Mommy and Daddy angry at Robb." With a sympathetic smile, Roose hugged the crying pet. "Yes, Robb was always stupid and bad so they gave you away. You are lucky though. I am a kind Master, a patient one. Now, I want to teach you a new thing." Robb began to shake and muttered, "Master..no..dumb Robb, it will hurt." Sighing at his pet's jumble of words, Roose carried his pet towards a bed. "Poor thing, even your begging is all a mess. You need to trust me, Robb, even if things hurt, they are for your own good. This will certainly be for your own good and you should be thankful for the pain. At least I care enough to hurt you. Your parents did not bother, you were too stupid and bad. I love you even if you are stupid and bad."

Cat had no tears left, her eyes burned and her heart was dying.

Rickon collapsed on the sand, hearing a motor and yelling in the distance. He had no breath left and his body was heavy as stones. Yet, hoarsely exclaiming, "Spaceship!" he dragged himself up the beach. It will not take Alyn long to get there so, Rickon moved towards the jungle. The rocks were just not an option right now. The mere thought of climbing them made the boy extra sleepy. He headed into the trees and was glad to be out of the hot sun that seemed to grow from nowhere. Rickon knew how dangerous this was now. The hunters, the monsters can see his footprints now easily. So with a sob for his scraped, bruised flesh, Rickon climbed up a tree. It took twice as long as usual but hid him just as Alyn came into view below. Hugging the tree hard, the boy fought to stay silent and still. As the man stalked his path down below, Rickon's eyes kept closing. Trying to wedge himself tight against the bark, Rickon half dozed.

Leaving Ramsay and his pathetic pet to find the Lampshade, (Skinner loved that new name) he headed for the cottage. He wanted a quick shower and aspirin for his aching head. Skinner was almost there before the sounds of Sansa's screams reached him. Holy shit, he had forgotten the whore! Damn it, sounded like someone was skinning her. That only usually happened just before the death. Damn it, he wanted another chance at her first! He burst into the cottage and started to yell at Locke. "Hey, not fair! She was our catch first! I get to fuck her before you skin her to death."
Rolling his eyes, Locke said, "She killed Dick and escaped. I just caught her so I can have a bit of fun myself. Did you see Alyn or Ramsay? Are the little boys dead yet?" A moment later Locke yelled, "Are you fucking kidding me? They are still alive? A six year old and a ten year old are eluding all of you?" With a snarl of irritation, he flung Sansa at Skinner. "Here then, fuck her and kill her. Don't untie her, she is desperate and dangerous. Keep her tied up until she dies, hear me?"
Locke stormed out the door, ready to flay Ramsay and Alyn. Sansa leaned her front into Skinner and cried. "Please, I will behave. Just let me at least have some water, Sir?" With a grin, Skinner poured some water in the girl's mouth. As he bent her over the couch, she cried out, begging for her hands to be freed. "Please, look at my back. I am helpless, he...he skinned me...I won't try to fight you."
Skinner gave in and allowed her to let her arms go limp. He never even saw it coming.
Degrees of Mercy Offered and Taken

Chapter Summary

Skinner should have listened to Locke. Locke makes Alyn listen. Roose and Ramsay have a small chat. Reek meets the new pet and has a new appreciation for his own Master. Damon has another reason to keep hope that he might get a new pet.

Ramsay gave his panting pet a drink from his water bottle. "He has gone to ground, Reek. Sweep your limbs in those piles of leaves. Lampshade is underneath one of them probably." Reek obeyed, praying that he does not encounter a boy in the damp spaces. A cell phone sounded and Ramsay answered. He was surprised to hear his father's voice. "Ramsay, I want you to come to the house now." A click and Ramsay sighed at his pet. "Come on, Reek. Father needs me at home for a moment. If you promise to behave, I will let you walk like a real boy." Reek promised meekly to obey and stood on sore legs. The feet that were so graceful across sand, now staggered. Ramsay pulled hard several times on his leash and told Reek he was clumsy. With a dry sob, Reek agreed with his Master. Theon was away in the past again. That time he spent in the cage, Ramsay would let him go so long without food. It made him so weak and clumsy. Ramsay pointed that out to him over and over, laughing. Then he would prove it, by forcing Reek to run. He would hunt him through his woods, amused when Reek would run into a tree. If the hunt was fun enough, Ramsay would feed him afterwards. Most of the time, he would throw it back up. He was with them for two weeks before Ned came for him. It took four months before Theon stopped screaming at night. Following Ramsay, Reek whimpered and kept his eyes on Master.

Roose was not in the dungeon as Ramsay had expected. Instead, he was sitting in his favorite rocking chair, in the living room. Hiding behind the safety of Roose's legs, was Robb Stark. He peeked out at Ramsay and Reek, terrified and suspicious. Ramsay lifted one eyebrow and saw the blood drying from Robb's temple. He then scanned the slack left side and the child like eyes. "Holy shit, you really did it. I am sorry that I missed it. Does he know who he is?" Roose smirked. "He knows he is Robb, my pet. He knows his parents found him too stupid and bad to keep." Ramsay gave a whistle and looked impressed. "Does he know who I am?" "Robb, come here to me now." The timid boy inched forward a bit, whining. Roose grabbed the thick collar and pulled Robb in front of him. "Pay attention, pet. This is my son Ramsay. Do you remember who he is?" Robb stared at Ramsay and then his eyes narrowed. As if a memory struck, he cowers back a little and cries out. "He is mean, he can hurt me." With utter cheer Ramsay smiled down at Robb. "That's right, tiny pet, I am mean and can hurt you. Now do you remember who this is? I call him Reek, he is my pet." Ramsay pointed down at his kneeling Reek. His pet was staring in horror at the new Robb Stark. Theon had been worked on by his Master since he was nine years old. Robb has been with Roose for twenty four hours and he was gone. The temple wound terrified him.

A thought struck Reek like a bolt of lightening. What if Roose suggested Ramsay use his methods to make Reek behave? Tears came unbidden and he pressed against Ramsay's leg. He would rather submit to his Master with his mind intact. Ramsay looked down amused, knowing what his pet was thinking of. "Feeling affection, Reek? Are you trying to show me what an obedient boy you can be?" Ramsay taunted lightly and was thrilled when his pet trembled against him. "Yes Master." He rubbed his cheek against his Master's leg. Showing some mercy, Ramsay tousled Reek's hair and told him to be still. Roose said to his son, "I have spoken with Locke. Should I worry that two young boys still are running around my island? Also, it turns out Sansa Stark might have been working for
Baelish. Locke is actually quite sure of it and if you recall, he had suspicions of Myranda before. This may be a problem to deal with sooner than later. If the girls are still alive, I want them brought here to me. Both of these northern girls have managed to survive and kill our men. I want to know if both worked for Petyr."

Ramsay fed himself and his pet before heading out. Reek sat obediently on the floor and ate gently from Ramsay's hand. "I like how well you are behaving, Reek. You are being such a very good boy now." Reek gave a nudge to his Master's hand and said, "I just want to obey you, to be good, Master." With a smile, Ramsay caressed his pet's long curls then grabbed them harshly. He yanked Reek's head back so hard, the pet saw stars. "Look at me, don't ever avoid my eyes, Reek. If you ever try to run or fight me again, I will borrow father's tools. If you ever again are disloyal, I will borrow that spike and hammer, then you can be just like Robb. Do you think I am lying to you, Reek? Is it a false threat, pet?" Reek stared into his Master's icy eyes and whispered, babbled. "Master never lies. Please, I will never run, never fight. I will be loyal, please don't do that to me. I will hunt and kill anyone you want me to. Mercy, Master, I beg you, let me behave for you. Please, Master?" The pleading was just perfect and Ramsay wished he had time to take his pet. Ramsay decided when Reek killed Bran later on, he would fuck him while the boy died. "Very well, Reek. I am always so soft on you, it's a fault of mine. Yes, pet, you may kill a Stark and earn my forgiveness still. Just do not ever forget my warning."

While Skinner rutted over her, Sansa tried to feel into the couch cushions. Ignoring the pain, that was a lie, she was only ignoring the urge to vomit over the pain. Desperate, feeling about for a key, a knife, anything for a weapon. Her fingers throbbed and Sansa's back was on fire. Finally, just before the man stiffened inside her, Sansa closed her hand over something. It was rather fitting in a way. As Skinner came hard, shuddering into the girl who had set him ablaze with little whimpers, Sansa moved fast. The beer bottle clunked hard into his head, enough to daze him. He reeled back and Sansa spun around. Breaking the bottle fast, she slit his throat. Skinner stared at her in shock as blood poured from his neck then he fell down, twitching. Freezing, Sansa waited to hear if Damon would yell about the sound or come downstairs. When that did not happen, she went to grab Skinner's knife. The man upstairs was too large for her to risk stabbing. It was too close for her against such a strong opponent. Also, Locke could be back any second and Sansa knew better than to tangle with him. Shedding her guilt, Sansa ran out the door and melted away. Praying for Petyr to send help, she told herself that then she can save Arya too.

Locke planned on shooting any Stark that he found alive. It was that simple, fuck Ramsay's little games. He almost shot Alyn who was whining at him about Rickon. The rat actually tried to blame it on the boy, saying the kid was too fast. Locke couldn't help himself and he beat the idiot for a few minutes. That eased his stress a bit and he stepped over the sniveling drunk. "The next time we cross paths, you best have a dead Stark with you. Or I will turn you into a blanket, Alyn." Locke continued to search the ground for a crippled boy or a small one. Bran and Rickon mercifully napped. They never heard the hunters that longed to spill their blood.

Arya was laying tied and gagged, half underneath Damon. The bastard made sure to restrain her before his damned nap. Oh, how she longed to rip his throat out. To cut his cock and balls off, then stab each eyeball. Glaring at him, seething, it helped control the fear. Arya heard the thud downstairs and then dead silence. It worried her, was it Sansa? Has her sister died, or was she the killer. That heavy thud had to be a body, Arya was sure of it. After a bit, she heard someone enter downstairs and growl, "Aw, fuck!" Then footsteps coming up and instinct made Arya react. Shoving into Damon, she began to wake him. When a head started to slam into him, Damon sat up. About to slap the hell out of her, he saw Ramsay enter the room. "What the fuck happened downstairs?" Ramsay yelled and Damon shrugged. "Locke was skinning Sansa and I came up here to take a nap." Ramsay stared for a moment, his pet shrinking from his anger. "SKINNER IS DEAD DOWNSTAIRS! Locke and Sansa aren't here, Damon! You slept while Sansa managed to murder Skinner!"
Damon got up got dressed, fast. Not daring to move at all, Arya stayed still. Not while helpless in front of them. Helpless and defenseless in front of a Bolton. Ramsay's eyes landed on her and he grinned. "At least we have one of them. Father says to bring any live Stark girls to the house. He wants to question them." Damon smiled and said, "Oh good. I want to ask to keep this one anyway. I can take care of a pet too." Ramsay shrugged and said, "I don't have a problem, if you can tame her. Ask father though first. He might not want to let her live if he doesn't like her answers."
Arya is trying to adapt to her new situation. Her family seems to be renting space in her head now. Meeting Roose presents a whole new level of horror for her. Ned and Cat are denied any kindness. They are cruelly kept alive and well enough to keep watching their children suffer. The island gets some new sneaky and deadly visitors. Locke has a hunt that just defies his own logic. Luckily, it comes with one small prize. Alyn finally catches a Stark.

"Give me my clothes at least!" Arya yelled, dodging Damon again. As soon as the giant has begun to untie her, she ripped off the gag. When she saw he was planning to drag her outside naked, it ended her obedience. Laughing, Damon dragged Arya by her hair to him. "What do you need to cover up for?" He sneered, but took off his own shirt and threw it over her. Grimacing at the sweat and smell of it, Arya gritted out, "My own clothes. They don't stink as bad as yours." The open handed blow rang her ears for a few seconds and she went silent. At least the t-shirt covered down to her mid thighs. No shoes, just burning sand against the soles of her feet. The air was hot and muggy, Arya was thirsty, hungry, tired. When she asked Damon for some water, the jerk grinned at her. "You walk like a good girl to the Bolton's house and I will let you have some. I might even let you have some food." Not trusting in her gentle nature, Damon had tied her wrists together. One large hand enveloped her neck. Anytime that Arya even glanced from their route, he squeezed. Until she choked and squirmed, then Damon dragged her onward.

At one point as they headed for the house, Arya's resolve was tested. A crashing sound, then someone seemed to fly past, just beyond the trees. Damon drew his large blade and shoved the girl hard to the ground. "Get against that tree, right there and don't move." Arya scooted to where the glittering machete was pointed until her skin hit rough bark. Damon's eyes pinned her there and he whispered a warning. "If you go away from that tree, even just a bit, I will break both of your legs. Try it and see if I am joking, wolf girl." Without another sound, Damon melted into the shadowy growth, stalking for more prey. Arya really struggled with herself. Run, fight, sneak away, use the rock over there to cut through the ropes. It is sharp enough, hurry and hide before Damon returns! Maybe find a larger rock afterwards, to use to bash his brains in, she could climb a tree! Arya felt tears streak down her face and she stayed still. Her mother's voice was in her head, "Think this out, Arya. You are injured and dehydrated. How far can you get? That brute will catch you and break your legs. What good are you without legs?" Groaning softly, Arya did not move. Her father's voice came next. "Your sister is still alive, your little brothers might be too. Robb is in the Boltons house, Ramsay said that. You have to live and be whole to save them."

Damon appeared again with a beaten up man grumbling after him. "Your just lucky I didn't accidentally kill you, moron. Locke really will make you into a blanket, you know. Better hope you find those boys, or at least one of them." Alyn stopped whining and grinned at Arya. "Oh, can I play with her? Why don't you find the boys, you are better at hunting. I can watch this one, I can kill her for you." Scoffing, Damon shoved the leering idiot away as Arya began to growl. "Touch me and I will rip your fucking throat out, asshole." Arya heard an insufferable tone in her head as Sansa sighed. "Don't blow it now. You just showed Damon you can obey, that is good. But setting off this other one's temper can still get you killed. Or bones broken, skin flayed, don't be dumb and calm down." Trying to salvage it, Arya looked up at Damon and stammered out, "I...I didn't mean your
throat. I stayed, see? You don't need to break my legs. I have nowhere to go, I won't run." Her
assurances seemed to amuse Damon but Alyn tried to come at her again. Damon kicked out the
man's legs and hauled Arya up.

"I am taking her to see Roose. He wants to talk to the girls. Why don't you try for Sansa? She is still
running around free, after killing both Dick and Skinner, in fact. Try for that one, Great White
Hunter. Of course, if you can't catch a preschooler, I doubt you'll catch her. Probably will die today,
either Locke or Sansa will kill you. Try and touch my little wolf cub again, I might kill you." Alyn
yelled curses as Damon walked away, dragging the girl behind him. Arya staggered along and heard
Jon in her mind. "Keep your cool and observe everything around you. It could help later on, just stay
calm and watch where you are going. Maybe an opportunity will show itself, so be calm and ready
for it." True to his word, Damon allowed Arya some water on the patio of the Boltons' house. She
even thanked him, as her eyes glared. Her family crowed in her head but Damon just laughed and
poured the rest of the water on her. "There, all refreshed and cooled down. Feel better, Arya?"
Fortunately, he did not expect an answer. It was more amusing to watch the girl nearly choke herself to
keep a response back. "Come on, wolf girl, let's go see Roose. He has your brother with him. A nice
family reunion, how wonderful for you." He joked, dragging Arya into the cool, dark house.

The door opened and Ned blearily looked up. Cat was dozing and groggily opened her eyes.
"What...who?" Roose stepped inside the room, smiling thinly. Without a word, he instructed two
blank men to remove the body of Benjie. "It really does stink in here, doesn't it? I hope you are
enjoying your special time together, Starks. I mean, your children are working so hard trying to show
you both a good time. Have you ever seen kids try so hard before? Amazing, isn't it?" Roose tilted
Cat's head back and gave her some water. Then he did the same for Ned and when the man tried to
bite him, Roose tsk'd at him. "Now, that was quite rude of you. Not a noble attitude, Ned." As both
of them started to really rouse now, he left the room. Leaving them to curse and scream. Roose felt
sure they would last most of the day now, till morning again at least. He won't feed them of course,
just enough water to keep them aware. Roose wanted them to last till the kids were dead, at least
some of the kids. The screen had shown Arya with Damon. Then just views of Sansa running,
Locke searching and the beach, deserted. Then it let Ned and Cat stare at their son. Robb was back
on his chain, laying curled in a corner. He cried out in a dream, then would go still, his legs would
kick as if he were trying to get away.

Rickon couldn't stay in the tree any longer. Twice he almost fell while dozing and now his joints
were stiffening. He had visions of falling on Alyn, killing him. Sighing, Rickon knew that would be
too good to happen. Getting down the tree took longer than Rickon remembers it ever taking. He
was six and felt sixty. It took some stretching before he could really move around again. The battle
cry wasn't working too well yet either. With a throat the texture of wool and a tongue made of dried
fruit "Spaceship" was a mere rasp. Remembering a trick, Rickon went further into the jungle and
dug. It was an old thing Bran had taught him from some book. Thinking of his brother made him dry
sob for a second. When Rickon stuck his head down and drank from the small muddy puddle, he
cried. For a second, it was too much to hold such hurt. The monsters have taken his MOM, his
DAD. The two most powerful people he has ever known. All the training his dad gave him doesn't
help this at all. Sansa, Jon, Arya, Robb and Bran. Are they already dead? What if I am all that is left?
Who saves me from the monsters? Rickon recalls Bran telling him a rule about stories. When Bran
would tell a story to scary and Rickon would cry. Rickon would hear the rest of the tale to search out the hero.

Except this was not a book and it was not a Lego movie. It was all monsters and the heroes got killed
right away. Before Rickon could linger further on his dark musings, Locke came. Frozen, crouched
low, the boy watched the tall monster slink by. This was not like Alyn at all. Rickon got chills
looking at this man, he was not slow or clumsy. Wishing for Alyn back after evading him for so long seemed silly. Yet, Rickon wished it, knowing this other monster can and will kill him. Trying for the silence of his sister, Rickon crept the opposite direction. Every few minutes, he would stop and cock his head, listening. When he was sure that Locke was not there, Rickon would move again. Only Cat and Ned could have told him, Locke was there the whole time. Utterly amused, Locke was watching the little boy's turtle act. Shaking his head in disgust, Alyn deserved to die for this. How could any kill or hunt been more simple? Ramsay had dubbed the boy Mittens, his brother Lampshade. Locke decided he would indeed make mittens out of this boy. Deciding to end it, as it was late afternoon, Locke stalked towards the boy.

Alyn staggered into the cottage, stepping over the dead bodies. He got a beer and downed it, belching loudly. Grabbing one for the road, he headed out. This time he was determined to kill a Stark. Any Stark and he was fucking whichever one it was first. It was pure dumb luck that Bran was dragging himself past as Alyn fell over a large bush. Bran screamed as the overjoyed man leaped at him. Grabbing a rock, he managed to strike the man twice. It hurt but not enough to cause damage to the buzzed and savage creature. Bran gagged as the man slobbered all over him and cried out in horror when his shorts were yanked off. Fighting in blind panic until the creep shoved his legs apart. The sheer agony of broken bones grinding together made him gray out. Alyn was ripping his own pants down, as he hissed at the boy. "I have been waiting for this too long. After I bring your body to Locke, gonna fuck you again." Then as Bran screamed, there was such PAIN, EARTH SHATTERING PAIN. A silky voice in his ear AND PAIN. "How about I fuck you instead, Sir? Do you like it, is it deep enough for you?" Ned had thought seeing his brother castrated and gutted was awful. Watching his daughter murder a man by raping him with a knife, as that man lay on his son worse. "I have turned my children into monsters. Into vengeful creatures just to survive another day. What have I done?" Cat said nothing, just gave a bitter gargoyle smile.

Myranda, Ygritte and the Clegane brothers silently swam to the rocky hills. They had to leave the boat some ways back of course. This was the only area not sprinkled with cameras, they were aware how much Roose loved his films. Myranda is in a few of them herself in fact, never as the victim. She must admit, if she had chosen to stay with a family, it would have been the Boltons. Sadly, Petyr had found her first and those who left Petyr and Varys, they never lived long. So Myranda has taken the gristiest of jobs to make her feel better. She jumped at a chance to be the Boltons whore and loved those hunts. Best of both worlds in fact. Which is why she must be so careful today. Grab Sansa and get out without being seen is her best hope. If it goes wrong, well Myranda will enjoy hunting. The biggest goal is not to not be taken alive if it goes wrong. Myranda knows that being flayed alive is a favorite here. That is not how she intends to die. Silently, they climbed the rocks then scouted for cameras and guards. The few faceless men Roose keeps as fodder were not a match for the brothers. Or the girls for that matter. Yet, the girls were not fighting, they were dismantling some cameras.

Damon shoved Arya to her knees and untied her hands. "If you are smart, you will behave while Roose sees you. You may not like me, but compared to Roose, I am a goddamned prince." Arya said nothing but stayed on her knees, waiting. The sound of measured footsteps made her nervous. When Roose came into the room, she looked up at him defiantly. He gave a little smirk and waited for Arya to notice. When something seemed to shift behind the man's leg, Arya peered at it. A head tilted just past the leg and she knew the face. Arya knew the eyes, the face, but it was different in some awful indescribable way. "Robb?" The name was said so softly and the boy responded. "Arya. A sister, Master?" Roose gave the most chilling eyes Arya has ever seen. In a voice that was calm yet something so evil in it, Roose spoke. "That is right, Robb. Her name is Arya and she is your sister. Are you becoming smarter? Are you such a clever boy, Robb?" Something in that made her brother go sickly gray and sob. Her mouth open, Arya observed a stream a urine come from this sickly version of Robb. My older brother cowers naked, wearing a collar on his neck. Like a little boy, like
an animal and her temper comes surging forth.

Locke was tensed, ready to pounce when the boy's head came up. He seemed to sniff at the air and then make low moaning sound. A large smile on his face, Locke called out, "Did you just sense me now? Not a very good rabbit to sense danger so late." Standing up, Rickon looked in the direction of the voice. "I got away from the others." Locke walked into view and nodded. "True, you did. Of course that is because you dealt with a drunk and an idiot. I am not either of those things, Mittens." With a grimace, Rickon said, "That is not my name. It's Rickon." Locke shrugged and taunted. "That is what you will be after I kill you. Mittens to warm my hands during our nice northern winters. Tell you what though, I feel "generous today. I will give you a head start to run." Rickon took off and Locke had to admit, the kid was fast. However, his tracks were clear and Locke followed easily. When he finally saw the boy again, he was laying two feet ahead, crying. Holding his ankle Rickon was crumpled and Locke felt kind of sad. "Too easy, little one. So much for your invincible powers after all." As he walked closer, his knife at the ready, Rickon mumbled something. "What was that, Mittens?" Asked Locke as he was now two feet away. "SPACESHIP!" Screamed the boy, as he flung a rock hard on the ground. Onto one of the mines he had found with Bran the night before. The world exploded and Locke was thrown back by it. When he could see again, the boy was gone. Locke swore and tried to ignore how his flesh felt seared off. He was going to kill that little brat really fucking slow.
Everyone Has A Hero Somewhere, Right?

Chapter Summary

Damon's cruel dominance and Sansa's voice help Arya stay alive while meeting Roose Bolton. Sansa finds a brother and he barely knows her, the real her. Ramsay gets bored and Reek gets more trauma. Roose gives Damon a gift and has a little something special planned for mommy and daddy.

In the next fifteen seconds, Damon saved Arya's life. "WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED TO MY BROTHER! YOU SICK FUCK, WHAT DID YOU DO! I WILL EAT YOUR HEART, YOU PIECE OF SHIT! I WILL STAB YOU IN THE HEAD!" Damon's boot had struck with great force into Arya's back. Just as she had said "Happened", the floor was crushing her face. A large boot was on her as if Arya had become a rug. When she made a choking sound, the boot tried to press through Arya, into the wood. "Sorry, Mr. Bolton. I am trying to teach her some manners. The little wolf bitch likes to fight is all." Roose raised his eyebrows and said, "Really? Tell me Damon, is she like her sister?" With a shake of his head, Damon assured him. "Nothing like Sansa. This one just knows basic survival and is a little sneak. She likes to fight to be tough, I want to tame her. If you don't mind my keeping a pet?" Roose seemed to think on it and said, "Tell me the difference between this one and Sansa. Do you think Sansa is more like one of Petyr's girls?" "Oh hell yes. I was stupid not to have seen it earlier. But who'd have thought noble Ned would let his girl train as a killer whore? Sansa kills you while she fucks you, only Petyr teaches those skills. That girl is good at her tricks, I don't want to see her alive again. Way too dangerous, Mr. Bolton for the games. She needs to just be head shot." Arya lay passive under the large weight and prayed for the safety of Sansa. Someone had to make it out of here.

Sansa rolled the dead man off of Bran, who was laying still as stone. His eyes rolled and she smacked his cheek, hard. "Bran! Bran, you need to come back." Her voice was hard, it was urgent and Bran muttered. Then he moaned in pain as Sansa came back into focus. "Hey, good to see you again. Listen carefully okay? I am going to splint your leg. It's going to really, really hurt and you will want to scream. You cannot scream at all. I will let you bite down on this stick, really hard. If you scream, the hunters find us and we die. Of course, they will hurt us very badly before we die. Don't scream, Bran." Panting, he nodded, each word hitting like a bullet. Biting on the stick, sweating, Bran was in hell. Sansa tried to keep him talking as she forced his bones straight. "Were you with Rickon? Hey, look at me! Blink once if you were with Rickon." Bran tried to focus and blinked once. "Almost done now, Bran. I saw Arya a bit ago. She is still alive too, at least for now. You would have cried if Rickon was dead, right Bran?" One last crack and she let the boy pass out. She finished securing his leg before waking him up. "Hush now, it's just me, Sansa. I know you hurt and are tired. Look, I have some water and crackers. Here, quickly, we need to keep moving." With shaking hands, Bran took the offered meal. By the time he was done, Bran could speak again.

Ramsay had borrowed a choke chain and leash from his father. Whimpering for a minute, Reek stayed still for it. It was longer and it gave him more space. When it yanked, it pinched and strangled him terribly. Theon made sure to stay very close so Ramsay never would need to yank. Frustration and boredom etched on Ramsay's face after an hour of nothing. This scared Reek because his Master bored was a bad thing. He remembered that. After that two weeks of hell at the Boltons, it became a living terror, each day. On holidays, vacations, Ramsay's birthday, Roose would ask for Theon. Ned would always send him and if Theon dared to try to explain, he was punished. Harshly. "You will
remember who you are, boy. I could have killed you like your brothers. Instead, I have tried to give you a new life, a better one. This is how you repay me, by acting with such dishonor! You will respect and obey me, Theon. Everyone makes sacrifices for the family. This is yours." Reek was recalled in an instant, to save on the initial worst pain of it. Ramsay would threaten with the knife, but not flay as long as he submitted. Yet, sometimes even that bored Ramsay. Then he would force his pet into a hunt, or a word game that would end in the loss of skin. So when his Master looked bored, Reek trembled.

"Here, stop your tracking, Reek. What a useless tracking dog you are, pet." Mumbling an apology, Reek knelt before Ramsay. "Would you like some water, poor thing, you look worn out." Reek looked up and searched the intense eyes. "Yes Master, if it pleases you." It came out more of a question and Ramsay's eyes brightened. "Oh, what a nice answer, Reek. Good boy, you may have your water." Sagging in relief, Reek drank greedily from the bottle his Master tipped to his mouth. When the water was taken away, Reek gave heartfelt thanks. It was so hot today, even though Theon loved it, Reek was too weak in it. "Would you like a small rest, pet? You look terrible and I don't want you to die of heatstroke. I will give permission for a tiny nap." Nearly crying, Reek nodded. He was weary but this must be a game, Ramsay was too kind. He had no choice but to go along with it until Ramsay wins. "Yes Master. I am grateful to you. I only want to make you happy."

This seemed to please Ramsay and he lay his pet down. Reek curled up against this Master who he can never escape. It was his only comfort and he drowsed in the shadow of Ramsay. A small whisper, a little insidious sound and Reek heard it through the fog of sleep. "If you ever become Theon again." TINK. "I can make you more than Reek. You could be no one, if you won't be my loyal, loving pet forever." TINK. Reek's eyes flew open as two stones clinked again in his ear and he dry heaved in terror. "Stones don't quite sound like a hammer and nail, but you get the point." Ramsay smiled and watched as his silly pet shook in silent terror. "I love my little pet. Do you love me too, Reek?" In a ragged voice, the pet eagerly answered. "Yes, I love you, Master. I love you, loyal Reek, a good boy. Please, let me obey you, please? I want to be Reek. I want to belong to Master." Ramsay chuckled and held the panicking pet. "Calm yourself now, Reek. We have hunting to do, remember? What will you do when we find a Stark, Reek?" In a submissive voice, twisted in trauma, "I will kill the Stark. I will kill and show my Master I am loyal." Ramsay gave his pet a nice petting on his head. "Good Reek. Now let us start your tracking again."

While Roose questioned Arya, Damon stayed looming over her. His fists and boots were ready for any answer that wasn't respectful. It made her seethe that she was cowed, yet she was. The large giant seemed to be in charge of her, seems to think he owns her. Sansa's voice in her head counsels to let that alone for now. Let him think what he wants, it keeps you alive. You can handle it, it's better than Roose. If you don't give in to Damon, if you do not answer Roose correctly, what then? Will he skin you alive or do what he did to Robb? Arya knew what lobotomies were and it was killing her. To know that Robb was shattered that way. Longing to kill Roose and Damon, she listened to her sister's advice for once. Arya had no information about Petyr or her sister. She was honest in telling Roose of her father's training. There were no secrets or business deals that she would have been privy to. Roose saw that the girl did not lie, though he found her glare amusing. Her voice was strained and polite. It was funny watching her struggle to keep her temper. Damon had a wide smile too, as he dominated her very air. Arya had cringed lower as Damon was over her. The ever present threat was working and Arya behaved. "Very well then. Damon as long as you keep her under control, she is yours. Arya runs, causes a disturbance of any sort and you kill her. Understand?" Damon nodded and Arya bit her lip till it bled. Head Sansa counseled, "You get to live. It is a win, see it that way. Your brains intact, so start using them."

As Sansa found Bran a large stick to use for walking, there was an explosion. It sounded off to the east of them and Bran gasped. "That is the direction I was with Rickon! I was up the trees, he went on the raft into the ocean. Alyn said he was climbing the rocks then back to the water. He must have
gone up the beach into the jungle to hide." Sansa helped Bran stand and said, "He may be dead. Rickon might have just blown himself up." Bran looked steadily into his sister's eyes. "You said Arya was in the same cottage as you. That you killed a man and ran away. You did not even try to save her, did you?" Softening her eyes slightly, Sansa shook her head. "No, I did not try and save her. Because I couldn't, the man was way too large and strong. I sent for help last night, Bran. I am waiting for our rescue, then I can save anyone left. Getting myself killed, would not have saved Arya. Do you understand what I am saying, Bran?" Solemnly, he looked at Sansa then he said, "We are not leaving them behind. First we can help Rickon if he did not blow up. Then we find Arya and Robb. I heard Ramsay talking about them. Robb is with Roose. Ramsay is supposed to bring you and Arya to him." Sansa smiled bitterly then gave Bran a hug. "You are a little spy already, see? We are more alike than I thought, Bran. Later, when we have time, I want to hear everything you heard while we have been here. For now, let's go find Rickon."

Roose grabbed the collar and pulled Robb up to him. "I think it's time for you to show Mommy and Daddy how you have learned to be a good boy. Maybe they will forgive you and let you go home? Would you like that, pet?" Damon was told to eat some food and feed his pet. So Arya was forced to eat from a bowl while Roose tormented her brother. She could see and hear it, but Damon would kick hard. Anytime Arya did not obey a command, the boots or a fist would hurtle at any piece of her. Now if Damon so much as shifted, she flinched. It was intolerable to see Roose taunt her brother, who was a lost little boy now. Damon had used his boot to guide Arya's head over her bowl. "Eat that food then lick it shiny clean, wolf bitch. Now, or I am going to whip you." Arya started to chew aggressively and took her anger out in the dish.

Robb looked up at his Master with hopeful eyes. "Mommy and Daddy? Forgive stupid, bad Robb? If I show good Robb?" Roose smiled and gave Robb's hair a nice rub. "Correct. You will see them but only obey me. Even if it hurts, you will obey Master. That will be a good Robb for them. Then you can ask them to love you. You can tell them you are sorry." It was so much at once, and Robb stuck his fingers in his mouth. He sucked hard at the two with no fingernails. Stupid Robb had to learn in hurtful ways and it works. Robb is grateful that Master did it. Now he will never forget to use his mouth to make Master feel good. He will never spit or throw up what comes out. Never, it is a bad, stupid Robb to do that. He was unaware that he mumbles his thoughts out loud. Arya growled softly, her hands turning to fists on the floor. Damon reached down and twisted her nipple hard enough for her to cry. In her head, Sansa was a whisper, the Chesire Cat floating, irritating. "You caused that one. You want revenge for Robb and our parents? Then you need to keep your temper and wait for the right time. What is happening to Robb sucks, it does. You need to stay alert for a chance to save him. So keep calm around Roose." Arya softly said, "I'm sorry." Damon released her nipple. "You will call me Master. Say it." The gloating voice made her want to vomit. Instead, Arya managed to channel Sansa enough to say, "Yes Master."

Ned and Cat were numbly watching Sansa help Bran across the jungle when the door opened. Roose came in fast with ball gags. Ignoring anything they raged, Roose grabbed heads and forced balls into them. "Your son would like to see you. Being a kind Master I have decided to allow it. I hope you can behave yourselves in front of him. He is very fragile right now and frankly, you expect too much of him."
I Knew You Once, Didn't I?

Chapter Summary

Roose brings Robb to visit his parents. Locke and Myranda are on Rickon's trail, till they discover each other. Rickon sees a sight that only a monster would let a little boy see. Ramsay takes his pet to hunt down a sadistic whore. The brothers are following their own agenda. Ygritte is dismantling cameras, thus ending the outdoor show.

Roose smirked and looked back at the open door. "Well, come on in, Robb. Your parents are waiting for you, pet. Don't worry, Master is here." Ned and Cat both watched as a small huddled shape crept forward, shivering. A naked boy that wore only stains of blood, urine and things that are better left not thought of. His limbs were moving wrong, awkwardly and the eyes were so scared. Large and full of a child's confusion, those eyes could barely look at his parents. "Well, you remember them, don't you, Robb? Mommy and Daddy? Take a good look. Tell me if you remember them, pet." Robb inched closer and whimpered, sucking on his fingers. Roose pulled out a black box and pressed the button. Robb howled and jolted, drooling. "Take your fingers out of your mouth." Roose said calmly. "Bad Robb. Did you forget already?" Robb whined and sat on his hands. "Sorry Master. Good Robb, please?" As if allowing a grand exception, Roose leaned down and caressed Robb's cheek. "Alright, I will be kind. Because your Mommy and Daddy are here. It is important, can you pay attention? Listen to your Master?" Nodding, thrilled that he would not hurt more. So happy his Master will be kind and forgive him, Robb has forgotten of his parents.

Robb stared up at Roose, timidly clutching at his leg. Chuckling, Roose gave his pet a quick pat on the head while grinning at the Starks. Ned and Cat were glaring, their faces contorted in rage, tense in their bonds. Gently, Roose reminded his pet, "Robb, your parents are waiting, remember? Look and tell me if you remember them." Eager to obey and not make Master angry, Robb turned his head. He saw two towering figures in chairs, so full of fury, ALL AT ROBB! Oh, it was so bad, he was so bad, how they must hate him! Robb had jumbled pictures in his head now. This daddy, so tall and stern, a belt hitting Robb over and over. Oh, what did he do, how stupid was he? Then his mother, her face a twisted pretty-not pretty monster. A long finger, sharp nails pointing at a little Robb. A mess was on the floor and that mommy had shook him so hard. Robb screamed in horror and shame, covering his eyes.

A soft soothing voice, dripping with sympathy and long hands that massaged the twisted muscles. "I know, Robb. They are still so angry with you, that is why I tied them up. So they won't rip you apart for being so bad and stupid. I want to protect you, my little weak Robb. Look, they have gags so they cannot speak. They would only call you bad and dumb. Your daddy would say he wished you were dead. That you were such a bad son. Your mommy would tell you she hated you. That she wished she killed you as a baby. I don't want you to hear those things, little pet. It would be cruel and I try to be a kind Master, don't I?" Muffled sounds came from the daddy and Robb pressed his face into Roose's leg. "Tell them how hard you will try to be better. Tell your mommy and daddy that you are sorry for being so bad and dumb. Maybe it will help, Robb. Try for your Master." With a strangled sound, Robb turned and looked at his parents again. His head tilted to the left, fingers moving slowly as if sifting sand. Cat tried so hard, to show love and acceptance but her eyes bulged from shock. Her hair was sweat matted and the gargoyle could not hide away anymore.

Ned was trying to speak, trying to reach his boy, his son, to say anything. "I love you, I was always
proud of you. My favorite, my first, Robb, daddy has always loved you the most.” To Robb it was
growling, it was a large angry DADDY ready to leap and tear him apart. "Please, Robb...dumb
Robb, Bad Robb, sorry, sorry. Don't hurt Robb, please." Their hearts filled with such pain, Roose
was instantly harder than ever before. Such misery had to be savored and really felt, Roose immersed
himself in it. Grabbing his crying pet, Roose said, "Oh, it is not working! Look how upset your
mother is, she is crying! Robb, you made her cry!" The boy looked shattered, how could he be so
dumb, so bad? He did not even have to try to be bad, it just happened. "I know, maybe you can fix
it. Maybe we can show them just how good you can be. Would you like to try that, pet?" Robb
whined again then asked timidly, "Not a hurt thing, Master? Please?" Roose gave a fond yet stern
look at the boy and replied warmly, "Robb, don't be silly. It must hurt to prove that you will be good.
That you can behave even when it makes you scream, right? Remember that, pet? Do not look so
dumb in front of mommy and daddy."

Rickon had managed to elude the hunter for a good amount of time. He was covered in sweat, cuts
and dehydrated again. Losing steam and losing distance from the monster. Breaking past the trees,
Rickon found himself on new rocks. Groaning, he started to climb down, then stopped to watch
others climb up. This just wasn't fair, these were new monsters, two girls and two very large trolls.
One was more of a giant and it really was not fair! Suddenly, a full force tantrum erupted from the
six year old who should not be fighting for his life. "SPACESHIP! SPACESHIP! SPACESHIP!" It
was all that could tear out of Rickon's throat but it was full of angst. He threw some rocks down,
hitting them. Looking up they tried threats and they tried reason but it was useless. Rickon climbed
back up but then stopped when he saw Locke coming from the trees. He started to go sideways,
towards a different pathway. Myranda made it to the top first and ran for the little shit that tried to
stone them. It must be Sansa's little brother and he may know if Sansa is still alive. Locke stood
frozen for a minute as he saw Myranda darting towards Locke's prey. "Well, well, more rabbits for
the hunt. How lovely." Locke stepped back into the darkness of the trees.

As he stalked Myranda from a distance, he texted Ramsay, Damon and Roose. Texting Alyn is
useless, Locke disregards him as help. More likely, he will be a blanket this evening. He smiled
when he saw that Myranda fared no better than others, dealing with the boy. Rickon has gone up
into a tree now, armed with rocks. The yell of Spaceship let Myranda know when a rock was
coming, so she kept dodging. She also kept trying to get the boy to listen to her. "Hey! Stop it, I am
one of the good guys! I am here to help you! Sansa called me for help!" Rickon finally offered
something other than spaceship. "Monsters lie!" Myranda let out a growl of frustration then felt a
chill. She knew before he even spoke that Locke was there. He has always despised her, he sensed
what she really was. "Myranda, what a lovely surprise! Did you feel jealous that you were not
invited? Are you here to get Sansa, whore? I think you may be too late, though Skinner might have
dumb enough to untie her. You won't get to find out though."

Ygritte had finished climbing and staggered towards the trees. Her head hurt from a rock that glanced
hard off of her. "Where is that little spaceship freak?" She muttered, but saw no one. Hoping
Myranda reaches the boy and spanks him, she moves on. Looking for cameras and disabling as she
heads through the island, hoping to only run into Sansa. There was no one in the control room, no
one watching the cameras go out one by one. Roose has received the text and responded right away.
Holding the limp, crying boy tight against him, still deep within Robb. He sent an alert for every
worker on this little island to come forth armed. They were to kill any and all intruders. Roose put
down his phone and continued to brutally rape the boy. He listened to Robb scream and watched the
parents drown in despair. When Cat shuddered and broke, a muffled wail, that is what sent Roose
over the edge. Robb gave a final wail and slumped the ground as soon as Roose released him. "Oh
dear, look at that Robb. It did not work, look how upset your daddy is. Your mommy isn't even
paying attention now." Robb started to sob and Roose gave him a sympathetic look. "Go wait in the
hallway for me, Robb."
As soon as the boy crawled out of sight, Roose took out his knife. Standing in front of Cat he said, "She broke, Ned. I can end it for her, right now. No more watching her children tortured. But you need to give me something first." Taking out Ned's gag and asked, "Did you hire Petyr's girls to watch us, spy on us?" Ned glared at Roose then snarled, "No. I wish I had." "Did you know that Petyr was teaching Sansa more then clerical work?" "No, but I am glad he did. How many of your men has she killed?" Ned looked fiercely proud of his daughter and spit at Roose. Roose smiled and said, "That was very rude of you. But I did promise." Forcing the gag back into Ned's mouth, Roose hummed. Then he walked over to Cat and slit her throat, but it was carefully done. Horrified, Ned heard a croak and saw her eyes grow bigger. "Whoops. It will kill her but it might take a little while. Goodbye Ned."

Rickon looked down at the two monsters circling each other. They were taunting each other, Rickon wished they would just get to killing each other. He has figured out that they were not on the same side. All Rickon knew was that no one was on his side. Locke drawled out lazily, "We can be sporting about this. No guns, just knives. You like to play with knives, Myranda." Giving her most charming smile, she politely agreed. "Winner must slit the losers throat before skinning." Shaking his head, Locke disagreed. "No, my darling, that kills off all the fun now, doesn't it? I have seen you flay two of Ramsay's hunts to death. Why should we deny ourselves such a thrill? No, knives and winner does whatever the fuck he wants." Myranda hid her fear so deeply she barely felt it. Crouched with her knife, she waited. Locke came like a whirling nightmare and she could only dodge. The cuts were quick and painful, Myranda moved faster. She managed to bleed Locke a few times but it was not enough. Locke was taunting her, kicking sand in her face, then had her down. The little boy watched in horror. Rickon expected the man to stab her or cut her throat. He saw Locke smile and then the knife! The boy turned away and vomited.

Ramsay had been standing over Alyn's dead body when his father texted him. "Looks like Petyr sent friends to join our hunt. Good news, Reek. We have more to kill now. You remember Myranda, don't you? That last year that Ned sent you to me?" Reek winced and nodded. "Yes Master. I remember her." Theon had just turned eighteen and fantasized that he would be set free. That now that he was an adult, Ned would release him and Theon would go far away from Ramsay, from the North. Instead, he was given more work and restrictions. Ned had known the boy would act rebellious when he learned he was not free, ever. Theon never actually dared to attempt to run away. Instead, he drank, stayed out past curfew and spoke like an asshole. No matter how much Ned took away, he continued his attitude. Theon was down to a bare mattress in a bare room that was only unlocked when Ned needed him to work. Finally, he gave in and adjusted slowly. A resigned horror came over Theon when Ned approached him with that sad yet stern look. It was the face he always wore to tell Theon he would be visiting the Boltons. Theon dared to give one last try. "Please, just one thing, only one. I will never ask for anything else again. Let this be the last time I serve Ramsay. Please, I will stay and work forever for you. Just this one thing. I cannot spend my whole life fearing him."

Ned had not answered Theon at the time. When Theon was dropped off at the Bolton's gate, it was not just Ramsay waiting for him. Sometimes he had friends with him, Damon or Skinner usually. They played with Reek and hurt him but not too much. At least it was something he was used to. Every time Ramsay made a change it caused his pet pain, so Theon fears any change. Seeing the pretty girl was different and he had shook worse then ever. As he has been trained to do, Reek knelt down as soon as the car drove away. "Your Reek is here, Master." The words were part of the ritual and the habit of clenching hands tight to his chest came back. Ramsay greeted his pet as he always had, with a pat on the head. Then Reek would crawl after Ramsay into the house. This time his Master introduced him to this girl, telling Reek that her name was Myranda. She had a kind smile and a pretty voice. The prey that his Master has exposed within him reacted instantly. He cowered lower, this girl was just like his Master. Something within him screamed it and Reek hated her.
Ramsay made Reek use his tongue to please her. The whore was truly a sadist and would suggest things for Ramsay to do. Reek had a branding that was designed by her. One day before Reek could escape, Ramsay took them on a hunt. It was the first time Theon had gone on a real hunt with him.

He followed as Ramsay and Myranda hunted some enemy, a nameless scared young man. Reek had watched Myranda use arrows to torment her prey. When they finally brought him down, they flayed him alive. Halfway through the skinning, the whore was so excited. Leaping on Ramsay, she had him fuck her right there. She rode him, while watching the man scream. Myranda had begun to skin the man while Reek's Master pounded into her, biting her shoulder. As the man began to have a seizure, the pain so tremendous, they both came. Reek watched in sickened fascination and silently cried. When Ned saw Theon again, he made the decision. The sight of the young man so white and silent, shaking in terror, did it. Ned knew that all the training in the world is rendered useless, if the boy is afraid so much. He needed Theon to be useful and Ramsay was breaking the boy. That was not useful and Ned told Theon he no longer had to visit the Boltons. It was shocking to Ned when Theon began to sob and fell to his knees. "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Stark. I swear, I will always be faithful to you, to your family. Thank you so much."

Reek followed his Master obediently, but he was nearly screaming inside. He did not want to ever see Myranda again. What if she saw Robb and convinced Ramsay to try it. Or to let her try it? Reek would not put it past that heartless whore. It was easy to pick up tracks once they got further into the jungle. The ground showed them that several others have come through here. Which were rabbits and which were hunters? Ramsay cautioned his pet to silence as they slowly went forward. A flash of bright red hair and Ramsay grinned. Whispering, he said to his pet. "Reek, what luck! I think we have found Sansa. She is very dangerous though. So I will do the hard work, I will only have you cut her throat after I flay her face." Swallowing hard, Reek thanked Ramsay for his generosity. Ramsay continued towards his prey, trying to get close enough for a real view. His pet crawled after him, staying low and silent.

Gregor and Sandor stayed together for awhile. They did not speak unless they had to. Never have two brothers have worked closer yet hated each other more. However, they loved money and violence more than they hated. A reluctant team, but they got every job done. Very few folks hired them separately. Gregor and Sandor mainly worked for the Lannisters, however they were on retainer to Varys. Unlike Petyr's girls, they are not here to bring Sansa to Petyr. No, they had other orders and by the time Myranda or Ygritte see it, too late. The brothers would be gone with the Stark and back to the South. Varys kept as many secrets as Petyr did. Tywin Lannister has spoken with Varys about the Starks. He had decided that one of that powerful family must remain. Someone that would be the sole heir of all that Northern power. Tywin had not figured which of his sons will marry Sansa or if he will do it. Varys would feel better if that girl was a little further away from Petyr. He loved his friend and partner of sorts. Yet, it bothered him that Petyr was becoming such a tyrant and taking so many chances. This was really for the best.

They split up when screams started in opposite directions. The screams from both sides were of a female. It was impossible to tell who it was. With nothing more than a grunt, each picked a scream and followed it.
Rickon is the luckiest child on earth. Locke and Gregor play a game. Ramsay and Reek catch a rabbit.
Thanks to TommyGinger for the idea of Ygritte's lovely adventure!

Only two things could have halted Rickon's horror, a real spaceship appearing or something as big. The second happened as the boy watched a real GIANT show up. He growled something as Locke stood up, shaking blood off like a wet dog. "What the fuck are you doing here?" asked Locke, as he refused to look concerned at a death by squashing. Rickon did not like the thin goat-like man.
"Squish him!" Rickon screamed down, like a crazed Roman Emperor. Gregor looked up at the little brat who was throwing rocks earlier. "Shut up, Mittens!" Locke called back up, still watching the way too large man. "Why would a Lannister boy need to be here?" Shrugging, Gregor stares down at Myranda. "I don't ask, I just do what is needed. Don't get nervous, Locke, I was just sent to make sure things were going right. You know Tywin hates when things get really messy." Sighing, Locke says, "They will all be dead very soon. Nothing for anyone to worry about. So if you really want to risk bothering Roose right now, you go for it."

Gregor looked back up and asked which Stark it was. "Rickon fucking Spaceship Stark, aka Mittens. Little fucker had Alyn chasing him all night." The bald man peered up and then snorted. "Alyn is as useful as dog shit. So if you are here, why is HE still up THERE, breathing?" Locke rolled his eyes, then leaned against a tree. "Tell you what, you try. No guns, gotta be fair about it. Get him on the ground and dead." Gregor said he had no time for stupid Bolton games and shot up into the tree. A squeal and scurrying happened. "Climb down or the next bullet goes through you." When the rally cry came, Locke said it along with the boy and smirked at Gregor. Rickon climbed higher, two more bullets glancing off the bark nearby. Taking a huge breath, desperate, Rickon leaped. It was a miracle that he snagged a vine, yet it wasn't the experience he was looking for. Rickon honestly felt, like Tarzan, he would soar through trees. Instead, he lost half his skin as he slid down the vine, then dangled there. Locke and Gregor watched this wordlessly. Grunting, Gregor took aim again. "So much for your spaceship issues, kid. Bye bye now."

In the Stark family there was one child that was THAT KID. The one that did amazingly deadly things and yet lived to tell of it. It is the one who every babysitter or family friend is terrified of. Rickon had more punishments than any other child in the family. He has caused both his parents such FEAR. Cat was positive her death would be caused by her youngest son. The injuries usually happened to Rickon's rescuers or whomever was near ground zero. It amused Arya and Bran enough that they would join in sometimes. Like the catapult they created and Ned saw his tiny son FLY over his head like superman. Ned was already naming guests invited to his son's wake, as he waited for impact. The large helmet on Rickon's head went through the newly repaired fence. The rest of him followed and he landed on the bushes. It took twenty minutes just to extract the boy and he was grinning. Ned nearly killed his son right then and there. Instead, he found himself trying to keep his wife from murdering Arya and Bran. All three were given the switching of their lives. Only four days later, Rickon had started practicing how to fall from heights like a stunt man.

Rickon had given himself broken bones, fractured his skull and nearly killed himself. He gave his mother a reason to drink more and his father a fear of hearing, "Hey, we are at the hospital now."
Rickon knew someday he will be the world's greatest stuntman. Of course, that was before he was here, with his family being killed. Before a giant tried to shoot at him. He did not want to die, but it didn't scare him that he might. Taking a huge breath, he watched the large man's hand and as the man shot, Rickon let go. The bullet did not strike his heart, it laid fire in his arm. Free falling, he relaxed his body and rolled as he hit ground. Moss, sand and rotting vegetation seemed to cradle him, hide him. Tears came as Rickon felt such pain and was so scared he broke a bone. It hurt so much to move, but Rickon could move. That was all that mattered and he crawled away mindlessly. Panic and pain made him not think where he was going. So the pit came out of nowhere and he slid right in. Rickon did not dare to breathe. He was holding in his stomach, between the wall and a spike. Oh, Spaceship" Rickon whispered.

Locke enjoyed every second of the giant crashing about, swearing. He readied his gun and then called out casually, "You won't find him. He's gone again. Now, this is really fun hanging out with you, hunting little Mittens and all. I do have a question though. If you are a Lannister man, a good old Southern Boy, why would you be here with Myranda? Now I understand how you could know her. Petyr and Varys are married, maybe you wanted to come North, try out a new thing. But see, here is where I am confused. If Myranda was here to save Sansa for Petyr, she wouldn't bring a Southern boy. Why would Petyr tell her to bring you?" Gregor turned around and began to slowly walk back. He tossed the gun to the ground, held out his arms and said, "How about it? You love games, right? Here is one for you then. You lose the gun, fight me with your knife there. If you win, I'll answer your questions for you. If I win, you'll be dead." Tilting his head, Locke considered this. With a winning smile, Locke agreed. "That would be a great game, Gregor. Yet, I think it is still not quite fair enough for me." Locke shot Gregor's left leg, then shot his right arm. "There, that is more reasonable, I think."

Ramsay was locked onto his prey now and he was graceful, deadly. Stalking after the flashes of brilliant red hair, till he saw her clearly. This was not polished Sansa Stark, this was a ginger whore, uninvited on his island. Myranda must have brought a friend with her. No matter, the hunt was still on and this girl will suit just fine. The girl froze and turned slightly. Ramsay already was on the move. Ygritte was like a wild woman and Ramsay thrilled to it. His little pet just sat there and watched, relieved it was not a Stark. Reek never saw a girl move so fast and she had a grimace that somehow made her look prettier. It seemed to be a fair fight for some time. She has broken two of Ramsay's ribs and gave him a nice deep slice across his chest. Blades, fists and it was like watching a storm, wild and brutal. With a harsh kick to her leg, Ramsay broke something and she went down with a barking sound. On her in a heartbeat, Ramsay wrapped his hands around her throat and choked her out. He checked to make sure she still had a pulse. Laughing, he beckoned to his pet. "Come help Master, Reek. I want you to see what we do to enemies."

Ygritte woke up to discover herself on fire. At least that is her first impression of things. "Wet rawhide. That is what you feel against you." Ramsay was standing over her and had the brightest smile she has ever seen. His eyes were a child at the circus for the first time. "Go ahead, try to move. See, only your head can go anywhere now. Keep trying though, maybe you can get loose." Ygritte could not get loose, she was stretched so tightly, arms out, legs out. Something told her not to raise her head, not to look down. So she stared at the happy sadist, refusing to give him the pleasure of her freaking out. Ramsay was not in least deterred and continued. Now he was hunkering down and looked like he was greeting a treasured friend. "You must feel very hot. You are stretched out on a beach, after all. I did try and be helpful though, I took your clothing. You would get way too sweaty in them. Maybe a breeze will come by and caress all this pretty skin." Ramsay ran his hand along her thigh and Ygritte screamed. A caress should not create that kind of pain. I won't look, fuck him, I won't look, she told herself, trying not to cry. Ramsay lifted his hand after another gentle swipe. Even that gentle touch caused her to cry out. Oh, it felt like fire, what was happening? This was not just a bad sunburn, it was worse. Don't think about it, don't give him a reaction. Do not let this
fucking sociopath clown have his jollies. Then Ramsay showed her his hand, how it was covered in honey and fire ants. The sociopath clown and his sad little monkey got their show after all.
Dogs and Wolves Can Get Along

Chapter Summary

Sansa and Bran have been found by Sandor. He offers them an escape. Sansa tries to convince her brother they will come back with help.

Damon has an issue and Arya hates all the solutions to it.

Sandor followed the sound then stopped, seeing Ramsay Bolton. That is one little nut that Sandor does not want to deal with. Get Sansa back to the Lannisters. Try to keep any killing to a minimum, Lannisters are not breaking their deals with the Boltons. Once the girl is delivered to Varys for safekeeping, Tywin will explain to Roose. That he need never worry that Sansa will speak or take revenge. These things happen in their circles and it would be understood and accepted, even if it pissed the Boltons off. Of course, it will mean Roose and Tywin will both have a piece of the North. Lucky for Roose, Robb is the main inheritor in Ned's will. Yet what Varys knows, is Cat's will provides her wealth and lands to Sansa. So that gives Tywin a nice boost to have the Rivertowns for himself. None of this matters in the least to Sandor, who hurries in a different direction. He despised the jungle and was being eaten alive. Grumpy and on edge, he heard noises and ducked into shadow. Here came another boy, a little older, leaning on a stick. Looked like he had a badly broken leg and who was with him? Sighing in relief, Sandor came forward.

The gun was already trained on him, when Sandor stepped out of the shadows. "No need to shoot me. Do I look like one of the Bolton boys to you?" Saying nothing, she clicked off the safety. With a groan of frustration, he held his hands out and tried again. "You texted Petyr for help. I am here with my brother, Myranda and Ygritte. To get you the fuck out of this hellhole." Sandor decided it would be a bad idea to say what happened to Ygritte. Sansa breathed fast for a second then lowered the gun. "I was staring to wonder if Petyr had forgotten me." Then Sansa's eyes narrowed and she asked, "You are a Southerner, aren't you? Why would you be helping to rescue me?" With a sigh that nearly blew Sansa's hair off with the stench, Sandor stood nearly over her. He was unconcerned that her gun was now at his chest. "Okay, here it is. One time explanation then we need to get the fuck out of here. I hate this fucking jungle and the damned bugs. Petyr's husband has sent us. Varys figured the northern girls might need a little help. These are the Boltons. Girls don't last long with them. My only job is to get you out of here. I found you, so let's move." Sansa nodded, it really didn't matter, it was a rescue and that was good enough.

"What about Rickon or Robb? Arya too?" Bran was so pale, almost grey and shivering in the heat. Wavering on the stick and Sansa had seen the leg. The damage was terrible and it seemed he might be unable to walk at all soon. "Can you carry him for me? Once we leave here Bran..we can get more help for the others. I swear it." Before he could argue with Sansa, the hound just lifted him, throwing him over a large shoulder. Bran yelped in pain once and went limp. Easy enough, thought Sandor. He will carry the boy till they are safely in the boat. Even let the boy hang on his back while they swim. Bran will drown before the boat reaches land and the girl will get over it. Sansa kept her gun at the ready, scouting on ahead as they headed for the rocks. "I wouldn't go over the beach right now" Sandor had grumbled. The last thing they needed to see was Ygritte being eaten alive by bugs. Sadly, as they began to head down a long rocky path, it overlooked the beach. Ramsay and Reek have moved onward, but Ygritte was still there. A hoarse voice cried out weakly and shuddered. Sansa told Bran to look away in a hard voice. "Can't do anything for her, she is nearly gone." Sandor said and urged her forward. As she walked, Sansa whispered,"Ygritte was a really good person. She
doesn't deserve to die like that."

Halfway down the rocky path, Sandor took a small break when Bran vomited down his back. Growling in disgust, he took off his shirt and threw it. "Motherfucker! Couldn't have warned me?" Sansa shot a look at Sandor before kneeling next to Bran. His face was sweaty and grey now. His leg looked awful and smelled worse. It was a filthy wound, and Sansa had no way of cleaning it right now. The swelling was tremendous and Sansa knew he wasn't going to make it. There was no way to find a doctor in time. Even if they got Bran out, he would lose the leg. Stifling tears, Sansa forced a small smile and gave Bran some water. Changing the makeshift bandage, Sansa used a piece of the shirt she was wearing. When her clothing was destroyed during the gang rape, she had to make due. The wife beater Dick had tossed on the couch earlier, stunk of beer and Old Spice, but it was all she had. Sansa used one piece for the worst of the wounds on Bran's leg. The other she covered in water and pressed against the flushed face. "You are going to make it, Bran. We have to get out of here, you really need to try and push yourself. Can you do that?" The boy nodded and slurred a bit. "Can I rest for a few minutes first?" Sandor responded to that by lifting the boy over his bare shoulder. Bran groaned and Sansa hardened herself against pity. They continued down to the larger rocks and with Bran hanging on Sandor's back, they began to descend towards the water.

Damon was trying to decide what to do with Arya. As he was forcing the girl to lick that bowl clean, a text came. Looks like extras have joined the party. More to kill and Damon was all for it. Once he figured out what to do with his little wolf bitch. When she finished all trace of food and water from the pet bowls, Arya refused to stay on hands and knees. She sat cross legged near Damon. Her grey eyes were challenging, nails digging into her palms, her pride so stung by acting like a pet. Arya had no idea that she looked like a small fierce creature. Her very nature was the attraction and the more stubborn, the more amusing to Damon. With a wide biting grin, Damon idly kicked at the girl while speaking. "So now I have a small problem, what to do with you. A few more rabbits showed up and I need to get hunting. I could leave you here, but you are a rude, sneaky little girl. One wrong word, a single glare, and Roose would make you into a rug. Or I could come back and find a drooling, breathing hole. A smack with his little hammer, you'll be lucky if you can say your name. If I gagged and tied you up, stuffed you in a cabinet, you would kick. Roose would hear you and that would be the end of my fun. And the end of you, stupid girl." Arya glared at Damon, but the fear of Roose was keeping her mouth shut right now.

"The only other thing to do is bring you with me. Now I know that you can be silent and I am damn sure you can hunt. Even if your kills are messy and few." Arya snarled at that and Damon laughed at her. His boot was now kicking at her fist held so tightly. "Open your hands up. We aren't fighting, are we? You can try to take me on later tonight, I promise to give you a chance. But right now we're just talking, right? Or, I am talking, you are keeping your mouth shut and listening. So open your hands up, stop digging with your fucking claws. PAY ATTENTION!" The roar was so startling, Arya jumped. He was standing now and looked ten times bigger than usual. Arya felt as small as Rickon, maybe a bit smaller even. "I am paying attention." Sansa whispered the words and Arya echoed them to Damon. Looking slightly appeased, Damon reminded, "I am paying attention, what?" This time only, she sneered at the Sansa in her head. "I am paying attention...Master." Damon sat back down and then he patted his legs, calling to his dog. "Come here, in front of me so I can talk to you." Struggling with herself, Arya hesitated. Damon's eyes seemed to darken and Arya reluctantly crawled forward.

When Arya sat just out of kicking distance, Damon smiled, his cheer has been restored. "Now, are you ready to listen?" Nodding, she made sure her hands were open. Laying the bloody palms against her knees, eyes on Damon. "Good. So I cannot leave you here and risk having Roose destroy you. You don't want to be a drooling idiot or a rug, do you?" "No Master." Arya said it faster that time. The hate she felt for Damon was consuming. Mostly because he scared her, took away her control. The idea of Roose was downright icy black panic. Her brother's face flashed and Arya nearly
gagged at the image of Roose with a little hammer. The idea of being skinned alive had no great appeal either. Damon continued speaking, leaning forward to keep Arya's attention. "So that means you need to hunt with me. You will be silent and obedient. You'll want to try to run or challenge me. I want you to understand what will happen. When I catch you or knock you down, I will break four fingers. And three toes, I might even let you pick which ones."

"If you try and help anyone I am hunting, try to warn them, I'll break your jaw. Got me?" Arya nodded and Damon shook his head. "I want to hear that you understand me." Her throat felt flannel lined as she answered. "Yes Master, I understand." Damon's broad face became more relaxed and his smile grew. Arya dreamed of ripping off his lips and shattering every tooth. "I will give you plenty of games that will let you fight as hard as you want. Games that let you run, try to escape. This is not one of them. Behave now and I will let you have your chance at my neck later on." If only that were true, Arya would have been overjoyed. Instead, Arya knew it would be game designed for her to fail. That was not a reward, but she did not want broken bones. Her father decided to drop by Arya's head space and gave some thought. "You have no weapons, the man is much stronger than you. He has knives, a whip and gun. Be clever, this is a time to be careful. Obey him so he is appeased. You must wait until the right opportunity to run or strike." Wearily, Arya accepted it and slumped her head. The words came out clipped as if it hurt to speak. "I won't cause any trouble on the hunt, Master."
Sansa, Sandor and Bran have been found. Ramsay and Reek hunt new rabbits. Damon collars Arya. Rickon is stuck in a pit, he is trying to find a way out.

Sansa slipped again, this time ripping a jagged line through her calf. "We're leaving blood everywhere. Won't be hard to track us. We have to go faster." Sandor just grunted at her and kept climbing down, hoping Bran will slip off his back. The boy wouldn't survive a fall. Somehow those hot sweaty hands kept clinging to him. An arrow whizzed past Sansa's head and she flattened against the rock. "They found us. Get down." Sandor gave her a look of annoyance, he had already plastered himself to a rock. The second he saw the arrow, unlike the red head who took an extra few seconds to react. They heard laughter from above and Sansa went pale. "That's Ramsay." Sandor groaned, wonderful. Stuck in a fucking jungle, sick boy rotting on my back, rocks cutting me, bugs eating me, now arrows from a lunatic. Awesome job pick, Gregor. Thanks.

Reek had covered his face during the worst parts, but Ramsay didn't mind. He was having so much fun, kneeling over Ygritte. Whispering to her about what was happening on her skin. Delighting in stirring the ants into anger, then Ramsay jerked off on the screaming whore's face. Just as Ramsay was adding deep cuts on her stomach then pouring honey into them, his cell rang. It was his father, wanting to know the progress. "I have a girl here I just took down. She told me her name is Ygritte. Pretty redheaded thing, not so much anymore. Came here with Myranda. We didn't do much talking after that. Once she figured out it wouldn't stop the pain, bitch didn't feel like saying anymore." Roose's voice was colder than usual. "You should have asked her how many others were here. You are letting your games get ahead of your tasks, Ramsay. I have given you your hunting grounds, I let you keep your pet. All I asked you to do in return, is kill. So stop your playing around. I want you to find, question and kill anyone who is not welcome here. I want the Stark boys dead. Not running around like monkeys. Dead. Do you understand, son?"

Ramsay gave a subdued response. "Is Sansa still alive, Ramsay? If so, start with her, she is dangerous, do not underestimate her. Shoot her, carve out her heart, if you'd like. Make sure she is dead. Then get the little boys. I want to see the bodies in the yard, tonight. Or I will play with your Theon." Ramsay had to control his panic and temper. Reek was still covering his face, good. That meant he doesn't see the shaking hands. Or the quick flash of fear on his Master's face. "His name is Reek. Don't touch him, I'm going to kill them." He hissed into the phone and disconnected. In a very sharp tone that made his pet flinch, Ramsay told Reek to stand up. "We need to move fast, find and kill the rabbits. You can walk for it, we need to get this done." With a quiet, yes Master, Reek followed Ramsay. His hands clenched tight against his chest, Theon was glad to get away from Ygritte. The screaming was ripping through him. It was a blessing to track instead, looking for clues, not watching how the ants were INSIDE HER. Squirming, the girl had been nearly delirious. Now Reek saw something, it would please Ramsay, that was always good. Theon reminded himself it will lead to another horror show. Yes, but it won't be OUR horror show. He shuddered at his own thought, then spoke.

"Master, vomit and blood. Look, towards the rocks," Ramsay grinned and bent down. "Good Reek! Very good work, pet. Let's go get those rabbits. Don't worry, Reek. We don't have time for me to be creative. Just killing." Laughing at Reek's relief at his words, Ramsay took the crossbow off his back
and gave Reek the arrows. "Stay right with me, next to me. Stay silent and helpful." It's just a hunt, hunting with Ramsay, I have done this before. Holding arrows or ammo, as Ramsay and his friends went for some deer. He ran with Myranda and Ramsay after that kid. Theon thought only of his movements, of Ramsay's orders and remained helpful. His stomach dropped when Sansa's red hair flashed. He hopes that Ramsay meant what he said about not playing with the prey. Theon prays that Ramsay won't make him kill her.

Damon showed Arya three items that she instantly wished to burn. A dog collar, a leash and a muzzle. "Hell, no." She growled. "I am not a dog, I won't wear it." The hated fucking grin grew and as Damon stood over her, he took the whip from his belt. "No?" Arya watched as he walked around her in a widening circle. "No?" The sound was enough to make her wince, but Arya was in writhing pain. The whip cut deep and long through her back. Damon gave her a minute to focus again then asked, "No?" At the sound, Arya tried to brace herself, it did no good. The bloody lines across both her legs were burning hotter than her back. "No?" Wincing down, Arya yelled, "Stop!" Another strike from her middle back to hip. Crying out, she started to crawl away, under a table. "Still want to tell me no? Tell me to stop, forget to call me Master? Or are you done being a brat?" Arya could not stand the thought of a collar and leash on her. Never mind a fucking muzzle. The voices in her head clamored for attention.

Fuck you, it isn't any of you feeling this. Going through this. Robb's voice broke through the noise and pain. "No, I don't know what you are going through. I can't pretend to be you and feel your pain. Not just a voice this time, it was a memory. Arya had been sobbing, nearly ripping her hair out in rage. A bully at school was bothering her friends, a fight ensued. It ended with Arya sending the boy to the hospital. When her mother came to the school, her lips were pinched tight. Her hair had been in a severe bun and to Arya, the woman looked like a gargoyle. Cat agreed with the principal about the suspension then in the car she said, "If we get sued over the damage to that boy, it all comes out of your own money. All of your bank account, including your college funds if need be. I won't pay for your bad choices anymore. You know what this looks like for our family? Do you even care how your father will feel?" The words kept coming, more strident, by the time they were home, Cat was enraged.

Arya was lectured and thrashed by her mother. Another longer lecture and her father's belt on her back five times. After hearing how she was grounded for two months, she escaped to her room. The rage was so immense, it took over and Arya destroyed her room. The rage wore her down, till she lay in the destruction, panting, crying. Robb had come in then and sat down next to her. Three times he tried to hold her and she shoved him away. Then Arya put her face on his chest and sobbed. "They never even asked why I did it. They just yell about the family image and beat me down. Two months before I can leave this fucking house except for school!" Screaming in rage, "I HATE THEM!" Robb waited until she was calm then talked to her. "I am sure you had a reason for it. That boy was two grades above you, he could have put YOU into the hospital. That scares Mom, it scares Dad. They can't say that, but that is why they get so upset. You need to look at different ways to handle things. What else could you have done to stop his bullying? Maybe get a teacher, or just say fuck off, get your friends to walk away. Save fighting for when there is no other choice. Because if you mess up, if another gets you down, you might not have any choices left at all."

"I'll put on the fucking collar." Arya yelled out, still huddled under the table. "I will put on the collar, Master?" I am going to rip out his vocal chords. I will rip out his fucking eyes. "I will put on the collar, Master." Damon picked up the collar, but still held the whip. "Come out and put on your new collar, little wolf." Slowly, anticipating the whip, Arya scooted out from the safety of the table. Damon snapped the whip at the floor when Arya tried to stand up. "Crawl to me, then kneel up." Snarling, grinding teeth til it hurt, Arya obeyed. Damon made her kneel before him and put her hands behind her back. It was hard to stay still, to not bite or pull away. Damon enjoyed every bit of her struggle and took his time locking the collar onto her. "There, it suits you, little bitch".
stared hard at him, refusing to give anymore satisfaction to this asshole. "Say thank you Master." Only after Damon touched the whip, did she respond. "Thank you Master." He attached the leash but when he picked up the muzzle, Arya protested. Careful, be careful now, Jon whispers in her mind. "Please..Master. You don't need the muzzle. I won't scream, I won't be loud. At least give me a chance, first? I put on the collar, I have the leash and I am afraid of your fucking whip. I won't try to run or fight. I swear it. Don't muzzle me, Master." I will eat his heart, melt his ears like wax with fire.

Rickon stayed frozen for so long that when he moved, he creaked. For a while, as the sun seemed to fade, he just tried to get joints to work again. The sweat poured off of him and made his flesh slippery. It was causing the dirt against his back to turn muddy. He grabbed the spike directly in front of him and tried to move it. Hands slipped through it, but it had wobbled. Rickon tried to turn himself in tiny increments. Digging his fingers and toes into the dirt, Rickon tried to climb up. He lost most of his fingernails and toenails. "Spaceship." The rally cry was now a whisper, a scared, angry whisper. No matter how he tried, he could not get up to the top. Rickon sobbed for a minute, leaning against the dirt wall. Then he turned again, staring at the spikes. Spikes. Like in Frozen, Bran's movie. Rickon had liked that one part, when the lady goes all witchy. Huge frozen spikes everywhere and a huge Ice Giant ready to bash heads in. Grinning, he grabbed one the spikes and started to work it free.
Dying To Play

Chapter Summary

Ramsay gets a rabbit. Rickon has an idea. Locke and Gregor fight. Sansa and Sandor are trying for the beach. Bran meets Reek.

When an arrow found it's mark deep in flesh, Ramsay gave a maniacal "HA!". He grinned at Reek, who instantly said, "It was a good shot, Master." Theon would not think about an arrow sticking out of Bran's back. He refuses to think about Bran or any other person that isn't Ramsay. It was safer, better and less painful that way. So he did not hear Sansa's cry of grief. He certainly did not think of Bran's small body rolling down rocks, broken and bloody. Reek clutched his fingers so tightly they ached.

Sandor was glad to lose the weight, but he winced as the boy fell so far down. The poor fucker looked like a broken marionette. Taking careful aim, Sandor tried to put a hole through the deranged open mouthed smile. He wanted to watch it blow apart. Instead it grazed Ramsay's arm and it only seemed to make him happier. "Goddamned special bus window licking fuck nut!" He was pissed beyond belief and ducked another arrow. Sansa was sobbing, her little brother, the way he fell and she tried to turn to stone. Don't think of how he used to grin at her and ask her to read him a story. The small warm weight of him, Bran leaning against her. He loved to listen to her sing, he told her that she was just like a princess. Sansa continued to climb down, the tears dried. Lips were so tight and thin, they nearly disappeared. Sandor glanced at the girl and blinked twice. For a moment there, she looked like a gargoyle clinging to stone.

Rickon stared at the two spikes he has freed and prayed that this works. He heard this from Bran's books and he has seen it in movies. He jammed a spike into the wall, then the other and pulled up. Toes digging painfully to catch a hold, a root, anything. It was not as easy as Rickon thought it would be. Rickon was sure that he had no toes left and most of his limbs would just rip off. He was whimpering in pain, his limbs shaking when he reached the top of the pit. Pulling himself out onto the ground, Rickon lay there. Panting, crying, muscles he did not know existed twitched and gave red hot flashes of pain. When he tried to move, it was slow going. It took quite some time before Rickon could walk normally again. There was no time to rest though, there were monsters about. It was almost dark and that is when monsters are out the most. Silent as he could be, Rickon slipped through the trees. Keeping one spike in a tight sweaty fist, Rickon stayed within the jungle, not daring the rocks or beach.

He heard the sounds of fighting and his curiosity got a hold on him. Rickon only crept close enough to see, making sure to stay hidden. Eyes widening, he hunkered down to watch this amazing rare sight. Who knows if he will ever live to see anything more spectacular? A giant fighting a goat man. This was worth stopping for. All huge pink flesh and muscle, the giant looked ready to eat the goat man. His arm and leg were bloody, the leg seemed to move all wrong. Locke, a stupid name for a goat man, he was holding large knives. That sneer on his face, it reminded Rickon of villains in some of his shows. The pointed beard on his chin was somehow sinister yet ridiculous all at once. The beard is really what makes him the goat. A month ago, Rickon went with his mother to her sister's farm. His aunt was not just crazy, she was a card carrying member of crazy town. At least that is what Sansa had told him. So he stayed outside with the animals. There was this gray, wiry, mean as anything goat. Rickon watched as it went around, looking for victims. Rickon was head butted,
loved to see him suffer. It was not enough big enough, and it wouldn't eat him. It followed you, looked casual, then hell in it's eyes, it got you. He really, really hoped that the giant would eat Locke. Goat man was dancing around the giant, knives flashing fast. The large chest was now covered in cuts, but then a huge fist caught Locke and it threw him. It took Locke a second to find his legs again, but the giant was waiting. He had stomped over, then stood there. Casting a large shadow over him.

Locke managed to find his feet and instantly started to attack. This time when the fist came, he ducked in time, slicing another bloody line. Gregor caught Locke by his right arm after another lunge, uncaring of the blade in his skin. Pulling hard and fast, he pulled the bone out of the socket. Goat man screamed, "Oh fuck!" and Gregor smiled a little. Then he tossed Locke to the ground. "Wanna keep trying?" He grumbled and Locke continued to curse him. Locke staggered to his feet, his arm dangling. His face was creased in lines now, sweat dripped and he was very pale. The next attack was slower and weaker, he really stood no chance. Yet he kept trying till Gregor broke his jaw then shattered all his ribs in a bear hug. Locke could no longer get on his feet, the pain was immense. Rickon was really surprised when the goat man did slowly stand back up. With a grunt, Gregor grabbed the skinny throat and squeezed. Locke turned purple, his eyes bulged and he foamed at the mouth. His one arm dangled but the other tried to punch. To claw at Gregor's eyes, but the giant simply moved out of reach. Rickon had no idea it took that long to strangle someone. The giant seemed to be having fun, taking his time, slowly crushing the throat.

Locke went limp and the giant stopped holding his neck. Instead he held the half conscious goat man by his narrow face. Then rammed his arm out, crushing Locke's skull against a tree. Rickon looked away as the giant continued to thud goat man's head into sludge against the bark. This might be a good time to leave, before the giant looks for other prey. Rickon is hoping the giant will stay and eat Locke. Like a small animal, he scurried away to find safer grounds.

Sandor continued to fire at Ramsay, allowing Sansa time to scramble down the rocks. As soon as she was halfway there, he started to follow. He caught up with her as she was catching a glimpse of her brother. Grabbing her arm, Sandor growled, "He's dead. You can't help him anymore. Help yourself and keep moving. Happy hunter is on his way, Sansa, he would love to wear you. Do you want to be a dress? He'll wear you and jack off to some Nine Inch Nails song or something. Let's go." Wrenching her arm away, Sansa glared at Sandor. "You are disgusting." They kept going and Sandor suffered an arrow in his side. He hissed in pain but went faster. They made it to the beach and ran for their lives. Screaming, Sansa almost went down when an arrow lodged itself in her thigh. Sandor grabbed her and yanked the arrow out. Sana started to faint and he slapped her hard. "Wake up! It is just a flesh wound, let's go, you need to swim." Taking a huge breath, she swam and did not look back once.

Bran heard crying and wailing, it was somewhat familiar. Theon. Was he in trouble and getting a thrashing from Bran's father? Another voice, it was a cutting, scary voice that seemed to upset Theon. "Reek, don't you dare disobey me. You promised to do this for me. To show me your loyalty and love. Stop sobbing like a fucking baby. Are you trying to piss me off, pet?" "No Master. I am sorry, I'll obey you." "Good. Besides, it could be worse. I could have asked you to kill him yourself. Remember how upset you were over it? This is better, you are not killing a Stark, just a small thing and it's over. Your part is done and I will have forgiven all. No punishments. You don't want to be punished, do you?" "No Master. Please, let me show you, I will do what you want." Bran has managed to open his eyes, one was very blurry and the other made everything red. The left eye only opened halfway. Theon's head was over him and gentle hands were rousing him. "Can you wake up? Are you awake, can you hear me? See me?" His voice sounded so different. It was higher pitched. Every word Theon had said sounded like an apology.

As soon as Bran focused on Theon's face, the fog lifted. With a tiny whimper of distress, Theon stared at him. With barely a sound, as he lifted Bran's head, "I'm sorry." He saw Ramsay's cheerful
visage appear, then something moved. Strange because Bran could not move at all, expect his head. A giggle began from the sadist and Bran was so scared to look. Nothing hurt, this was wonderful, but why did Theon just burst into tears? Don't look, don't look, don't look. Bran tried to see the ocean crashing near him, or the sky, but he saw Ramsay. With a blurry thing just almost in view, was that A CLAW, A BIG RED CLAW? So shrieking, Bran looked down and screamed even louder. How had he not heard the clicking, clicking before? Large crabs clicking all over him, over the MEAT of him? Ramsay came closer and spoke. "You should consider this a great mercy. I could have cut you up in chunks or flayed you. You are paralyzed, so that is a good thing, you cannot feel anything, can you? So it really shouldn't matter to you how you go. Though I think you don't have much longer. Internal injuries and all. Now you don't die all alone, little Stark, you'll have so much company!"

Howling, screaming, his pink throat turned red with blood and Bran just LEFT. He made cookies with his mother, it was late night and she stunk of whiskey. It was the best night of his life and she looked so pretty when she smiled. Woken out of a sleep, mom had coaxed him to come downstairs. Humming, giggling, Cat offered to teach Bran how to make his favorite cookies. They made a huge mess, in their pajamas so late at night, but Bran never had seen this side of his mother. It wasn't that she didn't hug him or read to him. She did those things in small doses, but his mother was a strict, somewhat cold woman. Bran would never know that it was not always that way. The mom he made cookies with was the real one until Ned came home with Jon. They ate the cookies while sitting on a counter, the one they weren't supposed to ever sit on. Covered in flour, giggling, his mom kissed Bran's nose.

Bran was in his father's study, waiting to ask about a permission slip for school. Ned was on the phone with someone and Bran's eyes scanned the desk. Head tilted, he read something, then grinned. His father had looked up, saw what his son was reading. The grin Bran had caused Ned to cut his call short. "Hey there Bran, what is so funny?" he asked softly, as Bran looked up fast. "Sorry, Dad. I wasn't being nosy." Ned gave his calming smile and spoke more casually. "I know that. I just want to know what you found funny. You won't be in any trouble." Bran cleared his throat and said, "It was that code. I thought it was funny that they used such a simple one. Anyone can see right through that" Ned pushed a pen and notepad over to Bran, along with the code. "Would you write down what it says for me?" Bran spent the next half hour decoding things for his father. It was really fun and his dad was so proud of him. Patting his back, ordering pizza for him, even asking to hear about the book Bran was reading. It was hard to get his father's attention unless you were acting up. It was the best time he ever had with his dad.

As night descended, Bran gave a shudder and his body was gone, too.
Arya and Damon are finding only the dead. Arya tries a trick and Damon gets amused.

Sansa and Sandor are swimming for their lives. Ramsay and Reek are in pursuit when Gregor takes their attention.
Robb does a bad thing. Roose tells Ned his plans. A bad thing happens to Ned.

Squinting against the sun, Arya was thrilled to be back on two legs, walking. Damon was right next to her, holding the damned leash. His whip was on his belt, the hateful muzzle was in his pocket. She was able to convince him not to use it, but he made sure to bring it. The jungle was a bit cooler and she welcomed the dimmer light. They came upon Alyn and Damon shuddered over it. Arya admired the damage and drawled out, "Way to go, Sansa. First time I have ever felt proud to be her sister." Snickering, she kept making small comments. Damon jerked the leash hard and kept moving. "Are you afraid she might be stalking you, Master?" His backhand nearly knocked her head off, at least that is what Arya thought. All the voices in her head were screaming at her. Well, fuck all of you, none of you warned me not to talk this time! She cringed a bit, spitting blood and went silent. "Don't ever be disrespectful to me, bitch." Arya channeled her sister and spoke softly. "I'm sorry, Master." Damon gave another hard jerk on the leash and they continued forward.

All the afternoon, now into the evening and all they have found were dead. Here was Grunt and Ben. Which caused Damon to grumble and Arya to grin. That switched when they found Brienne and Jon. Arya had gone pale and tried to not cry, while he smiled. Damon swore in utter shock at Locke's body. His pet gave a tiny giggle this time. They moved onward and Damon chuckled when Arya started to growl. He made her take a very close look at Myranda's flayed body. "Master, if I throw up, it will land on you." Damon gave a twist to her left nipple that made her yelp like a little dog. "Sorry." Arya tried to think like Sansa, act like her. After all, look what her sister has managed? Damon had told of the two dead in that cottage, both Sansa's kills! And Alyn's death was just true artwork! Pretty, polished, slut in designer clothing Sansa? It was amazing and Arya felt sad that she may never see her again. If Sansa killed enough of them, or if she saved the boys, she would save her. Damon was amazed at the strange show he saw as they moved on. Arya plastered this smile on her face that made her look a bit like the Joker. She stayed quiet, even when Damon made fun of her for falling.

Damon was tired, bored and worried. It was almost night and he wasn't finding any Starks. He needed a distraction and this amusing little brat was providing it. Jerking her to a stop with the leash, Damon towered over her. Leering, his eyes traveling the length of her and slowly grinning. Arya fought so hard not to shudder, move away or tell him how sick he made her. Think Sansa, soft, seductive and deadly. If she gets Damon to like her more, he will give her a chance to escape, wound or kill him. So she lost the smile and made a little gasp sound instead. She has heard Sansa use that so many times, it was easy enough. Then Damon spoke in a low, quiet voice. "You are being so quiet and smiling so pretty. Well, now you aren't, no, instead a little scared sound. Like a started animal. Poor pretty little helpless girl. Are you so scared that you want to show me that you are a good pet? Go on then, suck my cock. You want to, don't you?" Arya's hands were fists again and she had no idea of the fire burning in her eyes. In the coldest voice he has ever heard, Damon received his answer.
"Oh yes, Master. Please, let me suck your cock." Arya was unable to sound seductive when she said it. Sansa inside her head groaned. Yet all Arya could think of was how vulnerable he would be with his cock in her mouth. As disgusting as it would be, it would be work it. What death could be more fitting? At the cold, deadpan words, Damon burst out laughing. She stared at him, confused till he calmed himself. Then Damon stared at her and grumbled, "You are not Sansa. You never will be and even if Petyr Baelish tried to train you yourself, you would still never match her. If you were like her, you wouldn't still be alive, sweetheart. I would have ripped you open from crotch to throat when I was done with you. I don't like those sneaky whores, I like little troublemakers like you. Did you really think I would let you bite off my cock? Don't worry we'll have lessons on that later. If you ever leave a single tooth mark on me, I'll take out your teeth. I dare you to see if I am lying." Arya let her temper fly now, his mocking tone at her failure was too much. "I bet I can lose a few teeth, how many times can you risk letting me bite you? Maybe Sansa will find you first? What do you think she'll-" That is when the muzzle came out and Arya screamed into it. Damon gave her four strikes with his whip before forcing her onward. He was feeling cheered and refreshed.

Ramsay made calls and urged his pet to run with him to the dock. A motorboat appeared with one of Roose's hired men. Reek enjoyed the sea spraying his face. He did not think of Ramsay chasing a swimming Sansa, he concentrated on his love of boats. The joy of being in the ocean, in the tropical air. Sandor and Sansa were in pure hell, muscles so heavy and their lungs near to bursting. They had been swimming forever it seemed, when they heard motors. "Faster, it's not far now. Move faster." Sandor managed to pant out, increasing his speed. With a look suggesting the man was crazy, Sansa tried to push herself harder. Sandor got struck with the cramp just as they could see the boat. "There it is, OH FUCK!" Sandor grabbed his leg that had turned to stone. The muscles froze hard and Sandor went under the first time. Sansa was there when he fought his way back to air. "Try to keep floating." She said and went under to his leg. Her long pale fingers dug into certain spots on the muscles. Sandor howled in pure agony and then the muscles loosened. When Sansa came up, he nodded at her, swimming again. If her marriage to the Lannisters fall through, Sansa could make a killing at massage therapy, he thought.

By the time Ramsay sighted the rescue boat, he could see two figures climbing up it. The two other boats were behind HIM and he will never reach them in time. Shit, Ramsay just lost Sansa Stark. His father won't forgive it easily. He nervously thought of hiding places to stick Reek. Just until his father came to reason or Ramsay fixed the problem. Then one of the boats that were assisting, flew past. The two armed men in it were dangling dead off the side as Gregor Clegane was trying to get the fuck off this shithole island. With a shout of fury, Ramsay told the driver to go after him. He pulled out his gun, out of arrows now and took aim.

Rickon had tried the water mud trick again and it worked. It tasted terrible but it did the trick, he guessed. Out of all punishments he has received, his parents never denied him food. He has never had to go hungry before and it was awful. Weak, rumbling and he started to feel cramps. The water trick does work, but it is not tap water, or bottle water as Rickon usually drinks. He was sick from both ends for an hour. Rickon never prayed so hard in his life not to be found. What a way to be caught! The smell and sound might repel most, but a hunter would just use the extra time to taunt. To set out torture devices, polish a blade or two. Shaky and seeing spots, Rickon moved away from his own mess as soon as he could. He wanted to curl up and sleep. No, that is for the daytime, when they can see you, he harshly reminded himself. Rickon pulled up to his feet and staggered forward. I need real water, I need to find food. I can find a way, I have to. Instantly, a memory of Bran reading a book where someone ate bugs and rats to survive. "Spaceship." Rickon said disgusted, he must find food and real water.

Bright lights had gone on right after Roose had left the room. The brightest light was over his dead wife. Ned refused to look at Cat. He wanted to remember her as the young beauty he met. Ned wanted to remember how she never questioned his authority. Cat raised his children, did anything he
needed and her feisty temper had always amused him. Ned wove this tapestry of half truths in his head. Screens went blank or pixilated, then only the dungeon. It actually took him a moment to notice what the room was. The room was empty and the lights were out. That meant an unholy sight in the darkness of the screen. A glare that revealed a gray gargoyle with a gash that went across her throat. Eyes that were wide and so condemning, so judgmental. Ned did not stare directly at it, he looked away from it as much as he dared. He tried to shut his eyes and that was so much worse. He heard rustling, dragging and when joints popped, Ned opened his eyes. Sweat stung as he stared at Cat next to him. Giving a wild shout, Ned LOOKED and she was just dead. Eyes were glazed over staring ahead at the screen. Dead, not moving. Just dead.

Just as the dungeon brightened and Roose appeared there, Ned heard it. A buzzing voice, hideous and Ned whined. "Look at our son. You did this. You have broken our son forever. You have let him become a man with the mind of a seven year old. Owned by a sadist. You had to reach so fucking high. Do you ever stop to think of us all? Did you ever love us? Not as much as your power though, we can all go to hell for it, can't we?" Ned sobbed and heaved, yelling. SHUT THE FUCK UP! ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT! I DID EVERYTHING FOR OUR FAMILY TO BE STRONG! YOU ALWAYS OBEY? YOU ACTED AS IF YOU OBEYED, BUT YOU WOULD SNEAK AND DO AS YOU WANTED! I SAW IT, YOU BITCH, YOU WOULD JUST SNEAK, DO AS YOU WANTED ANYWAY. SAME AS THE OTHER TWO. THINK I WANTED SANSA TO BE A WHORE? NO, NEVER, AND SO HELP ME THAT IS YOUR SIDE, ISN'T IT? FUNNY SHE IS WITH PETYR NOW, HUH, YOU CUNT?? Ned broke off and just cried. "Look at your perfect golden boy. The only one you showed up for. You only saw each of our kids as a tool to use as needed. Robb was your greatest tool of all. And look what it has brought you."

Robb was crying, he hated, hated this room most of all. The other rooms were not nearly as dark with hurtful things everywhere. It means he was bad again, Robb feels so stupid, he cannot even remember what he did. "Please, Master...Please don't hurt me, sorry, so sorry. Forgive me, please? Not this room, not this one!" Roose was relentless, dragging the boy by his collar. "You do not remember the bad thing you did, Robb? Think what happened, try, you stupid, disgusting thing!" So Robb tried to think, his mind slowly giving the pieces. There was a soft warm rug and Robb got to lay down on it. He felt so comfortable and warm, he was grateful. Curled up, Robb dozed as Roose talked on his phone, barking things. Roose stopped talking to bring Robb a full bottle of water. Robb was grateful but scared because his Master made him drink all of it. When he tried to turn away, Roose slapped his head. That hurt so bad, his head always aches so much already. To Robb's horror his Master grabbed another bottle. He simply forced Robb's head back this time and poured small amounts until it was empty. "You may lie down and rest now." Roose had said and released Robb. Sobbing and choking, he curled up, his stomach so sore. He sloshed if he moved and then his bladder was full.

Roose was on the phone again, talking things important. More important than a bad pet that really needs to pee. Robb tried to use his legs, hands and even bit his arm to distract himself. Finally, he knelt up and begged, "Master, I need a bathroom! Please, I really need-" Robb had thought Roose might be pleased to hear he remembered such a good thing. Instead, Roose had an angry-happy look that Robb could not understand. "Did I give you permission to ask a question? Did I give you permission to kneel? Lay down and be silent! Such a bad boy, Robb!" With a strangled sob, Robb obeyed, squirming. Soon Robb was whimpering, then outright wailing, Roose ignored him. Then it happened, Robb tried so hard to hold it, but he stained himself and the rug. So full of shame and terror, he held his head and kept whispering, "Sorry. sorry. sorry, bad, stupid, filthy, sorry." Roose had turned just then and saw it all. Like a true predator he had pounced. "You disgusting boy! So rude and filthy and bad! No wonder your parents hated you! How dare you ruin my favorite rug! I was kind to you, letting you lay so warm here on my rug. You are a bad boy! Stupid Robb could not even hold his pee."
Now Robb was here in the cold, terrible dungeon, he remembers why. "Sorry Master! Please, I..I Master, not this room, please?" Roose turned Robb to face a camera. "Tell your daddy what you just did on my rug, bad boy! See the camera? No, look where I am pointing. Good, yes, right there. Tell your daddy what you just did on my rug, Robb." With a huge sob, Robb wailed out, "I peed on the rug! Bad Robb, stupid Robb. Sorry, please, so sorry." With long claws on twisted shoulders, Roose turned his pet towards him again. "I forgot to tell you, pet. You killed your mommy. Her heart couldn't take what you are anymore. So she died. Robb is so bad. Mommy went away to heaven to leave you." Ned screamed in such hatred and pain at that, shaking in the chair. "KILL ME!" Even the gargoyles would not answer him. "Your poor parents, Robb! Look what you have done! Bad, bad Robb!" Roose grabbed a paddle with tiny studs in it. Yanking the sobbing boy over his lap, Roose stared into the camera, smiling. He beat Robb's bottom until it was bloody. Hard as a rock from the boy's cries and knowing Ned has to watch. Even if Ned shut his eyes, the sounds would echo in that room.

When Roose put down the paddle, he pulled the boy up into his lap. "Hush, there now. Punishment time is over. Do not feel too sad about your mommy dying. Or daddy having to see you get spanked and fail so much. In a day or so, daddy will be dead too. Think of this. You have a new Master now. Your parents were right, you are very dumb, but you can learn. They couldn't train you, but I can. I am very good at it. Soon you will learn enough to sit in a real chair, eat with a family like a good boy. You will learn to sign your name, smile and shake hands if you have to. I will teach you everything you need to know, Robb. Then you'll not just be good. You'll be perfect." Roose said all this directly to the camera, smiling, unzipping his pants. His hands had poised the passive boy over his cock, then forced the sobbing pet onto him. Roose sat with his cock impaling Ned's first son and smiled at the camera. He has made sure to speak slowly and clearly so that Ned would really let it sink in. "My little pet, like a little trained monkey that some folks put in little suits. Have them perform as they want, a little show. You will perform all kinds of different little shows for me."

Ned had gone to heaving and moaning at this latest heartbreak. Then he went still for a second at Roose's words. Then a picture in his head of Robb dressed in a suit. Roose's hands on his shoulders, a puppet of Robb GIVING everything to Roose. All his hard earned work, this legacy he had for them all and this broken son will sign it all away. "Of course. The first thing you think of is your business. Not even Robb, the favorite son could compete with your business. If you could get free right now, you would kill our son yourself." SHUT UP, SHUT UP, YOU CUNT, YOU STUPID BITCH, YOU PROTECTED HIM, CODDLED HIM! YOU DID NOT LET ME TRAIN HIM AS MUCH! SO HE HAD FOOTBALL AND CLASS PRESIDENT! HE HAD DEBATE TEAM AND CHARITY WORK AND HOMEWORK! "Even now you cannot be honest. Ned, how could any of your training prepare him for a lobotomy. You caused the destruction of your own business. You caused the death of your family." Ned screamed at the buzzing, hateful voice.

Then the screen went blank, black and all Ned could see was the gargoyles. She seemed to be closer every time he blinked. "No, be dead, just stay still and be dead. ROOSE! KILL ME!" He closed his eyes so tightly, there were stars. Rustling, creaking and slithering inched closer. Opening his eyes wide, Ned screamed, "END IT!" There she was over him, grey and horrific, black eyes that demanded he know. That he knew it was all his fault, the judgement time has come. Ned suffered a massive heart attack and died mere minutes later.
Nowhere Left To Go

Chapter Summary

Rickon makes a desperate move. Arya defies Damon. Ramsay gets a large rabbit. Reek fears how Roose will react when Ramsay reports. Roose holds to his threats.

Chapter Notes

on this chapter, i did more editing this morning and changed Mountain's story a little from yesterday's. please take a look so it makes sense later on. thanks!

Theon was wringing his hands in fear, watching his Master carefully. Ramsay was not bored or even angry, he was on edge, nervous. That was the worst of all, according to Reek who remembers. It only happens when Master has displeased his father. That means Ramsay gets hurt, who then puts that hurt twice as bad onto Reek. So trying not to whine, Reek follows his Master faithfully and carefully, heading for the house. "Don't look so scared, Reek. Father will be happy that at least we killed Gregor." Ramsay smirked, remembering his joy at hitting the fuel line and watching the boom. Smug freak show giant had dared to give him the finger, both fingers! Laughing his bald head off at Ramsay, thinking he would just get away. When the explosion came, Reek screamed and curled into a ball. Ramsay was cheering, hoping that the bastard felt agony. Daring to hurl insults back at Ramsay like that! Calling him a deranged little lunatic, telling him to kiss Gregor's hairy ass! Asking if he only blew his father on weekends or was it a nightly ritual? That freak show DARED??? Yet Ramsay was nervous too. His father did not make idle threats. Ramsay has not killed Rickon and Sansa just escaped the island. Roose won't be pleased.

They ran into Damon and Arya almost halfway there. As Ramsay filled Damon in, Arya stared at Theon. Reek stared back, pity for her state and for the muzzle in his eyes. How did we get to this? Arya thought, remembering this man teaching her to fish. He babysat her, drove her around, helped her with homework. Why is he wearing a collar and shorts, with a leash on? Theon was Ramsay's pet? Arya remembered how upset Theon would get when he had to visit the Boltons. One time Arya saw him crying over having to leave and she asked Sansa why he just did not go. The girl shushed her harshly and muttered something about sacrifices. Another time Theon had returned and for days he was jumpy, not talking at all. All buggy eyes and twitching hands, jumping at every sound. There was a time Arya had been helping her mother by making school lunches and she held a large knife. She was slamming it through thick sandwiches and Theon had nearly fainted. Irritated, Arya yelled, "Theon, if it freaks you out that much, don't go to the Boltons!" Theon had run out of the room and Cat gave her daughter a spanking. "That was rude and hurtful! He has to go, but we do not need to taunt him about it! Don't ever speak of the Boltons in front of him again!" Now she thinks she understands. How could her parents have let Theon go into that living hell?

Damon was told to continue trying to hunt for Rickon. If he did not find him within a few hours, Damon could go to bed. Ramsay told him he had destroyed the raft and all other boats were watched. How far could a six year old boy get after all? He would die soon enough without help. Arya felt a blast of hate at these sadistic bastards but also some hope for her little brother. She vowed
as long as she breathed, Damon would not touch her brother. Arya was not sure that Theon would save Rickon though. When Ramsay reached over to pet Theon's hair, the man leaned into the touch, whimpering. No, Arya was sure that Theon was not on the Stark side anymore. Ramsay and his pet moved on reluctantly towards the house where they have been summoned. Damon shook his head in sympathy and said to Arya, "Be glad it isn't you that Ramsay has. Roose won't just hurt Ramsay for failure. He will make sure that he takes it out of Reek's skin. Nice name, fits him better than Theon, doesn't it? Maybe I should rename you, little bitch?"

Rickon stared at the cottage for a while before starting to circle it cautiously. He was very careful to look in windows, it was silent and smelled like death. The need for water and food has overwhelmed him now and Rickon sneaks inside. Promptly, he vomited on the floor from the smell. There are two body bags in there, full. Shivering and holding his nose, Rickon goes past them to the kitchen. Even being this close to dead bodies does not bother him, not when there might food and drink here. So Rickon flew into the darkened kitchen and dared not turn on a light. The moon light was enough to keep Rickon from crashing everywhere. He stuck his head under the faucet and luxuriated in the water. Then he found a cloth bag hanging off a door and filled it with water bottles. Cereal bars, crackers, all got stuffed in his mouth. Though he had more faith in his spike at this point. Filled in stomach and in bag, Rickon went to leave the cottage. Then he thought for a moment, ran upstairs and found new clothing. He started to leave the cottage just as Damon and Arya were coming in.

It was pure luck that Arya saw Rickon first. After a fruitless search, Damon decided to call it a night. They had run out of water and he was anxious to play with his wolf girl. Damon removed the muzzle and saw how dehydrated Arya was. With an impatient sigh, Damon stopped at the cottage for water. He had a hand in her collar pushing her forward, having taken off the leash. Arya was too tired and cowed to dare to run away from him, so he saw no need to keep it on her. He shoved her through the cottage door as he flicked the light on. Gagging on the stink, Arya has tried to shove herself backwards into him. "It stinks! I can wait till we get to the house for water, Master!" Damon shoved her harder and she fell onto the floor, dry heaving from the stench. That is when she looked up at a quick footed sound that made her stomach drop further. Arya has heard that sound on Stark stairs for years since Rickon could run. Bruised and bloody, filthy. Wearing a new shirt that went to his knees was her little brother. She mouthed the word GO at him but he was too excited to see Arya. "ARYA!" he cried out, then skidded to a halt at the large man.

A wide grin on his face, Damon stood over Arya and looked at Rickon. "Ah, there is your little brother. Rickon, right? Hey there, you don't look too good. Why don't you come here and you can visit with your sister? We can let you both get patched up at the house. What do you say, little buddy?" Damon's voice was cheerful and relaxed. Normally, he was quite effective with small children. He has babysit all his nieces and nephews, they adored him. Rickon blinked twice, said "Spaceship" and gave Damon the finger. Then the boy was gone up the steps and around the corner.

"You little shit." Damon chuckled and went to go after him. Arya suddenly went insane, leaping onto Damon's leg, trying to pull him backwards. He dragged her with him for about five steps then used his leg to slam her into the wall. She forget every voice in her head and bit his calf as deeply as she could. Damon roared in pain and fury then his fist slammed into her head. Arya saw grey and slumped to the ground. Damon grabbed her by the collar and yanked her forward. His fist slammed into her jaw and Arya saw nothing.

Dropping the unconscious girl to the floor, Damon ran up the stairs. It was too late, he checked everywhere, the boy was gone. "FUCK!" he yelled, slamming his fist into the wall. He went down into the living room to find Arya groaning and spitting out teeth. "Is your jaw broken?" He asked, grabbing her swollen face. It mollified him somewhat to hear her pained cries at his touch. "Nope, just lost some teeth and it's going to hurt to talk for a few days. I should break your jaw for what you did. Disloyal little bitch." Arya stared with fear as Damon seemed to consider breaking the jaw.
"Then you'll have to drink from a straw and be laid up for weeks before I can really play with you. You don't deserve nice things like straws and rest." Grabbing Arya by her hair, Damon dragged her out of the cottage. She tried to catch her footing and hollered in pain. A slurred voice that came from jaws that could barely move. "Please, Master, I'll walk. Sorry, sorry!" Damon was not inclined to mercy at the moment and yanked harder.

Roose was waiting in the living room sitting in a stuffed chair, his feet on Robb. The boy did not seem to mind being used as a footstool. In fact, he seemed to be dozing. When Ramsay entered, Reek nearly hiding behind him, Roose told his son to stand before him. Softly, he asked for a full report and his son nervously gave it. Standing fast, backing his son up, getting into his face, Roose nearly whispered. "Sansa Stark was just given into the hands of the Lannisters. Rickon Stark is alive and running around my island like a feral beast. Because you are incompetent. I thought you were a good hunter, Ramsay? You have disappointed me again, son." Roose's fist slammed into Ramsay's stomach as his son started to apologize. Ramsay fell to his knees, unable to breathe. A hand wrenched Reek by his collar and Roose dragged him out of the room. Robb looked on startled and scared. He darted under the chair, as Ramsay started to chase after his pet, screaming. "Father! No, don't you touch him, he is mine! Punish me! Please, it's my fault, punish me!" Grimly Roose said, "I am punishing you."
Did You Think It Would End Well?

Chapter Summary

Rickon tries to find shelter for the night. Roose keeps his word to his son and takes his pet away. Damon brings Arya into the house to start a lesson the girl won't soon forget.

Rickon balanced carefully on the cottage roof and watched tearfully as Arya was dragged away. Snot ran from his nose, tears leaked from his eyes and he kept whispering, "Spaceship." It tore him apart to see the way his older sister was treated and she was hurt more because of him. Is there anyone else left? He forced himself to stop thinking such things and climb down. Darting back into the jungle, Rickon runs towards any shelter he can find for now. Yet the food and water have energized him again, he decides to search for Bran. Surely, he got away and is still hiding somewhere. Maybe at the rocks, maybe there is a cave he missed! Ignoring fear, pain and angst as little children can sometimes, he climbed sharp grey stones, searching. In the distance Rickon sees something disturbing. It is not moving, but things are moving on it. Something tells him not to look, so he climbs down towards it anyway. That is when he ran into his next monster.

Ramsay ran after Roose and Reek, but did not quite dare to try to take his pet back. He made threats, promises all the way to Roose's bedroom door. Only after Reek was tossed in onto the floor, did Roose turn to look at his son again. "You have no one to blame for this but yourself. If you cannot manage simple chores for your father, you cannot be responsible enough for a pet of your own. If you want to stay then you had best shut up. Or you will be left wondering what has befallen your Theon." Ramsay collapsed in the wooden chair near the door, but he couldn't help himself. "His name is Reek." Ramsay said desperately, forcing himself to remain calm. Giving a tiny smirk Roose walked back towards the cowering pet who dared not move off the floor. "No, its not. His name is Theon Greyjoy." Standing nearly over him, Roose offered down his hand. "Take my hand, Theon. Do not disobey me." Theon remembered how Robb looked and timidly reached up his hand.

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Roose stood the boy up and brushed a hand across the unruly curls. "There, much better. Here, have a seat on my new couch. Comfortable, isn't it?" He nodded quickly, but kept his eyes on Ramsay. Roose ignored this and went to his closet. Finding some soft jogging pants and a cotton undershirt, he went back to Theon. This time he stood to block the view of Ramsay from Theon. "You will follow me to the bathroom. We shall get you all cleaned up now. I don't need to remind you what could happen if you don't obey me?" With a shake of his head, Theon mumbled, "No Sir. I will behave." Ramsay ground his teeth, his fists clenched but he simply followed them down the hall. He watched as Roose began to carefully wash away dirt, blood and Ramsay from the pet. Reek shook and whimpered, but offered no compliant. Ramsay hated that he could see gratefulness in Reek's eyes for his father's ministrations. After Theon was washed and dressed, he felt better. Till he caught sight of Ramsay's jealousy and rage.

Robb was utterly terrified. His Master was not here, left no instructions, so he hid under the chair. The door burst open then shut again. He heard a girl screeching and he KNEW that voice, KNEW it. A memory came unbidden of a dirty face, a sneer and the name was next. Arya. A sister to Robb. Was she still here too? Mommy and Daddy must have thought she was very bad and dumb too. He peeked through his fingers, to see that large angry man, dragging her into the room. He threw her down on the ground and Arya saw Robb under the chair. She tried to give him a bloody grin in spite of her own troubles and Robb saw gaps where she had teeth. He remembered she had all her teeth.
How bad had she been that they took away her teeth? A large boot came and kicked her till Arya cried. "Want to show me how tough you are now? Huh? Come on little wolf bitch, get up, on your feet. Here is your chance." Came a growling rumble from the large man and Robb whimpered. Arya got to her feet after a moment and ran. The man chased after her and Robb was alone again. He wasn't sure if that was better or worse.

Arya ran through halls she remembered, then through ones she did not. Damon was never far behind her, like a crashing bear. Letting out a tiny giggle made of fear and sheer crazed adrenaline, she seemed to fly. Till a sharp pain hit her leg, the same one with a swollen knee and Arya went down, skidding into a wall. She stared stupidly at the blade sticking out from her leg then looked up at Damon. He was somehow already right there, looming over her. Speaking slowly as if to a complete idiot, "Stupid bitch, you cannot escape me. No matter how you try, you cannot beat me, you can't win. Don't worry, we are going to spend all night talking about it." A smart person might have given up then, but no one ever claimed that Arya was smart, just stubborn. So when Damon reached down to her, she bit deep into his hand. The blow that came made her see everything blurred. A large hand grabbed her collar and dragged her away. Arya watched a ceiling, lights, walls and then they were in a room. The door slammed shut and locked, she could hear it. Next came Damon's large grinning face and a blade. She screamed until her voice gave out as the cutting began.

"GODDAMNED FUCKING CUNT LICKING BASTARD!" Rickon blinked at such an amazing insult and backed further into the little cave he has found. He was was so excited to have found such a thing, halfway to exploring the scary thing on the beach. To his horror, as Rickon stashed his stuff in a crevice at the back, someone joined him. The smell was terrible, the look on the monster was worse. It was the giant again, but now he was looking much worse and seemed even angrier than before. As the half burned man forced himself into the tiny space, Rickon backed up frantically. "Say spaceship just once, I'll kill you." Threatened the giant and Rickon believed him. He was also pretty sure that the monster could not reach him, Gregor could barely fit inside the cave. So he pushed himself as far in as he could go then waited, silent, to see what the giant would do.

Gregor moaned and leaned himself against the side of the cave. "You have water? Food?" Rickon nodded but did not move. "Give it to me, Mittens." Shaking his head, Rickon spit out, "My name is Rickon." Snorting, the giant eyed the boy meanly and sneered. "Did your parents name you that? Well, your mommy and daddy are dead now. You are never leaving this island, never leaving the Boltons that are hunting you. They named you Mittens. That is your name now, might as well get used to it. Now give me that stuff you tried to hide, or I'll rip your skin off with my teeth." Bravely, Rickon said, "You can't reach me." Gregor glared at the boy, till the kid started to shake in fear.

"Want to bet on that? Give me that bag." Rickon pushed the bag forward, still staying out of reach. Then mouthed the word spaceship. Gregor growled as he pawed through the meager sack and drank some water. "You move from that spot, boy, I am going to kill you and fuck your skull." Threatened Gregor, feeling as if he might actually pass out. Rickon watched as the giant did indeed pass out. Problem was, the large burned man blocked the one way to escape. Well, spaceship indeed.
Ramsay seethed, he churned with bile, he hissed as he watched his father undo everything. Years of work crumbling away as he watched Theon sit in a chair as his father shaved him. Roose had roused some servants to cook a very late night meal, which he invited the entire house to. Roose had sent Ramsay on his way with some instructions before the supper. It nearly killed Ramsay to leave his pet in his father's care alone, but he stormed off anyway. He was afraid of what Roose might do to Reek if he did not obey. First Ramsay went down to the dead Stark parents, to Cat's slumped body. Using his good blade, he scalped the corpse and sent off a man with the bloody package. "See this goes directly to Petyr Baelish along with this note from my father. It must reach him by tonight, understand?"

Next Ramsay followed the screams to the room Damon has taken as his own. Knocking loudly to be heard over Arya's deafening pleas and threats, Ramsay waited. After a moment, the door opened and a blood covered Damon stood there. "Holy hells, is she still alive?" He joked, staring past Damon at the huddled crying girl. Snorting, Damon growled out, "Yeah, I am teaching her a lesson, not killing her. She is a stubborn fucking little beast, needs manners." "Father is having a late night supper to torture us all at. Be there in an hour, he wants you to bring Arya too. Probably just to make sure she is still alive." Rolling his eyes, Damon muttered, "Wish I knew that earlier. Now I have to get her patched up first. Fine, one hour." Slamming the door shut and Ramsay went downstairs. "Robb? Oh, little Robbie Stark, where are you? The mean one that can hurt is looking for you!" he called out, searching for his father's pet.

Rickon watched the large monster sleep and tried to sneak past. Then a huge hand wrapped around his ankle and squeezed. With a screech, Rickon tried kicking at the massive amount of flesh that was now growling but he could not free himself. "Kick me one more time, I'll break your ankle." One eye glittered in the meager light of the cave opening and Rickon gulped. "You have all my stuff..I..you drank all the water! I..I need to get us more, I know where to get more food and water!" The eye was joined by half another and then the hand pulled. Rickon was painfully scraped against the stone as he was dragged back in. "Where is there more?" Shaking his head, he wouldn't speak, instead as soon as the hand lessened, he yanked away. Rickon skittered back to the far wall where he was just beyond Gregor's outstretched reach. "Dammit, you fucking brat, try and run on me again, I'll smash your head like Locke's!" The roared threat was deafening in the small space and Rickon cringed. "Okay! I hear you! But when you get thirsty or hungry, what do we do?" Gregor muttered, "Then I'll drink your blood and eat your hands." Rickon wished he knew how to negotiate better with monsters.

Arya had moved the second Damon went to answer the door. Unable to stop blubbing, drooling, she crawled under the large bed, against the wall. After the door slammed and those large boots turned, Arya held her own mouth shut with her hands. Refusing to let him hear her whimper in terror. Screaming in pain, anyone, even the bravest would when a blade is carving into flesh. Fear is something else, Arya will not let him reduce her to what Theon was now. That is fear and
submission, not how Arya has ever seen herself. Not ever and even though this man scared her to tears, she cannot let him see it. Even if it would save her pain, Arya cannot debase herself further. There is no more submission to give Damon without losing herself. "Hiding from your Master, little bitch? But we barely have started, so much skin left, so many words left for you to learn. Tell you what, if you come out on your own, I will only carve three more words. Make me come get you and there won't be any room on your body left." If you fight too hard, too much, he will break you. If that happens, who is left to save me? Arya cried then at the sound of Rickon's voice in her head. Fuck it then, Arya crawled out.

Damon had the most triumphant leer on his face and Arya instantly scowled. She started to cower though as soon as he moved forward. "Don't ruin it now, stay right there and it'll just be three more." It nearly killed her to hide her fear and stay still. Damon chuckled, stupid girl couldn't tell he could see her fear, on her face and her bloody frame shook in terror. Submission was there, but the brat refused to give in, it made Damon want to bring her even lower. He took his time getting to her, just to watch the panic grow. By the time Damon knelt over her, Arya was panting and whimpering a bit. "Now, let's think of three more words for you. We already have your new name on your face. Remind me what it is again?" Through clenched teeth, Arya replied. "Kitty." With a large smile, Damon praised her, as the knife gently stroked Arya's cheek. "It's a good name for you too, isn't it? You want to be a wolf, but you are just a little kitty. Tiny claws, spitting, hissing but unable to really hurt your owner." Dragging her before the mirror, Damon made Arya look at the bloody word carved into her forehead. Then as she tried not to scream, he made her name every other word he has carved. Upper arms, inner thighs, stomach and back. Bitch, whore, pet, cub, slave, toy. Three more to go and Arya bit her own lip so she wouldn't beg.

Robb heard that scary voice, it was his Master's son. Ramsay. Yes, he remembers the name and face. Flinching low as Ramsay came into the room, Robb cried. Did he obey or not? His Master did not say Robb could move, it would be bad of him. Yet, is it bad and stupid not to obey Master's son? The sobbing brought Ramsay over to the chair and the grinning face was THERE. "Hello there, little moron! Were you forgotten? Poor dumb thing, it's okay, I am here to help you. Father is having a special dinner soon for us all. I am going to help you get ready, okay? Come on, crawl out and follow me." Even though Robb was confused and scared, Ramsay was being nice. His voice was kind and he said he would help Robb. The last thing that Robb wanted to anger his Master. If he was not ready for the dinner, oh, how mad would Master be? So trusting, the pet followed Ramsay into the bathroom. He got into the tub when Ramsay ordered him to, even though the water was really hot. Too hot and Robb cried, trying to get back out. That is when Master's son grabbed a scrub brush meant for floors and Robb began to howl.

Petyr stared at the box on his desk and finally opened it. The item in the ziploc baggie looked like a bloody wig, but Petyr knew what it was. He also knew whose hair it was and for almost a full second, Petyr's eyes were wet. So many years later, he was no longer in love with Cat, but he always remained fond. It hurt him to know this was how she went. Even though Petyr had resigned himself to her death. Saving her daughter was the best he could do for her, it still stung. Worse was reading the note. Instead of sadness, his eyes now hardened with anger.

"Dear Petyr,

I thought you might want this memento of your former lover. The Starks are no longer in power, the Boltons are. I did not appreciate the whores you sent uninvited, nor the southern boys. If you wonder what has happened to Sansa Stark, you might want to ask Varys.

Signed,

Roose Bolton."
Nearly shaking in rage, Petyr smashed everything off his desk. It was another ten minutes before he could control himself enough to call his husband.
Arya reaches her limit. Ramsay is disappointed with revenge and Theon has a new position. Roose has a very interesting dinner. Gregor and Rickon try to negotiate.

There is a level of pain and fear that is reached where a person loses control. Where reason and logic no longer apply. This happens different for every person. For Bran, it made him simply vacate his own self. Theon becomes a submissive pet, Robb sobbed and pissed himself. For Sansa it made her able to do amazing things. It helped Rickon become quicker and more determined. When this level was reached for Arya, it made her reckless. As the last word was carved deeply into her hip, it struck. Damon was having fun, of course, but he was a tad upset too. He honestly expected her to beg by now and she was still being stubborn. Arya screamed and sobbed but never begged or pleaded. "And here is our last letter. Now, you are so much blood, we'll have to clean you before supper. Of course, we want to disinfect it too." Damon grabbed the bottle of alcohol and Arya tried to dart away. "No, no, stupid Kitty. Must clean up those cuts of yours." That should have done it, as he poured the fluid onto her. Arya howled loud enough to hurt his ears. Then words began to stammer out, faster and faster. To his shock and annoyance, it wasn't begging.

"Fuck you, Fuck you, FUCK YOU! I WON'T BEG, I AM ARYA! ARYA, NOT YOUR FUCKING KITTY!" Shuddering and desperate to keep from cowering. Arya couldn't shut her mouth, she tried so hard but words came tumbling forth. Damon had stopped pouring and was staring at her. Shaking his head, he looked at her as if there was no end to her stupidity. Arya and all her head voices were inclined to agree. Yet she couldn't stop, even as her eyes have already started pleading looks at her Master. "You can beat me, whip me, cut me, fuck me, whatever! I won't beg you, I won't let you win. I'll call you Master and obey if I have to, but I'll always look for a way to kill you. To run away, to fight you, hear me? I won't be like Theon, I can't be like that!"

Damon put down the bottle and pushed Arya flat. Laying on top of her, he grabbed her face, forcing her to look up at him. "How about being like Robb? Would you like that, pet?" She froze at the threat and began to whimper. "No, no I don't want to be like Robb." Arya's voice was a mere whisper now. "Speak or act like this in front Roose Bolton, you will be just like him. I have my own methods and trust me bitch, you will beg. We'll make sure of that after supper. But while we are downstairs, your going to be a good Kitty. Or else Roose is going to take his little hammer and spike to you." Arya was pure white now and she nodded. "I will behave downstairs. I will." Damon took his thumbs and pressed hard on the deep cuts on her forehead. Arya screamed out and Damon asked, "I will...?" "I will, Master." Arya hissed and her Master smiled. It was enough for now.

Ramsay found little joy in tormenting Robb anymore. It was only fun when Robb was aware of what was happening. The man actually shit and pissed in the tub over the scrubbing! Disgusted, Ramsay tossed the brush aside and drained the tub. He made Robb clean his own mess, then Ramsay roughly washed the crying pet in the shower spray. "Stop that wailing or I'll take out your tongue, you freak!" He snapped and nearly threw Robb onto the floor, then dried him quickly. Ramsay put the shock collar back on the pet and dragged him back downstairs. Kicking at him, Ramsay ordered Robb to lay down next to Roose's dining room seat. Ramsay left the shivering creature to sob. Pacing the hallway, Ramsay waited for the dinner to start. He really wanted to see his Reek, but Ramsay was afraid of only seeing fucking Theon. By the time he heard footsteps approaching, he
was nearly insane.

Roose entered the room with a young man at his side. Theon is in regular clothing, his hair is clean and brushed. No collar or leash and he is clean shaven, teeth clean. The eyes were terrified and kept peeping submissively at Ramsay. That was the only thing keeping Ramsay from sheer rage. Reek is still there, it's Roose forcing him to act like Theon, is all. That is what Ramsay kept telling himself as his father tormented him. Theon was invited to sit in Ramsay's chair, which made the pet beg. "Please, it's Master's seat." Was all the fuss Theon dared to make and he sat as soon as Roose raised an eyebrow. "Son, pour our guest some wine. Then make sure he has the best of our food on his plate. Enjoy all you want, Theon. If you need more of anything, just ask Ramsay for it." Theon sat pale and silent, shaking like a wet dog as Ramsay sullenly served him. Roose eyed his own pet, who was covered in red scratches. "Robb, what happened to your skin, little boy?" Ramsay tried to shoot Robb a warning look but the pet wasn't capable of a lie. "Bad, stupid Robb. Ramsay got me clean...it hurt, I was bad again." he sobbed out and Roose glared at Ramsay. Then for the first time, Roose actually gave Robb true comfort.

Petting the damp hair, Roose spoke soothingly to the sobbing man. "You are being a good boy right now, Robb. That is all that matters. Good pet, are you hungry? I am going to let you have some supper now, if you can stop crying. Can you calm down for me, Robb?" Sniffing and nodding, Robb started to quiet himself. "Very good." Roose sat down and began to add some food to a small dish. Damon entered the room then with Arya crawling beside him. "Oh wow, I like her new look." Commented Ramsay, forgetting his anger for a moment. Roose also stared at the girl, freshly carved words everywhere. "I take it her new name is Kitty?" he asked dryly. Damon grinned and nodded. "It suits her better than wolf girl." Tugging on the leash, he made his pet move faster. Sitting in his chair, Damon glared down at Arya till she sat next to his leg. If Roose were not there, he'd beat her until she knelt. Arya knew he wouldn't cause a scene anymore than she would, the brat. After Robb received his little dishes, he got on hands and knees as taught. "Good Robb, you may eat now."

When Damon put two dishes down in front of his pet, he tensed. Arya was watching Robb then seemed to hesitate. Roose's eyes landed on her and she reacted fast. Scrambling to her hands and knees, Arya managed to say softly, "Thank you Master." Then she waited, eyes down for permission to eat. It nearly killed her to lower her head and eat like an animal in front of them all. At Damon's command, she did so and reminded herself, she still has not had to beg. While Arya struggled to eat like a pet, Reek struggled to eat like a man. His hands trembled and he kept timidly looking at his Master. "Theon, I want that plate clean. This is a very special dinner and it's rude to not eat it." Roose said mildly. "Yes Sir, sorry." Reek mumbled and forced food down his throat. Ramsay stabbed his food as if it were living then snapped at his father. "When can I have my pet back? I have done everything you asked today."

Roose took a sip of water, petted Robb then finally looked at his son. "When you have captured Rickon Stark. Until then Theon will be my assistant. He is good with computers, I am sure he can file." Ramsay clenched his fists and Theon fought not to cry. "I will bring you Mittens rotting head as fast as I can then." Roose leaned back as if considering something. "If you manage to trap the boy alive, bring him to me that way. I am fascinated that he manage to escape this long. Maybe we can keep him like a feral puppy in the yard. The kennels are nearly empty now. I am sure there is room for one little stray puppy. You can train him to be a little hunting bitch for me. It would be amusing."

It was the first thing Roose said all night that made Ramsay smile. Arya looked horrified, Theon dared not react at all and Robb was curled around his Master's leg. He was too full and sleepy to listen.

Rickon and Gregor stare at each other for quite some time before attempting to speak again. This time, it's Gregor that tries to make a deal. "You want to live longer? Do everything I tell you to and I won't rip your limbs off one by one. Try to run from me just once, you will die slow. Do you
understand me, boy?" Rickon thinks for a minute then asks, "What do you want me to do?" "Your going to get more supplies. Then your going to spy your little spaceship ass off and tell me where everyone on this shit stained rock is." Choices being limited right now, Rickon agreed.
Sometimes You Have To Give In

Chapter Summary

Theon is conflicted about his being treated so well. Ramsay is furious until Damon offers a release of his temper. Rickon bargains further with Gregor. Arya learns to beg.

After dinner, Roose would not even allow Ramsay a brief moment alone with Theon. In fact, Roose insisted that unless Ramsay actually call him Theon, he could not address him. The angrier his Master got, the more Reek cringed and silently cried. Theon was enjoying being dressed, acting a man again. That alone terrified him more, as if Ramsay could tell and would hurt him worse for it. If there is one thing that Reek knew of Ramsay for sure, it was this; Reek was Ramsay's and he always gets his pet in the end. No matter how long it takes, Reek will end up back at Ramsay's feet. Each time it happens, it's so painful, he cannot bear the thought of retraining again. He longs to throw himself before his Master and kiss his boots, assure him he his still Reek. One glance at Robb stills any thought Reek might have of upsetting or defying Roose. So when Roose called Theon and Robb to head for bed, Reek went without a word. Roose locked Theon in a guest room and with some guilt, he enjoyed the soft bed. Yet all night, he had nightmares of Ramsay bursting in. Accusing Reek of disloyalty with those piercing eyes, then the flaying came. Theon tossed in the bed as Reek screamed in his mind.

Right after Roose had left with his pet and Ramsay's, the outburst began. Ramsay was furious and Damon listened as expected. After Ramsay finished his tirade, he snapped, "Put your bitch away and come help me. The sooner I hunt down this little fucker the quicker I get my Reek back." Damon grinned at how relieved his pet looked at that, having a much better idea. "How about this first. You could use something to relax you a little, or you'll never have focus to hunt. My little pet here, is refusing to beg, refusing to submit to her Master fully. For at least one night, I think she needs more humility than I alone can give her. Want to help me tame my wild Kitty? Then I will hunt with you all day tomorrow till we find Mittens." Ramsay smirked and Arya trembled at it. "Always happy to help a friend." Ramsay replied with a look of malice on his face, assessing Arya. "Let's take her outside for a while. Only tame pets should be inside, after all." As the men stood up, excited, Arya cringed. "Master, I need to use the bathroom first. I really have to go." She tried to ask as respectfully as she could. A punishment with Ramsay involved is bad enough. Arya did not need a full bladder to go with it. Ramsay answered before Damon could. "No, you cannot, Kitty. Because bathrooms are for tame pets and you are a wild little beast. So you can just piss and shit outside, bury it like an animal." Arya glared at him and said, "I will not."

Gregor gave instructions to Rickon as to what to get at the cottage. "I am giving you thirty minutes. If you aren't back, I come looking for you. What do you think I will do when I find you, little boy?" Rickon sighed in a way that made Gregor growl, then responded dully. "You will rip off my arms and beat me with them. You will rip off my legs and eat them. You will crush my skull." With a menacing glare, the giant asked, "Did your parents beat you a lot for being a little sarcastic shit?" Nodding earnestly, Rickon said, "All the time." Gregor felt his headache get worse and ordered Mittens the hell out of the cave. "Thirty minutes." he growled as Rickon scampered away. The crash of the sea kept Rickon company as he crawled over the rocks. Then the insects and animals sang him through the jungle. When Rickon got to the cottage there was silence within and he crept in. He collected food, water, flashlight and a first aid kit. Rickon also went around looking for any pills and found a bottle of aspirin. He also found another bottle with no label and put that in the knapsack he
Rickon left the quiet cottage then screams cut through the air. It was female and Rickon was sure it was Arya. At first he started to head in the direction of the cries, then stopped. He whined in frustration, torn as to what to do. The urge to try and go rescue his sister was so strong. Yet, he was positive that Gregor would keep his word and Rickon did not wish to be torn apart. Maybe he could get Gregor to save Arya for him? Wiping tears away, Rickon headed back towards the cave. All the way there, he argued with himself. What if Gregor said no? Can he find a way past the giant to save his sister himself? Can a six year old boy save an older sister from a house of hunters? Gregor was about to go after the boy when he came back inside the cave. "Took you long enough. Did you find everything I wanted?" Rickon saw no reason to answer as Gregor was already dumping the bag. Gregor used the burn cream and the unlabeled bottle of pills, muttering, "Thank the Gods." Rickon blurted out, "I heard my sister screaming. They have Arya at the house, she is screaming. Will you help me? I need to save her." Gregor snorted and said, "Shut the fuck up, Mittens. You are lucky I am saving you." Rickon clenched his fists but his eyes teared up. "It's my sister! I have to help her!" Gregor waited a while then spoke again. "Tell you what. You help me catch that psycho Ramsay, I'll rescue your sister. Deal?" Rickon nodded eagerly and Gregor laughed inside. Foolish child, I have a new name for you now...Bait.

Damon dragged Arya outside and tied her leash to a post. Ramsay made a fire in the pit then ran to get something inside. "Master, just let me use the bathroom first, I won't try to run or anything." Smiling meanly, Damon shook his head. "If you have to go, wild little bitch, just go. Here, I'll make it easier for you." Damon ripped the large shirt he had covered her with for dinner off. Naked, Arya tried to shield herself then Damon kicked her. With a smothered curse, Arya knelt again, hands at her sides. "Crouch and pee like a little wild beast, Kitty." Shaking her head, Arya remained stoic as much as she could. Ramsay came back and thrust something into the fire. "Tie her hands to the post, Damon." Roughly, he did so and watched with glee when Arya saw Ramsay pick up the red hot brand. "No, no! Master, don't! I have been behaving, you already punished me!" Arya hollered, trying to pull herself free from the leash, biting at the ties on her hands. All to no avail as Ramsay came closer and Damon restrained her. The two discussed where to place the mark as Arya screamed and fought. Damon punched Arya's back twice, causing her to arch. That is when he shoved her middle back hard into the post. Ramsay applied the brand to her upper back. Arya not only screamed in agony, but to her shame, hot piss ran down her leg.

While Arya sobbed in burning pain, the men laughed at her. Ramsay shoved her face into the piss dampened sand and rubbed. While she coughed, trying to expel sand from her mouth and nose, Damon cut her loose from the post. Kicking at her, they both ordered her to crawl. Blindly, trying so hard to maintain any last shred of dignity, Arya crawled. "Stop right there. Good little beast. Now beg us to fuck you, ask to suck our cocks for us." Ordered Ramsay and of course, Arya would not. Shaking her head, she huddled low and looked sullenly at her feet. "Last chance, bitch." He threatened but she could not give in. "You don't need me to beg for it. You'll do it whether I beg or not." She responded and Damon waited to see how Ramsay would react. Ramsay's face lit up and he said kindly, "Well then, since you won't beg for us to fuck your pussy and you won't ask for our cocks in your mouth..it must mean you want us to use something else." Too late did Arya see the trap in what Ramsay has said. Damon had her face pressed to the left on the sand and her ass in the air. "No! Wait, don't do that! Use my mouth or my..my pussy! I'm sorry! Don't!" It was too little and too late.

Damon was as large down there as everywhere else. Arya has already discovered the pain of his length and girth between her legs. In her bottom it was not even possible he would rip her up and she panicked. Arya was right, the man couldn't even get himself inside of her till he slicked himself with blood and spit. He had forced her mouth open and scooped up both. Then he put his cock against her tiny hole while she screamed. "Want to beg me to not to, Kitty?" "Yes, yes I want to! I really do, but
I can't!" she wailed and he thrust hard. The carving of the knife had been horrible, the branding was
agony, pissing was degrading. This was a whole new level of pain and humility. Arya writhed and
howled, it was such a helpless feeling, the most awful thing ever. By the time Damon had fully gone
into her, she broke. Ramsay was grinning and stroking himself to it. "Master, please! I submit, I
surrender, I'll beg just stop! I can't take it, please, no more! Any other way, please, stop, Master!"
She screamed out, her whole body limp now. "Has my poor pet decided to be a good little girl after
all? A tame, begging little pet?" He growled out, giving another harsh thrust. With a wail, she wildly
agreed. "Yes, I want to be a tame pet, a good girl. Please stop, Master!"
Leaning over her, Damon stopped but did not withdraw. He covered her completely, overshadowed
and dominated all of Arya. "What is your name?" "Kitty!" "What are you?" "A pet!" Damon thrust
slower and a bit gentler this time, Arya moaned in misery. "Hush, stay still and answer my questions.
Who Am I?" "Master, you are my Master." "Good girl. Are you ready to be a behaved little Kitty
now?" The mocking tone was not as bad as this horrible feeling and Arya gave in. "Yes, please! I
want to behave. I do, just please Master, stop!" A sudden hard thrust and she felt herself tear.
Screaming, Arya begged for mercy. "Do not ever tell me to stop, whore. You are just a little bitch
that I can do anything to, a plaything. You will take whatever I want you to." "I'm sorry, it just hurts
so much, Master, please.!" "You can beg me for mercy, let me see that lovely pain. Submit to feeling
this for me. Then I'll give you mercy." Sobbing, Arya tried to obey. "I'll be good, I'll behave, please,
please be gentle. Please Master, I submit to you." Arya's head offered no voices at all, just her own
pleading, thin one. Damon bit the back of her neck then hard. She shuddered and wailed but offered
no resistance at all. "Your all mine, aren't you?" Arya sobbed out, "All yours, Master." "Good girl.
Shh..try and calm yourself. See, I can be gentle. Are you grateful for that, Kitty?" Wailing, Arya
managed, "I am grateful, Master. Please, I'll be good, don't hurt me, please." To finally have the girl
groveling was enough and Damon came hard.
When he released her, Arya went limp to the sand and sobbed. Then Ramsay said, "Well, since you
have widened her for me.." Arya began to grovel on her stomach, slithering towards Damon in sheer
hysteria. She reached his feet and and frantically kissed them. "Please! Please mercy! Mercy!"
Laughing, her Master said to Ramsay, "How can I deny such a nicely behaved little helpless pet?
Very well, then, Ramsay can use your mouth or pussy. Crawl to him and beg to please him, Kitty."
Arya slumped in defeat and then nodded. "Yes Master. Thank you." Moving slowly out of pain and
fear, Arya approached Ramsay. Keeping her head low, she meekly obeyed. "I...I want to please you,
I beg you to let me please you." Ramsay made her lay on her back and he yanked her legs up against
his chest. Even though Ramsay was not as large or strong as Damon, he made it hurt as badly. The
degradation was deep when Ramsay ordered her to keep looking at him. He brutally pinched and bit
her breasts. Thrusting so hard, Arya was cramping and burning. She begged for mercy and it made
him more savage. When Ramsay was ready to orgasm, he leaned down and bit into her earlobe.
Ramsay shuddered against her and only after he leaned up, did Arya see. Then the pain bloomed
worse as did the panic. Her earlobe was being spit out by Ramsay onto the sand.


Chapter Summary

Varys and Petyr have a very intense discussion on loyalty.

Varys had to admit to being just a bit nervous waiting for Petyr's call. The last time he had ever truly screwed Petyr over in a deal, the revenge was fast. Birds are a most fascinating hobby for Varys and he collects many exotic ones. That night he had betrayed Petyr by taking a little, well a lot extra from a deal. They had only been married for about a year then and Varys was fairly confident he knew Petyr. Then he saw every bird he owned with a crushed head and Varys knew the real man. Petyr came into the room, hands still covered in blood and feathers. Varys hissed at him, "You monster." With a thin smile and piercing eyes, Petyr slowly stalked towards him. For the first time, he was nervous, scared of Petyr. He found himself taking a single step back before stopping. Lifting his chin, he stared at Petyr refusing to give in. Those stained hands gently touched his shirt, staining the white silk. "My loving, dearest wifey, I don't take well to disloyalty. The next time you seek to betray me, it won't be birds that I crush." Varys had just stared at Petyr in silence, till the man patted him on the cheek and walked away. He never dared to cheat or betray Petyr again.

Yet this deal with the Lannisters was such a good profit for them! Also, Petyr needed to be away from Sansa Stark. He was falling for her, Varys could see it. Varys would never begrudge his partner any other relationship, but not this ginger bitch. Peytr loses perspective around her and being in the North is already changing him. Varys had to admit that some of it was spite of course. He was sick of listening to Petyr speak to him with such disrespect, so insulting. Since Petyr has stayed within the North he has become sadistic and cruel. Always trying to tell Varys his work was not important that he was barely of value. Well, he has landed the type of deal that he and Petyr always strives for. And it was all on his own without assistance. It was worth it to have Petyr annoyed with him. When the cell rang, Varys jumped and looked sadly at his lovely birds. "Hello, love, I was expecting your call." Varys winced at the smooth voice with the dreadful threat in it.

"I had very good reasons, Petyr. I would not go behind your back lightly, you know that." "Oh, they had best be the most excellent of reasons, Varys. Because you need every leniency you can get right now, you really do. Explain yourself and maybe I won't disfigure your pretty face. Or hire a few rough boys that love to rape helpless bald men." Taking a quick breath in, Varys began. "It was for your own good! For our own good! You wouldn't listen to me, the Lannisters are the side we need now! They wanted to marry Sansa into their family absorb her fortune. Through them I have control of the city, Petyr, a hand in everything. You could visit to see the profits yourself if you wanted to. Sansa Stark is safe here and you can concentrate again on actual business. You lost perspective around her, Petyr and we cannot have that. You would have done the same with me and you know it." "Are you jealous, wifey? Do you need more attention from me, more guidance?" The smooth voice was deepening and chilled Varys. "You know, I have always considered myself the husband of our relationship. Northern husbands are different here. Harsher, they expect to be obeyed and they discipline naughty wives when it's needed."

Varys was shaking and thankful that Petyr couldn't see it. "Well, its a good thing that I am a sensible Southern wife, isn't it? Both girls you sent in died by the Boltons. If I had not sent my boys to save
her, Sansa would be dead by now. Because of your own obsession you lost two girls and almost lost Sansa to boot.” Petyr replied smoothly, "You should have told me of the Lannisters request. It is not a decision for just my stubborn Southern wife. You have overstepped your bounds, Varys. I am going to remind you of your place, wifey." Before Varys could even retort, the line went dead.
Sansa arrives in the South which brings up old memories for her.

As Sandor dragged her onto the boat, Sansa kept gasping, "My siblings need to be rescued. Call Peytr, or whoever it is that wants to fuck me in the South. Just get someone to help my family." She was ignored, dried, given first aid treatment. Wearing Ygritte's left over jogging suit, Sansa kept trying. Finally Sandor just looked at her and grumbled, "Take it up with the Lannisters when we get back." Twice she tried to swipe someone's cell but Sandor always caught her. He was in a foul mood since he saw his brother blown to bits. Killing Gregor was a long standing fantasy of Sandor's and he was pissed that the Boltons stole that from him. So he was not gentle about being irritated by Sansa's antics. For swiping cell phones, she was handcuffed in the stuffy cabin. Trying to escape out a window at the cheap motel they cleaned up at, Sandor hogtied her. He made her stay that way till the van showed for them. Taking no further chances, Sandor handcuffed the girl to himself and they remained like that. Even on the private jet the Lannisters had sent, Sansa sulked, chained to the big oaf. No amount of charm seemed to work on him and that pissed her off.

Sansa started to cast her mind back to the Lannisters, staring at the clouds. Her nose nearly pressed against the little window, trying to ignore Sandor's existence. The first time Sansa had met the Lannisters, she was eleven years old. Her father brought the family to the South to meet his new business partners. As much as her mother and sister hated it, Sansa loved it. From the heat to the glamour of the clothing, she loved it. Everything was bigger, shinier and the Lannisters had the best of it all. Unlike her stone mansion under colder skies, this was an old white lovely regal home. It was larger than her home and so much opulence. White and gold everywhere, a crimson accent, so many antiques, every room had more treasures to see. At the time it was a very full home. Tywin Lannister had all of his children still under his roof. His daughter came back home with her children when her husband had a tragic hunting accident. Sansa remembered Tywin as a somewhat chilly dangerous man but at the time paid little attention to him. The others she remembers better. Jaime was a handsome charmer, always paying Sansa compliments. Tyrion was a dwarf, but he carried himself taller than most men. Sansa was fond of him, he was always so witty and made her laugh. Whenever she was unsure of herself he seemed to be right there to bring her spirits back up.

Yet she mainly had kept her attention on Cersie and her son Joffrey. Cersie was reigning royalty in Southern High Society. Sansa always thought of it that way, capitals in script. The woman was polished, her jewelry and clothing were better than anything Sansa has seen before. What Sansa admired wasn't the beauty as much as the power the woman wielded. Cersie had been amused by the adoring girl and paid attention to her. Sansa was aware that her mother hated this Southern belle with a passion. She was also aware that was half the reason Cersie enjoyed showing such favor to Sansa. Anytime Ned had to visit the South, Sansa was invited. Regardless of how bitterly Cat complained, Sansa was always taken along. Cersie gave Sansa a look just like hers and that is when Joffrey started to come around more. Ned allowed Sansa to start visiting without him when she turned thirteen. To Cat's utter disgust and Sansa's delight, her father gave her permission to date Joffrey under Cersie's supervision. It was wonderful at first, Joffrey was a conceited show off, but Sansa didn't mind that. However when he tried to force her to have sex one night, she did mind that. Sansa said no twice then shoved at him. That is when he struck her for the first time. Taking him by surprise, she struck back then ran for the house. In the morning, Cersie entered her room and without
a word hid her bruise with make up.

Joffrey became crueler, more controlling and Cersie pretended to see none of it. Sansa had gone home and told her father she no longer wished to date Joffrey. She told him why and was stunned when her father said, "Try not to prick his temper so much. You need to stay sweet for him if you wish to have all that Southern power someday. Trust me, you are upset at them now, but we all make sacrifices. The Lannisters are very taken with you Sansa, we need them on our side." Sansa appealed to her mother who ended up sullen and bruised for days after. For daring to involve her mother, Ned beat his daughter's backside with a hairbrush till she screamed. Sansa never asked to be released from a duty again, but her relationship with her parents never healed. Through Cersie, she learned poise, how to hide any and all feelings. To be able to withstand pain and make it seem effortless. Joffrey played little sadistic games on Sansa and she would smile dutifully. She assured Joffrey how much she loved him, was devoted to him. He never knew that every time he fucked her, Sansa would come to visions of killing him. The year Sansa began to work for Petyr, Joffrey started to get in real trouble with the law. He was accused of raping three girls. His grandfather brushed it under the rug, but it left Sansa colder than ever.

Petyr was already becoming her confidant and she explained her fears. "Someday, he will lose control and really hurt me. I cannot get out of my duty, but they want me to marry him. When we graduate high school, we are going to marry and it makes me sick. What if he kills me or makes me watch him torture others? Joffrey likes to make me watch him hurt animals. What if we have children? What kind of father is that to have?" The poison was Petyr's idea and he supplied it with strict instructions. Sansa was never suspected and she was so grateful to Petyr, she freely slept with him. From that day forward, Cersie hated the girl and never invited her back. That was fine by Sansa who was now a devoted disciple of Petyr. He showed her a whole new way of gaining power. Now here she was returning to the South, the Lannisters have claimed her again. They had known what Bolton was doing, they must have ordered it. Sansa was no fool and as angry as she was over it, she could not gain revenge yet. They wanted her alive, at least that was something. So Sansa will play whatever game they wish and try to get someone on her side. The Lannister men will not see a child any longer, but a young woman with considerable charms. Sansa wants first to save whatever members of her family still live, then she will take down the Boltons. The Lannisters will be the last to fall. She may not know how yet, but Sansa will avenge the Starks.

When the plane landed Sandor whisked Sansa into a limousine and she was in the South's hands now. They did not go straight to the Lannisters as she expected. Instead they stopped at a lovely gated grand home. A large ornate gate shut behind the limousine and only then did Sandor undo the handcuffs. Sansa rubbed her wrist and watched as the car pulled up to ornate double doors with large marble steps. Curious, Sansa walked inside with Gregor and saw a bald man, dressed in full silk attire. Sansa recognized Petyr's husband Varys right away. She has seen him on Skype many times during meetings in Petyr's office. He showed her a whole new way of gaining power. Now here she was returning to the South, the Lannisters have claimed her again. Thay had known what Bolton was doing, they must have ordered it. Sansa was no fool and as angry as she was over it, she could not gain revenge yet. They wanted her alive, at least that was something. So Sansa will play whatever game they wish and try to get someone on her side. The Lannister men will not see a child any longer, but a young woman with considerable charms. Sansa wants first to save whatever members of her family still live, then she will take down the Boltons. The Lannisters will be the last to fall. She may not know how yet, but Sansa will avenge the Starks.
Sansa meets Tywin and hears his proposal. She also meets Lollys and Bronn. Ramsay and Damon begin their hunt for Mittens. Gregor is not ready to fight still needing to heal. Arya must spend the morning with Roose and Robb.

In the morning Sansa shared a very fancy breakfast with Varys. He told her they would be bringing her to Tywin's home in a few hours. That gave time for the girls to transform Sansa into a Southern beauty. Confident and charming, Sansa practiced her behavior with Varys. He might not like her, but like Petyr, he knew how to create the perfect girl for the perfect scenario. This success was just as desperate for Varys as Sansa. So when Varys would critique her, she took it seriously and tried again. "I must admit little Dove, you do learn fast. Now I am trusting you to tie that crusty rich man right around your finger. It is the safest wisest thing for you and I know your cunning little brain sees that. If you need any assistance with charming Tywin or strengthening your ties here, call me. I will be available any time for you, Sansa. We are in this all together, I am not your enemy here." "I doubt that you are my friend, Varys. However, I am smart enough to know I need your help. You need mine too, don't forget that." Sansa said with such an innocent look that Varys laughed in spite of himself. "Oh, you stone cold little bitch. If nothing else, we should have some fun with our little adventure. Let's go dearest, time to meet your Prince Charming."

Sansa's Prince Charming was austere and old enough to be her grandfather. Yet he was fit for his age and his eyes indicated no fogginess. In fact, Tywin's eyes seemed to take her worth, see through the costume and find her icy core. "Thank you Varys, I shall take Sansa from here. Tyrion will be by later on with your contracts." Thus dismissed, Varys hid his irritation and politely took his leave. Tywin escorted Sansa into his exotic gardens, having ordered a maid to bring them iced tea. That was as much courtship as the man seemed to feel was sufficient. In a cultured steel tone,, Tywin spoke very bluntly. "Sansa, I have spoken with Roose Bolton. The only members of your family that are still living are Arya and Robb. Both shall live under Roose's care from this day forward. Had you been there still you would be dead, a coat for their disgusting backs by now. I have saved you because I have need of you. This is not a kidnapping, it is a negotiation." He steered her into a small patio chair and sat across from her. They sipped at the tea then Tywin spoke again. "I have saved you from death. I am willing to allow you to have full reign of society. You can climb higher than my daughter could even hope to, with my help. As my charming little wife. You will marry me, sign your fortune over to me. In exchange, you have the riches and the power your family never would let you have."

As Damon's alarm sounded, Arya screamed and covered her head. Damon grumbled, "Shut up or I'll give you something to scream about." Cowed still, the pain overwhelming her along with shame, Arya whispered, "I'm sorry, Master." Last night Arya had passed out after Ramsay bit her earlobe off. She woke up in Damon's arms as he carried her to an unfamiliar room. A creepy man gave her stitches in her bottom, to her utter humiliation. Damon held her still for the man the whole time, even when the doctor waspatching the rest of her. Arya did not dare to pull away, to protest or even move without permission. Anything could bring on more pain and she just couldn't handle anymore tonight. Damon allowed Arya to sleep in the bed since she was so wounded. He still chained her ankle to the bedpost but that was all. When he pulled her against him, she went without hesitation. In fact, pressing against his warmth, as Damon began to stroke her hair gently, Arya cried. Because it
was comforting and Arya needed that more than anything. Hating it, she fell asleep soothed by her cruel Master. Now it was barely light and she was still too scared. Shrinking into the blankets, Arya watched as Damon got dressed for hunting. When he leaned over her, a small whimper escaped and it made him grin mockingly at his still timid pet.

"You will be in the care of Roose today. I expect him to have only good things to say about your behavior when I return. The maid will unchain you later." Arya nodded and said, "Yes Master." Damon left and Arya tried to go back to sleep. She lay wide eyed and silent until the maid came an hour or two later. Without a sound, Arya dressed slowly and painfully. The maid led the girl downstairs, letting her walk but Arya’s collar reminded her with every step what she was now.

Roose was in the dining room with Robb at his feet. "You may kneel next to your brother for breakfast." Arya crawled to where her brother huddled and kept her head low. She stayed still until Roose set down bowls in front of her and commanded that she eat. Arya lapped up the cereal and milk as neatly as she could. After breakfast was over, Roose put a leash on each of them. Robb was not humiliated by Roose taking them outside for a walk. Arya had to channel Sansa again in order to keep her face submissive. She crawled stiffly in pain but she obeyed, grateful for the soft grass and warm sand on her sore knees. This was going to be a very long day.

Ramsay and Damon prowled through the jungle after visiting the cottage. They saw that Rickon had ransacked their stuff and set some traps if the boy came back. Then they began tracking through the jungle for the troublesome brat. Every time they came across another dismantled trap, they fixed it. Gregor had Rickon scout earlier and the boy had scampered back out of breath. "Ramsay and the large one who took Arya are looking for me. In the jungle." Gregor told the kid to stay inside the cave, he pushed rocks to cover the entrance to their hiding place. "Looks like we are having a quiet day today kid. I am still too beat up to fight yet." Gregor grumbled. While Ramsay and Damon searched, Rickon assisted Gregor in removing a bullet lodged in the meat of his arm. He was impressed that the giant barely even winced much.

Sansa let Tywin finish speaking before responding calmly. "And if I refuse your offer?" Tywin gave her the barest of smiles and folded his hands. "You won't. You are a smart girl and know when you have no where left to turn. The Starks are over, Petyr is too far out of reach now. Varys won't touch you without my express permission, I would be forced to inform Roose that you were no longer under my protection. How soon do you think his son would be after you? I wonder how long it would take him to finally put you out of your misery. You killed Ramsay's favorite boys, he is not very happy with you, Sansa. It is marriage to me or a very violent death at the hands of the Boltons." Sansa looked at Tywin returning his steel gaze. "Then I will be honored to marry you, Tywin. I want a ring three times the size and expense that your daughter wears."

For society's sake, Tywin told Sansa that she will stay with valued employees to the Lannisters until their wedding. That is when Sansa met Bronn and Lollys. Compared to her fiance's family, they were like watching the circus wander through. Lollys had violet hair that was pulled in tight ponytails. Her lipstick and eyeshadow matched her hair color, so did her clothing. A dress straight from the thirties and black glitter flats somehow flattered the tall thin girl. She carried a Hello Kitty purse and spoke like a schoolgirl. Overly friendly and somewhat manic, Lollys told Sansa how happy she was to meet her. That Sansa must tell her all about the North during her stay with them. Her husband was a bit older than Lollys and was not quite as friendly. Bronn looked like he should belong in a motorcycle gang instead of high society. Yet his voice wisecracked at his wife and it seemed to amuse her greatly. Sansa was amazed at their home only blocks from the Lannisters. It was a mix of insane cultures clashing together. True Blood framed posters were next to framed stills from The Sopranos. Dr. Who figurines mixed with marital weaponry. Nightmare Before Christmas mugs sat next to Sons of Anarchy shot glasses.
Lollys showed Sansa a guest room done completely in zebra stripes. Then gave her a basic tour of the house. Sansa was impressed at the large computer room. "This is where I work. Bronn and I are a team. I can find anyone, anywhere, I track whomever needs to be found. Then Bronn finds them." Sansa was both chilled and in awe of this strange lady. She wonders if perhaps this might be as close as she will find to an ally here.
Theon woke up terrified and confused. He was in a comfortable bed still, alone and the sun was high. Looking at the alarm clock on the bed stand, he saw it was nearly nine in the morning. Oh God, did someone unlock the door and just expect he would be on time? Rushing around, he grabbed his clothing and threw himself together. Opening the door easily, Theon winced. How much trouble will he be in over this? Why did no one wake him up? Theon timidly walked down the halls, afraid someone would yell at him or hurt him. No one but servants were about and they paid no attention to him. He went to Roose’s study and he knocked softly. "Come in." Trying not to flee in terror, Theon opened the door. "Ah, there you are Theon. Are you feeling well rested?" "I am so sorry, Sir." Theon held his hands tight against his chest, looking anywhere but at Roose. He saw Robb laying half under the desk, dozing. Arya was sitting on a dog cushion in the corner of the room. She looked mutinous but when Roose looked up, she looked away fast.

"You don't need to be sorry, Theon. I told the servants not to wake you. I wanted for you to get some healing sleep. Now you will go to the kitchen and ask for breakfast. You can request whatever they have in our stocks. I do expect you to eat a full plate of food. Then you will come back here and do some work for me." Stunned, he nodded and simply thanked Roose for his kindness. Slowly, he made his way into the kitchen and had eggs on toast. It was a favorite meal of his and it gave a bit of comfort. Theon wanted to enjoy this new freedom, to embrace it while it lasted. After all, how can Ramsay blame him for a punishment Ramsay himself caused? Reek replied with hideous brutal honesty. Because that is part of the reason we are here at all. We are the whipping boy for our Master. All of his pain, boredom, anger, it all spills out of him and onto us. It is how he survives, why we survive. Theon recalled how angry Ramsay was yesterday at supper. Each day his Master sees him act the man, acts like Theon, it will be worse. Reek had no say over any of it, but Ramsay will see a need for retraining with each second. His Master will see it as disloyalty as well. He could lose a finger or toe over this!

Theon was glad to work in the study for Roose, it took his mind from panic. It was easy and mundane, he paid no attention to his surroundings. Roose invited him to join himself and the pets for lunch. Theon knew once Ramsay had him back, he would be joining Arya and Robb on the floor. So for now, he allowed himself to enjoy the meal in his seat. After working for a few more hours, Roose told Theon he was done for the day. "You may do as you wish for the rest of the afternoon. Do not go further than the gardens if you wish to go outside. Supper will be at six, do not be late. Also, starting in the morning, I expect you at breakfast by seven." Agreeing, Theon wandered the house for awhile, trying to decide what to do. He went to watch television for a bit. Ramsay began creeping into his mind and Reek panicked. Theon paced the gardens, hoping exercise and air might calm him. Then he heard voices, Damon and Master's. "Another fucking day that he keeps my pet! I swear when I find that brat, he will pay for it! Who knows what my father is doing to corrupt my Reek!" Theon was hiding in the bushes, cringing from that hissing anger.

Go to him, Reek screamed in his head. Go now before Roose knows what you are doing! Run and kneel, grovel, let Master know you are still his pet! You have to show submission so later Ramsay knows you are just pretending. Just obeying because you have to, show him you know your name! Tears streamed and Theon whined, then began to crawl through the gardens towards his Master. Damon was tired, of the fruitless searching and of Ramsay's bitching. He wanted to shower, rest and play with his pet. So it was with relief and glee that he caught sight of Reek crawling towards them. Nudging Ramsay with a grin, Damon drawled, "I don't think your father has managed to corrupt your pet. Look." Ramsay turned to snap at Damon then stopped dead. A slow smirk formed and Ramsay watched as his timid doggie crawled forward. Reek peeked up to see Ramsay and knew he made the right choice. He timidly kissed his Master's boots then begged. "Please Master, your Reek."
Good, loyal Reek, I miss you and love you." Damon walked away to find his own pet inside. Ramsay and Reek took no notice of anything but each other.

Ramsay crouched down and grabbed his pet's chin, meeting his eyes. "Are you sure, Reek? You looked happy to be sitting in that chair last night." Sobbing harder, Reek tried to assure his angry Master. "Please, mercy Master! I only did what Sir told me to do. I..I want to be with you, to stay in my place at your feet. I will never forget I am Reek, just Ramsay's pet. I swear it!" When Ramsay's grabbed Reek's hair and pulled him in for a kiss, Theon whimpered. His mouth opened and Reek let his tongue touch Ramsay's. This seemed to soothe his Master, so Reek gave in completely, kissing him deeply. After a moment, Ramsay pulled back then stood up. Breathing harshly, he looked about and saw no one. Ramsay dragged his pet deep into the garden, pushed him inside an old shed.

"Show me you are mine. Right now, Reek." Nearly ripping off Ramsay's pants in desperation to prove himself, Reek used his mouth. Kissing and licking, his hands cupping his Master's balls. Moaning, Ramsay pulled the curls and forced Reek's head deeper onto him. "Take off your pants, fast. Hurry, pet." Without losing suction, Reek removed his pants.

Shoving his little submissive pet down, Ramsay was in him in a quick harsh thrust. Reek cried out but then wrapped his arms and legs around him. Ramsay had to remember that he could leave no visible marks on his pet that could anger Roose. Luckily, it felt so good just to have his Reek ready to please him again, it was enough. Ramsay fucked frantically and came quickly. "I want time with you to do so much more, pet. Until I can get Rickon, this is all we can have. Anytime you can until Father releases you. Anytime you can I want you to crawl to me and please me, assure me, Reek." "Yes, thank you Master. I love you and just want to be with you." Reek began to sob harder because this was true. At least with Ramsay, he knew what to do and how to act. Roose gave nothing away, he enjoyed waiting until Robb made an error then correcting it harshly. Even defiant Arya did not dare to act up in front of the man. With complete honesty Reek snuggled into Ramsay and said, "I want to be with you, Master."
Pretending To Be Something

Chapter Summary

Roose is heading back to the North. This affects each of the pets in a unique terror of their own. Rickon and Gregor have learned to co-exist. Now that Gregor is healing, plans are made. Varys goes between joy of plotting and terror of Petyr's revenge. Sansa and Cersie square off. Lollys and Sansa find their way to bonding.

"Two weeks Ramsay! Two entire weeks and no one can find him? HE IS SIX YEARS OLD!" Roose yelled which startled the hell out of everyone. The man who never spoke above an average tone, made the pets including Theon all flinch. Damon and Ramsay stared in shock. "I need to be back North tomorrow, I cannot stay here and witness this incompetence. So I guess Theon will be coming with Robb to our home." Ramsay stormed out of the room so pissed that Theon began to sob. He has spent the past two weeks trying to please two masters. Crawling and groveling to Ramsay in every hidden moment possible while trying to please Roose as a competent assistant. It has been wearing on him terribly. This was a sweet if bitter relief, if he was away from Ramsay, at least he could only be one thing for some time again. It will make it harder later because he can no longer keep Ramsay's mind from going paranoid. Without visible everyday proof, Ramsay will assume Reek has fully reverted back to Theon and needs harsh retraining. Drowning in black swirling tendrils of guilt and horror, Reek wishes Rickon would be caught. Just to end this hellish game on his nerves.

Arya heard the announcement of Roose leaving and was divided as to how she felt on it. On one hand, it would be nice not to have a lobotomy hanging over her head, among other things. Arya was under Roose's care everyday while Damon was helping Ramsay hunt. She has been very careful to always obey no matter how degrading the commands. However, once Roose caught her in the hallway, mouthing off to Damon. Before her own Master could strike her down, Roose was there. Grabbing her hair, the man dragged her to his personal dungeon where Robb was in a cage. The caged pet whined in terror and delight at seeing his Master again. Arya was strapped into a chair then Roose brought a tray over. As Arya screamed in horror, Roose produced steel wire and a long thin needle. Taking his time, he sewed Arya's mouth shut with neat criss crosses. Damon paled when he saw Roose's work, the man dumped her in Damon's doorway. "You fucking idiot girl. I warned you, stupid bitch, didn't I?" Kicking her several times, Damon went to ask Roose how long she had to stay like that. Roose thought on it and coolly replied. "By morning she will be dehydrated. You can remove her stitches when she wakes tomorrow. I shall leave you some wire cutters." Arya never dared to anger Roose again, very careful to always act like a perfect blank pet. So she was glad to know the sadist that she walked on glass shards for will be leaving. Yet, once he goes, what will Damon do with her all day? Will she be forced to go on a hunt to kill her own brother? Will Ramsay and Damon just become more degrading, deadlier than they are now? Every night after Roose retires, the two men put her through hell.

If she tries to surrender right away, to be docile from the start, they will push her. They push until Arya goes into a fighting rage, then they attack. Only after she would rather die than submit, do they then break her down. This is their favorite game and Arya has no defense against it. Admittedly, Arya enjoys the rare fact that Damon allows her to challenge him. She can swear, attack, even sneak or run from him if need be, as long as Roose is never around. Arya takes advantage of this as much as she dares because the punishments are not always worth it. Her greatest fear is that she is
weakening under it all, that she will truly give in for good. She has already lost two toes to her bad decisions now. The cost is getting higher at least while Ramsay is around. Damon is heavily influenced by his overly sadistic friend and Arya fears what might come next. Without Roose as a buffer, without Theon giving Ramsay some reassurance, it will get worse. Arya shivers, tugging at the hateful collar till Damon saw and kicked at her. Shriveling away, she goes back to eating her meal, hunched over the bowl. Ripping at the meat, Arya takes out her frustrations on her meal.

Robb cried when his Master got so angry, then his son stomped past, scaring the boy further. He crawled fast underneath his Master's chair and shook. Everyday Roose has been putting his pet through rather intense training. So many new things to learn and remember, some of it very confusing. Roose wants Robb to pretend to act like a man, be able to shake hands, smile and sign papers correctly. This all takes much work and there are even special therapists that have come to help. Robb is so grateful that he has a use that is non painful he is desperate to please this impossible Master. The punishments are swift and painful, Robb was very stupid. However Robb tried so hard and slowly understood what he was to do. Yet knowing it was time to go somewhere else and act this way in front of others, to pretend for Master, it was terrifying. What if Robb forgets, he is so dumb and bad? If it would do any good, Robb would beg Master to not have to do this. Master only liked begging from Robb when he plans to hurt or scare his pet. Robb daring to beg to not do something Master wants? Oh, he cannot even think such a bad thing. Roose's pale hand came down and Robb rushed to be under it. Whimpering, he moved gratefully into his Master's caress, trying to be good, not bad or stupid.

Gregor used a stick in the sand to show Rickon exactly what to do. Rickon tried hard not to yawn at the same damned thing again. Everyday, as Gregor healed he taught Rickon some things. Like how to use his hands to fish, how to filter water and hunt small game. They stayed in the cave during hunting hours then ate, hunted and planned during the late night hours. For the past five days, Gregor has been teaching Rickon how to bait Ramsay out. When Rickon had spied on the house one night at Gregor's order and heard Roose was leaving, that is when Gregor began this plan. So every day, twice or more he explains to Rickon what he has to do once Roose is gone. This bored the boy to tears, he understood, he gets it and does not want to hear it again. He listened though, the one time he rolled his eyes and complained, Gregor took exception. The large hands grabbed Rickon, first he throttled him. After allowing the boy to breathe again, he tossed Rickon over his large leg and used his hand to beat Rickon's ass. Rickon felt as if he had been spanked by plank of wood! If it weren't for the hand on his mouth, he would have brought everyone down on them. It was a day and half before the boy could sit properly again. He also never interrupted Gregor's plans and always listened attentively. Rickon believed that once Gregor kills Ramsay, he will save Arya for him. Then he just has to convince Gregor to help them leave this place. So the boy smiles and repeats the plan dutifully.

Varys has been very busy these last weeks since Sansa Stark has come to the South. Not only did the Lannisters give him more work than before, his ladies constantly working, Sansa relied on him. To know that Varys was the one the girl turns to for assistance must be killing Petyr. That gives Varys some mean pleasure since he has been walking on eggshells for days now. Any moment Petyr's revenge will be enacted and he is terrified waiting for it to happen. Every person walking past might have acid in a bottle ready to throw in his face. All shadows contain hulking strangers that might beat or rape him. His car could explode, his house burned to the ground or anything really. Varys drove himself mad with the possibilities until he was hopelessly hooked on Valium. Sansa dragged him to every store that he suggested, Varys was given basic control of her social calender and dress. Cersei attempted to join a few times and it was a total disaster yet a wonderful gossip experience for weeks after. In between his fear, Varys had to admit to having fun with this cold ginger who he grudgingly admired. Humming to himself, Varys had entered his home after a very successful night launching the beauty into an exclusive club. Swirling, still dancing to music in his head, it took Varys a moment
to hear the nothing. No birds singing, no girls chatting quietly, nothing at all. Varys did not take
chances, he left the house in a hurry and went to call Bronn. The surly man came quickly and went
to investigate, gun drawn. Not only were the birds all chopped to pieces, so were the girls. Three of
his best most accomplished whores, actresses and mistresses of very powerful men. All dead inside
his home. Fucking Petyr of the North, you'll pay you asshole. Varys had to pay so much extra for the
private burial so late at night.

Lollys giggled until she nearly peed herself, after staggering back from the bathroom, she slurred.
"Okay. Tell it one more time. Please, please this is just too good to hear once. Please, Sansa, my
sweet little Super Snatch, the story of all stories again! I have loved every story since you have
started them, the cell phone one still my fav, by the way! But this..this is a priceless gem of pure evil
fucking loving hate that needs to be retold. Perhaps we should put these in a diary and publish it for
women everywhere! An empowering tale of womanhood and the majesty of Venus fly trap vaginas!
A deadly sex beast with a blade! Oh please, stop laughing and tell it again, you bitch! Come on,
pretty please?" When the drunk Lollys dropped to her knees and put begging huge eyes up, Sansa
gave in. "Fine, one last time." Earlier that evening Cersie had dinner with Sansa and Tywin after a
rather boring play. Appearances were everything and it looked good for Cersie to occasionally escort
Sansa about. Cersie hated it, loathed the girl and hearing gossip about how the young chick will be
her step mother, it pissed her off. It was worse due endure sympathetic glances as Sansa stole the
spotlight. Her beauty, youth and Varys gave her every edge she needed, oh and that bitch sucked it
all in. No one believed Sansa had killed Joff but Cersie. She saw the disdain, the fear as time went on
and she lost control of the girl. Trying to warn her son, to demand he break off with Sansa proved
useless. Cersie knew Sansa murdered her beloved son and now she was marrying Cersie's father.
How long will her father have to live? Cersie knew the girl was as deadly as she was herself. She
honestly felt that the girl had no idea who she was dealing with.

The two fought since they first met at the family dinner Tywin ordered the family to. Just seeing the
ginger cunt sent Cersie's blood racing in sheer rage. However, Sansa was polished and cool, able to
cut right back verbally. Sansa no longer looked away or gave in humbly as she did before. This was
a new girl who was a mix of Petyr and Cat, two people that Cersie despised. Varys who had always
been Cersie's counsel and her greatest admirer suddenly switched camps. He told Cersie it was
Tywin's orders but she knew Varys was more than thrilled to do it. How dare this bitch take her
father and her friends? Sansa has become the instant star and scandal everywhere. Good or bad
publicity, it is holding everyone in thrall of her. Sansa smiles innocently and demurely takes over the
next section of Cersie's hard-won life. This night after the play Cersie has decided the time has come
to set the girl straight. After sneaking several glasses of wine, Cersie is done with being polite and
follows Sansa into the ladies room. Leaning against a wall, she waited while Sansa used a stall. As
soon as the whore came out, Cersie attacked. Her nails barely raked against Sansa's face before an
uppercut sent her reeling. Then her legs swept out and Cersie was on the floor, only being drunk
saved her from severe injury. Sansa was on Cersie a second later but one hand wasn't. To Cersie's
utter fucking horror, the hand was between her legs! WITH A KNIFE, OH NO, WAS THAT A
KNIFE?" Gasping in fear, Cersie froze. Sansa gave a gentle smile and leaned very close. Cersie
could smell the mint on the girl's breath and her own favorite perfume on Sansa's neck. "On that
island, I killed three men. Big strong men with weapons. I did it with my own hands. I did not
scratch at them or even threaten them. I certainly did not have another do my killing for me."
Cersie sneered and whispered, "If you kill me, Father will murder you. He will order the Boltons to mutilate
your brother and sister." Sansa flashed her eyes in a brutal joy and responded. "My brother and sister
are certainly mutilated by now. And death is a mercy for them at this point. I need this marriage so
no, I won't kill you. There are other things I can do, Cersie. For instance, are you aware of some
cultures that believe in mutilating women for the pleasure of men?"

By the time Sansa finished explaining in great detail, Cersie was pale and panting. Leaning even
closer, pressing the blade further into tender skin, she continued. "Do you think Jaime would still want you if you couldn't come to his cock anymore? Do you think he would want to try and force his way into such a tight dry space ever again? By now, he must love huge wet messy sex, well used large holes are his type. Hey, maybe you could get your other brother to fuck you? No, he hates you since you are such a savage bitch to him. So, here is the important lesson tonight for you. If you come for me again, make sure to use deadly force otherwise I am going to cut your pussy up. I will use dirty sharp glass, sheer those pretty lips off, then your clit is gone forever. Just like those poor girls elsewhere, I will stitch up your entrance tight as I can. If need be, I will do extra damage to be sure of my results. Now, clean your face dearest, you look a mess." This strange purple haired friend of hers, nearly fell of the chair laughing so hard. It was strange how they just seemed to click and become eager to hang out. Most of the places Sansa must go are too fancy and stuffy for Lollys to bother with. Plus during the day the girl locked herself for hours in her study. During the night however, Lollys took Sansa to clubs that were underground. The latex and leather intrigued her. She danced with abandon to the pounding music and found herself having real fun for the first time in years. The first female that she did not have to compete with and it felt strange but wonderful. Over too many drinks one evening, Lollys told Sansa her story. How she had been raped on her eighteenth birthday. Her family had taken off to a vacation without her because well, that was the way the rich could be. Lollys couldn't stand most of the pretentious bitches her own age around here. So being hurt and reckless, she went slumming.

It was a dingy bar, a tiny insignificant place and it took her virginity. Lollys had never had sex before, not out of any particular reason. She had dated many guys of course, but none of them felt special enough to her. Lollys drank, played pool and danced with several really nice guys. They drank more and the nice guys turned into mean ones very fast. They held her down on a pool table and all seven of them raped her. Lollys passed out and someone threw her into the field outside. Shivering, in shock and such pain, she staggered all the way home. There was no way she could let anyone see her this way, never mind actual police! Since she can remember, her family had a long standing rule most rich ones do. Keep it private. The only times her parents could be downright abusive was when that rule was broken. So she crawled home and healed in darkness. Terrified every sound was her rapists coming back for more, Lollys would hide. When her family came home they found her hiding in a cabinet with a butcher knife. A discreet therapist was hired that came to the home for every day then every other for a year. Lollys took medication for another year before stopping. Satisfied, her family never mentioned the incident, the therapist and medications had done their job. That was not the reasons for Lolly’s sudden re-surge of strength. When she was unable to spend another day in terror, Lollys had to find a way to fix this. This piece of her that was hollow now, it needed to be filled. Lollys took a self defense class, bought a gun and took courses to shoot. She began to create a look for herself that she saw as a superhero shield. To remind herself that she is powerful. This did not stop the nightmares or the memories but it lessened, made it easier to bear.

Lollys was in college courses learning at the top of her class, a computer whiz in the making. Inspiration, a calling struck then and Lollys became determined in her career path. Just like in those tv shows, Criminal Minds, NCIS and some others. She would be the renegade computer wizard bringing down the bad guys. Except it turns out the police departments nor the FBI were interested in her flair or talent after all. There are tests, many of them and most of them she aces. Until the written tests to see if a person is stable and impartial. Every time this is where her journey ends and Lollys finally had to give up. So Lollys began to freelance herself out and the Lannisters gave her a try. There wasn't a single person she could not find in amazingly short time periods. Instantly, the Lannisters became her best clients. They gave her a partner, this gruff man called Bronn. She was to give him the locations and guide him even over the phone if need be. Within three months of working together, they had married. Even though Lollys was positive she could care for herself, it felt good to know this man would protect her. Sansa had cried, shown real emotion for the first time then and Lollys hugged her tightly. They never lost contact as Sansa told of Petyr, of Benjen, of
Joffrey. She told of what happened at the Boltons and who was responsible. There was no fear that Lollys would say anything, they were two survivors holding tight against the fear. Lollys had a wonderful habit of taking even traumatic things and turning them into witty dark humor. She made Sansa not just laugh at everything else, but able to laugh at her own self. Sansa gave Lollys a real no bullshit friend that just wanted to share secret things that must stay perfectly hidden. It was no surprise when Lollys one day whispered, "When it's time, I'll help you get revenge."
Roose allows Robb and Theon to say goodbye before leaving for the North. Robb and Theon must play men again. Varys reminisces about the one time he and Petyr attempted to further their relationship. How he learned harshly that Petyr does not give idle threats or advice.

Ramsay, Damon and Arya watched as Roose left with the male pets. Robb was dressed as a young man on a casual vacation, Theon looked similar. Roose had made sure that both boys had no visible wounds and both were acting as men. The hollow eyes and occasional twitching was not bad enough to give the charade away. Theon kept his eyes on Ramsay crying silently then dared to speak to Roose. "Please Sir...may I please just say goodbye to my Master? Please, Sir just for a second?"

Roose have a stiff nod as he started to fix Robb's outfit. A shoe was untied and somehow Robb has twisted his shirt around in anxiety of standing so long. Playing this part that is so important, Robb is afraid of making a bad mistake. Theon knew he was not allowed to act the pet, so he walked over to his Master, head down. Peeking up his miserable scared eyes, to stare at his Master's brilliant glare. Ramsay waited breathless as his little pet came so close and laid his head against his Master's large chest. "Please Master, I love you. I miss you." Reek whispered, then cried harder when strong arms enveloped him and squeezed till Reek could barely breathe. "Little pet, don't forget your real name, who you really are. Be good for my father, but never forget that I am your Master. I will be coming to get you very soon." Ramsay whispered into Reek's ear, "I have hidden a cell for you in a bag. It is only to call me or Damon, if you cannot reach me. I want you to call your Master every day or night, whenever you can. Understand me, Reek?" Nodding, Reek thanked his Master for such a gift. When Roose said it was time to leave, Reek became impulsive. He leaned in and timidly gave Ramsay a meek kiss, which his Master turned into a bloody, seizing kiss. Roose had to pull the cringing slave away from his Master and shove him to stand next to Robb. "That is enough now. Ramsay find that boy and kill or cage him. I want to know the second you have Rickon. Then you may have your pet back."

Arya knelt silently next to Damon as expected. She has only managed to speak with Robb a few times and it was frustrating. While Roose was working with Theon, sometimes the pets are put on long leashes outside. Robb enjoys digging himself into the hot sand or napping in the shade of a tree. On occasion, he likes to wander through the underbrush and find good hiding spots to rest in. Arya would try and join him, get him to speak with her. He vaguely remembers his sister, but the memories are tattered and colored now. She could not convince him that their parents loved and favored him. Yet he was her older brother and Arya loved him. Using a gentle hand, Arya would rub his back or head then tell him stories from their past. Sometimes she told him fairytales which Robb really seemed to love. When would she ever see Robb again? Arya knew that Robb was going to help Roose get the Starks fortune. Fine, she did not care about that. Arya did care what will happen to her brother once Roose has no further need of him. Arya did not dare ask Roose if she can say goodbye to her brother. Instead, she peered up imploringly at Damon. With a small hand resting on his leg to get his attention, Arya pleaded softly. "May I say goodbye to my brother, Master? Please? I will be fast and quiet, I swear it! Please?" To her relief, Damon nodded and grumbled. "Be fast and be very polite." Arya started to crawl forward to the standing Robb who was waiting for orders. She glanced back at Damon who laughed and said, "Go on then. Stand up and say goodbye then crawl back where you belong" Standing up, Arya hugged her brother hard and whispered, "I love you
Robb. You are smart and I love you so much. Please stay safe.”

Roose left and both young men walked away with him. Arya felt hollow and terrified, Ramsay was enraged and longing to rip his pet from his father. Damon just wanted to find fucking Mittens so he could concentrate on other things. Eventually, he must do his jobs for Roose and Ramsay. He needs to get Arya used to living here and in the north as he needs. Also until Ramsay gets his Reek back, he will keep using Damon’s pet. Normally Damon does not mind sharing, he enjoys it sometimes. Yet Ramsay is using Arya almost every night and he gets more savage as they go on with the games. Twice now Damon has had to halt Ramsay before he did too much damage. Damon was determined to hunt down that little brat and then he can have his pet all to himself again.

Varys fixed his face using his most expensive powders to hide his fatigue and distress. Oh, that puffed up self important evil sadist, how could he have married such a person? Thank the Gods above that Varys and Petyr never did try to have sex or deeper emotional connections. One night when they were first married, having drunk a little too much, it did almost happen. Joking around about pretending so well, that they should finish the deal and that way, it's secure. It was also a bit of curiosity and wine. They kissed sweetly and shyly at first, then Petyr spoke so softly yet his voice had deepend. He tied Varys with silk scarves to the bed and carefully removed his his lovely silk suit. Then fully dressed still, Petyr used his hands to drive Varys insane. Panting and squirming everywhere, Varys was in delightful torment. Petyr used his smooth mocking voice as his hands knew just how to move to elicit the best responses. He gave no response to seeing that Varys had only one testicle, Petyr knew of the accident. Varys never discusses how it happened, but Petyr read the police reports. "Come on little wifey, you love this don't you? Good, keep squirming like that, no talking, you just need to feel and listen, not talk." To his utter amazement, Varys shook in orgasm when Petyr had finally made him cry in such need. Afterwards, Petyr released the bonds, smirked and said to Varys, "There, someone came nice and hard. Now you can concentrate on why we are doing this again. Hmm?" Petyr had walked away leaving Varys feeling lonely, ashamed and vulnerable. The lesson was learned and Varys stayed his course never straying again for his own needs. Now here was Petyr acting the same way with this Stark girl. Varys felt it was his duty to make sure his husband never gets the girl back in his clutches. He ignored the fact that every time he remembers how Petyr's hands worked his cock, Varys still gets hard. "The girls deal with sex, I deal with power." He mutters as Varys turns from a sad lonely man, into the Southern man that everyone knows and would kill to get noticed by.
When The Claws Come Out, Run!

Chapter Summary

Lollys must suffer through extravagant parties since she agreed to be in Sansa's wedding party. Cersie does her best to ruin the day and Sansa unwittingly helps her do just that. Tywin is displeased. Varys speaks with his best friend and comes home to find his package. Bronn has brought Varys exactly what he needs for his revenge against Petyr.

Lollys was helping Sansa with wedding swatches, but it was a grim affair. The brightest star in the room was darkening their day with every single second she spoke. Red wine was served along with fruit and cheese by servants in black tuxedos. Tywin was adamant that even though their wedding would be fast, it would still be proper. So this ridiculous waste of money and sanity happens. When Sansa had told Lollys of it, she had exploded in horror and confusion. "Wait, what? So...instead of going shopping for your wedding stuff, it comes to you? You are going to sit in a restaurant while folks swirl wedding items at you? Please tell me that they can do it in a musical style, at least one full chorus and kick line? That is the only way I am going to this. I will jab a fork into my eye, can you live with that? How will you ever look my husband in the face again with that kind of guilt? As I forever live with one eye and a fork, the blame will bury you. Fine, I'll go since I have to be in this farce of a wedding." Now here she was, regretting falling for Sansa's begging. It was obvious now that the girl is a sadist, probably will masturbate to the misery she has caused later. Lollys smiled at her own thoughts and cringed at accidentally catching Cersie's eye.

Even drunk, with ten inch heels, Cersie walked with the grace of a lioness. She never seemed to just approach somebody, she hunted them. Lollys has never remembered seeing this golden bitch without her heels on. It made her almost freakishly tall, it was intimidating. Lollys had to look way up to see the disdainful smile and those eyes lit with such fire. Then Cersie went to breathe words at the younger woman and nearly killed her. Lollys swayed for a second and had been scorched by a fire worse than those eyes. For a second she wondered if one could get drunk simply by Cersie's breath. "Wow, honey you need a breath mint. One second, I can give you one." Lollys began to rummage through her purse as Cersie looked away for a moment. As Lollys found one with extreme relief, Cersie recovered. The words came hard and fast now, no pretense any longer. Either the embarrassment or the alcohol has washed away limits. "I am so happy you finally got out again. When you tried to play with the lower class and had that terrible thing happen. How many men were there again? Seven, wasn't it? Your family blamed you didn't they? You should never have gone that low to find some fun...you should accept what happened. After all, if you play with animals, they might bite you."

Sansa had walked over just in time to hear that last sentence. With a gasp, she hurried forward, Lollys will slap Cersie for that! Lollys was stone, her eyes pinned on Cersie and thought, I am going to slap her face for that. As much as she wanted to, oh, how much did she want to slap that cunt, she cannot. Lannisters pay so well and they pay you back very well too. Lollys curled her hands until her purse was pierced by her long nails. "Cersie Lannister, I did not know you were such a supporter of rape. Then again, from what I have heard, you are into kinky things yourself. This is not work time, sunshine, I have to take your crap during work. I don't have to while I am supporting my friend at her wedding events. I am here as part of a wedding party, not your employee. Unless you want me to bill you starting this very second, you should not insult me again."
With a cheerful smile full of white teeth, Lollys offered up the breath mint. Cersie struck her hand, knocking the candy across the room. "You think you are safe from me? Do you really think this ginger whore will take my place here? You are backing the wrong horse and I will not forget it!" Cersie hissed, her lovely face turning into a sort of horrific beauty. Lollys was fascinated by it for a moment. She has only ever had a few female lovers, wanting to try something new. This face was the same as this one girl she slept with. They met in a club, while in the corner of a dance room mostly deserted, they writhed in pleasure. When the woman came, her face looked just like Cersie's and Lollys honestly became wet. Its too bad you are a such a miserable cunt, Lollys thought. Sansa tried to gently lay a hand on that muscled, tan arm, speaking softly. "Cersie, everyone can hear you. Please think of your reputation and control yourself. Servants gossip to their betters at some point. Some of these are Olenna Tyrell's favorite waiters. These tailors are used by her granddaughter and she would love to hear about your drunken shouting." The mention of Tyrells was perhaps the only thing that caused Cersie to stand tall and demure. With a little biting smile, Cersie turned to Sansa. "Are you very worried about me, dearest little dove? That is what Varys calls you, isn't it? I used to call you my little bird, when you were in love with my boy. My Joffrey believed you loved him too. We were both fooled. You are good, so very good at what you do." Now anger seems to have scorched away a bit of the wine because her eyes were so focused, deadly. Like a predator about to have a meal, Cersie leaned in to Sansa. The whisper was so covered in malice that it nearly hurt more than the words themselves. "The only thing left in your way was your prudish, old fashioned father. You should thank my father. He did you a favor. Why fuck an uncle or Petyr Baelish when you can marry the head of the Lannisters? Tell me, will he be poisoned before or after the reception? Or will you actually go through having sex with an old man? Granted, Petyr and Benjie were older than you. This man could be your grandaddy, or is that your kink, Sansa? Do you like to fuck wrinkled gray men? Is it as exciting as killing them? When you were with Joffrey, did you think of your own father maybe? He was nearly same age as Petyr." That is when Sansa pulled away and slapped Cersie with all her strength. Lollys dropped her jaw, the other girls all stared and the servants gossiped. Varys came home babbling into his cell phone, nearly hysterical. The deep voice on the other end was disbelieving. "Tell me again. Are you sure you aren't just daydreaming, because it would hurt my heart that you would lie about such a thing." Varys giggled and replied, "In my best daydreams, I couldn't have imagined something so wonderful. You should have seen it, Tyrion. Sansa nearly round-housed her! Cersie was teetering on heels and went right over." Tyrion laughed and then groaned. "The one thing I was not invited to! Every other time I get dragged for this stupid wedding, it's enough to rip your hair out, but never enough for a good brawl. Tell me again what happened next. I need the laughter, I am almost out of whiskey."

Varys obligingly continued. Tyrion was an actual friend, the only one Varys has ever trusted. Not a partner like Petyr, but an actual confidant. Both felt they were freaks, both were treated as one. It made a connection and both treasured it. "Cersie lurched upward and leaped like a cheetah onto Sansa. Both went crashing through a table and it was on! Tywin had just walked in and his face! That man wanted both of those women to spontaneously combust! If looks could kill, it would have been two lovely, intertwined corpses. He stormed over and just barked their names. Both scrambled up and looked like guilty little girls! Tywin had that table fixed and the ladies were cleaned up. Then it continued like nothing happened." Tyrion laughed and said, "Oh, if I know my father and trust me, I do, those girls will pay later. When no one is around to see, another thing I will miss! Not that I wish pain upon Sansa, that poor girl has suffered enough. When I was younger, I would sneak to watch Cersie's punishments. She got them so much less than Jaime or I and loved to rub it in our faces. Also, she felt that she could abuse me whenever it suited her. So I loved nothing more than to see that lovely ass covered in delicate purple hand prints."

"You are scaring me, Tyrion. Have you been going through one of your nephews journals or
something? Where is this sadistic peeper coming from?" Varys chirped into the phone as he got himself settled. As the men chatted, Varys made himself some tea and sank into his favorite soft chair. A knock at the door caused him to groan. Standing up, he continued to listen to Tyrion as he answered the door. Bronn stood there clutching the item Varys had ordered tracked down and brought to him. "Oh Tyrion, I have to go. Bronn is here with my long awaited package." "Tell Bronn to bring extra whiskey when he comes over for cards. He can use his money to buy it, tell Bronn unlike him, I actually pay my debts." Varys hung up and told Bronn the message. Grumbling, Bronn replied, "He best fucking pay me back. Know how much that shit costs? He can't have regular whiskey like everyone else. Anyway, where inside do you want me to go?" Varys led him to the living room and then Bronn released his catch.

Ros ripped the bag off her head and stared around wildly. Moving away from both of them, she stared hard at Varys. "Why? Did Petyr tell you to kidnap me, kill me? I have been loyal, I haven't done anything wrong! I don't steal, I don't talk and I am loyal, he knows it!" Before the redhead could panic further, Varys gave her a gentle smile and spoke. He walked slowly around her, his hands moving with his words. "Calm yourself, please. Petyr has no idea I took you and I have no interest in killing you, dear. I need to give a message to Petyr and you are the best person to help me with that. You truly are his most loyal girl and you have been with him the longest. He is so fond of you and look how high you have risen! Starting as a low bit whore and thief, now you are his assistant. That is commendable. I have never liked dealing with northern girls. Too brutish, blunt and wild. Yet, I have always like you, Ross. I really do like you, but Petyr needs to understand that my girls were important too."

Ros paled and tried to look around for anything that could be used as a weapon. "He killed them, so now you'll kill me?" Varys shook his head and sat down, pouring another cup of tea. Bronn had kindly provided the extra delicate tea cup. "No, you aren't listening. You are too busy panicking and it's ruining your complexion, sweetness. Come sit down and have some tea with me. I am asking you to bring Petyr a message from me. It has to come from you so he understands the great importance of my words. You are the one person he does listen to, otherwise you wouldn't be his assistant. He doesn't take on dumb whores for his management. Your mind is good with figures, with logic and business. So I am going to explain to you the deal I have been working on. It is a huge goldmine for Petyr as well, I need you to make him see that." By now the curiosity has caused Ross to sit down. As Varys spoke of the lucrative deals he has been making with the Lannisters and Tyrells, Ross sips the tea. Bronn leaned against the wall, bored out of his mind. When Varys offered Bronn tea, after he saw the man yawn, the Bronn muttered he only drinks Long Island iced tea.

Around the time that Varys explained Sansa's great importance, Ross began to sweat. Her eyes turned a terrible shade of red and her mouth foamed. Bronn came forward with a body bag and waited, quipping with Varys about the fiasco earlier. Bronn was glad it was Sansa and not his wife that got into a fight with Cersie. Once Ros was done twitching, Varys reminded that she needed to be returned as soon as possible to Petyr.
Chapter Summary

Frustrated with his inability to catch Rickon, Ramsay takes his anger out on Arya and Damon. Damon is done with Ramsay touching and injuring his pet. Ramsay sees Rickon.

"It makes no fucking sense! How does he know how to survive on a fucking island at six years old?" Ramsay ranted then he kicked Arya hard enough to knock her down. "What the hell, Ramsay? She did nothing wrong, leave her alone. It's not her fault that you can't find Rickon." Damon moved to stand one leg on each side of his pet, who was curled up in pain. "This is it. I told you before, you can't keep abusing Kitty. She did nothing wrong to get hurt and it's not playtime. If you confuse the rules on her, she might rebel or become too timid. I am sick of you ignoring me. I won't share her anymore, this ends before she loses all her fingers and toes to you." Ramsay sputtered in rage and hissed, "Fine! Your fucking little bitch won't live long without training, REAL training. She only pretends to obey like her sister, first chance she gets, that feral animal will rip out your throat. We might have Mittens by now if you didn't make us drag her along! She slows us down and makes too much noise." Damon rolled his eyes, Arya was quieter than Ramsay and faster. She doesn't dare to try and run in front of these two hunters. He has not had to use the leash at all. Surprisingly, Arya obeyed every command during the hunting. Damon was sure that it would change if they found the boy.

However, there were too many reasons not to leave her at the house. He cannot stick her in a cage or tie her up for that many hours. Damon did that once and did not like the mess he had to clean, nor how she could not move right all night. Arya's own pains were so terrible that she paid no attention to Damon at all. Yet Arya was a very good escape artist, so just locking her in a room with an adjoining bathroom was out. One night during a game that had her babbling in pain and terror, Damon asked her if she could pick locks. She had answered yes, also knew how to remove windowpanes, could hotwire a car and scale almost anything. Damon wouldn't trust her not to at least try to escape. Not that she would get far, and he would even enjoy that sometime. Ramsay would not find it the fun Damon would though, he only likes his own pet doing that. And only if Ramsay had ordered the hunt on his pet. To actually make a real escape attempt would only set Ramsay off further. Damon is afraid that Ramsay would lose control and truly damage or kill Kitty. So Arya was threatened within an inch of her life and then a shock collar was attached. If Arya goes out of Damon's sight he instantly presses the button. A yelp and she is right there, apologizing.

Each day that they do not find Rickon, that Ramsay has been away from Reek, it has gotten worse. Damon has to keep coming up with reasons to keep him from her. She is seeing the doctor almost every day and Kitty has become listless. It has reached the point where she has started to beg Damon not to let Ramsay have her again. This was it, whether they find Rickon or not, Ramsay has to find another way to get out his aggressions. "Fine then, fuck you. Take your fucking pet and go away. I'll finish looking alone today." Ramsay stormed off with his stuff and Damon was stunned. He fully expected to be threatened if not actually attacked. He had sounded oddly defeated. Perhaps his feelings for Reek were really affecting him. After all, look how long Ramsay kept getting and losing his pet. Damon sighed with relief and picked up Kitty. "Let's get you home. You look tired, I'll carry you. Aren't I the nicest Master?" Arya managed to grit out, "Yes, I am grateful to you, Master." Arching his eyebrow, Damon thought he detected a hint of reluctance there. Hope bloomed and he
asked her to say how grateful she was. This time there was a definite thread of irritation in her voice and Damon gave a cheerful grin. "Little pet, you sound annoyed, are you daring to be annoyed with me?" His day was looking up.

Ramsay was not really hunting nor tracking, his mind was elsewhere. Every time he would lose Reek back to the Starks, it was hell on earth for him. This time was worse because at least with the Starks, Ramsay knew he would not be mistreated. Nor would they allow Theon to leave their side. They made sure he knew who he was, even if they never spoke of it to him. Ramsay had no idea what his father might do to Reek. Though he knew that his father will take great joy in making him into Theon again. It was driving Ramsay insane, so was not catching the little brat. He knows Rickon is still alive and roaming, they have found evidence everywhere. Never in the same location twice and always cold trails. Footprints, trash, fecal matter hurriedly buried. A water bottle once, bloody bandages another time. Even a small campfire, but never the boy is seen or heard. It was impossible, how was he managing to avoid them so well? If it weren't' for Reek's texts and calls, Ramsay would be insane by now.

Every morning and every night, they spoke. Reek always called on time and sounded submissive, scared. "Master, I want to be with you. I don't like it here alone." His pet would cry and Ramsay would feel a little better. Ramsay liked to make Reek obey some orders while on the phone so he would remember better. In a silky voice Ramsay would tell his pet to pull down his pants. Just to his thighs and masturbate. Ramsay would tell Reek exactly how to move and listen to the whimpers. Reek would come on command then sob a little in shame. Ramsay loved it and would come himself. Sometimes he would tell his pet to tell how he would pleasure his Master if he could. Listening to that pathetic, eager to obey voice made Ramsay so lustful. Out of the corner of Ramsay's eye, he saw a figure dart by and went still. Was that actually Rickon Spaceship Mittens Stark? A slow triumphant grin spread and Ramsay went into hunting mode.

Rickon scampered to stay just out of reach, but allow Ramsay to see him. Ramsay was so intent on keeping up with his prey, he didn't hear Gregor till it was too late. An explosion of pain and then nothing.
Please, I Have Lost Me And Don't Know Where I Am.

Chapter Summary

Theon wishes to be with Ramsay the more Roose trains him into Theon. Robb is trying to learn how to appease his Master. Theon proves to be his only companion and helper. Roose receives a surprise visit from Asha Greyjoy who has news and a proposal. Petyr does not have a quiet night at home.

Theon silently obeyed during the day. Roose would only speak to him with orders or to remind him to act like Theon, not Reek. Sometimes, out of desperation Theon would try and communicate with Robb. Sadly, Robb offered at least some conversation, even if it was limited. This made him the one person other than Roose that Robb would speak with. Ramsay liked his pet to be timid, but this was obsessive and painful. Robb was able to act in front of lawyers and distant relatives but for very short lengths of time. He would explain that he has suffered some brain damage during the boating accident. Therefore Robb felt it best to allow guardianship under Roose Bolton. Roose did most of the answering of questions, but Robb was able to answer simple ones. Though some still hotly contested this, mainly the Tully’s, there was nothing anyone could do. Ned had left everything to his one eldest son. Robb knew he was too impaired to run it and as an adult he chose another to care for him. Roose Bolton would absorb the Stark's business, home and accounts.

It was so difficult for Robb to perform that afterwards he was desolate, crying and wailing. Roose had little patience for this and Theon felt horrible. He would have to see Robb beg and wail as Roose would use that cattle prod without mercy. "If you want to make so much noise, here is a reason for it!" So right after Robb has to perform, Theon would hug him and start to calm him. "Great job, Robb. Your Master will be so happy with you. You did everything just right and that is being good. Good and not dumb at all. Do not cry, okay? You did very good and your Master will be pleased. But not if you cry or make too much noise." When Roose would complete his meeting, he would find a quiet, submissive Robb and it did please him. He would give some cool praise and offer Robb a small treat. Roose kept a small bag of cashews in his pocket at all times. Every time that Robb does something very correct, Roose puts a cashew in his mouth. Theon watches this and wishes for Ramsay with every fiber. Robb is a sex toy, a puppet for public to view, a footstool and something for Roose to experiment upon. It seems to Roose that the one thing Robb is not, is a human being. Never once has the man acknowledged Robb as a person. That scares Theon more than anything else.

Roose expected Theon to act entirely as a man not as a pet. Theon was to stand straight up, speak like a regular person with an opinion. In fact, on occasion, Roose would test him during a meal. In a cold, soft voice, Roose would speak of current things involving the families. He would ask Theon what he felt or thought of certain things. If Theon blindly agreed with Roose's opinion or tried to tip toe around the question, Roose glared. Then Theon would have to visit Roose's dungeon and he would scream. Roose had so many ways of scaring and hurting without extreme damage. He would put a large jar of cockroaches against Theon's chest and use a blowtorch on the end of it. Another time he inserted a metal dildo that was too large into Theon. It had been covered in a thick substance but it wasn't a regular lubricant. Within seconds the burning began and Theon screamed himself hoarse. Roose wore latex gloves as he rubbed more of the substance on Theon's testicles and cock. When he finally passed out, only then did Roose hose him off. Theon learned to act like a man with an opinion and self worth very quickly. He was terrified not to.
Strangely, Theon's favorite times were when he could call his Master. It was his only secret from Roose, the one thing that was still his own. Since having to live in this cold nightmare, Reek thinks of Master more and more. In fact, Reek talks in his mind more these days. Theon was aware they are romanticizing Ramsay but it was true, it was better than this. Ramsay would never treat Reek as if he were not a living person. His Master did not use the horrific types of punishments that Roose has. Also, Ramsay allows Reek to understand what is wanted. Roose waits until you make an error, then you learn through the pain that follows. The biggest part of all, Ramsay actually likes and feels affection for Reek. He can be kind and offer mercy, even pleasure sometimes. Roose is coldly amused by Robb but even his kindness towards Robb is impersonal. So Reek loved to call and hear his Master's voice. To be reassured that someday he will be with him again. Proof of his Master's love and kindness, he allows his pet to even come to his voice. When Reek thinks of Rickon, to Theon's shame, there is a bolt of anger. How dare he elude Ramsay so long? Look at what he has done? Theon wants to go back to Ramsay, to being Reek who has no opinion. Reek, who does not have to think or feel guilt, unless Ramsay tells him to.

Roose was curious and surprised that he had another visitor today. After an entire day of meetings, coaching Robb through a taping of him giving Roose control, he was tired. He wanted to go home where Theon would have just finished calming the pet. He was just stretching and getting his coat when Barbery buzzed him. "There is a young woman out here with four men, she wishes to see you. She told me to say it was Asha Greyjoy and it was urgent." Well, that was certainly nothing he expected and he replied, "Without her men, send her in." Even a Greyjoy would not be stupid enough to attack that publicly. Roose sat back down and leaned back, hands resting on his chest, folded together. Asha came through the door like a slow building hurricane. She was not what you would call a beauty, but there was a fierce handsomeness to her. In a black leather pantsuit, boots to match and sandy hair falling in tangled waves, she was a sight. Not a very common one here in the North. The few females around here that are fighters are either lovely dangerous ones in skirts, or they dressed and acted like savages. "Now I have not seen you in many years, Asha. Has your father sent you for some reason?" Asha shook her head and pulled out a piece of paper. "This is my father's death certificate. He died last week and I have been trying to contact the Starks since then. I am in total control of Balon Greyjoy's business. I am nothing like my father and want to renegotiate with Ned. You are in second in command, you must know where he is. I have nearly camped at his house for two days, where did he go?" Roose cleared his throat and said, "I am surprised you did not hear the news. On their way to my island for a vacation, the Starks suffered a great tragedy. Their boat went down and only Robb, Arya and Sansa have survived." Asha went pale and asked in a somewhat quieter voice, "Was Theon Greyjoy there? Did he survive?" Roose gave a small pause then said, "Yes, he survived. He is with Robb now, in fact." Asha seemed to sag in relief for a second, then she straightened again. "Fine. Where do I find Robb? He is the head of the family now. He must listen to me." Sitting up, Roose gave Asha a bland look and spoke softly. "Oh, well that is a problem. You see, he gave me guardianship and I take that job very seriously. I must protect him from stressors that might set off his mental state."

Asha stared at him confused and said, "What the hell are you talking about?" Roose gave another thin lipped smile and explained. "Robb suffered some brain damage during the accident. He asked me to care for him and his younger sister as well as their business. Sansa coldly ran off to marry Tywin Lannister, leaving the two in my care. Arya is only a minor and suffered greatly in the mind due to the accident. She started self cutting, put herself into seclusion, so she lives with trained mental health workers on one of my estates. Robb signed everything over to me." Asha held Roose's amused gaze and she couldn't help but feel a grudging admiration. In a voice heavy with envy and respect, she drawled out, "Very nice work, Mr. Bolton. You really cleaned up, didn't you?" Leaning forward, Asha placed her hands on the desk and spoke just as softly as he had. "Then I guess it is a conversation for us. The fighting is over, the business is mine now and I am more open-minded than
my father. I want my brother back. Every person who bullied and tormented him is dead now. His brothers, his father and finally, Ned Stark. Let him come home and hug his mother before she forgets he still lives."

Roose tilted his head and offered for Asha to have a seat to talk it over. Sitting down, Asha continues speaking. "I am willing to offer a more than fair trade for Theon. To make amends for what my father had done, I will give you an obscene amount of weaponry for free. Plus any further orders or transactions will have a discount on them." "I see. That is a generous offer and I am sure Ned would have taken you up on it. Robb would have as well. I am not either of them, I am not burdened by tainted honor and morals. I will return Theon Greyjoy to his family in exchange for this one thing. I will not bargain nor even speak of any other offers. You are welcome to take your time thinking on it, all the time you would like. Here is what I want for you to bring your baby brother home. I want to be your partner, your co owner. Half of everything and you may still keep all your profits from other clients. However, anything we require will have top priority." Asha began to swear and Roose cut through it, his voice like a razor. "As I said, that is my only offer. How much is your brother worth to you, Asha? Maybe it isn't worth it to you. Theon stopped crying for his family years back when he knew his father didn't care. He has accepted that no one wants him years back. He is content serving me and assisting poor Robb. Perhaps letting him be would be the best thing."

Petyr did not hear the doorbell as he was intently searching through his files. Swearing, unable to find a damned thing, Petyr growled again, "When I find out where that bitch went without telling me, I'll whip her. I swear I haven't laid a hand on her in years, but tonight of all nights. When I need to give Roose Bolton any fucking thing he wants to appease, tonight I can't find the files I need. I'll strangle you, Ross." Petyr did hear the heart-wrenching scream from the front door and went running. Violet was pulling her face apart with her hands while staring at the body bag on the porch. It was unzipped so Ros's face was visible. It was evident that she died a very gory and excruciating death. Petyr called Locke as he slapped Violet and ordered her to drag the body inside the door. After explaining the clean up job needed, Petyr stormed off into the recesses of the house. He needed to get away from the girls, more had filed in to see why Violet had screamed. Now it was all wailing as if banshees have come to torment him. Petyr was already so enraged that if he remained around them, he might decide to behead them all. Or maybe rip out some vocal chords at least. Oh, his little vixen, his bitch of a wife! Does Varys really think he will win this game? Perhaps, they really have been away from each other too long this time.
Chapter Summary

Cersie and Sansa must accept their harsh punishment from Tywin. Lollys has a creepy moment with her husband.

Tywin had been very formal until he got Sansa and Cersie into his limousine. Then the anger blazed from his eyes at both of them. He had forced them to sit side by side as he gave them his condemnation. Against their will both felt like naughty schoolgirls and shuddered. "Sansa, I expected more of you than that and I am extremely disappointed. Cersie, you should have known better than to cause a scene like that. Both of you acted like spoiled teenagers, so tonight you shall be treated that way." Sansa paled and wondered what the fuck that meant but Cersie knew. The look in her eyes did not reassure at all. "Please father, I am sorry. Don't do that to me, Daddy, please?" The little girl voice she affected was slurred from drink. Tywin wrinkled his nose in disgust. "Look at yourself, what has happened to you? You have two more children you could care about. You say you care about being top in society yet to pull things like this? It cannot be that important after all, can it? You have no direction, no goal except to cause misery and fear wherever you go. I have tried to be patient and give you time to accept this, but you are too stubborn. Too happy being angry all the time. So be it, spend your whole life despising the situation if you'd like. Privately to yourself. If this punishment tonight does not work, then I will take drastic measures. I will marry you off to someone as cruel as I can find." Cersie said nothing further, tears of pure anger and fear streamed.

Sansa shrank into the cushions as Tywin turned his gaze on her. This was the first non practiced move Sansa has ever made in front of him. It freaks her out and she found no words in her head. "This is your first offense, the first time you ever have displeased me. It won't be very bad for you the first time, my dear. But it will happen, you need to understand right off who is in charge of this marriage. I will allow you much freedom but there are rules that must be followed. One of them is to never, ever cause a public display of yourself. That is one of the most important rules of all, Sansa." Numbly, Sansa followed Tywin into his home, Cersie staggering behind. Sansa saw Tywin's bedroom for the first time but really had no time to look about. She was too scared about what he was about to do to her. If she were not afraid that Cersie would bite her like a rabid dog, Sansa would have taken her hand. Tywin took off his blazer and took off his belt. "Come here, Sansa. If you make me come to get you, I will only make it worse."

Taking a deep breath, trying to take her mind away, Sansa moved forward. Tywin gave her a sharp slap to her face and said, "If you try and ignore what I am doing, I will take grave offense. Then I will continue to add more brutality to the punishment until you pay attention." Sansa nodded and focused on Tywin, she believed every word coldly spoken. He ordered her to strip and stand against a bedpost. Facing forward, she was instructed to grasp the post tops at their very high length. This stretched her out uncomfortably. Then Tywin gently shoved her legs until her feet could barely balance at all. "Do not move an inch. Even when I start to beat you, if you let go, break your position even once, I will add twenty more lashes. Do you understand, Sansa?" Nodding, she bit her lips to stay silent and still. Tywin ordered the same of Cersie and had her positioned on the other bedpost. Both remained frozen in agonizing fear and humiliation. For each to see the other this way, that alone was humiliating.

Tywin walked in front of each then settled in front of Sansa. He delivered several harsh blows across
her breasts. As she sobbed, he walked in front of Cersie and did the same. This happened with their stomachs, thighs and then breasts again. Sansa had begun to scream before Cersie, around the time Tywin was drawing lines of blood from her thighs. After beating the front of her, Tywin said, "Since it was your first offense, I will stop your beating there." Leaving her to moan in pain, Tywin forced the begging Cersie to turn around and assume the same position. She received several lashes across her whole back, rear and thighs. Shrilly she screamed during it all, pleading for him to stop, please stop! Sansa had mistakenly assumed that the punishment was over when Tywin rolled up his belt. "Now, both of you shall show me just how repentant you are. Prove to me that my ladies understand that they must act like ladies. Get onto the bed. You will follow my instructions exactly as I wish. It seems to me that since you cannot connect in polite society, maybe you need to get close another way."

To their horror and utter shame, Tywin made them caress each other. They writhed across each other, stiffening and crying out at welts rubbing together. After a few minutes, Tywin got the belt again and sat on the edge of the bed. "If you two cannot make each other have pleasure, then I will know you did not learn my lesson. If you cannot even cooperate in private, then you will never even try in public. So am I to start tonight's punishment over again until you both can do as your told?" Tywin snapped the belt and the two kissed desperately. With tongues, fingers and wet skin rubbing together, the two great enemies found common ground. It did not matter that it was forced upon them nor did it matter that it was driven by fear, it happened. The fact that they each came pumping hard against the other was mortifying. As they pulled away fast, both sweaty and panting in disgust, Tywin put down the belt. He lay between them on the bed and told them to be very good girls and take care of him. Cersie knows from her teen years just how her father liked it and Sansa just followed her cue. Tywin had them take turns licking, sucking. He came on both of their faces and coldly informed Sansa she could have Tyrion drive her home.

Bronn found Lollys in her special place, the hidden closet behind her den. He winced, she only came in here when a significant thing has happened. Something that has provoked huge feelings of triumph or anger. Usually it's anger and Bronn wondered if he should just leave her be. It was too late, Lollys said, "I hear you, oh great hunter. Come in and shut the door, please. I cannot wait to tell you what I saw today. It was truly wonderful, I felt so proud of Sansa. It reminded me of how strong we survivors are." Sitting down gingerly on a stool near her, Bronn winced a bit at the clicking sounds. A small fan rotated making the seven wind chimes shiver and click together. They were hung in a circle that Lollys liked to sit on a high stool in the center of. Sometimes she touches them, other times just stares at each one, every single bleached white bone. Comprised of the more delicate bones, the main frame were rib bones, the fringe was finger and toe bones. Bronn had wanted to kill each of the men that raped his wife. He even understood that she wanted the bones. When she made wind chimes out of them, he laughed, it was funny. It was her sitting within them, in the dim room, meditating, that bothered him. However, as Lollys told the story of the Lannister-Stark brawl, he forgot them, too busy laughing.
If You Cannot Listen, Then You'll Have To Feel

Chapter Summary

Gregor and Rickon have captured Ramsay. Rickon has questions, Ramsay gives answers. Gregor gives the boy a lesson on torture. Then after Rickon learns, he is sent away to rest. So Gregor can give his own special punishments to this sadist bastard.

Ramsay moans and tries to remember why his head hurts so badly. It takes another while before he can open his eyes. Once he does, he shuts them, denying what he sees. After a second, Ramsay tries again and hopes to see something different. Nope, if this was a delusion, it was a very realistic one. There in front of him, just a foot away was the freaking Mountain Clegane. Ramsay managed to croak out, "I exploded you, asshole. Lay down and be dead." He tried to focus on just finding one Gregor to focus on. It took another blink before he could see right again. Then Ramsay heard a giggle, hateful Mittens sound and then that little voice. "He still thinks you are dead. Are you a zombie, Gregor?" Shoving the boy away from him, Gregor focused on Ramsay.

To his irritation, Ramsay noticed that the little shit wasn't even affected at the brutal shove. In fact, Mittens stuck out his tongue, though he did scamper out of reach first. "I am no zombie, Ramsay. I jumped in time, course had to heal some. My face looks like my brother Sandor's now. If for nothing else, you need to pay for that. So I am going to really take my time with you. Before, I would have just killed you painfully. Now I am going to make sure you grovel first, that you scream till you cannot. Only after I have broken you completely, will I finally kill you. Oh, and if this whole thing ends up not enough to satisfy me, I won't kill you. Instead you will serve as my broken down little bitch till you die of natural causes." That was the first time Rickon had ever seen fear in those terrible eyes.

Ramsay snarled out that Gregor could go fuck himself, as he tried to writhe out of his bonds. Gregor mimicked his own wooden cross and Ramsay had no idea it was so painful. Worse was how vulnerable, how exposed he felt and was naked. That part was the most intolerable, how dare they do this to him? How dare they? Gregor punched Ramsay until he stopped trying to curse. Once he panted, spitting out streams of blood and teeth, did Gregor stop hitting him. "Answer questions for the boy. Or would you rather I start with your torture right away?" Ramsay spit blood and snot at Gregor earning himself another few blows. The giant was pulling the punches but Ramsay knew soon he wouldn't anymore. "Fine! Fine! Ask your fucking questions!" Gregor patted Ramsay's head and the wild captive tried to reach up to bite. With a condescending laugh, Gregor tweaked Ramsay's nipple painfully and said, "Naughty baby sociopath. Don't worry, we'll fix that rebellious behavior soon. Now behave and listen to the boy. Give him honest answers or I'm going to castrate you."

Ramsay paled at the serious threat and fixed his eyes hatefully on Rickon. "What is it, Mittens?" Rickon looked back and shook his head. "Not my name. Where is my family? Who is still alive?" Ramsay smirked but gave a nervous glance at Gregor before turning to Rickon again. "Your parents are dead, my father slit your mommy's throat. Your father had a heart attack after watching what happened to his precious Robb. Jon is dead, killed by one of my men. Brienne is dead as well, if you care about her. Bran died by my own hand. Have a good cry over that, little boy." Ramsay chuckled as Rickon fought tears back. "Robb and Arya, Sansa, they are still alive? What about Theon?" A cloud darkened his face and Ramsay hissed. "His name is not Theon anymore. It's Reek, my little weak pet, loyal only to me." Ramsay was only further angered by the look shared by the giant and
As merciless as he could, Ramsay gave more information to the boy. "I'll tell you all about what happened to Robb and Arya. My father took a small spike and hammer to your brother's temple. He gave Robb brain damage on purpose. Now your brother is a groveling creature that is my father's little puppet. Roose fucks him as he cries and screams. He told him that your parents hated him because he was bad and stupid. The stupid pathetic retard believes anything my father says. Roose made sure that a camera recorded every bit of it. Your parents were forced to watch the whole thing before they died. Want to hear about your sisters? Well, a bit of good news, Sansa did indeed get off the island. She left your brother Bran to die alone after I shot him. He lay on the ground, broken from all the rocks during his brutal fall. Bran called out for your sister and she left him there. I am sure he told her you and Arya were still alive, yet she abandoned all of you. He wasn't alone though, after your sister left, I went to him. I brought my pet with me and made him help me set the torture up. Wasn't much that I needed to do, his body was so much meat already. I had Reek force Bran to watch the monster crabs rip apart his body. Don't worry though, Bran broke very fast. He was spaced out for the end, too fast for me. As for Arya, she is a pet of my friend Damon. He likes to beat her and fuck her. I have also used her many times, even took souvenirs. A few toes and a finger."

Gregor stood up now and slowly walked over to Rickon. He hunched down and grabbed Rickon's chin, not gently. "Dry your fucking eyes, you pussy. The dead can't come back with your sobbing and the living can't be helped by them!" Rickon sniffed and wiped his eyes fast. "Take vengeance, use your grief to hurt the boy responsible for your pain. I will let you have first digs at the bastard. Go on, boy. Show him what hurting you will cost him." Ramsay sneered as Mittens walked over to him. "Go on, do your worst, little fucker." Rickon screeched like a lunatic and threw himself at his greatest enemy. He clawed, punched, kicked and bit like a rabid weasel. After a few moments of staring with disbeliefing eyes, Gregor grabbed Rickon by his neck and pulled him off. "Now that is just embarrassing to both myself and Ramsay." Rickon's mind cleared and he stared in confusion. Gregor looked disdainful. Ramsay was chuckling, in spite of bloody scratches and bite marks. "What are you a little kitten that is angry? That was the most pitiful display I have ever encountered. You are trying to torture him, truly cause him pain, right? Because what I saw was you nearly tickling the man." Roughly, he directed Rickon to stand a certain way, then handed the boy a blade. "Now, this won't be up to your standards, not everyone can use a knife that well. I am sure that Rickon will try his best to impress you though." Under Gregor's careful instructions, it took Rickon about an hour to reach impressing Ramsay. In fact, the captive seemed to be screaming over it.

Rickon admired his handiwork grimly. One half of Ramsay's calf was flayed. Well, it was very sloppy and a good amount of skin remained. Yet there were many gouges that were very deep. Every time Rickon accidentally gouged Ramsay, he twisted the knife before removing it. Gregor was full of praise for the extra little inspiration from his new protege. It was those twisting gouges that had finally made Ramsay start to scream. Once Ramsay had passed out, Gregor told him to stop. "It is a waste of time if the person don't feel it." Grumbled Gregor, fetching some water for them both. "Besides, save some for me, would you? I want some vengeance of my own, selfish brat. Tell you what, I have him for the next hour or two, then you can play a bit more. There is so much I will teach you about torturing a man. This will be your first and I want you rested for it. Go to the cave for awhile and nap." When Rickon tried to protest the warmer gruff voice changed fast. "You want to try and tell me no?" Rickon rubbed his buttocks out of memory and shook his head. "Get then. Now." Without a word, Rickon ran off, frustrated, but the giant was not worth tangling with. So far Gregor has kept his word and even allowed Rickon to get some justice. So he went to lay down, staring into the rock wall, silently crying now that no one could see. Ramsay started to scream so pathetically, Rickon smiled bitterly though his tears.

Gregor playfully slapped and stroked Ramsay's cheeks to bring him around. Ramsay groaned and
his eyes started to flutter open. "Ah, there you are! That was rude of you, to just pass out while the poor boy was trying to learn a new skill. That could have fucked up his self esteem. I sent the toddler to take his nappy time so we can have some privacy. How does it feel to know a six year old made you scream like that? Maybe I should sell the boy to your father, he could certainly do your work better." While he spoke, Gregor has been undoing the straps and caught Ramsay as he fell. It took a minute even from just those few hours, for his body to no longer work. Ramsay was dropped face forward into sand. Coughing, trying to breath and force limbs to move, it weakened Ramsay. Large tree trunk legs circled as Gregor stalked around him and Ramsay waited to be stomped on. "Come on, are you that skittish after a little torment from a child? I am waiting, get the fuck up and try to fight or escape. Don't be so boring, if the situation was reversed, you would ask for me to do the same." Ramsay growled and had to admit, Gregor was right. He would indeed expect the man to offer some challenge for him. So he lunged forward and gave it his best shot. First he tried to fight and Gregor broke most of his ribs and one wrist. Then Ramsay attempted to escape and the giant broke both ankles.

That made it impossible for Ramsay to stand up. In order to move around, he had to crawl with one hand dragging him along. This only made him more frantic and Ramsay started to bare his teeth, hurling rocks at Gregor. Laughing at such a pitiful joke, Gregor warmly said, "Oh Ramsay, this is even funnier than I thought it would be. So much more thrilling as well." Grabbing hold of Ramsay's ankles, causing the man to scream then nearly pass out, Gregor dragged him back. "I am going to make you my little bitch now. You understand, don't you Ramsay? It's what you love to do to your whores and pets, right? Turn them into a hole for you to fuck and flesh for you to remove? I am going to fuck you, rape you hard with my large cock. Now seeing how screwed up you are, I am betting your daddy has been fucking you for awhile. It won't matter though, my manhood is larger than anything you've ever felt or seen. I plan on fucking you bloody, Ramsay."
Chapter Summary

Petyr is not happy with his current services and misses Varys in spite of his anger. Roose has a guest for dinner. Robb and Theon are put on their best behavior. Roose asks Theon his opinions on a very dangerous subject. Then he gives Theon a chance to speak his mind, only to be told he has no say anyway. Reek reaches out to Ramsay but has been abandoned.

Petyr stared hard at the man in front of him. "You aren't the right one. Where is goat face Locke?" This man was tall and thin, but his head was vaguely shaped like a squash. The hair was rapidly trying to escape the scalp and the look of animosity just completely distracted. "You are thinking of my little brother. Vargo died on Boltons fucking island, remember? Maybe you should learn the first names of your employees." Petyr nodded and quickly said, "I am going to ignore your insolent tone this once. You are grieving, I understand that. I have lost a few family members myself during this dangerous time." Walking uncomfortably close to Locke, Petyr put one arm around the thin shoulders. This made the man nervous but when Petyr gave the most fake sympathetic look ever seen, Locke paled. "So help me God, don't do it! Mr. Baelish, I don't care what my customers do at all. None of my business, but I don't want to know! Don't kiss me, if you do, I'll puke in your mouth. I won't be able to help it." Petyr stopped dead at that one and it took some doing for him to maintain composure. "Locke, I would cut my own cock off rather than fuck you. Truly." Petyr assured him with all sincerity. "I just wish to talk with you, to share with you a comfort I employ to understand these deaths."

Now Petyr was behind Locke, his hands firmly on the shoulders. Locke was sweating buckets now and trying not to flinch away from the creepiest customer, hands down. Only Vargo ever dealt with Baelish, one of the four siblings that worked together. Vargo was their leader and had been the one to meet with main customers. Now here it was Hugo, each of them taking on a client and he bitterly regretted his selection. Taking on the owner of a whorehouse sounded go damned good. It felt like two dead flayed fish on his shoulders and he shuddered. Now a soft voice like a snake in his ear, his earwax was no defense against it. "I remind myself that our comrades did their duties and faced the same sacrifice we do every day. If they had wanted to be safe and alive, they would not be in these professions. Your brother could have been a dermatologist. He could have moved out west and made a killing there. Then he would not have been torn apart and had his head bashed in by a Southern boy. If it is any consolation, Gregor Clegane, that mountain giant, he did it. I would like to think your brother gave him a run for his money. Ramsay Bolton exploded Gregor's boat and watched him roast alive." Anger and shock had taken over and Locke was sputtering. Only then did he notice, Petyr had steered him into the hallway. "Now, your brother did his job well. I expect you to find me a Locke that is as good as him. Or we shall have no further business with your family. Do take away that bodybag and hide her well. You shall do that free of charge, since I did not recieve the service I am used to." The door slammed shut before Hugo could blink.

Roose said that since a guest would be coming to dinner, that Robb will sit at the table. He may sit next to Theon so someone could gently coach him. Theon had volunteered to do this boldly, earning Roose's approval. "You remembered to be polite, yet firm, no cringing at all. Fine then, but I will hold you as accountable as him at mistakes." Robb and Theon both thanked Roose. One by kissing Italian soft leather shoes, the other with a silent yet calm nod, eyes giving full contact. Theon spoke
carefully to Robb while giving him a bath. With an easy smile and a teasing demeanor that made Robb giggle, he put the man at ease. As he dressed Robb he used the same voice he had always used for the little ones. Rickon was the most recent recipient of this voice. Unlike with Arya and Bran, Rickon never quite seemed to like it. He would roll his eyes and seem impatient with him. Theon never had used it on Robb, he had been nearly the same age. It hurt something deep inside Theon to use it but it worked. Using little rhymes, Theon helps his former friend remember proper dinner manners. Once Robb was ready, the young man watched Theon pull himself together. Just as Theon was fixing his hair the way Roose likes it, Robb appeared in the mirror. One trembling hand softly touched Theon's cheek, then fluttered away. Holding his breath, Theon froze. "I...I remember you."

Spinning around with wild eyes, Theon stared at Robb. He cannot bear to hear any of their memories come half shattered out of that mouth. Before Reek could come forth and put a hand firmly over Robb's mouth, the words came. They were not ones that Theon expected to hear. It hurt him just as badly. "I...I remember it. Your daddy was mean, had guns. Master has a scary mean son. He likes you, he hurts anybody that takes you. Not Theon, Reek. Reek, he told me. But Master says Theon. So I say Theon." Robb seemed pleased that he worked that out for himself and sat back smiling now. Reek was desperate to call Ramsay. He wanted to tell his Master what Robb had said, that others remember who he is too. Theon concentrated on not crying or looking like anything but what Roose wanted to see. When the two went into the dining room, it was exactly on time. Robb and Theon looked like two young men. Early twenties and ready to be responsible successful men. The puppet and the liar took their seats.

Roose had just had the food served when Petyr finally showed up. He spoke with the man at length, minor events and some business mixed in. Petyr apologized for the late files and assured Roose it would not happen again. Theon watched Robb carefully but he was doing well so far. Using the right utensils, eating very slowly and carefully. It was evident this was difficult for the boy and Petyr gave a pitying look. Roose caught it and said causally, "As you can see, Robb is working hard on his recovery. Many of these functions might return almost fully in time." Petyr nodded and told the now somewhat cringing boy that he seems to be doing better. Theon spoke up then, allowing Robb to compose himself. "Robb just needs to take his time to heal. We try not to remind him of his problems, it lowers his self esteem." The steely Greyjoy eyes clashed with Petyr's sly gaze. Roose gave an approving nod to Theon and turned the conversation elsewhere. "I have some work for you, old friend. On the same subject of these files, I want to know everything about how this new leader runs things. What have been her supporters been saying. What do her deceivers say and why."

Robb tried so very hard but now he cannot remember which fork is for the salad. He began to try and breathe slowly but whimpered. Instantly, Theon had leaned close and whispered a little rhyme into his ear. Sighing in relief, Robb grasps the right fork. With extreme care, he begins to try and spear a piece of tomato. Petyr is very aware of what the dented piece of Robb's skull is caused by. Roose's icy amusement at Robb's struggles confirms it. How Petyr would enjoy having Varys meet Roose and his little pet Stark. He wonders if that would make wifey listen any better. Probably not, Petyr stopped the lovely fantasy and pays attention. Roose was speaking to Theon now and there was another interesting thing. Theon has always obeyed the Starks, he worked for them, true. Yet, it always had an air of defiance. Theon found ways to rebel even though there was a small thread of despair always with him. This was like watching the boy play himself and it was unnerving. Of course, Petyr knew all about Reek through Myranda. How Ramsay had changed this brash, capable man into a meek pet. Petyr wonders why he is with Roose instead of Ramsay. It just became more intriguing.

Roose looked at Theon and said causally, "Theon, I want your personal opinions on your family tonight." Swallowing hard, he remained composed. "My family, Sir? The Greyjoys?" Theon spoke slowly as if he were trying to confirm what he has heard. This was still acceptable and Roose was not angry. "Yes, the Greyjoys. I know you left them as a young boy, but you must remember them. I
understand that you may have no knowledge of them after that. Ned was careful to make sure you were kept in the dark about them. Tell me what you really thought of your father. Did you love him, learn from him, hide from him?" Theon took a shaky breath and put his fork down. Hands clenched into fists on the table and Theon looked up. His eyes reflected bitter hatred and he spoke polite but deadly. "My father was a sick drunk who loved to beat his family. My brothers were just like him. Mean drunks that enjoyed making those they saw as weaker cry. I was glad when my brothers were shot to death. To this day, I hate my father." Roose asked another question, as Petyr listened and saved it all away. "What about your mother, Theon? Your sister? Were they bullies as well or just victims?"

The anger seemed to turn to sadness now and Theon's voice was calmer. "My mother and sister were victims, along with me. Then as my sister turned eight, she started to fight back just as hard. No punishment or beating was bad enough for her to learn to cower. I would only put myself in danger over my mother, but Asha would not allow them to cast her aside. I was so proud of her and felt ashamed of my own cowardliness. Mother was not ever a strong person. Her body might have been but her mind, something was off. She suffered headaches, panics and seizures. Balon could not abide weakness and he would beat her for it. Always yelling at her, hitting and degrading my mother, I wanted to kill him. She would read to me, sing to me and tell me stories to help me sleep. When my father would hurt me, she would cry and beg him to stop. That is all I remember of her." Roose nodded and said, "Thank you for your honesty, Theon. I have some news to tell you, please remain composed. Your father has died. Seems in a drunken fit, Balon Greyjoy fell of his own little bridge and bashed to bits on the rocks. Since you despised the brutal savage, it should not be too painful for you."

Theon first looked shocked then he began to laugh. Trying to cover his mouth, the laughter kept coming for some time. Roose and Petyr simply watched him. Roose cleared his throat and Theon got control again. "I am sorry, Sir. It was just not what I thought would happen. I believed I would die long before Balon did. That I would never get to enjoy knowing he was rotting away. Thank you for telling me." Nodding, Roose added, "I understand, Theon. By the way, Asha is in the North. She has taken over your father's enterprise and came to visit me. How did she put it again? Ah, Asha said that she wished to have you hug your mother before she forgets you are still alive. That Theon Greyjoy belongs with his surviving family. What do you think of that?" Mouth hanging open, Theon was beyond overwhelmed and Reek screamed in silence. To go home, what would that even mean? To leave Ramsay forever, it was unthinkable! What if Ramsay thought Reek betrayed him, tried to escape him? Theon could barely remember his mother or sister anymore. Roose wanted an answer though, the swirl of emotions must wait. So remembering Theon, recalling all Roose has reminded him to be, he spoke.

"Sir, I cannot really have any interest in my family. For years they have had no interest in me. I would not mind visiting my mother and sister. My place is with the Boltons now. I wish to serve Ramsay and yourself whenever needed." Theon's eyes were wide with terror but his voice came out steady. Roose and Petyr gave a grudging respect for that performance. "Your sister has offered me a lucrative deal if I would release you to her. I did not want her negotiations and gave her my own. If she follows my deal, Asha can bring you all the way back to your sunny paradise. Yet she still has some of your father in her. When I mentioned my terms, Asha stormed out, cursing like a sailor. I guess family may not be as important as business. Ned Stark taught you that as well, didn't he? Regardless, I told Asha to take her time deciding for sure." Theon cracked a bit now and his voice was submissive. "Sir, please don't send me away. I want to serve the Boltons, not the Greyjoys. Let me stay, I would do anything to prove my loyalty." Roose for once did not get angry for Theon's begging. This one time it was enjoyable and Roose prodded harder. Petyr was caught between pity for Greyjoy and delight in Roose's cruelty.

"Theon, your loyalty is not in question. I am aware that you are well behaved and loyal to myself
and my son. What I am trying to understand is different. You are being offered your freedom, Theon. If your sister agrees to my terms, I will return you to the Greyjoys. Your father and brothers are dead. They will never hurt you or your mother again. You can sit with her, reunite with your dearest mommy. Spend long days catching up with your sister as you heal under the sun. Ned Stark is dead too. That sword that always seemed to hang over your head is gone, Theon. You can go home and live anyway you choose to. How can you not want that? Explain it to me, boy." Roose took a sip of his water and watched Theon start to slowly cry. "I hated living there, hated being a Greyjoy. Nice weather doesn't make up for the years of nightmares. Everyone who lived or worked there saw me, saw what I was treated like. I would never stop hearing the stories, the taunts. No one there can protect me, no one there would ever see me as anything but weak."

Robb was so concerned for Theon's pain, he dabbed at the tears with a napkin. No one said anything to this, except Theon who muttered a soft thank you. "So then, tell me Theon Greyjoy, if you had a choice, what would it be. In detail please." Roose sat back, smirking and Theon slumped slightly, then spoke humbly. "Ramsay protects me and cares about me. He is the only one to ever want to. I want to serve him, be with him. That is what I would choose, Sir. To stay with your son Ramsay."
Petyr was literally abuzz with all this and wished he wasn't so mad at Varys. There was no one else to share such a delicious tidbit with. Well, he will tell the girls and boys that Petyr is fond of, just to enjoy it more. However, truly amazing moments as this Petyr loved to share with wifey. The two always had loved to get the best gossip, to top each other with it. Petyr felt a pang of loneliness and knew he must call Varys tonight. Even though his bitch will be snide, Petyr needed the familiar voice. Roose was finished tormenting Theon and finished the discussion. "Thank you for your honesty, Theon. Of course it does not matter, the choice is not yours. Here is what I shall do however. If your sister does not accept my deal, I will return you to Ramsay. As his pet and I will tell him that I could no longer take your begging to be with him."

As Theon's face became hopeful with that, Roose continued. "If Asha Greyjoy decides to take my offer, you will leave with her immediately. I will inform my son that I have sold you back to your family. Your sister has been given permission to visit with you. She will call me tomorrow to set a time for it. Now, it is getting late, I suggest you take Robb and head upstairs. You are both excused. Make sure Robb is ready for bed, I will be up to check on him soon." Robb and Theon knew what that meant, Petyr figured it out from their shivers. "Good night, Mr Baelish." Both of them said quietly and Petyr was gracious. "Robb, I am very sorry for your great loss. I am glad to see that you are improving so much already. Theon, it was nice to meet you again. I wish you good luck with receiving your choices in life." The whole time Theon helped Robb change and brush his teeth, Reek spoke. "We cannot go back there, we just cannot! They will never let us see Ramsay again! What will Master think? We can run, Roose trusts us now, climb out a window. Find a way back to the island, to Master!"

Theon knew it was a stupid idea driven by panic. Roose will have thought of that as a possibility. He wouldn't get past the outside lawn. The punishment could be very severe for that, perhaps a lobotomy, even. It wasn't until Robb started to sob, that Theon remembered his surroundings. Robb heard Roose say he will check on him tonight. That means Master wants to use Robb's body for things that hurt. Even though he was good, he would still hurt and it makes him cry. "Aww...I know you are scared. It is alright, just behave for him, be good for him." Theon says helplessly as he hugs Robb tightly. "Tell you what, how about we watch a good movie you like? Remember these? Which one would you like?" Robb pointed to the Lego movie and Theon puts it on. Roose had bought a selection of kids films for Robb, noticing kids films calmed him. Robb remembered Frozen and the Lego movie. They were among his favorites. Theon hates both movies, more than he ever did before. They reminded him of a child he helped torture and one he wished would die.

He stayed with Robb, laying next to him, rubbing his back the whole time. By the time Roose came in, they were onto Frozen and Robb was half asleep. Theon stood immediately, ignoring Robb's
whimpering. “I am pleased with you today, Theon. Though you did show more emotion that I would normally like, it was within context.” As Roose spoke, he was already removing his clothing. “You may go to your room now and sleep. Or use your television, magazines or books. Tonight you may decide your own bedtime, since you have done so well. Have a good evening, Theon. Thank you for getting my little pet all ready to see his Master.” Theon muttered a thank you for the reward and said goodnight as he headed for the door. Roose had already his sights set on Robb. Before he could fully escape the room, Theon saw Roose rip the covers off of the cringing, crying pet. Roose was baring his teeth and his eyes lit with savage glee, seeing the boy in the pretty pink nightdress. It was his only item of clothing and it barely covered his bottom. Theon fled to his room.

Trying to not hear the screams, Reek climbed into his closet with the secret cell phone. He called Ramsay over and over only getting a message. "Please, please Master, this is urgent. Where are you, I am so scared, Master! Your father might sell me to my family. My father died and Asha wants to take me to stay with her and my mother. I don't want to go away from you! I have begged your father to let me stay with you. He says it depends if Asha take his deal or not! Master, please answer your phone!" Yet, Ramsay did not call or text or answer and Reek cried. Curling up in the blankets, Theon set his alarm and hid under the bed. Holding the phone tightly, checking every now and then, he tried not to exist at all.
Sansa showered to wash all the blood and slickness off her body. She knew to be quick, Tywin was never a patient man and wanted her gone. Yet, Sansa had begged to clean up properly before leaving the house. It was genuine and when she knelt sweetly before him, he gave in. She washed the smell off them off of her, she scrubbed crying come off her face. Using mouthwash, Sansa swished the taste of Cersei away from her tongue. The clothing was the same but it was tolerable. The fabric rubbed against welts, causing her to move stiffly. A quick brush through her wet tangles, a bit of powder to hide how hard she had cried. Tyrion was waiting in the foyer and for all her efforts, he quipped, "You walk like a store dummy, not your best runway look, dear. I just hope that Cersei is unable to walk at all and that will make my day. Poor girl, let me help you to the car." Tears of humiliation came then, Sansa allowed the man to guide her. Tyrion might be a dwarf, but Sansa barely noticed it anymore. In fact, most that have given him a chance beyond appearance, don't notice it. They only notice his voice, his wit and intelligence.

"Wait, now stop there for a second. Hold onto the car if you need to, Sansa." Muttering that she was not dizzy, Sansa stood watching Tyrion open the trunk. "I tried to come prepared but this was the best I could do on short notice." Peering into the trunk, she was confused at first. Tyrion looked earnestly at Sansa then pointed to the cooler. "This one is full of ice, I can put it on your seat and you can sink burned buns into them." A quick harsh sob, then came that bitter laughter that Lollys was teaching her to enjoy. "Tywin did not strike my backside." Tyrion winced then slammed the trunk and opened the passenger door. "Shall I pour some of the ice down your bra?" Smothering another laugh, she shook her head. "I would need it on my breasts, belly and legs. Just bury me in the ice." Tyrion got in the car and began to drive her away from house of horrors. "Well, in that case, we need a bathtub. I believe Lollys and Bronn have one of those. They have to, otherwise they would stink. I just hope whatever room has the tub, it has no clowns." Tyrion shuddered and Sansa was laughing hard enough to make herself hurt worse. "You have seen them? The bathroom clowns in that little one near the kitchen. The first time I went in there and no one even warned me! I shit out of fear, not need! They are everywhere, even the ceiling all jolly and demented! Then you notice the razors in their hands! If you weren't taking a piss before you are now. They need help, Sansa, our friends have slipped into a Twilight Zone love affair. We could be in danger, one day you will find yourself in Hello Kitty garb with a chainsaw. I will get eaten by the fucking clowns."

By the time Tyrion has parked in the driveway, Sansa is in tears again, laughter having hit hysteria. She was unable to get out of the car, utterly emotionally wrecked. Lollys was there and Sansa heard Tyrion say, "I did my part, I got her home. I believe this your part now." Sending a fake kick at Tyrion, Lollys pulled her sobbing friend from the car. "Alright, don't make me movie slap you. Calm down, it's over, whatever the bastard did, it is over now. Let's get you a stiff drink and we can all help you make it bearable. You'll tell us, we shall show you how powerless it was, okay?" Sansa just kept crying with an occasional giggle, but she did nod. Bronn gave Sansa a very painful hug, crushing her tender breasts. "You are fine. You did well, good girl. Proud of you." Tyrion winced and tried to be tactful. "Uh, Bronn, let the girl go before she kills you. My father strapped her front
not back." Bronn let go fast and Lollys gave him a dirty look then swatted his arm. "Idiot. Moron. Stupid fleabag." Bronn opened his mouth to defend himself and his wife stuck her tongue in it. Tyrion and Sansa turned away, hurrying to speak of anything. "Nice lamp, so shiny, don't you think?" Sansa nodded and said, "I hear the bathroom clowns are a work of art." Tyrion groaned and said, "That just isn't playing fair at all." With a snort, Sansa responded. "No one really plays fair." Tyrion chuckled and gave Sansa a squeeze on her arm. "You are learning."

Varys was running late, his husband's insidious voice filing the car didn't help. "I am very upset about Ros, wifey. It won't go unanswered, my love. That isn't why I called you though. In spite of how mad I am, you are still my partner. The only person I ever felt was worthy of my friendship. I have always loved how we could share shocking things to each other. Tonight I had one of those lovely moments and I thought only of you. Do you wish to hear it, Varys?" He tried to control his breathing and his tone. Is is possible for someone to use dark magic to compel another? Because this is the only man who can trick, who can read and play Varys since he was a little child. In spite of blood, fear and betrayal, in spite of the hated wifey. It was that voice that wrapped straight around his throat. "Yes, please, tell me. I want to hear it, Petyr." In that voice, Varys was high pitched and eager, like a Northern wife ready for gossip. He growled when Petyr said, "Good girl, wifey." Then as Petyr told of the Bolton dinner, Varys melted in pleasure like old times.

Lollys explained to Sansa that they had this small card game at least twice within a week. There was a strange mixture of drinks and snacks. Popcorn mixed with gummy bears, nacho chips and homemade chicken soup. It was served inside huge ceramic mugs with store bought biscuits. Tyrion had his own drink, Lollys was mixing fruit and vodka with no real attention. Bronn had his beer and sneered at his friend, till Tyrion sighed. Pulling out his wallet, he gave Bronn his money. "There, you rude man. You couldn't wait until we had a moment alone, could you?" "Only if you don't mind not drinking your damned specialty till then." Before the men could really get into a heated argument, the doorbell rang. "Bonn, stop being an ass and answer the door!" Lollys yelled and grumbling, he did so. Letting Varys in, Bronn instantly began to make fun of his clothing. Rolling his eyes, quite used to this ritual, Varys chose a different attack tonight. Speaking with Petyr was thrilling and terrifying, he felt bolder. He gave a quick peck on the cheek to Bron, who froze in horror. "It's quite alright, darling. If you are concerned about fashion, we can talk about it. No need to have the little jealousy fits."

The entire group witnessed this and clapped for Varys' win. Bronn shuddered and tried to threaten. "If you ever do that again, I will burn your house down. Then every single tailor you visit will die, you will spend your days forced to shop at department stores. At Target and Walmart perhaps." Varys gave a gasp then said in a hurt tone, "Why Bronn, I think that is the worst thing you have ever threatened me with. I thought we were friends." As they began to play cards, drink and laugh, Sansa forgot the pain a little. We are the freaks, the outcasts that hide it within Southern glitter. The deadly whore, a spymaster, the rich dwarf, a vengeful glamorous girl and a killer. Sansa slowly discovered that this was not just a card game. Bronn went first in his gruff voice. He told them all how his mother would do crack then rip the house apart. How he barely kept alive by stealing food. Bronn described how his mother would whip him with these cheap beads she would have. The story ended with him telling them how his mother tried to sell him. That is when Bronn ran away and began a new life. It should have been heartbreaking but it was funny. They each took turns finding humor in it, all laughing the pain away.

Varys told how he had been walking home from the library when he was snatched. He was aware his parents were con artists. Hell, they teach him how to steal as a daily ritual. They had been living in the West at the time and dealing with some crafty folks. One of their cons figured out easily who screwed them over and sent a warning. The warning was written onto their son by way of removing his testicle. Again, Tyrion had Varys nearly choking on his thick blended drink that Lollys made. The jokes kept coming and finally, Sansa was ready. She started with a halting voice, full of shame,
to tell of her punishment. As it was torn apart, made foolish, it became easier. "It is rather maddening that Cersie got to orgasm, but we can overlook it. I cannot imagine how she must feel, coming to her enemy's touch. Yes, that is much better to think of. Plus, her daddy's come drying on her face is good. No, Sansa, do not be mortified! My sister is quite the lovely girl, a wonderful body, her only good points. I don't blame you for enjoying her body, who wouldn't? I hate the woman and I would fuck her if I had a chance!" Tryion declared. Lollys swayed on her chair, blushing, then blurted out, "I wanted to fuck her today. She got this look on her face, this evil look and it turned me on." Bronn leered and asked for details. Varys declared them all perverts and got another drink, this time he got a spoon.
Karma Can Hit Hard, Like A Mountain.

Chapter Summary

Ramsay is raped by Gregor in a most torturous fashion. Damon is trying to find a way to bring the fight back into his pet's eyes. He comes up with a game Arya can enjoy. Arya wins and finds a way to torment her Master with his loss. Damon misses some phone calls.

Ramsay went wild when he felt Gregor between his legs. As what felt like something entirely too large tried to nudge between his buttocks. Cursing and using every bit of strength he had left to escape this human cage. It made it worse that the man simply laughed and waited him out. Ramsay sunk his teeth deep into an arm and then huge teeth sunk into him. They ripped a chunk right out of his shoulder. Blood sprayed and Ramsay screamed, jerking away from that mouth. "Every time you fight to free yourself, I am going to take a bite out of you." He growled but stayed still then. Trying to swallow down the fear and helplessness of it all. When Gregor began to push his way into Ramsay, it was too much. Ramsay fought and cursed again, till Gregor bit a chunk from his back. Biting nearly through his own hand, Ramsay tried to go away from this in his head. It took several brutal pushes before Gregor could fully seat himself. The man underneath him screamed in high pitched agony. Blood lubricated and it became easier to move.

Gregor reveled in the screaming, he always does. He wants much more this time though and he leans forward. "Don't fucking bite me! I didn't move, don't bite me!" The voice was defiant but nearly insane with fear and pain. Chuckling, Gregor spoke nearly into Ramsay's ear. "I am not going to bite you, fool. I just want to make sure you can hear me. Listen very carefully to me." A hard thrust and Ramsay wailed. "I'll listen!" "Such a smart bitch. That's what you are now, my little bitch. How does it feel to be the one taking it? I want to hear you beg me for it, Ram Ram. Little hunter boy, you are going to take it, feel it and beg me for more. Because if you don't I'll make it so much worse. I will pop out your eyes with my thumbs, take larger bites and fuck you anyway." Now came that first whimper and Ramsay could feel the grin against his cheek. "Do it. I'll give you ten seconds then I take an eye." A thumb slowly and gently crept towards his eye. "Here, I will help you. Do you want me to fuck you hard, Ramsay? Huh? Answer me, bitch." Just as the large thumb reached his eyelid, Ramsay cried out, "Yes! Fuck me hard!" The condescending tone was almost worse than the actual words. "That wasn't so hard now was it, Ram Ram? What a good boy. Now tell me you are my bitch." Ramsay suffered another loss of flesh before he screamed out, "I am your bitch! Just rape me and be done with it!" Gregor laughed and spoke in a sympathetic tone. "You got the first part right. Then you had to try and tell me what to do. You are just my bitch now, show some fucking respect." Gregor began to take Ramsay with such force that he tore through muscle. "Let's try it again, stupid little hunter. Try begging me." Gregor's thumb strayed towards Ramsay's eye and he cried.

Damon had been content to have the house and pet to himself. He got Arya to fight with him, though with her recent injuries, he was careful. She still flinched too much, giving in too easily, afraid of the consequences. "I am not Ramsay fucking Bolton!" Damon had growled into her face, making her cry. Sighing, cursing Ramsay to hell, Damon decided he needed to use another tactic. Instead of a game that involved pain, he chooses something she enjoys. A little treat to bring Kitten's spirit out a little more. After they ate their dinner, Damon called his pet to kneel before him. Arya moved right away and her emotionless eyes bore through him. "Tonight we are going to play a new game. You'll like this one, Kitten, I promise." Even as she agreed, Arya cringed and steeled herself for it. Hating
every second of her fear, even though Damon assured her Ramsay won't touch her again. Damon joined in with Ramsay on one of her toes. He allowed Ramsay to take her apart, to put things inside her body. Damon might not have liked all of it, but most he did. Now she cannot fight him back, too afraid he will take more of her away. Arya is aware this makes Damon angry, she sees no way out and unwillingly tears fall again. Sansa's whisper did not help much at all. "Damon likes a spirited pet. As soon as you are broken, he will kill you. Are you done? Do you want to die or keep fighting?" Painfully, Arya looked up and asked, "What kind of game, Master?" With effort, she forced herself to return a challenging look. Damon smiled and Sansa gave quiet approval.

"It's a hide and seek game. Here is how it works, you will have ten minutes to hide anywhere in the house. I will hunt you down, you are allowed to move positions as often as you'd like to. If you can elude me for at least one hour, you win. If you win, you may choose how we spend the rest of the night." Arya arched her eyebrow at that, this was new and interesting. In spite of herself, she was intrigued, she was very good at hiding. "If I lose, Master?" Damon grins and replies, "Then I decide how we spend the night." Another small flinch back but Damon just kept smiling. "This is a game, not punishment. Whatever I choose if I win will not be painful. More of the humiliation of pleasuring me in very messy ways." Arya accidentally let a growl slip out but it seemed to please her Master. "Now here are the important rules you must remember. If you break one of them, there will be punishment. You do not leave the house at all. No attic, no basement, no patio, no outside. Understand me?" She nodded and repeated it for him. Satisfied, Damon continued. "You may hide, run and evade all you wish for this one hour. When the hour ends and I call to you, you will come to me at once. While you are hiding and running, you are not allowed to attack me. I am the hunter and only I do the attacking. Understand me, pet?" As soon as Arya said she understood, Damon shut his eyes. "You have ten minutes to make a plan then, Kitten. Go!"

"Please, stop, enough! I am your bitch, I will be respectful!" Ramsay has been begging and wailing for a good ten minutes now. Gregor would brutally fuck Ramsay, ripping him, then stop. Begin making Ramsay say degrading things. Ramsay would try and sometimes earned himself another bite before giving in. The giant was merciless and would simply repeat the entire process. Ramsay could not defy any longer, he felt too weak, too hurt. He was terrified to know the damage this fucking beast has caused him already. "What lovely begging that is, Ram Ram. Would you like me to finish, to fill your ass with my come now?" Giving harsh sobs, Ramsay barked out, "YES! Please, just fuck me and come! Please, I beg you to fuck me. Your bitch wants it!" Ramsay yelled wildly, needing this to end, anything to make it end. So Gregor praised him gruffly, calling him a good bitch. Then he did as promised as Ramsay screeched into his own arm. When Gregor was about to come, he grabbed the weaker man and yanked him upwards. Wrapping his arms around him, one across the chest, the other across the stomach. Impaling him upon his cock, Gregor rammed him in a rough rhythm, calling him vile things in his ear. Ramsay wailed and wished to die. He felt himself crushed against the man. It was killing him, he was going to be fucked to death. Then Ramsay felt a hideous pulsing far too deep inside him and then he vomited. Gregor yanked Ramsay off him and tossed him into the warm vile puddle face first. "We'll try again later, see if you get better at this."

Arya had been having fun in spite of the fear. She knew Damon will catch her and hurt her. Yes, Damon believed as long as he didn't act like Ramsay it wasn't hurting her. Fine, most days Arya can handle Damon's general abuse, but Ramsay really rattled her. So at first, Arya was afraid to truly hide and evade to her best ability. When he started to catcall, telling Kitten that he had a very sharp knife with him, she almost gave in. That will only anger him. He wants you to act like yourself, just a more buddy version of it right now. Might as well enjoy the dignity of being able to challenge him in something. Robb's voice made sense and Arya slipped further away. In spite of threats, the tapping of a blade on the walls, Arya stayed hidden. Eventually, she got braver and began to stalk Damon's own paces, hiding behind him. Near the end of the hour, Damon was giving his all and yet Arya was elusive. She wondered if he was thinking she escaped after all. This half scared her and half thrilled.
her. The alarm clock Damon had set went off and Arya jumped. Damon cursed then called out. "Alright Kitten. Come out now, you have won the game. Tonight is all yours!" When his pet suddenly appeared almost directly behind him, he started to laugh. "Smart ass little brat! Don't get cocky now just because you won. I will try harder next time. So, what shall we do this evening?" She asked if she could have a drink while she thought about it. Damon filled Arya's water dish and she lapped while thinking. Kneeling up with an evil grin, Arya knew what she wanted to do tonight. Sweet, oh sweetest revenge. The look on Damon's face alone was precious. Arya was feeling better already.

They sat in the living room and the large screen showed appalling things. Arya had declared a movie night, which was quite reasonable. She had thought of every movie her siblings loved that she hated. Sweetly, humbly, she spoke to Damon. "Master, these are the ones I really like best. Would you like to pick one for us to start with? Whichever that you would like to see best." Groaning, Damon glared at the girl and snarled, "You are really enjoying the hell out of this, aren't you? Wait till I win the next time, Kitten." He looked balefully at the titles and read them aloud. "Annie, Wizard of Oz, Twilight, oh no fucking way, that is not happening. Frozen, Lego Movie, Freaky Friday, really? Father of the Bride, Pride and Prejudice, Magic Mike." Damon watched a trailer of each and his comments had Arya laughing out loud. He picked Pride and Prejudice and suffered through it. Thank goodness, he complained and made fun of the whole thing. Arya couldn't stand it either and Damon was making her laugh. It was almost a normal thing and that healed her more than anything did. Arya picked the next movie and stuck on Magic Mike. Damon kept closing his eyes and exclaiming out in horror. He pulled his pet close and began to use her hands to cover his eyes from the atrocity in front of him. Laughing so hard, she slumped against him. Damon kissed her and Kitten stiffened. Yet, he let her go after the kiss and told her to finish her torture on him. The second the credits began, Damon pulled Arya onto the couch. He took her fast and hard, but Damon did not hurt her once. Sansa said in her ear, some part of him is fond of you. Learn to reach it, play to it. Arya started to listen.

Damon told his pet to get ready for bed and checked his phone. He had left it on vibrate in his room, not wanting to hear Ramsay rant if he called. Twenty messages, what the fuck? He listened and his face grew worried. All were from Reek, he could not reach Ramsay. Roose was trying to sell him to his family and it was urgent, can he tell Ramsay to call? Why the hell would Ramsay not answer his pet's call? Even if he had found Rickon and busy carving in triumph, he would answer. Ramsay was obsessive about Reek calling at certain times. He ALWAYS answered the phone. He tried to call and got only the message. Sighing in frustration, Damon went over to Arya. Laying in the bed, she cringed back when she saw he was getting cuffs and chain. "There is an emergency. I will be back soon. I am trusting you to sleep right here, not try and escape. Don't dare to challenge me on a real rule." Mutely, she submitted to her wrist being cuffed. The chain was attached to a ring on the floor. There was plenty of slack, she can lay on the bed or walk around it. "I wont be long, be good for me and rest." "Yes Master." Once Damon had left, the voices in her head warred. Some wanted her to try and get loose, some wanted to accept and submit. As the sides fought, Arya fell asleep.
Chapter Summary

Theon visits his sister. Roose makes one last offer. Asha makes a decision. Petyr must travel. Robb is bad on purpose.

Theon tried to get himself ready for this unwanted visit with his sister. At least maybe he can convince her to leave him with Ramsay. Robb hung about, asking Theon questions from his place on the rug. "Do you remember your family? I can remember mine more and more. Don't tell Master." Theon assured Robb he would say nothing then tried to think. "I was only little when I lived there. I remember some things, I guess." Robb looked up at Theon with sad eyes and whimpered, "Please don't leave. You help me be good. You tell me stories. I will miss you so bad if you leave." Robb started to cry and Theon sat on the floor next to him. "I will do everything I can to stay here. I don't want to leave you either." He petted Robb's head until the boy was calm again. "If you can rest quietly, you can wait here in my room till I get back. Okay?" Robb was grateful and snuggled into the blankets Theon gave him.

Reek was worried about why Ramsay had not called, nor Damon. Has something bad happened? It's not like Reek can tell Roose of a possible emergency. Not without explaining how he knew of a problem. Ramsay made Reek swear to never let his father know about the phone or the calls. What if Ramsay knows about Asha and is very angry? What if he told Damon that they won't speak with his disloyal pet? Has Ramsay decided to no longer want this pathetic disloyal broken pet? No, that cannot be it. Ramsay spent too long through the years waiting to finally keep his Reek. Seeing Roose in the foyer made the pet forget his troubles. Theon followed Roose into the small sitting room. There was his sister, Asha pacing back and forth. He had memories of a hawk nose slight terror. This was a full grown woman with a hawk nose and their father's eyes. Her eyes were sober and determined.

"I will be nearby, enjoy your visit with your sister, Theon." Roose left the room, leaving the door slightly ajar. Asha started to come forward as if to hug him. Quickly, Theon backed up then sat in a chair. "It is nice to see you again, Asha. How is our mother? Happy our father is dead or is she still lying to herself about him." Asha sat down and tried to hide her shock at this shell of her brother. Through the years, Cat secretly sent pictures of Theon to his mother. It was the one kindness she could extend and not often. Usually it was a set of five pictures or less once a year. Why would they normally take pictures of the help after all? Yet the kids would snap them together or the once a year school photo. Cat would send that whole package, the cheapest one of course. Theon was always looking a bit pale but strong. He would have a cocky arrogant grin in most of the pictures. As he got older, he gained muscles and more confidence. The eyes got angrier and the smile was cutting during his rebellious years.

After Theon had graduated high school, the pictures stopped coming. It took a trip to a mental hospital and Asha hiring a private detective for the mother to believe her son was still alive. Balon would cruelly tell his wife that it would be a good thing if the boy died. That she had corrupted him, that the boy was worth nothing. He was as weak as she was and as useless to the family. Now this man, a young adult sat before her and twitched. His large eyes were haunted, his hands kept trying to stray to his chest. Yet, Theon's voice came out clear when he firmly spoke to Asha. "Thank you for coming for me. I know it was very important to you and mother. I don't want to go to Pyke. I want to
stay here with Ramsay Bolton. Please, please, I am begging you to hear me. No matter what deal you are offered, I am against it. The North has become my home and Ramsay is my family now. You can go home tell my mother I am dead if you think it best. Just leave me alone." The voice was all Greyjoy, so was the arrogance. The eyes were not her brother and Asha knew it.

Softly, Asha spoke, leaning closer to him. "I don't care what the fuck they have threatened, Theon. We will get you safely home, one way or the other!" Reek stared at her in utter rage that she so misunderstood the situation. Theon lost control and now the voice belonged to another. "You stupid bitch! It is too late! Too late to try and save him, he gave up years ago! You should have to! Go away and leave me to my Master!" Asha stumbled backwards, stunned at the change, horrified. A clip from a Lord of the Rings movie came to mind. When did he turn my brother into fucking Gollum? she thought crazily for a second. Why did he refer to himself separately? What the living fuck have they done to Theon? "Master?" That was the one she chose to deal with. Theon shrunk away and his hands covered his mouth but it was already way too late for that. Roose seemed to half fill the room and Asha seemed to fill the other half.

"You want to explain this to me, Mr. Bolton? What the fuck have you done to my brother? Did you decide to play with his head too?" In horror, Asha began to try and search Theon's head. With a snarl, he yanked away then bit her. "THEON!" Letting go fast, Theon backed into the wall, cowering. "Sorry Sir." Sighing, Roose gave Theon a very irritated look. It seemed mild to the still shocked Asha, but Theon looked terrified. "Many years ago my son Ramsay took a shine to your brother. When the Starks stole him, Ramsay took him first. Ned Stark rented Theon out to me part time for my son to train him into his little slave. His pet. It ended for awhile when the boy turned eighteen. They reunited on the island and it's been very good for them ever since. I was being honest when I told you it might be best to let him be. They have fallen in some twisted form of love with each other. If you try to take Theon home like this, what will that do to your family name? To your mother when all he does is cry for Ramsay Bolton? I will take your original deal if you leave now and Theon stays." Theon grabbed her hand and kissed it frantically. Then peered up at her with child eyes. "Please, please, let me stay. Take the deal and go. Please." The whisper made Asha choke back a sob and that did it. Yanking her hand away, the daughter of Balon Greyjoy snarled out, "You have your fucking deal, Bolton, you have co partnership. You have top priority as well. Now give me my fucking brother back. I can turn him back into Theon Greyjoy. NO GREYJOY IS A SLAVE!"

Theon screamed and fought has hard as he could. He managed to stab her several times with a swiped letter opener. "You could help me out here!" She growled to Roose who just watched, amused. "No, certainly a proud woman like yourself can handle a little brother. You have to admit, for a man who has spent in whole life in some bondage or another, he is quick." The whole time the papers were signed, Theon was held. One of Roose's men kept him in a choke hold, whicn Theon nearly stranglge himself on. As soon as Roose said the words, "Theon Greyjoy is a free man, take him home." The man released him and stood near the door. Instantly, Theon had run to beg Roose not to let him leave. When Asha tried to take his arm, he attacked her like a madman. He called her every name, every curse he ever heard anyone utter. Spitting on her, clawing through her face, then he started to bite. It was pure luck that he saw the letter opener and with malicious glee, used it. No time to try flaying, but Reek knew how to cut, really make it hurt. No matter how desperate the problem was, Theon couldn't kill his own sister. So in spite of some good damage, Asha was slowly winning. One really good punch followed by another and Theon was staggering. Wrenching his arms behind him, Asha drove him chest first into a wall. "Now, are you done with your fucking temper tantrum? You are leaving, get it through your head. I am losing patience with you fast, Theon. So act your age and walk out the door like a big boy." Theon sobbed but gave in. The whole way out, he kept hissing out, "I hate you. I hate you. I hate you. I hate you." After a few minutes all Asha could hear was, "My Precious."
Petyr is getting a migraine, he is positive of this. His assistant is dead, the only one who knows where everything was. Two best workings girls he had, also dead. That means two of his best whores, mistresses, spies, thieves and killers were dead. Not exactly easy to replace and Petyr simply hasn't the time for it anyway. Ned had been a pain in the ass, no doubt, but Roose was not a better choice. Well, he did pay a little better but he demanded everything yesterday. Also, unlike Ned, Roose will make his complaints by turning you into a blanket. Petyr refused to die as someone's bed covering. After making sure about forty times that everyone understood their jobs, he left. At the very least, Petyr hoped that they wouldn't burn the offices or the brothel down. He has no time for training and must dip from other pools of girls. This meant a very hard day and night of traveling. He had contacted Jorah Mormont, who supplied girls from the west. He was assured that there were some new girls. All have experience and looking to move out of the area. From long standing, Jorah knew exactly what Petyr needs. If these girls don't work out, Petyr will be forced to borrow from Varys. Just the thought made his migraine worse and knew, just knew something. He was right. When he got on the plane, a baby behind him began to cry. And cry. And cry. Oh, damn you wifey. Damn you.

Robb knew he was being bad. It was on purpose and he did not care. It was scary, it would probably hurt later, but he had to. Theon had screamed and Robb cried, he was being taken away. Scrambling to a window, Robb defiantly stood to look. After the screaming had stopped, here came a lady and Theon. Men surrounded him then and put him in a car. They left and Robb curled into ball. The feeling was swelling, Robb was..was..MAD! He smashed his fists over and over into the carpet, baring his teeth. It wasn't enough, not enough it was larger now and he screamed, howled, kicking the wall, on his back. Still it was taking over and Robb smashed his head on the floor. If it was enough, Robb didn't know it. White light, bright stars, brilliant fireworks. Things shifted and smells assaulted him. Next came sounds, they were loud and he KNEW them, didn't he? Oh, it was hurting so badly, and his body twitched. To a distant horror, Robb felt his bladder let go, on a carpet! Master won't like that at all. It will hurt, but he was bad and didn't care. Yes, I hit my head and I got MAD. I could say that, I will say that, Robb decided. When Roose was suddenly there above him, Robb was brave and bad. He went to say all that but he couldn't stop the foaming. His Master lifted him and yelled to someone to get Qyburn. Robb thought that was stupid, I'll tell him that to, soon as I-
Sanza smiles and nods, shook hands, she was numb. Leaning over a crystal bowl to get some hopefully spiked punch, a shadow came. "It isn't spiked. Funny, you used to hang about my sister for this type of thing. You always loved the rich Southern lifestyle. Now you have it and don't seem to want it anymore. Just think only a few more hours and you'll be the youngest step mother around." Sansa looked up at Jaime with a sultry expression. "Well, I was low on options, Jaime. You could have asked me to marry you. I could give you so much pleasure, even more than your sister can. If you don't believe me, just ask Cersie. She came louder than your father did." Brushing past the man, her hand barely grazed his raging hard on. Good, one more down soon.

Sanza's smile became brighter as the Tyrells entered. Jaime was right, she hated most of these people. Older and wiser now, she sees they are just as boring as another ignorant group. The Tyrells are one of the few that Sansa did enjoy. Blunter than most, as witty as Tyrion, they are wonderful to hang with. Olenna may be old but she is razor sharp and blunt enough for a scandal. However, she was almost as rich as the Lannisters and ran a news station. Margery and Loras, her grandchildren were dazzling. Loras was gay, yet every woman tried to throw herself at him anyway. The only one that could rival this pretty boy clubber was his sister. Margery was like a model and angel all rolled into one. At night she made or broke social groups and by day she ran charities. Sansa dropped into a chair between the siblings and grinned charmingly at Olenna. "How kind of you to drop in on us peons, dear." A becoming blush and Sansa sweetly sighed. "How I wish I could be over here in the shade. The sun blazes so hot next to the Lannisters." They broke first and the table was full of laughter. "Does this mean I may take your seat next to Tywin. Now that man I would be willing to cheat on Petyr for." Varys said, never showing the shudder he really felt.

"I only wish. No, here is your very important seat, Varys. I must go sit with Tyrion and make fun of everyone quietly." Leaving the merry group of shark dead eyes, Sansa moved towards her husband. So that no one ever would think she seduced him for his business, they seated different. Tywin spoke to his men, Jaime to Cersie and Tyrion with Sansa. It worked and not a single exciting moment happened. This was instantly declared a social disaster by all who did not matter. Later that night, Sansa and Tyrion got drunk on Lolly's roof. No particular reason why, more of a why not thing. "I do not want to talk of anything depressing or sad tonight. No reminders of what awaits us, or what we have gone through already." Sansa announced into the stillness. Tyrion offered her another bottle and asked, "What should we discuss? Read any good books lately? Movies? I know, I can go find my chess set! Oh, I have monopoly!" Sansa giggled, then leaned over Tyrion, kissing his lips gently. "Hush, don't say anything. We are drunk and alone, I have wanted to do this. I see you look at me, you want it. Please, before I have to fuck HIM, let me feel good." Tyrion may be witty but he is a lecher and drunk makes him king of lechers. Sansa was crying out in such pleasure, Tyrion had to hold her mouth shut. Afterwards, she whispered, "Some of the girls at Petry's mentioned you. I always thought they exaggerated. I shall sing your praises, Sir." Tyrion laughed and replied, "I must admit to wanting to fuck the deadliest woman in the North. For your sake I will not sing not your praises. Daddy might get testy over it."
Ramsay was not crying, he was not sobbing like an infant. It was an annoying sound, snot filled fucking crying. Maybe it was Reek, though Ramsay likes the sound of Reek crying. He hates this sobbing but the pain was too great. Waves of pain too great for him to look around for the sobbing person. All he can smell is blood and vomit, both seemed to coat his throat, his mouth and face. Wiping at his face with his one working hand, he sees snot, vomit and blood covering it. Moaning, which is better than the crying was, Ramsay opens one eye. It is the only one that works and even that is so painful. He was unable to escape, every time he tried to crawl, it was sheer agony. Voices were coming but it was Mittens and Gregor, Ramsay heard the fucking crying again. Shoving his fist into his mouth to stop it and putting his head down only delayed the humiliation.

Rickon was glad that Gregor invited him back. He woke up fast at his voice and was wide eyed by the time they walked to Ramsay. Staring down at him, Rickon was feeling sick. He did enjoy hurting this man earlier, those things he said made Rickon pissed. Real torture was not his thing and this was true torture. The man's backside was torn and bloody, bones broken and swollen. Ramsay's ankles seemed shattered and he was CRYING. Sobbing like a little baby into the sand, trying to curl into himself. Filled with pity, looking at the vomit and blood covered Ramsay, Rickon knew he was done. Not with trying to save his siblings or with getting revenge. He was done with this, with hurting this man. "Well, what shall we use first, boy?" Gregor asked and Rickon shook his head. "No, I can't. He is already broken."

Sighing with impatience, Gregor grabbed Rickon by his throat. His whole fist enveloped it and could have crushed the delicate bones easily. Instead, he used the boy's neck to drag him closer. "Stupid brat, torture is needed sometimes. This sociopath deserves what he gets. You heard what he has done, right? Now listen Mittens, remember he calls you that because he will make mittens from your soft preschooler skin. Torture also is used to gain information that we can use. Like where Arya is, how many are left on the island. Understand? You still want to save Arya? Then we do this properly." Gregor unwrapped his fist and Rickon nodded. "Okay. As soon as Ramsay says what we need him to, we stop though." This time it was the giant that nodded. They approached the sobbing man and Gregor kicked him onto his back. Ramsay looked up at Gregor and choked out, "Don't, not again, I can't, please." Rickon moved closer and Ramsay cringed away a bit. Taking a deep quick breath, Ramsay pleaded. "Don't touch me! Don't let him do that again! You cannot make me be like this!" Rickon shook his head, the man is making no real sense.

Damon was not fucking around tonight. He had his handgun, rifle and knife. Skirting his way through the jungle, Damon finds tiny signs of a scuffle. Something in this hunt went wrong and Damon growled softly. It did not take very long for him to find Ramsay. He could hear voices nearby arguing. It sounded like Gregor and Rickon. That mystery does not really matter right now, what matters is the huddled mess in the sand. Kneeling down, Damon can see there is no way for Ramsay to walk. "Ramsay, it's Damon. Stay quiet, I have to carry you. Not a sound, alright?" Whether Ramsay would have agreed or not, who knows. He has passed out and Damon carried him away,
Rickon and Gregor argued for thirty minutes over whether or not to torture further. When Ramsay babbled then laughed as he was hit, Rickon knew it was useless. So he defied Gregor, causing them to move away to fight about it. It ended with Gregor giving the boy several hard swats on his head and shoulders. When Gregor dragged Rickon back to the place they left Ramsay, he was gone. "Son of a bitch! You cost us our prey! I am taking it out of your hide!" They tried to track for a bit, it was another set of prints. Someone had to have saved him, Ramsay was too broken to have crawled away. Gregor ended up taking out his frustration on a smaller target. He knocked Rickon down then dragged the boy all the way back by his foot. Then threw the boy into the cave and descended on him.
New Places, Same Monsters

Chapter Summary

Asha bitterly regrets saving her brother. At the same time she wishes to use him to redeem herself. Theon and Reek make sure she knows how much they hate her. They also refuse to give in.

Petyr goes West to see Jorah and his girls for sale. He is most impressed and finds two deadlier than Ygritte and Myranda were.

Asha ground her teeth and winced as pain shot through her jaw. I should have just left him there. Taking a large swig of her drink, she leaned against the headboard. This whole trip so far has been hell and her last nerve is crushed. I won't abandon him like our father did. Once he sees that, he'll settle down and trust me more. A good discreet head doctor to get rid of this "Reek" personality and things will be fine. Theon will work for her and make their mother smile. That is the goal, at least to start with. Asha has never backed down from a challenge or duty and will not now. Grimacing, taking another swallow, Asha thinks of her brother. Little shit managed to escape twice before they got him on a ship. Good thing she brought five of her best men with her to the North. Both times it took all five to get the enraged man back.

When her brother was all Theon, that arrogant grin appears and his mouth opens. Asha has had to physically restrain her men from shutting it for him. On a few occasions, it was the men holding her back from removing his tongue or at least breaking his face. Theon was all anger, all mockery. He threatened to insult their mother to her face, to never stop trying to run away. "You remind me of the Northern whores that Petyr Baelish has. Deadly women that have hearts of stone, what do you really need me for? Did our savage father leave me something after all and you need it? Does our insane mother have something in her will? I will sign anything you want me to, I want nothing from you or Pyke. Just let me leave afterwards." Asha tried again to explain this was to help him. That she wanted him home to work with her, with his family. This is when he will start with the insults till he enrages all around him.

It was worse when Reek comes forth. He babbles about Ramsay and holds his fingers against his chest, tight. Sometimes he will explode around the room. If touched Reek attacks and uses every ounce of Theon's strength to fight or flee till he is tied up. Here on the boat, Asha thought to allow her brother to roam free once they were far enough out. This proved to be wrong, first he stole a rowboat, then tried to jump and swim. Asha has handcuffed Theon and he must have an escort now. The bottle was nearly half empty and Asha began to relax. When she yawned and her jaw cracked, it was not as painful now. Drifting off to a boozy sleep, she dreamed. A small child, one that only knew three letters of the alphabet and had messy, wet fingers all the time. He followed her around, full of questions and Asha would shove him away. When their father would beat him half to death, she would watch. Saying nothing, doing nothing. For the first time in her life, Asha was trying to save Theon, to be there for him. If only he would let her. Reek's eyes, Theon's eyes, they look at her with hatred. Maybe I should have just left him there.

Petyr gasped in the heat and fanned himself again. How unfair, to finally leave the frigid North just to land in air like lava. The dust just seemed to cling and he was sweating! He does not sweat unless he visits this forsaken West. I really should tell Jorah he needs to come to me next time. He won't of course, Petyr knows that Jorah is a wanted man. If he steps foot in the North or the South, he will be
a corpse by sun down. So on rare occasions, Petyr must suffer this ungodly place and today had better be worth it. The sweat stains will never come out of this silk shirt and Varys would have screamed over it. Entering the sudden darkness of the brothel, Petyr had to stop for a second. As he waited for his eyes to adjust, he felt the most wonderful thing. Air conditioning. In the moment that he stood there, just shutting his eyes and feeling the cool air, anyone could have murdered him. That would have been just fine, just to die with cold air against his skin.

Jorah was pleasant as always, grubby looking as always. In spite of his easygoing manners and the unkempt appearance, Petyr did not misjudge the man. His eyes were always calculating, assessing and Petyr knew it. This building was heavily guarded, it was also clean as a whistle. Walls and tables gleamed, every girl was skilled at what she did and all customers were satisfied. Another surface view, Petyr knows what lies down below and way upstairs behind a locked door. He knows of the dungeons, the specialties. There is no limit to what Jorah can offer a person if they can pay a large enough sum for it. Varys and Petyr had little to no morals, but they did try to not deal in children. Nor do they allow any form of snuff films. Jorah laughed at that and called them prudes. Jorah had told them how much money he receives for such things and Varys shuddered. "Some standards must be kept." He had primly said and Petyr had agreed. Though he has on occasion provided both those specialties. Petyr had done it after Varys had left to stay in the South. He made sure wifey never knew.

"Well, this had better be worth my time, Jorah. What have you found for me to take a peek at?"
Jorah smiled wider as the girls seemed to come from shadows. "Meet Dany and Melissa." They had to be the most exotic huntresses Petyr has ever seen. Dany hailed from the desert, from a family known for thievery, murder and hostile take overs. Tired of fighting her brother for authority of her own life, Dany had run away. Her long white hair and blue eyes were a bit unusual. A first glance, her face seems innocent, then look again, it changes. Dany's eyes were fierce, intelligent and deadly. She was perfect. The other girl had hair redder than Sansa's. Melissa's eyes reflected brilliant gems of crazy at him. Yet her pale face, all red clothing and it matched her hair. Jorah recounted the girl's talents and record so far. Her family ran a religious cult and has managed to become rich and powerful through it. Her father, a high priest, caught his daughter sending a small girl that annoyed her "to their God." Melissa was cast out and found her way to Jorah.

"They will need coats for their trip to a new home, Jorah. See to it. If you both give me top dollar work, you'll be paid top dollar. Soon instead of living at the brothel, you'll be able to buy your own homes."
Chapter Summary

Petyr flies south for the wedding of the south, as Varys's husband. Sansa and Cersie have a real honest bitch to bitch moment. Sansa finds a way to give the Starks a last insult to the Lannisters.

"If you change your mind in less than fifteen minutes, we can still try to smuggle you West." Lollys offered as she put her finishing touches on Sansa's hair. The seed pearls and rhinestones glittered among huge ginger curls. Smothering a laugh, Lollys asked, "If things go bad, you can trap someone in that hair. You and Cersie keep having this hair war and one of you will catch onto a power line soon." Sansa started to try and defend the absurd hair height but then the door opened. "Speak of the devil and she shows up." Muttered Lollys and Sansa kicked at her. All that did was get her leg caught in the layers of white cloth. Cersie smiled gently as if amused at their antics and tilted her head. "Lollys, I would like to see my soon to be step mother alone, please." Arching her eyebrow at the overly polite tone, Lollys glanced at Sansa who nodded. "Sure but first, Cersie I must be honest. If I can look as good as you do right now when I am forty, I'll be blessed. The dress works like none ever has before. If you tell anyone I complimented you, I'll deny it." Sansa had to agree, the velvet clung in all the right places, the cleavage was as low as possible. The slit in the right side of the dress went up most of her shapely thigh. Of course, that was not how Sansa had designed the dresses. As the maid of honor, Cersie could change the style of her dress. Cersie accepted Lollys's comment with a slight nod as the woman left the room. Sansa stood up quickly and made sure she had room to maneuver if needed. This was zero hour and her enemy must be starting to panic now.

"Oh for fuck's sake! I won't attack you. You look silly weaving around like that. In that dress, you couldn't even kick your friend, never mind hurt me!" Cersie snapped and sat herself down on the marble counter. "I will write you a check for nearly a million dollars. If it's money you are after, I will provide it. Hell, my brothers can set you up a permanent fund." Sansa tried to find her white death trap shoes for the facade of a real wedding and spoke. "Thank you but no. I can assure you I am not marrying your father for his money." Awkwardly, Sansa tried to find her feet under all the silks and watch as Cersie tried to control her temper. "Why then? At least give me that much. If I have to suffer this perverse marriage then let me know why. Are you going to kill him for Stark revenge or honor bullshit? I won't tell him, I have wanted him dead for years. If that is the reason, then you don't have to marry him. I would willingly help you end him." Sansa stared at Cersie as if trying to decide upon the truth. Finally her shoulder relaxed a little and she let out a pent up breath. Standing in the shoes, Sansa practiced walking without falling on her face. Her voice was shaky as she tried to balance herself. "This one time, we can talk truth. Your father ordered the death sentence upon my family. He allowed the Boltons to torture, mutilate and kill without mercy. Then when the Boltons kept my brother and sister as pets, he said nothing. When I begged his help to save them, he refused. I told him I wouldn't marry him and he laughed. Tywin said he was the only leash the Boltons had. He could keep them from causing worse harm to my siblings. So I agreed to marry. Once I have seduced him, fucked him to his pleasure, he will lose interest in me. Then I will use his money and his power to rescue my siblings." Cersie stared into those eyes that had a very rare look of pain in them and believed.

"If it were my brother Jaime, there is nothing I wouldn't do to save him. It is a stupid idea but I understand it. I will drag you down if I can, but I respect what you are doing and wont try stopping
it. You are marrying a monster, you know that, right?" Sansa staggered forward and Cersie caught her unwillingly. "Stupid idiot, how can you not figure this out by now?" Rolling her eyes, Sansa replied, "This isn't traditional wear, dear. Look at this atrocity for a minute. Even you couldn't walk in it." Smirking, the lovely blonde fixed the dress for Sansa and whispered. "I have worn this exact dress and I walked like a queen." With that Cersie left the room and once Sansa heard the door shut, she stood straight. Then walked across the floor gracefully while attaching her veil.

Petyr was nervous and that was such a rare thing. He was smoking again, one after the other, that harsh barking cough was back. His voice went from his deeper one to a raspy almost whine and Petyr cursed. At least the weather was nice, sunny and not too hot. It was the only thing Petyr ever enjoyed about the South. The competition was stiffer here, a charlatan around every corner. Too many things glitter and shine, beckoning every fool forward. He hated crowds and this Southern city was full of them, the traffic was utterly insane. North might be cold with huge expanses of space that seem desolate, but it wasn't crowded. They worked hard, they struggled there more. There was not time for folks to combo about everywhere for good services and Petyr saw to those needs. As well as so many others. Varys spent more time ass kissing while Petyr did the harsher work. Now he would have to join the ass kissing ceremonies. As if Ned Stark hadn't been bad enough. It was several panicked phone calls from Varys before Petyr arrived at his doorstep.

"Varys, my love, you are giving yourself a heart attack." Petyr rasped out as he got out of the car. Varys was fluttering about then stopped dead. "You were smoking. Hear that voice? Now we must get you tea with honey. You sound like an evil villain, Petyr." If anyone at the bustling household was expecting two lovers to embrace and kiss, they were disappointed. Though they did act exactly like a long-married couple. Varys pushed and nagged until Petyr sat and had the tea. He micromanaged the man's day and then changed his outfit for him. Petyr grumbled and complained of the extravagance of things here. He kept trying to ask how much things cost and received no answers. Petyr taunted and Varys badgered. Petyr threatened and Varys lectured. No one seemed to ever win but both somehow managed to get ready on time. Just as the door opened, Petyr turned to face Varys. Softly, looking deep into Varys's eyes, he nearly breathed out, "Hello there, wifey. Nothing can feel as good as this. I have longed to do this again. To work a room with you, two wolves among sheep. Together. You feel it too, don't you?" With a tiny smile playing on his own lips, Varys gave her husband a small kiss. "Oh Petyr, you always know the right thing to say, don't you? Stop trying to practice and let's go. It's like riding a bicycle, you will have them all lapping your hands soon." Congratulating himself for that little jab, Varys took the offered arm and went to the car. A soft voice in his ear came then. "Perhaps I wasn't practicing at all." Varys hurried into the car and ignored his twisted feelings.

Sansa waited in the church foyer with her bridal party as requested by Tywin. In fact, this was his church and he chose his own home for the receptions. The wedding dress with so much complicated lace and an actual steel bustle was his. Tywin's great grandmother had worn it and therefore every female did. Tywin's wife did, Sansa wore it and now Sansa, who was sure the dress was cursed by now. It was ivory and covered in tiny seed pearls. All lace and silk, at least five layers and went from wrist to neck. The skirt hid Sansa's lovely, deadly shoes from sight. The colors on everything, the caterer, it was all chosen by Tywin. Only basic designs were Sansa's work and her bridesmaid dresses. Tywin also believed that seeing any of the dresses was taboo, Sansa took advantage of that. At first, Sansa was afraid that Cersie would say something to her father, but she enjoyed a good prank. So when the doors opened, after a little girl tossed petals on the rug, came the wedding party. Each woman was wearing a black velvet dress with a silver wolf engraved through out the material. The Stark sigil flickered in church candlelight. Tywin's face tightened and there were a few titters but then Sansa came forth. She looked like a deadly angel, a ghost from years ago back for revenge. Gracefully, Sansa approached Tywin and lowered her head. He was not fooled by her submissive demeanor and she was not fooled by his charm. Two snakes intertwined and a kiss sealed the deal.
Varys leaned into Petyr and whispered, "Now you could have missed that. Aren't you grateful I can show you these things?" Petyr answered by pinching Varys in his ticklish spot, making the man nearly jump. Varys glared, he hated it when Petyr did that.
Arya disobeys and sees her best sight ever. Ramsay is badly injured and will be suffering for awhile. Roose pays his son a visit and gives the news of Theon. Rickon and Gregor are starting a new relationship with each other.

Arya really meant to behave and stay in the bed, she did. The chain did not reach the windows or door, but sounds traveled well enough. Damon roared out orders, men ran and Qyburn was heard next. All the expressions seemed to come after they see Ramsay. Was he dead? Did Rickon manage to actually kill or maim the bastard? Arya did not even notice she was looking for something to pick a lock. A paperclip later she was freed and sneaking carefully towards the commotion downstairs. Using the servants stairs, Arya peeked into the dining room from the tiny alcove. There was Ramsay laying on the large polished table, on his stomach. His entire body was a riot of colors, blood and bruises everywhere. A swollen wrist, swollen misshapen ankles but the worst was- She sucked in her breath hard and knew it was not Rickon that attacked Ramsay. No six year old did that type or kind of damage. Qyburn said about internal injuries and hemorrhaging, he said surgery. He slyly told Damon that if they didn't hurry, Ramsay will have to live with a colostomy bag. Arya almost lost a giggle there but she saw Ramsay's eyes open. It was really terrifying because his face was slick with red and purple. Only the brilliant blue eyes and they looked at her. Such rage, fear and pain contorted his face as Ramsay screamed. "GET HER OUT OF HERE! I WILL KILL HER DAMON, FUCKING CUNT! I'LL RIP OUT HER EYES! GET HER OUT OF HERE!" Damon spun and roared, "GO TO MY ROOM NOW! LEAVE IT AGAIN, I WILL TAKE YOUR FUCKING EAR, HEAR ME?" Arya fled and slammed the bedroom door shut, shaking. Staggering to the bed, Arya began to laugh. And laugh till tears ran out of her eyes. Ah, sweet karma and she giggled for an hour. When Damon came in much later and caned her, Arya screamed. Just before she fainted, she grinned. It was still worth it.

Damon saw me that way. Arya saw me that way, Qyburn, my men, nurses. The list could go on probably. My father knows what happened to me. In full detail. Will he tell Reek about it? How would his pet react to that? Would Theon laugh and say he deserved it? Would Reek cry and beg to see his Master? Ramsay only spoke when he had to, to anyone. In some private hospital he must suffer and endure alone. Damon did visit once a week at least that was something. Four surgeries in total and he still has such a long time of physical therapy before he can walk correctly again. Ramsay had to take anti anxiety medication, anti depressants, plus a sleeping pill. Never mind the quantities of painkillers just to survive the agony. Never before has Ramsay felt this weak, this humiliated..scared. He still dreams of Gregor's brutal rape every night, wakes with tears on his cheeks. Ramsay finds the most painful part of recovery is the therapy. Since he went through a sexual attack, his father orders a shrink to attend him. Forcing Ramsay to relive every fucking second over again made him want to kill the man. However, no threat worked and finally Ramsay caved in. He told the story out loud and then sobbed into his hands. The shrink was right, confessing his shame did wonders, since that day he has been given some freedom and privacy. As if some evil force was nervous that Ramsay enjoyed this too much, Roose decided to finally visit. Ramsay struggled to sit up in the bed, praying, hoping Theon would follow in behind his father. Roose stood before his son and gave a tiny look of disgust. "You really think I would have brought Theon to you? When was it that you lost your touch for hunting, Ramsay? You not only could not take down a six year old, you screwed up killing Gregor. Then you allowed a boy to bait you and a Southerner
to rape you. Shame on you, Ramsay. My son this was the last straw. When you are healed we shall discuss what your new duties shall be. I said when you are healed, son. The doctors have informed me how very weak and twitchy you are. Reminds me of your former pet actually."

Ramsay had been clenching his fists in anger, face red with humiliation, but now he stared in fear. "What? What do you mean former pet? Where is Reek? What have you done with my pet?" Roose gave a tiny smirk and leaned closer, savoring this moment. "Son, remember the deal we had. You lost. You not only did not bring me Rickon, you got yourself beaten down and fucked. There is no more Reek, sonny. I sold Theon Greyjoy back to the Greyjoys. Their father died and Asha wanted to reunite with her little brother. I now own half their operations in exchange. If it's any comfort, he tried to beg me and her to stay. When the deal was done he fought her like a crazed man. Took five men to get him out of the house and I heard he tried to escape her twice. Oh, I found the phone you gave that little sneak. Had no idea he was so defiant. You should check your phone, looks like he left you a lot of messages. The night before I sold him, I guess he had been trying to tell you. Expecting his Master to save him. Poor little wreck. Also, he will never know what happened to you, so that is a relief. I daresay that Asha will do her damnedest to erase all traces of you from Theon. I wouldn't bother trying to call, they won't let him talk to you." Ramsay could not breathe enough to respond except to stare blankly at his father. No, there was no such thing as his pet leaving again. Blankly, numbly, he denied it with every fiber of his being. Until Roose, ever the clip master showed Ramsay on his cell screen. The heartbreaking image of his pet, screaming for Ramsay, dragged away. Tears came then and Roose left, satisfied.

Rickon was amazed when he woke up not dead. Trying to move brought tears of pain to his eyes, nope, this was alive. Alive hurts more than dead, Rickon is sure of this. What he was not sure of was why the cave was rocking? Back and forth, that is when he noticed he was laying on wood, not stone. Groaning, Rickon inched his way into sitting up, trying to focus his blurred eyes. A boat. A wooden rowboat and the island was leaving him, with Arya still there! Gregor's voice came then in a rumble. "Stupid little fucker. What, did you think, all the boats disappeared? You are lucky I found one before those men found us. You think Damon didn't send every armed man after us? Ever been South before?" Staring wildly around, trying to think, Rickon screamed. "NO! My sister is still there! I need to get her, save her!" "Too late for that now. Maybe you should've thought of it before acting like an ass last night." With a screech of SPACESHIP, Rickon prepared to leap for the water. "Go on, I won't stop you. I won't save you if you drown either. One boy cannot take on all of those men. They will kill you and your sister will still be their pet. You think Sansa wouldn't have saved you all if she could have? Think of yourself now, then you can get revenge later." Rickon sagged and began to sob. "I have nowhere to go." Gregor snorted and grumbled, "If you can ever stop sobbing like a baby, you can come South with me. You'll make a good messenger boy. You will work for your food and shelter. I will train you so that no one will ever hurt you again." Sitting back down, Rickon wiped his eyes, watching the island and Arya go away. "Teach me to kill them all."
Theon visits his mother. Reek and Asha fight. Ramsay is at his lowest ever and feels it. Then he makes a phone call. Rickon and Gregor go South. Arya learns to accept there will be no escape. She finds a target for her frustration.

Theon softened when he saw his mother. The thin woman with huge eyes that seemed to eat her face looked up disbelieving. That is when all the memories flooded and he cried silently. Kneeling slowly, he took a bony hand in one of his mangled ones. She did not notice, still scanning his face through her own tormented fog. "Theon, is it really you?" Nodding, he leaned in for her fragile hug. Reek was silent, this was Theon's home and he had no defense against a mother's love.

Ramsay played the messages from Reek compulsively all day. He tried to call a few times but Asha told him to fuck off then the number changed. After being rude and dangerous to the staff, doctors said Ramsay would be able to finish all therapies from home. Roose had arrangements made to have his son sent back to the island with a full medical team. Damon had been staying there already, he would be Ramsay's caretaker. Ramsay pretended to be asleep when he saw Arya and when it was dark, he played the messages again.

"Give it at least one year, Theon. Alright? One year without contacting him. Then if Reek is still determined, you can call." Asha has been attempting to negotiate with her stubborn brother for an hour now. This time he managed to hitch a ride on a dumpster to an internet cafe. Luckily, they knew the Greyjoys well on Pyke and Theon was denied access till his sister gave permission. At that point Reek decided to try his own brand of persuasion. He destroyed seven computers, two brave customers and some chairs. No one really wanted to shoot him or injure him, the two that were willing to restrain a Greyjoy payed for it. They were only willing to hold him, not hurt a crazy ass man from that fucked up pirate family. Asha knew that changing the family's image would be rough. Not this rough. "Look, you are stuck here. This is how it will be and this is the one time I will make you this deal. One year without contacting Ramsay Bolton. Then if Reek still wants to call and you agree to it. One call or one email to him." Theon considered and Reek replied, "Fuck you. I get one call a year? That is what I would get. I am more a prisoner here than I ever was with the Starks or the Boltons."

Sandor was eating his breakfast when his dead brother came home. "Aw fuck me. You are a corpse, go lay the fuck down." To his worsening horror, there was a childish giggle from his brother's leg. Then a head popped out behind it and grinned. "That is the second time someone has said that about him!" Gregor's hand suddenly enveloped the face and gave a shove. A large thud was heard. Then a pained groan, mixed with giggling. "What the fuck is that?" With a little mean smile, Gregor said, "That is our new messenger boy and spy in training. He thinks he is fast as a spaceship. Let's see if he really is. If not, well, the other name was Mittens..." Rickon attacked the gigantic leg and bit deep where the bullet had gone through. Roaring, Gregor went to grab Rickon and he was gone. With blood on his mouth, long out of reach, the boy was still grinning. Eyes that were already turning feral and he snarled. "I am fast enough. Brave enough to take on a Mountain. Train me to be even better."

Arya balanced on the rocks and concentrated on her breathing. Her second walk across the rocks and she did the flip. She stuck and wanted to crow in triumph. Gymnastics rocked. A scream from inside
the house caused Arya to stumble and she cursed. Fucking Ramsay. It sounded like that timid new maid that time, Arya hoped she wasn't really hurt, like the girl before her. When Roose banished Damon and Ramsay to the island as punishment, Arya was pissed. She would truly be stuck here forever. Not only that but with Ramsay who is now permanently without a pet. Was Roose Bolton trying to kill her really slow? One advantage was that she gave up trying to run away completely. Damon took her around the whole island and clearly pointed out the limits. If Arya ever went beyond the markers he set for her, it would be seen as escaping. Damon would break both of her legs and arms. She fully believed him and never strayed. Cameras had been restored and Arya was always aware of it. Then Ramsay came and he wouldn't meet her eyes. Arya had a new target and struck without any mercy. Ramsay would wake up and she would be there. On the pretense of bringing water or some stupid thing. Grinning and full of good cheer. He would freak out and Damon would roar from a distance. Arya managed another flip and thought, Things still suck. But they suck slightly less.

Ramsay felt better after drawing blood from the meek little maid. He picked up his phone again but this time did not listen to the messages. It was time to find his pet, no matter what. For once, Ramsay must rely on another to do his hunting. There were no better hunters than who he is calling now. Years ago on a trip to the South on business, Ramsay had met a young girl in a bar. He was intrigued by her, not sexually, not predatory with intent to hunt. It was not often to meet a female that was so damaged yet deadly. Functioning without someone like Varys or Petyr training them to be a whore first. She had no fear of him and somehow they formed a mild bond. When one of her victims would hide out in the North, Ramsay wold flush them out for her. She did the same in the South, neither charged the other for it. It was all in the joy of the challenge. "Hello?" "Lollys? It's Ramsay. I need you to track someone for me. Then I need Bronn to bring him safely home to me. Theon Greyjoy."
Sansa and Tywin's reception. All the Southern names are out and about. As the night goes on and drinks flow. As no one is caring about much except going home or raising hell, enemies become drinking buddies. Lollys and Bronn leave early.

The ballroom was stunning in gold and red banners. Each table had expensive porcelain china and the food was perfect. Anyone hired by Tywin Lannister would never dare to anything but their utter best. Sansa blanked out during most of the reception. Endless greetings, pictures, well wishers and all the stupid speeches that meant nothing, drained her. Sansa knew for certain the dress was cursed. It itched, the high neck nearly strangled her and Sansa was ready to rip it off. Tyrion distracted her then, seeing her stress level up close. He kept her somewhat entertained while the dinner was served. Thankfully, after all the ceremonial bullshit ended the dancing began. Sansa was fortified with wine and black humor again, she loved dancing. She even managed to look Tywin in the eyes, as if she truly were a loving bride. The impersonal but polite expression he gave back chilled her.

Only after Sansa twirled with her husband, and her two step-sons was she set free. She was searching the crowd for Lollys when someone grabbed her from behind. Turning with a small groan, ready to plead off another dance, she gasped. "Ah Sansa. You have risen even higher than I ever expected you to. Simply amazing, dear. I am so sorry to hear of your family. Rest assured, I had nothing to do with it. Myranda and Ygritte died trying to save you for me." As always that hiss sent terror and pleasure down her spine. Petyr never let you know what he really felt or thought. Sansa knew how Petyr felt about her and has exploited it before. However, Varys was here and Sansa simply couldn't do that to his husband. Smirking, Sansa offered out, "I am very grateful that you tried to save me. I am sad for my fellow sisters as well, it was no way to die. Surely you are not mad at me for taking the Lannister offer? Think of all the possibilities now, Petyr." As they danced gracefully, she allowed Petyr to see her real self. For a brief second Petyr saw the gargoyle and he knew there would be a bloodbath. He remembers Cat getting that look once. She and a friend were accosted, their money and all valuables stolen. Even though Cat assured all that they were untouched, Petyr knew the signs. Three days later the gang that Cat believed attacked them were all dead. Every single member. It never was clear if it was the right gang but no one ever messed with her again. Sansa has the same look and Petyr smiled gently. "Dearest Sansa, I am always and forever on your side. I will always be there for you, as will Varys. Except I am more competent than wifey."

Jaime and Tyrion seemed to be in a drinking contest with Cersie. Varys gently pushed himself right between Tyron and Jaime. "Such a cozy family scene, I had to soak this rare moment in." He stage whispered this to Tyrion. Snorting, he drunkenly tried to pat Varys on the head. "We are celebrating. To celebrate my marrying a little girl, younger than his own children! Cheers to Tywin having another person to fuck, maybe he'll leave us alone for awhile." Cersie gave a scathing laugh at that one and Varys winced. Jaime grabbed Cersie's hand and yanked her upwards. All the ceremonial bullshit is done, we are leaving now. Quick before someone notices." Tyrion and Varys watched as the two tried to discreetly stumble away. They also watched Tywin's cold eye tracking them. Sulking, the headed for the dance floor as Dr. Pycelle blocked the exit. "Oh, they will pay for that little faux pas later." Varys sighed. "Don't be so bitter, Tyrion. They lead somewhat miserable lives, let them have each other. It's a harmless thing, just incest after all." "Oh yes, what is more innocent than incest?" The two of them spent the next half hour making no sense really at all. Loras suddenly
landed next to Varys as Margery dove to whisper to Tyrion. The siblings were lit like Christmas trees, bright, buzzed and adorable. They began a drinking game that Loras instantly lost. "NO! I refuse that consequence, find another." The whole table objected loudly. "We all get to choose the punishment for losing. We chose, so go." Trilled Margery, who was half in Tyrion's lap. Tyrion and Varys were thankful their table was barely in view. Tywin would murder them all. So would Olenna for that matter.

Tyrion was never more charmed or more suspicious by anyone more than these twins. Social climbers, ruthless family and yet, they kept doing the unexpected. The only time anyone pays attention to Tyrion in the higher circles, is if they cannot reach another family member. They attempt to use Tyrion to get the attention of the right Lannister. However, the Tyrells knew the Lannisters quite well. True, Cersei and Jamie did not like the twins, but then again, who did they really like? Cersei said that she felt tired and got a headache hearing them giggle. Jaime said he thought Loras had a crush on him, and Margery on Cersei. It creeped him out. "Funny", Tyrion had mentioned, "Sleeping with other siblings creeps you out." Jaime took exception to that comment and gave Tyrion his own headache. They have always approached him, even as kids, rather than the golden two. So even though he kept his focus, kept himself a bit removed, Tyrion enjoyed them. It was nice to know that even he had a way to get through public functions sane. When he spoke to Varys of them, he said in a most fond voice, "I love them. If they have had past lives, then they were Anne Boleyn and her brother George. They are wonderful customers, too. Boy toys that they share. They already have Renly Baratheon in their pocket, you know. I hear their may be a wedding soon. Not that Renly was ever a smart boy, but I mean, they destroyed him. Tyrion, his eyes are those of a well satisfied, well trained sex slave. I bet they have some amazing pony outfits for him." However, Renly was not at this reception, he has been sent to his brother. Stannis was appalled at some rumors he heard and yanked hard on the young pup's leash. So here were two bored twins ready to raise hell.

Loras was nearly in tears and even begged to just have them all rape him. It would be less painful than this chore but all were merciless. Head down, Loras went forward and politely asked Cersei to dance with him. Jaime went to sit back down had couldn't understand. Varys was near to sobbing on the table, head down, tears rolling. Tyrion was on the floor with Margery sitting half under the table. Shapely legs were kicking in hysteria and Tyrion was bawling sounds like a hyena. Jaime frowned and wondered why he chose to sit with these halfwits. "Fucking idiots. You made Loras dance with Cersei, didn't you? Assholes." The explosions of mirth began and Jaime walked away, swearing. Cersei smiled and quipped with Loras while dancing casually. Loras was still pouting inside, but on that face was shining charm and she as always saw through it. "Ah poor Loras. Tell me, who did you lose the game to? Was it Tyrion or Margery that made you dance with me?" After a moment, simply too buzzed to act well, he smiled back. "Varys, Tyrion and Margery, actually." "Tonight Loras, just for this one night I am calling truce to all. I even have given my teen step mother peace for this one night. In honorable acknowledgment, for she actually won. Sansa managed what no other could, to come between the Lannisters." Cersei's voice was acid, it was smooth as ice at the same time. And a tiny thread of hurt maybe or sadness, whatever it was Loras saw it. "Then my dearest Cersei, for this one night, why not join us?" Shaking her head, Cersei said, "I cannot. Varys left me for Sansa, Tyrion is still..himself. Your sister sounds like a flock of birds all twittering at once." Loras grinned and said, "Alright, just us then. We don't have to pretend seduction to each other. Let's just have a good time and forget our last names." "Just for tonight." Cersei agreed. Unlike with Jaime, the cool blonde was able to sail out the door with Loras on her arm.

Petryr found himself sitting with Olenna Tyrell. Sipping tea and having the best talk he has had since coming South. Finally intelligence, poise and sober, focused thoughts. Olenna hailed to him when she saw Petyr hesitate to join Varys at the loud chaotic table. "Come sit with me, Petyr. We have not spoken in quite some time. I weary of all this party nonsense and if I must speak to one more empty
head!" Gratefully, he sat down and said with a smirk, "I am feeling the same way. The weather here suits me well, but that is all. Now this glitter and noise, it does nothing for me, bores me to death." He admitted as he prepared them each a cup of tea. Tipping her head towards the loud table in the back, Olenna remarked. "Now Varys, he loves these things. He comes alive just like my grandchildren do. I always wondered if it was an act or real. I look at you and even when you lived here, you were never like that. Strange, the two of you together. It fits so perfect and yet not at all." With a wolf grin, Petyr leaned forward delighted. "Oh, Olenna, it has been so long since I sparred with a worthy opponent." So while a group of drunken fools laughed, Petyr and Olenna played with wits. It would have been tough to decide which table had the more fun.

Lollys was in the bathroom when her phone had rung. Digging it out, she was surprised to hear from Ramsay. "You'll have to go with Bronn on this one. I need you to go to the Islands, to Pyke."

Shaking her head, already feeling the effects of strong drinks, she said, "Uh, no offense but having a Bolton invite me to an island doesn't seem to sit right." Ramsay gave a bitter laugh and said, "I won't be on the island, I can barely walk yet without help. Please, Lollys, this is so important to me. It's personal. I will owe you a tremendous favor plus pay you double your rate." This sobered her up a bit, so did what sounded like Ramsay crying. "Ramsay, what's wrong? Do you need me to come to you? Are you hurt?" "I..I was attacked and the bones in my ankles and wrists were shattered. Plus internal injuries, surgery and therapy continually. So I cannot do this myself. My father sold Theon back to Asha Greyjoy. The father is dead and she gave my father half ownership in exchange for him." Lollys knew of Theon alright, knew Reek too. Ramsay has mentioned him to Lollys in the past and she is always tactful about it. They never question or judge one another, it was part of their silent agreement. "How did Reek or Theon feel about going home?" She asked and Ramsay told of the clip. How many messages he had left for Ramsay to save him. Lollys went to signal Bronn. "We are heading home to pack up." Bronn simply followed her out then thought to ask, "Who is it and where are we going?" He stared at Lollys when she simply muttered, "Ramsay Bolton wants us to visit an island."
Chapter Summary

Theon and Reek wrestle with demons. Ramsay is feeling a bit more optimistic now. He also gets some revenge on Arya. Robb is keeping secrets from Roose.

Theon likes to visit his mother. He enjoys reading to her and taking walks with her. Reek likes to visit Asha. He uses every manipulative sadistic lesson ever learned at Ramsay's feet. Also using Theon's strength and stubbornness, he drove the woman insane. Both Theon and Reek enjoyed going boating as long as Asha did not come along. They enjoyed riding horses again, swimming for hours. Both agreed, it was lovely but it was no longer home. Asha only ever saw Reek, she believed Theon would want this. To be forced back into a life that was a distant nightmare. Theon could not convince her otherwise, so Reek protects him from Asha. Together they continue plotting escape and try to find a single way to contact Ramsay. He stares blankly at therapists who say words. Words like Stockholm Syndrome and Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. Don't they understand if they just let him be with Ramsay, he would be fine? No confusion about who he was then. Theon went to his father's grave and pissed on it once a day. Reek roamed and watched for opportunities.

Ramsay wired money to Lollys and grinned. Trying to sit up higher in the bed, Ramsay called out, "ARYA! ARYA, HURRY THE FUCK UP!" Since the girl decided to get overconfident and torment Ramsay in his worst moments, it was payback time. The last insult she had said was that Ramsay really was a bag of shit now. That is the one Arya would pay for this time around. He had made Damon force Arya to care for him a few hours a day. Damon was still leery of Ramsay freaking Arya out again, so it was only a few hours. Damon continually would check to make sure she was not injured. No, he did not injure her at all, he drove her crazy. She would bring a liquid and he would throw it on her. Meals, snacks and drinks were thrown at her head, or at least sent back twice. Arya snapped at him when he made her bring back mashed potatoes four times. For that, Ramsay used his good hand to smash her face into the potatoes. Oh, how pissed she looked and growled. Till Damon filled the doorway, laughing at her face. Then whipping her for the growl and the curses that followed it. Ramsay bellowed again before Arya sullenly entered the room. "Just think dear, only two more days till I get this colostomy bag gone! Till then, I think it's full and the nurse is off duty. Get to it, Kitten, dinner for you is in fifteen minutes. Better hurry up, I think it's beef stew tonight." Arya gagged and Ramsay felt so much better. At least he did until Arya disconnected his morphine pump while she was vomiting.

Robb has a bigger secret now. Not only has he gotten away with being bad, he was able to lie about it. Another secret is Robb knows his parents loved him. This came in slow painful jagged memories. He remembered his parents saying so, hugging him and telling him he was special. Why had Master lied to him, what else is not true? However, thinking was hard, it hurt almost as bad as emotions. So Robb just enjoyed having secrets and kept obedient. More and more Robb acted like a man, signing papers, answering questions with careful words. With Theon gone, there was no barrier between Robb and his Master. Without Theon to manage him, Robb cried and wailed more after meetings. Roose beat and flayed Robb without mercy for this. Robb learned to control all emotion. Emotion hurts way too much. Even during playtime, Roose always got rougher the more his pet screamed. Robb was not allowed to hide his feelings during his Master's games, but his face was blank all other times. Roose approved of this and so Robb continued hiding behind his mask. Slowly healing, remembering and pressure built up.
Sansa thinks of her consummation of marriage with Tywin. Petyr and Varys spend the night together.

Sansa sunk deeper into the hot water, allowing all the fluids upon her to dissolve. With a very fluffy sponge, a gentle touch, she washed every part of herself. The heat leached the worst of the soreness away and she shut her eyes. What have I done? I mean what have I really done here? Who is playing who? Did I really think to take down an old sharp lion such as this? Snorting to herself, Sansa heard her mother's voice. Well, looks like playing the whore paid off after all, didn't it? You managed to marry the enemy who ordered your family's deaths. Then you successfully fucked his brains out and seduced him. Oh no, wait. You didn't. Like every other man you have decided to play daddy with, you took it halfway. Benjie gave you car and you could have asked him for a house. Petyr gave you confidence and he would've given you the world. Now Tywin has offered you so much power and you took an orgasm for it. With a growl Sansa banished her mother from her mind, even a dead version of Cat should never know what she has done. What she and Tywin did together. It equaled and surpassed every bit of sexual adventure she has ever encountered. Considering everything, that is really saying something and Sansa knows it. At thirteen she was watching porn with Jon and Robb, experimenting with them in a locked toy room. They practiced oral sex on each other for a year or so until the boys found girls to date. Sansa would masturbate sometimes to the image of something she saw once. At nine years old, she had gone with her parents on a camping trip. A scary tale told by Theon made Sansa go seek out her parents tent for comfort. Peering in she froze watching the two naked writhing figures. Watching the way her father was sensually covering her mother, then pumping forcefully, enough to make Cat cry out. Sansa had staggered back to her tent then in the dark touched herself. A need hit hard and she moved herself against her hand. That was her first ever orgasm and her morals never bothered her that much. Petyr was as much a learning experience as was the boys. He could give pleasure and did but only as a reward for something. Petyr taught her how to use sex as a weapon not a toy. Benjie was more fun of course, he was all about fun. Yet he did not go out of his way to make sure Sansa had enjoyed herself. It was an obsession for his niece but it was a selfish one ultimately.

I have done so many different things. Yet I walked in that room tonight and I was a little girl in the dark again. There is no sudden love here, but she feels a need. Before I kill him, before I take everything away that he is, I must feel this again. Just a little longer, a little more first. I deserve this, I deserve some happiness, don't I? Sansa drowned out her parents voices and touched herself. I am not forgetting Robb, or Arya, it would be suspicious to kill Tywin too early anyway. Images began to flood her mind, as she moaned and her hand worked. A blonde wig, a blood stained nightgown and a whip. So much black oiled rubber and then before she got to the more depraved parts, she came. A pity that he chose to go back to work right after he recovered. Sansa refused to allow him to play her like that again. At least not until she finds a way to have some upper hand around him. That is why she takes a long bath rather than trying to seek him out. Too bad Lollys has gone away on work, she was the only person Sansa could have spoken to. Though she is pretty sure Cersie would understand, it would horrify them both to ever speak of it. At least not on a real honest level. What have I done? Sansa finished washing herself and went to bed. It was almost daylight before she could sleep.
Petyr decided to stay overnight and of course for the sake of appearance, sleep with Varys. First he had to get the drunken idiot home and that was irritating. He clutched Varys arm until they were inside, guiding him through the darkened house. "You know, I was right. All dour and sober like Ned, like Roose, all you Northern men. Where did your sense of humor, of adventure go, Petyr?" Varys quipped and Petyr spun the man around fast. Pushing Varys against the wall, Petyr leaned in close. His hands played along Varys throat as he responded. "I was right as well. A Southern empty headed bird, twittering about. Do you know how many men you could have exploited? How many deals might have been made? Instead you acted the buffoon with your little pals. You have the ear of Tyrion Lannister and all you do is joke into it?" Before those searching gentle fingers took purchase to strangle, Petyr stepped away. Out of the corner of his eye he had caught movement. A small light clicked on and there sat Tysha. One of the most deadly woman Varys had ever trained. A victim of the Lannisters. She had been dating Tyrion and his father found out. He convinced Tyrion that the girl was a whore that she was trying to get his money. It was true that she worked for Varys as a thief but that was all. However, Tyrion believed it and raped her along with some men. They gave her a thousand dollars and Varys found her that night on his doorstep. Tysha decided she might as well become a whore then. The most deadly one ever.

She was usually called upon for the wet work, or for cases that will ultimately end with death or severe damage. Of course she would wait to make sure Varys was safe. Sitting next to her was Jeyne Poole, one of Petyr's former girls. She decided to stay with Varys rather than face the cold North anymore. Both invited the men to have drinks with them and Petyr went to bed. After just a drink or two, Varys headed into the bedroom. He was warmed that the girls wished to protect him, but Petyr would never kill him. Never really harm him. Varys got into the bed and Petyr wrapped an arm around him, muttering, "Good night wifey." Instead of being rankled by the nickname, Varys was enjoying the long ago feeling of sharing a bed with Petyr. When he woke up with a pounding headache in the morning, Petyr was not there anymore. Varys could not decide if he was happy or sad about this fact.
Running The Wrong Direction, Liking It

Chapter Summary

Theon takes action while Reek shows him why they need to be with Ramsay. Ramsay is healing and is ready to target Arya, who is ready for the challenge. Damon is given the news that Roose is coming to visit. A job might be available for the disgraced boys. Lollys and Bronn discuss a conflict of interest concerning their mission.

Theon looked at the waves, felt the hot sand beneath his feet and was lost to memories. A vision of Ramsay and his boys working while he was there. He had curled himself under a table that held items he did not want to think about. He was still newly Reek, still fighting to stay Theon. Their victim screamed so loud it hurt his ears and made him sob. His hands were on his ears, but it didn't change anything. Ramsay had told Reek he had to watch, he was always to be there. Always watching what his Master did. They used a whip, knives, a blowtorch and a nail gun. Finally, after the man had given the information that Ramsay wanted, they killed him. By flaying him alive. Afterwards, Ramsay came towards Reek, naked and bloody. Whining in sheer terror, he had huddled deep under the table. "Are you hiding from me, little pet?" Inching out slowly, Theon had shook his head. "No..never..please..mercy. Don't do that to me, Master. I will learn better, I'll try harder, please!" Ramsay chuckled then and that scary look seemed to melt away. Bending down, extending his hand to Reek, Ramsay grinned. I have no choice, no matter what he will do..not responding makes it worse. Theon crawled to the bloody hand and cowered under it. The hand began to rub Theon's head, covering his curls in another person's blood.

"Look at me, Reek." Whimpering, he peeked up and met those steel eyes. "I will never, ever kill you. I can always retrain you, lovely little pet. Till you die, you are mine, I protect what is mine. See my boys?" Ramsay used the hand on Reek's head to turn it. "They are savage, aren't they? Even after we are done with our job, they still rage for more violence. I could give you to them, Reek. They could wreck you, possibly kill you accidentally. I protect you from that, pet. Lick me clean everywhere, Reek. I want you to see how excited my boys get over that. Then when I fuck you in front of them, imagine what that will do to them? You will beg me to protect you and I will. Because you are mine, my pet and I never let go of what is mine." Reek had almost vomited with the blood on his tongue. Yet he didn't, he obeyed and he did see how inflamed the boys were over it. Master kept his word, he brutally fucked Reek in front of them. When they asked for a turn, Reek groveled for mercy and Ramsay gave it. That night was the first time that Theon truly felt affectionate towards his Master. He was so grateful and tried very hard to please.

Theon sang his mother to sleep and covered her with a blanket, kissing her with dry lips. He drank anything he wanted, whenever he wanted now. Yet when he drank, it wasn't freeing, it was just oblivion and a morning headache. So he chose to stick with soda and water. He drank sparingly, ate little too. It didn't feel right or taste right anymore. With silent steps he left his mother's room and wandered the halls for a bit. Reek wondered where his Master was right now. Was he furious and on his way to collect his pet? Or has he been confined by his father, not allowed to come to get his Reek? That is stupid, of course Ramsay would never give up on his pet. How long did Ramsay live with only having his pet part time? He would patiently retrain again and again. Hell, Ramsay killed every person that could have kept them apart. Except Asha, who would have thought she wanted him? Shaking his head, Theon thought to himself, No, she wanted to please my mother. Asha wanted to follow family duty and pride. It has nothing to do with me. Only one person ever wanted
us, just one. Even my mother sees a ghost that isn't really there. She doesn't see my hands or my eyes, only what she remembers. If I go away again, she might just assume I was a memory. That was a comforting thought as he loaded the gun.

Damon watched as Ramsay slowly made his way into the living room. Arya instantly paled and dove behind a couch. That made both men laugh as Arya has not given up her war with Ramsay. This was the first time she has seen him actually walk around. Normally, his pride does not allow anyone to watch his physical therapy or him practice walking. A crutch on each side, Ramsay was able to move about pretty fast. Not as fast as Arya can, but she knows he will use those crutches as weapons, oh yes. "I have to move around, sick of staring at that fucking room." Ramsay had gotten the colostomy bag removed and was pronounced, healing. No more surgeries, no more painful recoveries from moved bones. He was able to take less pain meds, only one anti depressant now and Valium as needed. So he was more aware as well.

"Your father says here we stay until he comes to speak with us. We have been put on a long ass time out." Damon grumbled. "Well, he just called me and said he is on his way. He maybe has work for us after all." Ramsay gave a malicious grin towards Arya, who crawled to Damon as his fingers snapped. "If not, we'll be bored. I hate being bored Kitten, don't you?" Shuddering, she scooted closer to her Master. It seemed so submissive, cuddling, warping herself around the leg. Damon even rewarded her by petting her head. Only Ramsay could see her teeth were bared and her eyes blazed. She looked nothing like Sansa or Cat really. In this one moment, she seemed to look like both. Ramsay smirked and thought, oh please, do it. I need the challenge, the excitement. Come on, you little gargoyle bitch, attack, I beg you. Instead, her eyes went to her knees. Go on then, bide your time, Arya Stark, I can wait.

Ramsay was thrilled to have a target, it kept him from worrying about his Reek. Was he eating and drinking? Did Theon dream of his Master? Was it Theon or Reek out there right now? What if his loyal little pet hurt himself trying to escape? To reach his Master? Did Asha decide he was crazy and put him in an institution? No, her mother is nuts and still lives at home. Asha would try and reach Theon, to help him remember who he was. Could Reek be taken away by this bitch? These things haunted and tormented Ramsay till he wanted to scream. So he grinned at Arya in a way that terrified the girl and made Damon sigh.

Bronn watched Lollys as she bitched and groaned. The smell of hair dye filled the tiny motel room and he opened a window. "Does it all smell that bad? Why isn't it this bad when you make it purple?" He gagged out, sticking his head outside. "Different kind of dye, dear. Also, I usually have it done at the salon. Cannot exactly go there and ask them to make me blonde now, can I?" Shaking his head, Bronn asks, "If I light a cigg, will we explode?" His only response was the slam of the bathroom door and he grinned. Last night as they lay in their strange bed, going over files one last time, Lollys told him how she felt. "He asked me to do this personally. Ramsay trusts me and I do like him in some fucked up way. I love Sansa too, like LOVE HER, like a sister, ya know?" Bronn did know and hugged her, staying silent. Letting her talk it out first. "So I do this job along with you. I am capable, I don't mind some action. Even though it's Pyke, the savage fucking Greyjoys. What bothers me is bringing Reek to Ramsay. Once I am on that forsaken death isle, I hand Reek over, what if I see Arya? Like a fucking pet to some hulking giant. Sansa is sure she is still there with Ramsay's boy. Roose has no reason to bring her North. She has to be there. And if I see her, do I try and rescue her? If I don't, how can I ever look Sansa in the eye again? If I steal her, Ramsay might come after me. Friends or not, if his father orders it, he'll try to kill me."

Bronn rubbed her back and waited. Heaving a sigh Lollys gives her own answer. "Well, I have to admit, there is a certain thrill to being hunted. If Arya is there, if I see her, I must do something. I can try to buy her back, to reason with Ramsay first." Now Bronn spoke. "You know as well as I do, that is useless. Roose has custody, legal custody of the girl. She is a minor, Ramsay has no say. If
you want to save her, we have to kidnap her.” Lollys said nothing and has been bitchy ever since. Bronn took no offense, Lollys just needed to work it all out in her head. He finished packing their gear and thought again how crazy he must be. This was a dangerous fucking mission. The head of a family that illegally sells ammunition and drugs, they are going to steal her little brother. Then they will have to manage to get to Ramsay. Bronn is prepared to not just kidnap a deranged man, but a teen girl. Lollys is right, they will most likely be hunted for it. No one ever said marriage would be easy.
Petyr finished shaving as he reminisced about his talk with Olenna. She had heard delightful whispers, stories of the Starks and Boltons. He enjoyed debating its truth with her and was feeling so much better. Then the old woman knocked him for a loop. Smiling slyly, Olenna says, "Well, I think it is interesting the number of children accounted for, dead or alive." Arching an eyebrow Peytr nearly purred, "Oh? Would you have preferred a higher or lower number, darling?" With the predatory glee of an old buzzard, Olenna went for the kill. "Surely you know? Varys has been talking of nothing but it! He called me the second he heard, in fact. Of course he calls me first because he has been my most loyal informer for years. But I am confident that he always calls you right after. You must understand, Varys is the epitome of the woman who has it all, well, except maybe not the woman part. He works hard, plays hard and even has a husband to always go to."

Clenching his fists under the table, Petyr gave a tiny bow and said, "My lovely lady, you have won this round. I concede. Silly wifey is forgetful sometimes and has been very excited over this wedding. He has forgotten to tell me this latest tidbit. Please enlighten me so I may enjoy these delightful whispers of yours."

Olenna preened in her win then gave mercy. "There have been several sightings of the dead. Sandor Clegane is apparently haunted by his brother Gregor and Rickon Stark. The boy goes by a different name but some knew the family pictures enough in the media to recognize the boy. He lives in the apartment with these two men, but does not seem to be a captive. In fact, a few folks have gone to see the Cleganes for private jobs and were pick-pocketed by the boy. Anyone that attempts to talk to the boy, hurt him or try to save him has a mountain fall on them. The boy seems to be happy with these rough men. Folks say he goes from a cute little boy to a feral little beast in a heartbeat." Petyr asked in a low voice, "Does Sansa know this?" Olenna clucked and said, "Oh, the poor thing, yes. When she was told I don't know, but I heard later that she had a fit. Begging Tywin to do something, threatening to do something herself. I heard Tywin locked her in their wing for a week till Sansa calmed down." Savoring every second of Petyr's calculating and scheming look, she dove in one last nail. "I do hope you won't be mad at Varys for not telling you. After all, why would you care about a little boy of a dead family. As long as Robb still breathes, everything will be controlled by Roose. So who would care about some little not dead Stark boy? Only his sister bless her poor heart. I am sure Varys would have told you all about it soon. He knows how much you care about Sansa. After all, who could know you better than your own husband?"

Heading into the training room in the basement after he finished shaving, Petyr heard thuds. Then catcalling and laughter. Petyr entered the room carefully and nearly was hit by a throwing star. "It does not impress me to try and kill me." He hissed, trying to calm his heartbeat. These two girls loved to train and have already caused some accidental injuries. Already they have earned twice than what Myranda and Yritte did. They could do any and all types of work but their favorite thing was to kill. Or at least maim someone, scare them if not injure them. Petyr loved them, so he did not really get very strict with them. Other girls would have felt a cane on their back for it, but not these, he liked them a little wild. At the same time, both were amazingly charismatic when needed. Both had
cult followers in the past, they knew how to fool those who needed fooling. "I have a job for both of you. There are two very large and deadly Southern boys holding onto a little boy. I want that little boy alive. Your methods of killing the men are up to you. Be creative please. Contrary to what Varys might think, I do love some creativity too."
Chapter Summary

Varys tells Sansa and Tyrion of Rickon's staying with the Cleganes. He is shocked by their reaction. Both pay dearly for their impulsive actions. Tywin wins the fight against Sansa concerning her brother. His logic is sound enough and Sansa is conflicted enough to accept defeat for now.

The first person Varys had called was not actually Olenna Tyrell. It was Sansa and Tyrion together during a very private walk through museum gardens. Another fact Olenna got wrong was what happened when Sansa found out. A sobbing, begging tantrum then banishment to a wing was not quite how it went. That is just how Varys phrased it per instructions from a very sullen and bruised Tyrion. "My cunt father wants Sansa to sound weak and childish, harmless. It's just another part of her punishment, I know from experience. He always adds a nice dose of humiliation to his best disciplines." Varys had felt genuinely bad for the two of them. He had no idea that his information would make them do something so crazy as just go after the Cleganes! Tyrion knew his father better than to attempt such theatrics so publicly. Sansa was trained by Petyr, she certainly knew better than to charge so blatantly! Varys had expected to hold Sansa's hand for a moment while she fought for composure. Then the three of them could discuss plans to help the boy. Instead, the girl who had seemed more high strung than usual since marriage, she exploded. Tyrion just followed her like a dumb dog in heat, the fool!

Varys had explained how surprised he had been when he heard Gregor had turned up. He was happy for it as both Cleganes worked well only with each other. Alone Sandor was not as valuable for Varys and would have ended up working only for the Lannisters. Probably more as a glorified security guard. So Varys decided to go see for himself. To his amazement, not only was Gregor alive though burned, so was Rickon Stark. Though he had never personally met the lad, Sansa had shown him pictures. Also the boy was all over the news when his family suffered the boat tragedy. This child was much more ragged, three missing teeth and long scraggly hair. One hell of a tan still though and hands rough with extreme callouses. Varys was smart and did not ask about the child at all. Rickon was not afraid of either of these large men, in fact, he was deliberately taunting them. He was tossing spitballs at Sandor until Gregor got hit by one and threw a coffee mug at him. The boy dodged in time giggled, then simply cleaned the mess up. "He is called Spaceship, strangely enough." Up until then Sansa had kept her composure. Twice she softly said that Gregor would not keep Rickon alive if he found him. That Rickon could not be here. As soon as Varys said his name was Spaceship, Sansa became insane.

He tried to steal their keys, to talk them out of this madness, yet they were high on emotions only. Thank goodness that the Cleganes just did not answer the door. They ignored the banging knowing damn well why Sansa would be at their house. Gregor called Tywin and was assured that it would be handled. It was barely any time before large men were escorting Sansa and Tyrion into a car. Tywin allowed the men to deal with his son's stupidity for him and then Sansa was locked in the wing. That is when the sobbing, begging and screaming happened. Regardless of using a riding crop on her lovely back, Sansa would not give in. She implored her husband to simply get her brother back. It was a small thing, why wouldn't he help her? Tywin refused to explain himself to a screaming shrew he informed her. Picking locks did no good, Tywin had a man posted at the door. Another was always under the window. She stopped eating and threw things at anyone who came
close to her. Tywin told her she was acting like a child. If she hoped to ever see more than these rooms again, she best act like a young lady. The rage turned into despair and bargaining, sulking, then acceptance. That is when Tywin not only released her from confinement, but explained himself.

"Two of my best employees have decided to take on a little orphan. This boy is not a hostage or a captive in any way. He is well fed, cared for and seems very fond of the men. Now, this boy happens to be the safest boy in the South. He has two of the most ruthless Southern killers as his protectors. If I pull this boy away from the Cleganes, I lose two excellent employees. You get at best a few weeks with Rickon before he is killed. Or disappears permanently this time. Before you say it, no, I cannot protect him. I am allies with the Boltons and gave them free reign to all Starks. Roose was very sullen over changing my mind and keeping you. I had promised him the rest were his to do as he will. That includes Rickon Stark. I would not dangle the boy out a window for Roose. However, I would not go out of my way to keep him from the Boltons either. They would hunt Rickon down and you know it wouldn't be an easy death. Rickon Stark is not safe anywhere, Sansa. However, the Cleganes little orphan boy is safe. Do you understand now?" Sansa nodded slowly and thanked Tywin for explaining.

As much as she hated, loathed it, she saw the sense in it. The cold heartless logic that she has learned never seemed so painful before. That night Tywin did things that made Sansa cry and scream in depraved delight. She drowned in the shame, reveled in the sheer horror of it. Sansa cried again after Tywin fell asleep, this time for her siblings, for her inability to do what needs to be done. I cannot yet, too suspicious, too soon. Is it really, Cat asked. Or are you just not ready to let go of this new experience of yours? Sansa could admit to herself that truth. You were right mother, I am a whore. Are you proud of your children now, Ned? Cat swore bitterly in Sansa's aching head. So much for your family values and honor. Robb is brain damaged, Sansa is a social climbing whore that has deserted her siblings. Arya is a sex slave and Rickon is learning to be a criminal. Even in death, it pissed Sansa off to hear her parents fight about them. I will do what I have to when the time is right and that is the end of it. My siblings will endure same as I do. Sansa loathed herself so much, it made her start to cry again. Tywin woke up and did not even ask why she cried. He rubbed her back in circles until she slept.
Looking Through A Kaleidoscope

Chapter Summary

A medical procedure done on Theon goes horribly awry. Theon remembers many things, including a gun. Reek remembers several things as well. The two merge and sacrifice everything to follow their new crazed path.

Theon had forgotten about the gun, he had forgotten about so much. The past blurred as time went on, as Ramsay and the Starks became his world. Reek himself has allowed memories to fade as well. What helped both of them remember EVERYTHING was the buck toothed doctor. He had fought hard and took several men to restrain him on the rubber sheets. Asha tried to tell Theon it was not that bad, but it wasn’t her head being fried! Also, even though it was not a lobotomy like Robb has, one wrong dial turn? Who knows what could happen then? Theon fought but inevitably a rubber bit was placed in his mouth, body unable to move. Straps so tightly drawn that he would have bruises in their shape for months. The doctor fiddled with a dial and **THEONREEKTHEONREEK**

so small, so smallsmallsmaller than a mouse and his father was huge, bigger than everything and he made the world a nightmare. i thought he was the boogyman i told asha that she hit me hitmehardbuthehitssomuchharder ALLTHETIMEALLTHETIMEALLTHEFUCKINGTIME THEON THEON YOU LITTLE SHIT THEON andtherewasnotaplacehtohide never a person to help who would want to help a thing like you-

vomiting blood everywhere and his mother singing to him. holding a bowl under his chin, it fills with blood. she asked for a doctor and daddy beat her too. theon, if you get worse i will take you myself to a doctor. she promised and he did get worse. but she sang to him as he started to die and it was his uncle who finally took him to the hospital. when theon returned no one even noticed but his mother. and she had cried, telling theon she thought he was dead. and he remembered now that she seemed sad he was alive. that was the day, his uncle gave him the gun, taught him to use it. theon hid it well, too well, in a dark little cave-

**LIGHTSBRIGHTLIGHTSGUNPOWDERSMELLMUZZLEFLASHES** a giant man and again he is very small, like a mouse maybe smaller. this man can kill him anytime, he uses me, hurts me when i act like anything but a humble servant. they all remind me that i am less than a hostage and anything can be done to me beggingsobbingbegging this large imposing man to not send me to

hehurtandwassmallsmallsmallestandthen gentle hands a voice that soothes you are mine good boy goodpetgoodreek**WHATISYOURNAME** pleasepleasemercycplease i can even rhyme it you are mine foreverandalways goodboy goodpet goodloyalreek i will always protect you. i will always want you with me **WHATISYOURNAME** no one will ever care for you love you like i do my special pet do you love me **WHATISYOURNAME REEKREEKREEKREEKREEK IT RYHMES WITH FREAK MEEK WEAK LEAK SEEK**

So the next day when Theon was walking slowly along the beach, he was a sneak. He went into the little cave and there it was. Still wrapped in a box, in old cloth. It had a small box of bullets and he took those too. Reek visited his mother and then had gone to load his gun. His jaw and head still hurt. He kept wandering between the past and present. One thing was getting clearer though. Theon
was Reek and Reek was Theon. There was no escaping that, but Ramsay never needs to see the Theon part. The other thing that was very clear, he needed to leave, to go home at all costs. Reek trusted his Master to track him down, of course he did. However, Reek found he has no more patience. Asha might rip the last shreds of his sanity away before Ramsay can find him. Reek will just have to find Ramsay, he has hunted with his Master. Theon knew how to use weapons and how to fight. Reek knew how to be a very violent pet if need be. No sacrifice is too much for Reek to return home. To the one person who actually loved him. Ramsay needs Reek and Reek needs Ramsay. How dare these uncaring fucking savages keep them apart?

Theon waited until it was late night and Asha was finishing her nightly rituals. One of them was to visit their mother while she slept. She would stand there and say a silent prayer just before retiring for the night. A few minutes before Asha would enter, Reek slipped into the room. Gently, so gently Theon placed a pillow against his mothers head and shot her. Theon said out loud, "I am so sorry, you are at peace now." Then he waited in the shadows for his sister. When Asha saw her mother, Theon stepped forward. Another shot and Asha crumpled to the floor. Reek checked to see if she was dead, but he settled for unconscious. He really wanted to kill her but Theon just wanted to leave right now. Animal instincts took over and the pet slunk away. By morning he was nowhere to be found. A huge fire way too close to their ammunition warehouse took everyone’s attention. Until someone went to get Asha and found the bodies. Theon was a ghost now. Reek hid them well and together they hunted for a way home.
Know Who Your Enemies Are

Chapter Summary

Arya gets a broken heart and a new goal in life.

The same day that Robb had his last grand mal seizure, was the same day that Reek and Theon became one. It was also the day that Arya Stark's heart broke. One thing that the Starks and Damon could have definitely agreed on was that Arya was a thief. Even her loving parents would loudly declare it and have even screamed it while beating her for it. Why else be a ninja and sneak around? Information to blackmail with and to steal shit. No amount of punishment, threat or even therapy would change it. If something was missing, Arya was the first to get the blame. Usually with good reason. The only reason Arya hasn't managed to snag and use a cell was she got caught. Her first try and fucking Ramsay Bolton had set her up for it. Before Damon could even register why she was screaming, she lost three fingertips. The bastard had a meat cleaver and had chopped them off so fast. Arya was not even in pain yet, screaming at the sight of her bloody stubs. It is not something she will forget and the lesson sunk deep. That didn't mean everything else wasn't up for grabs. Of course, not weapons or anything that could cost her more pieces.

Small things like magazines, credit cards and keys mainly. She likes to watch the staff go apeshit trying to find their items. Usually Arya hid the items in strange locations and when Damon would come after her, feign innocence. She usually ended up with the beating anyway, but it was worth it. This is how she remained herself, remembered her real name. Arya Stark. I have three surviving siblings, Robb, Rickon and Sansa. My sister is alive somewhere and she will save us. I just have to wait it out, I can endure this. Evade Ramsay, hide when Roose visits and amuse Damon. I will learn to hunt and be as dangerous as these men. Nothing will break me down and when Sansa comes, all hell will come down. I will show them just how much they have taught me. Sansa will destroy Roose with her own hands and we can find save the boys. Arya also likes to read the magazines, which is kind of funny. She had always teased her mother and sister for those chick mags. They would have never let her live this down. Arya still thought the stories were stupid but it was her only link to the outside world. She sometimes would sneak closer to the gardeners to listen to the radio. It was never anything but music that set her teeth on edge. Sometimes weather reports but that was all.

The remote for the television was hidden from her and she has to beg Damon to watch a show. Arya is known for suddenly being anywhere a computer is turned on. Everyone watches for her and Ramsay punishes not just her but the servant for this transgression. So going anywhere around a computer is not happening. Even newspapers aren't allowed. The closest she came to reading one was a rolled up old one Damon hit her with. He caught her rifling through a trash bin to find it, so he beat her with it then tossed her headfirst into the trash bin. The jerk actually made her stay that way, her nose filling with rot as he read the whole paper. So Arya hungrily would scan these magazines reading about movies she won't see, celebrities she doesn't care about. This latest catch was a disappointing one for sure. Nestled in an old fire pit that was well hidden but within her limits, Arya frowned. Ugh. It was a bridal one, how much worse could it get? The first pictures were tolerable, mainly prom dresses. This year would have been her first formal. Arya wondered which dress her mother would have forced her into.

Flipping further on, Arya suddenly sat straight up, staring. A Lannister wedding was the main article and here was Sansa wearing an antique wedding dress. Standing next to Tywin Lannister, she
couldn't have married him! He was not only old enough to be their grandfather, he ordered this whole thing! Next to the happy couple were the Witch, Gold Hand and the Imp. Names Arya gave the three siblings back when Sansa dated Joff. Tywin Lannister? Did Sansa not know that he arranged their deaths? Has the clever sister been tricked? No, Arya knew of Petyr and Uncle Benjie, it was not unrealistic. Before this could even really register, Arya caught the words of an interview with her sister. Sansa spoke of a horrible boating tragedy. One that killed most of her family during a vacation with the Boltons. How the only other survivors were Robb and Arya. Her older brother was brain damaged, her younger sister was traumatized. That she and Robb had agreed that Roose Bolton would care-take them. He kindly adopted Arya and Robb gave him guardianship. Sansa had sought comfort with old family friends and the Lannisters were always fond of her. Imagine her surprise when Tywin proposed and Sansa just loved the South and it's most prominent family.

Arya gasped for breath for a minute and gave it one more read. Oh, you bitch! You never meant to come back for us, never meant to save us. Did you tell any of our siblings you would save them too? Scalding rage came hard and heavy, she was sobbing with it. Did you know? Where you part of the whole set up maybe? I don't even know what to believe about now, you heartless whore! You know, you know what they are doing to us, you know and you don't care. You gave us away, so you could have all the social power you wanted. Rich as you always hoped to be, in the South where you always said you would go. The sound she made next was awful, like something dying and Arya felt true loss in that moment. No one will be saving us. There is no rescue coming and no way to escape. The only other Stark that is free is six years old and with a professional killer. By the time Rickon learns enough to rescue her, provided he survives long, she will be too old to care anymore. Robb will probably always be too impaired, Roose will see to that. Even if Arya gets to leave the island, she is the property of Roose Bolton. This was her world now and there was no more evading the truth of it.

The hurt began to turn into something else and Arya took her stolen lighter out. Ripping out the pages that have Sansa in them, Arya tossed the magazine into the pit. Scrambling to sit beside it with the pages next to her, Arya set the magazine on fire. First she lifted the picture of Sansa snuggling into the side of Tywin Lannister, the golden family all together glittering. Arya took great note of every detail in the picture before tossing it into the fire. If I ever get off this island, out of this hellish situation, I am coming for you. The next page showed Sansa dancing with Petyr Baelish. Of course he was there. Her old mentor must be so proud of Sansa. Fire ate it away and Arya thought, Pray that Robb does not recover. He will find you and help me destroy you. The last page hurt the worst. It showed Sansa and her wedding party. All her bridesmaids, even the Witch wearing her father's sigil in black. As if a tribute, but all Arya saw was a hypocrite whore that was walking over her family grave. Hope that Rickon never discovers what you have done. All three of us are in the care of hunters, ruthless killers. I know at least two of us that are learning from it. The Starks are gone and Sansa Lannister was part of the enemy.
Reunions Always Seem Bittersweet

Chapter Summary

roose visits his son. robb hides his feelings. damon gets a mission.

Roose was the only man that Damon has never seen sweat. Being from the North, he should tan or burn or at least sweat. When he shared this theory to Ramsay, Kitten's voice from his leg came with a response. "He isn't human. Only humans can sweat, he is a Decepticon. Bran was right about that one." Though both men kind of agreed with her assessment, Damon kicked at her. "What did you forget again?" Sighing, Arya ground out, "I am sorry, Master." Another harsher kick. "And?" Hiding the rolling of her eyes, Arya mutters. "Only speak if spoken to. Master." "So shut the fuck up. Both of you." Ramsay hissed trying to look like he isn't dependent on these fucking crutches. Arya thought it was stupid, all lined up like soldiers, waiting to be inspected by Roose. Once he stood in front of his son, so close, Kitten came forth. Self preservation makes Arya cling to Damon, submissive and cowed. Damon was the only thing between her and the Boltons. Slowly, she is also discovering he is all she has at all.

There was a momentary hope when Arya first saw Robb. He was walking just behind Roose, head down, but walking. Not crawling, not sobbing, calmly following him. Dressed in regular clothing like he used to, his hair the same as it was before the vacation. The gait was a bit awkward and slower but other than that, Robb looked like his old self. Then he looked up at something Roose said and Arya's heart fell. Robb was able to focus better and even his speech sounded good, but his eyes were vacant. Sometimes flashes seem to show, but Arya only got the most cursory glance. He might not even remember who she is. Sagging against Damon's leg in defeat for a moment, she barely heard the greetings given from above. Roose led them all into the house behind him. Arya crawled but all followed just as obediently.

Ramsay forced himself to meet his father's eyes. He tried to keep his extreme hatred and his burning shame hidden. It is pointless, his father already knows. "How are you feeling son? Panic attacks and nightmares still bad?" Ramsay snapped at Kitten to get the drinks from the maid. Arya receives a glare from Ramsay for waiting to recieve Damon's nod before moving. Then gracefully, silently, she stood left for the kitchens. Roose smirked at Ramsay and said, "At least your friend knows how to keep a pet correctly." Damon winced at that and Ramsay growled. "I trained Reek just fine. You took him away then GAVE him away. It wasn't my doing, it was yours." Arya came back and shivered when Ramsay gave her such a look of feverish hate. What had she done this time? Keeping as much distance as she could, Arya put his drink on the coffee table. "No, stupid bitch, hand it to me." He hissed and Arya did so, knowing what comes next. Sure enough, Ramsay took it and threw the contents on her. Arya was just thankful it wasn't hot coffee or soup this time. That happened twice and she still has blisters from it.

Roose looked amused as he said, "Now Ramsay, there was no need for that. Just because you are bitter that is no reason to take it out on the poor pet. Damon's girl hasn't done anything wrong." Damon stood up and grabbed the wet Kitten who was clenching her teeth. "Go upstairs and change your clothes. Stay there till I come get you." Damon knew damn right well, she would sneak back down. At least she would try and find a way to eavesdrop. He didn't care, he just wanted Kitten out of the line of fire. It made him nervous for either Bolton to pay attention to his pet. Both can be deadly and both love to bait the other using anyone at their disposal. Damon is used to being used as
a bait and target, he wasn't putting the girl in that. He could not just lose her to them, they could kill her. Bad enough Ramsay was taking her apart again whenever he could reach her. Damon could insist all he would like but Ramsay was his friend and his employer's son. What choice did Damon really have? "I have a job for Damon, not for you. You are useless to me until you have healed. However, Damon since you were just following my son, I have forgiven you. For now on, I hope you will not mix friendship with my business." "I won't make that mistake again, Sir." Damon answered firmly, feeling a mean burst of pleasure. Finally, Ramsay was not the one receiving everything first.

"Go upstairs and pack to go on a little trip for me." Damon nodded then stopped near the doorway. He looked back first at Ramsay then Roose. "How long would I be gone, Sir?" Roose shrugged and said, "Till you complete the task I want done." "I have taught my pet to behave, even have trained her to hunt with me. I would like to take her with me." Roose raised an eyebrow and said, "Perhaps I should tell you what the job is now then. I want you to kill Gregor Clegane and bring me back Rickon Stark. Dead or alive, I don't really care much. Do you still think it's wise to bring the girl with you?" Damon said yes, he was confidant of his ability with controlling her. No, of course not, this is her little brother! Yet, if the pet stays here with Ramsay, Damon isn't sure Kitten will survive till his return. Luckily, Damon saw that she had not made it back in time to eavesdrop. Good, maybe then he can make this her own idea. This actually had promise, what better way to bait Rickon into the open than with Arya? "If you fail me or lose Arya it will be very bad for you, Damon." "Yes Sir, I won't fail you." Damon headed upstairs, leaving the monsters downstairs.

Robb listened as the father and son fought. It was always fighting with them, never just talking. He really didn't care at all. It was very hard to see Arya like that. She was missing skin, missing pieces of her fingers and toes. The shirt and shorts were clean and she wasn't looking sick. Her skin made Robb want to cry, all those words carved everywhere, scars all over her face. There was no way for him to help her, only to remember a happier Arya and feel angry. This was a secret thing though, these emotions. His Master was still more of a vengeful deity to Robb and he wouldn't ever anger him on purpose. The one time that Robb let his anger show even a little still terrified him. He had been obedient all day, new teachers Roose has hired worked him to tears. His brain could not take anymore work and Robb had thrown his pencil across the room. When his Master was summoned, Robb yelled. "I am tired! I can't think! I don't want to do this anymore!" The teachers were appalled at how Roose reacted. They all stood huddled and horrified as the man began to beat Robb with a walking stick. When he was done, Robb was nearly unconscious on the floor.

Robb woke in agony to find he was on the wooden cross in the dungeon again. It was night before Roose stopped taking tiny carvings of flesh. He groveled and begged Roose to let him service him, please him anything! Robb never dared to show emotion again unless Master wanted to see it. The only emotions his Master ever wants to see are fear, loyalty and pain. Luckily Robb has great amounts of those emotions to give. He tucked his anger away deeply where Roose could not find it. Robb was determined to find some way to communicate with his sister before she leaves. Perhaps if Robb remembers what the teachers babble at him, he can think it through. The answer came from his own Master thankfully. Roose grabbed Robb's chin and made him look up. "Yes Master?" "I need to spend some time with my son. I am going to tuck him into bed." Shuddering, Robb knew what that meant and felt bad for the son. Ramsay might be a scary monster but Roose was twice as bad. "I will tell Damon to send Arya to take you for a walk. Would you like that, Robb?" Timidly, he responds he would like it if it pleased his Master. While Ramsay is taken without his crutches upstairs by Master, Robb sits and waits.
Rickon is learning a new way of life now. He sees something upsetting and turns to Gregor, his mentor. Sansa takes down Jaime Lannister.

Spaceship has had concussions, contusions, cracked and lost teeth. Fractures and sprains from discipline, practice and actual work. He eats fast food, whatever slop the men manage to cook and mainly drinks soda. On occasion Gregor lets him have a beer which makes him feel sick but manly. He puts himself to bed whenever he gets tired or when the men are sick of him. Schooling consists of learning basic math and reading from Sandor. Training comes from both but mainly Gregor. There is no censorship and Rickon knows and uses language his mother would have whipped him for. He can watch anything he wants on television. Few toys are available to him, a few used toy cars and broken crayons mainly. When Rickon ran out of faded coloring books, he just used paper. That ran out and Rickon colored the walls of his room. Lessons never seemed to truly end. Every day at some point he must manage to pickpocket one of the brothers. If he is caught, Gregor beats him with a belt till he screams. Then they examine what Rickon did wrong and he is to repeat the process. One bad night Spaceship couldn't manage to steal from Gregor until almost one in the morning. Due to the excessive amount of beating, the boy didn't leave his bed for a full day.

Yet he always had a smile. Spaceship was fond of the men. He worshiped Gregor, his one authority father figure. The one person who saved him and will someday help save his siblings. Rickon was young enough to shed his past since it was painful. He was young enough, flexible enough to change and adapt, so he did. The well groomed, somewhat mischievous young boy that knew how to be polite. A young boy who could scare you half to death but would give you his stuffy if he though you were sad. That boy is either buried or gone now. This boy has eyes that are wild with sugar and sneaky. He is taught to always be ready to run or fight at any second. Gregor would plan attacks on Spaceship in the middle of the night and rarely catches him off guard. Rickon sleeps in his clothing, a knife under his pillow. He has several escape routes planned. He learned from Sandor how to booby trap his room. Spaceship is sent on small missions and is the fastest boy they ever had. He is discreet when passing messages. When Gregor sends the boy out to steal certain items for him, he never fails. Rickon follows his hero whenever he is allowed to. Studies how Gregor fights, spies and kills. Tries to copy him at the gym and nearly ripped his own limbs out till Gregor adjusted the weights for him.

One time Gregor came home to find Rickon in tears in front of the tv screen. It was a story about Sansa Stark's wedding to Tywin Lannister. An interview and Sansa told lies about his family. Her own family! Blankly, Rickon looked up at Gregor and said in a small voice, "She lied about everything. Sansa gave Robb and Arya to the Boltons. She said I was dead." Sitting down next to the boy, Gregor said plainly. "Of course she did. The Lannisters are protecting her from what happened to your parents. She must say whatever will make them all happy. For now she will do what they want then that deadly bitch will rip them apart." Rickon sat and thought on that for a moment then asked, "Does she know I am alive?" Gregor roughly grabbed the boy and wiped his eyes clean. "Yes, she does and stop those fucking tears. Sansa came here a few days ago while you were out. Yelling and acting like a maniac, I called her husband to get her off our property. Tywin set her straight and I don't think she'll be back." "Why? Why can't I see her, let her know I am okay?" "Because Sansa already has been told you are fine. If she sees you, she will try and keep
Jaime tried to ignore Sansa then he tried to be blatantly rude but it didn't work. Just like Cersie, the woman knew how to inflame his anger to incite his lust. Sansa did it so well he was sure that Cersie must have given the girl lessons in it. It disgusted him that this bitch has married his father. He pitied her when father would degrade her as badly as he did his own children. Then he would steel himself and remember that unlike them, Sansa chose this path. Finally the night came when Jaime was pushed too far. Tywin had gone out of town for a few nights and that meant his children could breathe easier. Tyrion would invite his friends over and they would invade the house with noise. Cersie and Jaime would fuck anywhere and everywhere that Tyrion wasn't. This time was different, with Sansa here it changed things. Cersie felt uncomfortable with Sansa lurking about. They argued over it while they got drunk. Eventually Cersie slapped Jaime for trying to take her anyway. She stormed out and he followed after her till she locked herself in her room. As Jaime began to stomp frustrated towards his own room again, with a raging hard on. Sansa was in the hallway and she simply smirked at him then began to walk away.

He was on her a moment later and dragged her into his room. Throwing Sansa hard onto his bed, Jaime ripped her clothing off and his own. It did not even register through drink or lust that she was not resisting. After her hands began ripping off his own pants did he discover this. Sansa had been correct. She outdid Cersie and made Jaime scream as loud as his sister did. There was nothing she did not wish to try, including something even his sister wouldn't do. Sansa had removed his golden hand and gently licked, kissed his stump. She rubbed herself against it, never once looked upon it in disgust. Then Sansa put the metal hand back on and then lubricated it. Jaime nearly came when she fisted herself upon it. By morning Sansa had two Lannister brothers joining her for breakfast. It was worth the pain that caused her to wince when she sat down.
Saving Myself For Your Capture Only

Chapter Summary

Lollys and Bronn are in Pyke hearing about the madman on a rampage. Lollys has an idea. Reek and Theon hide out during the day, recalling more memories of devotion with Ramsay. Bronn and Lollys find Reek.

A redneck with scraggily beard, large nose, grease stained hat and spitting tobacco was ignored. The lady got a few looks thanks to those daisy dukes but the peroxide blonde would turn them. Soon as men got a good look at the rotting teeth and bottleneck glasses, they looked away fast. Lollys continued to their little table with the frosted mugs of cheap beer and Bronn grimaced at the taste. "Okay, in character or not, why can't we have a decent fucking drink? This tastes like horse piss." Sipping at hers, Lolly's replied, "No, it doesn't. It tastes like failure. Something I have been tasting all day. I mean, what the fuck could have happened? I have met Reek once or twice while visiting Ramsay before. He was always crawling, acting like a dog, like a scared little dog. Even I scared him just by laughing too loud, the kid went flying behind Ramsay over it. Now he kills his mother, puts his sister in the hospital and is rampaging through Pyke?" Bronn shook his head and said, "Theon was trained by the Starks, Reek was trained by Ramsay. He can do some real damage but crazy, truly crazy will get him caught or killed." Lollys thought for a second then stood up. "The question is...how much did Theon learn from his real family before he left?" They went to the docks and spent the day there. Two stupid tourists with cameras and stupid pamphlets.

Spending the day dozing in darkness, hidden in a nest deep out of sight of the workers, Reek waited. Memories played in his mind, keeping him quiet and still. Mrs. Stark received a call of a death back home. Theon watched as the Starks hurried to pack for a trip to Cat's old home. Brienne had been allowed a brief visit to her home, accompanied by Ned's brother Benjie. Theon had returned from the Boltons only a week ago. It had been Ramsay's sixteenth birthday and he got his pet for a full seven days. The partying that ensued there was wild and somehow Theon had been injured. He was returned with stitches in his head, a broken left ankle and a deep silence all about him. Ned was pissed at such obvious signs of abuse but Roose had said that Ramsay did not cause it. Theon stood there in front of both Boltons, looking at the ground as Roose called a group of sullen boys in. "I want Mr. Stark to hear what happened to Theon so this doesn't happen again." Clearing his throat, a young teen named Damon spoke. "We were joking around and got drunk. Then got stoned and sort of got Theon messed up as a prank. We didn't know that he would try and jump off the lower roof like that. Sorry, Mr. Stark." Roose paid for all the medical bills and it was forgiven.

Except Theon was not in any condition to travel anywhere. Ned did not want to send Theon back to the Boltons, he just couldn't do it. Cat actually begged him not to and so did Robb. Sighing, Ned pulled the boy aside and asked him. "Do you think you can stay here alone for a few days? If not, I will have to call the Boltons to watch you till we get back. You are old enough now and trustworthy enough. I can let you stay alone here, the servants will be here all day. Security will come at night, you are safe enough. If you get scared or something goes wrong, you will have to call the Boltons. They can get here the fastest." Theon agreed he could care for himself and was relieved to be left alone. Playing video games, stealing every snack he is not supposed to have is fun. He takes his painkillers, watches horror movies and falls asleep on the couch. When he wakes up the staff has left and it is darker out. Theon limps through the house on his crutches and turns on every light in the house. Then the radio and the television for sound. Ned called to check on him, then Robb chatted
with him for a bit. Too soon it was just Theon and his mind again. He thought of what had really happened during the party. The story that Ned will never hear.

Reek was indeed allowed to partake during the party. Ramsay had pulled his pet onto his lap and gave him a few sips of his drink. Not enough for his pet to actually become drunk, not even really buzzed. Then Ramsay would inhale from a joint, pull his Reek close and blow the smoke into his mouth. That made his pet giggle and become fuzzily affectionate. It made the games easier that Ramsay had Reek play afterwards. The wild teens that Ramsay had invited got to play Pin The Tail On Reek. A modern version of the donkey game, except Reek was standing against a picture of a donkey tacked to the fence. Each person was given a thin pin with a ribbon on it and a blindfold. Ramsay made sure that Damon stood close to Reek and didn't let anyone go near the pet's face. Theon came out of it with some bloody pinpricks but nothing worse, it was more scary then painful. Then they played spin the bottle, or again a new version of it. Whomever the bottle spun to point at, Reek had to pleasure. He would crawl over and use his mouth to the amusement of all. Ramsay let Reek sit with him again afterwards. Ramsay praised him, let him have some cake, a sip of beer. There was no actual violence and Ramsay was having a fine time. All was good till Ramsay went inside with a struggling girl and Damon to play a more private game.

By now the boys were shitfaced and most of the actual guests had left. Skinner, Alyn and Ben were teasing Reek now, but he was used to this and complied. When they took his clothes away, Reek blushed but did not protest. He chased a ball for them, let them make him drink from a puddle. Too drunk for sense, they started to crowd in on Theon and spoke of fucking him. That is when he freaked out and ran from them. They were dangerous but stumbling, laughing it was still fun for them. Catching Reek was harder than they thought and then when they did, he fought them. Screeching like a lunatic, he bit, kicked and hit. In fact, Theon and Reek together managed to break Ben's nose, bite a chunk of flesh from Alyn and almost knocked Skinner unconscious with a branch. Reek's screams reached Ramsay through the window, he flew outside just in time. Reek was bloody and broken, the boys were about to gang rape him when Ramsay attacked. Reek had watched as his Master hurt and scared them away. Then Ramsay carried his pet inside and called for a doctor. Cradling his poor sobbing pet, Ramsay asked what happened. "They did not have your permission to touch me that way, Master." With a little chuckle, Ramsay kissed his pet. "No, they didn't, Reek. You could have just let them have you to save yourself the injuries. Such a loyal good boy, you risked your own skin to save yourself for me, didn't you?" Now Reek and Theon wait until night falls before moving again. I am saving myself for you, Master, I am on my way.

Bronn took as much advantage as he could of pretending Lollys was a whore. Lollys actually did enjoy playing that role during hunts in the past. However, this time she was too tense and kept ripping poor hubby's fun apart. "With you breathing in my ear like that, I'll never hear him. In fact, he probably will hear you and assume he is about to be buggered and flee." Grumbling, Bronn moved back and grimaced again at the horse piss taste in his mouth. A fog started and Lollys cursed silently, why was everything against her. When she muttered that out loud, Bronn whispered, "Uh...the fog is low, unless he is a midget?" Lollys pinched him and hissed, "Theon will walk, but Reek might crawl, remember?" Sure enough a figure like a slinking dog seemed to melt in and out of sight nearby. Bronn and Lollys each took a different direction, to come around in front of the figure before it reached the ramp it sought out. Earlier Lollys had told Bronn, "If Theon remembers enough about his family, he'll remember where they store bootleg. He will attempt to hide there to get out of Pyke. I bet he goes for one of the ships tonight." Slinking, Reek had just begun to reach the plank when a man was in front of him. He did not speak, he just reacted by launching himself. Bronn had expected him to flee, to pull a gun or knife. He did not expect that someone could go from hands and knees to a leap that fast.
Say You Are Sorry Even If You Are Not

Chapter Summary

Ramsay recieve some unique therapy from his father. Damon plays Arya into begging to stay with her Master. Robb and Arya say goodbye.

Ramsay shivered in the bed even though it was not cold at all. He was splayed out naked as Roose as positioned him. "Now I am very concerned about you, son. I heard that speaking of your traumas can help, so we are going to try that." Roose ran a gloved hand down the length of Ramsay's body and smirked when the boy shivered. Roose was wearing a very special pair of gloves. They were a gift from his son on his first human hunt with his father. Roose had painstakingly taught Ramsay how to make them. How proud the boy looked when they fit his father's hands. However, he never did like that Roose wore them when molesting or hurting Ramsay. It had amused Roose that the ritual continued. Ramsay had Theon make a pair from some victim on his first hunt. Sure enough, Ramsay liked to wear them when playing with his pet. Theon did not like the feeling of it anymore than Ramsay did. Anymore than Roose did when his father wore them. Traditions are important though.

Using a very soft voice, Roose told Ramsay to speak of the experience with the Mountain. "If I think you are lying or evading, I will find out the truth another way. I will simply try to recreate it for you till I hear what I think is the most detailed truth." Ramsay knew it was not an idle threat and with tears of shame, he spoke. Everything was examined, ripped apart and renewed the emotions again. Roose made Ramsay repeat every detail twice before he climbed on top of his son's chest. He ruthlessly fucked Ramsay's mouth and came on his face. Roose stood up again, fixed his clothing and smirked at his son. "Look at you, such a failure. Hell, I have destroyed Robb Stark's brain and he still does his tasks better than you do. Now, tell it all one last time, from the start of hunting Rickon alone." With a sob, Ramsay began again.

Damon entered his room as Arya had clearly been leaving it. Glaring at her, Damon nearly stomped on her as he walked into the room and slammed the door. Kitten tried to scurry out of his path and leaped to sit on the edge of the bed. Amused at her way of avoiding having to kneel, Damon gets his traveling bags out. "Packing? Why are you packing, Master?" "Roose is sending me on a job off the island." The pet looked nervous about that and asked, "How long will you be gone?" Shrugging, Damon casually packed. "Probably at least a month if not more." Leaning to zipper shut a bag and to shove Arya hard off the bed, he growled out, "What did you forget?" "Master." Kitten ground out as she stiffly pulled herself to her knees. However, panic was starting to build and Arya couldn't stay there. Standing again, she approached Damon and touched his arm. "Take me with you, Master. You can't leave me here with Ramsay, he'll kill me." Damon continued to ignore her and pack while the pet got more desperate. "Damon, you know what he'll do! Please, you can't just leave me here with him!"

Damon went still but wasn't looking at her. "Do you want me to shatter your cheekbone with my fist? Say my title and use some respect or I am breaking your face." Frustrated, Arya let go of his arm and growled out, "Master, I am sorry. I can't help but panic right now. If you leave me here, Ramsay will flay me alive if I am lucky. Please, don't leave me with him. I won't try and escape, I haven't yet! When I hunt with you, I obey, I will be helpful, I can be! Master, listen to me, please!" Damon finally looked at his desperate pet then said, "No. The second we got off this island I would have to
worry about you trying to run away." "To where? Master, I don't have anyone to run to, anywhere to go! You are all I have, all that keeps the Boltons or Lannisters from killing me. I won't run from you because you are all the safety I have, Master. I swear to be loyal and helpful, I swear it." Finishing his packing, including his weaponry, Damon stared at Arya, his arms crossed. "So you have accepted that you are my property now. You are accepting that you will be my slave, my little pet until you die. That you will always remain with me, even of your own free will now." Arya thought about that for a second and then nodded. "As much as I hate it, yes. You are my Master and I need you to stay alive. Let me come with you, please. I will do anything, Master, I want to go with you." "Go say goodbye to your brother in the garden, girl. You won't see him again for awhile." It took Arya a second or two to process what Damon had said. "Thank you, Master, thank you!" She said in a rush of relief.

Robb did not speak or look at his sister until they were out of sight in the garden. Arya had led him here by his hand, speaking gently the whole time. "Robb, I don't know how much of me you remember. I want you to know though, I love you and will never desert you. I need to go with Damon for awhile, he is my Master, I go where he does now. He will keep me safe and when I see you again, I hope you will remember me. At least remember that I love you, Rickon loves you and both of us are alive." Arya was surprised when Robb turned and looked directly at her for a second. "My little sister Arya. I know who you are. I know Rickon is alive and in the South. I know Sansa is alive and in the South. I live in the North with Roose. You live on the island with Ramsay and Damon." Arya hugged Robb and let him wipe the tears from her face. "Don't be scared and sad, Arya. I will miss you and remember you. I will remember Rickon and Sansa too." Shaking her head, Arya said in a hard voice. "Don't bother to remember Sansa, she doesn't want to remember us. Rickon is hopefully safe till I can help him someday. But don't trust Sansa to ever help us, Robb, she won't. She is a Lannister now, an enemy." Robb held his aching head and turned pale. "Remember you and Rickon, forget Sansa as an enemy. I will try to keep all of that in my head."
Chapter Summary

Tyrion and Cersei have noticed Sansa’s dalliances with Jaime. Tywin comes home and Tryion seeks out Varys for comfort. Varys is distracted and tells Tyrion to come back later. He gives advice that Tyrion discards. Tyrion surprises Sansa and receives his own shock. Sansa does a dance of half truths for him. Tyrion falls into the trap easily.

Tyrion had thought to surprise Sansa in her bedroom. His father was proper old fashioned South, that meant that Sansa had her own room. It was connected to Tywin’s room by a door in the wall. Of course, it was only used as her personal space and dressing, reading and hiding area. At night when her husband was not away on business, she slept in his bed. Tywin had been back home again for about four days now. Sansa has not been seen at night by anyone once her husband beckoned her to bed. Neither Cersei or Tyrion were stupid, they saw how Jaime has been watching his stepmother. His sudden fierce disgust of her has dampened. Now he never mentions her at all, but Jaime has been seen missing at the same time as Sansa. Both see how Jaime turns slightly pink when she comes in the room. Tyrion and Cersei never thought anything could bring them together before. Now they were sharing the same afternoon drinking lunches. They still only quipped bitterly at each other. Why they were both sharing a table and a glass was not discussed at all. It was just nice to have someone else to be angry and scared with.

Once Tywin had returned, Sansa only had eyes and body for her husband. Jaime went back to fighting and fucking Cersei. Tyrion has started to visit Varys again for lunch. Varys refused to allow only alcohol for mealtimes and forced Tyrion into eating. Normally, Varys would not only force his friend to discuss his problems, he would provide humor to be restored. This would have bee the case but Varys had his own worries. Instead of doing his normal prodding, he was staring off into space and biting a finger nail. ’Considering how much I know you pay for those nails to be done, what you are doing there is criminal. You rip that nail off and your technician might rip your head off.’ Varys blushed and hid his fingers away in his lap. ’I am sorry. Here you are with such a great look of misery and I want to gossip about it. I really do. I am sort of stuck myself with a problem right now. Tyrion, forgive me, I am poor company for you today. I am going to have to excuse myself and sort some things out. I implore you not to do anything foolish even though I know you will. Whatever it is, we can work it out in a logical manner and properly fix it. I will call you later and we shall talk over dinner tonight.’

So as Varys walked away, Tryion left to do something as foolish as possible. Every bedroom in the house has a secret panel. It connects to a winding hallway and steep staircase. Only the bedrooms can be accessed and a door that leads to a secret tunnel. This house was built in a far more dangerous time and escape routes were needed for such prosperous families. Hell, even now there could be a dangerous moment for the Lannisters to need this escape tunnel. As far as Tyrion knew though, this batch of Lannisters used the hallway for everything else hidden. The siblings used it to break curfew. Tyrion used it to smuggle whores in and out. Cersei and Jaime used it to get into each others room at night. Now Tyrion used it to enter Sansa’s bedroom. Tywin would be out until tonight stuck being with that toadie of his, Mace Tyrell. In spite of his family’s success, the man was insecure. His mother held all the power, his children held all the charisma. All Mace had was the name and titles, but it was never really more than that. So Mace kept trying to impress Tywin, by being his main yes man. In truth, it was due to his mother that Tywin allows the pitiful man to assist him.
Tyrion knew Sansa would be in her room either reading or napping during this time of day. He entered so quietly but Sansa still heard it and startled. Sitting up fast, the covers slid down and her nakedness was apparent. Tyrion sucked in his breath and went still, staring at the young woman. She was a lovely figure that was true, but he had seen it before. What was making Tyrion pause was the marks all over her. "It is nothing, stop staring at me like that." Sansa said and pulled the blankets up, blushing. Tears appeared in her eyes and she said in a very soft helpless voice, "Please leave and say nothing, okay? I just want to rest today. Please, I need to be ready for when Tywin comes home later. I just want to let the painkillers he left me kick in. He said I can take them only until he comes home. So please, go and let me be." Had Tyrion been a bit more sober, less desperate he might have not been fooled. Sansa was worried about that, but it was all she could think of to say. It did fall right into place though, and Petyr was heard in her head. You told the truth, even a half truth a grain of it is enough. It makes the lie real then, so you don't give yourself away with nerves. Keep going, it is still the same plan.

So Sansa watched as Tyrion came over to her and whistled. "I hope the status, power and shopping are really good for you, Sansa. Is it worth letting my father take you apart like this every night? How long before it won't be worth it anymore, do you think? When he tells you Roose Bolton gave him some romantic tips?" The quip couldn't hide that Tyrion was staring at deep bite marks on her body. It couldn't conceal the light trembling of his hands as he pulled the blankets down and saw worse. Before Tyrion could say anything else, Sansa began to do a dance Petyr had taught her before. The tears began to fall and Sansa spoke with a hitch in her voice. "Tywin was just....he lost control and I begged and screamed. (For more and worse.) He has these fantasies sometimes....(I have been sleeping with Jaime while dreaming of Tywin's fantasies.) I never married your father for...for what you all think. I am all that keeps Roose from killing Robb and Arya. (I am all that they have left in the world. I cannot save them, but I can avenge them someday.) This is why I married your father, why I willingly came here. I could have killed or escaped Sandor after we left the island. If I could kill that many men on the island, one Southern boy was really no match. (And I knew it but I knew I had no power, no money. So I came to those who did.)

Tyrion listened and treated her wounds at the same time. He brought her some tea, toast and broth, sat with her longer. By the time he helped her dress and then went to leave before Tywin came home, he was convinced. Taking one of her small hands in his own, Tyrion promised her. "I will help you, save you. When Lollys and Bronn get back they can give us some ideas how to save your siblings. They do amazing things like that...well, they mainly kill or maim but surely they have saved one or two. Let me worry about my dearest father, don't give up hope Sansa. Fucking Jaime in hopes of gaining his help is useless. I am less honorable than him in most ways. I can do what needs to be done. You are very strong and I respect that, but this once, you need help. So let your friends help you." Sansa nodded and Petyr flashed in her eyes but Tyrion was already turned away to leave the room.
Newcomers Not Welcome

Chapter Summary

Varys sees something disturbing. Sandor gets a show. Dany and Melissa have come South. Tysha and Jeyne are not fooled and see Petyr all over it. Varys has to draw a line.

Varys sipped his wine and stared again at the clips sent by Jeyne and Tysha. A rather infamous rough stripper bar that the Cleganes were known to frequent. Jeyne and Tysha were regulars there as well, because the Cleganes were not the only useful men to be found there. It was not unusual to see Sandor drinking and watching strippers. However, part of the deal with Varys is that Sandor and Gregor might use his girls. With Sandor's burn scars and his brother's rage plus large inhuman size make them unique. Most of the caliber of whores these men would wish to use would not willingly take them. However the girls Varys has are not only high class, but do not mind the exotic at all. Some are turned on by it in fact. Problem is they are very expensive and Varys only accepts men that have an invite. They must be willing to make an expense account and a recommendation from a regular. A physical by Varys's own doctor must be performed at the man's own expense.

The Cleganes even with their lucrative career could not afford the girls there. They certainly would not even know any of the regulars to get a recommendation. Only once Varys called them for a job did they get the upper hand. Suddenly girls were available and they even had the physicals paid for by Varys. So if Sandor had seen Tysha or Jeyne there and he was in the mood, he would go for one of them. So it was very unusual that instead he was ignoring them in favor of two new girls. These were not familiar to Jeyne, Tysha or Varys at all. They were not new strippers, nor did they seem to be in the employment of anyone in the South. The brilliant redhead and platinum blonde were not directly attempting to seduce Sandor. No, that would have been obvious and suspicious to him. Instead, they sat nearby, flirting and making out with each other. They got more bold as time went on and were trying to discreetly feel each other up. Sandor watched with fascination as the blonde managed to remove redhead's underwear with a delicate foot. Then used that same foot to delve between those thighs and make the woman orgasm.

Redhead was even bolder, she dropped her napkin then herself under the table. Blondie put her coat over her lap and the lovely head that was disappearing. After the second girl was pleased the two began drinking and chatting. Sandor was listening to their trilling laughter while drinking. An hour later is when the girls began to turn and include him into their conversation. It was light, slightly flirty and drunkenly innocent. They left before he did and never once attempted to hit on him. They had no idea that Vary's girls had filmed them in small doses. Varys knew as well as Jeyne did that Petyr's signature was all over them. He knew that they would be back the next time Sandor showed at the bar. Varys had a horrible feeling he knew exactly why they were hunting Sandor. Damn Petyr, he cannot pass up the opportunity to gain Roose's favor by giving him Rickon. There was no way Varys was going to let that little boy get murdered. Unlike his cold husband, Varys does have some morals and limits. This was where he drew the line, killing small children.
Chapter Summary

Lollys and Bronn try to subdue the raging storm that was Theon/Reek. Ramsay gets a phone call that is disturbing and wonderful all at once. Roose torments Ramsay a final time.

Bronn was just aware of thin limbs jerking out in strange places and gnashing teeth. Lollys had dragged him to those Lords of the Ring movies and he thought, Gollum. I am being attacked by fucking Gollum. Luckily, this creature didn't bite off his finger, but Bronn did lose his nose. The crazed man did not slam into Bronn like a normal person would. Instead, the bug eyed freak leaped onto him, the fingers and toes curled into his clothing, latching on like a lizard. Then the head and teeth darted forward and bit deep. Into the prosthetic nose that Bronn had and tore it off. Reek spit it out and stared in confusion at the new nose that grew back so fast. Then Theon screamed full into Bronn's face, causing the other man to scream right back.

Lollys wanted to help, she really did but she could only stare at first. Finally, as the two men screamed in each others faces, Lollys moved. Slipping up behind the deranged thing she used her taser on a medium setting. Reek flopped like a fish on the wood, foaming a bit. "What the living fuck is wrong with you?" She yelled at Bronn, who just stared back at her, his mouth open. "With me?" Bronn pointed down at the writhing maniac. "What the fuck is wrong with HIM? You never mentioned your Norman Bates buddy turned a Greyjoy into Gollum!" Lollys shook her head and said, "You don't even make any sense. Quick, put the zip ties on him before he gains control again." Bronn grumbled to himself disbelievingly as he pulled the wiry arms behind the jerking back. When Bronn stood back up, he let the man lay for a moment and recuperate. The limbs came back and Theon flipped himself over. Then he used his legs to kick himself away from these two strangers.

"We don't want to hurt you, buddy. Just calm yourself down now. If you make a commotion the islanders are going to find you. They will certainly hurt you, probably kill you. We are here to bring you back to Ramsay Bolton." Bronn said in a calm, quiet voice, walking towards the squirming man. "Lies." Spat out Reek as he continued to struggle away. Lollys decided to try it another way and hunched down. "Reek. I am Lollys and I am friends with your Master. You have met me a few times before when I visited Ramsay. Of course, I normally have purple hair, not blonde. Do you remember me at all?" Theon shook his head but Reek did try and think back. Something about the purple hair was there, but it was too distant. "I don't know you. You look like a tourist, you don't look anything like Ramsay's friends. You don't look like Master's girls either. If you spoke with Asha, she could have told you my real name. You are tricking me, trying to fool me into going with you. Fuck off, I will fight to go home until you all kill me. So either kill me or get the fuck out of the way!"

Reek had made it to his feet now and started to charge at Lollys. Bronn caught him by the waist and then put him in a choke hold. As he easily held the writhing man, Bronn suddenly grinned. "Theek." Lollys had been digging for her phone and stopped, staring at her husband. "What?" "He is half Reek and half Theon now. So Theek." Earning himself a disgusted look from his wife, Bronn laughed and tightened his grip, little shit almost got loose. Lollys hit a button and prayed the ring would be answered by a real voice. She hit speaker phone just as Ramsay said, "Lollys? Did you find him, is he alright?" This drew a gasp from Reek who went still and stared at the purple phone.
"Is that Ramsay? Is that Master?" he shrieked and Bronn hushed him. "Don't yell, he can hear you just fine." "Reek? Reek, is that you, my pet?" Ramsay sounded almost strange, as if he was crying but it was Ramsay. Instantly, the pet became tearful but began twisting harder to gain release.

"Master! I am coming, but they all keep trying to stop me! I am trying to get home, I killed mother and Asha then I ran! I am going to come home as quick as I can."

Ramsay was somewhat alarmed at the voice he heard. It was Theon's fierceness but Reek's babble. The voice was defiant and submissive all at once and Ramsay wondered what Asha did to him. That his meek pet murdered his mother and sister was both touching and disturbing. "Reek, calm down and listen to me. I have sent Lollys and Bronn to bring you home. I want you to behave and do what they say until you are back with me." Gnashing his teeth, Reek lashed out at Bronn. "Let me go so I can use the fucking phone. I want to talk to my Master, get off of me!" In a shocked voice, Ramsay ordered, "REEK! That was not listening or answering me. Apologize now." Theon seemed to wrestle with himself for a second too long. "REEK!" The voice that thundered from the phone did it and Reek sagged. "I am sorry, Master." "Lollys, please let him speak with me privately for a moment." Lollys took it off speaker. "Sit and I'll put the phone against your ear for you." said Bronn as he shoved Reek to the boards. The phone pressed against Reek's ear and he said eagerly, "Master?"

"Reek, are you ready to listen now?" "Master, why haven't you come for me?" Moaning, Theon wished he had not let that slip out. "Reek, I asked if you were ready to listen, not ask questions." Ramsay snapped, but it shook him and it hurt that he wasn't there. "I was injured and so I sent my friends to help you, ungrateful, rude little pet." Ramsay answered anyway, hoping the insult would cover his weakness in answering. "You are hurt, Master? Please be okay, I will come home soon! What happened, Master? Who hurt you?" The menace in that last question soured the worry that had soothed Ramsay for a second. "We shall talk about it later, Reek. I will be just fine once I know that you are behaving and on your way to me. Do you love me, pet, miss your Master?" Reek gave a small sob and whimpered, "Yes, I love you and miss you. I just want to be back with you, it's all I want to do. Please don't be mad at me. I didn't want to go." Ramsay felt better again and went to soothe his little pet. However, another curve ball and Reek ruined it again for him.

"I tried to call you and warn you. To tell you so you could save me, Master! You never answered and then I tried to call Damon. He didn't answer me either. Your father sold me, I did not want to go and I fought them hard as I could! Master, I fought just like I did when the Boys tried to...tried to..." Ramsay could not bear another word out of this parody of Reek and Theon. "Hush, no more speaking without permission! Pay attention to me now, Reek. You will do whatever Lollys and Bronn tell you until you are back to me. Now, I want you to promise to obey and be good. I will tell them to let you call me later when it is safe for them to do so. Understand me, Reek? Now you can answer me." "Yes Master. I will let them take me home." That was not what Ramsay wanted to hear but he let it go. It can all be fixed, he has retrained his pet before. "Fine, now behave and I want to speak with Lollys."

After speaking with a very upset Lollys, Ramsay hung up the phone. He stared defiantly at his father, who had been leaning against the door frame, smirking. "I am getting Reek back. He has killed his mother and sister just to come home to me. You cannot keep us apart." "If I really wanted to, I most certainly could. I would just wait and kill the miserable boy as soon as he came in. But I won't. If you want to keep him permanently this time, you had best heal up fast. I expect he will need a firmer, stronger hand this time, I am sure they have messed him up. Also, if you wish for me not to rip him away again, you had best show me you are not entirely useless. Get well, son." Roose left the room and Ramsay stared at the ceiling, pretending he wasn't scared of anything. I can be useful, I can be the Master Reek needs. Once my pet is back at my feet he will remember his place. Once I heal, I will make Damon regret stealing my place with Father. When I am the hunter with my pet at my side, Arya will grovel, and Father will need me like never before. I will make sure of it.
Arya and Robb have a few moments of peace together. Damon gives his pet a new look and collar to match it. Arya is truly grateful to look and feel human again, she is thrilled to leave the island. It is not until she sees they are in the South, she thinks to question. Damon's answer stuns her.

Arya spent a nice long time with Robb, just walking around. He let her take the lead and even carry most of their conversations. They did not talk much though, it was the joy of comfort without Masters about. It was less a brother and sister bonding as two pets of ruthless killers and sadists trying to have a calm moment. Enjoying that they were not exclusively alone in their world of slavery and pain. They walked around everywhere, even to the beach, well the edge of the rocks, at least. "Why can't we go to the water?" Robb asked and Arya blushed. "These rocks are my limits, I need permission to go further." Robb simply nodded and sat on one of the rocks. "Can we sit here for a minute. I am still not used to walking this much." Sitting on a large rock that she can sprawl on, she nods. "I understand. I spend more time crawling than walking too. Once Damon started to let me come outside, I had to force myself to walk. It hurt for a long time, now I can even do gymnastics again." Robb thought for a second and said, "Did I ever do gymnastics? I cannot remember." "No, you did football. You were captain of the football team in high school. Class president, too."

Damon gave his pet an hour with her brother while he made arrangements. One of the serving girls was summoned and he bought her best outfit from her. Then he had another girl tailor it to fit Arya. A maid who was good with makeup and hair was called for. Then he went to get Kitten. She saw him coming and gave her brother a quick kiss on the cheek. Then the pet lowered her head and walked to Damon. Once she was before him, Arya knelt down and waited, silent. "Good girl. I am glad to see you on your best behavior." Damon praised and even though his voice was mocking, Arya was relieved. One wrong thing and Damon might leave her here after all. "Time to come inside, you need to get ready to go." Damon told Robb that he should come inside as well. Both pets followed him inside the house. Robb politely asked if he could rest in his Master's room and Damon gave permission.

The servant came forward and sat Arya in a chair, covering her with a towel. She cut the hair according to Damon's specifications. Then she helped the girl dress in the new clothing and sat her back down again. This time she added make up. To conceal cuts and bruises, just a touch to actually widen eyes, fix chapped lips. Only after the look was complete down to the tied on sneakers, did Damon bring Arya to a mirror. It was an ornate full length mirror in a little sitting room. Ever since the day Damon had cut her up, she avoided all mirrors. Seeing even her face disturbs her. The word on her forehead, forever labeling her, the huge bags under sunken eyes, she hates it. Hair usually wild and knotted, Damon allows her to wash it, but he doesn't care much to let her brush it out. Calls her vain and uses it as a reason to offer extra humiliation when he catches her brushing out her hair. Seeing her body is worse, all the words, the cuts and bruises everywhere. Her body is still muscular but thinner now. Her nails were just starting to grow again. Dirty feet, always dirty and bare. Missing toes and fingers, it was disgusting to her. Arya had her eyes shut tight and Damon had to order her to look at her reflection. Reluctantly, she opened her eyes and looked at the unfamiliar person in the mirror.
Long black leggings covered her legs completely. Sneaker hid the feet. Now she started to look upwards, gasping at how different she seemed now. A long thin cotton shirt, a pretty pink color that she has always despised. But now she loved this color, because it was a real shirt. It was clingy and covered her arms, waist, even up to her neck. Extra long cuffs hid her hands almost completely. Her hair was cut up to her shoulder but it was thick and shaggy still. Long wide bangs hid the forehead and foundation has fixed her face. She could barely see any bruises or cuts on her face at all. Her eyes looked wide and clear and she felt like a real person, she had forgotten how it felt. Grinning into the mirror, Arya admired the look for a minute then turned to Damon. "Thank you, Master. I am grateful."

Damon turned her back to look into the mirror again, then stood against her back. He used his large hands to slide the bangs up off her forehead and made her look. "Just remember, what is underneath your new costume. Do not forget who you are now, Kitten." Swallowing hard, trying to look away from her reflection again, she whispered. "I won't forget, Master. I promise, I would not forget." "Good girl. Now I have one more little gift for you before we go. Since you cannot wear a collar out in public, I had this made for you at the local jeweler's today." Smoothing her bangs back out, Damon then reached into his back pocket and pulled something forth. Just before Damon put it on her neck, he held out the silver chain with what looked to be wolf teeth so she could see it. Then he made sure it was very tight against her throat. "There, what a pretty look for you. Do you like your new collar, Kitten?" "Yes, thank you Master. It actually is fitting for me, I really do like it." Arya was being completely honest. Something about the wolf teeth just matched her perfectly.

Arya was still amazed and nervous as the island was being left behind. She kept waiting for the car to stop and Damon to laugh at her as he kicks her out of it. Then he would make her walk all the way back while laughing at her stupidity to think she could leave. In the boat, Arya kept expecting Damon to tell her they were only going for a ride, then she would have to swim back. It was not until they got on a plane that Arya really let it sink in that she was off the island. That she was not going to be left for Ramsay to torment and destroy. Damon saw the moment it finally kicked in her brain and grinned. Taking full advantage of her sheer gratefulness, he dragged her into the bathroom. In that tiny space, Damon had Kitten use her mouth and hands to show her utter gratitude. The pet gave no complaint and was the most enthusiastic Damon has ever seen her to please. In fact, the rest of the trip to the South, Arya was perfect. She obeyed completely until they were inside a rental car, driving to a motel. Now she seemed distant, staring intently out the window of the car.

"We are in the South. Sansa and Rickon are here somewhere." Suddenly Arya stiffened and asked, "Master? Who are we hunting?" Damon smiled and asked back, "What if I told you we were going to hunt your sister?" Arya startled Damon a little when she gave a mean smile back. "That would be fine, Master. I would like to help with that." "Oh. Well, sadly that is not who we are hunting, pet. No, it's Rickon." The smile fell off her face and under all the tanned skin and makeup, she paled. "What?" "We are going to kill Gregor and get your brother back. If you behave and help me like a good girl, I will bring Rickon back alive. Of course, if you decide to act up like last time I saw your brother, I will kill him. Roose doesn't care which way I take him, so I will leave that part up to you. And what did you forget to say?" Numbly, Arya muttered, "Master."
Betraying Your Own To Save Another

Chapter Summary

Varys gives the Cleganes a warning and a threat. Rickon becomes concerned and Gregor sets the boy straight. Sandor comes up with a way to begin Rickon's training in baiting and trapping victims.

Varys went up the back staircase as he was instructed by Gregor on the phone earlier. He had told the mountain that he must speak with both brothers. That it was a most urgent matter and it was extremely important that he had discretion. So he knocked on the back door and a pint sized being let him in. It didn't escape Varys's attention that a grubby little fist had a knife in it. "Good morning Spaceship." Varys said casually as he swept past the boy. Spaceship muttered something back and locked the door again. Sitting down carefully, checking for stains on the chair first,Varys sat at the table. Gregor already was there cleaning his guns and Sandor was lounging nearby. "What is this urgent matter, Varys?" Grumbled Sandor, nursing a hangover. "This is a very urgent matter." Varys said and pulled up the clips on his phone. Gregor swiped the phone to look and Sandor looked over his shoulder. "You had your whores record me? I am a private detective, you shitty faggot! You cannot record my image, it is right in our fucking contract." Sandor roared, only to get kicked hard by Gregor. "Yell in my ear again, I'll rip yours off."

"They were not recording you, but those women. Sandor, I know when a woman has been trained or recruited by my own husband. This are Petyr's girls and they are clearly hunting. Petyr would think nothing of killing you both and taking Rickon for Roose Bolton's favor." Growling, Sandor said, "I will kill that prick myself." Varys shook his head and frowned. "Let me be very clear on this. I have warned you for the sake of this young boy only. If you want to kill the girls, be my guest. If you lay a single hand on Petyr's head, you will lose more than just my business." Gregor looked amused and asked, "Do you dare to threaten our lives, little Varys?" Giving a small smirk Varys said smoothly, "Not at all. I will simply see to it that you never work in the South again. Not a whorehouse down to the lowest will let you use a whore. Not a single business will use your services. You won't even be able to get a loan or any supplies." Scowling at Varys, both men knew he could do it too. "We kill those bitches ourselves and send them to Petyr." Gregor announced. Rickon had been listening from the corner and has now come over, pale. "The Boltons are still hunting me, they know where I am now?"

With his usual level of support to the child, Gregor grabbed the face and shoved it backwards. "Shut up, Spaceship. No one asked your opinion. You plan on just letting them take you to him? To be a pet or flayed alive?" Snarling from where he fell down, "I will kill whoever tries to touch any of us!" Nodding, Gregor said, "That is right, because Cleganes only hurt each other. Anyone else threatens a Clegane, we kill them. Are you a Stark or a Clegane, boy?" Standing back up now, Spaceship said firmly, fiercely, "A Clegane!" "Good, then shut the fuck up with your pansy whining about the Boltons. They won't be getting you." Varys rolled his eyes and dryly commented. "Well, I am so touched by your fatherly or brotherly support of the child." Gregor gave a mirthless chuckle and said, "Shall I give him a kiss and a teddy bear to protect him while he quivers under the bed? He has already seen more in six years than you have I bet. So I am not going to lie to the boy and allow him to fear anything. He survived their fucking island and those hunters before he even met me. He will survive them now and will be able to learn to fight them back. That is better than any bullshit his parents ever taught him. They are dead, he isn't."
Sandor looked at Rickon considerately then said, "Hey, let's use the boy as bait, lure the girls quicker that way. That way Spaceship can have a small part in his own revenge." Varys looked horrified, Rickon looked excited and Gregor seemed fine with it. "Why don't you leave now, your tender sensibilities are being offended, Varys. Thank you for the warnings and we shall not touch your hubby for now. If he keeps sending more girls though, I will have no choice but to deal with him."
Charity Starts At Home

Chapter Summary

The Tyrell and Lannister ladies must attend a boring function about charities. Sansa becomes ill and Cersie is the worst nurse ever. Cersie discovers a secret about her father and step mother.

Cersie looked sharply up from her shiny spoon and said, "Excuse me? I am sorry, Olenna, what did you say?" Olenna gave a frustrated little shrug and with no shame said, "These moronic forms that they handed us. We are supposed to list the charity we are here for. I haven't a clue. I really want to write down that we are trying to help homeless hoarders that are down on their luck prostituting their abused animals to men with rare diseases." Cersie gave a small laugh at that as Sansa and Margery looked scandalized. "Oh, don't look at me like that, ladies. You don't know what charity we are here for either." The elderly woman snapped and sipped her too weak tea.

Margery steered Sansa further away and they snickered. Cersie heard their trilling bird laughter and she wanted to snap their delicate necks. "Leave the youth to figure out all this paperwork, all they want from us is our checks anyway." Olenna advised, taking her forms and Cersie's, tucking them under Margery's placemat. "I have never felt old until Ms. Puberty married my father." "Nothing wrong with being older, we can get away with more, love. No one cares anymore what you say, so we can say whatever we couldn't before. As for an even better triumph, my dear, we have outlived our husbands. We are old and battle scarred, yes, but we are survivors." Olenna leaned closer and Cersie listened. "We have sacrificed, bled and fought to reach this point. And not one person has ever given either of us charity."

About an hour later Cersie noticed that Sansa was missing. This was the fourth time that the girl has flown off to the bathroom. She had noted that Sansa's naturally pale skin was going milky white earlier. Sighing, Cersie stood up and went to the restroom and there was the sounds of vomiting. Cheering up immensely, Cersie knocked on the door and called, "Dearest Sansa, you sound very sick. I shall have the car brought around and get you home right away." Flying off to do just that, Cersie ignored any attempts Sansa made to call out against it. When Sansa came out of the room, Cersie was there with the coats. Stuffing the weak, ill girl into her coat, she propelled her towards the doors. "Sorry you are sick, child. Go get some rest and try ginger ale. Of course, it is the flu season, you were bound to catch it." Olenna couldn't quite leave it there however and patted Sansa's hand. "Of course, you are newly married. Perhaps you should see if you feel better later. If it happens again tomorrow at the same time, I am sure you might wish to see a doctor."

Cersie turned the heat as high as it would go, causing Sansa to sweat buckets. Sansa opened her window and stuck her head out of it. With a mean smirk, Cersie began to ask Sansa if she got to try any of the salmon pate before she vomited? The whole way home, Sansa heaved into her own purse while Cersie chatted about every conceivable food she could think of. Relentless, Cersie helped Sansa across the mansion up to her room, telling her how horrible she looked. "My goodness, I really hope this is just the flu, you look like death. And you stink of sweat and puke, ugh, this is no way for a young bride to look. Or anyone really. If you are pregnant then my father won't come near you again till the babe is born. You really do even feel dreadful to the touch." Sansa was simply too ill to fight back and just limply leaned against the hateful woman. Cersie not very gently got the girl into a nightgown and into her bed. Moving a small bucket near Sansa, she went to leave the room. "Wait,
Heaving a dramatic sigh, Cersie went through the little door into her fathers room. Swiping the antacids off Tywin's dresser, a small thing caught Cersie's eye. She went still for a moment, still clutching the bottle, distantly hearing Sansa vomit more. Nearby was a small opening that was never revealed unless that special secret door as opened by her father. He never left it even slightly cracked like that unless... the antacids dropped to the rug and Cersie slowly walked forward. One step and she was now in her twenties. Another one and she was sixteen again, in front of the crack. A small hand of a little motherless girl reached and pushed. The room was small and so very dark as Cersie entered it. It has been years since Tywin brought his little daughter to play in his room. Years since he showed her the toys he kept for her to play with. Even back then, Cersie did not scream when she saw the toys her father had. The sunlight from the bedroom was just enough to see a shelf and this was even worse than what he had before. Yet she still did not scream.

With trembling fingers, Cersie reached out and touched one of the heads. Glass eyes, she could see inside the open mouth that there were silver little hinges now. Yet it was Ned Stark's head, hair, skin and she could see how bloodstained those real teeth were. Moving away from the shelf, one more thing caught her attention. A bodysuit of leather, no, not cow leather, real hands ended the sleeves. Lady hands and that is when Cersie left the tiny room, slamming the door shut. She fled the room and ran for her own bathroom to vomit.
Arya stared out of the window in growing horror and asked, "Are you sure of your directions? I cannot imagine Rickon living in a place like this." Damon chuckled at her prim upset and said, "He doesn't live here, the motel we are using is down this way." Now her look was accompanied by a gagging sound as a warm breeze sent the waft of rotting garbage in the window. Hurrying, she put up the glass and stared at the worsening streets around her. The few times she has come South it was always where the Lannisters lived. Posh huge places, fields of green, the sickening smell of honey everywhere. Glittering lights and signs in the neat looking little cities, it all bored Arya to death. It was clean however, it was sanitary at least. This was an area her parents never would have let their children visit. Even in the North they were always sheltered from the worse areas, so for Arya it was pure culture shock.

"My Kitten is a fucking snotty brat and what did you forget again?" Snickered Damon as he reached out and whacked the back of Arya's head. "Master." She snarled out and rubbed her sore head. "I am surprised you never went slumming before. I can see why your princess sister wouldn't, but you? Did something scare the little ninja about the lower classes?" Shaking her head, she replied, "I tried to a few times, followed Jon and Robb. They usually caught me and sent me home." "Lies. You easily could have evaded them, I have seen you move. The real reason now or I can just punish you for lying to me." Squirming in her seat, Arya blurted out, "It was too different from where I lived. I was afraid of getting really lost, or killed by a gang or something." Damon pulled into the parking lot for the motel. He decided to not say anything about her not using his title again. He will be taking care of that soon enough. "Stay in the car and do not move until I get you, understand?" Nodding, Kitten stared uneasily around the shady area.

The motel room was dusty and greasy all at once. Arya was disgusted and Damon was more cheerful by the second, making her nervous. "I chose this place on purpose, it has great value, pet." "How could this place have any value? It is probably going to give us diseases." Damon pulled Arya to him and began to remove all her clothing, tossing it onto the dirty rug. "It is in a place no one ever sees, no one ever hears of because no one wants to ever know a place like this. So that means I can do anything I'd like and it won't matter how much you scream." Damon shoved his naked pet so she fell onto the filthy grey rug and he pulled out his favorite whip. Cracking it in the air, causing Kitten to flinch, he started to talk. "You think you are somehow going to save Rickon, kill your sister for whatever reason. You think you will trick or kill me, get revenge on everyone and save your brothers. It isn't going to happen. So let us have a little training session, just to remind you of your place."

Ignoring his pet's pleadings and assurances that she knows her place, Damon loomed over her. "Now, let's just start with something basic. Something I am very tired of you deliberately forgetting." The whip sliced through Kitten's breasts with ease and she screamed. "Who am I?" "Master!" Another crack and a bloody line appeared across her thighs. "WHO AM I?" "MASTER! MASTER! PLEASE!" It was relentless and by the time Damon stopped, she was unable to say anything else. Even as he removed his clothes, lifted her and threw her onto the bed, the only thing the girl
whispered was, "Master. Master, please." Damon licked the blood from each of her wounds and when his body rubbed across the lashes, she cried out. Wrenching her legs open harshly, Damon took her as savagely as he could. "Look at me, pet. Who are you? What is your name? Who am I?" The questions kept coming and she whimpered answers. Damon came while he watched the lovely suffering on his pet's face.
Chapter Summary

Dany and Melissa have spent nights stalking the Clegane brothers. Finally, a chance has come for them to meet Rickon. Melissa finds a way to follow the boy home. Rickon makes Gregor proud.

The next few nights after Melissa and Dany gave their little show they saw the Cleaganes at that bar. Sandor chatted and played drinking games with them. His brother mainly drank and chatted with his own rough friends, but he never stayed very long. Third night was when Rickon finally made an appearance, it was the night that Gregor had not shown. The boy skirted through the crowd and suddenly was there at Sandor’s elbow. Scowling down at the boy Sandor growled at him. "What the fuck are you doing in here? What did I tell you about coming in here?” Rickon shifted from foot to foot then said sheepishly, "You did not answer my call or texts. I am hungry, Gregor passed out again. There is nothing left to eat and he won't wake up to give me money.” Grumbling, Sandor reached into his pocket and pulled out a crumpled ten. "Here, go eat then get the hell home.”

Melissa gracefully stood up and smiled. "Hey there, I could use something to eat too. Sandor, he is too young to go out this late alone. I will take him to eat then walk him home." Sandor shrugged and muttered, "Suit yourself but he knows his way around pretty well. Don't wake Gregor by going into the house or he'll take it out on your hide." Dany continued to drink with Sandor as the triumphant redhead left the bar with the little boy. They ate at a pizza joint nearby and chatted a bit. Melissa was unable to get Rickon to discuss his life with the Cleganes and she avoided his questions as well. She was not someone who liked children but then again, Dany was even more awkward around them. They had chosen Dany to work on Sandor since he seemed to like her best, therefore Melissa was stuck with the kid. Luckily, she only needed to be nice until he brought her to the house. Once she has killed the passed out Gregor, she will simply knock the boy out. When he awakens, he will be gagged and tied, ready for transport. Then it's a matter of waiting for Dany to bring Sandor to their motel room and kill him.

They were nearly to the apartment building when Rickon took a strange alleyway. "It is quicker this way, plus it's quieter going up the backstairs. Furthest from Gregor's room, so it won't wake him up. He is grumpy if you wake him." Rickon explained as he took the lady's arm as if being very polite. She tried not to shudder as the little body brushed up against her to move her past some refuse. Suddenly, Rickon stopped and swore, stumbling a bit. "Are you okay, Spaceship?” asked Melissa, hating his stupid nickname. "Yeah, tripped on my shoelace. Just let me tie it.” Melissa began to look about the alleyway as the boy knelt down. Then she heard the click of a gun safety and looked back at the boy. Rickon was standing, holding Melissa's gun, pointing it at her face. "I lost one family. I won't let anyone take my new family.” Gregor came up behind the startled woman and asked Rickon, "Is this how you want her to die? You want to just blow her brains out fast for her? After what I told you about her, after what you heard Varys say about her?” A mean little grin appeared on the boy's face that scared her a bit. "No, let's do something better.” Gregor grunted then knocked the woman out.

When Melissa woke again, she was choking on fumes. There was lighter fluid all over her, in her hair, in her mouth and nose. She was in a junkyard and was tied onto a large metal bed frame. Rickon stood over her and his odd flat eyes stared down at her without any mercy. "You burned
folks up for fun. You even burned up children. It's fun for you to hear them scream, see them burn up. You only left because the police were close to catching you. Those kids had no one to save them, no one to protect them from you. So I will give them their justice. Burn in hell." Spaceship took the match from Gregor and lit the woman's hair on fire, then dropped the match onto her dress. He stayed the whole time as she screamed and writhed. Gregor stood directly behind his deadly protege with his hands on the slight shoulders. "I'm proud of you boy. You have protected yourself and your family." These were the only words spoken but for Rickon it was more than enough.
Sansa was indeed pregnant and Cersie’s prediction had come true. Tywin allowed Sansa to move completely into her own room while she was ill. He mostly avoided her and patronized her horribly when he did go about her. Tyrion seemed to avoid her like the plague and Jaime was back to sneering in disgust. The only member of the family that spoke with Sansa at all was Cersie. That was only to taunt and harass as much as possible. "Pray that it is not a girl. Father loves to show that special closet of his to little girls most of all." Sansa paled at that and then stiffly said, "I would never allow it. Not ever." Cersie had laughed and gave her a pitying look. "You say that as if you would ever have that choice." Sansa tried to hide her trembling hands from the vicious woman and failed.

Due to her unusual all day and night long morning sickness, she had little escape. The Tyrells and Varys had told her kindly that as soon as she was well, they would be ready to see her. Lollys and Bronn were still on some secret mission.

Listening to music, reading books, going online, anything to distract. Yet now that Sansa was no longer under that forbidden joy at night, she was clearing up. She was started to feel horrified and cold at the things she had been enjoying. How easily Sansa has allowed her sick emotions to make her nearly forget her objectives. Wrapping her arms around her still flat stomach, she cried. Now there was a worry like no other, here was the most precious cargo in the world. If it was a boy or girl, it would be in danger regardless as the new heir of the Lannister line. Even worse, if the child was a girl, Sansa knew Cersie was correct in that. Sansa knew that her husband could not live long enough to get that chance. It was time to put things into action, before the chance might be gone completely. Sansa pulled out a small cell she keeps well hidden and calls Petyr. It’s time to speak to her mentor and have him help her pull off a very necessary murder.

Dany was in the small bathroom stall fucking Sandor’s brains out. She had to admit, though his face and smell were rough, he was fun. The man was large enough lift Dany up and fuck her without even needing to balance against anything. She goes both ways but it has been awhile since any man has managed to make her orgasm. It did not change her plans to murder him later, but it made it more rewarding. They both came so hard that Sandor did lean now, in fact, he actually slid down the wall. Cradling the sweaty girl in his arms, he sat her in his lap while they panted. As soon as Sandor caught his breath, he licked a small path on her neck and mumbled. "That was the best fuck I have had in awhile. Looks like it wore me out, wore you out too, huh?" Dany nodded and gave a tired giggle. "Hell, yes. It tired me out." Sandor gave a playful squeeze and said, "Good. I am glad to hear that. Makes this part easier.” Before she could understand, the man’s powerful hands had her head and dragged it into the toilet. Sandor really was worn out and it took a little longer than he intended to drown the pretty blonde.

A rather large man in his twenties and a young teen girl slid into a booth at the diner. The girl kept her head lowered whenever anyone including the waitress came by. She only spoke to the man when he spoke to her first and he even gave her order for dinner. Looking out the window, the girl and man both seemed interested in the police action at the bar across the way. After they finished eating,
they took a stroll across the street and the girl stayed just behind the big man. He asked about what was happening and heard about the dead blonde found in a dumpster behind the bar. Not long later as they were in the car, the radio news announced that a burned corpse was found in the junkyard. Kitty shuddered and Damon grinned at her. "You thought the island was dangerous? Welcome to the lower South." She stared out the window again and softly said, "Master, once we get Rickon, what happens to him? Will Roose really turn him into a hunting pet? A feral animal living in the kennels?" Shrugging, Damon answered. "I don't know, that is the last thing he said about it but it was awhile ago. It doesn't matter to you. My loyal pet only needs to worry about me." Biting her lip, Kitty shrank a bit from the threat in his voice. "Yes Master. Sorry." Underneath her clothing, her body ached and the word on her forehead seemed to burn.

Rickon forgive me, because I am scared that I can't save you this time. I can't even save myself. Kitty leaned her head into the wind outside the car, no longer caring about the smell. Oh no, I am even calling myself Kitty now. Then a voice in her head came, a whole new one and it scared her half to death. You are Kitty now, Arya Stark is dead. So is Rickon Stark, Robb Stark and Sansa Stark. The Starks are dead now and they will never return. The voice was calm, it was pretending it wasn't fearful or hurt. It was her own voice, it was the voice of Kitty, not a dead girl. Here was the worst thought of all, what if Kitty could do what Arya couldn't? What if Arya could not even try to save her brother from Damon? What if she was too cowed and Kitty took over? Just like Theon turned into Reek, will Arya blank eyed really help return her brother to that hellish place? She had no answer for that and the conflict nearly strangled her. When they returned to the room, Arya gritted her teeth and willed herself forth. "Master? Am I allowed to play a challenge game tonight?" She managed to kneel and ask very respectfully. Damon smiled and asked, "Is someone in the mood to fight, little Kitty?" Nodding, the pet whispered, "Yes Master." He allowed it and Kitty launched herself, hissing and spitting like the wild little feline she was called. It was violent and savage, yet as always Damon managed to get her down and rape her till she begged for mercy. Yet while it lasted, it helped clear her mind of worrisome problems that she cannot bear to think of.
Tywin invited Olenna to tea at Varys's restaurant. Not a very usual event at all and the old woman is intrigued. A proposal is made and accepted.

"Oh, Tywin, you randy old goat! Had I known how virile and rich you'd ever become, I'd have gone for you." With a tiny smirk, the man said warmly, "Ah, that is right. You did like younger boys, didn't you? Well, in spite of it, I might have taken you up on that." Not deterred in the least, Olenna patted Tywin's hand fondly and spoke happily. "Never would have worked out anyway, dearest. I was always too much of a feminist, too modern for your tastes. Opened my own doors, insisted on wanting and enjoying sex if I had it, never wanted to be told what to do. I wanted to run my own life and the biggest problem of all, Tywin. You simply have lived too long, it would have been unacceptable. Marriage shouldn't have to be that selfish, one should be dignified and kick off first."

"Now, why have you bothered to come visit me on your own? Not that I don't enjoy your company but I do find it suspect to visit me during work hours. And at Varys's lovely gardens at that, why am I feeling wooed? If this is about my advising Sansa for you, I certainly can. Though I am afraid my advice on babies might be somewhat outdated. Perhaps Cersie can advise her on something other than how to catfight?" Olenna took a sip of her tea and waited while Tywin settled in his chair. Here it comes, the manly negotiation pose that Olenna has seen all her life. With a grin worthy of a shark, Olenna waited to see what bait was about to be thrown at her. "It is such a shame about this Renly business. I am sure it is much more innocent than the disgusting rumors I have heard about. I of course defend your family with my every breath as we have always done for each other. Is it true that most of our usual establishments have not been welcoming the children unless you are with them?"

Stiffening, Olenna narrowed her eyes and watched Tywin drink his coffee. "It will blow over, our families have always been embroiled in one scandal or another. All because we are rich, bored and petty. Sad really, I remember when Cersie had married Robert, everyone was fixated on incest. Everyone made those terrible rumors about Jaime and we of course defended you then. It circulates every now and then but it always fades away, just like this will. Now, again I ask you, why are we fencing when we should be hoisting a mimosa to your new child?" Tywin's eyes were glaciers but his words were smooth as glass. "Olenna, I think we should have a double wedding next year. We can solve these little rumor problems, secure our future lines and why not combine our riches? Just think of how many doors open once our names have attached?"

"Loras and Cersie do fine together once their siblings are out of the way. They can drink themselves silly and discuss how they hate us. As for Jaime and Margery, they will have children without any problem, many hopefully. Jaime is successful, will inherent a great deal of course, he will need a good society wife." Olenna sat stunned for a moment and sipped at her tea. She pretended not to see the nearby waiter sent by Varys to spy on this unusual get together. "The children will hate this idea, you know that. There is bound to be much drama over this, Tywin." "That is why I know it mostly appeals to you, well, that and the money of course." Olenna shook her head and said firmly, "Tywin, foolish man, it is not the money. It was never the actual money, it is the power. A woman needs power to survive you idiot males. Isn't it wonderful that the best way a woman can get it, is by a man handing it to her?"
That evening the Tyrells and Lannisters had dinner together. It was a very well put together meal served by Tywin's best servants. Sansa was pale but cheerful, feeling somewhat better after having spoken with Petyr the night before. Tyrion was positively jolly this evening and only Olenna suspected why. She knew how close Varys and the dwarf were, he most likely knew. He looked like a five year old waiting for the circus to begin. Olenna winked at Tyrion as Tywin called for attention. Within moments the classy dinner had turned into pandemonium. Tyrion and Sansa both ended up fascinated, watching the fireworks explode. Sansa had no idea of any of this even though Cersei somehow tried to blame her for it. Margery was pacing the room, she was trying very hard to refrain from being a madwoman. It was not working as well for Loras who was hysterical, then again so was Cersei. Jaime was saying that he was old enough to choose his own wife and a young flitting social butterfly wasn't it. He wanted to marry a female with actual brains. That ended Margery's decorum and Jaime was nearly dissected by the girl's utterly not social verbal attack.

Tyrion and Sansa grinned at each other as they moved out of range. The battle seemed to be getting further heated and they wanted to be away from the utensils. "I love this, I just love this." Tyrion breathed and squeezed Sansa's hand. "Now we must visit Varys and tell him every detail." Sansa agreed and thought, Petyr had told me I must get back in Tyrion's good graces. Looks like Tywin did that for me, thanks husband. Sansa smiled and watched as the Tyrells and Lannisters fought the inevitable.
I'm Running As Fast As I Can

Chapter Summary

Reek lives in the past while Theon sleeps the escape away.

Theon's fifteenth birthday was the day everyone got ready for summer vacation. The only thing that happens to remind Theon it is his birthday is Ramsay. Every year, that is the day that Theon is sent to the Boltons for the summer. Ramsay chose that day, saying that Reek should be touched that his birthday was remembered by his Master. What better way to celebrate than to be able to stay all summer with his beloved Master? During the year Theon has become somewhat legendary at school. He was always dating, fucking, drinking and bullying. His muscles have filled out and the Greyjoy had nearly been bursting out of him. Yet, every time Theon had to visit Ramsay something changes. Before Theon had to pretend this Reek personality to avoid pain but now, it seemed to be real. No matter what Theon was like with the Starks or at school, it all melted away once he was near Ramsay. He just couldn't take the retraining anymore, it was too painful, too scary. Theon did not want to fight anymore, it didn't make it better, it made it worse. Plus, there was something that felt more truthful with Ramsay. Things were simpler as long as he obeyed. As long as he stayed Reek, Ramsay loved him and no one else in the world did.

So this year Theon was not throwing up or crying silently as he packed to leave. No, he was somewhat relieved to be going away. It was almost like he could let go of pretending, instead of being forced into pretending. When the car beeped outside and Ned yelled upstairs, Theon was ready to go. "Walder sent a different driver today, Theon. He knows the directions, but make sure you have your phone with you in case of issues." Ned told him mildly as the boy flew past him and away from the Starks. The driver of the limo was the most uninteresting person Theon has ever met. Then again, he has never met an interesting Frey person in his life here in the North. Everyone knows this dullish family, mainly the upper class. They ran the best and most efficient limousine service as well as catering service in all the North. They are used even up in the Riverlands, famous for their weddings and funerals. On rare occasion, the Freys have even serviced some Southern affairs. Apparently, it was too dull a job for most, to take a hostage to the Boltons. This Frey was chatting into his cell phone the entire time, taking several wrong directions. Theon tried to say something several times but the driver ignored him. Then the idiot got a flat tire and Reek nearly exploded. "I am going to be so late! Do you know how much trouble I will be in? Hurry up and fix the fucking car or I swear I'll break your fucking jaw!" The Frey sneered at him then spit on the ground. "Calm yourself down, that anxious to be Ramsay's whore? Sick little fucker, think we all don't know what we drive you there for? Don't have a spare with me, guess I forgot it. So you'll have to chill your little britches until we get some help. Gotta a girl this way, I'll have her bring me a spare. No sense wasting money on services for what I can get for free. You can wait to get to your kinky vacation a little longer." Theon was already walking away, sure he remembered the way to Ramsay's home. It was not that far, he has walked further distances where the Starks lived. The Frey simply yelled at him then went back to his phone calls. As Reek walked he kept trying to phone Ramsay but he couldn't seem to get a signal. The sun was gone now and he began to panic, seeing that he was lost. He had lost whatever markers he thought were familiar in the dark.

Just as Reek was sobbing and nearly running, hoping for something other than black top and trees, the phone got a signal. It rang and Reek answered it desperately. "Master! Master?" He nearly
shrieked then sobbed at the roar he heard back. "REEK! Where are you? Are you hurt, answer me!"
Ramsay's voice was frantic and angry all at once, but it still helped Reek calm down. "Master! Please, I am lost, I am trying to find you, I tried and got lost!" Ramsay's voice became lower and the tone was soothing now. "Okay, Reek, I am not mad at you. Master is coming to get you. I want you to stay right where you are, make sure you are off the road so you don't get hit. Sit down on the ground and wait for me. Can you do that, pet?" Reek sobbed. "Yes! Yes, Master. Please come get me, I am scared. Are you angry with me? I tried to get there on time, I really did. The driver went the wrong way and then got a flat tire. He wouldn't hurry so I walked, I am so sorry! I wanted to be on time, I wanted to be with you."

Ramsay assured Reek that he was not angry, just concerned. Reek curled up next to a large pine tree, well out of view of the road, but not so far that he couldn't watch for his Master. He melted into the sound of Ramsay's voice the whole time and calmed. His Master praised Reek for trying so hard to get to him, for behaving now and waiting like a good boy. Promises of warmth and rewards kept Reek tethered the spot, waiting for the hunter to take him down. When Reek heard the car pull up, he jumped up and ran. Ramsay saw the panicked pet coming and opened his arms. Crying, wailing, Reek threw himself against his Master's chest and held him so tightly. Ramsay kissed his head and whispered, "I have you, Reek, you are safe now. Master will always find you, my little lost puppy." He carried Reek into the car and let him lay on the backseat. Ramsay told Damon to drive them to where Reek remembered leaving the Frey. When they finally caught up with the man, Ramsay let Reek watch as they beat the man half to death.

Later on that evening, Reek was screaming in terror and pain. Ramsay was peeling small strips from Theon's back, trying a new technique. He peeled them, letting them dangle a little then pouring boiling water so that they fell off. Ramsay only did this twice to Reek then gave mercy as the boy vomited onto his own feet. "I do this out of love, Reek. You need to learn how dangerous it is to walk off like that. Scared or not, you can never just decide what to do for yourself. Master will never ever approve of you making choices for yourself. It isn't safe for you, is it pet? Next time something happens you stay safe and still until Master can get you. I will always come for you, if not me, then someone I will send to get you. Just wait for the help and obey until you get to me. I know this hurts badly, my pet, I know. Do you love me, Reek? Don't you want to always be my little pet?" Reek woke up almost crying out in pain that was not there.

He sat up fast and almost panicked before it registered who these people were. Ramsay sent them, Master sent them to help him get home. Lollys looked over at Reek and gave the type of smile you give to a deranged lunatic that reminded you of Gollum. "Hey there, Reek. How are you feeling? I think Bronn said we were in whale territory or something like that. Wanna come look with me?" Reluctantly, he edged closer and looked over at the ocean they were rushing through.
Everyone Reacts To News Differently

Chapter Summary

Petyr speaks with Roose and Varys. He is keeping his emotions and secrets close to the chest, even from Sansa.
Roose takes out his frustrations upon Robb. Ramsay thoughts of how much he does not like Robb and why that might be. He gives Robb a new nickname. Ramsay comforts himself with thoughts of his pet.

Petyr's voice was it's usually smooth and calm sound as he told Roose of Sansa's pregnancy. It didn't betray the swirl of emotions playing in his head. Roose took the news calmly as well, but Petyr could sense the anger in the man's voice. Not his problem, Petyr hung up and went back to whiskey, still trying to process everything. On one hand, he was elated, this was perfect. Everything hung in a balance right now and if Sansa proceeded the way he taught her, soon things will tilt. In Petyr's favor and then the Boltons can be the ones back working for another. If any survived his girl's vengeance, that is. Once Sansa has gotten Tyrion to kill Tywin for her, it is all hers. Regardless of who marries who, that baby owns it all and they all know it. He will have to separate Sansa and the babe of course. For their own protection and to keep Sansa from losing perspective again. She had confessed about the obsession she had with Tywin and his games. Petyr knew that Sansa will be upset about the removal of her child, but he will deal with that later. Right now it is important to keep control and not let his anger at Varys get ahead of him.

The Cleganes knew of the girls, killed them gruesomely and Petyr knew who to blame for that. In fact, Varys had boldly admitted it, primly saying into the screen, "Even for you, it's deplorable, Petyr. He is a little six year old child, you can't hand him over to Roose. I don't care if he planned on killing him or not, it's sick and you know it. I have a conscience, Petyr and I must protect that little boy from you. And protect you from yourself, do you see how self destructive you are being? Now I have news concerning the Lannisters and Tyrells, if you'd like to hear it? Not as important as the baby I am sure, but still interesting." Petyr had listened about the impending and unwanted nuptials coming up. For his part, Petyr said nothing of his plans concerning Sansa, until Varys stops being a little vengeful bitch, he will share nothing further. Sadly, Petyr did not feel he could trust his wifey with any plans and he was sure Varys was hiding more himself. It is alright, he consoled himself, once things go the right way, he will straighten wifey out. Varys needed to be reminded how much he really needed Petyr and once the power has shifted, he will find out.

Ever since Roose got the news about Sansa being pregnant he has been taking out his aggravation upon Robb. Ramsay winced as another high pitched scream tore through the house, out the windows and killed a dolphin nearby. Even sitting outside at Arya's old fire pit, he could hear the little freakish man howl. Using his crutch to idly sift through all the girl's trash Ramsay wished she were here. If he couldn't have his own little Reek, then at least the girl was fun to torment. Pink Sock is no fun at all, blank fucking puppet is all he is. Ramsay has come to face the fact that he still hates Robb Stark. First Ramsay hated him when he was an arrogant smart as fuck little shit. Now he hated the blank faced doll that he has dubbed Pink Sock. Those glazed eyes that just stared mindlessly were creepy to say the least. Ramsay tried to play with him, even forced the man to suck him off but it wasn't very fun. The boy just acts like a robot, if something hurts he reacts, otherwise, nothing. Ramsay knows that nothing compares to his Reek's expressions but this was beyond that. Hell, Arya might be a trouble-making little bitch, but even rebellion was welcome compared to nothing at all.
It isn't natural, it's wrong, it is a mask, not real. Ramsay couldn't help but feel that Robb was somehow faking it. Not all of it, no his own therapists insist that Robb is very damaged and can only learn so much. That he will never truly be able to care for himself ever again. So why does Ramsay feel that the man is hiding something? That perhaps there was more to Robb than he shows? Too much has recently weakened his confidence, so he lets it go. This is not the time to confront his father with unfounded suspicions. Not when Reek was almost home again and Ramsay's father seems to be forgiving his son. Instead he vows to keep an eye upon the Pink Sock freak and if he sees any flashes in those eyes, he will be on it. For now, Ramsay wants to clear his mind of the image of the hated puppet. He wants to pretend he cannot hear the cries of that pathetic hole his father is wrecking. So he pulls out his cock and throws his head back, thinking of his precious little pet. How Reek would use his mouth, those large eyes staring up, pleading. The little sounds his pet would make when Ramsay would strangle him, coming when Reek would start to pass out. Ramsay cried out and harshly panted thinking of his lovely little Reek. The begging sweetly for his Master, coming even as he cried out in pain because he was commanded to. Ramsay released into the picture of Sansa Lannister in her bridal finery as Robb screamed again. This time Ramsay was sure a seagull exploded from the sheer pitch of the Pink Sock.
Declawing Only Hurts Once

Chapter Summary

Roose gives Damon an order concerning Kitty. As Kitty is forced into a situation she cannot control. As she suffer loss she discovers her sisters gain. Varys discovers not all help is fun to offer. The Cleganes go to ground.

It took only a few days for Damon and Kitty to be positive that the Cleganes and Rickon have disappeared. They have not been seen near their haunts nor their building since those murders. Arya was relieved but Damon was not happy at all. He called Roose and explained the situation, that it would take longer than he had thought to track them down again. "No problem, Damon. I completely understand." Damon thanked Roose but was wary, he knew that tone quite well. It meant Roose was looking to cause a little pain and Damon wondered what has set the man off this time.

"Since you will be there awhile, get something done for me. Find some cheap Southern clinic and get your pet spayed. Too many young girls running around getting pregnant these days. Call Qyburn and have him give you a place to go. I want her sterilized, you can even take time to let her heal up while you continue the search." Damon blinked in surprise at the suddenness of the request but agreed. He wanted to argue that this might not be the best time for that, but he held his tongue. Damon had to admit that it was better than the alternative. He was sure one of them would kill the baby, it was a toss up who that would be. The mere thought of Kitty as a mother was terrifying to him.

Damon waited until Arya was showering to call Qyburn and get an address as well as an appointment. Kitty was getting very good at not asking questions, just obeying. At least for the most part, during hunting time. Most other times she will still press Damon to have someone to speak with or argue with. However, he admits, she has become more submissive. She no longer forgets his title and speaks respectfully, obeys at least in public. In the car or the motel, Kitty still gets snippy sometimes and he enjoys taking her down a peg. He told her nothing of where they were going until they were in the waiting room. Damon knew that she will freak out as soon as she knows what is happening and he is dreading it. Ever since Ramsay fucked with her so badly, Damon gets nervous something will break her. He likes to force her to bend over and over, broken completely is not fun at all. So Damon waits until he brings her into a little cubicle that has a door he can lock to speak with her. Arya has been figuring out she was in a clinic and starting to get nervous. Damon was acting too quiet and kept a tight grip on her arm. "Master? Why are we here?" She asked in a tiny voice, not really wanting to know.

"I want you to know this was not my decision, Kitty." Damon said in a low calm voice as he kept a tight grip on both her arms. Staring up at him, more scared than ever, she begged, "Please, whatever it is, I have behaved for you. I have done everything you wanted, please, don't do something medical to me. Not like Robb, please, Master, I will be good, I have been good!" Shaking his head, Damon hushed her and continued, making sure she could not escape his grasp. "Nothing like that, I promise! It is not a lobotomy or anything near your brain, I swear it. You have been very good and learning how to please me. Now you will do another hard thing as a pet and accept something you won't like. Roose has ordered you to have a small day operation. You'll be asleep and you will be with me as soon as you open your eyes. I will take you back to the motel and you will be fine in a few days."

Kitty was in tears now, squirming in his hold and whimpered, "Why? What kind of operation, Master?" Taking a deep breath, bracing himself for the impact, he answered. "Roose wants you to
be sterilized. He wants to make sure you don't have babies. It will be over and done before you know it, Kitty." The girl wailed and begged, thrashed about and cried. Damon allowed Kitty to have a moment of panic then he restrained her on his lap. She continued to try and bargain, to plead anything until orderlies entered the room.

It took Damon and two orderlies to restrain the panicked teen to the small stretcher. Impressively, she broke one of the nurses nose when a strap came loose. It took twice the normal amount of sedative to knock the hysterical pet out cold. Damon was sitting in a little recovery room a half hour later, while Kitty slowly woke up, moaning. She began to cry and beg her Master for mercy. Her pain was terrible and she did not remember what she did to incur his wrath. Kindly, Damon got a nurse to bring her some morphine and then he stroked his pet's hair as she slowly remembered. "Is..is it done?" She whispered and Damon nodded. "It's all over now. I will get you some painkillers and antibiotics. You can rest a few days before we start hunting again." Dulled by medication and an overwhelming sense of loss, Kitty muttered, "Yes Master." Damon went to pull the car up as his pet sat in a rusty wheelchair in the lobby. She stared up at cracked screen that was showing local news. A image of Sansa Lannister appeared and she was smiling gently. Her lovely hands were on her slightly bulging stomach and some anchor gushed of pregnancy. Arya felt tears burn down her cheeks as Damon came to lift her out of the clinic.

"SPACESHIP!" The roar came seconds before the boy hurtled down the bannister and flew across the lobby. Varys tried to hide his shaking hands by clutching his heart. "I am never, ever letting that boy in my establishment again, do you understand Gregor? This is not a place for children, this is not a gymnasium, a zoo or a circus. I am never babysitting again for you." Gregor snorted and moved past the hysterical man, stepping over to the boy that just landed to a skidding thud against the wall. "You stupid moron! I'll whip your ass if you broke anything of value here. Steal it, don't destroy it, remember?" Rolling his eyes Varys said, "Thank you for reminding me to have the boy frisked before he leaves here." Gregor lifted the boy to his feet by his neck then rumbled to Varys. "You won't touch him or I'll rip your arms off like wings off a fly. Just give me a bill for whatever is missing or broken." Huffing in indignation, Varys stormed off prissily. "Well, that is the thanks I get for helping you out. I take in the boy so you can go check out a place I have personally found you. My thanks is being threatened after being terrorized all day by your little demon child." By nightfall the Cleganes were ghosts.
**Do You Want To Die?**

Chapter Summary

Arya and Rickon are faced with difficult choices that all seem to stem from one single question.
Damon makes his pet a deal she doesn't wish to refuse. Gregor makes sure that Spaceship understands his motives.

It was a question, the only one that Arya even heard. Floating on painkillers, pretending she feels nothing, pretending she is nothing. Yet it was true, wasn't it? What was she exactly, who was she? Idly, she would jiggle the handcuff that Damon had left on her while he was out. What he was doing, who knew and who cared really? Other questions were asked by her Master, she didn't answer them well. Mainly she nodded or shook her head, every now and then a whisper of Master. Just so he would leave her alone again, to float away and be nothing. All the words, every question was insignificant really. Except this one, this one she heard clearly and it was what made Damon the angriest. In frustration, trying to be gentle yet unable to accept this limp doll pretending to not exist, her Master yelled, "Do you want to die? I want a pet, not a fucking corpse. You can be sad, you can sulk like the little girl you are. But you will look at me and answer me!"

To his relief at first, Damon was thrilled to see that the girl had finally responded. Her eyes fully latched onto his and she seemed to consider his words. Three days was more than Damon had the patience for, he was starting to be concerned that his pet was broken. Damon did try to be kind while his girl recuperated from her surgery and sadness. With every good intention, he spoon fed her soup and spoke gently, even giving her a sponge bath. He did not expect gratitude considering what he had allowed her to go through. Damon did expect her to speak with him, look at him though. Now that relief was melting away into anger as Kitty finally responded with words. "I need to think before I answer that, Master." "You need to think about whether or not you want to die?" Damon asked softly then he gave her a look of disgust. "Are you really that weak, pet? You really think death is better than this?" Then Damon stormed off and left her to be chained to the bed. Staring at the ceiling, Kitty closed her eyes and thought about being nothing.

"DO YOU WANT TO DIE? Don't ever let me see you do that again! What the fuck were you thinking, are you insane?" shrieked Sandor as he tried to put his heart back into chest. Gregor had actually told Sandor with a straight face that moving to the country would be good for the boy. He never mentioned that it would include a whole new set of dangers for the suicidal brat to find. Sandor refused to admit to anyone how fond he actually was of the kid, he thought of him as a little brother. Yet he was giving real consideration to burying the boy alive right now. Since they have come to this stretch of swampland that Varys has dumped them in, the boy has been worse than ever. From handling snakes, to creating small fires that were meant to be some form of booby trap. Finding the boy in swamp water, covered in leeches, trying to trap a rabid beaver was the last straw. Sandor managed to shoot the damned furry menace before it bit the boy. Barely in time too.

Before Sandor could follow through on his threat to whip Spaceship within an inch of his life, the kid took off. "Fuck it, I'll get you later. You have to come home and eat sometime." Grumbled Sandor as he stormed off to the ramshackle house they hid in. "I fucking cannot stand this, Gregor! Why the hell are we just hiding out? What the hell are we doing out here? That kid will be dead by his own hand long before any assassin will get him!" "We aren't hiding, you moron. We are
preparing, getting our weapons in order. Making sure who we can trust, so we are ready." Opening a beer and throwing himself onto the couch, Sandor asked, "Ready for what?" "We are getting ready to see who's offer to take first. Think, stupid. Sansa Lannister is pregnant, how many will want her dead? How many more will want to save her life? Varys is up to something, so is Peytr. They aren't working together though, not right now. Either side could offer us more money to help them. Then you have three Lannisters that probably want the girl or at least the baby dead. Add in a bunch of Tyrells and Lannisters that would gladly attend a funeral rather than their own weddings. So we will prepare and wait for the offers to come in."

Twist a little more, now the other way and ignore the burn of flesh, the sting of sweat. Now twist again and think of that question one more time. Do I want to die? By the time her sore wrist slipped out of the cuff, Kitty thought she had her answer. Damon has been gone long enough for night to fall and Kitty had started to release herself without thinking about it. I need to think, I need to stop just laying here and hurting. Sitting up slowly, ignoring the dizzy feeling, she tried to decide how she felt. Gingerly, the girl went to the edge of the bed and began to slowly walk to the bathroom. Sore and tender but that was all, beyond muscles that ached from lack of use. Kitty used the toilet, wincing at the burn, then washed her hands. Forcing her eyes up, Kitty stared hard at her own reflection. Then she spit at it, cursed it and screamed at it. Grabbing the hairbrush Damon had given her, Kitty used it to crack the mirror. It still wasn't enough and Kitty still had no answer. She left the bathroom and looked at the vial of pills on the dresser. Staring at them, at least twenty were left, it was enough for an overdose.

She shook the bottle, took out a handful and held them. Wincing at a sudden tinge of pain, Kitty ended up swallowing two pills and putting the rest back. Walking around the room slowly, she tried to decide if she wanted to die or not. Kitty turned on the lamps and sat on the bed again. Damon came back and stared at the girl nowhere near the cuff he had left her in. He used the bathroom and observed the mess of the mirror. Damon came back into the room and waited to see if Kitty had anything to say. After a moment, she began to speak softly. "I don't want to die. I don't know what will happen next, but I don't want to die. I hate feeling helpless like this. I hate that you have turned me into a pet. That you can just do anything you want to me, that the Boltons can do anything to me. You make me obey you but you cannot even protect me from anything Roose wants to do me. Ramsay, even Ramsay can just take pieces of me away. If I have to spend my life serving you, I at least deserve your protection." Kitty waited for Damon to strike her for those harsh words, for escaping her cuff. At the very least for not using his title.

Instead Damon sat against the headboard then yanked Kitty up to him. Drawing her upwards till she was nearly on his chest, he made her look at him. "You are right, I haven't protected you from the Boltons. I'll tell you what, I can buy you straight out from Roose. Then he and Ramsay have no say in what I do with you. In order for me to do that, you have to prove that you are my loyal pet. Help me capture Rickon and get him back to the island alive. Help me do that and Roose will let me buy you from him. You'll never have to see the Boltons again and I will let you assist me in all hunts. You can stalk and kill to your little heart's content, Kitty. I won't turn you into Reek or Robb. You can be as shifty, sneaky and deadly as you want to anyone but me. Who am I again, Kitty?" "Master. You are my Master and I will hunt with you if you'll protect me." With a quick sense of self loathing, Arya Stark was gone forever. Sansa can have her powerful family and babies, I can have a powerful Master and give death to as many as I can. It may be a bitter life, but it was a life and Kitty wasn't ready to give up existing yet. She was however, ready to stop being abused by the Boltons. Forgive me Rickon, but I guess I am as cold as our sister after all. I need to keep the few pieces of me I have left and this is the only way.

Gregor knew that Rickon had been listening and he simply waited the boy out. Sandor was pissed that the boy did not show to dinner, he just knew the kid was delaying his beating. Saying nothing, Gregor ate his own portion, stole some of Sandor's then finished off the boy's too. "Leave the dishes,
it can be the boy's turn to do them tonight." Snorting, the younger man left the table muttering that the mess will be there all night. "Little fucker will stay on the porch tonight hoping to avoid us." Eventually, Sandor went upstairs to his room and Gregor waited. He cleaned his guns, then sat on the couch till Rickon crept inside. "You heard me talking earlier. Is that why you hid outside, or because Sandor wants to thrash your hide?" Shrugging, Spaceship came a bit closer, staying just out of reach. He looked at Gregor and asked, "If someone offers you money to kill Sansa or her baby, will you do it?" Gregor nodded and said, "If the highest price was for the murder of one or both of them, maybe. What do you think? Do you think it's wrong of me to do that, boy?"

Rickon lowered his head and thought for a second or two. "No. Even if the price was really good, it is more dangerous to us to kill her or the baby. Too many want to save her, less want her dead. If she dies or the baby dies, too many will get angry. They will never stop hunting us." Gregor allowed the smallest smile to touch his features before he went stoic again. "Very good thinking. You are learning very fast for such a small boy. I am proud of you, Spaceship. Now go get those dishes done and find yourself some dinner before Sandor figures out you are here." It was too late and Sandor was already pounding down the staircase. Spaceship tried to dart back out but Gregor had caught him with one long arm. He simply tossed the boy towards his raging brother and headed to lock the doors for the night. Taking care of two things at once, Sandor strapped the brat while he hissed in pain, washing dishes.
Chapter Summary

The Tyrells and Lannisters are putting on a good front for the media, but it is war behind closed doors. Sansa is back in the good graces of Tyrion, is visiting Varys again but is lonely. Without Lollys or Margery to chat with, Sansa is desperate for a female mind. For a distraction she asks Petyr about her siblings.

The engagements of Lannister and Tyrell siblings took just as much spotlight as the young pregnant bride of Tywin. Places that have in the past barely tolerated the Lannisters suddenly were desperate to have their invites in. More recent establishments that had frozen Loras and Margery out for their little foray with Renly suddenly forgave everything. Two young glittering stars next to twin golden suns and it burned so brightly for the cameras that no one even noticed the lack of joy in their eyes. Everyone saw them dancing, drinking and laughing together. No one saw how Margery shuddered when Jaime would deliberately touch her with that golden hand. He always tried to use it to guide her about in public, knowing how much she hated it. Margery would trill like a bird to set Cersei’s teeth on edge and the lioness would dig her claws into Loras’s silky skin. He hated having any marring to his lovely body and this would cause him to make her stumble. One time he even managed to break her new heel and the next morning she had sent over a servant with a bill for the repair.

In spite of so many worries, Sansa and Tyrion had to admit, it was fun to watch the misery spread. Sansa missed Lollys terribly and though she enjoyed Varys and Tyrion for company, it wasn't the same. Margery was too caught up in her own troubles right now to be any company for Sansa. Cersei was never good for chatting on any day, but even her harassment's are distracted right now. Speaking to Petyr often, Sansa often asked if Petyr had any word on how her siblings were doing. Varys had been keeping Sansa informed on how Rickon was doing and so far he was alive and well. Sansa got a good laugh along with Tyrion at Varys trying his hand at babysitting. She recalled how he was the one child she hated to babysit. It always ended in a hospital trip for someone or in Sansa having a near nervous breakdown. Sansa understood that she could not see her little brother but it still hurt that she was close yet not. Varys had no real news on her sister or older brother beyond what Petyr feels like saying. Sansa is aware that the marriage is having some difficulties and dares not tread there.

Sansa simply asked Petyr directly about her siblings and took what small comforts she could. "Well, your brother seems to be improving. He is almost passable as his old self if you don't overtax him with questions or too much talking. Roose is having therapists work with your brother on his functions, physical and mental. He does seem rather fond of Robb, that is a good thing at least." While not exactly comforting, Sansa took what she could from it and then asked, "And Arya? What of her?" There was a pause then and Sansa could hear Petyr calculating what to say. "I do not know about her as much, I have not seen her at all. Roose had simply told me that she was no longer on the island. That Damon took her as his personal pet and is training her to hunt with him. From what little more I could gather, she is in the South. Roose has sent them on a mission in the South, that is all I have for you, love."
Fatherly Concerns

Chapter Summary

A small disturbing glimpse into the mind of Tywin Lannister

The nursery was peach and gold, colors that Sansa had chosen with great care. Giant stuffed animals were propped against walls. All the baby furniture was top of the line and polished daily. Tywin's polished shoes stepped softly across the new carpet. His long fingers trailed along the silk wallpaper, his sharp eyes checked to make sure the room was perfect. A bassinet sat in front of the large picture window, a gentle breeze ruffling the curtains. Tywin stepped closer and looked out the window. There below was his family, that sad little freak circus that he wishes were dead. A self important son who never even had to try to achieve things. It all came naturally and what didn't Jaime just used Tywin's money for. He had pinned such hopes on his first born son and it was all for nothing. Jaime did not want to rise any further than where he was, not if it means actual effort. He would rather sleep with his sister, have court battles for the media as a hot shot lawyer. Tywin did not blame Jaime for his affection towards Cersie. If anything, Tywin knew just how hard it was not to give in to those charms.

Tywin had always enjoyed games with his wife, of course. She did not care for them, but she did care for Tywin's money. Also, she knew how to behave, understood how a wife should act. After she died, Tywin had any number of eligible woman not to mention any whore he wanted. However, Cersie was sad over her mother, she clung to him and followed him to his room. It was better than Tywin had expected it to be. The little minx never screamed once, never begged him to stop. She cried and shook, but Cersie was a good girl and did as her father told her to. For many years, Tywin shared his unusual toys and games with his daughter. Perhaps he should have not indulged her whims so much as a child. Spoiled and vicious, Cersie rebelled against her father, trying to climb her own way up the social ladder. Now here she was a bitter widow and mother of a dead monster of a son. Another failure as a child. Hearing a bellow from below, Tywin looked out as Tyrion dropped a bottle of wine. His face creased in disgust as he thought of his wife's greatest failure.

That twisted little body and what angered Tywin the most was the mind was brilliant. What a useless thing, like giving extra brains to a monkey but with no change to his form. Tywin was an honorable southern gentlemen so he let the demon live. He gave Tyrion the best education, allowed him the same privileges as any Lannister. The boy took it all in then drank, whored and rebelled every bit of it away. A flash of red against the sun and Tywin's eyes fastened onto his wife, Sansa. The lost little innocent lamb of the Starks. The ruthless still young whore in training of Petyr Baelish. The twisted sick mind that reminds him so much of Cersie as a child. A slight smirk twisted his features and he reached into the bassinet. This little wife of his will not bear a freak nor any disappointing children. Soon Cersie and Jaime will be married off and settled. Tyrion will simply remain drinking himself to death. Tywin lifted up the little doll that was laying on a soft blanket in the bassinet. The doctors told Cersie and Sansa it was a girl. Good, they were easier to mold and fit better into his closet space.
Sailing, Skyping, Trying To Float Home

Chapter Summary

Reek and Theon have discovered they are sharing permanent headspace. Lollys declares that they can go back on the grid. She hears news from Sansa. Bronn and Theon find a way to communicate.

The purple tresses flapped crazily around Lollys and nearly blinded Bronn. He turned to get away from the deadly hair to encounter Theek's bug eyes. It wasn't a better view at all and the man sighed. "Do you ever blink? I mean, don't your eyes dry out and hurt sometimes? Isn't there a pressure behind your eyes that hurts from straining like that?" Lollys dug her sharp elbow into Bronn's side and leaned over him to smile at the staring wiry pet. "Hey, Reek. See? All back to normal again, do you remember me now?" He carefully scanned her face and hair then finally mumbled. "A little bit. Master hunted someone for you. I remember that. He cried, that man, he cried a real lot when he saw you." Lollys paled a bit at that then her face became like Master's hunting face and Reek shrunk back a bit. "Now that face I know. I remember it, the barn and that man. I cried and Master took me to his room then left me there." Bronn patted his wife's shoulder and asked, "Number five?" Nodding, Lollys grimly smiled. "Yup, he gave me a run for my money. Ramsay found him for me. I am sorry that I scared you then, Reek. He was a very bad man and deserved every bit of pain he received." Keeping his eyes averted now, the man nodded and said he understood.

Reek wrapped shaking hands around his mug of coffee and shuffled to another part of the boat. Since that first night he met them, he has obeyed the hunters. Reek spoke with Ramsay on the phone as much as he could and obeyed. The man teased him and the lady kept trying to make him speak. He knew that the couple thought he was crazy and that didn't really bother him. Theon agrees with Reek that they have probably been crazy since his crazy parents made him. Ramsay just managed to add to it then Asha rammed that last bit of fucknuts right on in with her fucking doctor. Now there was an extra invisible head, he was his own shadow, Reek and Theon. Siamese fucking twins and yeah, he was a headcase, he knows it. They both know it. Theon is afraid of what Ramsay will do when he ends up seeing Theon. What if what that doctor did made it that he cannot fully be Reek anymore? How angry will his Master be? Reek hated all this thinking and just wanted to get home to let his Master take care of it all. Throw himself at Ramsay's feet and explain what is inside his head. So that is why I am bug eyed, you fucking cocksucker and why I don't have much to chat about. Theon thought as he watched Bronn walk by.

Lollys took a very deep breath and followed after her husband, skipping a little. "Oh dearie! It is time, remember? We can go back on the grid now and uh" Before she could continue, Bronn turned around and crossed his arms. "You want to get online and on your phone. Going to type your little fingers to stubs and chatter like a maniac while I do all the sailing with Theek. Mr Bug Eyes will be great company for the long hours you blab. Then you'll finally come up for air and need to fill my head with your gossip. That means I'll still be doing all the cooking and you'll just be talking." Lollys ended the tirade by kissing him in a way that made Reek blush and look at his hands. "Fine. Go have fun, say hi for me." Bronn said, shoving gently at Lollys. About twenty minutes later Bronn noticed that Reek was almost next to him. "I know how to sail a boat. I want to help." Theon said and for a moment, Bronn just stared at him. "Why the fuck not?" Maybe the time won't go by so slowly after all if the man is starting to clear up a little bit.
"WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? LOOK AT MY STOMACH, LOOK AT ME? WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THIS TIME, I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!" Lollys forgave the extremely loud overreaction as she stared at her laptop screen. Her mouth hung wide open as Sansa displayed the baby bump. "I missed this! He actually got you pregnant! You are actually going to be a mommy! Like soon! We are sailing honey, it takes time to get places when you have to hide your cargo. I will be done soon, a few more days and I will be home to hear every sordid detail. Now what did you say the other thing was?" Bronn and Theon were companionably enjoying their quiet sailing when Lollys squealed. "Oh no, whatever it is we shall hear of it all night long." Bronn groaned and even Reek rolled his eyes. This prompted Bronn to drag a cooler of beer closer to them and Theon took one. He just took it on his own without being asked. Bronn was surprised but said nothing at all. He wondered what would happen if he used the name Theon. Lollys would kill him if it set the crazy guy back off again. Bronn decided to just enjoy whichever personality this was.

By the time that Lollys emerged, eyes shining like a small child seeing Santa, the men were well lubricated. They weaved and focused on the chattering Lollys. Grinning like naughty boys, they both remained silent as the words flowed over them. It was quite sometime before she caught on, so excited over the events at home. Finally, her chatter slowed and then she said dryly, "You are both jerks. Both of you are irresponsible, drunken sailors and you don't even care what I am saying. Well, the joke is on you guys because I am just going to repeat all this in the morning while your heads are pounding. So you don't win either way." Bronn gave his wife a sloppy kiss that made her squeal and pull away. "Yuck, what are you, tasting me?" Grinning, he said, "We win. We are too drunk to sail anymore. Not till we are clearheaded in the morning. Guess who is stuck on night duty, gossip girl?" Reek snickered at that and Bronn gave him a friendly push. As annoyed as Lollys was, she was just as happy to see that Reek has come out of his shell a little bit. Even with Ramsay, he had been timid and silent, but the man she and Bronn had found unnerved her. So Lollys kept making little arguments with them to keep Theon interacting.
Spaceship had not doubted Gregor's predictions in the least. Sandor had gone along with it but felt they shouldn't just sit here waiting. None of these high class high strung folks were going to trudge through deep country just to hire the Cleganes. The first one to arrive was Cersie Lannister. She barely even glanced at the dirty little boy that had shaggy hair, bare feet. He mainly hid behind Gregor and just listened, watching everything. Cersie saw Sansa in him and gave a delicate shudder. How wonderful, another Stark invading a Southern family. Leaning forward towards the brothers, Cersie calmly explained what she needed. All she wanted was a little job, if they could just murder Loras Tyrell. Preferably before a wedding happened. Gregor told Cersie he would consider it and gave her a rough estimate that might fluctuate. It was a staggering amount, causing the insulted woman to complain. Sandor jumped in now and said, "Don't even bother trying to haggle with us on this one, lady. You heard my brother, that is the lowest price you are looking at. Murdering a Tyrell, a first born son? If you don't like the price, go elsewhere. Remember this though, tomorrow it could be Loras visiting us. He might pay the price you are too cheap to accept."

Paling slightly, Cersie sat ramrod straight then spoke. "So tell me, do you bring Rickon Stark on the job with you? Can a six year old boy shoot a gun? He looks quite disheveled, not under good care. The wrong word gentlemen, is all it would take. Never threaten me again or I swear you will regret it." Gregor leaned closer and nearly whispered every menacing word. "Listen really careful, you cunt. I have worked for your family for years, I have helped clean up your disgusting messes. I know things about you that could fucking destroy you forever here. Rickon Stark is dead. This is my boy, my son, do you understand that? He is mine now and if you ever dare to do anything to harm him, you'll suffer. Let me tell you exactly what I will do to you, bitch. I will rape you until I have used every hole that your brother has fucked. Then I am going to throw acid on your face and watch it melt into a horror show. I'll toss you somewhere near a hospital. Somewhere in the lowest class section I can find. Your father won't seek vengeance. I didn't kill a Lannister, just disciplined some high class cunt who thought to hurt my boy. Now get the fuck out of my house and I will call you if I decide to kill your fiance for you."

A very lovely couple delicately picked their way across the lawn that has never seen a mower. Rickon thought the girl looked like something from a fairy tale book. The boy was pretty too, it was unsettling to him and he concentrated on his job. Spaceship carefully checked the two for any weaponry, then offered them chairs and drinks. Gregor and Sandor were as gracious to their guests as possible, for them. However, within seconds they were already annoyed with everything Loras did. Wiping his cup twice with a napkin, speaking to Spaceship as if he were a trained monkey. Margery was charming, but both brothers were immune to the charms of girls like her. Early in life the hard lesson had been learned as to where there place was in society. The only time a female smiles like that, she wants something from you. The only thing high class mean ladies want from rough lower class men like them, is a job done. Having little patience with the desperate siblings, Gregor broke the ice. "You want out of your engagements, right? Do you want Jaime and Cersie injured, killed?" Loras and Maregery looked at each other and nodded. Sandor gave them a price that was double what they told Cersie. As expected, Prince Charming had a fit and the Princess sulked.
Spaceship had been standing near Gregor, listening the whole time. Now his little voice cuts through the complaining voices. "Gregor told you how much. We are not changing the price for you. You want two killed. They are Lannisters. You are lucky it is not more money for that job. He will call you if we take the job."

Sandor was beside himself, ready to murder his idiot fucking brother! They need to discuss which job they are going to do. The money was more if they worked for the Tyrells, but to kill Lannisters? Tywin would forgive the brothers for roughing up his children, but not killing them. It would be suicide probably or they would have to leave the South to be out of Tywin's reach. Better to take Cersie's bullshit and kill the annoying, prissy little man for her. The money will still be more than they have ever made on one job before. As Sandor talked, Gregor only grunted every now and then, uninterested. This drove Sandor batshit and he kept talking louder as if Gregor might have gone suddenly deaf. When Gregor openly yawned at him, Sandor threw stuff at his older brother, cursing. Then their last visitor showed and Sandor no longer cared about fighting with Gregor. Tywin Lannister entered the house as if he owned it. Brushing off a chair, he sat down and stared at the brothers. "I have some work for you. It is straight forward bodyguard work, not anything more. My wife is carrying a baby that many would like to never see born. Others will seek to kill or kidnap her possibly. I want you watching my wife, keeping my child safe. Anytime Sansa leaves my home, anytime the child when born, must be out, you will be there." Gregor seemed to consider this, then gave a staggering number that made Sandor's poker face crack a little.

Smirking, Tywin asked, "Now why would I wish to pay that kind of money for babysitting?" Gregor broke into a smile, a terrifying sight actually. "Because you are not just paying for us to keep your wife and child safe. You are paying us the amount that Cersie offered for Loras's death. You are paying us the amount that the Tyrells offered to kill your children. Unless you wish us to actually consider those jobs? We would not of course ever kill a Lannister. Your daughter is very determined to have us murder that prancing fairy boy. She would pay any amount, I think." Sandor and Spaceship held their breath until Tywin spoke again. "I will call you if I decide your price is reasonable after all. I would appreciate you not taking any of the children's contracts until I have called." Gregor agreed and he walked Tywin out, leaving Sandor and Rickon wondering what the hell kind of game Gregor is playing. Threatening the Lannisters? They hoped like hell that Gregor knew what he was doing.
Arya is gone. Kitty is here but who is she? Another question that she just cannot answer. Damon reaps the benefits of this new change in his pet, but is wary at the same time. Somehow the more she submits, the more dangerous she becomes and he is at a loss to understand it. Damon plays a new game to see if he can add another delightful change to the pet.

Damon shifts his position and leans closer to the window, watching his pet. He drinks his coffee, while Kitty slowly stalks her way through the shadows. Today was the second time he had allowed her out of his sight to roam the streets and work. The Cleganes were bound to return so Damon used the time waiting them out wisely. He began to teach the now eager to learn pet how to properly track and gather information. All lessons were taught harshly and Kitty accepted that without complaint. One time, she was practicing picking locks on an old safe he found for her to work on. She screwed up and hit her own knuckles hard before Damon could even do it. It was impressive not just how quick she learned, but how intensely she wanted to learn it. When it came to training hours, Kitty was all work and no play. She obeyed without question and drove herself even harder than her Master could.

Not wanting to spend possible months in a motel, Damon rented an apartment. It wasn't much better than the motel and it was certainly louder. The walls were paper thin and he was in the worst location possible for anyone squeamish about the occasional murder or gang war. Regardless, they bought what they needed and the tiny cramped place became their home for now. Damon would take Kitty out for lessons everyday and more lessons at the apartment as well. The more he added, the more pressure he put on her actions, the better she became. Now he was testing her away from him. Damon sat yesterday in this dingy cafe, waiting while his pet went around town to hunt for information. The door opened and Kitty came in, sliding into the booth, her eyes lowered. Damon signaled the waitress and ordered his pet's dinner. "And?" Kitty looked up and began to speak. Who was involved in which side of a long standing battle of gangs. She had some minor information on a recent bank robbery, who drove the getaway car.

The food came and Damon watched while she ate as fast as she can. He thinks that is hysterical, Damon has never once used food as a punishment. Yet, just like the little mean kitty she was, she made sure she ate what she had fast, so no one could take it away. He loved this change in her, her new work ethics, how she ate, everything. She has submitted to his will and yet, somehow it made her more dangerous. More determined to learn to be a good hunter. She begs him to teach her how to kill, in every way possible. Damon has begun to do so, letting her learn to shoot, how to use a knife. He teaches her to fight and every time she manages to injure him, Kitty gives a little reckless grin. He orders her to keep the apartment clean and to do the cooking. Kitty is a terrible housekeeper and a worse cook. Damon continues to make her clean but for the sake of his continued living, they mainly live on take out and old diners like this one. "Is that all you got today?" He asked, as Kitty made sure not a single grain of rice was left on the plate.

"No. I also know that Sansa Lannister is five months pregnant and already shadow offers are floating. The Lannister kids marrying the Tyrell kids are making offers too. The Cleganes will want to pick up on at least one of these offers. In fact, I heard that Cersie and the Tyrell twins went to the
country, the deep country for one single day each. Something they have never done. Then another Lannister car went to the country. The Cleganes are coming back soon." Damon smiled and leaned back. "Then I guess we should start moving up a little in the world. Tomorrow we shall go shopping. We need some new clothes and a new location. Are you done? I want to head home." Kitty nodded and stood up. She walked quietly beside Damon as they went to the decrepit old building. When they are in public around others, Kitty does not refer to him as Master unless told to. Once they are in the apartment it all changes. She drops to her knees, lowers her eyes and uses his title. Damon still does not have meek obedience unless he forces it upon her.

She still smart-mouts him, pushes every rule and limit in some way. Kitty likes to challenge him, to fight with him until he wins. On rare occasion Kitty does win a game and gets to have her way in something. Damon enjoys making her cry and beg, after spending the day watching her learn to kill. He has decided on something new to try, another game she will hate. When they got in, Damon told her to start packing things up while he went into the little kitchen. There were the dirty dishes from breakfast, that Kitty still has not washed. He grinned, another reason for punishment later on. Right now, Damon wanted to play his game, so he ignored the dishes and got out two glasses. He allows Kitty to drink with him on occasion, he enjoys being able to make her do degrading acts while drunk. The next day as she holds her aching head over the toilet, he recounts it all for her. One time, he even had taken pictures and showed her. Kitty had growled and when Damon tried to tousle her hair, she bit him. This led to a strapping and it was forgotten until the next game.

Tonight as Damon poured the drinks, he put a tiny pill into Kitty's drink. This was new, but he was assured that it would be an aphrodisiac strong enough for an adult. Damon figures it will work twice as well on this little pet of his. A few times, rare moments while she was relaxed and calm during sex, she moaned or writhed a tiny bit. It never lasted and afterwards Kitty was a total bitch for hours. Damon loves more than anything to watch the wild little pet beg and grovel. Her eyes are swirling with how much she hates it and yet needs to do it. To see Kitty endure pleasure she doesn't want, to force her into orgasm for her Master? It makes him hard just to think of it and he calls to her. "Yes Master?" Damon handed her the glass and told her to drink up. "Last chance to have bottom line whiskey. Might as well finish it then we can get the hell out of here in the morning." Nodding, Kitty downed the drink fast, grimacing. Damon told her she could finish up packing and he waited, sipping his drink.

When Damon went into the bedroom, everything was packed. On the old saggy bed, sat Kitty, just staring at her own hands. He grabbed her little pointed chin and tilted her head upwards to see her eyes. White as milk, eyes wide and dilated, Kitty was panting. "You put something in my drink. What did you do? Is it poison? Are you killing me?" With a wide smile and a thumb caressing against that pale cheek, Damon replied, "It's not poison, why would I kill my favorite little pet? No, it was just something to help you relax, Kitty." Shaking her head out of his grip and scurrying backwards on the bed, she was in panic. "It didn't work. I am not calm, I don't feel relaxed at all. My skin is on fire and I might be dying." Damon surged forward like a tidal wave and in her drugged state, Kitty screamed at the sight of it. Grabbing her wrists, Damon pinned her down and stared into her eyes, growling with such menace, she cried. "Are you feeling timid, little kitten? That wasn't what I wanted, this was." Damon used his teeth to rip the shirt off his pet. He began to lick at her nipples and to her horror, Kitty moaned aloud. "No, stop, please don't. Just...just do what you want to and let me go. I can...I can use my mouth, okay? Master? Please? Stop, don't do that, please!"

He was relentless and ignored all her pleas, as he ripped off all her clothing. Hands, lips, tongue, he explored every inch of her. Every time she cried out or writhed, he just got more intense. Looking up at her, Kitty's eyes were darker now and the tears just added to the erotic look. Kitty was not pale anymore, she was flushing pink, humiliated and lost in desire she doesn't want. When Damon lifted her up, she clung to him, moving against him, whispering, "Please, don't make me like this. Just let me get you off and let me go." Damon responded by sitting on his knees and forcing Kitty down
hard upon his cock. As she was forced down hard with his hands like a vise on her hips, she screamed. Kitty bit hard into Damon's shoulder, drawing blood and then he gave another thrust up into her slender frame. "What did you forget again?" he growled harshly, grabbing her hair by the roots and yanking backward. "Master." she gasped out and tried to close her eyes, to hide how she was feeling. A sharp slap to the face ended that.

As Damon found a rhythm he liked best, he watched as poor little Kitty was unable to stop how good she felt. Moaning and sobbing, she found herself moving against Damon to peak her own pleasure Kitty cried in shame over it. Leaning against his chest now, whimpering into his skin, wetting him with her tears, it was amazing and Damon fucked her hard. "You are mine. My little bitch. I own you, this body, it should react to me if I want it to. You should want my attention, want to show me that you are such a good girl, come for your Master." Kitty tried to fight it as hard as she could and Damon watched her eyes as he thrust, loving the battle. Small arms wrapped around his shoulders and she gave in. That is when Damon may have lost control. It was a true coupling of the most base animal instincts. Kitty fucked the way she would kill someone if she could. Teeth and nails, growling and it was hard to tell if she was trying to fuck or top Damon.

Damon responded with the same level of savagery and both were bloody. The more pain, the more dominant he became, the more Kitty's body seemed to respond. When he went to flip them over so he could be over her, Kitty rebelled against it. He had to force her over onto her back then he thrust back into her hard enough for her head to hit the wall. Crying out, Kitty began to attack him, till he bit down hard onto her throat, growling a warning. Then she stilled and whined as he began to slowly move deep in her. A large hand began to play between her legs as well. "No, don't..stop, please, Master." She begged and it was useless. The pressure built and with Damon's smug face staring down at her, Kitty pleaded. "I need..I can't..please..don't. I don't think I can stop..please." It was all desperate babble now and this time, Damon gave her the mercy she might be begging for. "It's alright, good girl, good girl. All you have to do is ask your Master if you can please come." Flushing bright red with embarrassment, Kitty begged. "Master, please...let..let me come."

Another few ruthlessly hard moments of rutting and Kitty threw her head back and made a lost wailing sound. Damon came to it and then watched as Kitty's face caught on to what her body has done. While Kitty was still in trembling disbelief of what she has just experienced, Damon petted her hair gently. "Even your body knows it belongs to me. Thank me for giving you pleasure, Kitty." "Thank you, Master." Kitty snarled out and Damon chuckled. "Look. It's a spitting mad little kitten. Poor thing, were you forced to enjoy my hard cock? Was the poor little girl embarrassed by her pussy getting so wet for her Master? Go wash the damned dishes you forgot earlier, pet." Without another word, wiping away her tears, the red faced girl fled the room. Head still spinning a bit, Kitty stumbled into the kitchen and turned on the faucet. Trying to think of nothing at all, trying to not be, she automatically washed the dishes. Ignoring the growing feeling of buzzing under her skin, she washed the dishes. Even when Damon came up behind her and began to take her again. Kitty came hard, her head nearly into the dirty dish water, almost drowning herself. A glass in her hand broke and the pain just made her come harder.
Say It Again Until I Believe You

Chapter Summary

Gregor is trying to get Spaceship to understand the job they will be doing. Cersie dishes out some pain to Sansa, Tywin dishes out some pain to Cersie and gives Sansa a chilly warning. Sansa and Cersie get a shocker on a bleak afternoon.

"One more time. Tell me again." Gregor pressed again, so many times now that even Sandor was groaning. "You! Shut the fuck up!" Sandor scowled at the large finger pointing in his face but he did shut up. He knew this was important to Gregor, important to them all that Spaceship understands. The boy sighs, it has been an hour of standing in one place, repeating the same things. A quick slap to the side of his face, brings Spaceship's attention to Gregor. "Do you want to stay tucked away somewhere like a fucking baby while we do this job? If you don't think you can handle this, you tell me right now. Just let me know that I wasted my fucking time saving your little worthless ass. You aren't a pet or a slave like your brother and sister. You just say the word and I'll open the door, call you a taxi. Want to go back to the Boltons, fight them on your own? Want me to give you to your sister? She can put you in cute little suits till you get a bullet to your fucking head. ARE YOU HEARING ME NOW, I AM TRYING TO KEEP YOU ALIVE. I AM TRYING TO TEACH YOU HOW TO SURVIVE AND NEVER LET THEM WIN!"

Sandor was staring at Gregor who was leaning over the small boy like an ogre from hell. For a small moment, Spaceship thought he was going to be eaten. Tears were streaming down his cheeks from the harsh words and he was stiff with terror from the roar. "I'm sorry. I want to do this, I want to stay with you. I will say it again." Gregor stood back up, crossed his arms and glared. "We will be staying at the Lannister's mansion. We will stay in a cottage near their gardens. I am not to be seen in the main parts of the home unless I was invited or I am working. I am not going to steal or break anything. I am not there to visit with my sister. We are there to protect her and the baby. That is all. I will deliver messages, I will stay out of the way, I will be silent. I will not act up and I will not take any risks at the Lannisters. If I have free time and want to play, I need to use the woods behind their fields. I do not speak with the members of the house unless they talk to me. I listen, I report everything I hear. I never leave the Lannisters land without you or Sandor. I do not carry messages for anyone else, for any reason. If someone asks me how I feel about something, I do not have an opinion." Spaceship stumbled on the word opinion, but otherwise, he had it down in a robot voice.

Gregor grunted and leaned down. He lifted the tiny brat up and set him on the table. Grabbing the still squishy growing skin of his cheeks, Gregor gave a tiny shake. Cupping the boy's face, Gregor spoke softer now. "Better. Now pay close attention. Hear me, really listen because this is important. I will only say it this once, you little psychotic brat. I love you like a son. I do and I know that you love me back. You don't need to say it, I will always know that. I will kill anyone that tries to hurt you, but you have to know how to protect yourself. In every way, even when it gets hard or it hurts to do it. Sansa is a smart girl but she is pregnant. Pregnant women are very emotional and you are her long lost brother. She will not act clever like she used to, she will want to see you all the time. She will try and think of ways for you to stay with her, maybe even live there. You have to be the one to pull away from her. You have to be strong enough, to shut those pussy tears off enough to do your job. It is nice to visit with a sister, but if you are visiting, you aren't paying attention. Someone could put a bullet through her head while she is chatting with you. Then the bounty hunter can kidnap or kill you and get a two for one."
Sansa redid the cottage four times before Tywin put a halt to her rampant slave-driving of every servant on the grounds. "We aren't having royalty visit, it's the bodyguards. Giving them a cottage was generous enough, don't you think?" Sansa glared at her husband for a moment then blushed and looked away. "It's my little brother. Rickon will be in there and I want him to be comfortable." Tywin patted Sansa's shoulder, massaging her neck as he led her towards the house. "Rickon will not be here." He said simply as he worked a knot out of that fragile neck. Sansa tried to turn her head, but suddenly the hand was clamped hard, forcing her forward. "Gregor Clegane's son will be working with him, staying at the cottage. I believe the boy has a rather strange name, but, it is a name. A legal one in fact, all the paperwork was seen to by Jaime himself. The boy is Spaceship Clegane. A name that I do hope the boy changes before he hits high school." Sansa said nothing as they entered the house. She tried to look as if her nerves were not being pinched shut in front of the maids. Tywin kissed Sansa's forehead then released his grip. "You are so emotional these days, my little wife. I can call the doctor if you need something to help you with that. I am concerned that you will mistake this boy for your missing brother. It would be embarrassing for you to be harassing the Cleganes." Sansa turned to look at Tywin and gave a little nod. "I am sorry, I can control myself. It is just a symptom of pregnancy, to nest and build things. It is a strange name, but it does not sound like my brother at all."

Tywin had given a small smile then walked away, leaving Sansa with a burning neck ache for the day. It was already a bleak day and the pain wasn't helping. Lollys still wasn't home and Cersie was taking Sansa for her next ultrasound today. Back when Joff was alive and Sansa thought Cersie walked on water, she was still aware of how bad the woman could get. When Sansa came back to marry Tywin, Cersie was a bitch on wheels. After hearing she must marry a gay man who hates her, she was intolerable. Tywin showed up in the library one day where Cersie was trying to drive Sansa insane. Sansa had been curled up reading a baby book about different forms of birthing. Taking the book from her, Cersie snuggled onto the couch and read out loud. Every chapter on complications, diseases and ways to accidentally perish. Without a word, Tywin marched over and yanked Cersie to her feet. He backhanded her so hard that the woman crashed onto the couch, almost slamming into Sansa's stomach. This made Tywin snarl and he yanked her back to her feet, facing him. "Look at me. Look. At. Me. You will remove your contract for Loras Tyrell's death. You will marry him. You will go and drink yourself to death with your husband. Take all your hatred, find some high rise somewhere and party till you overdose on something. Cross me on this, you will be LIVING in my closet. Right next to my wife's favorite head on the shelf."

Walking out of the room, Tywin shut the door behind him so the servants would not be bothered by crying. Sansa was sitting up, dumb in shock of what just happened. Did Tywin just threaten to kill his own daughter? To put her head in the closet too? Oh, what if he really did that? Would Sansa have to, what if? Sansa flushed red and began to sweat. Panic among so many other emotions flooded her and she struggled to her feet. Cersie was sobbing into her hands, just standing there. "I...I am so sorry, Cersie." Tentatively, Sansa put her hand on Cersie's shoulder. "Remove your hand or I'll break it. I don't need your fucking pity." Spinning around Cersie faced Sansa and began to slowly back her into the couch. A slim hand placed itself gently on Sansa's stomach and she began to tense. Fighting when there is ungainly weight and you cannot stop falling over your own feet never ends well. Sansa waited to see if she had to try and attack as Cersie rubbed her stomach.

"The thing is, I will survive this just fine. Father is right, Loras will just drink and party and fight with me. I am older, we would go to different parties and clubs as I kept getting older. We would be roommates, really. I would be finally pushed out of the Lannisters. Yet I can still have everything, just taking a different course, and really, I win. I get to leave this hellhole and daddy with his nightmare closet. What do you get, Sansa? What does your baby get? Your little girl gets the hellhole along with you. Mommy and little girl might even have to share the closet. You are the one that needs pitying, Sansa. You want so badly to be a good mother and yet, you are giving birth, knowing
what will happen. They say I am a sadistic sick woman, evil to the core. I hear it. Imagine what they would all call you if they knew? I am everything that they say, it's mostly true. You win though...you are the coldest woman I have ever met. Even at your age, you are like a hardened whore with no feelings left. First you killed my son because you were too polite to end an engagement. You abandoned your own family to save yourself. Why should I be surprised that you will give father another victim for his games. Maybe you'll get lucky and have a boy next time around. Then at least you won't have an extra child to train into-" That is when Cersie received a second bruise on her face. Sansa's diamond ring cut a small path down Cersie's cheek.

Both woman were silent in the car on the way to the doctor's office. Cersie knew that Sansa hated the oldies, so she turned it up loud, singing songs she can barely remember from her childhood. Sansa thought of Rickon, thought of her baby and held tight to her stomach. Her teeth set on edge as Cersie joyfully sang about a lion in a really high voice. During the ultrasound, Cersie would sit in the chair and pretend to be so concerned. Such a supportive step daughter. The technician snorted and paged the doctor during the procedure. Sansa and Cersie looked at each other then waited. The doctor spoke after the technician whispered in his ear and then showed him the screen. "Oh. I have very good news for you, Mrs. Lannister. You do indeed have a very healthy girl in there, along with a stowaway. You are having twins. A boy and a girl."
Put Me In My Cage Please

Chapter Summary

Ramsay has a new cane and is waiting for his pet to come home. Theon and Reek arrive. Bronn punishes Lollys for the whole aggravating trip. first though, robb just woke up.

Robb woke up and remembered everything. His eyes stared at the sun spots on the wall but was seeing clarity and truth. Robb's hands flew up and he clutched at his collar. "He gave me brain damage, made me into this. All my father's work, his now. What he does to me, what I do for him." Muttering this out loud, working himself into a small seizure.

Ramsay was down to just a cane and had no problem walking to the docks. It was a silver cane that had a flayed, screaming head for a handle. He had it custom made with his pet in mind the whole time. Ramsay could already picture Reek cowering under the stick. Such lovely lines it can make across his back and just the thought of that made Ramsay moan. He paced, tightly wound and desperate to see his pet. A picture of his sweet boy cowering at his boots, using the tip of the cane to force Reek's chin up as far as it can go. Using his binoculars, Ramsay watched the tiny boat and swore. How much longer, dammit? It has been too long and Ramsay just knows retraining will be needed. Poor Reek was so sweet on the phone but Theon slipped out a little here and there. It made Ramsay a little nervous, his pet sounded so different now. As if he were talking to two different men at the same time. It is alright, though, not a problem. I will let my confused Reek know that I am not mad at him. Give my little puppy some comfort and love. When I explain I am helping him, he will cry and beg sweetly..but he will obey and it will be fine.

Bronn had watched in amazement as Theon morphed slowly into Reek as they pulled closer to the island. Even Lollys was keeping an eye and it was slow, which made it worse. His shoulders starting to go down, then his head went with it. Eye contact was gone and he only answered if spoken to. The confident voice was gone and so was the personality. A slight trembling began and those hands clutched his shirt over and over again. Bronn heard a pop in his head when those eyes finally bugged as much as they could. Yet even though his face showed fear, it had a longing, a need that was downright terrifying. It was a hungry look and Reek stared at the island coming slowly closer. Every now and then he would whisper, "Master. Please, I am coming home. Master, please, I need you." Strolling over to Lollys, leaning down, his breath tickled her ear. "Goodbye Theek. That poor kid is fucked. I half feel like I am returning a lost dog, the other half feels like I just returned a runaway sex slave. You owe me big time for this job, hear me, love? Two days worth of you know what. I am going to destroy you and you'll just have to take it won't you? Bringing buddies too. At the very least I will invite Sansa, Tyrion and Varys, why should I be the only one to take you down?" Sighing, Lollys pouted then conceded. "Fine. Jerk, you know how much I hate paintball."

Reek was running, he was flying, Theon was running across the docks and it was towards Ramsay. Who stood there, waiting even though his eyes were excited. Ramsay had braced himself because he knew his little puppy would be over excited. His pet will jump on him, too happy to care about the rules at first. That was fine and Ramsay loved how his pet slammed into his chest. Strong arms wrapped tightly around Reek and Ramsay put his face in the tangled hair. "Good boy, you came back home. I am so proud of my Reek, trying so hard to be loyal. I missed you very much, did you miss your Master?" Reek pulled back to peek up at Ramsay and timidly responded. "Yes Master, I
missed you so much. I love you and I didn't want to go, they made me! I tried so hard to come home. I never forgot who I was, I swear it, but the doctor he—" Ramsay cut through the babble by putting his finger on Reek's lip. Gently, Ramsay moved his finger on the smooth lips and he smiled. "We can talk about all of that later, pet. I promise I am going to help you get over all of that mess they put you through." Reek nodded and pressed closer into his Master.

Lollys and Bronn walked over, while Reek entwined himself around Ramsay. Grinning, Ramsay shook Bronn's hand and then he nodded at Lollys. "Thank you. That meant so much to me, anytime, anything, you just name it." Ramsay handed a small envelope to Lollys. "Good to know. I might need a favor one of these days." Lollys said goodbye to Reek but he only gave a tiny nod. In a very small voice Reek spoke, "Goodbye. Thank you for helping me get home." Bronn could not bring himself to try and shake hands with someone wrapped around another like that. "See ya, Reek." Not even a glimpse of Theon in the response. Oh well, it was done. Bronn nearly ran them off the island. He didn't look at his wife, or anything else until they were on a plane, heading South. "Two days of paintball. You against everyone." Lollys stared at Bronn then said stiffly, "Some would consider this to be spousal abuse." Arching an eyebrow, Bronn said softly, "This from the woman who almost broke my head with a Dalek mug? Over an argument about a fictional show! You nearly killed me for an opinion on something that doesn't even exist. One of these days, you'll finally snap and turn us all into chandeliers." She leaned into her husband and kissed his cheek as she said sweetly, "Your bones will have their own special place, love."
Facing Painful Facts

Chapter Summary

Asha wakes up. Olenna sets her grandchildren straight. Jaime and Tyrion have an unpleasant conversation.

Asha opened her eyes and stared at the unfamiliar room. It was a hospital room and she was hooked up to tubes everywhere. She struggled to sit up and alarms went off on the machines. A nurse hurried in and said, "Well, look who decided to wake up and rejoin us all. You need to stay calm and lay down, I know it hurts, I will fix that for you. I need you to rest, you have been recovering from being shot. Do you remember anything, dear?" The nurse had the hungry eyes of a gossip and Asha rebuffed her. "Give me my pain meds and stop drilling me. I will tell the doctor what I remember, not you." With pursed lips, the nurse administered the morphine in the IV line. The medicine instantly seemed to help and Asha spoke again. "Please bring me my cell phone. I need to make some calls." In a matter of moments there was a hit on the lives of Ramsay and Roose Bolton, floating, waiting to be picked up. There was also a huge reward for the capture and return of Theon Greyjoy.

Margery pouted and Loras sulked while Olenna lectured them. "If anything happens, even by accident to Cersie or Jaime, Tywin will have you buried before I could blink. I would be attending the funerals of my grandchildren. Burying husbands is one thing, your own children or grandchildren is an experience I do not wish to try. Until you have married, you will have no further access to any of your accounts. All monies and really everything, you must ask me personally. You both have forced me into treating you like small children again. Blame no one but yourself, Loras. Be quiet and listen! What are you really fighting against here? Let us think about that for just a moment. Now, Loras we shall start with you. Cersie is an accepted matron in our circle, higher than you or your sister have been able to go. She knows of your nature, she doesn't care since she would never wish to sleep with you. You live however you choose, in your own private home. You become accepted into higher circles, greater opportunities will happen. Cersie will do as she pleases, you will do as you please and both of you will be the happy couple when needed. How bad is that, really?"

Turning to look at her granddaughter, Olenna fired again. "As for you, young lady, you are acting like a spoiled brat over this. So the man has a golden hand, he has a stump, get over it, dear. How can you not see the amazing opportunity here for you? A Lannister, a first born son, do you think he won't benefit greatly when Tywin dies? Regardless of Sansa and her twins, Tywin will not forget Jaime. So the man is a bit abrasive to you, since when have you failed in seduction work? I thought I taught you better than that?" Margery glared at her grandmother and hissed out, "Jaime Lannister is a chauvinistic, middle aged, pompous ass!" Olenna sighed and said, "He is the first born son of the most powerful man in the South. You cannot reach any higher, Margery, you know that." "I would have rather Tyrion. At least he has a sense of humor and I have heard stories of his lovemaking. Jaime just wants to put his creepy metal hand on me like some back alley pervert!" Olenna snorted and retorted. "Do you think I enjoyed your grandfather? Do you think I didn't wish to kill him several times a day? I would come up with any ailment to avoid sex once I gave him children. I had other men for that, yet I did my duty as a wife. You will do the same and reap the benefits of it."

Jaime took another swig of wine and itched at his stubble. Tyrion arched an eyebrow and asked, "Not that I don't enjoy your company, but why are you here? Since when have you decided to join me for a bout of afternoon drinking? Not since your early twenties, I believe. Ever since Father came
home you have been boring and depressing. Since your upcoming nuptials were announced, you have become an insufferable prick. Now every time you look at Sansa, your face is nearly suicidal looking. What the hell is going on with you?" Jaime shrugged and replied casually, "Nothing much really." Tyrion nodded firmly and said, "Oh good then. Because you haven't showered or shaved in a while and I was getting nervous about that. Also you are drinking all your meals, working random hours and about as fun as dental surgery." Jaime burst out in his defense. "I have some damned good reasons for it! I am being forced to marry some little twit, almost young enough to be my daughter. We hate each other and have nothing in common."

"Oh, you can both get drunk, have a few Lannisters than live separate lives. Install a mistress somewhere, buy a fancy new car to drive her in. Your wife will be so busy enjoying her new status, she won't care what you do." Grabbing another bottle of wine, Jaime nearly stumbled over his chair. "How easy you have just made it all sound. I am very sure that giving marriage advice isn't your thing." Jaime gave a small chuckle then eased far back onto his seat. "Debauchery is your thing. Your infamous whore stories, all those taboo things you have tried. So maybe your advice on this problem will be better." Tyrion rolled his eyes and then announced, "Let me guess, you have been fucking Sansa. We have all fucked her, brother dear. No offense to her, I love her dearly, but it is no secret." Jaime grimaced and then tilted his head in acknowledgement. "Yes, I am aware of that. I know father forced her to do things with Cersie. I know that you have been with her too. It's not that, it's just...it was a heat of the moment thing, I forgot to use a condom." Tyrion choked on his wine and then stared at his brother. "YOU WHAT? Have you lost your mind, Jaime? How could you be so stupid? Thank any God up there that you look like father when he was young." Pausing for a moment, Tyrion let out a harsh bark of laughter. "This would be the second time you got the wrong person pregnant."

Jaime wanted to punch that look right off Tyrion's face, but he was almost seeing double. He was not sure which head to smash, so he didn't bother. "Oh, fuck you, alright? Just fuck you. You...you always act like you get the worst of it all. It's not you that has to marry, not you that is being replaced by babies, babies that might be yours. Your babies that you can never acknowledge and it tears your heart out. I have spent my whole life having to pretend, Tyrion. Pretend I am perfect, that I really am happy, smart, energetic and perfect, perfect. Only Cersie really liked me or knew me deep down. She was the only girl I could understand, that I could tolerate long enough. I dated all those girls and they drove me crazy. I had to pretend that I did not love my sister the way I did. I had to pretend that I did not have a son. That I was happy my sister was married to that fucking oaf that beat her daily. I pretend it doesn't bother me to have this golden hand, that it doesn't bother me to see my future wife cringe from it. Now I might have to pretend that I don't have two babies under my father's control. We both know what happened to Cersie as a little girl. Don't even act like you don't know!" Jaime yelled drunkenly at Tyrion who shushed him instantly.

"Are you trying to get us killed? Father is right upstairs, the windows are open, you drunk moron! Calm down, I am listening to you. I remember, alright? I remember and though I may loathe her every breath on this earth, it still gives me nightmares. I still remember being the one sometimes to find her in a corner, shaking and crying. All I really knew was whatever father was doing to her, it had to be the most terrible thing on earth. Because Cersie would allow me to care for her. Without a sound I would take her into the bathroom, patch her up. Then I would dress her in the warmest nightgown she had and tuck her into bed. She never said a word to me, never even looked at me. But if I moved away before Cersie was ready, she would whimper like a dying animal. Sometimes, she would cling to my hand until she fell asleep. I can tell you that our fucked up father plays his games still with Sansa. Haven't you seen the damage on her?" Jaime nodded but then looked up at Tyrion and said, "All those times you found Cersie...it was because I had run off, or was out partying. Father would tell Cersie to take a bath before bed, that was the signal. So I would run away because I couldn't face it."
"Now I am still just that same douchebag, I am fucking a teenage girl who is married to my father. I am fucking her and I may have gotten her pregnant. I may have just given my father another little girl to torture, a little boy to mind fuck. Sansa is suffering under our father, it will only become worse when the children are born. And here I am, yet again, running away. I shall marry a little society wife, make legitimate babies, fight court battles and once a year take the family to vacation. I will do everything I should do and hate every second of it. Know what I want to do? Really want to do? Grab Sansa and run for it. Say to hell with it all, fuck even the money and make my own way. I will take Sansa and the babies do a good deed for once in my life!" Tyrion looked less than enthused nor did he look alarmed. "Oh yes, really? That is quite noble of you. One question, what would you like me to have you buried in? I need to make sure of your suit size before you run off on your adventure. You are a lawyer, not a fugitive, you wouldn't last three days before being killed or dragged home. Your self pity is staggering and frankly, it is irritating the hell out of me." With that, Tyrion stood up and began to walk away. "I am begging for some support here and you just leave me?" Tyrion shook his head and left his brother to his guilt and fantasies.
Chapter Summary

Petyr and Varys skype each other. Varys is reminded of their past together. Petyr makes a threat and a promise all wrapped into his taunting discussion.

Varys leaned closer to the screen and gave Petyr a pleading, half panicked look. "Petyr, don't even joke of it. Please, you are scaring me. No amount of money is worth it, leave all of these hits alone, would you? We don't have the resources to hide you forever if you failed. I don't want to be a widow, I am way too young for that kind of thing." Petyr gave his genuinely nervous wifey a smirk, delighted to have struck a nerve. "But think of the money, love. If I succeeded, killing Roose or Tywin or both, I would be the most powerful man around, the most feared and respected." With huge eyes, tears actually forming a little, Petyr found his strange partner adorable all over again. "You are delusional, Petyr. You have finally let that Northern hellhole drive you insane."

Petyr leaned back in his chair, so that more of him was in the screen. Leaning nonchalantly he put his elbows on the armrests. His right hand became a fist and then his left hand gently covered it. Varys sucked in his breath slightly, he loved this pose of Petyr's and the bastard knew it. Not much ever turns him on, either one of them actually. It was why they fit so well together. They could flirt, amuse, touch, even sleep naked against each other and it was enough. Yet Petyr's little self assured, hidden fist of power look, it gets him every time. Petyr would do it on purpose so he could tease Varys for wanting sex. When they had lived together still, Petyr's favorite punishment was just that. If he felt that wifey had fallen out of line, he would stroke Varys, holding him still by his throat. Touch him everywhere, use his mouth on Varys after he had tied his hands to the headboard. Using his voice like a deadly weapon, Petyr made his partner feel small and so needy.

It would go on for hours. Petyr would bring Varys to the edge then pull back. Sobbing, begging, Vays would be utterly debased. Had he not been tied to the bed, Varys would have crawled like a dog if it meant getting release. Petyr waited until Varys was squirming on the bed, acting like the world's neediest whore, broken past shame, then he would finish it. Petyr would slowly slither up that pale naked form, his clothing rustling against the needy flesh. Putting his face against the tear drenched cheeks, he would rub as if an animal marking it's own. "Sweet Varys, lovely little wifey, never forget who you belong to. We are equal partners, you are strong and smart, it's why I chose you. This marriage is an old fashioned one in some ways, love. I like the Northern customs best. They consist of a husband and wife. The husband gives the wife only the amount of power he thinks she should have. I give you total freedom compared to them. But you will show me respect, loyalty and when it's needed, obedience. You are mine, never forget that. Like any other good husband, I only want to guide, support and protect you. This tonight, this is guidance, it's punishment, wifey."

As the words seared into Varys's ear, Petyr's hand worked Varys to the edge again. Wailing now, Varys felt the hand slow then stop. He would scream apologies until he was blue but it wouldn't matter. So he screamed I am so sorry, but the hand just held him now. "This is not the worst discipline I can give you, do you know that? I could wreck that unique face of yours, would your contacts still look at you? Have you gang-raped in some stinking alley. Or maybe just be boring but direct about it and hurt you. You would love being thrown over my knee and given a spanking, wouldn't you?" The horror of the words melted at the last statement and Varys started uselessly trying to move against Petyr's hand. Petyr's lips touched Varys's ear now and the whisper was
seductive, so warm and full of promise. "My cold little spouse feels very little, but when he does he turns into a shameless whore. You would love a spanking, a hard fucking too. Would you like me to spank you and fuck you, Varys? You can beg me for it, go on, sweetheart."

He did not think he had any shame left until Petyr said that. In a voice of stunned horror and desperation, Varys begged to be spanked and fucked. With a small smile of victory, Petyr began to run just his lips across his partner’s face. "No." A choked cry came out of his victim and he watched as Varys crumpled and cried like an infant. Petyr gently stroked his wife’s cheek and explained. As he did this, he moved his position again, laying on top of Varys now. "Listen, stop wailing and hear me. You wouldn’t want me to fuck you dear. Not really, because same as you, I only get interested on rare occasion. When I do, my interests are an acquired taste. I go far away for my little fantasies, a rare vacation I take. You do not want to be an acquired taste my dear, trust me on that. However, as your loving husband, I feel I should tell you this. Push me far enough, be a very disloyal or disobedient wife and you will find out. I will strip you of all your power, rebuild you and you'll get that fucking you want.” The threat was important but Petyr's hand was moving again. This time he allowed Varys to beg for release and then gave it. Arching up so hard that he almost dislocated a shoulder, Varys came with a strangled sound. Pety instantly moved away and left Varys to spend the night handcuffed with semen cooling on his stomach.

Petyr watched as Varys reacted to the pose, then lost himself in memories. Smirking, he gave a moment until Varys started to squirm slightly. "Dearest, I fear that I have lost your attention?" Giving a slight shake, Varys sat up straight and sipped a bit of wine. "Sorry love. So much going on here that I have trouble concentrating on any one little thing." Varys said that dismissively then gave a delicate yawn. Petyr wanted to applaud but settled for a tilt of the head. "I have never seen so many hits all at once, the rewards are staggering. Everyone is on the hunting list this time. Boltons, Lannisters, Starks, Cleganes. When a hit for an assassin is floating about, I start to really wonder. A hit put out on the almighty Cleganes means they have something someone wants that is very important. I am sure the contract includes either killing or kidnapping Rickon Stark. The bounty for him is staggering, Varys." Forgetting the past and fully hitting panic about the future, Varys spoke with gravity.

"If you have anything to do with the kidnapping or death of that boy, we are over." Petyr stared hard into the screen and said slowly. "You would not dare divorce me." Varys had some fear on his face but he was resolute and Petyr knew he meant every word. "No, I would not divorce you. In public view we would still be married. In private, I will never speak with you again. Ever. I will hire a trusted person to relay any and all business matters for us. We will never share the same space again, never speak or see each other. In my mind you will not exist anymore. I will not accept that little boy’s death coming from you or I. There is a point when you have to stop, Petyr. If you take a contract on Rickon Stark, consider yourself a single man without a real friend in the world." Still in that authoritative state, Petyr burned holes into Varys with his eyes. "You may suggest, you may nag and lecture, yell or harass me. You will not dictate what I do. Luckily, I had already decided not to touch any contract on Rickon Stark. After my ladies were ripped apart by your animals, sweet wife, I had given that up. I am intelligent enough to know when enough is enough."

"The contract for the heads of the most powerful families is alluring though." Petyr nearly laughed at Varys trying not to explode into temper. "A contract to kill Cersie and Jaime is still floating around though very discreetly now. A contract for the Tyrells, that would be so easy and you know that. Let us not forget the biggest one of all. The contracts to kill Sansa Lannister, kill her children. There is one floating to kidnap her as well, imagine the ransom someone would ask for?" Varys went off like a rocket and Petyr as always, watched Varys with great fondness and amusement. He did love this silly little wife of his, even if Varys was such a pain in the ass. "Oh, enough calm down now. You are going to hurt yourself with those flapping hands. I am not taking any contracts, my dear. I work for Roose Bolton, I am loyal to him. He is partnered with Tywin Lannister. That makes them
untouchable unless Roose gives me an order otherwise. Loyalty is important to me, Varys. Remember?” Petyr cut off the connection.
Giants And Lions

Chapter Summary

The Lannisters and the Cleganes have a greet and meet. Sansa and Spaceship must face each other as strangers. Cersie finds a new target.

Sansa hid her fears, insecurities and old fashioned hormonal hell with makeup and a good dress. Tywin had lined the whole family up like they were soldiers. The Lannisters all stood in a row and across from them were the Cleganes. A mountain, a hound and a very small boy. He stood between the two men like a mouse between two giants. Yet he stood tall and even though he was well scrubbed, the hair was long and ragged. He was missing teeth, dirt was underneath his longish nails. Sansa tried to stop finding signs that he needed her and looked at her husband when he spoke. "You are all familiar with both Gregor and Sandor. This is Gregor's son, Spaceship Clegane." He paused knowing the name will cause reaction. Tyrion laughed outright, Jaime snickered and Sansa bit her lip. Cersie gave a brilliant smile and leaned down to take a closer look at the kid. "Of course that is your name. Did you pick it yourself?"

Spaceship raised his chin, grinned and answered, "My father and I picked it together. I am proud of my names. First and last." A little condescending laugh and a twinkle of warmth in Cersie's eyes. "Ah, yes. I am a mother, I had a wild little one, just like you. Of course, my son had to go to school like a normal boy would. Look at your hair, needs a brush and cut. Your clothes are barely fitting right, bruises everywhere. Such a mess. No one to bake you cookies or make sure that you are all tucked in. Poor little boy, these are things only a mother can do." Sansa wanted to rip that bitch's face off and it took everything to be still. She watched as her brother blinked away momentary tears. He smiled warmly back at Cersie and his voice became more innocent and cuter than ever. Sansa hid a smile knowing what that means. Stepping forward slightly, he put a trembling hand on the beautiful cheek. This stunned Cersie into frozen silence. "I miss my mother and still think of her all the time. Do you miss your son and think of him? No one to read stories to. No one to hug you and give you pictures to hang up. Does it hurt still?"

Gregor was so proud he could burst, but instead he calmly reached out on large hand. He engulfed the boy's shoulder and pulled him back next to him. His eyes were latched onto Cersie the whole time. "That is enough chatting." Tywin cleared his throat and looked expectantly at his wife. Sansa took a deep breath and moved forward a bit. She plastered a smile worthy of Margery onto her face and her voice was strong yet delicate. "I do remember Sandor. Gregor, it is nice to meet you, I am Sansa." Careful to keep her eyes onto the huge man, Sansa shook his hand, amazed at how tiny she looked next to him. "Nice to meet you, Sansa. We shall keep you and your babies safe. We are discreet and you won't even know we are here most of the time." Smiling back, Sansa nodded. "I have every confidence you will keep us safe. Tywin only hires the best." Here was the hardest part of all, the ripping out of her heart. Sansa couldn't really bend or hunch down well due to her stomach, but she tried.

"Hello, Spaceship." Sansa looked into her brother's eyes and saw the recognition, saw the suppressed tears. With true feeling, she said, "I am so happy to see you. I am so happy that you are doing well and have a good family." Spaceship spoke in a suddenly raspy tone, trying to hold back emotions, "It is nice to see you, Sansa, congratulations on your babies." He extended his hand and Sansa used two hands, squeezing tightly. Then she stood back up and gave mercy to them both by
walking back to the Lannister line. Tywin reminded them all of the rules, his rules and Gregor's rules. It gave both Sansa and Spaceship time to compose themselves. Gregor knew how hard this was for the boy and tried to offer comfort. He wrapped a large hand around Spaceship's head. Just the pressure seemed to keep the boy still. Eventually, all were released so that Gregor and Tywin could spread privately. Sansa offered to take Sandor and Spaceship to the cottage.

Both Gregor and Tywin shot looks of warning but allowed it. They knew that if the two didn't speak for a moment, have their small reunion, it would get worse. Let them go hug it out and get it over with. Sansa kept up her act all the way into the cottage. Even then, she showed them around the small home, all graceful, lady of the manor. Sandor listened to the mindless chatter about the cottage, while Spaceship looked around lost. Blinking hard not to cry and Sansa has those trembling lips. Sandor rolled his eyes and groaned out, "Enough, this is driving me nuts. Just hug each other and get it over with. Have a good cry over the past so we can move on." Rickon rushed to the clumsy girl who sat on the floor, hard holding out her arms. He nearly climbed her huge stomach, and strangled her with wiry arms. Sansa sobbed like a lunatic and held tightly to her little brother. "I was so afraid they would kill you. I am so sorry I couldn't save you. Are you really okay here? Do you like these two giants?" Rickon leaned against his sister's shoulder and spoke into her neck. "Gregor saved me. He teaches me to be strong. I love him, kind of like Dad, but he is an all the time Dad. He loves me back and Sandor gets real mad but he loves me too. I am going to get revenge for us someday, Sansa. I promise that."
High Heels Suck

Chapter Summary

Damon must give himself and Kitty makeovers to enter the higher society crowd milling about. It doesn't go well for Kitty.

Kitty practiced again, trying to lessen the damned wobble in her legs. A curse came from behind and frustrated, she growled. "What was that, did you say something? Did you just fucking growl at me, pet?" The voice remained level but the threat in it was quite loud. She flinched and muttered, "Sorry Master. I will keep trying." Damon stood there for a moment, debated whether or not to strike her. He decided against it. In those stupid heels, if he whacked her she'd go flying. He cannot risk any broken bones right now. No visible bruising either. "Try it again. You will walk this hallway until you do it right or fall down. If you fall down, I'll strap your ass for you, then you'll stand up and do it again. Understand me?" "Yes Master." Gritting her teeth, Kitty tried to stand straight and walk confidently in these torture devices someone calls shoes.

When Damon drove uptown, Kitty was confused as hell, staring at him. "Where are we going?" "We are going closer to your sister. Because that is where your brother will be now. The Cleganes are coming to protect Sansa and her babies. There are contracts out on every single freaking Lannister and Tyrell right now. There is a huge one for the return of Rickon Stark as well as the one we are filling. We have to be the ones to get him first if we want Roose to listen to the request." Kitty nodded and said, "I know that. I am willing to do this, as long as we are not killing him." Damon grinned and said, "Still so fucking rebellious. Not to kill him, we are bringing him back to Roose. He won't kill him either. He will make him a little hunter pet or something like it." His words were as brutal as he could make them. Carefully watching her face to see her reactions. Shrugging, she looked back at him blankly. "I cannot help that right now. I will bring him back there and gain my freedom from them. I will serve you and someday I will beg you to allow me to kill them."

He pulled up the uptown mall and told Kitty to get out of the car. "I thought we did our shopping yesterday? We got ammo, got supplies." Dragging her through the doors impatiently, Damon growled out, "We need to look the part we play, stupid. When you are hunting in the woods, don't you use camouflage? Don't little thieves and ninjas know that first rule? Concealing yourself? We must buy better clothing so we fit in where we are going. It is high class and so we need to be as well. It should be easy for you, as a former Stark. You saw how your mother and sister acted in public? All manners and a bit of snooty attitudes where we are going to be. In order to track your brother we need to meld into the crowd. We can't do that looking like scum from downtown creeping around."

Damon had her sit on a bench as tried on some suits, got some shoes and a quick trim on his long hair. Cologne and few pieces of jewelry were the last touches. All his former items were put in a shopping bag, then tossed into a charity bin. When Damon stood in front of Kitty in his new look, she stared up with her mouth slightly open. This was not the brutal redneck that beat, cut and raped her. This was a handsome young man, a rather solidly built one. In his Italian fitted suit, thick, wavy model guy hair and a charming smile. Oh, I want that. I need that. Kitty took one halting step forward, then another. She looked up at Damon with wide, honest, hopeful eyes and asked, "Teach me how to do it. Please. I'll do anything if you'll teach this trick to me, please?"
Damon cocked his head and confused asked, "Teach you to do what?" In such a serious and soft tone that it almost chilled him, she replied. "Teach me to turn myself into someone like that. Master, I need to learn it. Please?" "Maybe. Let's see how well you can behave and we can talk about it later. Maybe you can challenge me tonight. That could be your prize." Shoving Kitty forward they continued to another section of the mall. Now it was Kitty's turn and it was agonizing. "This is a new form of torture, of punishment. I would rather you whip me again, please." She hissed into Damon's ear as a lady shoved another shirt against her chest. A chuckle and a rather painful pinch on her thigh. Kitty had no say in her clothing, it was all chosen by Damon. He was cute and charming for the ladies. She wanted to laugh to death when he introduced her as his sister. How they were new in town, just visiting relatives. How the luggage was transferred to who knows where. Now his sister has not clothing at all. Damon told them how tired and ill she has been from an accident. Now these women were cooing over her, it was disgusting.

As she tried not to squirm, bite or run, she was moved about and dressed like a doll. When they worked on undergarments, she just shut her eyes and turned red. I will behave and accept this, she repeated over and over. It worked until they got the shoes out. The flats were fine, even the chunky heel of a boot was fine, she would love it. Then the heels appeared and that was that. "Uh, Damon, not the heels. I can't wear those." The dark look pierced right through something inside her chest. It reminded her that underneath that handsome, charming young man was really a monster. She knows that whether the place they stay has cockroaches or a view of the city, it will be the monster with her tonight. Never be fooled by the outside image, that is my first lesson in becoming someone else. Kitty swallowed and meekly said, "Sorry. I do want heels. I am just tired, I am sorry, ladies." The apology was warmly accepted by the over sympathetic clerks. All of them panting after the man who will make this girl scream in pain and terror tonight.

Once they found her size, Kitty really did try to walk in the damned things. For an hour, the women tried to teach her, each becoming frustrated. Twice Damon gave her the black look that promises pain, for swearing. Kitty nearly killed herself before her Master called a halt to it. "We shall practice at home." That was all he said, but she went pale. Next was a hairdresser that was careful to keep the hair hiding scars and cuts. Yet this was a look that made her seem older. It was classy yet still modern and secretly, Kitty loved it. The cosmeticians came next and it was more torture. Kitty whimpered and begged for mercy, but Damon had none. He laughed at her pain, flirting with the ladies, telling them how she should look. Then it became true torture, creams were smeared everywhere. She was waxed everywhere that needed waxing. Luckily she was not given to her father's hairy nature! The pain was terrible and she couldn't believe women paid for this willingly. By the time they were done with her eyebrows, she was in tears.

Powders, lipsticks, all kinds of strange little colors were patching up her face. It was transforming her like Damon and suddenly she was interested. The hair already changed her, but now this was what made it real. Swipes here, a quick line here, spread it out, smooth over it all. Watch the grubby teen become a young lady, maybe just graduating high school. A newly eighteen year old, an upper class, blank slate, a costume. A whole new person to fill up and play. Like wearing your weapons. Kitty paid close attention when told how to use everything and then to Damon's surprise, she had him take her backwards. They went to the hairdresser and Kitty asked her about how to keep her hair this way again. At the clothing store, Kitty had them show her some of the items that she wasn't sure how to wear. This was enough to appease Damon from her little outbursts. So instead of beating the hell out of her, he is making her practice.

As Kitty slowly walked again, her legs burning, her feet in agony, she started to sweat. To try and ignore the pain, she began to ask questions. "This place we are, it is the fanciest place I have ever been in. My father took us to everywhere that mattered. So why have I never been here before, Master?" Damon grinned and got comfortable in a overstuffed recliner. "Walk over to the bar and bring me whiskey." Nodding, Kitty began the long trek to the other side of the room. "This is not a
hotel for everybody. It is for a certain type of clientele. Like me or the Boltons. Or the Cleganes. The Locke family is known for visiting here an awful lot." Kitty spun around, nearly killing herself, forgetting the heels. For a small moment, Kitty looked like a little girl that was just told unicorns are real. "It is a hotel for assassins and criminals, right? Like how pirates had a neutral territory that they could use. Is there a guild? Please tell me you are part of a guild, Master?" Damon stared at her and shook his head. "Pirates? What the fuck are you gibbering about? There is no guild, idiot. Get my drink. Don't drop it, or I swear you will feel that whip on your back."

Kitty stared down at the mix of whiskey, blood and glass. The whip cracked and she screamed as it seared through her skin like butter. "You begged me to teach you to be someone else. You want to learn? Then learn how to walk across a floor with heels and hand me the fucking expensive whiskey!" Another strike and Kitty howled. Her fingernails, freshly manicured, it was hard not to break them against the marble floor. This new someone must have nice nails. No one can see the whip cuts on her back, but they can see nails. So Kitty tried to keep her hands flat on the ground. She had to try not to grind her teeth. The real ones were freshly cleaned and bleached. That way they matched the fake ones. I have to learn, have to walk in those shoes, have to endure this pain to learn. So Kitty did not curse or try and avoid the whip. She endured, she screamed and she learned.

Some hour that the world seems silent, seems haunted and heavy, that is when it clicked. Kitty was naked, blood streaming from long lines on her back, wearing only heels. She walked across the room easily, with a slight, very slight swing to it. As if heels were effortless to wear, like they were slippers. With confidence, Kitty handed Damon his whiskey. "Good girl. As a reward, tomorrow I will teach you how to kill a person with those shoes. We will also work on how to kill, escape and fight while wearing the heels." That was appealing and Kitty smiled at him. "Yes Master. Thank you, I would love that." Damon tousled her hair fondly. Then he stood up and pushed her towards the bedroom. "Right now, I want to play with you while you are in those heels. Bedtime, pet. Tonight, I want you to be a wild little kitty for me. Not the hissing fighting kitty though. The one that squirms under me and begs for more." The tired and sore pet almost growled, almost cursed but contained it. Instead she headed for the bedroom. Kitty hated that Damon can play her body like that. However, her tongue slipped right past her defenses. "Master, I have a question? You had every lady at the mall drooling over you. Some of them were pretty and they were all desperate. You could have offered yourself and each of them would kill themselves to fuck you. So why me, why this instead?"

Damon lifted her up with ease as if she were just a doll. He put her at level to his face then growled his answer. "So little compared to me. Rather breakable looking, yet you are tough, so angry and I like it. Forcing you to submit to me in every way, I just like it. You amuse me, you turn me on and everything I do to you, I love it." Damon grinned directly into her face then pretended to bite it. Kitty had gasped and pulled her head back hard enough to hurt something in her neck. "I love your struggles, I enjoy your challenges, I love having an expressive, deadly little pet. Have anymore questions?" Kitty managed to whisper no and Damon threw her down hard upon the bed. The shoes went flying, clattering on the floor somewhere.
Spoiling On Purpose

Chapter Summary

Ramsay cannot bring himself to be as terrifying, strict and cruel as he normally would be to a returning pet. Normally, he retraining instantly, brutally reacting to any tiny mistake. He has missed him too much...

Ramsay wanted to just keep holding onto his little Reek. He had missed him so much and to finally have him in his arms, it was bliss. Yet he knew from past experience, the hardest for his pet was that first meeting again. For years, Theon would show up and had to brought back into Reek again. So Ramsay had begun a new ritual for his pet, that started as soon as he would see his Master. Reek would have to kneel right away and say who he was and that he was here for his Master. Theon hated it, despised it, so he would flee right away. It worked and each time, Ramsay had to retrain a little less. This leaving was more traumatic than any other and the chance he would rebel was pretty high. So this time, he had to establish dominance instantly. In fact, he must perhaps be even harsher or colder, though Ramsay truly had no heart for it. No, pets do not deserve sympathy or pity, not unless it was truly deserved. He will stick with his plan and if sympathy seems to be deserved, then he will give it.

Reek was holding on so tightly, Ramsay had to nearly break his fingers to make him let go. Squeaking out in pain and despair, he looked up at his Master. In a cold voice, Ramsay said calmly, "Reek, that is enough. I allowed this behavior because I understand you are excited to be home. My good puppy doesn't jump all over Master without permission, does he? Where is your place, pet?" There it was, a slight flicker and Ramsay saw Theon, always could hunt him right out. Except, it was and wasn't a Theon look. It wasn't angry or bitter, it was just an awareness, a deep hurt, then Reek's sweet fearful sadness took over. Instantly, he begged forgiveness and fell to his knees. "Your Reek is home, Master." That brought a pleased look and a longer than usual tousle of his hair. Reek leaned into the hand and Ramsay chuckled. "Are you ready to be a behaved puppy for me now?" The amused voice made his pet relax and Reek nodded. "Yes Master." The voice was full of submission and relief, ready to give all control over. Ramsay heard it, luxuriated in it. He decided the extra cruelties he was planning, they would not happen.

Today, tonight, he would grant full mercy. He just wanted to give his Reek a bath, get the Greyjoys off of him. Take him to bed and spend the time touching every scar, every stump. Use his hands, teeth, cock and blade to cover, mark and claim his Reek. To hear his little pet cry, beg and scream for his Master, feel that trembling and see those large eyes, full of fear and worship. Tomorrow he can begin any training needed, he can be cold and harsh then. Not right now, it was too soon. Ramsay needed Reek and Reek needed Ramsay. He needed to comfort his pet, let Reek erase those others from his mind. Filling his mind with only his Master again. "Come Reek, let's get you inside. First thing we shall do is wash the stink of those disgusting Greyjoys off of you." Ramsay watched his pet's face carefully but Theon did not flash anger at that. Instead his Reek's eyes filled with tears and gratitude. "Thank you Master." Ramsay used his cane to walk, but not to hurt his pet. Having his little pet crawl so obediently next to his leg sent a feeling of power through him.

Ramsay entered the house with his pet, then stopped dead. His father stood in the way, staring down at Reek. The pet became terrified and wrapped himself around Ramsay's leg. "Please, don't let him send me away, Master! Don't let him take me away! I won't go! I won't leave you again!" He was
nearly yelling in his distress and his eyes were wildly rolling, quite the feral panic. Roose arched an
eyebrow and Ramsay tried to soothe the pet by petting his head. "He is home and Reek stays home
with me. Don't worry pet, you won't leave me ever again." Roose moved closer and softly said,
"Don't make him promises you might not be able to keep. Ramsay. Don't displease me again if you
want to keep him." Ramsay glared at his father and nearly growled at him. "You stay away from
Reek. Leave him alone, he is mine. I will do your fucking dirty work, just leave my pet alone."
Roose stared at his son for another long moment then left the room.

Before Ramsay could allow his father to upset him, he must remember his Reek. How scared his pet
had been seeing his father. Surprise was all he felt next, looking down at his pet. His little puppy
wasn't looking up at his Master or at the floor. Those large eyes were trained on the door his father
just disappeared through. Eyes filled with rage and a wild hatred. "Reek!" Ramsay snapped and
instantly the eyes were upon him. They were afraid and submissive again. Normally when he was
cought being bad, he would cower and beg forgiveness. Another new thing instead happened. Reek
began to try and not offer an excuse but say what he did wrong. "Sorry Master. It was wrong of me
to be so mad. I cannot get angry at your father, I was bad. Please forgive me." Again, it was hearing
Theon clearly explain while Reek did the apologizing. Nodding, Ramsay said, "We can talk about it
in a little bit, Reek. For now, let's go set up your bath. No more outbursts of any kind around father,
pet. That warning is your only one. Next time you act up in front of others, your skin will suffer for
it. I am being way too kind to you today already. It is only because you have been through so much.
My poor little weak puppy was lost without his Master." Now Reek cringed and whined, trying to
get closer for comfort. Ramsay smirked and felt good again.

After his pet was in the bathtub, Ramsay threw away everything he had worn, including the
sneakers. "There, all gone, Reek. Here is the last, worst part of it, pet." Ramsay began to use a gentle
sponge and soaped his little pet all over as he quietly spoke. "I want you to tell me all about it while I
wash you clean." In a voice choked with tears, Reek told Ramsay how he fought against it. How he
felt guilty about his mother. How he shot his family, how he had made so many escape attempts
before it. When Reek finished talking and crying about it, Ramsay rinsed his pet off. "Good boy,
Reek. It is all done now, all over. You will never see Pyke again, never leave me again. You never
will think of them only your Master matters." Ramsay gave his pet a deep biting kiss, then lifted the
soaking boy out of the tub. Normally, Ramsay would have carried his pet all the way to his bed.
However, Ramsay's lame ankle, it was still healing very slowly. It prevented him from it, so did
Theon's extra bit of build. He has not gained flesh from eating, it was pure muscle. During his time
on Pyke, he worked out, exercised, so he could fight and escape. The weight made it a little harder to
carry him.

This did not upset Ramsay too much, it can be fixed. Plus, it was better to use that excuse than his
lame ankle. Reek has already looked upon the cane and limp with alarm. His pet cannot ever think
his Master is weakened in any way. "Reek, stand on your feet. There, better. Did you bulk up while
you were away?" Reek nodded and meekly told his Master how he did it to fight his way home.
"You are not in trouble for it, pet. That was a very clever puppy to try and get stronger to escape
those bad people. No more need for it now, I like you a little bit leaner, Reek." Ramsay rubbed a
towel across his pet's shivering skin as he spoke. "There, all better. You smell like soap and soon you
will smell like me. To my room, Reek." The pet crawled quickly, trying to match Ramsay's pace.
Even though it hurt like hell, Ramsay forced himself to move fast. His stupid pride almost demanded
it after not being able to carry his pet. They entered the room and Ramsay locked the door. In a voice
harsh with suppressed pain and barely contained lust, he ordered, "The bed now." Reek climbed
onto the bed and knelt there, waiting. Ramsay ripped off his clothing as he headed towards the bed.
"Lay down flat." Ramsay leaped onto the bed and rushed over Reek like a predator attacking.

The way his Reek shrank back into the pillows, panting and scared filled him with need. "Oh little
pet, are you afraid of your Master? Are you scared, my loyal, obedient little puppy?" His voice was
filled with kindness laced with threat and Reek whimpered. "Yes Master. I am scared of you, scared, loyal, obedient Reek." It was said easily, without hesitation and Ramsay dove down. His teeth, tongue and lips attacked Reek's mouth. The kiss was long and crimson colored. Reek cried out but his little hands timidly began to rest on his Master's shoulders, only clenching tight when a bite was too sharp. Ramsay touched his pet everywhere, he licked every scar. Reek was responsive under Ramsay's touch. Soon enough he was entering his Reek. The little pet had begged his Master to be merciful and use some lubrication. It was so endearing, Reek was kissing Ramsay's toes and feet. His eyes were turned up, pleading. Ramsay smiled and got the lube, then leaned back. Reek thanked his Master by kissing all the way up to his neck. Once his pet was all the way stretched up to kiss Ramsay's neck, he flipped them over. It was good that he used the lube. Ramsay was unable to wait any longer and thrust hard into his pet.

Reek cried out at first, not used to this anymore. Ramsay needed too much to stop or be gentle for his little pet. Instead, he took his pet hard, needing to fuck, fill and dominate this little creature of his. Ramsay growled into Reek's face, baring his teeth. "Who are you? What is your name? Who do you belong to? Who am I?" Ramsay would thrust hard with each question. Then Reek would give his answer and Ramsay would ram in harder. Leaning down, he sunk his teeth into Reek's neck. Tasting the blood that filled his mouth, spilling out along with saliva, Ramsay groaned and filled Reek, shuddering. He wrapped himself around his crying pet and hushed him, comforted him. It was only twenty minutes later that Ramsay woke Reek out of a doze. This time, he could be a bit more gentle, he could allow his pet some pleasure. Reek surged against his Master when hands began to touch him and when Reek came, he screamed for his Master.
Damon walked down the winding staircase, Kitty's hand on his arm. She only clutched a few times while the heels wobbled. "Fall once, you'll regret it. Now pay attention. While we are in this hotel or on it's grounds, it is considered neutral. I don't care if Roose Bolton sits on one side of you and your sister on the other. If they are in this place, they cannot be touched. If you are fucked with and I cannot help you, then you do everything but kill. Of course, if you are behaving, nothing should happen at all. Right?" "Yes Damon." Kitty responded, looking at everything around her. "Guess what? In this place, no one gives a shit who or what you are. So you can use my title like a good girl. I know how much you like saying it." A tiny squeezing of her hand to let him know she was pissed, but a subdued Yes Master was heard. "Excellent." Cheerfully, Damon led her into a fancy restaurant and bar within the hotel.

A pretty woman seated them, handed menus and took drink orders. Damon looked about the room and then he opened his menu. Scanning the items, the two looked at the items listed. "The hits out for every Bolton, Lannister and Tyrell have brought out the wolves. Every hunter I wouldn't fuck with is here tonight." Raising an eyebrow, Kitty couldn't help but ask, "Are the hunters you would fuck with here too?" Giving a very brief look at her, Damon said, "No. They are all dead, idiot." Kitty said nothing further until the waitress came to take the order. When Damon went to open his mouth, she did first. In the same cultured tone as her mother would have used, Arya ordered. She had picked the meals she knew the chef would pay attention to. The one that her parents had told her that a good chef always has. It was his own creation, in hopes it would catch on, so it would be cooked with more care. She ordered it for both of them, asking for a wine that she knew would compliment the meal. Smiling, the waitress took the menus and went to tell that uppity Hot Pie that someone actually ordered his experiment.

Before Damon could growl at her, Kitty smiled and spoke. "I do remember how to act. I probably know more about that sort of thing, than you do, Master." "Then it's now your job to befriend the cook, any of the staff as needed. You can find any information we can use." When the wine came, Damon poured two glasses, then moved it out of Kitty's reach. "It's not for you. You can have soda when the waitress brings the meal." A figure suddenly put a chair down and sat upon it. Kitty stared at the strange man, his hair had a long streak of white through it and then one of red. It was fascinating enough, then add eyes that seemed flat, almost ghostlike. "Jaqen, it has been awhile, you don't look any older. Creeps me out." Damon grumbled, pushing the wine glass towards him. "Thank you for the compliments. I use magic spells to keep me immortal." Nodding, Damon said it sounded reasonable to him while Kitty stared. A swift kick under table ended her doing that. "You are immortal? Magic spells keep you alive?" She blurted out and Damon rolled his eyes. Slowly though a smile appeared on Damon's face as Jaqen was punishing his pet for him.

With a quiet reverent tone, the man explained to Kitty all about the death cult he belonged to. He did not stop trying to convert her until the food showed up. Damon took a small portion of the food from the large plate in front of Kitty. He transferred it to a small plate, gave the larger plate to Jaqen. "Here eat this, shut up and eat." The small plate was left in front of Kitty who just said, "Really? First that and now you starve me?" "It's your own fault. The only way to shut him up is to give him someone
to kill or feed him.” As Kitty had predicted, as they finished eating, the chef appeared. Her trick with ordering the right food was from her mother. The trick in dealing with the chef now was from another. She had been in the South for many of Sansa's trips. Watching Cersie deal with chefs and servants was fascinating. This was drawn forth now and Kitty managed to somehow create some magic of her own. The chef was both insulted and praised by her. He thanked her for it, brought forth free dessert. This was also complimented, but in such a way, the man was beside himself. When they left the restaurant, the chef had offered a special breakfast in the morning, free of charge.

Jaqen was following them back to the room, to drink and reminisce with Damon. Kitty opened the door for the two slightly less than sober killers. She was annoyed, after that great work earlier and now to deal with two idiots. What pissed her off the most was Damon simply said to Jaqen, "She is learning still. For the first try it is good though." Jaqen had agreed and Kitty had fumed. So it took a moment, as Kitty turned on the lights, to register the breeze in the room. A breeze that only can happen if the balcony doors were open and Damon had shut them. A woosh of sound and Kitty ducked just in time. She looked up to see a large gold decorative plate glance off Damon's head and down he went. Jaqen had grabbed Kitty and moved her out of the way. The most beautiful woman Kitty has ever seen is standing there. She is glorious in gold fishnet layers and high heel sandals. Perfect skin, almond eyes, thick black hair and Kitty is in hero worship. "Hello Damon, I thought I would let myself in." Came the thick foreign accent, in a tone that promised sex or death. "Hey Nymeria, I see that." Damon groaned as he slowly sat up against the wall. A long leg came from under glittering cloth and it was like a dance move. Except this move ended with Nymeria's stiletto heel puncturing Damon's upper arm. As he yelped, she leaned closer, grinding it further in. "I am still angry with you, my friend." In a higher pitched voice than usual, Damon said, "Really? Because I couldn't tell."

The exotic deadly woman and Damon had their private argument. Jaqen gave them drinks and walked away. Kitty took advantage of the distraction to order from the chef. She was starving and his food really was amazing. Then she sat with the insane cultist and watched the fireworks. Leaning his head close, Jaqen explained, while Kitty grinned. "They were partners for awhile. Worked well together and took in a great deal of work. Last job they did together, a Frey prick spotted them. He gave them away, his boss had him trick them and bam! Freys took off with the rewards and left Damon and Nymeria with just some dead bodies. It destroyed their reputations, no one would hire them for anything big. Damon was forced to work for the Boltons while he has been building himself back up again. Nymeria has been working in the West for a big family as a glorified bodyguard. Till she heard all the contracts. If she can kill a big name it might be enough for her to get good jobs again. They blamed each other for the failed job. This tends to happen whenever they meet. Though I have to say, this is the nicest greeting she has given him. Last time they ran into each other, it was truly that. They saw each other in the same parking lot and drove into each other." Kitty had a wonderful night. She ate a personally created for her dinner, while watching Damon get verbally and physically assaulted. He gave as good as he got of course, but Nymeria was faster and angrier. Kitty dozed off on the couch as Jaqen asked her again if she has ever heard of the God of Death.
Everyone Watches The Wrong Way

Chapter Summary

Sansa is visited by Lollys. Jaime hires Bronn. Roose and Petyr have an intense discussion.

It was a touching thirty minutes before Sansa remembered how Rickon really was. It was even less time for Rickon to remember that she was more a babysitter than sister. Arya had been the fun one, Sansa was more like mother. Twice he almost gave her a heart attack just while she was there. He heard all about how he shouldn't do things, about things he already knew were dangerous. Sandor broke the two of them up before a sibling war could finish off the reunion. "Okay, all done with the touching moment. Spaceship, go get things unpacked. Sansa, I'll walk you back to the house." The boy accepted the last hug from Sansa, but when she kissed him on the forehead, he gagged and ran.

Later that day, Sansa was given a second emotional lift when Lollys burst into the room. "Hey! Stop napping or rubbing your belly or whatever, pay attention to ME!" "Oh, I have missed you so much! You cannot leave anymore! Bronn is expendable, you are not!" Sansa cried out, struggling to get off the bed. "You whale! Look at that, it's like watching a volcano ready to erupt. You are gonna burst something, let me help you." "I haven't had anyone but Tyrion and Varys to talk with. I can't drink at all and I keep falling asleep. Now instead of throwing up, I just devour anything that doesn't move away fast enough. Very attractive, let me tell you. Do you know at lunch last week, right in the middle of it, Varys threw down his napkin and just left on me? Tyrion laughed for an hour before he could tell me why. I had no idea I had eaten all three plates of food, then dove both hands into the breadbasket. It is an automatic thing!"

Bronn shook hands with Jaime and was ushered into a private office. "Glad you are back from your trip. Certain events have created more need for your services. I want to know who has put a hit out on Sansa Lannister. If anyone has picked it up, who they are too. Then you will eliminate that threat for us." Bronn took the offered envelope and tucked it away. Then he stretched out, yawning, so damned tired. So tired he almost missed the slight movement outside the window. "Is this private or does the whole family know you are hiring me to find this out?" Jaime stared at Bronn as if he has gone mad. "Private of course." Nodding slowly, Bronn said, "Oh, okay then. You might want to grab that boy dangling from the tree. The one listening to your conversation." Jaime spun around and slammed the window down. "Fucking Spaceship! Clegane's son is a menace! Hate that kid. He won't say anything, he will tell Gregor maybe. He won't give a shit, his job is just to keep Sansa alive."

Roose walked closer to Petyr and said, "Repeat that one more time." Standing tall as if he is not about to possibly be flayed alive, he spoke. "Asha Greyjoy has put a contract out for you and your son. She has gone missing, so has her entire stock, her business has been shut down. There is nothing left for us to even try and sell. A reward has been put out to find her brother as well. All of Pyke and the surrounding islands have banned any trade with Northerners. They say until the Boltons are dead, there will be no further trading." Roose stared and said softly, "What an insolent rude little bitch she is. Find her for me, Petyr. You will find her and bring me her corpse. Don't fail me on this. I also want you to find out who is taking the contract. Have Varys find out for you if need be. You still trust your marriage partner, don't you?" Roose now has Peytr up against the wall, it is similar to what Petyr would do to Varys. However, this was not fun at all, not when it was him.
"I had heard you were having some issues with Varys. Little fights involving the breaking of many little whore soldiers. If I hear of it, so do others, it looks bad for business. I already am dealing with some very bad image issues right now. Do not become an issue for me to deal with, Petyr. If you need to, take a day or two, fly South. Put your wife in order and get your work done. Are we very clear? Because I promise you if you are incapable of handling Varys and it messes up anything for us...I will take care of your spouse for you. Understand me, Petyr?" In as dignified a voice as he could, Petyr spoke. "Yes, it is clear. I understand. Nothing will interfere in my work for you." While Petyr tried to fix his clothing and pull his self esteem around him again, a knock came.

Roose called out and the door opened. Robb walked in and handed Roose a paper. He knelt down and remained silent. Taking the paper, he looked at it and smiled. "Very good test scores today. I am proud of you Robb. You may have an extra half hour of television tonight." Petyr watched uneasily as the blank pet lit up happily. "Thank you, Master." Roose looked over and smirked. "Sorry, I forgot you were still there. You may go now." Petyr collected his items and left as quickly as he could. As a private jet took him away from that shitty death covered island, Petyr seethed. How dare he, how fucking dare he treat Petyr that way? And Varys, fucking wifey helped cause this! Roose will keep his word. If shit goes down wrong, he will skin Varys alive. He will shove me into a cage somewhere deep North then give me wifey's skin to keep warm. Wonderful.
Kitty enjoyed her breakfast made by Hot Pie more than Damon enjoyed his. Maybe it was because he was still upstairs. The hotel doctor was working on that hole Nymeria had made with her heel. She was about to tell the waitress to bring that second dish upstairs to her room. Then she saw the lady again and called to her. "Care to try the chef's new breakfast with me?" Nymeria sat down and smiled. "Of course. I love new things and I love things I get for free." With that both dug into their meals and it was truly delicious. "That thing you did with your heel last night, it was amazing. Could you teach that to me?" Nymeria snorted. "You? You can barely walk normal in those heels. If Damon lied and told you that you look good, I am sorry. I mean, I don't even understand why you are in them anyway. That outfit works fine with flats, you will move better. Leave the heels for those of us who look good in them. Instead, I shall teach you something else. How are you with knives?"

Damon searched the hotel looking for Kitty. She did not send up breakfast and did not come back. If she was going to work, she would have texted him. No one would hurt her here, well, at least no one would kill her. Damon was also sure she did not run away. Kitty was not stupid and her only safety lay with Damon. Plus, she was not good enough yet to evade him for long. Then he would break both arms and legs, she knows this. The little brat is hiding somewhere, fucking off. Entering the gym, there she was, her expensive jacket and heels on the ground. With bare feet and rolled up sleeves, she was flipping knives with Nymeria. Damon shouldn't even be surprised by this and he knows it. "KITTY!" He roared, as the girl was poised to let the blade go. She jumped and the blade clattered to the floor. Nymeria cursed and stalked past her towards Damon. "Do you have to yell like that? Are you trying to make us go deaf? She is holding a blade!" Shoving past Nymeria, he towered over the cringing girl. "Have you hiding here all day? Playing around, not practicing at all. What did I tell you about the heels, Kitty?" "To keep them on my feet all day, Master."

With a loud sigh, Nymeria called out, "You are making a mistake, Damon." "Oh? Am I really? Should I reward my pet for laziness around all day? Should I let her have like an empowering chick hour once a day with you? How about you get out of my business." "I meant, having her wearing heels. Some girls cannot wear them well, it is a struggle for them just to walk normally in them. Kitty is one of these girls. She will never be able to run or fight in them. If you try and force it, it will get her killed early. Have her wear flats or boots with a chunky heel." Damon grabbed Kitty by the hair, frustrated beyond belief. As he dragged her off, Nymeria called out, "You know I am right, Damon." Truth was, he knew she was right. So he strapped Kitty twice as hard for it. Then he made her personally burn every pair of shoes outside in the barbeque pit. "Master, that was all the shoes I had. I can't walk barefoot." "No you can't. I guess you had better go ask Nymeria to buy you some shoes. Go find her. You are a spy and a hunter, figure out where her room is. See if you can get shoes from her, you did not like mine, so I won't buy you anymore."

Nymeria did take pity on Kitty and took her shoe shopping. They found flats and boots that worked perfectly and gave her the balance she needed. It still matched the look and was perfect. Damon simply grunted and shut the door in Nymeria's smug, grinning face. "Tomorrow you will spend the
day near the Lannister mansion. There is a small museum very close to their fields. You will explore it, maybe have a picnic lunch there while reading a good book. If Rickon is there, we know he will be an energetic bugger. He will be sent to the fields and woods to play. Watch to see when he goes, track him every day for a few hours." Grimly, Kitty nodded. "Yes Master." During dinner, she wore her new boots and walked with confidence. Nymeria waved to her from her seat with a man she did not know and Kitty grinned at her. Shoving, Damon knocked Kitty into a booth and glared at his troublesome former partner. "Go on and order for us, you know the chef." He snapped and went to get a drink at the bar.

Idly, Kitty watched Nymeria flirt with someone. She watched Damon speak with Jaqen who just sort of appeared. Blinking, Kitty wanted him to teach her that, this was the third time he just appeared somewhere. A new couple came in, strange enough, it caught her eye. The brilliant purple hair was attention enough, never mind the goth make up look. Add that the woman was wearing a rubber dress and thigh high boots. The man with her looked like a mix of a biker and homeless vet. They seemed to know everyone, the purple hair went over and kissed Nymeria's cheek. A table opened right in front of Kitty's and that is when she had her own company. Kitty nearly slid into the wall to avoid the skeleton in nice clothing. He pushed right into the booth, next to her. Leering over her like a bad halloween prop, he grinned. Kitty just couldn't take it, the gold glittering teeth on this flesh colored zombie. It reminded her somehow of that pirate movie years ago. A skinny pirate with a glass eye that kept popping out and Kitty gave a shout of laughter. "Get the fuck out of my booth, please." She said, amused, trying to wave him away.

Lollys ordered then said again to Bronn, "That is fucking Arya Stark. I know it is, look, Damon is over at the bar. Sansa said Damon was the last one to be with her. And look at that thing around her neck, a collar with wolf teeth? It is a collar, Bronn, a real one." Sighing, Bronn patted her hand. "I know, love, I see it. What would you like me to do? Want me to ask Damon if he'd mind very much if I took his pet away? Maybe you think he'd react better if you asked him yourself?" So she said nothing and watched as someone pushed into the girl's booth. "Rattleshirt has decided to visit her, wonderful. It gets better. Now I get to watch a girl that I know is a slave, get molested by the scummiest killer in the place." Bronn hated Jaime Lannister desperately in that moment. "We are here to get information, not to cause or be a part of a scene. Remember? Do the job we came here for tonight. Deal with the girl issue when we are done. If Damon is here for the same as everyone else, he won't be taking her away anytime soon."

The skeleton had terrible breath and like an octopus, he had sticky hands everywhere. This lasted only until Kitty had a hold of the silverware. Kitty punched upward into the man's throat and as he choked, she moved fast. Climbing him like a monkey, she was over him, fork touching his eye. "Do you want to be a pirate? One eyed Jack or something? If you move a single fucking muscle, I will pop your eye out. Try me." "Kitty, why are you threatening Rattleshirt's eyeball?" Kitty moved off the man when she heard Damon's very calm question. "He kept trying to feel me up, even when I asked him to leave." Nodding, Damon then said, "What did you just forget?" Kitty stared at him, mouth open. "Really? After what I just said and...I am sorry Master. This man was feeling me up so I defended myself, Master." She turned bright red with so many hearing her say Damon's title out loud. Damon yanked Rattleshirt out of the booth. "I just saw a little girl looking all alone and lost. I wanted to ask her name, see if she needed some help." Damon growled into his face, "She is not lost, she is mine. Her name is Kitty, stay off her or you and I will have words." Rattleshirt grinned, utterly unaffected and walked away, laughing.

Lollys watched as the girl ate a dinner that no one else saw. She observed the chef come out, only Lollys ever had his attention before. Yet she watched as this little girl managed to get invited into the kitchen for a tour. Oh, this was a clever girl and she felt a bit better, less guilty. Concentrating on her work after that, Lollys spoke with many of her favorite killers. However, when she saw that Arya went into the bathroom, she couldn't help herself. When the girl came out to wash her hands, Lollys
was standing near the sink. "My name is Lollys. There is no one in the bathroom but us. I know who you are, I am friends with your sister Sansa. I want to help you and I can help you, just not tonight. I can come back for you and get you to safety. Believe me, they wouldn't let me in this place if I wasn't very good at what I do." Kitty stood still and just listened to her. "Are you done talking now?" Kitty came forward to wash her hands. "You know my sister Sansa? I don't have a sister, my name is Kitty. See?" To Lollys's discomfort, the girl's eyes were hard. She lifted her bangs so that Lollys could see that carved name. Pointing to the collar around her neck, "Do you know what that is? It's my collar. I am no fucking Stark cunt that has no loyalty. I want to be where I am. I want to learn from my Master. So fuck off and take your sympathy with you."

As the girl walked past her, Lollys tried again. "Listen, we can protect you, your sister has been worried to death." Full of rage, Kitty spun around and nearly hissed every word, arched like a cat. "My sister has been leaving her family to die so she could marry a fucking Lannister! She knew he gave the order for it and she married him! She left a six year old boy to fend for himself! Her older brother was given a homemade lobotomy while she left him! I hate her! Now the only thing she worries about is giving birth to further her line and influence." Lollys nearly had to yell over the brutal anger. "Rickon is with her, Arya." Stopping dead, Kitty numbly said, "He is with the Cleganes, he won't actually be anywhere near her. The brothers will keep him hidden away." Shaking her head, Lollys said, "No. He is with her at different times, helping out. He is a little boy, but he is the Clegane's now, and they raise him as a killer. As a bodyguard, whatever they do, he does too, kid or not. He is a tough little ball of energy and he gives Sansa fits." Kitty leaned against the wall, head down. "Is he well? Is she well?" Lollys breathed a sigh of relief and said, "Yes, they are well. Protected. No one will hurt either of them. No matter who takes those contracts, they are safe. Listen, Sansa was forced into wedding Tywin. If she did not, Tywin would have given the order for Roose to kill the rest of you. She was trying to save your lives the only way she could. Your sister thinks of revenge all the time, I hear it constantly."

"Sansa wants to take down the Boltons, to get you all back safely. I swear it. Let us help you, okay?" Kitty looked back up and her face was stone. "No. I will take no vengeance against Sansa. I don't know if you are telling the truth or not. It doesn't matter anymore. You can tell her I am fine and do not wish her any harm. Thank you for offering to help me, but this is where I need to be. I am learning all I need right here." "You cannot want to stay with Damon. Wear a collar and let him treat you like some animal? I mean, Kitty, really?" Smothering a laugh, Kitty walked to the door. "Yeah, I hate that name. As for Damon, we don't like all our teachers. Some of the worst, meanest excuses of teachers were the ones I learned best from. My Master is a brutal killer without a conscience. He can change his look and go into a whole new world. His friends have even more unique skills. I will learn from them all until there is nothing left to learn. When I can beat them all down, I will take care of the Boltons myself. We did not meet yet, so don't speak with me again." With that, Arya Stark left and Kitty went to sit with her Master.
Sansa has lunch with her friends and hears of her sister. Jaime and Bronn speak again.
Kitty stalks her brother. Varys has a surprise visitor.

Sansa was thrilled that the whole group was back again to lunch. It felt so right and calm now, only Bronn was missing. As Sansa has said before, he was expendable. Tyrion, Lollys, Varys, it was enough and Sansa did not feel so panicked or bleak anymore. To make her feel better, Varys insisted that no one gets to drink their lunch and they all must eat whatever they wish. Though he eyed Sansa nervously, knowing she could clean out his kitchen these days. "I promise not to go overboard." She swore cheerfully, ordering her food. Sansa was hormonal but she was still sharp. The little whispers before she came in, then glances at each other, something is happening. Lollys clears her throat and leans towards her friend. "I saw Arya last night while I was working." "You what?" Sansa dropped her jaw, not even knowing she looked like her sister did when shocked. "She is safe, she is fine. Arya wants you to know that she holds no grudges, that she is fine. She just wants to be left alone to do her thing."

Her entire relationship with her sister was based upon misunderstanding. "She thought I abandoned them to marry into the Lannisters. I bet she was coming for my head." "No, I can tell you she is not taking that contract." With an admiring look in her eye, Sansa asked, "How did my little sister make it all the way to an assassin hotel? How could she have learned so much, so fast?" Here is the part where the sidelong glances happen again. "What? What the hell is wrong with you all? Tell me, Lollys, I am kidding around." Lollys tried to soften it and not lie but be aware of how easy Sansa can flip out. "Arya has a new name, it's Kitty. A whole new life now. She belongs to Damon, it is a permanent thing. She does not want to leave him, same as Rickon, she wants to learn from him. He doesn't just keep her as a sex pet, Sansa. Damon is training her to be a killer and I am telling you, I saw her in action. She is halfway there."

Bronn sat down and accepted the whiskey from Jaime. "The contract for Sansa was picked up by two different killers. One of them is after Sansa and your father. I won't charge extra for that bit of information, I hate the bugger who's taking it. He is crazy and never shuts up about his fucked up death religion. If he is coming for their heads, be very careful. Jaqen is his name and he works like a ghost. No survivors usually, but the few that are left never saw him once. He is a bit of an artist sometimes too. One time he had managed to kill an entire family while they were eating dinner. They were arranged as if they were still eating. Sick creepy dude. The other one is only for Sansa. Her name is Nymeria and she is deadly like a snake. Striking out of nowhere, staying close but out of sight, then she attacks. Usually poison or strangulation, depending on the job. A few times she has used piano wire or a blade." Jaime was pale and raised a hand. "I have got it, thanks." Jaime picked up his cell and called Gregor, asking him to show up right away. It took another second before Jaime turned and asked, "Who put out the contract on Sansa?" With an apologetic tone, Bronn said, "Your sister."

Everyday, wearing a different nondescript outfit Kitty goes to the museum. She brings a notebook and pen, pretending to do a college report. Then she buys a small lunch over at the tiny cafe nearby. It is expensive but the food is worth it. At least the fake person thinks so. Kitty thinks it is overprice bland food. She sits in the lovely grass in a pretty clearing. It overlooks the Lannister's land and she
eats peacefully everyday. Rickon does indeed run across the fields. Early mornings, late afternoon, just before dark. Kitty watches him with sharp eyes as he runs. Arya remembers helping the giggling boy build a catapult. Kitty observes him climbing trees like a monkey, how he can leap from one to another in certain areas. Arya thinks of a squirming wet boy that she is chasing through a bath, both of them covered in bubbles. They both got a strapping for that from their mother. Each got hit worse than normal, because they would look at each other and giggle further. Kitty wrote down everything in her notebook and Arya damned herself to hell.

Sandor took Sansa home when she started to doze during the dessert. Lollys left soon after, leaving Tyrion to break out the wine. Varys had a few glasses and played some cards. He listened to Tyrion bitch about everything, they gossiped further and he left. Inside this little closed off section of his restaurant was sound proofed. He did not just use it fro friends of course. It was a meeting room for anyone who wished for privacy. In two hours, this room will be needed for such a meeting. So Varys was heading quickly towards the door, to order this room cleaned to a shine. He never made it that far. As he headed for the ornate door, a figure stepped in from the other side and locked the door behind him. Startled, Varys said, "Petyr?" Then the fist came from nowhere and Varys was laying on his own floor. He looked up while holding his sore jaw, watching as the furious man advanced on him. "Peytr, what is wrong? Why are you like this? What did I do?" There was no answer yet, just a yank up and a slam as he hit the wall. "What did you do wifey? You have brought the wrong kind of attention to us, dear. I was lectured and," A resounding smack as Petyr hit Varys in the stomach, letting him fall. "I was shoved against a wall and threatened by Roose Bolton. He was displeased to hear of our tiffs. He suggested I put my wife in line so I can concentrate on my work. So here I am, my love. Doing just that."
Baby Shower

Sansa Lannister has a small private but elegant baby shower.
Cersie Lannister becomes a phoenix.
Spaceship finally crashes.

They all were dressed so fashionably. No one would guess that it took pancake makeup for Varys to hide his bruises. His entire body was aching but he stood straight and moved gracefully, as always. It took three percocet for this to be possible. However, Varys sipped slowly at a glass of wine and only winced once when the cut on his lip stung. By his tone and look, you would never know that his husband destroyed thousands of dollars. Never have a clue that Varys had been beaten by his spouse, then watched crying, as his husband demolished the room. Every priceless vase, all those hours of careful work to build this room was gone. Petyr had made sure the room was totally ripped apart before he walked back to Varys. Who by now was scrambling up to his feet, too late thinking of his cell phone. Petyr can read his wifey like a book and does know. "Touch that phone and I will break every manicured finger on both hands." Varys stood up, trembling, but he would not try and run. On the other hand, he was too scared to touch the phone. So he stood there and waited to see what Petyr would do next. "Are you done beating me and destroying my life's work yet?" He asked boldly, even as the tears still fell.

Petyr walked as close as he could to his husband, he was calm now. Yet his eyes still remained wild and he was still clenching his teeth. Hair was out of place and sweat was on Petyr's brow. He got so close that they were nearly touching chests. He took one hand and gently stroked the growing bruise, causing Varys to flinch away. The hand followed and continued to stroke his face. "It's my fault too, wifey, I know that. I left you alone too long, you got pushy then greedy and now you are a stuck up Southern Queen. You are spoiled and ignore my advice. This is our last chance at living this way. I am not sure it's working out, sweetheart. Perhaps we should be together more often. So, here is what I want you to do. You are going to put your people to work for me. Me. Remember me, your husband, your partner, your mentor? Please, if this doesn't work out, I will have to make our arrangements differently. You might not take well to the changes. And you never did care for the cold North." Coldly, Petyr had recounted what Roose had asked. "If I don't hear from you in two days, I am coming back to help you personally. Do you need help, Varys, or can you do this for me?" Varys nodded then said with a pout, "I can do it by myself."

They were all smiling and making gentle jokes to Sansa. The girl sat in the large rocking chair like a queen. Instead of the usual huge reception filled with everyone, Tywin decided it would be very small. Due to the risk of Sansa's life, it would be had at the mansion. Olenna, Margery and Loras Tyrell were invited, as were Varys, Bronn and Lollys. The Lannister clan was there of course, and the Cleganes. Except they were working, only seen on occasion. Sansa was dressed in a cheerful dress that went all the way to her feet. Little flats complimented it. The colors were all autumn leaves and it was perfect. Sansa's cheeks glowed with motherhood and her stomach proceeded her into each room. Her smile was bright and she looked so cheerful. No one would know that she wore this lovely old dress because Tywin insisted. He liked putting her in his dead wife's clothing sometimes. This was one of her favorites, her husband had informed her last night. "I want you to wear Johanna's favorite maternity dress tomorrow. It would make me very happy, my little Sansa." She had only been able to make a small sound of agreement, as her head was buried between Cersie's
legs. How Tywin loved his games, Now his wife was unable to play so many of them. So he settled for a favorite at least twice a week. It involved forcing Cersie and Sansa to pleasure each other, their seething hatred makes it sweeter. Sometimes, Tywin opens the closet and has them come inside still. They do not scream unless Tywin wants them to.

Cersie was stunning in her red dress, with gold metal embellishments everywhere. It was one she had designed herself. For three years, she had gone to a fashion design college. One of the best in fact, till the small scandal and she was expelled. Sleeping with a professor for good grades and causing his wife to commit suicide was frowned upon. She gave up on the idea of fashion design, but still loves to design her own clothing. It gives her an edge over the other women. Though if she had a little more money or an open minded father, she is sure she could open a fashion line successfully. All the lovely presents were piled high near Sansa and Cersie closed her legs tightly. Hate sex with Sansa was more exciting than fucking Jaime. It was certainly way more fun than any of her one night stands. Cersie stared at the redhead bitch with deep hatred and a jealousy that ate through her. Jaime has been avoiding her for some reason and Cersie hates being lonely. Sansa came here and my world crumbled in one fatal swoop. Her gaze fell bitterly on Loras, who was acting as if the world was wonderful. To spend her life with that fluttering twit of a man? Why won't the two of you die? Cersie smiled charmingly and announced, "Time for the gifts, my dear!"

Every gift had been checked by Sandor's bomb sniffing dog but both brothers came closer as Sansa opened her presents. They were all standard yet wonderful gifts for the baby. Varys had given a years supply of clothing for the babies. Olenna provided the practical items, the diaper bin that hides smells. She also gave a top of the line breast pump and several boxes of diapers, plus a huge carton of diaper cream, top line. This gift made Sansa turn bright red and laugh. Grinning, Sansa opened her present from Lollys and Bronn. Squealing in delight, Sansa held the handmade mobile over her head, loving it. Hand carved wolves, impossibly cute chasing each other. Bursting into helpless hormonal tears, Sansa hugged Lollys, trapping her within the mobile. After extraction, she opened the wipe warmer from Margery and the automatic swing from Loras. Tyrion gave her a car seat that became a baby carrier that became part of a stroller. Jaime has given a huge college fund for each child.

With a small supportive hug, Cersie handed the box so carefully wrapped. The hug was enough to warn Sansa that this would be bad. She winced slightly as she opened it. A first aid kit, a copy of Grimm's fairy tales and then the coup de grace. Two tiny twin outfits. The toddler boy jumper was gold and blue. The toddler dress was peach and gold."These were my mother's favorites. My father saved them, he kept them in his closet all these years. I was naughty and stole them for you, Sansa. A second set of twins for my father to raise as he always has...might as well use these outfits. He really likes the dress best, of all other dresses. I am sure you will make sure she wears it often." A dead silence fell as Cersie and Tywin stared at each other from across the room. Cersie looked glorious in her fearful fury. The desperate screaming girl trapped in that lovely skin was a golden lioness in her last moment of power. Even Sansa had to admire her through the seething hatred she was drowning in. That charming smile was shattered. The teeth have grown to sharp to fit those lips and it was snarling.

"Get out. Now." Tywin barked, not daring to move, for fear he would kill her in front of the Tyrells and Varys. Cersie shook her head and was giddy with defiance. "No. I am staying for my second mommy's baby shower. After all, it's only fair. I have spent the past months taking care of your pale, puking then hormonal wife. I have been her damned driver and caretaker. I can stay if I want to."

Then it happened, it was the last straw and Tywin saw it coming, Cersie knew it was coming. Sansa knew too and started to moan softly. "Want to get Gregor to remove me? Drag your troublesome daughter away in front of your peers? How embarrassing would that be for you?" Her voice was honey now, so calm and sultry, because at the second just before the end, you are always beautiful. "One word, father. I can say just a few little words and embarrass you out of existence! I have more stories Sansa could ever read to her kids. Then again, they can just live it out themselves. One word,
father. So go on, throw away your children. I don't give a fuck anymore, daddy dearest. I am living here away from everyone until I marry. If you ever again ask me to come speak with you, I will start using better words."

Cersie left the room, leaving a trail of shock and awe behind her. Jaime chased after her, while the rest were statues, still caught in bad positions. Olenna stood up and took over. "Well, that has happened. We cannot erase it, but we can be sure it never leaves this room. Tywin, allow me a second with Gregor. Yes, you, the humongous man pretending he is a part of the scenery. As if there is a huge decorative craze for hulking monsters to scare guests to death. Young man, straighten your tie, thank you dear. If any single person in this room is ever suspected of speaking of this incident, to anyone who is not directly in this room right now, you will cut off a portion of their tongue. See me after the baby shower for your check. You may go on with pretending to hide." Olenna waved the man away and asked for some cake. "Someone bring Tywin a very good scotch, please." Tyrion and Varys lunged to get to the alcohol before a servant could get there.

Jaime chased her all the way across the house into the servants quarters' hallway. He slammed her against the wall, and yelled in her face. "What the fuck have you done? Do you even understand what you are doing, have you gone insane?" "Sansa and our father are monsters. Someone needs to stop them." Jaime stared at her for a second then slapped her face. "I know you put out that contract on Sansa. You were willing to kill a young girl and her babies because you are so spiteful." Tossing her hair out of her face, not even caring to check the burn on her cheek. She bared her teeth and hissed, "That little whore knows what he does to little girls! She knows and she is giving him more victims. I never liked that fucking closet Jaime, regardless of what father had told you. Sansa likes it, she enjoys it as much as he does. She will think she can fight him and save her daughter. She cannot and he will bring that little girl in there. I am not going to let him have anymore girls, Jaime. Dying in your mother's womb is better than living in your father's closet." With that Cersie did something she has not done in years. Her knee jackknifed up and Jaime went down fast. Full of energy and reckless terror, Cersie walked past him and out the door.

Spaceship was very tired and extremely dirty. He had meant to be back earlier but today he had off until that party was over. Gregor said those things were too deadly and Spaceship didn't need to be subjected to such things yet. Normally, he might have tried to argue, but he has been dying to really let loose. It can be boring to just stand and watch for nothing to happen. In fact, Spaceship's main jobs seem to be bringing coffee to Sandor and Gregor. Bringing lunches to them and when he does work, it is all watching for something that is nothing. So many rules to follow here and it is hard to play. Everything is breakable or untouchable, Spaceship has found himself actually tiptoeing through the mansion. He visits his sister sometimes for a little bit, they seem to like each other best in small doses. So they have started this little ritual to help them bond yet stay separate. Each day one of them finds a special little item. There is a little gazebo deep within the gardens that no one usually goes near. It is a very shady spot and subject to cold spots. For Sansa and Spaceship, it is a perfect spot to give the past. They each leave their gift for the other. It can be anything, a marble, a rock, a found toy, or a toothpick tower. These things and more have been passed every day.

If he wanted to bathe and have dinner ready for Gregor and Sandor, he had to hurry. Spaceship figures he will put his gift in the gazebo then run to the cottage. He was looking at the ground rush past him, his mind was on other important things. Like getting through the cottage without covering it in mud. Or getting clean and dinner ready on time. Since moving here, they have become very strict about cleaning up and helping out. Sandor has taught him how to make simple things, like grilled sandwiches and soup. That is what dinner is and if he rushes he will get it on time. If he does, Gregor will grunt and Sandor will give him an extra two ounce bottle of Mountain Dew all his own! He didn't see the flash of red until he smacked into the cloth and got caught up in it. "Get off of me! I made this dress, what have you done to it?" Cersie has remembered this little place, she used to hide her and cry. It was the only safe place she has ever had. The only place she has ever gone to cry in
fact. She had no idea that anyone else was using it. In curious, she had picked up the little crystal on
the table. She remembers Sansa buying this at some stupid gift shop last week. Why would she leave
it here? Knowing that Sansa has taken even Cersie's most private space over. It made the rage tower,
when Spaceship had untangled himself, he saw a witch in red.

The brother of her hated enemy who has swallowed her world, has ruined her dress. It was smeared
in filth just like the Starks themselves. They have come into her world added extra filth as she tried so
hard to keep it above the rot. Taking over, taking everything she was. It was not fair, it was too
much unfair and the closet was opened again. A monster emerged from it and Spaceship was so
clever, so quick and deadly. But he was a six year old boy and here was a monster, a witch, created
by a man who wanted perfect children. As she beat him her words spilled and scalded, they hurt
worse than any blow the woman could give. She was rage but Cersie had no training in hurting,
damaging. So Spaceship tried to escape the blows and the words until he was wailing, screaming.

Gregor and Sandor were late heading out of the damned house. They were glad to get the fuck away
from that crazy crap. In silence, starving, they headed for the cottage. Sandor was about to say that
he hoped Spaceship has dinner ready, when they heard it and stopped. A whimpering sound, then a
winding howl into a word. "Gregor!" Both ran in the direction of the continue pathetic sound and
there was Spaceship. He has crashed. Dropping to his knees, Gregor lifted the bloody broken boy in
his arms. "Who did it? Who did this, Spaceship?" He asked harshly as he easily stood back up.
Sandor was already calling up to the house, they needed the services of the private doctor urgently.
When the boy whispered Cersie, Gregor headed towards the house with his son in his arms. He
walked towards the house, his brother beside him. He scanned the boy the best he could and then
pronounced him fine. Gruffly he spoke, looking down at Spaceship. "A few broken bones, maybe.
You can handle that, hell, we all get broken bones. Some stitches and bandages, you'll be fine. Let
the doctor fix you up and you'll have casts everyone can sign." Pale and in terrible pain, Spaceship
stared up at Gregor but he nodded.

Gregor kicked open the door and walked straight to Tywin. The man had just let the doctor inside
the front when the giant came from the other direction. "My son will be treated here in the comfort of
your plush home. If he needs the hospital, you will arrange the very best for him. Your daughter
Cersie did this to him. I will handle that part myself, but you will pamper Spaceship. Or you and I
will have words, Mr. Lannister."
Chapter Summary

Ramsay tries to deal with Reek and the hiding Theon. Reek and Theon try hard to create a balance within them. Ramsay tries to banish Theon and keep his Reek. Theek makes an appearance. Ramsay discovers what true terror feels like.

Theon wanted to visit with Robb and Reek wants to avoid the silver cane. It was becoming a daily conflict among others. For the most part, Theon gives his counterpart the body. They work very hard to hide Theon from Ramsay. With his limp, Ramsay is still imposing. The cane allows him even further, quicker ways to hurt his pet. From crushing Reek's hands under it, to poking, to caning his back into stripes of purple. That first day and night, his Master was so loving and gentle. When he did make Reek bleed, he praised his pet for taking it so well. He even allowed Reek to sleep in the bed. The next morning, he woke by being struck to the floor. He cowered instantly, afraid that Ramsay felt a full retraining was needed. The two parts of him were so terrified of this, they worked together. Groveling before his Master, Reek kissed and licked the feet frantically until Ramsay tousled his hair. "Alright, enough. Don't try to charm me, Reek. We shall have breakfast before I determine how much training you need. Don't even think there won't be any, pet. You were gone for awhile from me, others had you playing Theon again. You must have fought very hard to remember who you are. I will help you forget any bit of Theon they left on you. Don't cry Reek. I love you, you know that. We just have to make sure that you are my perfect good boy. You want to be that, don't you? Good."

True to his word, Ramsay gave his pet a full bowl of cereal and a full water as well. He ate his own breakfast, even feeding Reek some bits of bacon from his hand. After they finished eating, Ramsay took his pet outside for a walk. He explained that he took several daily walks, to make his ankle heal quicker, to keep the rest of him healing. Ramsay had Reek crawl near the cane so he could use it to intimidate his pet. The quicker Reek learned to fear the cane, the smoother he will crawl near it. Also, it kept his mind off the lameness of his Master, it made even Ramsay's handicap something to fear. Several times, Reek felt the cane land on his hand and yelped. "Learn to be less clumsy, little pet." Ramsay would say lightly, but if Reek tried to move further away from the cane, he growled. After a bit, he sat on a large rock and Reek threw himself before his Master's feet. "So submissive of you, Reek. Almost overdoing it, pet. I am hoping it is not because there is something you are hiding from me?" Ramsay used the tip of the cane to lift Reek's chin up. "Look at me, Reek. I want to see those large eyes looking at me. You remember how much I like that."

The tears and fearful eyes were expected, Reek's outburst was not. "Master! I do have something to tell you. I am scared to tell you, I don't want to make you mad! Please, I love you, but I am not just me. I can't be anymore, the doctor did something. Asha had a doctor hurt my brain, since then it is Reek and Theon. He..he isn't like before, he wants to obey and be good. I want to be all me, but I don't know how anymore, I love you. Please don't be mad at me, Master!" Ramsay caressed his desolate pet's cheek and soothed him. "It is not your fault, I am not mad at you. Did the doctor use shock therapy on you?" Reek nodded and leaned into his Master's touch. "I can help get rid of him pet. If Theon is a part of you, then he can be a very silent part. If I see him or hear him, then I shall make sure he goes silent again." Any flashes of anything but fear and devotion is deemed as Theon. When Reek is allowed to walk on two legs, Ramsay watches carefully. If he makes a sudden move and Reek does not flinch enough. If the walk is too self assured, or Reek is not watching the ground
or his Master. If he spends too much time with Robb. Any of these things can cause Ramsay to severely punish Reek.

So there is the dilemma. Generally, Theon only visits Robb if Ramsay is nowhere around. Ramsay still leaves the house to go on hospital visits. He also spends much time going places with his father for hours before returning. It is during these times that Theon will walk or sit with Robb and talk. Ramsay remembers much more now and his speech is better. He also can retain information better and longer. Not enough to really be useful, but he can at least communicate now. Robb can remember who Theon is and talk to him. Reek gets nervous that Robb will forget and call him Theon in front of Ramsay. He has not made that mistake yet. In fact, Robb seems to understand how to act in front of the Boltons. Reek is pretty sure there is more to Robb than he shows. He dares not question, he has enough issues of his own. Robb still cries easily and is given to quick upset when stressed. No amount of punishment from Roose can truly halt it.

Ramsay is home today, working on his lap top and cell phone. He wanders through the house every now and then. Mainly he yells for Reek to bring him coffee, but sometimes he needs to walk. Robb is crying, holding a bloody finger. He cut it accidentally when crawling on damaged wood. If Reek ignores this, Roose or Ramsay will eventually come and hurt Robb. If Theon calms him down and Ramsay comes by, he will hurt Reek. Before a decision is made, Ramsay comes in. He looks at Robb crying over a finger and seems disgusted. Theon sees that becoming a pet has not sweetened Ramsay towards Robb. "Reek, bandage his fucking boo boo. I am going for a walk, you can both come with me." "Yes Master. Thank you for taking us out." Reek said as he gently took Robb by the hand. After getting a nod from Ramsay, he stood up and made Robb do the same. Robb quieted down as soon as he could no longer see the wound. Theon sighed in relief then got back onto his hands and knees, which prompted Robb to do the same.

One on either side of Ramsay crawling, Reek closest of course to the cane. For awhile it was peaceful, Ramsay walked at an easy pace for them to follow. They had walked through the gardens, to the beach and back again. It was near the large rocks that Arya Stark had practiced gymnastics on, that was where the world suddenly went insane. Ramsay had the pure honed instincts of a hunter, he could sense prey and other hunters. Reek had the deep empathy of his Master's feelings. Theon was a former bodyguard, he could tell when danger was near. Robb used to go hunting, his instincts now are dulled, confused. However, he caught the stillness of the other two and cringed low. The shot rang out and Ramsay dodged just in time. The bullet grazed deeply across his forehead but that was all. "Get yourself and Robb behind those rocks, Reek!" Growled Ramsay as he pulled his gun and pressed behind a tree. Obeying, really trying to, Reek pulled Robb down between two of the largest rocks. "Keep down really low, head to the sand, okay? Do not move unless you are told to, understand?" He had to use the Theon voice, the one Robb may remember. It had authority to it and Robb's eyes flashed again. "Yes, I will stay down low."

Maybe it was because he allowed the voice out, maybe. All Reek knows is they peeked up at the gun fight and he saw it. Theon saw a flesh colored skeleton sneaking towards his Master. A blast of panic, hatred, such fury it scared him. Reek and Theon combined and before it registered what they were doing, they had attacked. All Ramsays saw was his suddenly deranged pet fly out from the rocks, his face contorted in fury. This was not fearful, timid Reek. This was not even arrogant, tough Theon. Whatever it was, it sent a chill of terror through Ramsay. The terror became a tighter, higher string about to break when Ramsay saw the assassin named Rattleshirt. And his pet was climbing this wild deadly pig of a killer. It had stunned the man enough, that Reek got the gun away from him. Then bashed his face with it, Ramsay was running now. It was too late, Rattleshirt had Reek by the neck and the blade came down. Ramsay screamed, was that really him screaming? The last time he screamed he was covered in blood and come, broken. This hurt twenty times worse and Ramsay was whispering, "Please...please...please."
Ramsay's whisper became an enraged roar as Rattleshirt grinned at him. "Aww..did I huwt a puppy of wamsay's?" Rattleshirt spun the man in his arms around then put the blade against that delicate throat. To Ramsay's relief, his pet was still alive. Bleeding badly from his shoulder, but that was all. His eyes were wide and all Reek now, frozen in pain. Those large eyes pleaded with Ramsay to save him. "You win. Here I am. Now let him go, Reek you will crawl to Robb and stay there." Ramsay slowly put his hands out to show surrender, watching his father from the corner of his eye. Roose had the rifle sighted carefully at Rattleshirt's head from a distance. Rattleshirt had barely moved the blade away, when his head exploded. Reek screamed as unspeakable things covered his face. He used his hands to scoop thick matter out of his eyes and mouth, gagging, sobbing. Large, strong hands suddenly had him and he screamed. "How dare you? What were you fucking thinking, Reek? What the fuck, Theon, Reek, whoever the fuck you think you are?" Ramsay was screaming louder than his pet and shook him hard. Then he hugged Reek to him hard and growled into his ear, "You have no right to put my Reek in danger. No right to hurt my pet, only I get to hurt you, Reek! You have forgotten more than we thought, huh? It is okay, we can fix it." Ramsay waited to hear a yes master, instead his pet has gone limp in his arms.
Goodbye Arya Stark

Chapter Summary

Kitty is unable to move against her brother. She gets a rare night off and it does not go at all as she meant it to. Kitty receives a scare, a threat, a promise and hope all in one moment.

The day Rickon had not shown up at all in the fields, Kitty grew concerned. She texted Damon of it, then took matters into her own hands. Very carefully she skirted the electric fence. Going into the rotted log and through the grate she had discovered before. Within minutes, she was looking inside a window at the little cottage. There was her brother laying on a couch. His ribs were bandaged, his wrist and forearm in a cast. The little face and body were covered with bruises. For a moment Arya rose, the big sister who beat up bullies for him came forth. Then Kitty grew colder and analytical. The Clegane brothers were brutal but so far they only hurt for discipline. This was not discipline, it was rage. It doesn't matter, he is prey now, wounded prey so text Damon. Get back to the hotel then tell him. Either way, move before you are caught and tell him.

Kitty spent most of the day and evening not telling Damon. There is an internal struggle and it is ripping her apart. Her acting has become better and her face is blank of emotions. Luckily, he has been spending more time with Jaqen and Nymeria. The animosity has cooled down to a mere volcanic threat when they speak too long. Yet watching them spar and train together is impressive. When Jaqen adds into the mix, it becomes dizzying to watch and each take turns winning. Both Jaqen and Nymeria have been kind or bored enough to take a hand in Kitty's training. For whatever reason it is happening, she is grateful for it. Damon seems fine with it, though on occasion he grumbles. Mainly if it interferes with him. Like the night when Jaqen charged her with stealing everyone's silverware. As they were eating. It was a lesson he had spent all day teaching her. Nymeria had made a yelp sound when she almost bit her hand. Her fork was gone and she gave a laugh. Damon was not as impressed. Kitty had accidentally hit into the spoon instead. Hot soup splattered on his face and shirt. Jaqen figured the whipping she received from Damon was punishment enough.

This evening Damon and Nymeria have decided to take their aggressions out in a new way. They were flirting in a dangerous way. It was not clear if they wanted to have sex or kill each other. Regardless, it kept Damon from bothering her. "Why don't you give your little pet a break and play with me? She could use a night off, don't you think?" Looking past Damon, whom she was now wrapped around, Nymeria asked. "What do you think Kitty? Could you use a night to yourself while I make Damon my chew toy?" There was no way for Kitty to hold back the smile at that comment. Damon smacked Nymeria's ass while glaring at Kitty. Putting her eyes low, not wanting him to see the hope. "I have no opinion. Master does as he wants." Nymeria already has claimed Damon's attention again, he wanted to get her for that remark. Mercifully, Kitty was dismissed to her room as Damon was dragged to Nymeria's room. Kitty was utterly thrilled to have the room to herself. To not have to service, fight, or be punished for a night. She watched some television, then began to wander the room. With a small grin, she noticed Damon left his favorite jacket.

She felt the light silky material, then put on the jacket. Carefully, she recalled every line, every way he made the jacket his own. Adjusting it until it seemed right, then Kitty went to the small bar. She got a small cut glass of whiskey. In front of a full length mirror, Kitty practiced moving in the jacket,
holding the drink, sipping from it. Mimicking Damon the best she could, it was pretty good. Kitty grinned in victory and made some movements that created the look into her own. She put the jacket back and decided to try another. Kitty tried to walk and drink the whiskey like Nymeria. Seeing the movements go all wrong, she burst into laughter. Nope, a seductress she will never be. This no longer bothered her. When she was little and princesses were still interesting, she learned that. Sansa was always like a princess, she was like the sidekick. It hurt as a child, now it doesn't really matter. For no reason really, Kitty's neck hairs stood on end. Spinning around fast, she threw the whiskey glass hard. It landed right next to Jaqen's head, smashing against the cabinet.

He never even flinched, just raised an eyebrow. "Too slow, Kitty." Jaqen was calmly sitting on the couch. Speechless, heart pounding, she stared. How the hell did he get in and have time to get comfy? The balcony, the windows, the doors were all locked. He was still in the bar when she came upstairs. "The Damon impression was quite good by the way. You are right to laugh at the Nymeria attempt, it was pathetic. You are not that kind of deadly. We are all impressed with how fast you have learned, how good you are. Hell, at the stage you are at, you could kidnap or kill Rickon Stark all by yourself." Kitty said nothing still, but she sensed the danger hovering now. Those cold eyes warned her that he would kill her if she moved to escape or attack. "I have observed three times that you could have done it too. When you were pressed against his cottage window, that injured little boy, all alone. It would have been so easy. Before this, so many times the boy was alone for hours in the woods. You didn't try for it, you didn't call Damon."

He has been following me. Has he told Damon any of this? Why does he care? Kitty shrugged and said, "Why do you care? It doesn't matter to you when or how I do anything." In spite of fear, her chin went up and her eyes challenged. "Are you Arya Stark or are you Kitty, one of us? Because the three of us are going to be working together now. I just want to know if you are coming to our meetings as a pet or an assassin in training? Are you there to serve coffee and be groped by Damon? Or will you be there to learn and contribute? I cannot change that Damon owns you. However, if you can become the killer we think you can be, you can be one of the most feared. You might never lose your collar, but no one would even dare mention it to your face. Revenge can be yours, easily with the right training. What would you sacrifice for that?" Jaqen stood up and slowly walked over to Kitty. His eyes glowed with manic zeal as he caressed her cheek. "The God of Death demands sacrifice in exchange for what he gives you. Your sacrifice is who and what you were. Arya Stark needs to die."

Making sure that Kitty was looking directly into his eyes, Jaqen spoke. His words were cold and clear. "We are going to kill your sister and her unborn twins. We are going to kill Tywin Lannister and anyone else we can take out. The job for you remains the same. Protect and hide Rickon Stark until you can safely remove him. Do you think you can do it? Will you feel a sisterly love that makes you try and save at least your brother? Will you tip off your sister out of some former ties? You need an answer for me very soon, little Kitty. Do you think you can bring your brother back to Roose Bolton? Knowing what he might do to him? What if he gives the boy a lobotomy because he is too wild? Do you think it will turn him on more to have a fighting little boy?" She broke down then, tears spilling and her chest heaved. "Stop, please, stop it now! I cannot think like this!" "I need an answer, Kitty!" Now he was circling her, tighter circles invading personal space. "Can you watch Nymeria disembowel your sister? Or Damon put a bullet through her head? What if Rickon begs you to save him, what then? You hesitate. Are you trying to think up a good lie for me? Don't bother and tell the truth. Are you going to watch us kill you sister? Are you prepared that you might see Roose rape your six year old brother?"

"NO NO! I can't do it, I can't! I am so sorry, I want to be like you, more than anything! I just can't though, I cannot watch my sister die. I cannot kidnap or murder my brother. I don't want to even know they exist. I just want to forget them. But I can't hurt them." With a sob, Kitty covered her face with her hands and waited. For Jaqen to tell her she was never to train again. For him to tell Damon
and then hell would descend. Instead she heard a foreign sultry voice. "Well, it's about time. Stubborn little girl, you are right on that. You cannot lie to your teachers, girl, or you won't really ever learn." Numbly, Kitty looked up to see Damon and Nymeria were right there, on the couch Jaqen had left. They came in while she was in turmoil, dealing with Jaqen. It still bothered her that she didn't hear them. Not that it matters now, I have blown my chance to be a killer. To have freedom from the Boltons. I lost everything because I couldn't lie well. Damon beckoned her over silently, and Kitty lowered her head. She walked over and he pulled her forward by her chin. "I won't be asking Roose Bolton if I can buy you from him." Tears burned as Kitty said, "Yes Master." "I will be killing him and keeping you." It took a moment for this to register.

"We lied too. Rickon Stark is no longer our target. You do not have to worry about him now. He is not our concern any longer. Much bigger fish for us now, as a team we can do so much more damage than that. You need to decide who you are. Are you Arya hiding in the hotel room waiting to serve while we do the killing? Or are you Kitty, ready to learn, to become an instrument of fear and death. You are my pet either way, it doesn't matter to me. It is a one time offer though, Kitty. I won't take the time to try and teach you again." Kitty's eyes looked into Damon's and her voice was steel. "I am Kitty and I am ready to learn, to kill. If you will kill Roose Bolton, I will be yours forever. I swear it." Damon released her chin and softly ran a finger over Kitty's cheek. "I hope you really mean that Kitty. This little group we have here, we believe in the power of our words. If you ever murder, escape or betray me now, these two will also hold you accountable for it." The tears have dried and Kitty nodded. "I would rather be your pet and learn to be the best then fear the Boltons forever. It is worth the sacrifice of someone I used to know."
Cersie was angry that the dress was ruined, she wanted to die in it. It was all so fast, it was more like a dream she had. That fucking little kid destroyed her dress and made her dirty. Why do all males need to make females dirty? She saw red and then was standing over a limp screaming boy. It was just a little boy, a son like her own son. There was too much pain already, so Cersie stepped over the child screaming for help and ran home. Right through the hidden hallways to her room. Locking the door and windows first, she showered fast to get the dirt off her. If there was only one thing she ever learned from that little shit Tryion, you can always wash it off. But only on the outside, it festers inside. Cersie cannot take the rot and stench any longer, there isn't any fashion flamboyant enough to cover it. The letter stating everything Tywin Lannister has ever done was gone. It was in the hands of a man she has hired. It is only to be opened upon her death.

A lovely deep crimson full length dress will do. Delicate red heels with discreet diamond sparkles completed it. Cersie did her make up and her hair as if she were on her way to a ball. Then she swallowed an entire bottle of narcotics and muscle relaxants. Downing it all with her father's never before touched priceless fucking whiskey. The empty bottle was barely put down before she felt slightly woozy. Carefully Cersie arranged herself on the bed, steeling herself for death. For peace, for another life maybe or for nothing at all. Then the door crashed open and a Mountain fell on her. Gregor saw the bottle and yelled, "Oh no you don't! No fucking way, you cunt, not till I have had my turn with you!" Yanking the girl like a rag doll, Gregor shoved his thick fingers down her throat. She choked then vomited on her favorite bedspread. He thrust his fingers down her throat again until only bile came out. Dropping her face first into her own vomit, Gregor calmly used her dress to clean his fingers. Grabbing a fistful of her hair, Gregor dragged Cersie into her bathroom. He forced her to drink water until she vomited some more of it up.

Satisfied that she would live, Gregor grabbed the small blonde head and squeezed. Cersie screamed in pain, trying to get away. She got a few scratches on his face before he threw her across the room. A howl and Gregor chuckled. "Oh no, I think I heard a crack, I wonder what bone you broke? You want to pick on someone, bitch. Try picking on me instead of little boys and pregnant women." Cersie struggled to her feet, ignoring her swelling wrist. Thrusting her chin up, her mouth opened and the viper bit. "They are my favorite kind of prey. That fucking kid ruined my dress and got me dirty. You should have left him on that island, let Roose make him a pet. He is a wild creature that needs to be taught a lesson! Go on then, break my neck. Do it! You fucking neanderthal!" Gregor grabbed her neck and squeezed. Lifting her in the air, letting her legs kick, he growled out, "Is this what you want? Is this how you want to die, in your pretty dress, all covered in vomit now. I would never give you the satisfaction, bitch." Gregor dropped her, grinning when he heard another snap. Leaning over her, Gregor grabbed her hair, forcing her to look up. "If you ever touch my son again, I am going to teach him more about flaying. We will start on your smooth lovely back." He left her laying in her ruined dress.

No one has said a word to her, except the doctor who treated her fractures. Her left wrist was broken and three fingers on her right hand. For the past week she has lived in a haze of wine and narcotics. Rarely did she leave her room, when she did it was after she felt everyone would be asleep. Then she
raids the kitchen for food and the bar for wine to bring in her room. Cersie waited to die, she knew her father would not allow her to live now. So each day, she dresses, styles her hair and makeup. When it comes, she will at least go out looking good. Cersie had just opened the balcony doors for the first time, to feel the wind. The room needed airing and she needed air as long as she could breathe. She had locked her bedroom door, but it was unlocking now. There stood Jaime holding her father's keys. Cersie faced him then gave a tiny sob. "Does it have to be you?" Jaime shut and locked the door, steeling himself. He closed his eyes, leaning his head against the door. Then took a deep breath and turned around.

"At least it helps to know it hurts you too. Better this way, it is someone I love, that I trust, less scary." Jaime winced at her acid sweet voice, he knows the more acidic the more hurt she feels. "Would you really want father to do it? Or Tyrion?" "I am not even worth the money to hire an assassin. Just have a member of the family take me out like drowning an extra kitten." Jaime started to walk towards her, very slowly, approaching a dangerous and desperate creature. "No, it's because you are a Lannister, it would never be a stranger touching one of the family." Jaime stood in front of his sister now and she was so lovely, never so sexy as in this moment. She saw his intent and for a second she was angry, then lost. They clashed together and kissed, biting, drawing blood. Jaime ripped his pants down, then went to move her dress. Cersie already had yanked her dress up and Jaime shredded the delicate underwear with his golden hand. Making desperate whimpers, Cersie began to impale herself onto the golden hand. Jaime moaned, loving this as he always did. It was something that only Sansa and Cersie did for him. Margery never would.

Jaime watched her pump until his cock was so hard, it was painful. Sliding his hand out of her, Jaime thrust his cock inside her. Slamming her up against the wall, they fucked hard and fast. Nearing their peak, Jaime lifted her onto him then staggered to a chair. Sitting down, he arranged her so she could ride him deep and fast. "I love you, I have always loved you. As a sister, a lover, a friend." He whispered this as Cersie reached her peak. She threw her head back and wailed. That is when Jaime wrapped his hands around her throat. He began to strangle her, still hard as rock inside of her. "I am sorry, Cersie. I am so sorry." Her body thrashed and her nails shredded Jaime's hands. The thrashing, the straining, it pulled something dark and monstrous out of him. Jaime finds himself pumping into her harder, panting. He begged for her forgiveness as she started to die. As she went limp, he clutched her hard to himself and rocked into her. As he came hard, shuddering into his dying sister's body, Jaime cried.
Roose tells Ramsay there will be a reckoning later. They have a meeting to attend first. Sansa reunites with Robb. The Starks sign papers. Tywin and Roose catch up on many things. Petyr and Varys assure Roose that someone is going to kill Asha very soon. That the best have been sent on the job. Tywin and Roose speak of unspeakable things in private.

Roose looked at Ramsay in disgust, as he shook his crying pet. "We don't have time for this. The plane leaves in an hour. There are three men dead plus this one, I am not pleased, Ramsay. We will discuss this tonight after the meeting. Now grab Theon and Robb, let's get ready." Everyone was showered and dressed for a professional meeting. Ramsay would not allow Reek to even dress himself, he made sure his pet was fully under control. He hissed threats and promises of what will come later. Reek is aware of how much trouble he is in, he cries and begs for mercy. When Theon tried to explain, Ramsay threatened to flay him on the plane. Reek shut up fast, he knew that if Roose hurt Ramsay, Ramsay will hurt Reek twice as badly. No point in adding flaying to it.

When Petyr came to the house this time, Varys made sure he wasn't alone. It was a full house of deadly girls as well as Tyrion. Who glared at Petyr the second he entered. Varys was polite but chilly, all business. Petyr smirked, he could see the worry, the slight tremor and it pleased him. Good, wifey might be learning. "Is everything in place so far, dearest? I came as quickly as I could, but I figured these were details you were better at anyway. I have never enjoyed the presentation arrangements for anything but the people. You are so much more attentive to those little details." The insult stiffened Varys's shoulders but he refused to fight. "Everything is ready on our end. Including seeing to everyone's privacy and safety. Luckily, we did not have to worry about needing you for anything. Sansa is already here, with Gregor in the room. He won't leave for your privacy just to warn you. I am sure you are dying to see your little good luck charm again. I won't get in your way, I have work to do. Enjoy yourself, Petyr. I'll let you know when you are needed."

Petyr let his little wifey have his temper tantrum and went to see Sansa. He was amazed at how huge her stomach was. She looked pale, tired and worried, he hurried over and took her cold hands in his own. This was after having a giant confront him at the door and search him for weapons. Slightly ruffled, Petyr glared at the man and pushed past. "My dear girl, how are you holding up? This must be such a rough time for you." Sansa tried not to cry and nodded. "It is hell right now. I have been cooped up in the house like a prisoner. This is my first time out and I barely saw the grass outside. Someone wants me dead, wants my children dead. My own plans are halted, roadblocked by childbirth." She gave a bitter laugh then allowed Petyr to work his magic with words, comforting her.

The door opened and this time Varys and Tywin entered. Both sat down as well and a waiter poured drinks then left. A few moments later Gregor was searching the small group of people entering the room. Tywin held tight to Sansa's hand under the table, a reminder to behave. It was very hard to watch her brother enter the room and not run to him. Robb looked fine at first glance, then you saw his vacant expression. How he nearly hides behind Roose and only reacts to him. How his voice is robotic, that he constantly watches Roose, a hint of terror in his eyes. Robb's voice is slower, thicker and sounds a bit like a lost child and it destroys Sansa deep inside. One one side of the table were
Tywin, Sansa, and Varys. The other side was Roose, Robb, Ramsay, Petyr and standing behind Ramsay’s chair, was Theon. Except Sansa had never known this version of Theon. He was timid, submissive and seemed to have a fearful worship of his Master.

Gregor towered just behind Sansa making her look tiny and doll like. Robb saw her and remembered. When his Master gave permission, Robb greeted her. "Hello. Sansa, I remember you." Sansa greeted her brother warmly, even giving him a hug. That was all the reunion time given before they were all seated for the meeting. Papers were set in front of Sansa and some in front of Robb. Each signed them as directed without any hesitation. Any lands, deeds or business that bordered the South left by Robb’s parents were given to Tywin. All lands and titles closer to the North to Sansa were given to Roose. Once this was completed, Sansa and Robb were dismissed from the meeting. They would be allowed to sit in another room with Gregor and visit. Tyrion had been ordered by his father to stay with the siblings. Tywin and Roose discussed business ventures, they discussed the contracts out on themselves and others. They discussed taking down or making allies with other families. Petyr and Varys were sounding boards and gave tactful advice. "The Greyjoys are done for. Soon Asha will be dead and that will be the end. We can take Pyke apart and rebuild it as you wish to." Petyr assured smoothly. Varys insisted to Roose that the best have been hired to take care of the dreadful woman.

Tyrion shifted awkwardly in his seat and drank deeply. Robb had his head on Sansa's huge stomach listening to the double heartbeats. Sansa was gently playing with Robb's hair and crying. It was hard for Tyrion not to stare at the truly chilling dent in Robb’s temple. Tyrion thought it was ironic that it was his own self trying not to stare at another person's deformity. It was hard to reconcile this docile, simple version of Robb Stark, when he remembered him from before. It was harder to watch Sansa struggle with it. Could be worse, he could have to be Jaime right now. As much as Tyrion always dreamed of murdering his sister, he is glad he isn't the one doing it. Robb asked Sansa to sing a song from their childhood and Tyrion tried to get drunk faster.

"And Rickon Stark, do I still need to worry about that boy?" asked Roose softly. "No, you don't. The Cleganes gave him a new identity, new home. He is loyal to them and they are loyal to me. Do I need to worry about Arya Stark?" countered Tywin. "No, she is under control. The girl is my legal ward on paper, but my man Damon took a shine to her. For some reason, little bratty, violent girls are an attraction for him. I gave her as a pet to him, he is training her as a little attack cat. She is submissive to him, Damon is loyal to the Boltons." Now that all the business was done, Petyr and Varys were dismissed as well. They left side by side with their notes and requests from their clients. Ramsay and Reek were also sent out of the room.

A waiter came and poured coffee for the men then disappeared again. "Congratulations, another set of twins. I envy your prowess, Tywin. Speaking of prowess, how did Sansa like my wedding gifts? Did the jaws work right? I have been trying to make them work smoother." Tywin smiled slightly and he leaned forward a little. "She loved them. Truly. You know, I was surprised, but it is even better with her loving it as much as I do. Cersie obeyed, but she hated it. Even when she would come to her mother's mouth, she would cry afterwards, beforehand she would beg sometimes. Beg not to do it and that always was fun. Yet, how quickly Sansa got excited! She would suggest it herself sometimes, with the sweetest blush of humiliation. Your work on them is flawless as always and we both appreciate your craftsmanship of course. I cannot tell you how it feels to see her ride her father's head and scream daddy when she comes. I have footage of it of course." With a sly look, Tywin asks his very old and darkest friend, "Would you like a copy for you and Robb to watch later? Perhaps to just to show the boy what his sweet sister does with mommy and daddy?" Laughing Roose nods. "I would enjoy that."
I Do This Out of Love or Hate

Chapter Summary

Ramsay takes Reek somewhere for a lesson. Gregor must help Spaceship through his feelings. Asha is in hiding. Roose and Robb have a new game to play.

"Master, where are we going?" Ramsay did not answer, just left the Lannisters, dragging Reek into the taxi he had called. As streets rolled from rich residential into richer city, Reek looked out the window, clutching his hands to his chest. They pulled up in front of a hotel that Theon had seen but never been allowed into. He remembers begging Mr. Stark on one of their trips South. He had met and liked the Clegane brothers and got an invitation after five years of trying. Mr. Stark refused to allow it and in fact told Theon if he ever found out he went there, he would personally murder him. Now here it was and Ramsay was taking him inside of it. Yet he was not going in as a predator, but as prey. "You know where we are don't you? It was a place you wanted so badly to join. Did you think I didn't always have someone watching you? I always knew what you were doing, what you were trying to become. Well, here you are, except not as a killer, not as a dangerous person. Or are you? Let's find out Reek. Because after what you did on the island, you seem confused about it."

The Everything Is Awesome song blared again and Sandor groaned, "Come on Gregor. You need to do something. He can't just lie there and listen to that fucking movie over and over again! Not only am I being driven out of my sweet fucking skull, but he is upset. Or sad, or scared and something. Either fix it or get his sister here to do it." "Sansa will cry all over him, then you'll have mopey and screechy to go with your kid movie." Gregor grumbled into the phone. "Fine, I'll talk with him tonight." Gregor delivered Sansa safely into the mansion where Sandor was waiting and headed to the cottage. He got himself a beer then went into the living room. Spaceship didn't look up, just stared with bruised eyes at the screen. Only when Gregor threw himself onto the couch, causing a tidal wave, did he react. Shooting a blank glance at him, the boy readjusted his limbs and looked back at the tv. "Only this movie, no others you want to watch? No books that Sandor got you, no games. All you do is sit here and melt a new shape into the couch. At least you could go for a walk, how are you staying still this long? It's not like you." Nothing. Gregor settled back and drank his beer. Kid has to talk sometime, he'll wait.

Asha was shitfaced. Sitting in a sleazy Rivers bar, too far from the ocean for her liking. After putting out the contract on the Boltons, she took her men and fled. Some stayed behind to continue moving things about, keeping eye for the Boltons who will be coming. Coming to take anything left they can grab. More importantly, until the contract was filled, they will be hunting for Asha's skin. So her men have hidden her in this forsaken hellhole of a mill town. She despised the place, the smells of factory smoke, the dirt that clung to everything. The rooming house she stayed at was full of cockroaches. This dive was cleaner than it so she mainly stayed here. Opening her laptop, Asha drank while mindlessly playing games, waiting to hear that the Boltons were dead. That her brother was found, she planned on institutionalizing him. Waiting to find out that she can go home and rebuild her world. She had no idea she was already dead.

Roose waited until they were in the air, then he unbuckled Robb's seat belt. "Since Ramsay isn't with us, we can play." Robb has played enough games in the private jet with Roose to go silently to his knees. It usually isn't too bad on the plane. Roose needs Robb to look good in public so he won't hurt him. He doesn't even cry over these games. He knelt between his Master's legs and went to
undo his belt buckle and pants. "We are going to watch a movie while we play, Robb. You should like it very much. It is all about your Daddy and Mommy. Well, parts of them at least." Robb was crying ten minutes later. His Master forced him to see his sister rub herself on the grey horror. He screamed when Tywin adjusted the screws so his Daddy's teeth and tongue worked. When he fainted, Roose paused the screen. Still hard, prodding against the toy's little entrance, he waited for Robb to rouse. They had time.

Reek clutched his Master's arm terrified. "Please, Master I am sorry. I know who I am, I know my name." Ramsay stopped dead and stared at the clinging hands. "Remove your hands now. The fact that you dared to do that, let's me know how badly you need this. Now you will follow me in silence, or so help me, I will castrate you. That is how angry I am with you right now pet. So do not push me a single fucking inch further." Reek nodded timidly and whimpered at the fury on his Master's face. Ramsay spoke to a man quietly at a large black desk then continued further inside. He took Reek to what looked like a gym room. The floor was covered in mats, mirrors covered two walls. Ramsay pulled his pet closer, hands on Reek's shoulders. He felt Reek's back on his own chest and leaned to speak into his ear. "That man you attacked, he was a trained killer. Do you feel you are strong enough and capable enough to take on killers like that? Is Reek or Theon able to be my protector now instead of my pet? I like to bring my faithful timid obedient pet on hunts and killings. Sometimes, you even get to help, but you want to lead the pack now? Show me how well you handle killers then, Reek." With a mighty shove from Ramsay, Reek was face first on the mat. When he looked up there were others entering the room.

The credits ran and Gregor was on his second beer, before Spaceship spoke. "I failed. The lady could have killed me. I never hit her once, or managed to even run away." Nodding, Gregor said, "You were not paying attention that is how she got you down. That was your big mistake. She was a lady, you had a mother that taught you to never hit ladies. Problem is, where you are now, ladies sometimes need hitting. The ones that want to kill you, kidnap you or hurt you? They need hitting or sometimes murdering. You learned that now, next time you will remember this pain and use it. Don't worry, I hurt her for you. And now, she is dead for irritating her family too much." Spaceship looked surprised at that. "She was killed by her own family?" Gregor grinned and said, "Yeah, can you believe how messed up that family must be? Now get us each a beer and then you are getting off the couch. I want to see if you can pick pocket me one handed."

At closing time, Asha staggered out the door, clutching her bag. Her laptop was shoved half in the thing and she was a mess. Only Trist was there to see it luckily, he was waiting at the truck, same as every night. It wasn't until Asha got in front of him that she saw it wasn't Trist. This man was wearing Trist's jacket and hat, but it wasn't him. Before Asha could even pull out her gun, a blade was inside her throat pulling through easily. Lollys stepped back as the dead woman hit the ground. Bronn put her inside the truck right next to her dead driver in the back. The truck would be found in a ravine, burning. Lollys called Varys that night from a diner to let him know Asha Greyjoy was no longer a problem.

Roose forced Robb onto his cock and rode him hard as he stared at the screen. When Tywin made Sansa wear the flesh suit, Robb did not understand at first. "It is your Mommy's skin, my little pet. Your sister is wearing your mommy." The more horrified the boy's wails became, the more brutal he thrust into him. "Maybe I could ask to borrow some of those toys? Would you like me to lick your cock with your Daddy's mouth, Robb? Or I make you wear your mommy while I fuck you?" Robb's despairing pleas made Roose moan as he released into his little toy.
Is It Too Late To Start Over?

Chapter Summary

Ramsay’s punishment on Reek backfires in a startling way. Jaqen offers his own advice. Kitty is arguing with Hot Pie. Damon is not amused by Kitty or Hot Pie’s actions.

Ramsay was reminding himself this was discipline. His fury was towering and it was just punishment for what Reek did. No, if it was discipline, you would be doing this yourself. If this was all about Reek, then you would be flaying him right now. This is because you had to sit there in front of Gregor Clegane. Ramsay shut down his thoughts and watched as his pet huddled on the floor. "Get up! Reek, stand up! You will fight them the best you can." Shaking his head, Reek did not move except to peer up at Ramsay. "Master, please! Do it yourself, please Master! Don't let them do it, hurt me yourself!" "GET UP! This is not them hurting you and you taking it. This is you fighting them until you cannot. To show you that you will never be that! Now stand up and fight!"

He had to go over and force his pet to his feet. "I will get a knife and trust me there is a place for me to do it! I will castrate you, Reek. Then you'll learn you are nothing but my bitch a much harder way." So Theon flashed into the eyes and he tearfully said, "No, please. I'll fight, Master." Ramsay went over to the men entering and quietly spoke. "No broken bones, no internal injuries, this is just a beat down for a insolent pet." He watched as the men began to circle his tensing little Reek. Even now his mind couldn't stop replaying how Gregor stared at him smirking when Ramsay looked away. No one else had seen it, no one knew how Ramsay was afraid, how he ached in remembered pain. How small and helpless he started to feel. How it nearly killed him to almost lose Reek permanently, how it felt not to have protected his pet. It made him sick that Reek would ever find out what had happened to his Master.

Theon thought it wasn't fair. Reek also thought it was unfair. Why is it wrong to protect his Master? He has done everything to prove his love and loyalty! I killed my own mother, gave up a chance to be free. Theon crouched and growled at the men. I have willingly come home, I have meekly accepted pain and degradation for him. Reek watched the men carefully, waiting for the attack. Master has been hurt, he is wounded and needed our help. Whether he likes it or not. That last thought in the still-new voice scared Reek and Theon. It sounded too much like defiance. The worrisome thought had to wait, the men closed in and Theek came out. Ramsay was impressed and horrified all at once. His little Reek just demolished three men, was fighting two more and they had gained a crowd. Now a few others are asking Ramsay for a try at the lean, trembling beserker. How the fuck did this go so wrong?

Kitty was trying her damnedest to concentrate over whatever the commotion was. "Hot Pie, stay still or you could lose something." "Kitty, I only have one day off a week. I don't want to spend it as target practice. Every time I ask if you want to hang out, this happens. We gossip, we drink and then you torture me. The movies, the mall, shooting squirrels in the park, anything is better than this. So why don't we go see what is exciting every one else instead, okay?" Turning red, Kitty put her new throwing blades away. "I told you I can't leave the hotel without permission." Hot Pie sighed with relief and started towards the door. "I get that part. What I don't get is you won't ask for permission. All you have to do is say to Damon, Can I go to the movies with Hot Pie, the guy who could poison your meals for a month? You don't, ever. I mean, you are a tough girl, most of your bruises are from training. Hell, you bragged to me last week about how many lashes you took from his whip when he
Caught you stealing it. Bragged about it. Yeah, it all hurts and is scary, boo hoo and all. But Damon wouldn't hit you for asking. And you are the least submissive slave unless it suits you. So why won't you just ask him if we can go out?"

Rolling her eyes, she mumbles, "I hate asking him for anything. I have to ask or beg or grovel all the fucking time because he makes me. This is just one more thing to beg for that he can use to torment me with." For a moment Hot Pie simply stared at her. Then he exploded. "I HAVE BEEN STUCK INSIDE THIS HOTEL PLAYING PINCUSHION OVER YOUR PRIDE?" Kitty winced and rubbed her ears. "Sorry, alright? Fine, I will ask him now. In front of you, so you can enjoy seeing me kneel all humble whore slave. Let's go!" With a cherry red face, Kitty stomped past the enraged young chef. Speechless, he followed her, his hands outstretched as if reaching for her neck. Kitty was embarrassed for Hot Pie to know some of the reason. The rest of the reason was not admit-able in the least. Kitty feared the Boltons most of all. Yet, since Damon has allowed her to truly become taught and be a part of plans he has been harsher on her. In spite of refusing to stop giving him reasons, regardless of her brags, it is scaring the hell out of her. Yet, since she gave up being Arya, she gave up all those little voices. Kitty is still being molded and that leaves no voice of reason in between. The harder Damon becomes on her, the more she is pushing back but in smaller and smaller ways. She doesn't want to ask, because Damon might take it wrong. He might think she is trying for a bit of freedom. And that is what is making him so much scarier in the first place.

Damon and Jaqen heard as they came in that Ramsay brought in a crazy person. There was Ramsay with his cane, staring with icy eyes at Reek. "I thought he had a very timid pet. A bodyguard of the Starks and a pet of the Boltons, this came forth." Hearing Jaqen's words, Ramsay stiffened and looked over at them. Damon walked over and said, "Ramsay, what the hell is this? I didn't know he could fight like that." "Neither did I." Ramsay said dryly. "This was supposed to be a beat down to teach him not to jump on assassins. He tried to take on Rattleshirt, on the island. If my father hadn't blown the fucker's head off, he would have slit Reek's throat. His sister had shock therapy done and who knows what else happened. This is how he came back, Reek, Theon and this." Ramsay's pet was covered in blood and bruises. Yet he kept getting back to his feet and knocking others down till they gave in. One lost an earlobe, several broken bones were being seen in the clinic. "Why are you punishing this ability?" Jaqen had appeared next to Ramsay who then rolled his eyes. "I need him to understand to only use this at my command. Not whenever he feels like it. Right now normal methods don't work. He is split into three crazy pieces. Not all of them are afraid of the same things, not all of them will listen." Jaqen shrugged and said, "Find the one thing all three would be afraid of."

Hot Pie and Kitty argued the whole way towards the commotion. Once they got there, skirting the crowd, Kitty went, "Holy hell. I didn't know he had it in him." Before Hot Pie could ask who this was nearly killing these fighters, it hit her. If Reek was here, Ramsay was here. Almost instantly, she saw him and he was next to Damon. It was like a nightmare and she tried to meld back into the crowd. She wanted no part of this reunion but it was too late. Damon had seen her and crooked his finger at her. If Reek was here, Ramsay was here. Almost instantly, she saw him and he was next to Damon. It was like a nightmare and she tried to meld back into the crowd. She wanted no part of this reunion but it was too late. Damon had seen her and crooked his finger at her. Hot Pie followed and he whispered, "Don't you forget to ask, I mean it." Kitty hated being on her knees in front of the others that she wants to be equals with. With Ramsay right there, Damon will be worse than ever. There is no way to get out of kneeling in front of nearly everyone and she grits her teeth. No, even worse than that, would be Damon beating her half to death in front of her peers for insolence. So Kitty knelt in front of Damon, head lowered more than usual. "Ramsay is here for a short visit. I am sure you meant to come forward and welcome him, right?" The growled words made Kitty cringe low. She heard the menace and the promise of pain later. Apparently, Ramsay had seen her try to leave as well. "Yes Master. It is nice to see you again, Ramsay."

Kitty's friend is an excellent chef but he is not very bright. Not very aware of anything besides food or his basic comforts. The fight had been ended by Jaqen and the bloody man became a bloody pet in front of Ramsay. He was clinging to his Master's leg and it made Hot Pie feel awkward. He
wanted to go outside, to do something and was impatient. Leaning forward slightly, Hot Pie hissed, "Ask." Kitty moaned and wanted to murder Hot Pie and cook him into a stew. "Bad time." she hissed back, not moving an inch. Damon raised an eyebrow and looked down at Kitty. "Ask me what?" "It was nothing important, Master." Kitty said and Hot Pie looked insulted. "I asked you what it was." The voice was already impatient and Kitty blurted it out. "Hot Pie wanted to know if I could see a movie with him, Master." Damon glared at her and she whispered, "Sorry, Master. Forget I asked, please?" Hot Pie caught on slowly and now quickly says, "It's my fault not hers! She told me she wasn't allowed out, I have been bugging her about asking you." That did help a bit, Damon seemed mollified. He leaned down and spoke to Kitty. "You are very lucky that I am going to be busy until later tonight. Go on, see your movie and you can pay me back for it later on." Kitty thanked him humbly, already worried about what the payment would be.

Ramsay was busy paying attention to his pet, stroking the sweaty head leaning against him. "I am still angry with you, Reek. You are going to get checked at the clinic then we will continue this. We are not leaving here until you understand what I want from you, pet." Reek sobbed and nodded. "I am trying to do what you want, Master. I really am." "I know that, Reek. I am trying to help you, I love you, little pet. You need to learn when it is good to be brave. When it's not. Unless I give you the order to hurt or attack, you cannot. Only I know what you can be safe doing, not you. It can never be your choice, Reek. Only mine."
Ramsay gulped his drink then said, "You actually are letting her go to the movies with her with the
cook?" Shrugging, Damon grinned and responded. "I am not paranoid, like you. Kitty has been out
on her own since we left on and off. She doesn't try and run. She wants to learn, wants to be a little
killer, not to mention she knows better." Taking another drink, Damon refuses to acknowledge that
he is nervous these days. That the girl will learn too much too fast. He is not keen on having to kill
his pet, but if she ever truly challenges him, Damon would be forced to. "Until she learns enough to
be able to take me on, I am pretty safe from Kitty trying to free herself." "Yeah, that is exactly what
you are teaching her, you know. One day she'll kill you." Damon raised his eyebrows and asked,
"Or is that what you worry about too? That Reek might turn into something else, might decide he
doesn't need or fear you?" Ramsay snorted and muttered, "Jaqen's idea better work."

Sandor wanted to cry like a baby, maybe kick his legs and arms, wailing. He wants to cry until his
mommy shows up and whacks him to shut him up and gives him a bottle. I am done for. All the
training in the hotel gym. All those years of Gregor teaching him how to kill by nearly killing him. It
was all for naught because any minute he will crack and be dragged off to the nut house. When he
came home that next morning after Gregor promised to talk to Spaceship, it was quiet. Well, at least
of the Lego movie. The kid was up and about again, flying around the place. He kept whacking his
cast into doorways, making Sandor wince. Then suddenly he was screaming and flailing around.
Sending Sandor into a panic, trying to figure out what the hell the boy broke now. "It itches, do
something make it stop!" For hours, Spaceship has been trying to stick everything he can think of
under his cast. Sandor has had it after catching the boy trying to use Gregor's antique sword in his
cast. He has tied a sweater around the boy so his arms cannot move. It was a glorious moment for
Sandor, until he had to listen to the never-ending whine.

Reek had seen the clinic doctor while Ramsay had glowered at him. As soon as the doctor was done,
Reek was dragged by his Master into a small room. It was bare except for a mat and blanket on the
floor, a holding room. Before he could beg or even get to his knees, Ramsay slammed the door shut,
leaving him alone there. Reek screamed for him and then banged on the door. No response at all.
Sobbing, he sunk to the mat and pulled the blanket around him tightly. He dozed after some time,
trying to escape his body's aches. Reek was awakened by a rustling sound. It was in this tiny room
with him but it was dark, he couldn't see. Whimpering, he moved against the corner near the door.
Another sound a shifting one, large not a rat or snake or bug. A person? "Who..who is there?
Master?" Reek knew it wasn't his Master, he knew Ramsay's every sound. This was a faceless
stranger, a hidden threat. Theek surged forward as the terror waved over and he snarled now. Then a
shock, a pain then warmth on his cheek. His other cheek while Reek was still reeling over the first
cut. A memory of being much smaller, in a van, in the dark. A blade and fists, boots, all coming from
the blackness around him. Except this wasn't his Master, not Ramsay. This was another person
entirely. Does his Master know? Did he sell him to another person? Another burning line across
Reek's chest, this is when he also noticed he was naked. "MASTER! RAMSAY PLEASE
MASTER!" The only answer was another cut.
Nymeria answered the knock on her door and laughed. "I heard about some sort of commotion today about a slave. For a wild proud moment, I thought it was Kitty." Damon rolled his eyes and shoved past her, leaving Ramsay to follow. "Oh dear, you both seem so grumpy. That is the problem with owning pets, boys, they still need care and attention. I wouldn't trust the two of you with a plant." She purred as she poured drinks. Damon chuffed. "You trusted nearly every man I know with your pussy. Does that need as much care and attention?" asked Ramsay sweetly. Nymeria knelt before him, then slowly moved her body upward, sliding up his chest. She pushed his drink into his hand, then with her lips hovering over his, she murmurs, "I know that any cock that doesn't please me, I can rip off with just my pussy. Want to find out, lover?" Ramsay bit into her lip until it bled. Then smiled and said, "Nope. Off me, snake lady." Damon sighed as Nymeria giggled and made her self comfy in Ramsay's lap. "If you two are done flirting, let's talk." Ramsay looked over the woman at Damon and said, "Sure. What is this all about?" Damon began speaking carefully of his ideas. Only he saw that the lady curled in Ramsay's lap was waiting. To see if he will react in a way to this proposal that will cause her to have to slit his throat.

Sandor sat in the movie seat, staring at a big white blob on the screen. After listening to Spaceship whine all day he caved. He told the boy if he would stop scratching, whining and just everything that is annoying, they would go to the movies. Now he is sitting watching this thing and after about twenty minutes, Sandor started to enjoy it mildly. It was certainly better than home with the boy. As soon as it ended, he told Spaceship to hurry up. He had to use the restroom and get back before it was his shift at the Lannister's. While he used the bathroom, waiting in a forever long line, the boy wandered. First Spaceship looked at all the posters, then got bored. His arm ached and itched, plus he wanted to leave. Crowds were easy and fun to slip trough and stealing kept his mind off his wrist. He stole only minor things, till he got to the heavyset young man. It should have been easy to steal the watch, but sharp eyes caught the movement. Kitty laughed and said to Hot Pie, "You just got robbed by that kid over there." Indignant, the chef tried to chase down the boy who was faster. Kitty sighed and gave chase. It was a good chase too. The boy was fast she could barely see him. It should have occurred to her yet it just didn't. Not until she knocked the kid down and flipped him over. He cried out over the pain in his broken bones then focused on her. "Arya?" "Rickon!" A large shadow came over them and Kitty knew it was too large for Hot Pie. "Aww fuck." she groaned as Sandor yanked her up and threw her into a wall.

The cuts were all superficial but they did as designed. Reek was driven into panic, hysteria. He was curled into a tiny ball now, first Theek had tried to attack. Never touching anything but air and a blade. Theon tried evading, scuttling around but the blade found him anyway. Now Reek was surrendering, shuddering and pleading in a tiny voice. "Please, no more. Please stop, I'll be good. I'll behave, please. I need my Master, please." The blade was against his lips, stilling them. Reek whimpered softly and stayed very still. When the blade slowly moved away, gliding onto his neck, Reek was still. He heeded the warning, his lips pressed tightly shut. A whisper of sound, a barely there voice. It was softer and more deadly than Roose himself could be. "Why should Ramsay save you? Didn't you want him to know you can take care of yourself? Maybe you made a mistake about that. I think I can do anything I want to you and you cannot stop me. Only Ramsay could tell me no, as your Master. Too bad you angered him and he left you here for me to find." Reek started to scream for Ramsay again and now came more pain. "I told you to be silent. I only say things once before I punish." Came the whisper as the blade sunk into a molar and yanked it out. Reek choked on blood, holding his hands close against his chest, shaking. He went silent except for the crying.
Those Awkward Situations

Kitty rebounded off the wall and slid to the ground, spitting blood. She managed to yank out her blade and was now trying to stagger to a crouch. Arya had never met Sandor or Gregor, she has laid eyes on them, but she did not know which one was which. Kitty HAD seen what was done to Ramsay. This giant might be Gregor, she will be damned if she goes down like that. Hell no. Sandor growled and went for her, but Spaceship jumped her front of her. "No! Arya did not know it was me!" He shrieked then felt surprise as an arm came around his throat. "Arya is dead. My name is Kitty now." "You stupid fucking idiot, just hand yourself over. Good job. Now what, Spaceship?" Asked Sandor as he leaned against the wall as Hot Pie showed up.

Sandor yanked the chef against the wall and put a gun to his head. Hot Pie squeaked out, "Don't shoot me! He can keep the watch!" Kitty rolled her eyes and then asked against her brother's ear, "Spaceship, really? Who chose that gem?" "Gregor gave me the name, it was better than Ramsay's name for me was. He wanted to call me Mittens." Kitty snorted and then asked, "I don't want to hurt you. But I saw what this guy did to Ramsay. Convince him to let me go, would you? I need to get back to where I am staying. I have a curfew." Spaceship giggled and said, "That is Sandor, not Gregor. Gregor is the one who hurt Ramsay. Sandor doesn't like torture, he just likes to break bones and kill." Kitty and Sandor stared at each other as the man clicked the safety off the gun. "That isn't making me feel any better, brother." Whispered Kitty. "Kitty, please don't let him blow my head off, okay?" Hot Pie whined, shutting his eyes tightly. Sighing, she shoved her brother away from her and and edged out of reach of Sandor.

"There, I let him go. He is fine, not a scratch. So let go of my friend, would you? Rickon stole his watch, he wanted it back is all. Keep the watch and let us leave, all right?" Piping up, Spaceship announced, "This is Kitty, she used to be my sister. Used to be Arya Stark. She is safe Sandor, right? We don't need to hurt my sisters." Sandor did not look like he agreed with that, but he released the chef. "Spaceship, give this man his watch back right now." Groaning, the boy did so and Hot Pie stammered out his thanks. "Good, now leave." Hot Pie and Kitty started forward and Sandor pointed the gun. "No. Not you, just him. Why is the property of the Boltons wandering around the South?" Kitty put her head up and grinned. "Go on, Hot Pie. Oh, stop and tell Damon that the Cleganes have decided to kidnap and torture me. Thanks, buddy." She gave the terrified cook a thumbs up and he fled. Cursing, Sandor watched the heavy man jog away. "Now why did you tell him that? No need to start a war, just answer my questions." Grumbled Sandor who is now late for his shift and an unwilling captor. Another Stark sibling and just as troublesome and stubborn as Spaceship. "My arm is really itchy again, Sandor." Really? How Sandor wished the concession stand had liquor.

Gregor was pissed. He was hungry, tired and wanted to go home. He was sick of watching Sansa try on funeral outfits. It was disgusting him how Jaime was traipsing around her like a puppy. Sandor was not only late, he and Spaceship were not answering texts or calls. Even though it wasn't required, Gregor hated, despised leaving a job without a Clegane overseeing it. He has hired, handpicked every man here and he knows they will protect the girl. It still says something to have the personal touch. Even though it angered him, Gregor left to search out his family. Due to their type of job, it was very important that the Cleganes always stayed in touch. They never ignored each others calls. Even if it was a text saying to fuck off, it was contact that they were safe, alive. They had GPS trackers on each other at all times. Gregor wondered why the fuck they were at the movies and drove there, ready to kill them both. Also ready to kill with whomever must be fucking with them. How dare anyone touch his family? Whoever it is can explain it to Gregor while he slowly murdered them. Then if Sandor and Spaceship are okay, he is going to use whatever energy he has left to beat them into the dirt.
Ramsay listened, he argued, he listened more. Nymeria has gone to her own chair now as they mapped out their plans. Damon knew Ramsay was half in agreement, maybe more than half. However, he was also worried about Reek with Jaqen. "How long do I have to think on this?"

Ramsay asked but before Damon could answer, there was a pounding at the door. Nymeria stretched and answered it, shocked to see the sweaty red face chef. "Damon! Where is he?" The man gasped, staggering in the doorway. Damon stood up and stared hard at the frantic chef. "What happened, where is she?" He snarled coming forward grabbing the boy by his shirt collar. "Cleganes. Sandor took her. The boy stole my watch, we chased him, she tackled. It was her brother, a real little one. Sandor let me go but not her. He wanted to ask her why she was in the South. Kitty told me to come tell you." He dropped the boy after he stammered out of breath. "I warned you not to let her have so much freedom." Came Ramsay’s triumphant voice. Damon ground his teeth together and said, "Are you going to just harass me or help me?" Nymeria laughed and said, "Both." Ramsay shook his head and said, "Not me. Jaqen is with my pet I am not going anywhere until it's done. Besides, don't you want me to think about this proposal of yours?"

Damon and Nymeria were both aware of the real reason Ramsay would not help, but said nothing.
Cersie Lannister's tragic demise is mourned in the South. Sansa defies Tywin in defense of the dead woman. Jaime is acting the lovesick fool and it is not unnoticed. Varys gets pushed back by Roose and Petyr. Tyrion and Varys bemoan events together.

"Such a tragedy for that lovely woman." Clucked Olenna and Varys all over the South. Poor Cersie Lannister's suicide was gently and respectfully put about by them. No one dared in their presence to make a sound of joy or derision until out of earshot. Because of her tender condition, Sansa was not present at the proceedings, though some thought it was because she wasn't bulletproof. It was true that Gregor had strongly advised against it and so did Jaime. So the girl was not there but everyone took note of how broken up Loras was. It seems that in death Cersie has become precious to him. Loras nearly threw himself on the coffin and gave a stirring eulogy while Jaime sat stiffly with Margery. Both looked very grave indeed. All of Loras's friends were nearly killing themselves not to laugh out loud.

Petyr and Roose kept the worst of the folks away from the grieving father. Not that Tywin looked any different from his usual stoic face. He saw that his daughter went out of this world in dignity befitting a Lannister. All except one thing, surprisingly it was Sansa that rebelled for it. "Tywin, you cannot let her be buried in it. It is wrong and I won't stand for it." They fought over it until he finally slapped Sansa and sent her to her room like a child. The one emotion he showed was surprise when the casket was opened. It was not the dress he had chosen, a favorite of Cersie's mother. She wore it when he impregnated her with his daughter. His daughter wore it almost every time he raped her as she grew old enough to wear it. Instead, this was the dress that Cersie had made, repaired and cleaned. Red and gold, it was lovely and indecent. He knew his stubborn bride had found a way to fix this and he grudgingly admired it. Tyrion looked at his sister and said he swore that she was smiling. He had never seen her so lovely ever and he forgave her all in that moment. After all, he was still alive and she wasn't, he felt magnanimous over it.

Varys was stinging that Petyr and Roose have taken over his position. He had turned for three seconds to pay his respects and they moved fast. Now he has to stand next to Petyr on the very end, where he should never have to be. Eventually, Tyrion dragged him off and by then he was peeved enough to go. They sat and drank while Tyrion spoke of his Jaime's madness. "It is insane and disheartening to watch. He is putting baby proof things everywhere. One minute we could open cabinets and doors, now we cannot. He comes home early to take Sansa to appointments even though Sandor or Gregor are taking her already! It has gotten so bad that Tywin and Jaime are starting to fight over everything else but that. He follows Sansa like she is the Mother Theresa and the worlds best lay all in one." Varys arched a brow. "Is she?" Tyrion seemed to think on it and said, "She is certainly one of the best I've ever slept with. Not enough for me to throw coats over puddles for her." Varys considered and said, "It seems odd that Jaime is so protective. Does he really think his father won't kill him as easily as Cersie?" Tyrion shook his head. "I don't know what he is thinking, I think he needs a therapist. Or for Margery to do something very kinky for him." Nearly choking on his drink, Varys responded, "Jaime has a better chance of Cersie sitting up and blowing him." Blinking, Tyrion mused, "Hell, he has a better chance of me blowing him then Margery letting him touch her with that gold hand."
Who Wants to Bet On Who Hurts Worse?

Chapter Summary

Gregor finds out why his calls were not answered. He negotiates with Damon over Kitty. Kitty, Spaceship and Sandor all must pay for this screw up. Ramsay deals with his worst nightmares. Reek is violated by Jaqen and begs for his Master.

Gregor stormed into the small section of the movie theater where the blip on his cell took him. There the two fucktards that he has been having heart palpitations over are. He will rip off their arms and legs, sew them on backwards. In fact he roared that as he stomped towards them and all three jumped. Sandor, Spaceship and Gregor is pretty sure this is another Stark. She took one look up at him from her corner and turned pure white, actually swayed for a second. He snorted, unimpressed and looked back at Sandor. "Why the fuck are you here? Why the fuck are you two with her? Why didn't you answer your calls? I left a job over this! I am going to fucking beat the both of you at the same fucking time, do you hear me?" Spaceship peeked out from behind Sandor's back and piped up. "You never called. The phones never rang. Not once." "You lying to me boy? Do you remember what happened last time you lied to me?" Gregor growled out and the boy nodded fast, eyes wide in memory. "I swear I am not lying! I promised I wouldn't! The phones never rang, we did not put them on vibrate!"

Sandor confirmed this and Gregor pulled out his phone to call Sandor's phone. It rang but it rang from Kitty's pocket. Wincing, she pulled out the phones and handed them to her little brother. "It was to get you back for stealing the watch." Gregor couldn't move for a moment except to stare at the ceiling. Sandor and Spaceship were familiar with this behavior and just stayed still. Kitty whispered to her brother, "What is he doing?" Her brother answered quietly without moving his lips. "He is debating whether to murder us or just beat us really bad." Nodding Kitty moved even further back slowly till she reached a lamp. If need be she can shatter it on his head or use shards to try for his vitals. The second Kitty moved his eyes fell on her. "You. Arya Stark, right? Did you come with the Boltons? Is that who I have to thank for this fucking mess?" Shaking her head, Kitty tried to answer, sounding strong.

"My name is Kitty, there is no Arya Stark. I am with Damon, not the Boltons." "I don't give a fuck what you call yourself. Call Damon and hand me your phone after." With hands that are a tad shaky, she rang Damon who answered instantly. "Kitty?" "Master, Gregor told me to call, he wants to talk to you." His voice was deadly and Kitty flinched at it. If Gregor didn't rip her apart, Damon would. "Put him on the phone and I will talk to you about this later." "Yes, Master." Gregor was already in front of her and snatched the phone away, almost taking her fingers with it. "Damon? You know who I am. You staying at the hotel? Good. I will be there soon with her and we'll talk." Gregor shoved Kitty's phone at her and then grabbed her by the throat. "You are very lucky that I have very little time for this shit. Too much going on to start a war over a little fuck toy that got loose from her leash. A fucking slave has inconvenienced me. And how much I humiliate your Master over it, you will recieve twice as much from him."

Reek was desolate and could not stop weeping. The blade touched him everywhere and so did phantom fingers while he shook. He was too scared to try and rebel against this faceless man. Any time he flinched away even a bit, the blade cut a blazing path till he screamed. To be touched by another besides Ramsay was agonizing and he wept. The man moved and was sitting on Reek's
chest, his cock touching Reek's lips. Shaking his head back and forth, he wailed behind his closed mouth. The knife was suddenly against his testicles and Reek opened his mouth. He choked on the sudden surge of flesh filling his mouth and throat. "See? So quick and tough able to take on so many men. Yet here you are, just a victim waiting to be taken down. You are lucky to have a Master to protect you. You are even more lucky that you have an ability to use for him. Too bad you are too dumb to see it in time. Now here you are sucking cock and being cut up because you didn't listen. He warned you that you had to obey to be safe, didn't he? Too late now."

Ramsay paced the room drinking more and more. His hands were restless, running through his hair. The cane thumped down with his steps. Was Jaqen remembering the rules not to break anything? Did he remember that Ramsay said try oral first. If he had to let someone rape his pet to make him behave, he will. But he will be there for it, he would never abandon Reek for that type of punishment. I don't even make any sense anymore, Ramsay thought and decided to head for the hotel bar. He needed to distract himself, he also needed to have a decision for Damon soon. To his surprise, Damon and Nymeria were at the bar themselves. He walked over and asked them why they were still there. That is when Gregor Clegane came bursting in dragging Kitty by her hair. He knocked her to the ground and pointed at her. "DOES THIS BELONG TO YOU?" He roared at Damon as Sandor and Spaceship stood on either side of him. Ramsay nearly screamed when those cold eyes landed on him next. Damon stepped forward and caught the giant's glance again. "Yes, sadly, it belongs to me." Damon said dryly as he gave her a small glare.

Kitty flinched and decided to stay sitting cross-legged right there. Seemed best, possibly safest for now. The two men stood on either side of her and roared above her. "Why did you take her? What do you want for returning her to me, Gregor?" "Your stupid girl is a pet? Then you had better put her on a fucking leash so she stays out of trouble! She and her idiot brother were pickpocketing each other like stumbling morons through a movie theater! If you want to let her visit her brother, fucking ask next time. Not that I will say yes, no one near the Boltons is coming near Spaceship." At that Kitty could not help herself and yelled at Gregor. "I am no Bolton!" Damon's shoe came hard and fast into her stomach. Then into her back and again until she curled into a ball. "A single fucking sound, I'll break your jaw, understand?" Kitty nodded and stayed low, hunched under her arms. Meager protection at best. "Maybe a leash and a muzzle." Mused Gregor and then he grinned maliciously at Damon. "Want your little bitch back? I heard you are a legend with whips. You have a priceless red handled one. I want it in exchange." Damon growled, "Fine. Nymeria, would you please get the whip for me?" Kitty shivered. His prized whip. She was dead.

That is when Spaceship noticed something. The sweat from fear and pain has moved Kitty's hair off her forehead. Also, her jacket has been lost along the way and those arms showed. Someone has carved words into his sister and bruises were everywhere. Standing up, just as Gregor was about to gloat some more, Spaceship stabbed his small dagger into Damon's leg. "Don't you ever cut my sister up like that, you fucker! How do you like it?" Spaceship growled as Damon yelped. "The what, Gregor?" Damon roared, yanking out the blade. "Rickon, don't!" Hised Kitty who tried to move the small boy out of the path of both enraged men. "Are you trying to keep my son from me?" Gregor asked dangerously. "No...no...I..." Kitty cowered under the looming angry men and just hugged her brother tightly before releasing him. With one paw, Gregor reached out and grabbed the boy then tossed him backwards. He landed half in Sandor's arms, who wrapped his arms around the boy, one hand on his mouth. "Well, that was unfair of my boy. He is young, doesn't understand. I guess you get to keep your whip after all. Keep your little pet under control or someone else will." Gregor threatened.

It seemed that Gregor would leave then, but then he saw Ramsay again. Sneering he headed towards him, watching as Ramsay scrambled to his feet. Standing nearly over him, Gregor nearly whispered. "How are you feeling Ramsay? I heard you were not well for a bit. Had to have some surgeries and all. That sucks, I hope it never has to happen again. Do you think it will Ramsay? Do you think I
have to repeat my lessons?" He couldn't breathe, the fear, degradation and anger were killing him. Ramsay shook his head and stared with hatred at Gregor. "No? No, I don't have to repeat the lessons? That is good." Gregor patted Ramsay's cheek then shoved his brother and son out of the room. Just then Nymeria returned with the whip and Damon took it from her. Kitty heard the dreaded sound then felt the burst of pain. Damon was too angry to even wait until they were in his room to punish. Kitty's screams filled the bar and beyond in seconds.

Gregor had to catch Spaceship who heard the whip and screaming. He squirmed out of Sandor's grasp and was running back. It took only seconds for Gregor to catch him and then he liberally beat Spaceship's ass all the way out the door. Sandor winced knowing that he will get at least as bad as Kitty is getting if not worse. This was confirmed as Gregor rumbled out, "You will go in very early tomorrow and take an extra long shift. Tonight we are all going home." Tossing the now weeping boy into the back seat, Gregor shoves Sandor against the truck, then punches him. "Get the fuck in the car before I make you ride in the trunk. Both of you fucking idiots. All three of you stumbling idiots." Gregor muttered in disgust under his breath. "Feel lucky that I am letting you drive your car home. I should make you leave it and walk for it tomorrow. Meet me at the house. Go anywhere else, little brother, you will regret it." Sandor just nodded and got in the car. He followed Gregor home and it was a late night. A loud late night. A curtain rod served for Spaceship and Gregor's fists served for Sandor.

The man came down Reek's throat and he had no choice but to swallow it. "What a good little whore you are, maybe I should bring some friends next time." Reek sobbed and begged, "Please, please, I just want to be with my Master. Please, can you tell him? Please, my Master, I need him, tell him I need him to protect me."
Friendship Only Goes So Far

Chapter Summary

Sansa is driven mad by seclusion, hormones and doubts. She asks the impossible of Bronn and Lollys. Lollys gives Sansa some hard truths.

"You know I would do anything for you, sweets. But you can't expect the impossible, love. You want to disappear, fine, say the word. They'll never see your or your kids, ever. That I can most likely do with extreme chance of success. If Bronn and I were found taking a contract on anyone here, we would be dead before the deal was settled. Even here, in the safety of my own home, never say that again." Lollys was firm as she held Sansa's hand. As soon as Tywin had left the house, Sansa took off, much to Sandor's annoyance. He lectured her the whole way there and will do the same all the way back. She did not care, she was in pain, she was sick of the Lannisters. Every fucking one of them. If Sansa did not get out of that gilded cage for a few minutes, she would kill herself and save the assassins the trouble. Which was exactly what she screamed at Sandor when he tried to refuse letting her leave.

Sansa poured out everything to Lollys, nearly on the doorstep, already crying and babbling. "I am pitiful, look at me! I was never like this before, I sicken myself! Gah!" For nearly an hour Sansa spoke and cried. She told of how Jaime was becoming almost obsessive, how it was good but creepy. "I have him right where I want him. When I am a widow, I can marry him, rule it all through him. It bothers me how easy it was for him to kill Cersie considering how close they were. It makes me wonder if I have it wrong after all. Maybe its a trick on his part and he plans to trap me by it, or kill me. See? Now I go paranoid. Does this go away after the babies are born?" Not allowing Lollys to draw a single breath, she continued. She told of how Cersie had died believing that Sansa would ever allow Tywin to touch the children. That is when she had asked if Bronn and Lollys would take out her husband. Bronn had hollered out from the couch, "Fuck, no! Lollys don't you dare even think it! I don't put my foot down much around here, but I will now. I mean it, woman!"

Staring flatly back at Bronn, Lollys said, "I heard you, man! I wasn't going to anyway, I am not crazy." Sansa stared hopelessly then yelled. "You said you would help me! That we were best friends, bonding and all that shit!" Hearing Sansa swear was nearly adorable which is why Lollys took no offense. Her friend has become slightly unhinged as the months close in and her stomach expands. "I am friends with Ramsay Bolton too. If he asked me to kill his father I would still say no. We like where we are, I don't want to always be on the run. I don't want to have to spend my days being hunted. I like being the hunter. We don't take stupid risks. This is a stupid risk and it is for you too. You know that when you have a working non baby brain. If you try to put a contract out, he will find out and he will kill you." Sansa looked down then whispered, "I cannot let him touch my kids like..that. Some things I have to call a limit on. I cannot sacrifice everything, not that."

Lollys suddenly seemed to change in front of Sansa's eyes. Her face seemed to harden and her eyes emptied. This was the killer that Sansa knew she herself has looked like. "You are right on that, chickie. That is the one thing Cersie and I can ever agree on maybe. I will not ever let that happen to these kids. Forget your murdering and work on letting us remove you quietly. Or at least the children after they are born. Because otherwise, I will go through you and Tywin if I have to. You say now that you would never let him do that..but are you really sure? You have let him do things..you don't tell me, but I see that look in your eyes. I don't ever want to know, I don't want to judge anybody.
Hell, I have a dark side too. But I will hurt you, take them from you, my lovely ginger friend before I let those kids become Tywin's playthings."
So Bloody Sorry...

Chapter Summary

Reek gets to see his Master again. He is pitiful in his desperation to fix things. Ramsay forgives his pet. Damon is not forgiving or merciful in the least. Petyr and Varys are spending their last night together before Petyr goes North again.

The man had left, all Reek saw a door open then shut. He did not look up, he never wanted to know who it was. He was left some water and he rinsed his mouth again and again. When the door creaked open, Reek cringed into the corner. Then he heard his Master's steps, saw it was him, Reek crawled forward as fast as he could. He threw himself against his master's calves and hugged tightly. Crying into the cloth of Ramsay's pants, Reek begged. "Please Master. I am so sorry. Forgive me please. Protect me, I need you to keep me safe, Master. I understand now, I am sorry I was bad. I only want to do what you think is best, please Master. Mercy, please!" After having to see Gregor, Ramsay needed this so much. Even after Jaqen assured him the pet understood and was broken to it, Ramsay was nervous. If Theon or Theek dared to show themselves, Ramsay was afraid he might actually kill his own pet. This was just his timid, hurt little Reek clinging desperately to his Master. A very sorry, submissive little pet indeed.

Ramsay knelt down and threw his pet beneath him. He began to lick all the blood of his crying pet, digging his fingers into bruises to make him cry louder. "Poor foolish pet. I am so sorry you were so bad, this had to happen. See what happens without my protection? Without my guidance, love? Tell me who I am, who you are. I want to hear you say it." Ramsay pulled out his cock and impaled his pet harshly to hear him scream it. "MASTER! You are my Master. I am Reek, Ramsay's Reek!"
"Good boy that is very good. Now, are you my obedient, loyal pet? Do you decide what choices to make? Do you decide whether to put my pet in danger? Who decides if you can fight?" Reek gave sobbed answers meekly and Ramsay came hard, kissing his pet until he couldn't breathe.

Jaqen appeared next to Nymeria who was actually wincing now. Eyes suddenly widening, Jaqen took in the blood splatter. Another crack was heard and a hoarse voice that could no longer scream gurgled something. Kitty's shirt and pants have been shredded by the whip. Bloody lashes were everywhere, she was writhing in agony but her Master was enraged. He had been publicly humiliated and as all knew, his temper when finally truly prodded was deadly. Jaqen walked up to Damon, who was covered in sweat and a speckling of blood all over. "Do you plan to whip her to death? If you don't stop soon, she won't be in any condition to be a pet, much less an assassin."
Damon gave two last hard swings before stopping. Kitty lay in her own blood and urine. When the pain became unbearable and she knew it wasn't over yet. The fear became so great, that she peed down her own leg then dry heaved.

Now she lay in her own fluids and sobbed, drooling on the floor. Damon had not a shred of pity and refused to let it end with that. Not while so many were around, that witnessed Gregor's actions and words. "You will slither on your belly like a groveling bitch. Kiss my shoes and show me proper respect, pet or we shall have round two here as well." Kitty whined and squirmed forward, no longer even humiliation mattered. The pain and fear of even more was too great to allow for anything else. To feel shame would be a luxury, it meant she wasn't broken. Except she felt broken, utterly broken and moved like it. Like a worm, she wriggled to his shoes and kissed the soft Italian leather. Groveling like she did on the island when Damon and Ramsay would torture her. Kitty was truly
grateful when Damon said coldly, "Better. Get yourself to the clinic and then get yourself to our room. Go now before I change my mind." Thanking him in her barely working voice, Kitty staggered to her feet. Crying out with every step, she slowly staggered away. She made it almost to the end of the bar before she fainted.

Petyr had remained courteous and did not press Varys once during this visit. He was all about the work and stayed close to Tywin and Roose. Still trying to hide any fears under his nagging, prim demeanor, Varys did not once try to defy Petyr. He allowed his husband to dominate the meetings, the words were all said by Petyr, even if it was not his ideas or actions. It stung to allow Petyr all the glory, all the credit for hard work done by Varys. Too long they have worked separate clients and Varys was not used to being pushed aside. The only time that he really gets upset though is bedtime. It is the one time that Varys is truly alone with Petyr. Every night he tries to stay up very late, later than Petyr. Yet he has to go to bed eventually and when he does, Petyr is somehow awake. He will wrap his arms around Varys and tell him to get some rest. That he has been doing so well this visit, that Petyr was happy with his behavior.

Varys tries to hide his anger, his fury at being treated so condescendingly. Worse, he blushes in the dark and tries to hide that something in those words, soothes him and he hates Petyr in that minute. He hates himself and Petyr so badly he shakes with it. Petyr grins against Varys's shoulder and whispers. "I know wifey. I can feel how upset you really are. Do you think I should let you handle more? Do you want to try and convince me that you can do this better than I can? Hmm?" The voice is so smooth and with such an amused lilt to the words. Yet Varys can feel the steel in the hands clenching slowly deeper into his muscles. He can hear that little scratch in Petyr's voice, a gravel pitch that can signify violence. "No Petyr. I am just stressed. Can I get some sleep now?" Varys can almost hide the tremor in his voice but not quite. "Yes wifey. Go to sleep, dearest. I am so pleased with you." He cannot wait for the morning. Petyr is going to head back North with Roose Bolton. Varys is counting the hours.

Kitty received several stitches and was now trying to inch towards Damon's room. Whimpering with every step, she stopped twice to cry and catch her breath. She has not been whipped this severely since leaving the island. When she had awakened on a cot, she found Damon had simply dumped her there. With instructions to give her no pain medication. With instructions for Kitty to walk under her own steam regardless of injuries back to their room. Kitty opened the door and then inched her way in, shutting the door behind her. With a cry of pain, she sinks onto the soft carpet, onto her hands and knees. Looking up only enough to see where Damon was, Kitty crawled to him. The closer she got the more scared Kitty became that the punishment was not done yet. When she finally got to Damon, she was groveling.

Nymeria whistled at the damage and even Jaqen looked at the pet with some pity. Damon was still not ready for forgiveness and simply said, "Down and stay." Stifling a wail at the painful movement, Kitty curled up around Damon's left leg. Her face rested on Damon's shoe. This was a recent addition that Damon has been using to humble her after fighting sessions. For the first time ever, Kitty was grateful for the command. She clung to the one person who would let her, the very monster who hurt her. It felt sick and safe all at once. This made Kitty just cling tighter. This at least seemed to please her Master because he ignored her then. Ramsay came in a minute later, his meek pet crawling behind him. Reek was also bloody and clingy as well. "I want in. I have decided and I want to kill those fucking Cleganes. You kill Sansa and Tywin, I will take out anyone else that I can. Once we have broken the Lannisters, we shall go kill my father."
Chapter Summary

Lollys and Bronn discover something that tests their loyalties. Tyrion loses a friend. Petyr and Varys have a very last meeting as equals.

Lollys was having some snuggle time with Bronn when her cell rang. It was a special ring and she answered immediately. A very familiar voice was there and it sounded shaken a bit. "I don't have long, my souffle is about to die here. Some days this place can suck, this is one of them. Fucking savages sometimes...girl bleeding out on the fucking floor and they just let her. It killed me not to do something, not to at least stop it somehow." Lollys took a deep breath and responded. "She chose it, Hot Pie, I offered once. I won't offer again. "Wouldn't matter anyway. She won't have any sanctuary better than with Damon after this week. That is what I called to tell you and I am doubling my fee. This making friends for information hurts, I really like Kitty. It kills me to just watch this. You know, back when you offered me a job, you never mentioned this part. If I wasn't desperate to leave this place, I would never have taken you up on it. So double or I tell you shit."

"Is that little prick trying to haggle?" Bronn sat up and briefly tried to wrestle his wife for the phone. Hitting speaker, Lollys glared at Bronn. "Fine. Double it is but if it isn't worth it, I am firing you."
"The hit on Tywin and Sansa was picked up by more than one. Ramsay, Damon, Jaqen and Nymeria have become a team. They want to demolish the Lannisters and Cleganes in one shot."
Groaning, Bronn covered his eyes and muttered about a bloodbath. Hot Pie said in a hurried voice, "Listen here is what is worth the extra. I know who put out the contract for both Lannisters." After Hot Pie hung up the two still sat in stunned silence. Lollys looked bitter and tears filled her eyes for a brief moment. "Sometimes I hate our job. Sometimes I hate us." Bronn hugged her and said, "We are very good at finding out things. We are good at killing things. It is just what we are, what else could we ever be? Best to get it over with fast. If you need me to do this one alone, I will." Shaking her head Lollys stood up. "Nope. Together forever. Let's go and tattle like good drones."

Varys was singing and dancing as he polished silverware. Tyrion stared at him then took another sip of wine. "Why are you so delirious this morning?" "My dearest husband left in a taxi this morning. He has taken a dark domineering cloud with him. A feeling of esteem and pride in myself returns!"
Varys trills and gives a twirl. Tyrion downs the rest of his glass and grimaces. "I never understood the two of you. Can't you just have stayed business partners? I am not stupid like the others might be. You two have never once acted like lovers, like anything but an old married couple. Why don't you just dissolve the marriage part completely?" Before Varys could answer the door opened and the end of his world began. Petyr entered with Lollys and Bronn behind him. Tyrion knew by Varys turning whiter than ever, something was wrong. He stumbled to his feet as Petyr stood in front of his shaking wife. Tilting his head, Petyr smirked at his naughty as hell wife. "Tyrion, you want to leave now. Go home to your family and you can leave the key Varys gave you on the table." As he spoke, Petyr's eyes never once left Varys.

Tyrion stared and said slowly, "What the hell is going on? Why should I leave him with you? Why should I leave my keys, Petyr?" Varys made a sobbing sound and looked at the ground. "Tell him wifey. Tell him what you have done. Go on and face him when you do it. Do you want him to leave or should we tell him?" Shaking his head, Varys said in a choked voice, "Tyrion, leave the key and go home. Thank you for being such a wonderful drinking buddy, but it's over. Goodbye." Petyr
looked over at Tyrion and said with a deadly expression, "Leave or Bronn will escort you out."
Bronn wore a sympathetic expression as he gently took the key from Tyrion and hustled him out the
door. "Don't ask me, I can't talk about it right now. I will call you later on. It isn't personal, it's work.
Sorry..I truly fucking hate this." The door slammed in Tyrion's face and in shock he headed home.
Then began to mourn Varys. He had no idea what his friend must have done, but he did not think he
will ever see Varys again.

The sound cracked through the room and Lollys winced when Varys hit the floor. Petyr stood over
him and gritted his teeth. "What the hell did you think you were doing? Were you so desperate to
gain power over me that you thought this would work? Did you think I wouldn't find out? How the
hell did you manage to even get that much money, sweetness? You are going to tell me. I know you
think if you martyr yourself it will be a nice dramatic ending. That is not how this goes, love." Petyr
ground his boot hard into Varys's hand and he grinned when bones snapped. Varys screamed but he
gasped out, "I won't tell you. Just kill me and get it over with. Sansa and Tywin deserve it! No one
ever listened once to Cersie, but me. For years I listened to her, she was my friend. I had to desert her
just to help your ginger death cunt and my friend died! She died thinking I betrayed her! I had to
betray her for you! She gave me more support and courage than you ever did. So yes, I took out the
contract and hoped Cersie would survive them. I won't tell you who lent me the money because it
was my contract, not theirs."

Petyr sighed and shook his head. "Oh my poor stupid little wifey. You really were left alone too
long. I am sorry, it's my fault. I should have seen how much more attention you needed from me."
Petyr knelt down and Varys flinched away. Gently, as if trying soothe a frightened animal, Petyr
touched the bruise forming on his wifey's face. "Shh...it's okay. This just didn't work out is all. You
tried very hard and it just didn't work. That is alright, I would never divorce you. I would never kill
you either. I will find another use for you. Time for you to come home, wifey. Don't bother with
packing, we are leaving right now. We don't want to be associated with the deaths." Varys stared up
at Petyr and stammered, "You..you aren't going to stop it? You won't warn them?" Petyr shook his
head. "No I won't. I love Sansa but I love power a little more. We shall find out who lives and deal
with them. Don't worry about it, it is no longer your concern, love. You are coming North with your
husband and we shall make some adjustments."
Proper Apologies Are Appreciated.

Chapter Summary

Damon has reverted back to the Master he was on the island. Kitty is seeing that she allowed herself to fall for the illusion he created.
Varys asks a request of Petyr. In exchange, he must accept whatever punishment Petyr decides for him.
Ramsay makes sure Reek is ready to obey.
Bronn meets with Tyrion. Lollys finally gets a job she likes.

Kitty knelt on the floor and numbly watched as Damon gathered all her clothing, her shoes. Then he put them all in a locked suitcase. "These are a privilege. Do you have any privileges right now?"
Instantly she responded, "No Master." Damon tossed a few t-shirts and shorts at her, even underwear and bra were gone. "This is all you get until further notice. Are you allowed weapons right now?"
Kitty shook her head again and tried not to cry. "Are you a killer in training right now?" "No Master." "What are you?" "Your pet. A slave. Nothing else unless you allow it." Damon threw the suitcase at the closet and Kitty winced when it thudded down. "You are not to leave this hotel for any reason. You will not practice or train. Not until I feel you have earned it. That day may never come at all."

Damon kicked her, knocking her flat to the ground. He put one foot on her chest and slowly applied pressure. Whimpering, Kitty tried not to squirm or plead. "Ramsay thinks I should put you cuffed and muzzled in a chest until we return." Her eyes went round with horror and she begged. "Please, Master, don't do that. I won't run, I swear it. I have never tried to run, ever! Please, you know I wouldn't dare it, I never would!" A wide grin spread across his face and Kitty was terrified. This was the Damon of the island again, how was she dumb enough to forget? To forget that the charming, almost seemingly absent-minded killer was really the Damon of before? It was as if seeing Ramsay was a switch. Turning on the more brutal, domineering thug part of him, the sadist in him has come forth again. "Please, please, forgive me. Mercy, Master." She whimpered, not caring about anything except not hurting more. He reached for her and Kitty hurt more.

"Petyr. Please, listen to me for a moment." Begged Varys as he had been for ten minutes now. "What, wifey?" Petyr finally said with a sigh. He turned and looked at the distraught man. "I was going to have Tyrion stay over my house that night. He shouldn't have to die. Anyone there that gets in the way will be slaughtered. Please! Warn him or move him for the night." "You have no right to ask anything of me. However, I will consider it on one condition. You will accept whatever fate I have chosen for you. Do that and I will save your friend." Varys shuddered, he had no idea what Petyr wants to do for a punishment. Yet, whether he fought it or not, Petyr will have his way. So Varys nodded and said, "Yes. Save Tyrion and I will accept what you have chosen for me." "Good wifey." Varys hated that fucking nickname.

Lollys hung up the phone and grinned at Bronn. "This the first job we have gotten all day that I like." Tyrion was confused but he met Bronn nearly a half hour later. "I am being driven crazy by you all! What the hell is going on? Is Varys still alive? Why did we have to meet here at a deserted parking lot? Am I playing detective with you? What the hell are you doing? HEY!"

She was covered in sweat, blood and come. Pain didn't really cover how she felt, not at this point.
When Damon's hand came down gently upon her head, she flinched. "Please, no more....please?"
"Hush...no speaking except to answer a question. Do you need a reminder?" Kitty shook her head
frantically in spite of the calm tone and gentle touch. Uncontrollably she shook and whined. "Good.
Now, while I am gone, are you going to leave this hotel?" "No Master." "Will you leave our
rooms?" "No Master." "What would happen if you did?" "You would hunt me down. Break my
bones one by one. Then you will whip me to death and leave my naked body to rot by the side of the
road." "Good girl. You should pray for my safe return. After all, if I die, it's Ramsay and Roose to
care for you."

"I love you, Master, I love you." Reek panted as Ramsay rode him hard. Ramsay had pulled Reek's
back against his chest and bit his neck. A large hand slid down the pet's chest and wrapped around
his cock. Gasping in surprise, Reek whined and arched. Ramsay gently soothed his pet and
whispered. "It is okay, Reek. I want you to feel good with me. See, my timid little pet gets to feel
nice, gets to be petted. Aren't you glad you are my good boy, Reek?" Ramsay went slower than
usual, allowing Reek to feel pleasure first, then he increased his thrusts. His pet moaned and began to
move with his Master. Wrapping his other arm around Reek's neck, Ramsay choked and stroked
until his pet came hard. Then Ramsay spilled inside Reek and laid them both on the bed. Spooning
his pet, Ramsay asked a question. "You won't leave this room until I return will you?" "No Master. I
just want to be good and obey you. I promise." Ramsay decided to have someone outside the door
while he was gone. He just hoped his lessons were enough to keep Theek at bay. Well, that and the
sedative he was planning on putting in Reek's dinner along with Kitty's.
Talk To Me

Chapter Summary

Petyr gives Varys a last chance to talk, to confess. Varys receives his punishment.

Petyr was pleased with how well Varys was taking his defeat. He has been mostly silent, doing as Petyr asks without complaint. Now they were on the plane, almost home and Petyr thinks Varys is ready to answer questions. He had wine brought and they were sipping when Petyr began to speak. "I want to talk with you while we are still in the air. Once we land, everything changes for you. I do mean everything. Every single step you take is decided by me. Until I feel you have learned what I expect from you, there is not a moment of freedom for you. That means I will change too. You are going to see the side of me I always took elsewhere, wifey. Instead of going West for what I need, it will be at home. I cannot deny that I am looking forward to it very much. It is also the only way I can think of to keep you alive. So we are going to speak of things now, before we land. First, tell me if I am correct. Olenna Tyrell gave you that money, didn't she? Don't bother to lie, you know Lollys will find out for me soon enough."

Varys sipped his wine and stared at the clouds out the tiny window. "Yes. Olenna saw the opportunity to free herself from kowtowing to Tywin. He pissed her off and you know how she hates being irritated. Unlike Tywin, his sons are too weak to fight. If the three strongest family members are dead, she could easily be the new leader in the South. Jaime and Tyrion would take their money and run off. They would be relieved to be free and give her no trouble. Olenna would be indebted to me and Cersie would be avenged. All I needed was two more damned days." Blinking away tears, he glanced at Petyr. "How long have Lollys and Bronn been working for you? At least they were fun while it lasted. Thank you for sending such fun spies to watch me." Patting wifey's knee, smirking at his flinching away, Petyr responded. "Bronn has been working for me since he was a teenager. One of my oldest and favorite clients sent him to me as a gift. He has always been loyal. It was pure luck that he met and fell in love with your Lollys. He never lied to her about it, she knew and had agreed to it. They both always liked you, felt that you were loyal, just temperamental."

"Now, I understand you always loved Cersie. I remember you gushing over her for years, I even recall you crying me drunk over it one night. Telling me all the sad stories of her and how you admired her strength. I see how jealousy and pride over Sansa made it worse. So I do see why you did something so brilliantly stupid. What I don't understand is Tryion. Cersie despised her brother, yet when you weren't with her, you were with him. And why save him? We have both killed our friends before. Why save him? You know a young girl heavy with babies will die. You know that Rickon will probably be killed as he is a Clegane now. The same six year old boy you shielded from me and Roose. Now you will let him die along with his sister. But the drunken imp is special. Why?" Varys glared with some defiance at Petyr. "I don't want a six year old to die! I hope and pray that his neanderthal keepers will make sure he is hidden. As for Sansa, you don't know what she does, Petyr! What she is! I do! Cersie told me everything! One night she looked so miserable, I started to see her in secret. She needed someone, even someone who betrayed her to speak with. She had started to actually drink and talk with Tyrion, it had gotten so bad for her!"

"I have always known what Tywin made Cersie do. I was not surprised when Cersie told me that Sansa was now part of these sick games. I was shocked when I heard how much she liked the games. She was doing nothing to take down Tywin as she had said she would. Too busy enjoying
her games and then gets pregnant. Not a plan was made to save her children from him. No plans were being made at all. Cersie was a cold, mean bitch, fine, she was that. But she did have a heart and it was killing her to think that Sansa would let another generation of hell happen. Even Cersie tried to urge Sansa, to warn her, finally she felt she had no choice. That is why she took out a contract on her. I took out mine right after she confessed what she had done to me. I knew they would kill her soon. Either they would find out who took out the contract or she would finally explode. As for Tyrion...I really like that guy. I didn't at first. Cersie told me how when they were little, Tyrion would care for her after Tywin hurt her. In spite of all she did to him, Tyrion would help her. She could never thank him for it, not her. So she suggested that I have a drink with him, I might find him witty. That he might enjoy a friend. We hit it off right away. He never knew that I met him through Cersie wanting him to have a companion. I don't want to see him hurt or killed. He is a good man and in the right place, maybe he can do some good with his life.

"How very noble of you, wifey. Well, I can assure you that he will be nowhere near the bloodshed. Oh look, the seat belt sign. Almost home now. Put on your belt, love." Varys snapped the seat belt with trembling fingers and took a deep breath. "Petyr, please, I am sorry. I don't know what you are going to do, but can't you at least warn me? Give me time to adjust so I don't cause a scene? Please, not a scene on purpose but I am freaking out a little. Just tell me what you are going to do." Petyr smirked and gave another pat to his knee. "You promised to accept anything I have chosen for you. Or shall I call Lollys back and destroy her night by telling her to slit Tyrion's throat?" Varys shook his head and lowered his eyes. "Don't do that. I will accept it, I said I would. Just tell me, please, don't make me wait." Petyr watched as Varys started to slur his words and then his head fell forward. He had the waitress take the drug laden wine away and his own regular glass. Petyr made a call and was assured that Qyburn and a private ambulance were waiting for them at the airport.

When Varys woke up, there was pain, so much and he screamed with it. Petyr was there, hushing him and putting a needle in his arm. "Don't worry, love. The pain will fade in a moment. The punishment is not the pain, wifey. That is just a sad symptom that will fade. Try to sleep and we shall discuss more later on, when you are ready." Varys tried to ask what has happened to him when he fell into a black silence again. The next time Varys woke up the pain was duller. Varys denied where the pain came from, where he felt so wrong, then he gathered the courage to look. He screamed and yanked on the restraints until Petyr came in with a needle. Once the medicine calmed him, Varys sobbed. "Petyr, please! You didn't, please, no I don't want to see! Don't show me!" Petyr ripped the bandages off and made Varys look at the bleeding ruin. "See? Now you look like the Western little toys I like to play with. I don't need to run so far to play with my little boys, I have one here now. Or are you a real wife now? Huh. I really don't know. You are certainly not a man, but not really a woman. That is the appeal for me, dearest. Just think, you finally have your greatest wish granted. You will get to be fucked by me after all."
"Well, after all the money I have given both Varys and Petyr, I would really expect better than this." Huffed Olenna as Tyrion scowled in agreement. "At least better wine than this!" Loras and Margery were too busy pacing the room like a pair of nervous cats. Bronn tried to reach for his gun again and Lollys kicked him. "You can't shoot them for being annoying. For the third time I will remind you that pointing that at them does no good. It makes Loras scream and hurt our ears. It makes Margery start shrieking at you which hurts our ears. Olenna almost took it and shoved it up your ass when you came near her with it. Remember that little humiliation? Tyrion just laughs at you and complains louder. Not one of them is afraid of us, sadly. They are relying on us to keep them alive tonight. Not kill them." Bronn grumbled and said, "That is all I had time to pick up. Eat and drink or don't. Greasy pizza and box wine is too a meal, Olenna! I have it all the time! Oh shut up you dried up old-SHIT! That fucking hurt and I hope you broke your toe, wife! Did you? Good! OW!"

Damon towered over the kneeling, shaking girl. She bore little resemblance to the killer in training from a couple of days ago. Long uncombed hair hung over her face and her skin was littered with every color. Words could be seen on her bare arms and legs. Cut into flesh, in many places marred by bruises or whip lashes. The shorts and t-shirt allowed most of her skin to show. A thin pair of sandals were over the feet and toes that had no nails peeked out. This girl was silent, she was still and she waited, shaking. "I am going to let you have a choice. You can crawl in public, kneel next to me during dinner. Or you can wear the leash and you can walk upright and sit at the table. Decide."

Peeking up, Kitty tried to see if this was another trick for her to fall into and hurt herself with. There have been many over the past hours that she feels confused about everything. Damon stared down at her and spoke very slowly. "I keep forgetting how stupid you are, little girl. It is not a trick question. Leash or ground, which one?" Her voice was trembling, thready with panic. "Master, the...the...leash?" With a wide smile Damon attached the leash to the collar. This was not the nice wolf tooth collar, Master took that one away. He said it could be earned back. Meekly, Kitty submitted to Damon putting a leash on the black dog collar.

Tywin had too much coffee during his last meeting. Leaving his study, he headed for the bathroom at a quick pace. He had not had lunch today, too busy and was starving. Dinner was ready in about five minutes and Tywin was eager to eat. By the smells it was his favorite chicken dish. Unzipping himself with one hand, he tried to lift the toilet seat with the other. And nothing happened. Staring in confusion, his bladder singing an operatic warning, Tywin's fingers scrambled at the strange plastic latch. What the hell was this? Did Jaime child proof every single bathroom in the house? "Oh fuck." Snarled Tywin as he suddenly lost control and warm fluid hit his hand.

Sansa and Jaime were sitting down in the dining room when they heard him bellow. When Tywin came into the dining room he instantly started to yell at Jaime. "Are you under the impression that my wife is giving birth to suicidal, thrill seeking, extremely talented super beings? Babies don't do much, Jaime! They aren't going to drown in every toilet of the house! They won't die in every cabinet, babies don't open doors or climb pool ladders! They are my children, not yours. I will worry for them, Sansa will worry for them. You will stop. Concentrate on work, concentrate on your
wedding." Tywin threw himself into his seat just to watch the very last of the chicken eaten by his wife. Her napkin sat on her considerable stomach and she shrugged at him. "I am sorry. You should tell them to make a bigger portion. In fact, I am sick of asking them to make enough for everyone. It's like they are hoarding our food or something." Jaime threw a baked potato on his father's and smirked.

Spaceship set off the fire alarm for the third time. Scrambling, swearing, he grabbed the broom and knocked it off the ceiling. There, problem solved. Both Gregor and Sandor were at the house tonight, so Spaceship was making dinner. Of course they had meant for him to make sandwiches and bring them to the house. But even though his back, buttocks and thighs still ached, he felt guilty. While Gregor thrashed him with the curtain rod, he yelled. A real lot. Even through the pain, Spaceship heard some of it. He heard enough to know that Gregor was scared to think Spaceship was in danger. Was maybe dead. That Sandor and Spaceship were hurt or dead and Gregor worries about this all the time. He is prepared for it, that is the kind of life they all lead. So Spaceship felt guilty that they put Gregor through it when there was no need. So he was going to figure out this recipe if it killed him. How hard can it really be to make pizzas after all?

He got Sansa to give him free reign to raid the Lannister kitchen. Of course, it didn't occur to the boy to ask what ingredients would be needed. So now he had five tortillas with ketchup and shredded cheddar cheese. He remembered always putting oregano on pizza, so he borrowed the jar of it. The entire block of cheese was covered in the dried leaves. Setting the oven to the highest level, Spaceship tried to bake the tortillas. The first two instantly burned before he started to really watch. These last three might survive though. He wiped sweat off his brow and checked the last one again. When they were finally done, he wrapped them in foil, humming. Spaceship barely has slipped into the Lannister's pantry when the maid yelled, "Oh my Gods! What is that smell?" Running past her, Spaceship said, "Pizza for my dad and Sandor!" Sandor and Gregor were quietly horrified but touched at the gesture. Gregor rubbed the little head and chuckled. Both men tried to choke down some of it, till Spaceship took a bite and spit it out. Then Sandor laughed and sent Spaceship home to make sandwiches.

Ramsay sat at the table, his little Reek was kneeling with his head on his Master's knee. He kept hand feeding him small bits of food. Reek rubbed his face along his Master's pants and his hands clutched at his Master's leg. He took no notice of anyone or anything else at the table. Damon sat across from Ramsay, his pet was sitting in chair next to him. Kitty kept her head and eyes low. Her mouth stayed shut unless Damon spoke to her directly. When the plate of food he ordered for her came, Kitty did not react. Not until Damon told her to eat, then she began to slowly eat and drink. Nymeria complained that she felt under-dressed as she did not have a pet with her. Grinning, Ramsay told her he would be happy to find and train one for her. Snorting, Nymeria says, "I don't have the time for a pet. Besides, I don't like them to fuck me in fear until it's too late. I like the surprise factor."

Jaqen appeared and slid in next to Ramsay, saying, "Apologies. Seeing to last minute details and ran a bit late. So this shall be our last dinner before our sacrifice to the Gods of Death." Reek knew that voice he knew it and whimpered. Shaking harder he tried to wind himself around his Master's leg tightly. Ramsay grinned and petted his pet's head. "Don't worry, Reek. He won't touch my good little pet. You are my good meek boy, aren't you?" "Yes Master. Please, just yours. Meek, good Reek." The pet responded, staring up at his Master with pleading eyes. "Good boy, here have another bit of food. Now finish this water for me, very good." Kitty was already beginning to droop a little. "Drugeed us...they drugged us." Kitty thought as she saw Reek shut his eyes and Ramsay lift him into his lap. She felt Damon's hands catch her head as it sped towards her plate.

Reek slept in Ramsay's bed, a cuff was on his ankle, it was attached to a chain that went the length of the room. It even had enough room for Reek to use the bathroom off of the bedroom. He slept while
his Master went to murder the Lannisters and Cleganes. Damon did not bother with any restraints on his sleeping pet. She wouldn't try to leave. Besides, the man guarding Ramsay's door was only feet away, he would see her. Not that he would actively stop her, but he would report it to Ramsay. Damon would rather hunt her down himself if she did dare such a foolish thing. He doesn't need Ramsay gloating about how Damon had to kill his own pet. Damon is sure he was hard enough on her to make sure Kitty wouldn't dare defy him. Ramsay turned to Damon and said, "If I die, don't let Father have Reek. Either keep him or kill him quickly for me. Don't let him suffer." Damon nodded and said, "I would ask the same. Kitty won't fare well with your father. Not that you are much better but at least you won't lobotomize her. Same thing, keep her or kill her quickly."

Spaceship had forgotten to shut off the stove in his excitement. He had also forgotten not to leave dishtowels on the stove. When he smelled the smoke, he ran into the cottage and got the fire extinguisher. He managed to make a huge mess but at least the fire was out. Spaceship was already wondering which Clegane it was safer to call about this, when he heard the sound. It was a quiet, sneaky sound and he turned, swinging the canister as hard as he can. The figure in the smoky kitchen seemed to actually duck and at the same time twirl, catching the canister. Then the metal swung at Spaceship and sent him flying. Sliding boneless to the ground, Spaceship couldn't seem to move anything. The shadow figure leaned closer and whispered, "I am sorry, boy. The Gods of Death take the lives as children just as easily as adults. Don't worry, you will join your family now. Sansa and the babes will join you shortly." A flash of a blade and all the boy could do was mutter, "Spaceship."
Chapter Summary

Damon, Nymeria, Jaqen and Ramsay attack.

Gregor told Spaceship once that he should never give up as long as he still has breath. This echoed in his head as the blade came hard at his neck. Spaceship breathed in the smoke and his cast shot upwards. The knife slammed into his cast, into his flesh and bone. Screaming, Spaceship kicked hard with both feet into the man's crotch. As Jaqen tried to avoid the feet, he tripped over a dishtowel. This gave the boy enough time to disappear into the smoke. Jaqen only searched for a few moments, then headed for the main house. A six year old boy was really of no main concern.

Sandor went out front for a smoke. The house was dark and silent, family seemed to be asleep. He was walking around the perimeter when he found the three dead men, throats slit. "Fuck." He started to grab for his cell and gun when the attack came. Damon had barreled into him from behind, knocking the phone and gun out of his hand. Eating dirt, Sandor yanked his knife out of his boot and rolled away from the fists. Damon landed on him, driving all breath out and strangled him. Swiping awkwardly, Sandor tried to cut as deep as he could. Damon grunted and started to use a boot to stomp his hand down. Sandor felt his wrist break and threw himself backwards. His goal was to break Damon's nose, instead a knife sliced across his throat. Damon let the man's head fall into the dirt and headed for the house.

Nymeria has already slipped inside after forcing one the men to open the cellar door. She thanked the man then slit his throat. Padding into the lower levels, she begins to search for the Lannisters. Ramsay was following her path, then he veered off into a different direction. He was not using knives tonight, he had a crossbow and his gun. He stalked after a much larger prey than Nymeria did. Jaqen came in like a wraith and Damon has appeared. Finding no one downstairs, they went up into the bedrooms. When Gregor came around the other side of the foyer, an arrow pinned him to the wall. Bellowing in rage, the large man pulled out his gun and tried to shoot in the direction it came from. Another arrow whizzed and now both of his shoulders were pinned. Ramsay came into the moonlight, his eyes glittering with rage. Aiming carefully, Ramsay shot again and only by Gregor moving on tiptoes fast, did he save his balls. An arrow firmly lodged under his groin now. "You fucking cocksucker! You better put the next one into my brain! If I get my hands on you again, I will make sure you are just like your Reek. I will let my little boy take you for walks like a fucking dog. I will fuck you until you die from it, understand me?"

Ramsay aimed the crossbow carefully at Gregor's face. "I am going to skull fuck you afterwards. And if my friends haven't killed him already, I am going to rape your son. Keep him as a pet, a wild little bitch. I am changing his name though. Not to Mittens, I think I'll call him Gregor." As he took the shot he felt a searing pain in his leg. Looking down, there was the fucking little soot covered brat. And a knife was in Ramsay's limp leg. "You little fucker!" The boy was already running, Ramsay saw that his arrow had at least hit into the giant's chest. The man was not moving and his head hung low. Good. Ramsay reset his crossbow and began to hunt for the boy. "Oh little Mittens, do you remember me? Come out now, I want to play with you! Second daddy is dead and you need someone to care for you, little boy. Luckily, I have room in my kennels for another puppy. Or I can wear you as a pair of mittens. Your choice really."
The door to Tywin's room slowly opened and a shot rang through it. Tywin stood there, holding a gun. He and his wife heard the bellowing of Gregor at Ramsay. Sansa was already in the secret hallway, but her stomach kept getting her stuck. There was no way she was getting down those narrow stairs and out the door. Instead, she started to inch along the wall heading for another bedroom further away. Tywin shot at the movement at the door again. It was just enough distraction for Damon to burst through the adjoining door and cause the old man alarm. As soon as Tywin tried to turn and shoot at Damon, Jaqen was there. He put his knife through the back of the old man's head and stuck him into the wall.

Nymeria was following the sounds down the wall. She knew it was Sansa, she must be in a secret hallway. Pulling out her gun, she took aim and shot through the wood. Hearing a cry, Nymeria adjusted and fired again. Then a gold metal hand came crashing into her face. She staggered and tried to shoot. Hitting Jaime's leg caused him to fall down. As he hit the floor he grabbed her leg, taking her down with him. Another smash in the face by the golden hand and she felt her jaw break. Damon grabbed Jaime's arm and twisted it around until it broke. As the man screamed, Damon sent a boot into his ribs, breaking them. Then he shot Jaime twice and helped Nymeria to her feet. Just then every fire alarm in the house began to go off. "Fuck, we have ten minutes before the fire department shows."

Spaceship was easily evading the limping Ramsay and so he had time. Time to remember where the maids kept the broom in the kitchen. He grabbed it and went to a fire alarm, reaching up with the handle, he jabbed into the button, setting it off. By the time Ramsay went in there the boy as already setting off alarms on the other side of the house.

Gregor felt a horrible burn in his shoulder, then a sharp hit across the face. He looked at the pale angry gargoyle. She hooked claws around the next arrow and yanked it free. "You aren't dead yet. You promised to protect me, so wake up!" Slapping him again, Sansa pulled out the last arrow. Gregor shook his head then forced himself to his feet. "Come on, move." He staggered forward after taking back his gun on the floor. Sansa and Gregor disappeared just as one of the killers came through. Pressed against the wall, Sansa held her breath while the Mountain took the shot. Jaqen's head exploded in the doorway. Damon was still far enough back and he turned, dragging Nymeria further into the house.

Spaceship set off about five alarms before Ramsay caught up with him. A twang sound and Spaceship dropped fast. He wailed as the long arrow poked out of his cast. It made him want to giggle though, because now an arrow and a knife were stuck in it. Too bad all the sharp points were inside him and not on the outside of the cast. Another arrow was notched and Ramsay stepped closer. "Which is it? Want to die and be Mittens or alive and my pet? Want to live bad enough?" Nodding, Spaceship agreed wordlessly that he would rather live. Being skinned alive has no great appeal to him. Neither does being a pet to Ramsay, so when the man got close enough, Spaceship made his final move. He lunged upwards and bit with all his might into Ramsay's crotch. A high pitched scream and Ramsay punched the boy away hard. The teeth were snarling, little bloody teeth and Ramsay hit the boy with the crossbow. Spaceship fell heavy to the floor, blood seeping from his ear.

Ramsay took off running then, knowing the time is up. He caught up with Nymeria and Damon. As they took off, Gregor came into the doorway behind them and started firing. Nymeria's head exploded and Damon swore, using her body as a shield, he lunged out the back door. Ramsay returned fire then left as well. Gregor came into the room and followed to the doorway. A second later he heard Sansa scream and he ran back wondering who was left to kill. She was upstairs in the hallway over a small limp form. Gregor suddenly was tired, the blood pouring out of him seemed to drain him. I can't look, I can't do it. He has never backed down from anything, so he stumbled over. Spaceship was so pale and still. Gregor ripped the boy away from Sansa and he cradled him. "He is
"my son. Mine." Sansa stood up and started to sob, walking away. "Jaime?" She called and Gregor hugged his son. Then he burst into tears for the first time since he was a child.

Fire alarms rang and trucks began to tear into the Lannister driveway. Damon and Ramsay were already off the property. They stopped at a gas station to try and staunch wounds, clean up the best they could. Mourning the loss of their friends, they headed towards the hotel.
Kitty has been awake for a few hours now. She paces and stares out the window. Then she lays on the couch or the bed and wonders who will come in that door. Will it be Damon, bloody and full of stories of how he slaughtered her siblings? Ramsay twirling a flaying knife telling her that since her Master was dead, he will skin her alive? Or worse of all, what if Roose came for her? If Ramsay and Damon are dead, he is all that is left. It won't be long till her lobotomy. So she prayed for her siblings to live and for Damon to return. When a knock came at the door, it startled her. Peeking through the hole, she saw Hot Pie staring at the door all agitated. She yanked the door open and nearly shrieked. "Are you hear with news? Who died? Is Damon back, tell me it's not Roose coming for me!"

Hot Pie shook his head and held up the tray. "I brought you some soup and tea while you waited." Kitty caught the eye of the man in front of Ramsay's door. Shrinking back a bit, she said fast, "I am not leaving the room. You don't need to call anybody. I am staying right here." Kitty pulled Hot Pie into the room and shut the door, not bothering to lock it. It would seem less suspicious if she left it unlocked. The last thing Kitty needed was anyone telling Damon she was locked in a room with the chef. "Okay, listen, get dressed fast." Hot Pie said as he set the tray down on the counter. He tried not to look at all the damage on her. With a bitter laugh Kitty said, "I don't have anything but this. Damon took away my clothing, I can throw a blanket on me if it bothers you that much." Sighing, Hot Pie said, "That isn't why I wanted you to change. My waiter is going to give that man a drugged drink in a minute. We are getting you the fuck out of here. Fast."

Turning pale, Kitty shook her head and nearly pressed herself into the wall. "No. I can't leave this room. He'll hunt me, break every bone then whip me to death. Damon wants me to wait here until he gets back. I can't leave, I can't risk it. If you drug that man, Ramsay and Damon might come after you, hurt you. Stop your waiter then go home before you get yourself hurt or killed." Kitty curled up on the couch, under the blanket and shook. Hot Pie grabbed his own hair in frustration. "If you stay, he'll still break every bone and whip you to death, just at a slower pace!" Kitty shook her head and screamed at Hot Pie in fury and terror. "I am too scared, okay? Damon finally beat me into submission, I am a coward! Just get out and leave me alone! I won't leave this room, I won't risk it."

Just then the door opened and a bloody Damon entered. Kitty threw herself to the rug and begged. "I did not try to leave, I swear it! I stayed here! Hot Pie came in but I never left the room, Master."

Damon gave a wide grin and then crooked a finger at Kitty. Whimpering, she crawled forward and huddled down before him. Giving her a small pat on the head, he glared at Hot Pie. "This is the second time you have been around Kitty when bad things happen. There is a man in the hallway drugged, an empty cup in his hand. I think it's time we talked, chef." As the young man started to panic and protest, Damon looked down at his pet. "Crawl and get your Master his best whip. Carry it back in your mouth." Kitty cried but replied, "Yes Master." As she crawled away, Hot Pie made a dash for the door. Kitty didn't even look back to see why her friend screamed, just bit into the handle.
of the whip. Kitty put the whip in Damon's large hand and then curled into a ball. Flinching at each strike, Kitty tried to keep her eyes shut. Wincing at every scream from Hot Pie, sobbing when he begged her to help him. Stopping for a moment, Damon looked over with a manic good cheer that made Kitty nearly wet herself. "Gee, Kitty. He is begging for you to save him? Want to challenge me for his life?" Shaking her head, Kitty pleaded. "No Master. Please, I am a good girl. A good pet, I just want to obey." Damon laughed and continued whipping the squealing chef. After another few good strikes, Damon allowed to chef to leave. "Be glad we are in the hotel. Had I caught you outside, I would have whipped you to death. Still thinking on it. But you can be sure I will let the management know how you interfered."

Hot Pie managed to stagger out the door and Damon slammed it shut behind him. Damon walked towards Kitty and growled out, "Remove your clothes. Now." Kitty obeyed while she whimpered, "Please, I was good. I stayed like you told me to. Please don't hurt me, Master. I will do anything, please don't hurt me tonight." Lifting her to her feet by her hair, Damon yanked her closer to himself. Forcing her face up, Damon gave her his large Joker's grin. Sobbing, Kitty tried to timidly touch his chest, she already hurt so much all over, another beating is too much. "Please Master! Let..let me welcome you home..I am glad you are safe. Please, Master, I hurt so much, I just want to behave, be a good girl." Chuckling, Damon said, "You are almost cute when you grovel like that." He threw her onto the bed and removed his clothing. "Show me that I don't need to hurt you anymore tonight. Go on and make me forget about making you scream."

Ramsay just made it into where the chain would reach and Reek slammed into him. Just like on island, Reek hugged him tightly and wept. "I was so scared, Master. Please, are you hurt, Master? Don't leave me again, please! I just want to be with you..I love you and I missed you so much!" He caressed Reek's messy curls and kissed him, biting his lip. "I am back, Reek. You are safe with your Master. My injuries are not that bad, I have already been to the clinic. Nothing for you to worry about little one." Normally, Ramsay would fuck his Reek after such a night, but that bite hurt like hell. Ramsay popped a few painkillers and snuggled with his pet. Maybe after the meds kicked in he will try to fuck his Reek.

Lollys received a phone call and took it into the hallway. Coming back in, she nodded at Bronn, who stood up and stretched. Tyrion also stood up and said, "Is it over? Who survived? Tell me the Mountain did his damned job and Sansa still lives?" Lollys nodded and said, "Your father is dead. Sansa is alive, Jaime is in surgery, multiple broken bones and shot twice." Olenna stood up with her grandchildren. "So the old bastard is finally dead, wonderful. Now drive me home, dears. I have plans to make." Bronn grabbed Tyrion by his collar and yanked him out of the little motel room. Without a word, he shoved Tyrion into his trunk and locked it. The Tyrells watched Tyrion dragged out and turned white. Olenna stood straighter and stared at Lollys who was pointing her gun at Olenna. "I am very sorry. I really admire you, all of you. Olenna, Petyr has given me orders and I have to follow them. You understand? You should not have lent that money to Varys without asking Petyr first. Now that Sansa will run the South, Petyr only wants those he trusts around her. As he told me to tell you, he utterly loves speaking with you, but you are not trustworthy anymore." Bronn entered the room and his gun was already pointed at the old woman. Now, they were scared of the guns and it was too late.
Chapter Summary

Olenna wants to die with dignity and save her grandchildren. She speaks with Petyr. Margery negotiates and Loras offers himself as a sacrifice.

Olenna had stared down the barrel of the gun and nodded firmly. "Very well then. Before you plan to put your bullets into me, please remove my grandchildren. I will not go out undignified like some common person you rob on the street. In fact, may I ask why these innocent siblings must die? They had no idea of what I had done. Oh, you have no answers, do you? Well, I suggest that before you shoot me down like a dog, you call Petyr and put him on speaker phone. I have accepted my fate, but I will fight for these children. Get him on that call, young man right now!" Lollys shrugged and Bronn scowled as he called. He is itching to shoot that woman! How does she manage to get everyone to do what she wants. Instead of putting a bullet through that conniving brain, we are calling folks for her.

"Yes, Bronn?" "You are on speaker phone, Petyr. Olenna is asking to speak with you one last time." "Ah, Olenna! I am so rude, I know to not have been their personally. Dearest, it does hurt me to do this to such a grand wonderful matriarch." "Oh, cut the shit, Petyr! I do not have much time left and I don't want to spend it listening to your charming patter. Let me have my dignity, as I would have for you. Do not riddle me with bullets and leave my corpse for the world to see. Allow me to take something or have your talented killers find a way to make it seem as if I had a heart attack. Petyr, we have known each other for a long time. I am asking you to show me dignity in my death." "Olenna, forgive me for being so crude. You are right, you deserve better. Lollys, make it look like a heart attack." "Thank you Petyr, now my last little problem before I go visit Cersie in the afterlife. My grandchildren are innocent. They did not have any idea what I was doing. Let us negotiate a safe passage for them, Petyr." "Olenna, my orders were only to kill you. Sansa Lannister is ruling now, she has called me and asked me to assist her. That means I need to remove any and all dangers. Loras and Margery will have your name, your money and power. They will befriend my lovely Sansa, then topple her as soon as they can. I cannot allow that, dearest madam."

"What if my grandchildren leave the South, never to return?" "Olenna, they both evade and lie. I would never believe they wouldn't try." Suddenly, the terrified twins came forward and Margery spoke. "Petyr? It is Margery. What if..I worked for you. I will put myself in your..care..I will do whatever it takes, I want to live." "Hmm..how could I believe you would never betray me, dearest?" Petyr asked, but his voice was interested. Loras took a deep breath and said, "What if I remained with someone you trust, as sort of a hostage. That way my sister always has a reason to be loyal to you? I will sacrifice myself for her." Loras declared, so dramatic that Bronn moaned and Lollys rolled her eyes. There was a pause then Petyr said, "I will call back in one moment. Everyone shall remain where they are till I contact you again."

The next fifteen minutes were spent with the grandchildren hugging Olenna and crying over their own unknown fates. Lollys slipped out to the car and went through her secret compartment built into their car. She rummaged and found a syringe already full of liquid. Lollys came back with it hidden in her pocket. When the cell rang they all jumped. "I spoke with Sansa and here is her one offer. There is no debating or negotiation on it. Sansa will have Margery marry Tyrion Lannister. To assure that she remains a sweet wife and not a Cersie the Second, Loras will be held hostage. By Gregor
Clegane, her personal guard. His brother is dead, his son is in the hospital, possibly dying. You will do whatever he asks of you. Do you agree to this?” Both siblings agreed, even though Loras was horrified. To live and work for a mutant redneck was not his path in life.
Out Of The Ashes

Chapter Summary

The South reacts to death. Sansa speaks with Margery and Tyrion. Gregor brings Loras to the cottage. News on Spaceship's condition.

The new Southern color was black and it's fashion was somber outfits with large flamboyant hats. The pictures taken, the vision folks saw, stylish mourning was in. It was unbelievable that the reigning monarch was dead the same night as the reigning patriarch. According to the current gossip, Olenna had always loved Tywin and when she heard he was shot to death, it gave her a heart attack. Jaime Lannister, the handsome player and lawyer was shot too. In the hospital, recovering from surgery. It was all exciting and much speculation floated about. In front of it all was a lovely teen bride. Except she had looked so delicate and young during her wedding, now her look was a little different. The most glaring difference was the huge stomach she carried about.

It could be how her face was so pale as if she had never seen the Southern sun. Maybe it was how she cried with no sound, how she was so very calm. If you went up close to her, those eyes that were warm and happy before, they were stone cold now. Hard to see her face at all during most of the ceremonies, the hats Sansa had were larger than Olenna's had been. However, it was noticed that during Olenna's services, both Margery and Sansa wore the two favorite hats Olenna had worn. Margery wore the hat her grandmother wore to all weddings and Sansa was wearing the hat that Olenna had always worn to funerals. Both Olenna and Tywin had specific directions left in their wills and were followed completely.

The planning and details to pull them off had required Sansa, Margery and Tyrion to work together. Grudges were worked out in between rushed calls and meetings. "My grandmother was a wonderful woman. I loved her very much and you destroyed that. It will be hard for me to trust you. You killed my grandmother and that freakish giant is holding my brother as a hostage. I will do as you want but I won't trust you." Sansa continued writing the check for a coffin and spoke calmly. "Olenna was an amazing woman that I admired greatly. Who funded Varys to kill my husband, my babies and myself. She had to die. I didn't have to save you or your brother, but I did. Was it a mistake? If you can never trust me, how could I trust you? Perhaps if you were being honest with us both, we could get past this. I am burying my husband, ready to give birth any day now and caring for a brother and step son in the hospital. I do not need messy complications right now."

"I am being honest with you and myself." Now Sansa did look up with a tiny smirk and dead eyes. "Really? Olenna had the resources you needed that she held onto with an iron fist. She was forcing you to marry a man that makes your skin crawl." "Yes, fine, she was a pain the ass. Half the time I hated her. That doesn't mean I wanted her to be killed." "I heard from Bronn that Olenna did not ask for herself to be saved, she only was concerned for her grandchildren. I was told that Loras offered himself up as a hostage to save you. Funny, you did not offer to save your brother. You did not beg for your grandmother's life. So stop the act with me. You will marry Tyrion, you will do as I tell you and you will rise high as you want. If you ever cross me, I will kill you personally." Margery blinked and said, "I won't cross you." Sansa smiled warmly and responded, "See? You do trust me. You trust that I would kill you. So trust that I want you alive and useful."

"She is a lovely, witty young woman with all the right connections. I don't want to marry her. I don't
want to stay in this hellish house watching Jaime play Daddy with you. Let me take my portion from the will and you will never hear from me again." "You are a selfish, shiftless drunk that could be so much more. Jaime is going to be weak for a long time. He needs support and assistance. I will need someone who knows the family business, who knows the numbers and accounts. You will marry Margery to bring her into the fold. You will work in your father's office for me until I or Jaime can do it." Tyrion stared at Sansa for a moment then asked, "Are you marrying Jaime? You are going to marry your own step son? Won't that just be food for the gossips. Did you have Varys killed?" Sansa shook her head. "Varys is alive and will stay that way. He is with Petyr, his husband and that is punishment enough."

Gregor shoved the most delicate of men into the cottage. Loras looked about with a wrinkled nose and asked, "Is this hell?" "You don't like it? Clean it. In fact, that will be your job for now. Clean, cook, stay the hell out of my way. You don't leave the Lannister's land without asking me first. I need to go see my son, when I get back, I hope you have made the house more to your liking. Oh, clean out the room that was Sandor's first, it will be your room now. Put all his items in boxes and stack them in the hall. I will deal with it from there." Loras was shocked and sputtered, "I am not a maid or a chef!" Gregor slammed the man up against the wall with one hand. "You are whatever I say you are. So do what I told you to do." Loras watched as Gregor slammed out the door.

When Gregor went to the hospital, Spaceship was awake. He was very weak and kept falling asleep but it was enough for now. When the nurse gave the boy his pain medication, the nap was a deep one. Gregor sat there and his large hand engulfed the tiny one. The doctor had told Gregor it had been very close. Had they not had enough pints of blood. Had Spaceship lost anymore. Had his already broken rib punctured a lung, as it almost had? He cursed the fact that he is putting his son in danger. What else could he do? Open a sub shop? Write a tell all? This was his life, this was the boy's life and that was that. Still, he held tighter to the boy's hand.
Gregor and Loras clash over their differences.

Gregor opened the door to the cottage and noticed the difference at once. His nostrils were not assaulted by the usual Clegane orders that marked their territory. It smells like lemons and sandalwood. Everything was in its place, everything shined and Gregor stared at this unfamiliar kitchen. He then walked across tiles that sparkled and he never knew there was a real pattern on the floor. Entering the living room, Gregor glided across a rug that was not just vacuumed, but cleaned. Sh*t brown has become olive green again and the furniture had been cleaned as well. The gaming items were stacked neatly, dusted, the entertainment center clean and put to rights.

The stairs were swept and washed, the bannister gleamed with polish. Gregor noticed all the writing Spaceship has done on the walls were gone. He had totally ignored Loras who had been sitting on the couch watching some pirate show, muttering, "How can they all not tell their captain is gayer than me?" Gregor saw that every toy or weapon that Spaceship owned was in his room. The closet was full of the Tupperware holding it. Clean curtains, rugs and bedding. Gregor's room was as sterile as the boy's was. With a grimace, Gregor entered Sandor's former room and looked. Nothing remained of his brother in this room. The very furniture was gone. The closet was full of fancy clothing that Sandor never wore. It was all furniture from Loras's old dwellings. A chair that Sandor would have broken sitting on. A bed that his brother would have hated, satin sheets and a fucking canopy!

Gregor left the room and went downstairs, he struggled to keep his voice at the usual grumble. "Where are the boxes of my brother's stuff? And where is the furniture?" Keeping his eyes glued to the screen, Loras replied. "All of it is in a storage area under the mansion. Sansa gave permission for it." Gregor was about to ask how Loras was able to manage such miracles in four hours, when his eyes glanced down. On the little side table that Spaceship almost breaks daily, were papers. All bills. For a catering service that delivered supper. For a grocery store that filled the kitchen with food. A bill for the ad for a professional maid. Another one for a cleaning service. Yet another for carpet cleaning. One for wood repairs. A packing and moving company. All were charged to Gregor Clegane. That little stuck up shit! As if I don't have enough to deal with, Sansa sticks me with this fucking little asshole!

Loras was intently watching his new favorite show when the giant shoved bills into his face. "What the fuck is all this? I told you to clean and cook. To pack and box." "Hey! I did what you asked me to. Why do you care how I did it? Listen, I have never cleaned or cooked in my life. I wouldn't know where to start. There are people that do, so I hired them to do if for me. They left before you came home and I watched them carefully while they were here. I used the exact services the Lannisters use to be safe. Oh, wait. You are poor, I forgot! I can pay the bills no worries. I have my own trust funds and Sansa is kind enough not to freeze those." Waving at Gregor, as if waving at a bug, "Don't worry. I can call them all tomorrow and change it to my account. Dinner is in the fridge for you. I want to watch my show now." Gregor stared up at the ceiling, not moving. Loras looked at him uneasily, then paused his show. "Gregor, are you alright? You look strange, is something wrong?"

Without a word, Gregor left the room. Loras could hear him rummaging about the kitchen. It wasn't
sounds of someone getting their dinner. The giant came thundering back in and Loras was confused. A large fist dropped the large plastic bucket full of warm water. Water splashed all over the rug and Loras cried out. "Stop that! This rug is ugly enough, but it's at least cleaned!" Dropping a large yellow sponge into the hot water, Gregor set a bottle of soap down next to it. "Why is this stuff here? What are you doing?" Loras asked, trying to scoot past the large giant and get off the couch. A huge paw hit Loras in the chest knocking him back into the couch. "Stay there." Gregor produced a stiff brush and set that down as well. "These are all the things you are going to use to clean this rug." Loras stammered out, "They are already cleaned!"

Gregor unzipped his jeans and pulled out his cock. That alone sent Loras nearly climbing backwards up the couch. Then he took a piss on the floor, moving about, spraying several areas. Loras screeched in disgust and shock. "What is wrong with you? What the fuck? Are you some kind of animal?" Tucking himself back in, Gregor turned to the indignant young man. "That is just one of the stains you need to worry about, boy." A large palm struck and Loras was seeing stars. Gregor grabbed his head and yanked so his nose bled all over the couch and rug. Gagging and sobbing, Loras was horrified. "My nose! You broke it! My nose! Call a surgeon, please, hurry!" Gregor rolled his eyes and yanked the man to examine his face. With a grin, Gregor cracked his nose back into place. "There, all better. Do you want a lollipop?" Loras screamed and wept as the giant tossed him back onto the couch. "Clean this fucking mess. The next time I tell you to do something, you do it yourself. And yeah, you better pay those bills. If they aren't paid in two days, I'll shatter your nose."

Leaving Loras to staunch his nosebleed and try to fix the utterly destroyed rug, Gregor got his dinner. The catering service was top notch. Not as much food as he would like, but it was delicious. He rummaged in the stocked fridge and found more. Most of the food was too healthy for his liking, but he supposed it would be good for Spaceship. Neither Gregor nor Sandor were great at nutritional guidance, maybe this lovely yet useless man can at least do that. Leaving the dishes for Loras to deal with, Gregor walked into the living room. There was Loras on his knees, trying to scrub out blood and piss. He was no longer crying, there was tissue stuffed up his swelled nose. Loras gave him a fearful yet hostile look and continued trying to scrub the stains. Ignoring him, Gregor lay on the couch and started the pirate show that was paused. He stared at it then found season one and began it from the beginning.

He figured it will take Loras quite some time to finish this rug then he will have the dishes. And whatever else Gregor found for him to clean, before he drops. So Gregor at least had something to do while Loras worked on the rug. He wondered how long it will take before Loras figures out that the rug cannot be fully cleaned of all blood. Gregor stared at the screen, at the action and wondered, which of these captains did Loras think was gay? Shaking his head, he dismisses it. The man was obviously between lays and is seeing gay men in pirates.
When Pets Bite Back

Chapter Summary

Damon, Ramsay and the pets return North. They intend to kill Roose and take over.
Robb is remembering more and it is causing him trouble with Roose.
Damon, Ramsay, Reek and Kitty get the most unusual welcoming at the Bolton Estate.

Kitty took a deep breath and inched closer to Damon, looking up. Without looking at her, Damon asked, "What is it?" "Master, before we leave, may I say goodbye to Hot Pie? He is my friend. I just want to say goodbye." She did not have to make her voice sound submissive and scared, it was all natural. Damon and Ramsay shared a look. Ramsay grinned and urged, "Go on answer her. Tell her about Hot Pie." Kitty glanced briefly at Ramsay then back at Damon. "Master?" Damon leaned down and grabbed her chin. "You can’t say goodbye to your friend. He broke hotel rules. He is gone, dead somewhere now. The employees may never interfere with the clients." Kitty forced herself not to cry and just whispered, "Thank you for telling me, Master." Releasing her, Damon sat back up and asked if everything was packed. She nodded and went to bring everything to the door.

After the last bag was brought to the door, Damon stood up. He went to the last blue suitcase that was brought and produced a key. He opened it and pulled out some clothing, then locked it again. "Come here." He barked and Kitty crawled to him fast. "Stand up." Getting to her feet, Kitty saw that Damon had one of her nice, full covering outfits. "We will be in public, so I will allow you to wear these. Act up while we are traveling and I will make you rip them up and burn them. Then you will wear the t shirt and shorts in front of whoever sees you." Kitty took the offered clothing and swore to behave.

Ramsay was stroking his little pet's head. It was his meek Reek right now. He has been trying and so has his pet to deal with the personalities. While Damon and Ramsay recovered from their injuries and waited for their payments, they worked on their pets. A balance has been struck with the personalities and Ramsay after much blood and tears. It was mainly Reek that Ramsay saw but Theon does show up at odd moments. However, this Theon was scared of Ramsay, he was respectful. He also had that humor that Ramsay adored, so he has accepted this version of his pet.
Ramsay only saw Theek once when someone in the dining hall was being an asshole. While Ramsay and Damon were enjoying the little tiff, Reek started to stare at the man. Ramsay quickly grabbed Reek by the collar and pulled him into a quiet corner. Staring into his pet's eyes he spoke low and menacing. "I see you Theek. You cannot hide from me."

It was agreed that Theek was useful, that Ramsay could allow him to protect. Only after Theek has proven that he will only ever act upon Ramsy's orders. This was negotiated while Ramsay carved all three of his pet's names into Reek's back. Since then, it has mainly been Reek and he was still clingy and meek. Ramsay wondered if he or Damon will be the one to put a bullet in his father's head.
Damon will be his partner and Ramsay knows Petyr will be there waiting to help or trip them. Whichever is more convenient.

Robb was naked and bloody again. He sobbed and felt his own snot run into his mouth to mix with the blood. Roose never got this mad at Robb anymore because Robb was good. Robb takes whatever he gets, he does what he is told. This pressure building, these memories and moments of
clarity, they are building to something, brewing danger. Master was playing with his pet, the silk pink nightgown that Roose likes to make Robb bleed and come in. It was the nightgown ripping that did it, just a jagged sound that startled him. It pulled him away from where he really goes when Roose hurts him. While his body cried and screamed, Robb is in those pulled apart memories trying to sort them out. All at once reality crashes and he felt it all and KNEW who he was. This beast that is ripping him apart with his cock, calling him "fuck doll" "come catcher", killed his parents. He made his parents watch as Robb was raped. The screens, Robb remembers them, Roose must have let them watch all of it. The torture, the lobotomy, his pissing himself, being raped by Roose! I cannot fight him nor order him off of me. I am helpless, my body works funny, my words only work if I am calm. Endure. Survive. Endure. Robb began to think of a chant his father taught him. A little meditation trick to use during torture.

His body betraying him again, Robb was not aware at first that he was chanting out loud. First he noticed that Roose has gone still, yet not come. "Pet, what are you chanting? Are those your Daddy's words, I trained with him as a young man. I know that chant too. But why would my simple, submissive pet need to chant that? Do you feel I am torturing you, Robb?" Freezing in terror, Robb said nothing, already his awareness was starting to fragment and he whined. Roose pulled out and flipped his pet over. Searching those eyes for recognition of a Robb from before, Roose leaned in close. A tiny flicker, then it died out like a flame. Vacant terror faced him now and Robb sobbed. He had no idea why he said it, he was unable to repeat it when ordered to. Out of sheer frustration and a small about of nerves, Roose beat him ruthlessly. When Roose was ready to return to his office and work, Robb was covered in bruises and cuts from his Master's rings. He crawled slowly to follow his Master then lay in his dog bed behind Roose's desk. While Roose made calls and used his computer, signing and faxing papers, Robb was still. He lay curled up and watched the light glint on a large crystal paperweight. If Robb tilted his head one way, it had colors. If he looked the other it was brilliant white streaks. It was wonderful.

Roose was sitting at the desk, typing away frantically. His attention was on his work fully. He never felt the danger rise, he never saw it coming. Robb's eyes had been fastened onto the pretty crystal colors.

Ramsay and Damon got out of the car then got their pets out. Kitty grinned into the sharp bite of the Northern air. Grinning madly at the snow that caressed her face. Damon rolled his eyes and told the pets to bring in the luggage. He and Ramsay began to walk into the house. Reek and Kitty popped the trunk and loaded themselves up. It was the usual men wandering outside and no one inside. Ramsay figured his father is in his study. Easy enough to walk upstairs and shoot him fast. Damon was already putting a silencer on his gun as they headed up the stairs.

The cell phone buzzed and Roose finally ripped his eyes from the screen to look down as his phone. That is when Robb towered over him with the crystal. Clenched in both hands, screaming in pure rage, Robb crushed Roose's skull with the crystal. Over and over until it would never be a head again. Then Robb started to laugh and cry. I didn't mean it, I am sorry, Master. I heard you in the bathroom. I heard you mutter to get me to the basement later. I heard you say about getting your tools. That means another hit to my head, more brain damage. So the pretty colors in the crystal had to go through Master's head, he couldn't do it again. All the flashes of his parents, his siblings, from before the island, from after. Robb was so tired and hurt now, he just wanted to go to bed. He can't though, because he can't ask permission. Dead men don't give permission.

Ramsay and Damon stopped and stared. They were at the top of the stairs and there was Robb, crouched against the door to Roose's study. He was covered in gore, blood was everywhere he moved. Damon and Ramsay's eyes kept scanning for the dreadful wound but saw none. "Sorry. Sorry. Robb was bad. So bad. Sorry. Please, don't hurt me. Sorry." Very slowly, Ramsay approached Robb and he spoke in a very gentle voice. "Robb, where is my father? Is he in his
study?" Robb nodded and sobbed, trying to wipe blood out of his eyes with bloodier hands. "Would you move over? You are in front of the door and I need to see him. Can you move over, Robb?" asked Ramsay. Just then Reek and Kitty climbed up behind their Masters. Theon and Arya saw Robb covered in too much blood for it not to be mortal wounding. They dropped the luggage and ran to kneel before him. "Where is it, Robb?" Theon started to search for the injury while Arya grabbed Robb's face and said, "I love you, big brother. I am here Robb, it is alright. Please, don't die on me."

Damon swore and picked up the luggage then dumped it nearly on the frantic girl. "He has no injuries, he is fine. Both of you stay with him. Move him the fuck out of the doorway now." Reek and Kitty pulled Robb gently away from the door. Theon had Robb lay back against him and Kitty was in front of him, trying to hug him, crying. Ramsay stepped into the study and felt like his gut had been knocked of all air. Damon came up next to him and then went much closer. Almost casually, he leaned into the wastebasket and vomited. "Robb freaking Stark killed my father, Damon. My father drove him crazy and he beat his fucking head in with a paperweight. Can you believe this? " Ramsay laughed so hard, tears came to his eyes and Damon started to look worried. Then Ramsay pulled himself together. He made a phone call. "Petyr? You need to come to the house fast. It is very urgent and trust me, my father needs you like never before. Bring a trustworthy clean up crew too. Thanks."

The three pets were entwined as one bloody, sobbing pathetic mess. "I killed him, Arya. I beat his head in, he has no brains now. I still have them, but they are so mixed up. I killed him, I did. Master will be so mad that that he is dead. I was very bad, I am such a bad pet. I am tired, but I can't go to bed ever again. There is no one to tell me where to go or what to do. I remember and I don't remember. It is all so much, Theon, can I go take a bath? I am itchy and the red scares me." Kitty and Theon consoled him, tried to keep him warm with a hastily grabbed towel.

Ramsay and Damon came back out of the study and stared down at the pets. Kitty and Theon did not move at all, except to look up. There was a touch of defiance to their eyes, under the submission and fear. Smirking both the men looked at each other. "Do those two actually think if we wanted to kill Robb, that they could stop it? All we have to do is order them away from Robb. Our good, well trained pets wouldn't defy us, or try to shield Robb from us. After all, now that Roose is dead, Robb belongs to me." Ramsay spoke very cheerfully and the mania was sparkling in his eyes. Robb cowered very low and Theon held to him even tighter. Kitty paled under Damon's amused glance that had a threat in it. She pressed further into Robb and Theon. Then went forward and crawled before Ramsay's boots. "Please, Ramsay, Sir. Don't let my brother die like this! He couldn't help what he did, you know how he was treated. Please, he won't ever do it again. No one will ever be that evil and disgusting like that. Robb can still play his role for you. As the young damaged rich man that has been funding the Boltons. He is easily managed by Theon for his work. Theon told me all about it on the plane. Please?"
Lollys visits Sansa. The visit takes a turn.

Sansa turned when she heard the knock on her study door. Sighing, she wondered if it was going to be another round with Tyrion or Margery. So tired and her stomach has been so achy. After dealing with all the death ceremonies, Sansa slept for a full two days. This was the first day she had to start playing catch up and she didn't need any distractions. So her face was set in impatience when Lollys appeared. "Oh dear. You are not just a bloated whale, you are in a pissy mood. I wanted to check in, we haven't exactly had any time to talk since that day."

"You and Petyr left me to die. A simple text as the killers were already on our property was not enough. I almost died." Lollys walked over and sat in a chair, not bothered in the least. "How dramatic. You knew what this world was, what you were stepping into. So I really worked for Petyr not Tywin. I showed you my work area, I told you I was a private detective. I told you I was really an assassin. We discussed my past, we are really friends. But you worked with Petyr, you must have seen it. You had to have known. You are sad because Tywin had to die and you knew it."

Before Sansa could retort angrily to hide the fact that Lollys was right, a bolt of pain took over. Then as she stood up, her water broke. Lollys and Sansa both screamed for Gregor, who got on his phone and screamed for an ambulance. Bronn came running in, gun drawn thinking Sansa was trying to murder his wife, then he started screaming for servants to bring towels. Jaime had done Lamaze classes with Sansa, then Tyrion finished them with her. Jaime was in the hospital and Tyrion was at his father's office. Margery was visiting her brother who called her in great distress. Something about cleaning and his nose.

Sansa knelt on the floor and Bronn remembering what Tyrion had told him of the class tried to help. He grabbed either side of her face and screamed, "BREATHE!" Lollys hit him on the head and hollered, "What the hell are you doing? Are you trying to make her faint?" Lollys got behind Sansa and tried rubbing her large stomach in large circles. Sansa tried to push her away but another labor pain came, worse than the last. Gregor bellowed at Lollys, "She isn't the fucking Budda. Give me those damned towels, you two lift her up a bit." Trying to lift her proved to be a mistake. One claw into each of them to help lift herself up and Sansa was wracked by another pain. Both of them screamed in pain as their shoulders were nearly wrenched off. Gregor managed to get them free and Sansa kneeling on the towels. She grabbed onto his large hand and squeezed as the next pain hit. He howled when she broke four fingers.

Ten minutes later two twins were in Sansa's arms. It was the loudest birth in history according to the servants. Except none of the screaming was from Sansa or her babies. This gossip would spread through town before Sansa made it to the hospital. The paramedics saw that mother and babies were fine and loaded them into the ambulance. They also treated Gregor's broken fingers and the couple with dislocated shoulders.
Don't Try To Climb The Mountain. Not this one.

Chapter Summary

Loras and Margery confront Gregor on his hospitality. It doesn't go well.

Gregor walked into the cottage and something small and flighty attacked him. Tiny fists hammered him like a gentle massage and he allowed it because it felt good. He stopped it when high pointy shoes began kicking him. Lifting the furious Malibu Barbie into the air and looked over at sullen, shocked Loras. "Did you really call your sister to save you? Are you that weak, truly?" Loras stood in indignant hurt pride. "You broke my nose and injured me! Who else can I call? Sansa would murder me if I spoke to anyone else! I just wanted her to get me a meeting with Sansa. I didn't know she would try and hurt you. But she does hate bullies!" Staring with wonder and awe at the tattered, glitter twins and said slowly, "It is like you stopped your brain developments after ten years of age. The both of you. Do you understand the positions you are in? I don’t really think you do. There is no granny to rescue you. No person to charm or seduce to help you. You must figure out your own problems now. Like everyone else you will learn through pain and sacrifice. If you don't you won't live much longer. Now, Miss Fairy Dust get the fuck out of my cottage. You visit with Loras whenever you want to. Up at the house, he can go up there. I don't need two Tyrells flitting through this fucking place. Out.” He dumped Margery on the front lawn and locked her out and Loras in.

"Do you need a protector, Loras? Are you that weak and helpless that you must hire yourself protection?" Loras was pressed against the wall as Gregor walked closer, every step a threat. "Sansa has hired you as a protector." Snorting, Gregor said, "Yes, because she is so powerful that most will want her or her children hurt or dead. Because she was deadly enough to make it this far. Do you know how many she has killed without a weapon, with her bare hands? The only reason she wasn't killing assassins herself was how pregnant she was. Otherwise Ramsay and Damon would be heads in her closet." Loras did not understand that last sentence or why Gregor laughed when he said it. Gregor was almost looming over Loras now. He put one meaty fist against the wall on either side of Loras's head. "Are you a little boy, a little prince that needs saving from everyone? Maybe instead of a hostage I should make you into a pet? Like Ramsay and Damon have? Surely, you have heard about those things from Varys, right?" For a fraction of time, Loras stared with lovely terrified eyes up at Gregor who became hard as a rock. Then anger flashed and Loras's knee came up. A Mountain fell with a roar that made Loras scream and leap over him. He ran towards the living room and Gregor staggered to his feet. He gave chase.

Loras flew like a graceful deer that knew it was being hunted. He went up the stairs and right into Spaceship's room. Thunder came and as Gregor's head appeared, Loras swung the boy's bat straight into his head. The large man staggered for a second then lunged in the room, snarling. Loras gave another girly shriek, but there was nothing girly about the cross bow he had already loaded. He held it up and shot Gregor in the left leg, then scrambled further away into the boy's room to reload.

"Gregor, I won't let you abuse me anymore. I will shoot you again. When you are being reasonable, we can talk this all out." Yanking the arrow out of his leg, Gregor glared at the little asshole. "Glad to see that you have some balls after all. Now put my son's crossbow down and we shall talk." Loras looked at Gregor suspiciously. Shrugging, Gregor left the room and went to the bathroom. Leaving the door open he began to treat his leg wound. A few minutes later, Loras stood in the doorway. "I am sorry that I had to hurt you. Did you want to talk now or wait awhile?" Gregor continued to put the last touches on the bandage. "Now is fine." Loras gave a charming smile and came into the room.
more. As he went to sit on the counter, Gregor lunged.

He had Loras's wrists yanked high behind his back, and his other hand wrapped around the man's waist. Loras shrieked at the pain. "Please! Don't break my arms!" "Then don't kick or fight me, idiot." Gregor carried the man to his new fancy bedroom and dropped him on the bed. Loras tried to run and Gregor punched him in the stomach. While he gasped for air, Gregor ripped his pants and underwear off him. Then he took down his own. "No, don't, you can't!" Loras managed to get out, before Gregor backhanded him. "You fell for a very obvious trick, little boy. You really are weak and helpless, aren't you? Don't worry, I can give you a use. You can cook, clean and pleasure me. I will protect you from all the evil bad things that scare you and hurt you." He yanked Lora's legs towards him and began to put on a condom. "No, don't. Fine, I will cook and clean, I won't smart mouth you. Just not this, okay? Please." Gregor wasn't listening and Loras tried to squirm away again. He stopped and fixed him with a warning stare. "You move away, I start to break bones." Loras began to cry silently, he lay there and waited, trembling.
Ramsay sends Kitty and Reek to bathe Robb. Petyr speaks with Ramsay. He lays out some harsh facts of life.

"I am not going to kill Robb, little stupid pets. He is still useful, more than ever now, actually." Kicking Kitty out of his way, Ramsay walked over to Robb. He was still burrowing himself into Theon, who held him tightly, but peeked up submissively. "Robb. Look up at me". Ramsay spoke in a gentle voice but he laced it with a warning. With effort, he was so tired and scared, Robb did make eye contact and the eyes were scary. Not as scary as Roose's were though. "Much better. Good boy. I am going to let Reek and Kitty take you for a bath. Then we will talk. Now, what should you say back to me?" Robb shook, still so tired and confused, then blurted out, "Yes Master. Thank you Master." He looked up anxiously in case he was wrong, the pain would come fast. Ramsay smiled and very slowly brought his hand to Robb's head. He petted him gently like you would a beaten puppy. "You sad little boy, what did my father do to you? It is alright now, Robb. You will like being with your new Master. Reek can still help you whenever you need it. All I ask is that you are a good loyal boy who does what he is told. I will never abuse you like my father did. I swear it."

Kitty saw the glower that Damon had given her when she threw herself before Ramsay. As much as she wanted to support and protect her brother, she must deal with this first. Kitty has learned through much pain never to let Damon stew all day about something. As submissively as she could, the pet crawled before Damon and spoke. "Master, please forgive me. I just wanted to protect Robb. I knew that only Ramsay would decide what happened to him. I meant no disrespect, Master." Damon still looked sullen but he nodded and grumbled, "After you finish with your brother, unpack our stuff. Ramsay is moving to his father's quarters, we shall take his. Ask a servant to direct you." Kitty nodded and went to help Theon bring Robb to the bathroom. As they walked past him, Ramsay grabbed Reek's hair. His pet instantly let his hands on Robb go limp and looked at his Master as if nothing else mattered. This pleased Ramsay immensely and the hand pulled his pet in for a deep, biting kiss. Watching Kitty almost fall under the sudden full weight of her brother gave Damon a reason to laugh. When Kitty did buckle under with a cry of pain, which Robb echoed, Ramsay joined in the laughter. He released Reek and said in a fond voice, "Help the pets, Reek. Bring our new boy back to me when he is all clean. Put him in his regular pajamas and a bathrobe. If he doesn't have any, borrow them from my clothing."

Robb kept falling asleep, so it became Theon holding up the limp man, while Kitty scrubbed and scrubbed. It took three baths to fully remove the amount of blood and brain matter from him. Kitty desperately wanted to question her brother but he couldn't stay awake. Also, she did not trust speaking in front of Theon. He was quite loyal to Ramsay and she was sure he would tell on her. So while Theon half held and half dried Robb, he gave directions to Roose's room. He told her where to find the dresser and closet that held Robb's items. She easily found it and shivered just looking at the cold austere room. Robb's screams from the island must have echoed as much in here. Quickly, she went to the dresser and started opening, looking for pajamas. The lingerie confused her then made her grimace. She found one pair of actual flannel pants and top. Running to the closet, she looked for a bathrobe. There was something close to a bathrobe, but the material was strange, almost like soft leather. Who would wear this type of material as a bathrobe? It took Kitty a second then she squeaked in horror, pulling her hand back. She rubbed her hand on her shirt over and over. It was a
robe of skin. Looking closer at a small tattoo of a wolf, Kitty felt her stomach rise. Roose Bolton made Robb wear a robe of their father's skin. Running into Roose's bathroom, Kitty vomited.

Petyr stood in the study, staring down at what was left of Roose Bolton. Smirking he asked, "Who did it?" Ramsay grinned and said, "His very own pet. Robb Stark bashed my father's head in with a paperweight. When I got here, the poor fucking guy was covered in blood and brains, crouched in front of the door. He was timid and helpless as a babe again. Father must have finally done something and he snapped. I will take care of him now. He loves Reek, father made him care-take Robb the last time he was here. I will let Reek do that again." Petyr raised an eyebrow and pointed to the body. "Are you sure you want to take the risk with the boy? That could be you next, you do not know how badly damaged Robb might be. I understand we need him, but perhaps I could hire some staff. Experienced folks who can keep him safely in a small house, a comfortable living for him. Free of torment, he would have his therapies still." And then you would have complete control of him, thought Ramsay. "No, everything that father had is mine now. Including Robb Stark. Now where is that clean up crew? We need to make this disappear." Nodding, Petyr sat down on the small couch, not in a hurry. "Yes, you do need to make this mess go away. I mean, what would happen if it got out that Robb had done that? Also, even if we clean it all up nice and neat, we still have another little glitch. You see, in the will that I was the witness for, it says that Robb Stark is provided for. He is to be cared for in an institution I happen to own."

Ramsay stared at Petyr then said slowly and clearly, "You are in this house with two very dangerous men as you very well know. Surrounding this house are more dangerous men. In fact, Reek and Kitty would rip you apart with their teeth if ordered to. And you really have no idea how much they would enjoy it. They are attack dogs that really want to practice. How fast could you run, Petyr? I have thought of letting the pets have a hunt. Even Robb could join in. I can just tell him how you helped kill his family, how you set it all up for his father. I wonder which one would reach you first? Still want to threaten me, Petyr?" The speech was chilling, the eyes were terrifying and Petyr was yawning. "First of all, dear boy, if you killed me in any fashion, hell will descend on you. Sansa Stark was the last person I called today. I told her that I was just called by you and must rush off to your home. Now that Tywin is dead, she rules the South. She will burn your house to the ground, I imagine she will send Gregor Clegane to kill you. Damon will die, Theon will die. Arya and Robb will go to their sister. All because you are not able to play the game. I thought you liked games, Ramsay? Well, Roose played them very well. I will offer to be your tutor, you have great potential. I always fought with your father about that. I felt he should have spent more time teaching you the business end. I can do that. Look at what Sansa Lannister is, I created that. Let me do the same for you, Ramsay." A stillness, then Ramsay sat down next to Petyr. "Tutor me then. Teach me and help me get rid of this mess. What is it I need to do in return? Just know this, if you betray me, I really will let the pets hunt you, regardless of the consequences."
Sansa Lannister presents her new self and her babies to the media. Hiding what is really under the surface.

The pictures were everywhere, it couldn't be avoided. A pale, delicate redheaded girl, in somber widow's clothing with her lovely babies. Both were adorable with golden-red tufts of hair and brilliant blue eyes, dimples in their fat chins. Sansa smiled cheerful and full of hope for the future of her children. Ambitious, the young lady is learning her husband's business. Such an inspiration, for young mothers, she is giving speeches. For housewives and for widows as well. In interviews she blushed and speaks in a strong but feminine voice of how the South means so much to her. How she wishes to contribute not just in charity work, but in creating new ventures that would benefit everyone. There are many buildings, many new wings and sections of museums, hospitals and universities that bear the name of Olenna Tyrell or Tywin Lannister on their dedication plagues. Such a respectful, resourceful and strong young woman. She is seen in church every Sunday with her lovely babies. Once a week, Sansa and her children go for dinner at the lovely restaurant Varys sold her. It is now a family restaurant for high class patrons.

What a lovely surface it was and it held for most. For those whom suspected more or even knew more, they kept the illusion. None of the pictures or interviews showed the Sansa that sat in Tywin's old room, so still in a chair. How her face was sick with some need that made Gregor look away as he put down the plastic case. "I am not unpacking this for you." He rumbled, turning to leave the room. "I was very specific in it's treatment for travel. If anything is wrong with it, let me know." Very few things unnerved or freaked out Gregor Clegane. This was one of them. The look on Sansa's face, knowing what he has spent the past three days trying to obtain. After Gregor had fled, Sansa carefully unpacked the item and lifted it up to her face. With a loving kiss, she murmured, "Hello, Tywin. I missed you."

Those pretty images hid so well the gargoyle that stood over Tyrion, like a vulture. With a hissing voice that no interviewer ever heard. "If they don't want to work with us then that means they are against us. Tonight I want it burnt to the ground. Take out their warehouse tonight. Also, the two restaurants Manderly owns." Tyrion sighed and shook his head. "It can't happen. He has employees that work overnight cleaning. There is no point that any of them are fully empty." Sansa stared down with stoney eyes and a pitiless voice asked, "Are any of these employees directly related to him?" Stunned, Tyrion's voice cracked a little. "I..I don't believe so. Most are low wage workers that get paid by the night." "Then it doesn't matter. Burn the buildings. When Manderly has to explain all those deaths, he will understand to not cross me again. Like any man who lives in the North, he needs my permission to build here. He didn't get it. So he loses what he has."

The media enjoyed another round of pictures when Jaime Lannister, the golden man, came home. Snuggled up in support and love, Sansa helped him into the house. Interviews where Jaime spoke warmly of her, how she has cared for him in spite of all else she must do. How he is in awe of her motherhood skills. They eat it up. None of them know that Jaime spends more time with them than their mother does. That he can tell them apart easier than Sansa can. That more than once, he has found her standing over their crib, staring at them. She will lift them if they cry then. Hushing gently, Sansa will then tell them how she will teach them to survive. To be strong and dangerous. That they
had to learn now that the world is cold and empty until you warm and fill it yourself. Then she will put them down and leave the room. Deaf to the cries following her.

Few know that Lollys stood over Sansa twice a day, that she comes regardless of her work. She makes sure that Sansa takes the pills. Once a week, Gregor and her force Sansa into her therapy session with the Postpartum Psychosis support team. Or at least that is what they call themselves. Lollys found them through Petyr. These are all things that rot under the surface. It is like a sheen of ice, smooth and inviting, till it cracks and sucks you in.
Margery confronts Tyrion and Sansa. Sansa hears devastating news. She makes a very harsh decision. Gregor makes a request. Tyrion and Margery are horrified and given new orders to follow. Loras has been undergoing rather conflicting feelings with his new status. Spaceship comes home and receives a servant and a death. Spaceship must deal with Sandor's death.

Tyrion looked up seeing first the wink of the huge engagement ring he bought recently. It cut his face as the delicate hand put all it's force into his cheek. "You are just as guilty as her! How could you? You should have told me what she wanted you to do! I would have stopped you from having this on your soul for the rest of your days." Gingerly touching his cheek, Tyrion growled out, "Yes, that sounds perfect, how would you have stopped it, Margery? Would you convince Sansa to do something else? No, had I told you, you would have been dead by morning. So instead of punching me, you should be thanking me." With a glare at Tyrion she turned to head for Sansa's office. Tyrion's eyes went wide and he stood up fast. "Wait! Sansa doesn't know yet!" Slowly turning around, Margery stared at her fiance with disgust. She glanced at Jaime who had come in to yell at them to shut up. "Did you all decide to hide this from Sansa? Are you all so scared? Tyrion, do you have a cock, or am I going to be childless?" Sneering at the men, she charged forward to Sansa's office and burst in. Both of them stopped in the doorway.

Margery slammed both her fists down onto the desk and glared down. With a sigh, Sansa finished her signature then looked up. "You are a monster." For the first time in a long time, Sansa looked slightly amused. "Oh? I am elevated to monster? Please tell me what I have done that honored me such a title?" Narrowing her eyes, speaking sharp and clear, Margery sank every word like a dagger. "Manderly's first restaurant was in front of a home for children with mental disabilities. It got out of control, the work was sloppy and thirty children between the ages of four to twelve are dead. Along with a total of sixty workers from the original targets. You are a fucking monster!" Sansa stood up, pale and almost stumbling. "That isn't true. You are lying, they said everything went fine." "They lied! That is how monstrous you are, that they are all too terrified to bring you bad news!" Sansa looked over at the brothers and saw the truth in their faces. Margery softly said, "Do you see what you are becoming?" Gregor came into the doorway, not so much to protect Sansa. It was more to make sure she wasn't killing anyone else. He got there in time to see the glittery fluffy thing go flying like a bird. Except she crashed fast, as Tyrion tried to run over to her. Gregor thought it would have been hysterical if the fluffy thing landed on the imp.

Tyrion struggled to help his moaning wife get to her feet again. Coldly, Sansa looked at Gregor and asked, "Who was in charge of containing the fires?" "A Frey boy you borrowed. Petyr recommended them for hard silent workers." Sansa gave a sharp nod and then said, "I want him found. Then you burn him alive personally." Margery and Tyrion stared up at her, horrified. "Sansa, what the fuck kind of twisted justice is that?" asked Tyrion. "The only kind I can give them." Gregor sighed heavily and then nodded. Fixing him with disbelieving eyes Sansa asked, "Gregor? You disapprove?" Grunting, he grumbled, "I don't give a fuck what you do. I just wish it could wait until tonight. Or tomorrow. I pick up Spaceship today and the last time I burned someone alive it was with him. Spaceship did it himself and was so proud. If I did it with him there, he would love it." Sansa's face softened slightly and she said, "Fine. Grab him and get him ready then Spaceship can watch. Be
careful not to tire him out. I remember everything the doctors said, same as you." Gregor rolled his
eyes and sniped, "Care for your own babies, I can care for mine." Margery and Tryrion stared as ifthey just couldn't believe what they heard and saw.

"You are right. They are fucking monsters." Tyrion whispered to Margery. As Gregor left, Sansa
turned back to the couple. "You will elope in two weeks. Then you will move into the Tyrell
mansion. Margery will continue to work social contacts. Tyrion will continue to work with whatever
business or personal ends I need arranged. We shall do social functions as needed. Live as you will
in private however you wish to. I am convinced that after seeing what I am capable of...you will not
ever defy me. Now get out of my sight until I must endure you at dinner. Now." Sansa stood like a
stone angel of death until Tyrion ushered Margery out and the door shut. It was in the air, almost like
a deafening no sound of ice cracking. Suddenly, Sansa leaned forward slightly as if to vomit. Her
lips parted and her mouth opened, then jaws clicked. Sansa's jaws strained open, as if a scream was
so powerful it could not escape a mere open mouth. Her eyes bugged with effort and her hands have
become claws, digging into nothing. If someone had seen her they would have fully expected her
jaw to unhinge and hit the floor. Then the person would be dragged into the gaping maw and
devoured.

After a frozen moment, she fell forward and clutched the desk. A sob escaped and the tears didn't
just fall, they poured. Sansa was trying to stand straight, trying to pull it together and not think of
thirty tiny gravestones. Then she looked out the window and slapped her hands over her face in
terror. Sinking to the floor, Sansa rocked back and forth, silently chanting the words her father and
uncle taught them so long ago. It was to prevent torturers from breaking you. Sansa was torturing
herself so it has to work. Rocking and chanting, tears streamed. Because when Sansa looked at the
window she saw the monster in her reflection.

Loras took one last turn through the house, making sure it was perfect. Why he should give two shits
what a six year old thinks? He had sneered that at Gregor, hiding his tremor at doing so. Of course
the giant asshole saw it and grinned. Walking Loras into a wall, the man rumbled, "Because I said
so. Tough little lady, why don't you get to making sure of the house. Then you can make his favorite
lunch. Sansa had the groceries for Spaceship delivered, didn't she?" Making a face of distaste, Loras
nodded. "Yes. Why do you want me to poison him with that junk? I am taking those lessons you
arranged with the cook and she said that healthy-" Gregor's hand covered his mouth. "Too many
words. Clean the house. Cook the food. Look pretty. It keeps you useful, remember?" Loras paled as
Gregor left. That threat unnerved him and Loras obeyed orders. His hands wouldn't stop trembling
until he drank two glasses of Sansa's best wine. If weren't for his dearest sister, he would perish in
this hell hole.

Gregor had taught Loras how to clean a house through painful and humiliating means. The worst
part was not the getting whacked when he messed something up. The worst was not Gregor teaching
by example then moving Loras like a puppet in the same motions. It was that until Loras completed
every task correctly he was not allowed to wear any clothing. That night Gregor had tricked him in
the bathroom, he dragged Loras screaming into his bedroom. "You have been given the chance to be
a servant to my family until Sansa trusts Margery enough for you to be free. Pretty fucking good deal
considering her kill count. So you pampered little prick, let me show you what the other option for
you can be. If you don't like being the help, you can be my pet. Let me give you an example of how
that would go for you." No matter how hard Loras fought or how humbly he begged, he was
helpless. The man easily had them both naked and he was between the man's legs in a moment. He
sucker punched Loras and while he withered trying to breathe, Gregor put on a condom.

Yanking Loras closer, he thrust inside him without any preparation. Crying out, Loras scrambled
desperately against the sheets. He shut his eyes not wanting to watch this man violate him then tried
to force himself still. Gregor was not doing this out of revenge, this was putting the little snob in his
place, so Gregor did not rip him apart. Instead, he stopped when he was fully inside. Leaning down, he asked, "Oh no, you don't get to hide from this, sweetheart." To Loras's horror a hand was on his cock and his body was responding. Loras had to admit to himself, he always had a thing for large men. Gregor had often been something he had thought of but found the man himself off-putting. "No, don't do that! Stop!" He whined, trying to claw the large hands away. Gregor laughed and began to stroke his cock against that little knot inside Loras. Eyes rolling back, Loras started to claw at the massive chest and he panted. "Fuck. I hate you, I hate you so much. Don't. Please. Don't stop, I hate you for this, I hate you!" Loras arched his back and came screaming Gregor's name. Then he burst into tears and the man thrust and filled him from above. "Pet or servant, Loras?" "Servant."

Loras finished the last touches on the house and went to make Spaceship's lunch. Grilled cheese with potato chips and dill pickles slices inside of it. A side of potato chips, a handful of chicken nuggets, a chocolate pudding cup and a Yahoo. Sighing, he began to put it together and when his hands trembled, he sipped more wine. Since that night he has done something shameful twice. He needs to do it again now and runs to the bathroom. Masturbating fiercely into the toilet, Loras thinks of Gregor fucking him. He cries as he orgasms and it takes a good ten minutes to calm himself. When Gregor and Spaceship came in the door, Loras was sitting at the table, next to Spaceship's food. "Who is he and why is he here?" Piped the boy in Gregor's arms. "That is Loras, he lives in Sandor's room now. His job is to cook and clean and look after you. "Isn't it, Loras?" Nodding quickly, Loras cleared his throat. "It is nice to meet you, Spaceship. I made you your favorite lunch as a welcome home." "Thanks! I am really sad that Sandor died, but happy to have someone to cook! Does that mean I have less chores, Gregor?" Nodding, Gregor sat the boy in his chair to the food. "Yes, but you can help Loras out some. If I hear that you are not doing any chores at all, I'll blister your ass. Sansa gave Loras to you as a gift, so we have help keeping house. Don't abuse this privilege, Spaceship." Loras was indignant but silent.

That night as promised, Gregor picked up Spaceship to help him with the Frey death. He had only been gone a few hours catching and securing the Frey. Yet Loras already was no longer his usual perfect self. Frazzled and near to tears, he nearly threw the little boy at him. "He bit me! I tried to make him take a bath because he was going out and he bit me!" Gregor rolled his eyes and grumbled, "Because he is going to be doing dirty work, delicate flower boy. He will need a bath when he gets home." "So he is allowed to take chunks out of me?" Loras shrieked, utterly outraged. "You shouldn't bite Loras, he shrieks too high and it hurts my head. Hear me, boy?" Spaceship nodded then waited in trepidation. He knew what came next. To Loras's horror, Gregor removed his belt and said to the little boy, "Hold out your hands." In an amazing feets-don't-fail-me-now motion that had Spaceship giggling in spite of his impending pain, Loras moved. He jumped in front of the boy and yelled at Gregor. "I meant to give him a lecture or send him to bed early! Not to beat the little child! He might be a brat but I won't let you hurt him!" Staring at Loras as if he grew bunny ears, Gregor asked, "Wasn't that a line from Annie? You are so fucking dramatic. Move over, tough little lady." With a mighty shove, Loras landed on the grass. Three startling cracks accompanied by painful yelps. "Now, don't bite Loras again. Now, let's get you into the truck. Walk carefully."

Gregor and Spaceship have taken their time, savoring the bonding together. The Frey boy insisted it was not his fault at all. He begged and pleaded then threatened. "Walder Frey won't stand for this! That cunt is signing her own death sentence!" Spaceship set him ablaze and Gregor hugged the boy tightly. Staring at the screaming, melting man, Spaceship said, "I want to visit Sandor's grave, please." Gregor took him after their work was done and they stood over the stone. Reaching down, Spaceship picked up an old rusty toy truck that he never saw before. "What is this?" Looking up at the sky, Gregor spoke with a very heavy tone. "When we were little boys, Sandor was a little clingy brat. I hated his guts, I hated him because he stole what little attention our parents gave us. So one day, he stole my toy truck. He was about your age and I was older, stronger. I turned on the stove top and forced his face against the fire. It took a full year of skin grafts and living in the hospital
before Sandor was considered healed. That was the truck. I never said I was sorry for that. I will miss him. He was a good partner and brother.” Spaceship put the toy back down then burst into tears. Wrenching sobs brought him to his knees. "I want him back, please. Gregor, I have lost too many that I love. At least one person should get to come back!” He smashed little fists into the ground and Gregor picked him up. He let the boy hit him over and over, while raging, screaming. Spaceship never even noticed that Gregor had tears in his eyes as he soothed his hurting boy.
Chapter Summary

Roose has a funeral. Reek discovers he is jealous of Robb. Ramsay and Damon learn from Petyr how to run the North. Petyr goes home and receives the comforts of his wife. Ramsay takes some special time with his pet and Reek falls for another trick. Robb and Kitty spend some sibling time together.

In the North leaders come and go. It is too cold most of the time to waste on the dead. Quiet, dignified services were held and anyone who mattered showed. Ramsay was composed but his face was drawn into saddened features for the public and media. Next to him was Robb Stark who stood next to Petyr Baelish. On his other side was Damon. There was utterly no point that Robb spoke with the media as he was grieving deeply. Every person felt terrible pity for the tears being shed. This was the only person that has ever cried over Roose Bolton. He must have given whatever shriveled heart he had to the simple boy. They had no idea they were tears of guilt and relief. Reek and Kitty were left at home so Robb had lost his main support group. Though Ramsay has not hurt him once yet, Robb still feels scared and lost. He knew better than to flee or cause a scene, but this is a place you can cry at. He knows this, so he releases it all through sobbing.

Reek looked through the pictures on the cell phone he had Kitty steal for him. The media sent out endless pictures of dignified liars all dressed up somberly. Reek only cared about the ones with his Master in it. He was devastated to not go. Didn't his Master want his pet's company? Theon knows how to act in public! In fact, Theon felt he should have gone to help Robb. He wanted Reek to find pictures of Robb to see if he was holding up. Theek felt the tension and waited just below the surface. His Master had given him a biting kiss and told him to keep an eye on Kitty. Reek could not argue or protest, he just rested his head on his Master's chest, whining. A tousle of his hair and his Master left with his arm around Robb. Since they found Robb all bloody, Ramsay has kept his promise. Robb was allowed to sleep on a cot in Ramsay's cleaned out walk in closet. He was never struck, mainly cared for by Theon and Kitty. Robb was allowed sweatsuits during the time they were in the house without company. He crawled as the other pets did, but filled no sexual demands. Did not feel the pain with corrections. A simple sharp word corrected Robb now.

Ramsay would make sure that Robb was always well groomed and seen by his therapists. When company was over, the kind that Robb must be around, he was dressed nicely. Theon would be there as well, prompting subtly, comforting afterwards. Recently, Ramsay has begun offering comfort to the pet as well. Giving exaggerated praise and even allowing Robb to snuggle into him for safety. To his own shame Reek felt a bolt of jealousy then and it has grown since. So as soon as they all left, Theek turned to Kitty and begged her to steal a servant's phone. Bored and wanting something to do that had nothing to do with Masters, she agreed. Curling up next to him on the couch, a forbidden treat, they searched the phone. Several shots of Ramsay pretending to mourn. Most had him next to Petyr and Robb, who was sobbing. Theon was concerned and even Reek felt bad for him. Then the next shot had Ramsay holding Robb very close, consoling him. Another with his arm slung around the fragile man. He growled softly and Kitty stared at him then laughed. "Are you really jealous right now? Do you think my brother loves him? He is terrified of him! Ramsay is obsessed with you, loves you, not my brother." Theon responded, "I know that. Logically, I know that. Reek doesn't agree, he can only worry that Ramsay won't love us anymore." Kitty took away the phone to return it and hoped that Reek wouldn't do anything stupid.
Ramsay had very little time to notice how his pet might be feeling. The stupid social engagements and meetings that were to be had were numerous. Some of the meetings Robb and Theon went to but not many. Damon went to the same places, so the pets were left alone more often. Generally, they would creep their way into the small den no one really uses. It isn't as heated or as well lit as the other rooms, but it was carpeted with soft furniture. It had a television, contained a bookcase that the pets have filled with books. Even a gaming console. It was a gift from Petyr that Ramsay and Damon begrudgingly allowed. "It is a pet room. A place that they can use, that they can relax in when their Master's are away." This was Petyr's way of letting them know that unless Robb and Theon are needed as humans, no pets allowed. They do not belong on social engagements or meetings unless a point was being proven by showing them.

The first meeting Petyr showed to Ramsay's home for, he sat in the living room, waiting for twenty minutes. When Damon and Ramsay finally showed in the room, he was ready to explode. They were wearing jeans and t-shirts, each holding a beer. Getting to his feet, Petyr asked the maid for his coat and scarf. "You have wasted my time long enough. Never mind the rudeness of being so tardy to a meeting you had requested! This was not a meeting about which hall to use for the frat party of the year! This was a business meeting and if you cannot dress for it, you cannot be in one! When you can figure out how to dress and act for this meeting, you let me know. If the Bolton enemies don't get you first, that is." Ignoring any stammered protests behind him, Petyr had left. Two hours after he got home, both men were in his doorway, dressed correctly.

Ramsay had the better business mind, but he was quick to temper. Damon played the game better but lacked the business sense. Petyr combined the two and tried to produce a strong voice out of them. "Let us discuss this insult to the Freys. They have always been Northmen, loyal to Starks and Boltons alike. Walder did not appreciate his grand nephew extra crispy. It is well known that Sansa admits to it, the man botched a job. Burned many children, a very tragic thing. However, Walder takes offense at the punishment. So, if you are the leaders of the North, Walder will expect you to react. What shall you do?" "Find the ones who burned him alive. We hunt them down and flay them alive. Send them to Sansa." Sighing, Petyr shook his head. "Ramsay, the idea is not to start a war. It is to appease. Both the North and South have new, young and inexperienced leaders. Neither side can afford a war right now." Damon sat back and said thoughtfully, "We need to be more subtle, take revenge in a smaller way. Find a way to make sure the impact is felt without creating a need for revenge." Petyr smiled and thought there might be hope for them after all.

Petyr entered the warm, clean, quiet house that smells like cinnamon and baked apples. A silent pale figure emerges from a hallway and makes coffee. He takes off his jacket, scarf and shoes and leaves them on the foyer floor. Walking into the living room, there is a ready fire crackling and his slippers in front of his favorite chair. A moment later the same figure comes with a cup of hot coffee, made exactly as Petyr enjoys it. He takes the coffee and the person sits on a stool next to his knee. After a few sips, Petyr begins to talk about the meeting. He told of how the men acted, how they will handle the Freys. Every night Petyr talks and the figure listens. When Petyr stops talking, the person gets up and goes to clean the foyer. Petyr's items are set to dry and the floor in the foyer is mopped. That way when the maid shows in the morning it's one less thing for her to do. Petyr taught the figure that. This is how Varys refers to himself now. It. Petyr still says "wifey" but he isn't a female anymore than a male now.

The first few nights, Petyr made Varys stand naked in front of his full length mirror. To look at the smooth barbie doll nothing body. All hair has been permanently removed, his nipples, his testicle and his penis. All gone and then grafting was done, finite plastic surgery to leave...nothing. Just a small hole to urinate from. Not even but the tiniest of scars was there. A landscape that pleases Petyr, something he could only get before in an exotic area like the West. Varys wept every night when Petyr would sweep his hands across the endless smooth landscape. He would do this for hours sometimes, whispering soothingly to Varys the whole time, become harder as his little wifey cried. It
was a relief to Varys when Petyr would take him missionary style. At least those hands were off his skin and on the bed instead. Petyr would start out gentle then work his way to brutal. His teeth would leave bloody marks everywhere. He would not come until he heard Varys beg for him not to hurt him anymore. Varys was afraid of the new Petyr. His rules were quite clear. Varys would act like a meek housewife, doing nothing without permission. He would play the part of an adoring spouse, a submissive adoring spouse. Petyr is allowing Varys to work his way up to public society wife, then partner work again. Varys was grateful for that and tries his hardest to please. That and his new desire to eventually murder his husband.

Ramsay had come home a little earlier than Damon and found the pets in their little den. Reek and Robb had not expected him so early. Both scrambled to crawl before him with apologies. "You aren't sorry for anything, sillies. I just came back a little early is all. Robb, you may stay in here with Kitty. Come, Reek." Worried, Reek crawled after his Master, wondering if he is about to be in trouble. He searched his brain for what he may have done wrong. Ramsay led his pet into the study that used to be his father's and sat behind the desk. Patting his lap, Ramsay called, "Here Reek. Up on Master's lap so I can talk to you and give you some affection. We have not had much time and I have missed my pet." The voice was affectionate and loving, but Theon warned, be careful. This might be a painful trick. Yet what choice did Reek have but to climb into his Master's lap? To be honest, Reek didn't care if it led to pain. He has missed his Master and cuddled against him happily.

Chuckling, Ramsay hugged and petted his snuggling pet. Reek timidly kissed and his Master made it longer and deeper. Even his sharp teeth were a pleasure and Reek whimpered desperately for more. Ramsay told Reek to take off his pants fast, while Ramsay undid his jeans. He slid them just to his ankles and sat back down. With hurried fingers, he put on a lubricated condom and set Reek over him facing the desk. "Sit on my lap, pet." Ramsay urged and held tight to Reek's hips, forcing him onto his cock. Reek cried out but once he was fully sheathed, Ramsay let him rest for moment. "Good boy, you are such a good pet, Reek. I love how you are made just for me, Reek." To Reek's delight, as Ramsay began to have Reek move up and down, he stroked Reek's cock. Moaning and writhing, pain and pleasure mixing, Reek was lost. Ramsay bruised his hips, forcing his pet harder on his cock and Reek's own forced through Ramsay's hand. "Remember pet, no coming without permission." Ramsay reminded him as he could see Reek losing his control.

Seconds later, Reek began to beg permission and Ramsay cooed to him. "Soon, my pet. I want you to do me a favor first, love. Take this pen in your hand. Good. Now write your name where I am pointing. I don't care if it is shaky, write your name if you want to come. One more time on this other page." Reek did not understand, he was confused, Theon screamed something. Yet, Ramsay's hand was moving still and Reek was so close, he wrote and the pen was gone. "Good boy. So good for me, sweet Reek. Come for your Master. Show me how good I make you feel, pet." Reek nearly screamed with the force of denied pleasure and Ramsay held his limp body up, fucking hard into him. Only after he could focus again, as Ramsay came hard inside of him, did Reek see what the papers were. Asha Greyjoy and Alannis Greyjoy's wills. Everything was left to Theon Greyjoy. Who just signed it all over to Ramsay Bolton.

Robb sat on his favorite soft couch with his favorite blanket and watched Kitty practice her moves. "Why do you keep doing that?" he asked and Kitty sighed. "We talk about this all the time. You aren't that simple, Robb. You remember my answers, so stop asking the same damned questions." Giving a tiny smile, Robb replied, his tone mocking in spite of it's slow thick words. "I keep hoping for a better answer. It makes no sense, Kitty. Why would you fight if you lose so much? Last time you lost you had to be naked for three days all the time. Reek and I had to crawl with our eyes closed." Kitty laughed and loved that Robb has found his sense of humor again. He is slowly gaining personality, but only shares it with the pets. In front of Damon and Ramsay he stays the mostly silent dumb animal. He was not fooling anybody but as long as he behaves and does as he is told, they don't care. "Yes, but if you remember I won the next challenge and we all got to leave the house! We
got to wear real clothes and see a real movie at the real theater!" Kitty had made her voice sound like
she was talking to a little child. Like how Ramsay and Damon mainly talk to Robb, which drives
Robb secretly nuts.

He threw a pillow at her, then retorted. "Yes, two days later we got to do that. Because that is how
long it took for you to recover and not tear your stitches." Shrugging, Kitty continued to stretch out.
"I need it, Robb. It's the only way I can fight him. It's the only way I can practice at all. If he sees me
practice for any other reason but to challenge him for a favor, he'll take away even more from me.
But if I stop all my practicing, if I don't keep trying, I'll just give up. I may never try again and I can't
take that chance." Kitty continued her exercises and Robb thought sadly, My little sister is trying to
save our lives. She has words, sick things carved into her tender flesh, flesh that is beaten and raped
constantly. Yet she never gives in and that is her real fear. That she will become the true pet Damon
is forcing her to slowly, painfully become. After a moment, Robb spoke again. "Have you thought
about Sansa or Rickon? I saw her in the South, you know that but you never asked."

Kitty spoke with a sullen tone that Robb remembered from a foggy distance. "I spoke with one of
her friends while I was in the South. She was happily wed, bed and breeding. Rickon was adopted
by Gregor Clegane. Rickon I saw and spoke with and that is how I am back in my old collar. That is
why I no longer have a shot at being an assassin. The reason why my chef friend is dead too. I don't
want to talk about them. I am glad they are safe and well. I don't want to know any further about
them and I am sure they don't want to know about me. If you really feel the urge to discuss them, do
it with Theon. He remembers everything and probably has better emotions on it." The anger in her
voice got louder and she was standing now. Then she saw Robb was cringing back, tears in his eyes.
Eyes that went a bit confused then terrified. Sighing, Kitty swallowed down her upset and went to
console her brother. He has longer periods of lucidity, then the crash into damaged tissue happens
and he is so disoriented. When Damon came in from work, Kitty was still holding her sobbing
brother. "What did you do to upset him like that? He never gets this bad unless something upsets
him." Kitty sighed and knew tonight was not a good challenge night after all.
Trust Revenge To Come Back

Chapter Summary

Sansa is confronted with her worst nightmare. Jaime finally releases his frustrations. Spaceship and Loras have a bad night. Sansa gets hit with the revenge Petyr won't save her from.

"Do you ever intend to have a relationship with these babies?" Sansa ignored Jaime and went into her bedroom. "What the hell is this?" On top of her new bedspread were two cooing infants. "These are your kids. Let me introduce them. The one currently eating his sister's ear is Tywin. The one being eaten and not caring about it is Catherine. Remember? You named them just before you deserted them. Get to know them because I am going out tonight. I have also relieved all the staff of their nightly duties. Only Gregor is here with you and he barely keeps your brother alive and well. He won't be any help to you, so take care of your son and daughter."

"Call a sitter then! I am trying to keep them safe and alive! I am trying to secure their future lands, wealth and power. You said you didn't mind being the main caregiver, after all, they might be yours. You said that!" The desperation was written all over Sansa's face and it made Jaime even more determined. "No, that is a lie you tell yourself and us. It's not true and you know it. Why are you scared? They are babies. Don't you mothers just have an instinct for protecting your children? To want to mother them? Even if you don't, fake it for an hour at least. Try to be with them. They have been fed and changed. I am sure you can handle this." With that Jaime left and Sansa muttered, "Yes, I do want to protect and love my children. From a distance. Because I might be what can hurt them." She backed into a chair and stared at them as they lay helplessly on the bed.

Spaceship was not about to go to bed. Loras was not about to let him stay up after one in the morning. There was not enough alcohol in the house for Loras to tolerate more of this child right now. He kept getting up, sliding down the bannister, jumping on his bed when in his room. Loras held his head in his hands and nearly wept for mercy. Due to the noise that the boy was making, Loras never heard anyone enter the cottage. It was only when he looked up to see Spaceship on the staircase. That is when he went to yell but saw the boy was turning pale. As Spaceship hollered the warning and came running, the world went black.

"GREGOR! GREGOR!" With a frustrated sigh, the mountain stormed into Sansa's room. The babes were squalling and the fool woman was nearly halfway out a window rather than get close to them. "This is fucking crazy, you are fucking crazy. They are babies, not monsters. Get a grip, woman. I called the nanny service. Someone will be here in twenty minutes. Now pick up your children and soothe them. See if they need changing or something. Figure it out." Sansa went closer to the bed but turned to Gregor. "Don't leave me alone with them. Please." It was the look of terror on her face, that finally made the man question how mentally balanced she might be. Only for a fleeting moment, because that is when Spaceship burst into the room.

His face was whiter than his sister's. "They took Loras. I couldn't help in time and they pointed a gun at me. He was hit in the head really hard. They gave me a message for Sansa. Eye for an eye. You killed a servant of the North. A servant of the South has been taken and the vengeance is done. Does that mean the North will burn him alive?" Grimly, Sansa shook her head. "It's means they will hunt him and kill him by flaying." Forgetting her crying babies, Sansa went for her cell. Gregor muttered,
"Figures. Just when he started learning how to cook and clean good."

Sansa explained what happened to Lollys and did not like the answer she received. "If you truly want Bronn or I to go after him, call Petyr." When she called Petyr he counseled for caution. "Sansa, you knew this would come back. That revenge for it would be exacted. No, I doubt they knew it was Loras Tyrell. They assumed it was a servant. Actually, you did make him a servant. So they really have not done anything wrong, have they? I will send a message about his name, but it probably won't matter. You started this eye for an eye revenge. Now you must recieve it. Don't start what you cannot handle, remember?"
Even Safety Is Danger For Someone

Chapter Summary

Loras wakes up and is surprised. Bronn tells a tale. Tyrion and Margery make some dangerous deals. Lollys has a call with her husband about new safer locations.

"Wakey wakey. There, see? I told you I didn't hit him too hard. He is fine, now stop yapping at me." Loras tried to focus and found himself staring at two ugly faces, staring down at him. "What the fuck? Tryion, did you have Bronn save me?" Snorting, Bronn retorted, "Save you? I'm the one who hit you. Had to wear a mask so the little brat would think I was from the North."

Tyrion offered Loras a hand to sit up and said, "This was the only way Margery and I could think to get you out of there. I am just relieved to be out of the South. Sansa has gone crazy and I am not sticking around to find out how she falls. I feared that she would kill your sister any day now. They didn't get along very well and Sansa is roasting those who disagree with her. My brother has been turned into her golden nanny and wife. When she ordered Margery and I to elope, then live away, I knew we were dead soon. We would have burned or been slaughtered within a week. I could see it in her stone eyes. Let me go get your sister, she is napping up a few rows."

"Where are we going?" Loras asked Bronn who stretched and yawned. "I am bringing the three of you to Petyr. You had better be on your best behavior too. I told your sister the same thing. Folks have put their necks on the line to save your worthless glittery asses. Tyrion had to pay Gregor a great deal of money and even handed over estates to him to let you go. In fact, if it weren't for him securing these things for his son, I doubt he would have been swayed. It was a gamble, he could have told Sansa and Tyrion would be roasted alive. Probably by the little boy himself."

"Varys himself, he has been through worse than you can imagine, yet when Tyrion got a message through to him, he helped. If it weren't for Varys convincing and pleading, Petyr might never had agreed to this at all. So whatever Petyr says you three must do to secure his protection, you do. No bargaining or complaining. I can just as easily bring you to the Boltons for a nice hunt. Which is what Petyr will do if you are not worth his time."

Leaving Loras to his sister who came rushing half awake to see him, Bronn called Lollys. "Leave as soon as you get them to Petyr. I don't like the way shit is going down, in either place. I am starting to think we should go West, Bronn. Come back quickly and safely, would you? And pick up some ice cream on your way." Hanging up, Lollys turned the corner smoothly, her fingers drumming the steering wheel in time to the song on the radio. The truck plowed into her from the right. Besides blood dripping everywhere, the last thing Lollys saw was the sign on the truck. Frey's Catering Service.
Chapter Summary

Petyr gives Ramsay and Damon bad news and a need for revenge. Kitty and Theek finally get to hunt. Varys and Tyrion try to comfort Bronn.

It was actually a normal domestic scene for once at the Bolton estate till Petyr came and ruined it. Ramsay was laying on the couch with Reek snuggled against him. Robb was laying on a large body pillow next to the couch. Damon was sitting in a lounge chair, Kitty was curled against his leg, using his thigh as a pillow. They had been watching a series that seemed entertaining, even having discussions of it, allowing the pets to debate as well. "I still don't get why Daryl had to kill the possum?" Robb moaned while everyone groaned and Kitty swatted at his head. "I say Carol is the one they should be watching, not Daryl." Damon snorted and muttered, "You'd think that, wouldn't you?" Ramsay was taunting Reek about how easily the skin slid off that zombie, when he got the text. Sitting straight up, Ramsay said, "Damon, we have company coming." Damon said, "Dangerous company?" Shaking his head, Ramsay said, "Not really sure. Petyr is coming, he says its very urgent. He has the Tyrell twins with him." Sighing, Kitty knew the drill if the servants are asleep or out, which it was a mix of both tonight. "Do I dress more Master, before I serve?" Too late for that, the doorbell rang and Reek had already let them in.

Loras and Margery had wide eyes at the sight of the three pets. Uncombed hair, collars and the male pets only in shorts. Kitty had a tank top as well, but it did nothing to hide all her scarred words. All three had signs of bruising, cuts, flaying, and more. The only difference was that Robb's were all healing. Petyr did not notice or care, too deep in grief and anger. Petyr surprised them all by walking right over to the pets. Pointing, he spoke to Ramsay while staring at Kitty and Reek. "You said they were hunters, killers, that they would hunt and be able to rip a person apart?" Uneasily, Damon moved in front of his own pet as Ramsay did the same with Reek. "Yes, why?" he asked Petyr cautiously. Petyr looked at Ramsay and simply said, "Lollys was killed today by the Freys. They decided not to wait for you to do it for them." Ramsay narrowed his eyes and the fury in his face, made Robb whimper from where he went to hide. Too many folks in such a way was too much and scared him behind the chair. He had been peeking out until then, hearing Ramsay's voice in the soft flaying tone, made him duck his head away. "They killed Lollys? You told me they would await my justice." Petyr nearly ripped his own hair out. "I had no idea that they would be that stupid. Sansa will exact revenge as well, I am sure. Right now we need Northern justice so no family is ever stupid enough to think they may take such matters into their own hands."

Varys brought Bronn and Tyrion the harder stuff, the really good stuff, Petyr tells him never to use. He gave the healthiest amount to Bronn who was so silent and still. "I am so sorry, Bronn. Petyr and I never would have thought she would be the Frey's target for this. Nor did we think that they would retaliate on their own. With Roose, they never would have dared such a thing, they would have brought it to him to answer. Perhaps they felt that Ramsay and Damon were too new." Shrugging Bronn downed the glass and said, "It was an assassin for an assassin. At least they did not burn her alive. Why am I not with Petyr right now? I don't need to be hugged. I need to be killing the fucking Frey's, where the fuck is he?" "Petyr went to see Ramsay and Damon. He has something rather special planned for the Freys. A unique hunt, Theek and Kitty, strange names, but they are getting a chance to rend tender young Frey flesh." Tyrion looked up shocked and said, "I understand Ramsay and Damon hunting and flaying alive some Frey scum. But did you just say that two strange named
folks are going to be hunting children?" Nodding, Varys said, "Reek was formerly known as Theon Greyjoy. Ramsay's pet, and Kitty is Damon's pet, formerly known as Arya Stark." Blinking, Tyrion said, "Hunting children is the part I am concerned with right now. How could you not talk Petyr out of that?"

Laughing bitterly, Varys said, "I am afraid my influence over Petyr is not very great right now. Just getting him to help out you and the Tyrell's was hard enough! These days, I am more wife than partner. Which is why I pour drinks and give hugs, Bronn. Which is why I do not try and ask Petyr not to hunt children, Tyrion. Besides, when you go South again Bronn, I don't doubt Sansa will give you any killer you would want to wreak more revenge on the Freys. Sansa won't kill children, at least I would hope not." Tyrion said, "Right now, Sansa would light her own babies on fire and use them as something to catapult if it wreaked havoc." Varys clicked his tongue and said he was positive that Tyrion was overreaching on that assessment. Bronn spoke thickly, taking another swig from the bottle itself before Varys tried to grab it from him. "I can hide what we have drunk so far. One more swig and Petyr will notice. Enough." "Fuck Petyr, fuck Ramsay, fuck Sansa. None of them are worth half of what Lollys was. Their fucking wars killed my wife. Yes, we always knew one of us would die this way. I always thought it would be me. But no, as always my stubborn, headstrong wife always said she would die first. So I could suffer and elevate her to a saint to everyone who ever knew her. She always did get her way." Bronn took the fancy bottle and took another swig, then he said, "Oh fuck." Then he cried as Varys and Tyrion awkwardly forced a hug onto him.

As uneasy as Damon was, Ramsay and Petyr were adamant. "You remember who and what you are. Hunt them down, kill them and come back to me." Nodding, Kitty said, "I am your pet, Master. I will remember and I will come back." She assured him, desperate not to lose this one chance to kill, to hunt. Theek and Kitty did not know who they were hunting until the three boys were yanked in front of them. The youngest looked to be eleven, the oldest thirteen. This did not matter to the pets, what mattered was pleasing their Masters and the thrill of a rare hunt. Screaming, crying and pleading the boys were forced to run for their lives and the eager pets were made to wait for fifteen minutes. Damon and Ramsay followed their pets at a more leisurely pace, as did Petyr. Theek and Kitty spent the next hour tracking and killing the Frey boys with true savage glee. Damon actually was a bit nervous at how well and brutally they took to it. Allowed only knives, Theek barely used his, preferring his claws and teeth. Kitty used her knife with skill, first thrown at a distance to bring the oldest boy down. Then she ripped him from groin up to this throat. Then she scalped him, while smiling and humming. The part that unnerved Ramsay a bit as well was the last boy. Theek and Kitty had caught up with him at the same time. At first they nearly attacked each other over him, but a sharp "No!" from Ramsay and they stopped. Instead, they shared the kill and the boy was slowly mutilated. The creepy part was when they removed the boy's heart, each of the pets took a bite.

The remains were packaged neatly and delivered with the morning newspaper at Walder Frey's door.
Jaime makes an awful discovery and will do whatever needed to protect his children. Sansa is taking matters into her own hands. Gregor gives her a warning she doesn't like at all. Spaceship asks difficult questions of his sister that she cannot answer.

Jaime had completely understood why he has not been invited to Sansa's bed. She had two babies, she was overwhelmed trying to keep the Lannister dynasty afloat. He completely understood. So he thought, until now. The tears that had come into his eyes blurred the horrific sight before his eyes and he was grateful for it. Jaime had misgivings when he first helped Tyrion get himself and the twins out of the South. He knew Sansa would see the Tyrells as weak links, she saw Tyrion as a traitor to her cause. This put them in danger while she was this unbalanced. Jaime reasoned that it would end, medications and therapy would solve it, if not time would ease it. He would hide his brother and the Tyrells until Sansa saw reason again. Then they would come home, Sansa would grow maternal to her children and Jaime would marry her, together they could rule the South. He was a fool and that was that. He stood straight even though he felt broken, shattered. Wiping his eyes, he scanned the terrible shelf again.

Ned Stark's head, Catelyn's skin, his own father's head looked glassily at him as Jaime shook slightly. Next was Cersie, his lovely sister, his first and true love that he himself murdered, for his father, for Sansa. The second shelf held more horrors to make Jaime shudder. Here was Jon's head, Bran's eyes in a jar, must be all they could salvage. Okay, okay, maybe she had her reasons, but why continue this? Sansa did though, here was the head of Lollys and what would Bronn think of that? Worse, what if Gregor and Spaceship ever gave this closet a look, Gregor knew of it, Jaime was sure. But did he ever actually look inside? Probably not, because if he had he would have seen his brother. Yet, even all of this, he knew he could bullshit himself longer. Jaime could try and reason this out for himself, but not anymore. Because there was a third shelf, brand new, just added. In fact, it was the box of shelving that brought Jaime to look out of curiosity. He knew from Cersie and Tyrion what his father had in his closet. He had stupidly assumed Sansa removed the grisly little museum, but no she has been expanding.

Now a new unused shelf, and who was going on that? Jaime had a feeling it had been for his brother and the Tyrells. Jaime could not accept that, not his brother! Worse was, and to even think of it made him want to puke. Worse was along with the new shelf just waiting to hold heads, was another worse purchase. Two small ornate boxes with glass doors. Small enough for infants. Perhaps they were for something else entirely, but Jaime could not take the chance. He loved those babies, they were all he really had left. If he would kill his beloved sister to protect a father he despised, there was nothing he wouldn't do to protect his children.

Sansa was livid, molten lava was simmering through her veins almost warming her cold heart. Yet nothing could get through, there were no cracks in her stone heart for anything to seep through anymore. Her eyes were terrible, they were just dark wrath and no emotion at all. When Lollys died, Sansa stopped taking the medication completely. She had to fight with Gregor to get him to make the arrangements for her friend's head. In her freezing cold hands, Sansa had held the head, stroking the purple locks and told her everything. All about her plans, her fears, her mistakes and her goals. Then she tenderly put the head with her collection. This was Petyr's fault, it was Tyrion's fault, the Tyrell's
fault. Everyone has turned against her, even Jaime and Gregor have become resistant to her wishes. Sansa will deal with the Frey's herself, then her own misbehaving "friends and family". How dare they all hide things, run from her? She had not killed or hurt them at all! When Petyr was confronted by her, he admitted what he had done. He told her that she was crumbling and needed to take some time to repair her mind. He offered to come South and run it with her while she recovered. Fuck that. He was not stealing her hard won power! She knows what he did to Varys, Lollys had told her with a shudder. Petyr will NEVER do that to her, nor will she ever let him close to her own babies!

So she is going North, her only company was Gregor and Spaceship. Her little brother may be tiny, but he is a hardened killer now and she has no need for family. She does however, need merciless killers, so the Mountain and the little firebug are going with her. It was time she showed the North that they should fear her. That she should not be fucked with. When she had told all this to Gregor in a malice laced tone, only her little brother dared to question. "Sansa, were you going to kill the dwarf and the fancy twins?" Shrugging, Sansa tried to evade. "I gave them warning, I gave them every opportunity that I could. Even if I did have to kill Margery and Tyron, I would have let you and Gregor keep Loras. As long as he was under the control of the Cleganes, he would have been safe. They were stupid though, Tyron and Margery could have begged me for mercy. They could have pledged themselves to me and my work, I would have forgiven them and let them live to serve the dynasty." The little boy stared at his sitter whom was so different now. Then he said softly to her, trying to touch her freezing cold hands. "Sansa... Arya kneels and begs. She pledged her life to serve someone too. She is a slave, a pet and doesn't even know her name anymore. Is that what you would have done to them? If they begged, would they have been slaves to you, just not with cuts and dog collars? Cause that is kind of what you did to that fancy little Loras. He had to serve us whether he wanted to or not."

Sansa pulled her hands away and said, "They made their choices. Now they can die with them. Remember that, Spaceship. I reward loyalty, I will show my wrath to those who betray me." Then she grabbed her brother's tiny hands and squeezed, way too tightly. "Remember that, Rickon. Betrayal will get you killed, I am not just your sister or your boss anymore. I am the South, I am a Lannister and I will be ruthless if need be." As he started to whine and try to get his now sore hands back, Gregor broke her grip harshly. Then shoved his son behind him and dared to get into the stone gargoyle's face. With a menacing growl, his eyes dangerous, like ice on shark infested waters, Gregor made Sansa back up and fall into the nearest seat. "If you ever lay hands on my son again, if you ever threaten my son again, I will pop off your head with my own two hands and put it on a spike for all the South to see. You need to figure yourself the fuck out or they will all take you down. Ever ask yourself why they would all leave you? Maybe because you have lost control. You have gone fucking crazy and no one wants that. You are making the Boltons look calm and reasonable. The only one threatening your fucking dynasty, Your Grace," Gregor sneered that into her shocked pale face. "Is you! Here, I brought your damned pills, take it, or I will have this plane turn the fuck around. I don't care if he is YOUR pilot, you think he won't obey ME? So take your meds and calm the fuck down. Your brother and I, we have stayed loyal. My brother died for you! How much more proof do you need? But threaten us again...you truly will be alone. And a queen standing all alone, has no power. The crown is just a piece of glittery metal that no one gives a fuck about. Check yourself, bitch." Gregor had tossed the pill bottle at her then stopped to say one last thing. "Oh, don't ever call him Rickon again. Or brother. Lannisters are not Cleganes. Leave him be. He is not related to your fucked up families..either one of them."
Robb is left with the Tyrell twins while the others hunt Freys. Petyr had insisted and they trusted his decisions. The glittery twins try to ask things that Robb cannot answer. He knows his rules but luckily his eyes have something to look at.

Robb had stayed hidden, crouched behind the couch, pressed into the deep plush of it to gain comfort. He tried so hard not to whine or cry, he vaguely remembered it was shameful. Though he was not really sure why. A shock, a change or fear sends Robb back to his damaged half, Roose's babbling idiot. He keeps forgetting Roose is dead, that the Master is Ramsay now. Ramsay is scary and has hurt Robb before. Yet, then he begins to recall that Ramsay has not been hurting him. A shadow came over him and there was Master, talking softly. "I need to take everyone out for a little while. Can you behave and stay with the Tyrells while we are gone? Do you think you can do that, Robb? If not, just tell me, I won't be angry." Robb heard that before, Roose would say that, but it was a lie. It's a trick, if you tell the truth and Roose doesn't like it, he hurts you. This is Ramsay, not Roose, but he cannot take the chance, so he nods. "Good Robb. Stay with the Tyrells." Both Ramsay and Damon were against leaving Robb with strangers. Petyr however, refused to wait a moment for his bloody revenge. "They are glittering, weak things, what damage could they do? They won't hurt him. We must go and he is not a hunter like them. We don't need him on this trip. He stays with the Tyrells."

So Robb stood up and Ramsay put an arm around him, guiding him forward. "Robb, this is Loras and his sister Margery. They will stay with you until I return. You can have an extra soda if you would like and maybe watch tv with them. Good pet, Robb. Remember your rules and you will be fine." Even Kitty and Reek who is Theon is gone. Robb shook and tried not to. The twins were very pretty, like flowers and they smiled so gentle, so nice. Kindness flowed from their eyes, shining with friendship and something deep inside screamed with warning. A roar, a flash of father, a flash of Roose, a flash of Ramsay and Theon. Never trust such a thing, it's a trick, a trap, a hunt and Robb's eyes tried to find something to look at. The pin that was on Loras's blazer, it had colors, swirling lovely colors and Robb was transfixed. Soft cascading, flowing words of gentle soothing, bathing over Robb. He had no substance for the words, it didn't matter while he was watching these colors in the crystal pin. Then Loras moved out of the light and Robb heard them again. "Let's go bring this soda into the parlor and sit on the couch, Robb?" Nodding, of course, why not, he is Robb and do this. He was trained for such things and he can do this, his eyes searched desperately for shining things.

Loras on the one side and Margery on the other. Robb whimpered loudly and Loras quickly stood up. "Oh, forgive me, Robb. I never meant to crowd you. How about if I sit in the chair?" Nodding, he tried to force out, "Thank you. I am grateful." Once the most beautiful man Robb has ever seen sat in a lazily graceful pose, his pin hit the light. Robb went away into the stunning, warming lights and his mind played with different colors. Margery spoke mostly, on occasion Loras did too. With great difficulty, his gaze never leaving the crystal, Robb would give his rehearsed answers. Robb was so glad he was in his shining beaming icy warm world, because here came other questions. These are ones he has no answer for and those are bad. He doesn't answer those ones. Any other questions need permission from his Master to answer. He knows his rules and will not be tricked. Robb doesn't panic though, not while he has this shiny quest, to touch each color, he is calm,
relaxed. Just silence and no answer, so the twins move onward. Now Margery is inching closer as they speak, as if even through a haze of colors, he wouldn't notice. He lives with predators, hunters, down to Theek and Kitty. Any of them might pounce and get him, not this glittery girl, he can smell her coming.

Robb watched those moving ponds of swirling rainbows as the graceful pale hand touched his elbow. It was very hard to move his eyes from that amazing safe place where everything swirls. When he did turn a little, extending his neck like a swan, Loras and Margery both thought it was so graceful and lovely. His large brown eyes were heartbreaking in their fear and sorrow. By the time it registered to Margery that Robb had bit her nose off, blood was spraying everywhere. Her hands clapped theatrically over the gushing hole and a muffled, "BY DOSE! YOU BID OFF BY DOSE!" Loras dropped his jaw and was just frozen for a moment before trying to leap over. Already off the couch and clutching a heavy ceramic lamp, Robb brought it hard onto her face. She wasn't pretty anymore. Another blow before Loras got him away from her but it was too late. The glittery girl's shine was gone forever. Loras found himself confronted with a wild beast full of pent up fury that was all nails, teeth and impossible to control. He wanted to strangle him to death but he couldn't get a hold. Finally, Loras managed to shove him into a closet. He had to sit against it in a chair to keep him in there. Robb howled and pounded at the door. Loras went to call Petyr then remembered he put it down in the parlor. Where his sister lay with her head bashed in. Grief washed over him and he began to sob.

When Ramsay entered the house, Loras began to scream at him from a chair in front of the closet. They could hear sobbing and weak banging at the door behind him. His face contorted in icy anger, Ramsay demanded, "What have you done to Robb? Let him out of there now!" Loras stood up and screeched, "What have I done? ME? HOW ABOUT YOUR FILTHY FUCKING WILD ANIMAL, CRAZY LUNATIC! HE KILLED MY SISTER! BASHED HER BRAINS IN FOR TOUCHING HIM!" Ramsay knocked Loras and the chair out of the way and ripped open the closet door. By now the others were directly behind him. Loras sat on the floor, sobbing in sorrow and rage. Robb was on his knees, covered in blood and Ramsay gently said, "Oh Robb. Did it happen again? Bad pet. You can't keep killing those who scare you. It is a bad thing." Loras slowly stood up, eyes full of disbelief. "Bad pet? He murdered my sister and you tell him no like he is an infant! Will you really get strict and slap his hand or send him to bed without dinner? HE KILLED MY SISTER, CAN YOU HEAR ME? I WANT HIM DEAD! AT THE VERY LEAST I WANT TO SEE HIM SCREAM IN THE AGONY HE CAUSED MARGERY!" Two separate snarls were heard and the two strange pets were ready to lunge.

Petyr sighed and smoothly said to Ramsay, "This is my fault. I had misjudged the situation and therefore it's my problem to handle." Taking out his cell, he called a cleaning service. Then he made a separate call as Kitty and Theek kept Loras frozen by circling him. "Gregor, I know you are screening my calls. I have Loras here, his sister is dead, but he is still quite alive and healthy. He is all yours if you still want him back, otherwise I am letting Ramsay's pets have him for hunting practice. Let me know."
A very nice house with a very nice family began to burn, killing the nice family while they slept. The only way Spaceship knew kids were in there was the bike laying on the manicured lawn. This was not as fun as setting those garages on fire, they were able to kill three security men then the explosion in those places was amazing. It was so funny to watch Gregor kill, he looks so scary and humongous, yet Spaceship found it cool now. The look on folks' faces, that was the hysterical part, some of them pee themselves! They all die with a look as if they saw a monster with their last dying gaze. Sighing, Spaceship looked at the paper again and saw they had two more houses to go. Gregor checked his messages and grinned, nudging Spaceship. "Hey, good news for you. Loras is here in the North, safe and sound. Remember I told you he really ran away with his sister? Well, she is dead and Petyr Baelish has Loras. He says we can take him back or he can let the Bolton pets hunt him for practice. Do you want him back or should we not bother?" Spaceship considered it for a moment. "I really like his cooking and he cleans good. He reads me stories and is so fun to make angry. Yeah, I wouldn't want him to be hunted down like that. But for running away, he needs to be punished and watched. Like a pet would be. I think we should keep him as a pet. We can have a pet, can't we?" Gregor gave a very dark smile and said, "We sure can. Loras can be our pet. And we shall train and discipline him." Gregor texted Petyr that before they went back South, he would come to get Loras.

Sansa watched the lovely woman, the only Frey girl ever to be beautiful, cradle her baby. From the slats in the closet, Sansa waited for the woman to set down the child and leave. Then smoothly the door opened and Sansa gently, silently walked to the crib. Staring down the at the innocent, sleepy baby, she reminisced. They had always been around the Freys and at one point Robb and Rosilin were promised to each other. Not only with the adults but the two seemed to really like each other. Sansa stroked the soft skin of the infant and walked away to the window. She opened it all the way up and leaned out into the crisp air. Gentle snowflakes danced about and one or two bit her nose playfully. Sansa walked over to the crib, picked up the infant and threw him out the window. Carefully, she shut the window and went for the door to the hallway, it was deserted and dimly lit. She walked to a pale pink door with the name Jenny in flowers and went inside. The little girl had riotous red curls that made Sansa grin and she was careful when placing the pillow over the girl's face. She pushed down hard, then put a knee hard into the child's stomach so it would be fast. No need for the child to suffer, poor innocent thing. There was only more child to go, a sullen teen from what Sansa had observed earlier. His room had a black skull on the door and a keep out sign that she was about to violate. Lanky limbs were sprawled across the bed and she winced to see his slept naked. Careful to avert her eyes at all times, after her initial quite long inspection, Sansa slit his throat deeply. Then carefully pulled his blankets up to his chin. Just before she left, Sansa peeked in on Rosilin. She was asleep with her husband, Sansa's own uncle that her mother never spoke of. They had a perfect family, just perfect. Their screams in the morning would be perfect too, but she won't get to hear them. Pity. More work to be done tonight.

Spaceship helped torch three more homes before it was time to meet Sansa for the biggest hit of all. This was where things became so exciting, he couldn't stop giggling and bouncing. A dump truck! A great huge dump truck and he sat between Sansa and his father as it flew forward. It didn't just ram through the gate. No, went over four men with guns then it drove INTO the house. Gregor was
shooting anyone in his path while Sansa flew up the stairs. She knew exactly where she was going, Spaceship melted into the hidden spaces and waited for a kill to come along. Walder Frey had no idea his children, grandchildren had been set ablaze or hunted. He had a bad memory with electronics and his phone was on vibrate. He sat up slowly upon Sansa entering his room and turning on the light. "Sansa? Why are you here? How did you get in?" He croaked as he wondered if he could reach his gun. "Gun in my hand is yours, Walder. The other thing in my hand is a phone. I have a little video for you to watch. Before you watch it, I should inform you that earlier the Boltons let their human pets hunt and kill of your three teenage grandsons." Sansa remorselessly clicked on the video and Walder saw clips of his garages burn, of his children's homes burn with them in it. Then he watched as Sansa showed a clip of a dead infant in the snow, two dead children in their beds. Smiling, Sansa said, "I left Rosilin and my uncle alive. After all, one was a friend and the other a relative." "You cold hearted cunt. The Boltons hunted my grandsons? Fine, then they have punished me for audacity. I accept that. They are still my protectors and employers, right along with Petyr. You have just set the Northern justice down on your own head, stupid bitch."

Leaning forward with a movement similar to a snake, Sansa made sure her hair swept all around him. Her sandalwood perfume mingled with his decaying body scent. Her whisper was seductive. "I have been fucking Petyr Baelish since I was a nice budding teenage girl. And I have been learning from him for years. He is loyal to those who serve him best. I am not just the fucking queen of the south, Walder, I am also the best fuck you could ever have. I have a special kind of thing for you though, Walder. It is the greatest fuck of your life." With a look of someone in the throes of the best sexual encounter ever, Sansa plunged her knife in. Right up through his groin straight to his head. It was slow and deep, it took a while for her to finish and him to die. The look in his eyes, the sounds he made, Sansa climaxed twice before he was finished with twitching and cooling.

Gregor entered the house after being sure that no one was left outside alive. Spaceship managed to ambush and shoot two men and Gregor killed three more. Sansa came downstairs covered in blood and said to torch the house, not to let the others in the house leave. Servants and relatives of Walder can burn to death. It was a huge wonderful fire and every now and then they had to shoot someone who tried to run out. He had a ton of fun and by the time they had left, Gregor had to carry him, he was so tired. As the car sped into the darker roads, Gregor told Sansa of Petyr's message. "Fine. I want Tyrion back too. Otherwise, Petyr and I will be having words."
All Monsters At Once

Chapter Summary

The North and South meet again.
Sansa becomes caught up in the past and then must face her first true meeting as a powerful leader.
Bronn, Tyrion and Varys make some choices of their own.

Chapter Notes

the chapter was too long so it has been broken into two chapters instead!

Varys was desolate, how can Petyr just call and coldly go back on his word? Bronn was to bring Tyrion to the Boltons to meet with Sansa. It sounded polite enough but it was to return Tyrion to the deadly woman. After swearing to see to their safety, Petyr has broken his word to all of them. Margery was dead, Loras was being given back to Gregor and Tyrion would be forced to leave with Sansa. "No wifey. Don't worry your little head over this. It is all politics, you know that. Margery was an accident, we had no idea Robb would kill her. Loras is quite angry and I cannot afford his angry little tongue wagging. It was return to Gregor where he was relatively safe and sheltered, or be hunted. This was actually a mercy by me. As for Tyrion, I will allow him to meet and speak with Sansa. It will be in front of myself, Ramsay and Damon. Tyrion can decide whether to return with Sansa or serve me here. He has value and I can use him if he wants to work for me. You can tell him I said that, if it eases minds. Bronn already got my text and will escort him here. You will stay there and I will inform you of Tyrion's decision once I know it."

Tyion swore and laughed bitterly, but complied. Bronn still was desolate and moved as if through pudding. "I am so fucking sorry, pal. I hate this fucking job and I think I am leaving this area soon. Lollys always wanted to go West, we always meant to go there. Maybe I'll take the trip and then I can hold it over her when I die." "Do you think Petyr will really offer me a job, a choice?" Varys shrugged helplessly, then made a decision. He grabbed his coat and put on his shoes. "I am coming with you. Fuck Petyr and his chauvinistic attitude. You are my friend and I will stand by you regardless of the consequences." Bronn sighed and whined. "Ah, come on. You know he said you were not coming. I don't have it in me to fight with your ass right now. I hate these domestic little fucking spats you two have, always sucking the rest of us into it. Fine, come with us then. Don't blame me if Petyr hits you and I knock him on his ass. Then he can fire me and save me the time to give him a fair resignation." Tyion was touched and clasped Varys on the arm. "I appreciate it, my friend. I know the risk you run from Petyr and it means a lot that you would do this for me. But are you really sure you want to? Petyr is dangerous and I will not hold it against you if you stay here. It is probably for the best anyway." Varys was resolute and they left.

Loras was sitting in a chair with his hands tied to the arms. He was also gagged because he was so loud and screechy. With leery but angry eyes, he watched those damned feral fucked up pets stalking him. They have not stood since Ramsay snapped his fingers as they had started to get closer when Petyr made the call. Both dropped to their knees instead of attacking, Loras took the opportunity to
run. Damon had him down in three seconds. It did take a little help from Ramsay to keep Loras in the chair while Damon tied him up. He bit Damon's ear hard enough to take a chunk out of the earlobe. It took Ramsay and Petyr to keep Damon from killing or at least severely injuring Loras. That is when Petyr gagged him and Ramsay set the pets on him. "Watch. If he leaves the chair, attack but do not maul or kill. Just take him down." This whole thing, how did all of this happen so fast. Wasn't it just a short time ago, he was to marry Cersie? He was dancing with his sister, both of them top of the world, having everything. What happened? Then he was saved, his fiance was dead, freedom would remain. Now Olenna is dead, Margery is dead and he was being handed right back to Gregor Clegane. Whom he technically escaped from. Who has a very bad temper and holds grudges. As Petyr had tried to calmly explain as he gagged Loras, "It is go back to Gregor or I let Kitty and Theek have you. Which would you rather?" That is when Loras went still and has not moved since. Except his eyes and head to track the two creatures.

He heard familiar voices and footsteps, Loras groaned and tried not to show fear. Spaceship came flying into the kitchen and grinned when he saw Loras. Running up to him, he shook a tiny finger into Loras's face. "Bad! It was bad to run from us! Bad Loras!" Spaceship flicked a blade out and cut the ties on the slender wrists. "There, you can take the gag out by yourself. Gregor and I are going to take you back home but you have to be punished. You have to learn not to run away, to behave." Loras stared down at the boy, then slowly stood up to his full height, rubbing his wrists. "I am a hostage. Not a slave or a pet, Spaceship. You cannot treat me like that." Gregor entered the room and rumbled out, "That has changed, Loras. Sansa has no need of a hostage anymore, not since Margery is dead. So you have no real worth to her anymore. Which means you have no worth to Petyr or the Boltons either. They can easily just let you become the night's play-kill for their pets. So the only worth you have is to us. Spaceship has always wanted a pet but I don't care for furry creatures. He likes your cooking, cleaning and reading to him. He wants you to be our pet, a nice family pet. Or you can let the feral two trying to taste you right now have you. I will let you decide, how about that? Adds a little dignity to make it easier for you." Loras stood there gaping for a moment. This cannot be happening.

At that moment, Theek crawled up to one side of Loras and nearly knocked him over. Kitty was on the other side suddenly and was growling softly. "Fuck me. Can't I just remain your servant? I will do as you want me to, I will be loyal, just let me keep my status as a fucking human being." A second low growl full of menace was added and Loras shivered. Gregor was already shaking his head and Spaceship asked, "You would really let them hunt you and do horrible things till you finally die? I won't make you crawl around or act like these guys. If that is why you are scared then don't be. I like you to walk on your feet and I won't forget you are a human. A pet has to obey, a servant can still say no. See the difference, Loras? I promise to take really good care of you. Please, I don't want you to be hunted, I really like you." The boy was looking up at him with true concern. The growling increased and he swore that the girl just nipped his calf through his pants. "Fine. I will be your pet, Spaceship. " Loras hissed and took the boys' outstretched hand. Ramsay snapped his fingers and the pets slunk to their Masters. Spaceship held his hand as he walked him over to Gregor. "Did you have a nice run, boy? Tell you what, if you can behave yourself until we get home, we won't punish you until then." Loras gritted his teeth and simply nodded, refusing to even look at the Mountain.

Sansa had entered the room, still wearing the dried blood of her victims. Petyr thought she was a mess, her hair was wild about her, eyes looked like merciless stolen chips. Paler than ever, the crimson splatters made her look even whiter and Petyr had never seen a more exciting sight. He gracefully walked over to her and gave his familiar smirk. "My love, I am so sorry for Lollys. In fact, I deeply apologize for this whole little snarl we have. Shall we sit at the table and discuss things? Bronn is escorting Tyrion here as we speak." Breathing heavily still, her pulse seemed to speed up at the sight of Petyr. Sansa has not had sex with anyone but her heads in quite a while. She had
forgotten how adrenaline rushing killing was. How heady and thrilling, how aroused it made her. Having the power to order death was one thing, it was another to do your own wet work. Petyr caught her look and said, "Let's speak in private first, you are in need of my mentor-ship."

Grabbing her arm, Petyr left the others to watched, stunned and amused, as they went into a small den nearby and slammed the door. "You are in need of my mentor-ship? More like in need of a good hard fuck." Damon remarked. Petyr had entered the room which turned out to be a computer room. He ripped Sansa's panties off and was in her seconds later. Sansa was up against the wall and nearly climbing it as Petyr fucked her as if it was their last time. As if it were the last good fuck of their lives. Deep grooves tore into his back, Sansa had torn his shirt off as she urged him on to take her harder. She was lifted up in the air and her arms and legs wrapped around him. Riding him hard, making tiny lost sounds, Petyr sounded like a raging animal now. All the emotion he hides, it is releasing now and it comes out as growling, hissing and biting small bloody wounds into her perfumed flesh. Perfumed with blood, violence and sweat. They came together, so loud that everyone heard them and both heard Damon, Ramsay and Gregor clap. So much for appearances.
A Last Howling of Wolves

Chapter Summary

Sansa must confront her little sister. Robb accidentally hurts his little brother's feelings.
The last of the Starks have a last meeting.
Gregor makes a sneaky move.
Bronn talks to Lollys in his head and listens to her advice.

Sansa made sure to fix her hair and wash off the blood before heading back into the kitchen. Ignoring the leers and looks of the men, she went over to the pets. There kneeling on the floor were Theon, Robb and Arya. They were barely recognizable to her now. Robb had fading bruises and flay marks everywhere. However both Petyr and Ramsay had assured her all abuse stopped after Roose's death. The fading wounds seem to prove this. The collar on his neck was still there and his eyes were a bit wild, he seemed more fragile than when she last saw him. He was suffering a shock, since he had killed Margery. Sansa was careful to speak softly to him and keep a distance Robb was comfortable with. He calmed a bit once he remembered who Sansa was. Looking and speaking to Arya was so much harder. She was on her hands and knees, crawling over to Damon as soon as Sansa entered the kitchen.

Damon seemed amused at how his pet suddenly wanted to curl up on his leg in front of company. "Arya? Won't you even say hello to me?" Glaring up at her older sister, she snapped, "My name is Kitty. Not Arya, Arya Stark is dead. Just like Sansa Stark and Rickon Stark. Only Robb is a Stark still, and that is only when needed." Sansa remained patient and nodded. "Kitty then. Can we talk for a bit? Please, at least look at me." Kitty put her face against Damon's pants and ignored her. Damon grinned at Sansa and drawled, "Kitty is not a very friendly pet. She tends to bite and growl at strangers." Both Ramsay and Petyr shot him a look and he frowned. "Fine then. Kitty, respond to your sister." Looking up at Sansa, Kitty spoke in clipped words. "Hello Sansa. Congratulations on your power play. I hope my niece and nephew are doing well. Stay safe on your trip home." With that she cuddled back up to her Master's leg and he rewarded her behavior by stroking her hair.

Sansa carefully scanned every word cut into her little sister's flesh. She noticed the word on the forehead when Damon moved the hair with his large hand. Her sharp eyes rested on the tightly wrapped collar and on every brand, every whip mark. Slowly her eyes found Damon's and the gargoyles came a bit closer to him. In a low quiet voice, Sansa asked, "Do you even know what age she is?" Damon retorted, "Old enough to kill, old enough to be my pet. Now please stop agitating her and walk away." Sansa gave him a look of disgust and spoke with deep sincerity. "I think you have trained her quite enough, don't you? I will be asking Petyr for pictures of my sister, if I see new words, new brands, I am coming for you. Do you understand me, Damon?" For a minute he seemed as if he were going to argue, but Ramsay and Petyr were glaring at him. A quick nod was her only response. She moved away and Kitty continued to press her face into Damon's leg. What the fuck was she crying for anyway? Her tears seeped into the fabric and somehow this calmed Damon. He continued to stroke his pet's head as he regained his composure.

In all the excitement of finding Loras, Spaceship had forgotten that his siblings were all here. Hitting him, he let go of Loras's hand and said, "Stay." Then he ran forward looking for Robb, since he missed him when he was in the South. Ramsay tried to issue a sharp warning but as soon as Spaceship ran forward, Robb had shrieked and hidden under the table. "Boy!" Thundered Gregor,
causing Loras to leap in the air. "Remember what he did to Roose and Margery! Back up and don't scare him. That isn't your brother right now. Give Ramsay time to calm him." Spaceship the killer, with the blood of others and soot from fires all over his face, spoke in a six year old ghost's voice, something that was very sad and almost gone. "Does Robb remember me? Does he ever know me? If I drew a picture fast, Dad, please, I have crayons in my bags, I can get them! He can have a picture of me, I can draw it, I can print my name on it!" The tears left clean lines and as the little boy broke, Gregor went forward to get his son. Another got there first and Kitty had wrapped her entire body around him, sobbing out, "He remembers you, I swear it! Robb talks of all of you. He remembers all good things, he was sorry he didn't see you in the South. I should have told you that and I didn't. I love you and he loves you too. Don't forget that, okay? Just that one part, we all remember each other and Robb loves you!"

Damon reached for Kitty as Gregor reached for Spaceship and Sansa snapped, "Touch them and I will remove your hands." Shoving past the giant, Sansa knelt down near but not touching. Peeking under the table, she gave a small smile and softly spoke. "Robb? Do you remember me, your sister? That was Rickon who ran at you, he got excited. Do you remember how he always did that? Catapulting himself all over the place? Remember when Arya and Bran helped him make a catapult?" After a moment Robb looked up at Sansa and mumbled, "Broke all the bushes and the fence. Dad was going to kill him but mom tried to kill Bran and Arya." Sansa, Arya and Rickon all giggled at that for a second and Robb smiled. He crept closer but still remained close to Ramsay and Theon. "I am sorry, Rickon. Little brother. I remember now." The little boy looked over and then sat a tiny bit closer, but stayed still then. "Wow, you look so different. We all do, I guess. You are the ugliest now though. Never thought that could happen, huh?" The grin was wicked and even Robb had to laugh along with his siblings. "I really remember you now. I would like any pictures you want to draw me. I can hang them on my wall." Inching herself closer to Robb, Kitty's presence was a comfort. "Look at you! All filthy and your hair is so long, you look like a girl." Robb's words were slow and flat but his eyes let them know he was teasing his little brother right back.

Sansa looked at her sister and sighing, Kitty left the bantering brothers. Scooting closer, Kitty looked fully at her sister, then blushed and looked away. "I wish you had seen me while I was in the South. I had much better clothes and I was all toned and bristling with weapons. Instead, you see me at my worst, just like old times." Sansa gave a short bark of laughter. "At your worst? Is that what you think I see? I see someone who has survived things that would kill any other girl your age. I see someone who just hunted and murdered two teenagers for fun. I see a girl who survived the Starks, an island of killers and the Boltons." Arya inched a bit closer and Sansa hugged her. It lasted mere seconds before Arya pulled away. "Arya," Sansa started but the girl shook her head fiercely. "No, don't call me that, please. I..I can share memories with you, I do it for Robb. It is nice not to hate you anymore, but I can't be Arya ever again. I am Kitty now, a pet but I am trying to someday work my way up to assassin." Giving a small tilt of her head, Sansa said, "Kitty the assassin, I like it."

Gregor watched the scene and silently congratulating himself. After they had left for the Boltons, he had stopped and bought them all drinks. He had slipped the Valium into the sweetened coffee, afraid she wouldn't be able to see reason. Sansa had already been discussing whether or not she would kill any of them. He knew how foolhardy it would have been for the three of them to take on everyone at the Boltons. If it were just Damon, Ramsay and Petyr, it would be dangerous. Add three feral pets known to kill at the drop of a hat that are utterly insane and the odds are not in their favor. However, Sansa was not in the mood for advice these days, so Gregor did the next best thing. He had no idea it was working until they walked inside and she went off with Petyr like some eager whore. Holy Hells! It did allow for her to have this little moment with her siblings at least. Now if this can mellow her enough to deal with them and get the hell back in the South.

Petyr gave the family about ten minutes before he gently cleared his throat. "Sansa, it is getting very late. We need to talk now while we have this chance. You cannot stay long in the North, Jaime is
just a rubber stamp at best. Also, any surviving Frey's are going to be searching for you soon enough. Stay too long and you are trapped here, under our protection until we can sneak you back home. Who knows what will happen if anyone rises against you in the South? Can Jaime tear himself from his wifely duties to handle these problems?" Sansa gave him eyes of stone and stood up gracefully. "As pleasant as it is to visit the North, I would never stay as a guest with a Bolton again. No offense, Ramsay." Tilting his head, Ramsay gave her a sharp grin. "No offense taken. I must admit, it would test us as well. Damon and I would love to hunt you, Sansa. No doubt you would enjoy to hunt us. We can't though, as much as it hurts me to think it, we must protect each other for now. Petyr has shown us how we are all still new and weak. No matter how many you kill, it won't matter if they think you are out of control. We must deal calmly with each other and prove we can run our lands."

Damon offered Sansa a chair and a drink. "We had nothing to do with Tyrion and Lollys. Nothing to do with the twins. That is all we can say on the subject. So far we have no grievance with each other as leaders. You punished the Freys and we have no problem with it. They did not bring their issues to us, so they deserved what they got." Sansa took a sip of her drink and waited until Petyr sat down as well. Tentatively, with Petyr as the mediator, they began to all speak. The pets all crept to the other side of the kitchen, unneeded and happy for it. All the emotion was overwhelming. They went to a large fur rug that was kept for the pets to curl up on. All three climbed onto it, piled in a confusion of limbs. Spaceship was standing with his father and Loras, but seeing the three of them like that made him feel strange. Half of him was very unnerved by it, the other half wanted to join them to see what it felt like. Feeling Loras tense up, the boy looked up at his pet. Loras was staring at the pets and his fear shone in his eyes. Tugging slightly on his hand, so Loras looked at him and bent down slightly. In a loud whisper he assured, "Don't worry, I won't do that to you. I promise." Gregor glared at Spaceship and gave him a small but painful pinch on his arm. Spaceship went silent and still, remembering this was a job. At all times he must be watching for danger to Sansa. It was very difficult, they were just droning on and on. A new pet and he has been reintroduced to his brother. His sisters even were nice to each other and they all talked of memories. He concentrated on his job, barely.

The flames rose high against the night sky and Tyrion watched from the car window. Staring at the destruction they drove by, all three were silent. Tyrion then leaned his head back and announced, "All hail the Queen of the South, Sansa Lannister. My family made her into this." Vayrs nodded and reminded, "Sansa was molded by her father, by Roose Bolton, Petyr Baelish then Tywin Lannister. What else could she have become? Those men all took a little girl and created a monster." And you are bringing them straight to the monster. Who is mingling right now with the rest of the monsters. It's like you are some little goblin bringing supper for the Orcs or something. Bronn began to argue with Lollys who has decided to argue in his head. What should I do, Lollys? I am one person, in case you haven't noticed Varys and Tyrion aren't very impressive fighters. No, you idiot. What you have is brawn, they have brains. No offense, my love, but these two have the wits we don't that is why we worked for the likes of them. Also why we became friends with them. I know this will sound wrong to you, it isn't our style, but this time...it feels PERSONAL. Bronn pulled off the main road and drove away from the Boltons, heading further away from the North and South. "What are you doing? Where are you going, Bronn?" nearly shrieked Varys, sensing something was very wrong. "Lollys won't let me bring you back to Sansa." "Oh. I see. Well, we should listen to her then." Agreed Tyrion sharing a concerned look with Varys. "Look, I am not crazy. Tyrion, call your brother. I am not letting the North or the South have either of you. Or me."
Disobedient and Disorderly Conduct

Chapter Summary

Petyr discovers a betrayal. Damon loses his mind and tried to take Kitty's. Ramsay loses control of his pets. Sansa doesn't get everything she wants.

A few main issues were discussed and agreed on before Sansa told Gregor to call Bronn. Another thorny one mediated by the time Petyr was receiving no texts back from wifey. Now Sansa was half distracted, as Gregor was failing to reach Bronn, nor could Petyr get a hold of Varys. Loras was told to call Tyrion who did not answer either. Ramsay and Damon shared a look, both had nearly killed themselves tonight for Petyr's sake. To prove they were ready for the leadership of the North, they had been calm and collected, regardless of circumstances. Now it was late, Ramsay wanted this fiery haired cunt who had the power to make the pets forget who they to get out. The only thing that had kept him composed during that scene was that his Reek was completely untouched by it. In fact, his pet had curled around his Master's leg and looked only at him the whole time. This bitch who has just destroyed half his work force and stomped through like she owned the North. Ramsay and Damon didn't give a fuck about Tyrion, Bronn or Varys, finish the meeting and get out.

Damon was fuming, how dare she? How long has Kitty been hiding Arya inside her stupid head? He saw now, she never would have killed her brother or sister for him, for any reason. Maybe she was lying to herself as well as him. Did it really matter? Then that ginger death machine dared to use their house as a brothel, then dares, FUCKING DARES to tell Damon what he cannot do to his pet? That was fine, he had been around Roose and Ramsay long enough. Long enough to know there are so many ways to hurt someone. What he doesn't know, he was sure Ramsay would have great ways to teach him. Damon wants to sign whatever fucking truces he has to while they gain power. While they clean up the fucking path of destruction Sansa has caused. There is no way for him to hurt Sansa now, but he can take it out on Kitty. Petyr's cell bleeped and he quickly looked then stood up fast. "I am sorry, this meeting needs to be cut short. Sansa, dearest, we must go at once. Gregor, have Loras get the coats." The others stood as well and Sansa looked confused. A glare from Gregor had sent Loras flying to get the jackets, causing the pets to suddenly sit straight up. Inching past them, Loras inched past them to grab the coats. Slowly he backed away, even though they never moved except their eyes.

"One last thing then." Sansa said as Petyr nearly attacked her with her jacket. Ramsay and Damon looked impatiently as her. "I want to be allowed to visit with Robb and Kitty." Damon growled, "No." Ramsay was more appeasing. "When I bring Robb on meetings to the South, you may certainly see him." Sansa looked like she wanted to argue with Damon, who was done being reasonable. Petyr hastily said, "Damon, what if you let me have three clips of Kitty a month, say from your security camera footage. She is always running around the yard and lawn...we can let Sansa see it and be assured her sister is safe and alive." Damon nodded and Gregor nearly yanked Sansa out of the door. As soon as Damon was sure that they were off the estate he turned and headed for Kitty. Both Reek and Robb could see the murderous anger on his face. They could also feel how terrified Kitty was as she cowered low and began to let out little whimpers. For a second, a very brief one, Theek and Robb (who's eyes had caught the color in Damon's ring) blocked Kitty behind them.

Damon growled deeply as he towered over all three of them. "You two want to challenge me over her?" Ramsay was now there as well and he snapped, "Robb! Theek! Come here now! Bad pets!"
Waiting for the two pets to slink away, Damon says to Ramsay, "That cunt never comes in this house again. Look at what she has done to all of them. At least it's not just mine." As soon as Theek and Robb reluctantly moved to kneel at Ramsay's feet, Damon grabbed Kitty by her hair and yanked. "Let's go Arya Stark!" Kitty was dragged off as she hollered. "Kitty! My name is Kitty! Please! I'm sorry! I told her my name was Kitty, not Arya!" Roaring down at her, Damon shook her till half her hair came out in his hand. "But you answered to it, didn't you? So you remembered that name, not your own. Did you have a nice little visit with your siblings? I really hope so, I hope it was worth it, pet. I warned you, over and over, how many times have I warned you? You promised loyalty, you promised anything and everything. All lies, you are a mini ugly version of your sister. Deceitful, lying bitch." Kitty saw what Damon grabbed off the shelf and began to piss down her leg. "NO! PLEASE DON'T, MASTER DON'T HIT ME WITH THAT! MASTER PLEASE! MASTER, MASTER, ANYTHING ELSE BUT THAT!"

Ramsay was about to speak harshly to Robb, when he angrily shouted towards the living room instead, "Damon! Take her upstairs, I can't fucking hear myself!" That is when Kitty's voice reached a level of hysteria that had Ramsay and the pets bolting towards the living room. "Damon! Fuck, what are you doing?" Ramsay yelled as he watched Damon pin Kitty to the floor and put the little hammer to the nail, ready to strike. As the hammer prepared it's first strike, Theek and Robb launched. The nail against Kitty's temple sunk into the flesh, then Damon was gone. Kitty scrambled up against the wall, watching the furious tangle of limbs. A roar even louder than the other two and Robb went flying to crash onto the couch. Ramsay grabbed the pet and sharply commanded, "Robb, go sit with your sister. Keep her safe until I tell you not to." Master's voice cut through the colors and Robb went to sit with his sister. Theek and Damon were doing their best to kill each other. Ramsay couldn't even hope to reach either of them in their state.

Petyr hugged Sansa hard and fast. "You need to get South right now. Bronn, Tyrion and Varys are gone, last seen heading this way hours ago. I received a text that the Northern men are screaming for your head, they may have taken them as revenge. They would kill any Southerner right now. Go home and I will call you as soon as I find them, love." Gregor got them all on the private plane and Petyr stormed towards his car. Wifey, I am going to beat every inch of you when I find you. Traitorous fucking bitch, he seethed as he stared at the text. FUCK NORTH. FUCK SOUTH. FUCK YOU. Petyr had every female killer out looking for them, he had half his male force searching as well. The best hunters have just been annoyed through a meeting, they are pissed because Petyr had allowed the South to come through. There is no way he can ask them to hunt down the rebel trio. Oh, wifey, what have you done this time?
Ramsay manages to separate Damon and Theek. Kitty has discovered a deeper submission through a horrific fear. Gregor explains a little to Loras what being a pet will be like. Spaceship welcomes Loras home. Sansa gains comfort from Jaime.

Spaceship slept the entire plane ride back. Sansa spoke quietly with Jaime on the phone and Gregor made sure her coffee had Valium in it. Then he carefully moved his son to another seat with a pillow and blanket. Loras shrank away as Gregor sat heavily sat next to him. Speaking in a very low rumble he spoke as one hand found Loras's leg and slowly tightened on it. "My son is going to give you his little punishment and his new rules for you. You will take it and please him. You and I will have our own training sessions. I promise, you will learn to be a very good pet." Loras stiffened and hissed, "Please, don't break my leg," Gregor said, "Try again. Like a pet, like a slave would ask, Loras." With a whimper, Loras tried again. "Master, please don't break my leg." Instantly, the pressure was gone and Gregor patted his head roughly. "Smart boy."

Ramsay ran out of the room then came back with his father's cattle prod. Seconds later both men were squirming on the floor. He made sure to stand between them with the prod fully charged, in case. Kitty was shaking, her teeth chattering and she kept touching her temple. He almost, he almost, her mind couldn't seem to make it past those two words. Robb tried to talk to her, to touch her but she couldn't hear him. She saw Damon laying on the floor then and he was twitching. Kitty would have been twitching had the pets not stopped him. Anything, anything but that, had she known he could get driven to this point....Shivering, Kitty seemed to almost change in front of Robb. Reek, full Reek looked like this, Kitty was so low to the ground her chest dragged against it. Her eyes were round and pupils dilated with fear. When Damon had stood up, he endured Ramsay yelling at him. "Alright, I lost my temper. I am fine now, but you need to get your own pets under control." Damon growled then asked, "Where is she? I won't lobotomize her, where is she?" Ramsay paused then tilted his head behind him.

Robb crouched in front of her but he moved when Ramsay told him to. Damon was not surprised to see Kitty groveling in terror. He was a bit shocked to see how truly submissive she seemed to be. Normally, she would be babbling by now, trying to defend herself or plead. It was as if Kitty didn't even dare make a sound or a movement in case it might upset him. This helped calm Damon somewhat and he didn't reach for her. Instead he simply ordered, "Upstairs now." Without hesitation, Kitty crawled upstairs, into his room while Damon took a shot of whiskey first. When he made his way into his room, Kitty was on her hands and knees still, head down. Shutting and locking the door, Damon has calmed enough to enjoy this behavior of hers while it lasts. Walking past her, he sits on the side of the bed. "I want you to decide what your punishment should be. For forgetting your name."

Kitty crawled over to his favorite whip and brought it back between her teeth. Arching an eyebrow, Damon said with true amusement. "Really? What a wonderful choice, pet. Take off everything." Kitty said with true amusement. Damon had her lean against the wall, arms and legs spread out. "What is your name?" CRACK! "Kitty!" CRACK! "Who Am I?" CRACK! "Master!" "Who else matters?" CRACK! "No one else
but Master matters!" CRACK! "What is your name?" And on it went.

Spaceship was awake by the time they entered the cottage. He and Loras had gone on ahead while Gregor had spoken with men at the Lannister house. Right after Spaceship threw Loras's bags into his room he demanded that a milkshake and nachos be made. Snorting, Loras bustled towards the kitchen and said, "Tomato soup and grilled cheese it is then." The boy grinned and said, "I am happy you are back. Tomorrow I will punish you and then train you. It's too late tonight." Loras grumbled to himself but kept his eye nervously on the door. He was more nervous of what punishment and training would come when Gregor came in. He served Spaceship and watched as the boy devoured it with half shut eyes. Gregor came in just as Loras was about to lift the boy to bed. "I'll do it. You clean up this mess and I will be back in a minute." Nodding nervously, Loras began to bring the dirty dishes to the sink. He nearly broke two dishes in his sudden nerves. He could try and run for the crossbow but it would only make things worse. Gregor was far too strong and large for Loras to fight. Gregor came downstairs and entered the kitchen as Loras finished putting the last bowl away. Crooking his finger, Gregor headed back upstairs. Swallowing hard, Loras followed Gregor to his bedroom. He flinched when he heard Gregor lock the door.

Jaime wrapped his arms around Sansa, who was in such a loving mood. He would have been alarmed if Gregor had not whispered to him about the Valium. Left half a bottle's worth with Jaime before he went home, after assuring himself that enough men were outside patrolling. He guided her to the couch in the library and began to remove her clothing. Moaning, Sansa kissed him deeply and began to shred his clothing as well. Within moments, Sansa had the golden glove in her favorite place, riding it hard as her hand had him pumping desperately.
Ramsay must discipline his pets. First, he must hunt Theek. Gregor offers his own discipline for Loras. Spaceship remembers a promise to Robb. Loras receives further humiliation from Spaceship in the morning. Robb is given a new training method by Ramsay.

Reek lay shivering and watched Damon storm past. He did not believe that Theek did that, Master will be so angry. So he lay there, too afraid to even crawl to his Master's feet. Ramsay waited until Damon and Kitty had left before hunching down next to his pet. He could see only Reek in those eyes now, but he longed to punish Theek. Lifting his pet into his arms, Ramsay carried him upstairs to his room, commanding Robb to follow. He lay the shivering, silent pet on the bed then brought Robb to his closet room. "We are going to have a very long talk tomorrow you and I. I have been very kind to you Robb and you have been bad anyway. Starting in the morning, we are going to have some training sessions. I am never going to hurt you the ways my father did, but you will hurt if it makes you behave. Go to sleep." Ramsay shut the closet door and headed for his bed.

As soon as Ramsay sat on the edge of the bed, Reek started to sob. "Poor little Reek. I know it wasn't your fault, little puppy. You are such a good boy, but Theek was very bad. I want to talk to him, pet." Too scared to comply, Reek sobbed and inched closer to his beloved master. "Calm down, Reek. Hush, do you want to cuddle with me for a moment?" Ramsay's voice was so kind and loving and Reek needed it so badly. Theon turned away from the obvious trick and let Ramsay's arms soothe him. Slowly while Ramsay cooed and kissed him, Reek melted into his chest. Once Reek's eyes had gone calm and half shut, Ramsay gave a little smirk. "Did it hurt to watch the Stark reunion, Theon? They didn't include you in it of course. You didn't expect that they would, did you?" A flash of hurt and sullenness. "No, Master." His words remained polite, submissive but the voice was slightly deeper. Almost there, Ramsay sat up slowly, grinning.

"If Petyr hadn't offered Loras back to Gregor, I supposed we could've kept him. He would be the prettiest pet at least." A flash of anger, resentment and jealousy, Theek was there. Ramsay pounced and had him by the throat, icy daggers of rage stabbing deep. "How dare you? Attacking without permission, is that how little you think of my authority? Do you want to challenge me, huh? Think you are that dangerous? Do you want to?" Shaking his head wildly, Theek cannot express why. "Master, please. Yours, I am yours." With a snarl, Ramsay tossed his pet to the floor and got his flaying knife. "It's a shame really. Reek and Theon have tried so hard, they have to share this pain. Maybe they should work on making you remember that I am your Master. That you should obey me at all times. No matter what." Theek sobbed as Ramsay leaned over him and said sadly, "I am going to flay your entire arm this time. It's the only way you are going to learn." Reek and Theon held Theek still as they could but only could last until the elbow. Then while Reek begged for forgiveness, Ramsay tied him down and finished.

Spaceship stared up at his glow in the dark stars on his ceiling. He couldn't sleep for a few different reasons. The crashing and hollering from Gregor's room was a big one. He worried that Loras angered Gregor and that he might get too hurt. Yet, Spaceship knew that you never interrupted Gregor when he was disciplining. That was as bad as interrupting one of his lectures. A howl that sounded like Loras came through and Spaceship winced. "Stop fighting me and it won't be so bad."
At least Gregor sounded like he was amused more than angry. Loras was the one who sounded mad. "Really? Have you tried it yourself to know it won't be so bad? No...HEY! STOP!" Another crash and Spaceship went downstairs to get his crayons and paper. He remembered that he wanted to make Robb a picture of himself. A yelp from Loras and a somewhat evil sounding laugh from his father, prompted Spaceship to take out work outside. None of the men bothered him, but kept a close eye as he headed into the space he has shared with Sansa. The same spot where Cersie had hurt him. It was still a peaceful spot to him and with the light from his phone, he drew.

Loras felt like an overstuffed, overused beach ball. Not only has Gregor been tossing him around the room when he smart mouthed, but he was truly stuffed. With a barely fitting steel plug that Gregor had decided to use as a punishment. "If you behave nicely tomorrow, I'll let you walk around without it." Biting his lip not to curse at him, Loras was now on his knees in front of the colossal jerk. "Are you done being rude, pet?" Wincing at the hated new title, Loras stiffly nods and sniffs blood up his nose. Gregor backhands him and roars, "I asked you a question, what do you do next?" Flinching, Loras yells back, "Yes, Master!" Another whack but not as hard this time. "Don't yell at me. Apologize." "Sorry, Master." The tone was defiant but scared and it was enough for now. Gregor forced Loras's bloody mouth to suck him then he came all over the pet's misery etched face. Then Gregor gave Loras a slap on the ass and told him to clean himself up. He had an early morning.

Spaceship decided to make a few more pictures, it seemed silly to send just one. So he had gone to bed with a portrait of himself hanging from a tree. When he got up in the morning, Loras was in the kitchen, breakfast mostly ready. Staring with a critical eye, the boy saw bruising and Loras was moving real stiffly but nothing too bad. He was relieved that he would not have to delay his training. Gregor came in to eat and Loras served them both without a word. "Sit and eat your breakfast." Loras wanted to stay away from the table, but dared not disobey. "Yes, Master." He said softly and sat carefully with a plate. Spaceship giggled and looked at his father. "He has to call you that?." Gregor nodded, grinning and then Spaceship asked, "Does he have to call me that?" "No, he calls you Spaceship, or boy or pain in the ass." Loras was bright red now but kept quiet and nibbled on a piece of toast. After Loras did the dishes, Spaceship said, "Come into the living room when you are done." Sighing, Loras tossed the dishtowel on the counter, he said, "I'm done."

He followed the boy and thought compared to Gregor, how bad could it be? Loras saw Gregor grinning from the chair and groaned. Of course, if the boy was given ideas on how to punish and train, it could be bad indeed. The boy had a frown on his face and his hands held a belt. Of course. Then Loras's eyes widened as the now familiar ache struck him and he desperately pleaded to Gregor. "Master, please! Can't it come out for a spanking at least?" Gregor shook his head and said, "Spaceship will strike your back for running away. Take off your shirt and kneel, you can rest your arms on the couch." Breathing a sigh of relief, Loras obeyed and braced for the belt. "It was very bad to run from us, Loras. Bad pet!" He may be a tiny thing, but Loras discovered he could pack a wallop. Somehow, he made the belt lick in sensitive places Loras didn't know could hurt. "Please, stop! I am sorry! I won't do it again, I promise!" It took about ten minutes before Loras broke and began to beg the little boy to stop. As soon as Loras begged, Spaceship stopped. "If it happens again, I will use a whip on you. Understand me, Loras?" "Yes, I understand. I won't run away ever." Loras thought it was over then Spaceship showed him the shock collar. "Now we have to work on your training."

Ramsay waited till Robb put his hands back again. "One more time." They both ignored Reek, who was laying on a bloody blanket nearby. Ramsay had carried his Reek downstairs to await the doctor's arrival this morning. While one pet lay in agony on the rug, the other was kneeling with his hands outstretched. True to his word, Master did not do any of the scary bloody things Roose did. Nor did he even do the terrible bloody
things he did to Reek. Yet the disappointment in his voice, the mean look in his eyes, hurt Robb badly. The sting was getting worse as the punishment was endless, the hands already swollen now. Ramsay did not stop until the doctor had shown. Only then, did he relent and allow Robb to put his hands in ice water. While the doctor began to examine Reek's bloody arm, Ramsay went upstairs and knocked on Damon's door.

After a moment, Damon opened the door, fully dressed. "What?" "Doctor is here to see my Reek, want him to see Kitty when he is done?" With a glance behind him at the bloody streaks on the bedsheets, he said, "Yeah, it's probably a good idea."
Jaime held his breath and watched as Sansa bent over the twins. They had sex three times until they were unable to move further. When the babes woke crying, Jaime got up and went to them as he did most mornings the nanny wasn’t there. He didn't expect Sansa to follow him into the room. Jaime lifted them and Sansa leaned in to see them, but did not touch them. It was a start though and he would take it. He told her tiny amusing facts about them and she smiled gently. "I think I will take them out for a walk today, in their stroller. Is it alright if they stay in the stroller the whole time?" Jaime nodded eagerly and said, "Yes, they don't need to be picked up. I will feed and diaper them first." Sansa left the room, saying she will take them today, but not yet. Jaime did not question, he just made sure the Valium was added to her morning coffee. So relieved to have this new side of Sansa, he had been so close to betraying her. So very close to murdering her or running away with the children. He had given the escape route to Varys, Bronn and Tyrion instead. They urged him to come but he couldn't go. One last chance and here was proof he was right to believe in her. Sansa will love her children, marry him and he will help her forget the closet.

Gregor was mediating an argument between pet and trainer while laughing at both of them. Once he was sure that Loras would wear the collar, that alone took some rough handling, he left them to it. A few shouts later and it seemed under control. Spaceship barked an order and either a yelp or a "good Loras!" was heard. He had hopes of enjoying his day off when the arguments began. "NOW!" "NO! PUSH IT AGAIN,AHH! FUCK!" "NOW!" "NO AND I AM TELLING, AHH FUCKFUCK!" Rolling his eyes, Gregor thundered inside from his nice hammock. "What the hell is wrong with you two?" There stood Loras and Spaceship toe to toe with the boy nearly pounding the button. Loras would jolt and shriek but he was not backing down. He swiped the controller from Spaceship then turned to face Loras. Not about to be stupid, Loras went to his knees and lowered his head. To his surprise, Gregor ripped the collar off of his neck. Then he shook it at the boy. "What did I say about using the jolting too much? If you can't use it right, you don't use it at all. If he didn't respond after the first two jolts, it wasn't working. What were you trying to get him to do?" Spaceship said in a small voice, "I wanted ice cream." Turning fast, Gregor looked down at Loras, who peered up cautiously. "Over ice cream?" "Master, five bowls of ice cream. He would push the button if I didn't get it, so I kept getting it. But five bowls, Master? So I told him no and that I was telling on him."

It was more amusing to Gregor to watch how Loras went from groveling before him, to swatting the air dancing about. Gregor had grabbed Spaceship and proceeded to give him a short thrashing with the collar for not listening. Loras leaped up and started begging him to stop. "He is just a six year old, he didn't know any better! Don't hurt him, please, Master!" Ignoring the fluttering pet except to smirk, Gregor made sure Spaceship understood the lesson. As soon as he set the boy back on his feet again, Loras grabbed him and hugged him tightly. His buttocks smarting and his eyes still wet, Spaceship decided to allow the comforting and Gregor rolled his eyes.

When the creepy doctor began stitching, Kitty shut her eyes tightly and tried to leave herself. She did not want to exist on any level right now and the sharp pinching wasn't helping. It used to be so easy
to tune out everything, she used to have such concentration. Where did that all go, how long has it been since she could focus? Exactly what was she really fighting against these days? If she knew a lobotomy could happen, if that was a real thing for her, would she have ever dared? Does she ever dare to upset him again? That was impossible, how do you never, ever upset a person? This was a short tempered master not some mere person! How could she never make a mistake without fearing he will get the hammer? Plus, Kitty knew, or at least thought she knew Damon. Now she is not very sure, but she did know a few things for certain. Whenever she became too well behaved or too meek, he would force her personality out. It amused him that she challenged and rebelled some. Boring Damon was just as awful as angering him. How could she dare to even try to tease knowing if it angered him enough, Kitty shivered. The doctor swore at her and it brought the reality back with a thud.

Kitty heard Damon enter the room and it made her jerk again. The doctor swore and angrily ripped the stitches out. "I warned you what I would do, stupid bitch." He muttered, then found himself being choked. "Did I tell you to abuse my pet? Did I ask for you to torture her for me? Give her a shot of Novocaine then stitch her properly, or you'll need stitches." The dropped doctor sputtered and Kitty weakly said, "Thank you, Master." "Only I get to hurt you, right pet?" "Yes Master." She stammered as his hands played in her hair. After a day or so, this will annoy him, he will expect her to be herself again. Kitty didn't know if she could, it seemed safer not to. How would she ever know what could push him right over the edge? Just his hands on her brought back the rest of last night. The reason she had to get stitches in such a horrible place. Only after a few strikes of the whip, Damon had dropped it. "No, not this time. We need to really make sure you understand who you are. That you are my pet, only mine. So let's try something new, something you won't be used to."

"Get on the bed. On your knees." Kitty scrambled to obey, wondering what new torture he was trying now. Please, nothing to my head, please. Even as she figured out what he was doing, Kitty couldn't try and move. "Mercy, Master, mercy!" She whimpered and screamed when he forced himself into her tighter hole. "I forgot how much fun it is to take your virginity, Kitty. What is your name again, pet?" "Kitty! Please, Master!" "How badly do you think I can hurt you this way, pet? I wonder if you could need surgery, like Ramsay did?" Damon became harder at the terror filled panting beneath him. "Please, Master don't, please." "Or I can be gentle about it. It won't rip you up nearly as much. So let's play a question game." Kitty shuddered and nodded. "Yes Master. I want to be a good girl, please." "If you see Sansa or Rickon again, what will you do?" Oh, I am so sorry, but I have to, I have to and she babbled. "I will not even look at them. They do not matter, only Master matters. They don't exist to me." Damon began to move gently and it hurt, but it could be worse. Bursting into tears, Kitty thanked him and then he spoke again. "Does Robb matter as much to you as your Master?" Shaking her head, Kitty said, "No, no one matters but Master. Ever." Damon did not take her with brutal force, but she was still here on this table. And yet, it was better than a fucking lobotomy, wasn't it?

Loras was left alone to get the house cleaned and Gregor had gone back to napping. Spaceship was smarting from the spanking and the humiliation. His father had teased the hell out of him for looking to the pet for comfort. He has decided to go draw again in the pavilion. Getting himself settled, deciding to draw himself riding a dinosaur, he heard cooing sounds. Peeking around the trellis he saw Sansa taking the babies in the stroller. Spaceship gave a little grin at first seeing how she was trying to sing them a song. Then he gave a tiny confused frown when he knew what the song was. It was not a lullaby like their mom sang to him, this was a song she sang when her dad died. It was a death song and not meant for babies. Sansa gently lifted each baby and laid them side by side on the grass. The Valium was no true replacement for the real medication she needed. Last night after Jaime had fallen asleep next to her, the heads spoke to Sansa. They had told her what she needed to do to protect her children. She would do anything to protect them. As she brought the razor sharp blade against a baby's throat, a cold muzzle pressed into her temple. "Please don't make me kill you,
Sansa.” "I am your sister, you can't kill me.” "They are my family too. And they are babies, they can't protect themselves. That is your job. Put down the knife or I will shoot you. Please, Sansa, put it down.”

The shot was clear across the grounds and Gregor moved so fast for a large man. He yelled to Loras to stay inside when the man came out the door. Jaime heard the shot and thought, she killed the first one, I'll never get there in time. He staggered out the door just as Gregor had run up to them. There were two screaming infants covered in their mother's blood and there was Sansa. The blood somehow made her even more savage and lovely in death. Spaceship held the gun and spoke as grim tears fall down his face. "She was going to slit their throats. I begged her not to and she tried to anyway. I had to protect them.”
Sansa Lannister's suicide has rocked the South on its feet. Damon and Ramsay cannot agree about Arya Stark appearing in public. Tyrion, Varys and Bronn have returned and Petyr discovers how it feels to be shunned. Ramsay takes his pets South for the services, simply because Petyr needs allies and fast.

The tragedy reached everywhere, two Lannister women have committed suicide. It was understandable when Cersie did herself in, an aging society widow, sure. Young, ambitious new mother and rising star Sansa Lannister? It was as shocking as hearing how the Tyrell twins have split up. Margery has apparently flown west for new adventures with a secret lover. However, gossips have it that Loras's lover is not a secret. The slender man has been spotted several times with the Lannister bodyguard and his little son. No one has ever managed to see Loras alone so no one could ask him what he thought he was doing. Jaime Lannister had been alone in the mansion, just him and the babies. Luckily, the next day his brother Tyrion came back from a vacation with Varys. Many society folk breathed a sigh that Varys has decided to return. They hoped he worked out his marriage in the South next time. A rough lean looking man seemed to rotate around the two of them for no reason that anyone could see. The only person that looked like he wanted to comfort Varys was the only one not allowed near him. The scruffy man continually rebuffed Petyr Baelish which everyone agreed was a very brave thing to do.

"She has to go! This isn't a question for you, just get her dressed up and ready to go." Damon shook his head and stared at Ramsay. "You don't understand, it wouldn't matter if I tried to. Kitty will think it's a trick, if she acts like she mourns Sansa, she'll think I mean to lobotomize her. It's taken me this long just to get her to stop begging permission to take every step! As soon as I tell her Sansa is dead she will start to look for the trick. As soon as I mention the name Kitty will piss herself looking for the fucking nail and hammer. She doesn't need to be there anyway. Tell Petyr no for once, would you?" Ramsay cursed and said, "You stupid idiot! Of all the things you could have done..you broke her! Fine, I will tell her and order her myself. Arya Stark has to show to her sister's funeral, folks know she exists. It just needs to be a for a few minutes, then we can whisk her away." Damon shook his head again. "I am not doing it. I will never get her to revert back if I make her do this. Forget it, Ramsay."

A half hour later while Ramsay was walking through the living room, he called to Kitty. The pet had been laying in her Master's lap watching a show with him, when Ramsay spoke. "Your sister Sansa died today. Your brother Rickon shot her. Robb and I will be attending the services if you'd like to come with us." Damon gave Ramsay a glare as Kitty instantly began to sob and deny knowing who they were. "Thanks, asshole!" Ramsay was a bit more gentle with Robb considering how he takes to sudden things. Upsetting things. He sat Robb down on his bed and put his arm around him. "I have some very sad news, Robb. Sansa died today. She was shot in the head. I am very sorry, pal. I truly am." He hugged Robb and let him cry on his shoulder for a moment. "We will go to her services together. We'll bring Theon to help you out, okay?" Even in all his jealousy, Reek felt bad for Robb and held him for hours while he cried. Ramsay had cautioned Reek and Damon to keep the truth away from Robb. Who knows if he would attack the boy for shooting Sansa, regardless of the reason? Best not to take the chance.
It was decided that Damon would stay in the North, with Kitty. At first Ramsay was relentless, then even he had to admit defeat. The girl wouldn't even admit to knowing who they were. Damon wouldn't allow Ramsay to touch her or scare her in anyway to force the issue. Once Ramsay gave in, it took Damon another three hours to calm the girl down again. "What did I tell you?" "You won't...you won't...I was good..I remembered." Rubbing his pet's cold and clinging body, he assured her again. "I told you I would never lobotomize you unless you forgot who you were. You did not forget who you are. Take a deep breath and calm down. You are a good girl. You behaved, relax." Damon did enjoy her terror and how she would do anything at all. However, having to reassure Kitty every ten minutes that she wasn't in trouble was annoying. He needed to pull her out of this and a few days of no Ramsay, Robb or all three of Reek might help. Plus they were not in a position where Damon and Ramsay felt safe with both leaving. Once Ramsay thought about it, he saw Damon had a point. Petyr cannot tell them both to go, they are the power of the North. Someone must stay to keep the balance.

Petyr was caught in a horrific nightmare he cannot seem to wake from. First that rude text from his faithless whore of a wife, running off with the dwarf and Petyr's own faithless hired killer. Then Gregor and Jaime both called with the news, his Sansa was dead. That little brat blew her lovely brains out of her head. Over two little babies and babies die all the time, Petyr would have helped her fix it. He told Jaime who to call and what to do but it sounded like he was barely listening! Then he told him he was on his way, Jaime said for him to book a hotel room!. Jaime told Petyr he did not want folks in the house for any reason, the babies needed peace and quiet. Fool that he was, Petyr believed the distraught man. Petyr screamed at Gregor, how could Sansa have not just died on his watch, but died by his own son? Gregor snorted then rumbled, "I don't work for you. Never have, never will. There isn't a soul you wouldn't betray. I don't like you. Never have. Here is what is going to happen. I am telling you that the Lannister Estates are off limits to you. Tyrion, Varys and Bronn are guests of Jaime right now. Bronn will make sure you stay far from Varys during services. But if I catch you on Lannister property, I am going to put you in the hospital, understand? Text me where you will be staying and I will send all the service information for you." Petyr stared numbly at his phone as if it had suddenly blown him a kiss. "He hung up on me."
When Karma Hits Hard

Chapter Summary

Petyr is rebuffed by even the lowest of pets. Ramsay sticks up for Damon and his pets rather than for his mentor. Services provide a media circus and the will provides a karma hit for all.

Loras held firmly to Spaceship's hand as they crossed the street. The boy giggled and Loras looked down, sighing. "What is so funny this time?" "You are going to be the best dressed person at the funeral and you are a pet." Sniffing, Loras looked down from his nose as haughtily as he could. "Even as a pet, I refuse to be outdone, dear." The boy giggled and yanked trying to move faster. "With a little dignity if you please. If we get splattered by a truck your father will be angry. If we get smashed into the concrete forever, he will never forgive us. He'll have no one to yell at or beat or degrade! Think of the black despair he would likely fall into." Spaceship laughed his way across the street and most of the way to the church. Petyr seemed to appear out of nowhere and Loras stopped dead. "Remember, Father said we do not talk to him." Spaceship reminded both of them and began to look away. Petyr kept coming and was calling Loras's name.

"Really?" Unable to help himself, the slender man stared at Petyr, lip curled in disgust. "What's wrong, Petyr? Losing power suddenly? Feeling left out of things? From what I hear, you might want to start thinking like a pet now. I must admit, it will give me immense pleasure to see you paraded about by Varys. You got my sister killed! You sold me back to the Cleganes! I hope your downfall hurts, you cocksucker. And by the way, my Master," Stressing the title very carefully," made it clear if I saw you, to call him. Being a very good pet, I shouldn't disobey." With a sunny smile, Loras used his cell to call Gregor. It was only to call Gregor or Spaceship or for them to use the GPS to track Loras. However, right now, he was truly thrilled to have it. "What?" "Master, Petyr Baelish is blocking us from getting into the church. What should I do?" Before Gregor even answered, Petyr was gone. Spaceship went to dodge after him and Loras dropped the cell to snag the boy. "No, you don't. The idea was to drive him away. He isn't our concern." However, Gregor bearing down on them was their concern. Loras earned a swat in the head for dropping the phone.

Ramsay showed with his pets just in time for the services. He slid in next to a grateful Petyr who then whispered, "Where are Damon and Arya Stark? This is her sister, where is she?" "I am afraid she is really gone this time. Damon took exception to Sansa making Kitty remember who she used to be. He got a bit put out and channeled my dearest father. He tried to give her a lobotomy." This was whispered and it took everything for Petyr to have no outward reaction. "My pets stopped him in time, but the girl has gone timid. Kitty refuses to admit she even knows who Sansa is. Damon is in the North because we cannot leave everything unattended just because of a death. A Southern one at that. One person and her brother should be sufficient. We can say Arya was not feeling well enough to come." With a sharp nod, Petyr said, "You are learning, very good. Someone should always be watching. I am not thrilled about Arya though, we have to discuss that later." Ramsay nodded agreeably then asked, "When can we talk about why you are being shunned? Shouldn't you be at the forefront, she was your very close friend?" Petyr stiffened and said, "Later. We can talk about that later."

Robb cried as expected and read a hastily written eulogy that he was handed by Petyr. Afterwards, Theon held him and made sure that no one but Ramsay or Petyr got close. With one exception, when
Rickon Stark came over to hug his brother, Theon had to give way. The media went insane over it and the pictures flooded the media in seconds. The last two remaining Stark brothers reuniting over their sister's coffin was all anyone saw for the next few days. There was a remaining sister, but she was mentally ill it was said. Roose Bolton had cared for her, now she was under the care of his son, Ramsay or so everyone guessed. No one really cared enough to find out. It wasn't relevant or exciting as what was right in front of their Southern noses. Then the buzz was the apparent war between the reigning society queen who has returned and his husband Petyr. When Petyr dedicated a wing of a mental institution in Sansa's name for mothers with postpartum psychosis, it was big. Bigger was Varys building a clinic for children of sexual abuse. His letter from Cersie was put to the test of even TMZ and Smoking Gun. Petyr tried every way possible to reach his wifey but no luck. Ramsay had his hands full keeping his pets under control in a stressful new place.

Every day Theon helped Robb to do his part and every night Ramsay helped Reek. They wanted badly to go home but they must wait for Sansa's will to be read. Robb is surely in it and Ramsay refused to leave anything in Petyr's hands right now. In fact, he and Damon were beginning to wonder if they were backing the right horse. Then the will was read and the world tilted yet again. A large boardroom was used at Jaime Lannister's office building for the reading. Ramsay Bolton was there with Robb Stark. Theon in the waiting room to calm Robb afterwards. Petyr Baelish was there, since he was Sansa's confidant and mentioned in the will. Across from him was Varys, finally he could see and hear his wifey. Next to him was Jaime and Tyrion. Bronn and Gregor stood behind them, glaring at Petyr and Ramsay. The peace that had been found was already lost. Then the will was read and pandemonium ensued. Ramsay called Damon and said, "How is Kitty doing? Any better?" Damon snorted and said, "No thanks to you. She is starting to act more like herself again. Bit by bit, why? Did they read the will?" "Oh, yes. Yes they did. That bitch left almost everything in two names. Rickon Stark and Arya Stark." Damon hit his head against the wall and muttered, "Oh, fuck me."
Sansa Lannister's will causes chaos. Jaime loses his cool. Varys loses everything. Gregor becomes a player. Petyr pulls a sneaky move and exposes it, causing Damon to lose his own cool.

Only two men remained completely composed and for the same reasons. Gregor and Petyr sat with smirks as Ramsay screamed at Damon through his phone. While Jaime stood red faced, hollering with his finger in Varys's face. "All she left them was the Lannister name and you just destroyed that! You had to read that fucking letter for the money, for whatever fucking reason and destroyed my family's name!" Varys was yelling back that Cersie deserved better than what was done to her, it was justified. That is when Jaime struck him and Petyr began to walk over to him. Bronn was holding Tyrion back from trying to attack Jaime, who now was yelling at Ramsay. "You cannot even produce Arya for a funeral, I will hold you in litigation for the rest of your life, hear me?" Petyr stood over Varys and said very softly, "Last chance, sweetness. Walk over to the other side of the table and show me you can behave. You have until I walk out that door. If you don't, you will lose everyone and everything. I promise you that I am about to make sure that I am the only ally you have left in the whole world. If you try and run West, I'll just send Ramsay and his pet to hunt you down. Save yourself the agony, Varys." Bronn growled at Petyr to move away and he did, smirking. He went back to his seat and then cleared his throat.

"EXCUSE ME GENTLEMEN!" None of these men have ever heard Petyr yell before and even Gregor blinked. "Now then. Before everyone continues with this chaos, let us speak. I don't think everyone really understands the facts here. I do and would like to explain. If you will notice, I was Sansa's witness to this will. So was Gregor Clegane. She wrote this last will one week before she passed away. Jaime, if you check you will see this was done by your very own firm, all in good legal order. Now, it is utterly false that all Sansa left her children was their last name. Utterly false and deplorable of you to think that, Jaime. Sansa has left a considerable inheritance for her babies. Both will spend their lives quite well and both have companies to run upon their turning twenty one. As you can see, Sansa has given you full custody of the babies until their eighteenth birthdays. You really shouldn't be greedy, Jaime. Or is it that she has left nothing for you? Greedy, your father left you a considerable amount, have you spent it already?" Petyr was back in his full element and had the attention of the whole room. Even Damon on speaker phone has gone silent, listening. Varys felt dread fill him and hid his shaking hands.

"Now, Rickon Stark has been legally adopted by Gregor, so he will speak control Rickon's share. Until the boy turns eighteen, the Lannister Estates are his. Two factories now belong to him as well. And it seems his name is just liberally sprinkled everywhere, isn't it? Huh. Jaime, you cannot contest Sansa leaving her companies or home to blood relatives? Now as for Robb Stark, I know he was left a nice account which Ramsay will put to good use. Ramsay is his guardian after all. That leaves Arya Stark. Who owns almost half of Sansa's considerable fortune. While Ramsay was busy making sure to snatch up Robb's future, sadly, Arya was overlooked. Well, only by some. You see, Roose had left the option for me to take over guardianship of the little girl." Producing a few papers and putting them on the table, Petyr smirked triumphantly. "Arya Stark was just recently awarded to me as a foster child and I am in the process of adopting her. She lives with Damon of course, he works best with her..but perhaps Arya needs to come home to Uncle Petyr."
The silence that descended was chilling and then Damon broke it. Over the phone his voice came hard and fast. "Petyr, I will rip every bone out of your body. Keep your papers, she is mine. You will never touch her, understand me? Wouldn't do you any good, asshole. She won't ever be like Robb and fake it for you. Ask Ramsay, he'll tell you." "He already told me, Damon. Don't be so hasty to threaten me, boy. We are on the same side, remember? I don't want the girl, just what she can bring me. Keep her with you, she behaves well with you. Just let me have what I need and Kitty is yours. I get what I need, I will sign her over to you permanently. How much is it worth to you, Damon?"

After a moment, Damon said, "Tell you what. If you can get Kitty to agree to who she used to be, I'll talk to you about it." Gregor slammed his fist on the table and said, "Excuse me, jackoffs. My son and I will be moving into the mansion in the morning. Jaime, the babies and Tyrion may stay. It is your home and Spaceship would never want you to lose your home. His niece and nephew are important to him now. He wants to see them raised happy and safe. The killer leaves." With a rare smile cracking his face, Gregor grabs Varys who was near him. "If you want Petyr, I can return a favor. Want me to gift wrap wifey for you? We don't need his advice anymore. It hasn't done anyone much good, has it?"

Petyr raised one eyebrow and looked at Varys, considering. Varys took a shaky breath as Bronn and Tyrion started forward. "I would like to come home, Petyr. Please, take me home?" He knew that if he didn't go back, not only would Gregor just hand him over, but worse would happen. Petyr would kill Tyrion and Bronn even if it took him years to do it. Varys couldn't stand the thought of it and knew he was done running. A moment of silence then Petyr sighed and said, "Come here, wifey. Thank you for your kind offer, Gregor. I think Varys is ready to walk over by himself." Nodding, Gregor let the nervous man go and Varys tried to walk with dignity. He nearly floated, but his eyes were cast downward and he was biting his lip. Petyr pulled a chair out next to him and patted it. "Sit down and stay quiet for me, wifey. Every minute you can please me with your behavior is one less punishment." As Petyr pushed in the chair for Varys, he whispered this and enjoyed how his victim shuddered. Jaime continued to yell and Bronn stormed out. Robb burst into tears, causing Theon to rush into the room to help him. Throughout the chaos, Gregor and Petyr continued to smirk. Varys let out the tiniest whimper whine Petyr caresses his leg.
A Place For Each Person

Chapter Summary

Gregor threatens Jaime in a very chilling way. Tyrion is offered a job. Ramsay spends some time with his Reek before they head North again. Petyr is given a new game by Varys. Spaceship gets good news.

"Jaime, you are giving me a fucking headache. Stop screaming and use words we can all understand." Roared Gregor after a while of chaos around him. Spinning around, Jaime sneered at him. "Two hours ago you worked for me, don't start telling me what to do." Shaking his head, Gregor calmly looked at the golden boy. "No, I never worked for you. I have worked for your father, your sister and even your brother once. They paid me, you never paid me. Anytime I had watched over your worthless ass it was someone else who paid me for it. Lately, I had been working for Sansa. When Sansa died, I stayed without charging you, for the sake of those babies. Because my son asked me to. He would be devastated if anything happened to them Jaime. So I need you to act like a fucking adult and concede. If you try to start a legal battle, Petyr and Ramsay will come for those babies. You can't hire me to protect them for you. Spaceship is six, can you trust him to fight off grown killers? Is your brother going to take turns listening to every sound at night?"

Gregor stared with flat emotionless eyes at Jaime. "Think about those babies, Jaime. Maybe you'll be lucky and they'll come for you instead. Bronn is gone, who will you hire to watch your back? Ever heard about the hunts the Boltons have? Nasty way to go. Or perhaps it will be an elegant whore that doesn't mind your golden hand? At least you'll get to come before you die. Then who cares for those babies, who raises them for you? Tyrion? Varys and Petyr? Me? Why don't you sit the fuck down and act like a real father for once. Protect your children, no one else will."

Ramsay stroked Reek's hair and mumbled, "Good boy. It has been hard today for both of you, I know." Reek nodded and tried to stay still. Robb has fallen into sleep from the stress of it all and his head was on Reek's lap. Theon fled as soon as the meeting had ended. As the car door slammed shut, Reek had appeared, soothing, crying Robb. Ramsay had sat silently next to Reek and shut his eyes. When Robb slumped into his lap and went to sleep, Ramsay put his arm around his pet. With a tiny whimper, cuddling closer, Reek nudged his Master timidly. With a little smirk, Ramsay playfully tousled his pet's hair. Now the soothing, cooing voice that Reek loved. Theon did not yell trap or trick this time, he was too tired to care. This voice was different by a tiny bit anyway. It was a reward voice, it sounds similar, but there was no mania to it. Reek told his Master how much he loved him, how his missed him all day.

At the hotel, they carried Robb to the couch and let him nap. Then Ramsay carried his own pet into the bedroom. They did not have much time before they had to leave. Petyr told them to be at the airport in an hour. So Ramsay had to take his little pet hard and fast. He praised Reek for every pained whimper while he sunk his teeth and nails into tender flesh. Just before Ramsay came, he allowed Reek the pleasure of his hand. Thrusting, begging, Reek thrilled to the feeling of his Master overpowering, taking him. Theon and Theek hid so far away they were not even there. The pleasure that Reek felt when Ramsay allowed him to come at the same time. His Master's voice and face when he is pleased with his Reek. I am in love with my Master and he loves me, his pet. By the time Theek and Theon heard that, it was too late. Reek was solid in his new belief.
Petyr sat down and watched as Varys gracefully got up. He got Petyr a drink then sat back down, eyes scanning Petyr's. "Thank you wifey. A drink won't take much punishment away though. Helping earlier, yes, that significantly reduced it." Varys took a deep breath and softly began to bargain. "I could try something else though. I can do something that can help you incredibly. What if what I can do is very big? Will it reduce my punishment to something very small?" Intrigued, Petyr leaned back and crossed his legs. "Well, it would have to be very big. To get only a mere spanking for running away then humiliating me publicly." Varys knew he had to have a big finish.

He went to his knees in front of Petyr and tried to dredge honesty out of his mouth and eyes. "I really do love you. Always have since I met you. You knew that and used it against me. I let you, never even tried to stop it. I am sorry I ran away, but look what you did to me. It was a dream and I just had to try for it. That was something you said you liked about me once. I am not going to try it again. It was stupid and I know I am going to hurt for it. You'll make me regret it and fear it so deeply, I will never think it. But I can't take anymore surgeries, Petyr, please. So let me try this, let me try something so you can't turn me into anything else! Please!" Eyes shining with the sheer fun of the game, Petyr reached out and gently stroked Varys's face. "Alright wifey. You have another chance. Now what is it you think you can do that will help me so much?"

Tyrion watched as Jaime numbly walked up the stairs, heading to see the babies. The man looked like a ton of bricks just fell on his head. He had expected that Gregor would go to tell his son of their new fortune right away. Instead, he was here in the house, collecting weaponry. "Really? Do you think Jaime is going to declare war?" "I am just being cautious. He is a desperate father right now. Besides, I want to talk with you." Tryion looked up, way up until he had a crick in his neck. "If you are serious we need to sit or something. I don't like having words grumbled down upon me." Gregor sat down on the steps and looked at Tyrion. "You are a lawyer too. And a business man. When you aren't drunk, you are a very smart, cunning person. I want you to protect my son's assets. You protect my son and I protect you. And I'll pay you more than your father ever let you earn. Stop living under a name and become your own person. Use your talents." Tyrion gave a sharp nod after a minute and said, "I'll do it. But I won't call you boss. It would just be incredibly awkward." Snorting, Gregor got up and went to get Spaceship.

When Gregor burst in the door, Loras nearly had a heart attack. He dropped the entire pan of gravy, that he has been whisking for twenty minutes. Little brat kept sneaking in and trying to steal cookies, so Loras to get creative. He would whisk with one hand, swipe out with the broom in his other. Giggling, Spaceship had to try and dodge the broom to reach the cookies. However, he played fair. If Loras's broom whacked him, he'd retreat. "Damnit! Why did you have to thunder in like Godzilla? Do you know how long that took me? Well, no sauce for your potatoes then." Loras was already trying to sop up the thin gravy oozing across the floor. Stepping over the temperamental yapping pet, Gregor hollered for Spaceship. "When you finish cleaning that, start packing up. We are moving to the mansion tonight."

Loras's head snapped up but now the boy was here and Gregor was not big on words still. "Pack your stuff up. Sansa left you the mansion. We are moving into it tonight. I will order pizza." Loras threw the sopping wet dish towel down. "Oh, well that is nice. So glad I slaved over a hot stove for hours so I can throw it all away. Ingrates." Loras shrank back a little when Gregor suddenly towered over him. "Would you like me to discuss your mouth again? Remember what I told you. I can't put a gag in your mouth, it would confuse the boy. But I will stuff your other end till I can pull the plug out and put my whole fist in." Loras turned pale and peered up at Gregor. "I'm sorry Master. Please don't. I'll watch my mouth, please." Loras hurried to clean the mess while Spaceship crashed around upstairs. Gregor brought in boxes and silently Loras began to fill them.
The Girl On Paper

Chapter Summary

Varys speaks with Kitty. His punishment rests upon his getting Kitty to agree with Petyr and Damon's plans. Kitty thinks she has found a new friend and confidant.

Damon shook his head, crossed his arms and sneered, "This is fucking stupid. If he does anything to set her off, I'll break his nose. She is finally back to herself, almost. I don't know why you think he can do something different." "If there is one thing my wife is good at, it's talking others into things. Besides, wifey is rather desperate to please me right now. Let's give it a try. Varys will not touch her, or scare her." Ramsay stared at Damon until he finally gave in. Standing up, he called out for Kitty. Seconds later, she appeared like a wraith. Just kneeling there, head down, silent and waiting. "Kitty, this is Varys, he is Petyr's husband. He wants to talk with you and have you help him with something. You will behave and do whatever he asks of you. Understand me?" Peeking up, Kitty says, "Yes Master." The question is in her eyes, but she simply stands up and waits.

Clearing his throat, Varys moves forward smoothly and hands her a trash bag. "Ramsay, please tell me everywhere that your father has left his...items." Confused but curious, Kitty held the bag open as she followed Varys through the house. Everything that Roose had hurt others with went into the trash bag. Last were the three lobotomy kits. Kitty whimpered and let go off the bag. "Silly. We are throwing them away. Now hold open the bag for me, please. Better. There now lets bring this outside." Kitty followed Varys outside and to an old unused well. "Dump everything down the well, please. No, one by one toss them down there." It took almost twenty minutes before Kitty could bring herself to touch the nails and hammers. Varys was gentle but persistent. "We don't leave until you do it. They can't hurt you and once they are in the well, no one can hurt you with them." Sobbing, Kitty finally tossed the dreadful things and watched them disappear.

They all watched from windows, even Robb and Reek, as Kitty struggled to put the well cover on. Then watched as she screamed as she nailed it shut. Then she seemed to calm and Varys sat next to her, talking. Kitty listened. "What your Master did was foolish and stupid. He even admitted that to Ramsay and Petyr, you know. He was angry and it wasn't even at you. But he lost his temper, grabbed the first thing he saw and well, you got the brunt of it. Well, more of a point, I guess, wasn't it?" In spite of herself, Kitty grinned a little. "Damon regrets what he did and it is not something either of you will forget, but it won't happen again. There is nothing left to do it with. He knows that you won't forget who you are now. There is one place that Arya Stark still exists though, even Damon knows that. On paper, that girl still lives and belongs to Petyr Baelish." Kitty had jumped to her feet the second Varys mentioned the other name. Varys pulled out some papers and held them out for the skittish girl to look at. "See? That is what Arya Stark is now. Just papers."

As soon as Kitty jumped up, Damon groaned. "He spooked her, told you that would happen. Fuck, she'll probably hide under the damned bed again now." Petyr told Damon to wait, let Varys work. After a minute, Kitty looked at the papers then hissed, "Is this a game? A trick? I won't fall for it." Varys arched his eyebrow and softly assured, "No tricks here. This is all that remains of Arya Stark. Petyr adopted her when no one else was paying attention, right after Roose died. The reason this is important is that Sansa Stark has died. And Sansa left her fortune to Rickon and Arya Stark. The girl on paper is very rich now, therefore, whoever adopts her is quite rich. All Petyr needs is that every now and then, a paper is signed, a picture or two taken. Little things and Damon gets to keep Kitty.
Otherwise, Petyr will try to turn that paper into a reality. How do you think Damon would react to that, Kitty?" The little girl was terrified and Varys felt a bit guilty. But he needed any leverage over Petyr he could have right now, even at the expense of this little girl.

"I can't. Damon will know I remember who she is. Who the family was. I can't." Varys calmly reassured her. "My dear, Damon knows who you were and he knows about this paper. And the fortune. He sent me to talk with you because he knows how scared you are. Damon will not punish you for your past, I swear it. If you refuse to acknowledge your past, it will frustrate him, worse than your too timid actions are frustrating him. You are incredibly young to have to learn how to handle men already. But you really must work on it, dearest. He likes your spirit that is why he picked you after all. He likes your challenging him, you just need to learn somethings aren't jokes. Some things you never challenge. Never humiliate a man in public. Never remind him anything is or was more special than him. From what I understand these are the two things that have gotten you into your worst troubles. Remember those two rules and you won't have to suffer like this again." Kitty stared at Varys for a long moment then asked, "Which of those two rules did you break? I can see how scared of Petyr you are." Giving a little smile, Varys said, "Rule number two. Oh, and I broke a third rule I should mention. I tried to run away." Kitty shivered. "I have not tried to run away. Too scared to try it, pathetic, isn't it?" Varys shook his head. "Not at all. Very smart of you."

When they turned to come in, everyone left the windows fast. Damon didn't though, he stayed there and made sure they saw him. "Oh dear me, your Master is acting all kinds of cave man right now. Is this usual for him?" The dry tone had the girl giggling and Varys saw the young teen she might have been. Again the dreadful sense of guilt hit him but he stifled it down. "Yeah, that is kind of just how he is. Neanderthal, I like to call him. When I am challenging him, I say it to his face." "Good grief, you are certainly braver than I thought. Do you ever get to win these challenges?" Nodding, Kitty grinned nervously then hid her face. "Half the time, I do." "Well as long as you both like it, you might as well enjoy every chance to knock him on his chauvinist ass. I wish Petyr would let me have that chance. I still have to get his permission. I can't just make decisions anymore. I have to get permission, or he'll hurt me." Nodding, Varys said, "Of course, I understand. Ease your mind and ask him yourself about it."

Damon was in her pathway as soon as Kitty removed her jacket in the foyer. "I'll give you two a minute alone." Varys said tactfully and slid past the glaring man. Glaring at Varys however, which eased Kitty a little bit. She knelt down as Damon turned to look at her. "Well, how was your talk with Varys? Did he explain about the papers?" Damon was careful not to mention any names, he was relieved to see how much calmer she looked. "Yes Master. I only want to be Kitty, to obey you. I told him that." She said, fear making her cringe down. "Did he explain you just need to sign papers sometimes if needed?" Kitty nodded. "I told him I needed your permission. I won't forget who I am and I won't do anything you don't want me to." Kitty was nearly in tears with anticipation of his temper and peeked up at him. Damon still wasn't angry and in fact, seemed pleased. "I know you won't forget who you are. You will sign the papers and remain as my Kitty, won't you?" "Yes Master."
Chapter Summary

Petyr concedes that Varys was very useful and indeed gives a merciful punishment by his standards of course. The Cleganes settle into the mansion and a new life. Loras has trouble accepting his own new life as a pet. Jaime is given a shock by Tyrion.

Varys was sweating and shaking in anticipation of whatever Petyr was about to do. "Please, please, what I did was big, you agreed it was." He could've bitten his own tongue off for begging like that. Petyr looked amused and slowly finished his drink, leaving his wifey to nearly shred his own sleeve in panic. "I wasn't lying, it was very big. So I have shown mercy to you, yet again, Varys. No surgeries this time, no alterations of any kind. Rest your pretty head about that one. No, I have a unique punishment for you. Follow me, dear." Nearly hyperventilating, Varys followed Petyr down into a room that was rarely used. Only for parties, charity functions and such. Now it was full of ladies, no, not ladies, Varys knew some of them, others he knew what they were. This wasn't a room of society ladies for him to gossip with. These weren't his own loyal and dignified working ladies that also could kill on his whispered command. These were Northern girls with the cruel eyes of Myranda and the stone soul of Sansa. "My girls work so hard pleasing men and women for me. It would be nice for them to get to please themselves. You are theirs for the next few hours. Don't worry, wifey, they know you cannot suffer any alterations. Oh, and when you return to me, I am going to whip your back bloody to help remind you of tonight. Every time those whip scars drag along the sheets or your clothing, will you taste my girls?"

"Master, please?" "No." Loras continued to follow Gregor not even missing a beat when Spaceship flew past him on the bannister. With one hand, Gregor grabbed the boy and shook him like a puppy. "One of these days, you'll go through the wall that way. Go get your breakfast and get ready for the tutor." "Please? Can you just listen for a minute?" "I said no." The boy began to complain for the tenth time about not needing any teachers or schooling. Snorting, Gregor said, "What good will you be if you can't read or write? At least you can see the teacher here at the house. Keep giving me lip about it, I'll send you to boarding school." Spaceship grinned and declared, "You would miss me." "Yes, but you would learn." The grin became uneasy then disappeared as the boy wondered if his father was joking. "I'll go eat breakfast and get ready." "You do that. Loras, are you fucking deaf? I said no twice, what do you think I am going to say next?" Loras bit his lip in sheer frustration and anger, drawing blood. It wasn't fair, he wasn't asking much and the giant jerk wouldn't even listen. He had said no before Loras could even finish the question. Meekly but sullenly, Loras followed Gregor into the breakfast room. Spaceship was cooing to the babies already in their swings. He sat to help Jaime feed them until Gregor told him to eat his own food.

Tyrion entered the room and Jaime stared at him. The man was clean shaven, hair styled and wearing a tailored three piece suit. "What are you all dressed up for?" Tyrion smiled and poured himself some coffee. "What? I am not the only well dressed man in the room." Tyrion said, eying Jaime's stained sweatsuit. Scowling, Jaime said, "Gregor is wearing the only suit the tailor could make him in time to show everyone he is rich now. Loras is dressed up because he is always dressed up. Why are you dressed up?" "Since you are taking a very well deserved and needed leave of absence, I am taking your place. Someone needs to protect the assets of Rickon Stark as well as the Lannister babies. My own darling niece and nephew will benefit from your tender care here and my tender care at work." Jaime stared at his brother for a moment then croaked out, "Traitor." Shrugging, Tyrion said, "Who
am I betraying? I am not going to steal from my own blood, Jaime. I live here, I work for Gregor and as an added perk, I get to make sure the twins don't lose their inheritance. You should be happy about that." Loras went between eating his meal while pouting to keeping Spaceship in his chair. He refused to let the boy leave to dress until he finished half his plate of food. Finally, the boy ran off and Loras pushed his food around more.

"Go sulk upstairs and make sure he is dressed and ready for the teachers." Loras threw down his fork and stood up so fast his chair fell over. "Fuck." he muttered and bent to pick the chair up. The kick landed squarely on Loras's ass and sent him sprawling over the chair. "Really?" Jaime glared at Gregor and shielded the babies from the sight across the room. "You had to let your attitude get you in trouble, didn't you? You wanted my undivided attention, well now you have it. Now get over here, on your knees. No, crawl over to me, I don't care who is in the room, do it." Loras cried bitter tears as he crawled forward in front of Tyrion and Jaime. His head was down low burning with shame by the time he was kneeling in front of Gregor. "I am sorry Master." He forced out trying for leniency by being humble. "You are going to be. Because until the teacher shows up for Spaceship, you will stay on your hands and knees. And you will only speak when spoken to. After the teachers leave, you will go back to your hands and knees until suppertime." Loras stared up, turning pale. "But..you promised I would never have to act like that." Gregor laughed. "No I didn't. My son promised he would never do that to you, I am not him. And if you don't like having to act like a groveling dog then next time you won't act like a rude entitled boy."

The next morning Varys could barely move. Whip cuts and the bruises, burns and lashes from the ladies has him in the grips of misery. Not to mention the horrific things he had to do with them, to them, for them, Varys threw up several times last night. Even after Petyr showered him personally, Varys felt filthy. He shook so badly that Petyr held off on his whipping for hours. First, he washed his wifey while cooing at him. Then he took him to bed and let him shake against him until Petyr couldn't take it. He fucked Varys hard while forcing him to say the terrible things he had to do. Only after that did Petyr finally whip Varys. Now wifey hobbled about, setting out breakfast. Petyr sipped the coffee and waited until Varys sat down gingerly, wincing. "Kitty trusts you, she needs a friend. And I need to know that my daughter is safe and controlled. At least once a week, whether we need anything from her or not, you will visit with her. Slowly, I want her to start going out with you, even coming here to the house. I want you to make sure she will be willing to do whatever we need her to." Varys nodded and sipped his own coffee. "How am I going to get Damon to trust me enough to let her be alone with me? Wait, isn't it almost her birthday? Two or three weeks from now. What if I ask if we can have her come over for a little party? I can visit her at the Boltons till then, then he has time to get used to my presence. To see how good I am for her behavior in fact."
Varys begins his campaign of winning over Kitty. Damon gives his pet a gift for a special anniversary. Kitty asks Varys an important question.

Every time Petyr came to speak with Ramsay or Damon, he brought Varys. Then Varys would even come on his own to see Kitty. To her credit, Kitty hid her excitement that someone would be visiting her. She would look at no one but Damon and would not even greet Varys unless she had permission. Twice Varys tried to visit the girl when Damon was not home and she would not say hello with Ramsay's permission. "Please, can I call Master and get his permission?" Kitty asked Ramsay, not even daring to look in Varys's direction. Ramsay was actually quite pleased by this and called Damon for her. Each time Damon granted permission, Kitty became more enchanted by Varys. This also seemed to be helping Damon. The more Varys made the girl laugh or come out of her shell, Kitty became herself a little more. She began to show her spirit again, wisecracking at her Master. Attempting to steal, to sneak and practice again. Kitty started to tease her brother again. She started to practice fighting with Theek. So when Petyr suggested that Arya Stark needed a few photos for her fourteenth birthday, Damon couldn't really say no. He did however tell them that it was not to be mentioned about a birthday. Arya's name will not be said, this can just be some pictures Petyr needed with Kitty for his papers.

Varys brought over a lovely outfit meant for a fourteen year old girl. Kitty wrinkled her nose because it was a dress, but secretly she loved it. It looked very much like that dress from the bridal magazine so long ago. How wonderful that Varys had remembered her stories and found a dress like that! "If you have to have your picture taken, might as well look your best for it. We shall do your hair and makeup too." Tactfully, Varys had found the dress with long sleeves and a length that nearly hit the ankles. For the occasion, Damon removed her collar and allowed her to wear the special wolf collar. Varys had a friend that came with him to do her hair and makeup. Kitty's thick hair was feathered and hid most of her face. Her large eyes were given a soft doe look and her foundation was thick enough to hide bruising. Damon scowled when he saw the finished product and complained that she looked like a damned doll. Kitty nearly ripped the outfit off and Varys started to lecture Damon. Rolling his eyes, Damon told Kitty to leave the damned dress alone. The entire clan went, so Petyr could have cake served with punch. It looked like a small casual party hanging out. A few pictures of everyone, some more of Kitty with Petyr and it was done. While they were there, Kitty had fun. Varys took her on a tour of the house and grounds. They chatted and Varys made the girl laugh several times. He was glad for that, on some level, he felt it was a gift to her. At least Varys can offer her laughter and some cake.

That night Damon pulled Kitty onto his lap and he held out a wrapped box to her. "What is this, Master?" She stared as if it would attack her any second. "Well, we do have a real celebration if you remember. This is the very night one year ago I made you my pet. So I bought you a present. Open it, Kitty." For a moment as Kitty opened the wrapping and box she felt something, a girlish joy. Just a warm innocent normal feeling of getting a present. Then her face dropped as she stared at the nipple piercing kit. In that moment, she split into two halves. One half of her she clearly saw shiver, sob and beg for Master not to hurt her. The other half was just as clearly telling Damon what she thought of his shitty gift. What Damon saw was Kitty burst into hysterical laughter, nearly dropping the box. He had been looking forward to her reaction all night, almost more than the act of piercing.
itself. The sadist in him was perfectly fine with fear or indignation as a response. This at first was a shock, then the laughter stopped enough for Kitty to talk. Barely. "Wow. Thanks Master. Can I wait until I get a gift for you first?" Shaking his head, his wide grin getting even wider, Damon said, "You are so happy with it, I think we should do it right now." Kitty spent the next ten minutes trying to talk him out of it. She spent the next twenty being chased around the room, not laughing anymore. Finally, when Damon offered to let her ice her nipples first, she stopped running. She is learning to be grateful and downright greedy for any mercy given.

Slowly, Varys was allowed to see Kitty at a coffeehouse near the Bolton Estate or go to some stores. Kitty relied on Varys to tell her all about movies, music and gossip. Varys allowed Kitty someone to speak with about how she felt. He helped teach her how to stay on Damon's good side more. The grooming continued smoothly and then the day came when Varys started to use Kitty. At first it was small bits of information. He would ask if a certain person had been over, what had been said about them. He would say Petyr would say certain things, then see if Ramsay or Damon had agreed. Kitty easily would speak of these things, she did not see it as giving secrets away. When Varys wanted to know if Ramsay had signed some papers, Kitty enjoyed the chance to sneak about. Varys was very careful to never ask too much at a time. He gave Kitty books, magazines, music and movies that Damon begrudgingly allowed. Ramsay and Damon were quite busy establishing their power over the North. Petyr was the front man, but the North knew the two brutal men were to be feared. Kitty still spent most of her time away from her Master with the other two pets. Yet even when she was with them, her mind strayed to Varys. Kitty liked to think of all the things he has done with her, for her and how much he will maybe do. She pretended that he offered to help her run away. That they would create plans far away from their cruel Masters. Then Kitty would smile.

Varys and Kitty were strolling across the melting lawn, thrilled to see sun again. It was almost spring and neither could stand to stay inside any longer. Even though Varys wore three layers of coat, he was still shivering. Kitty laughed at him and said, "How are you ever going to survive here? You showed only for the end of the winter." Varys smirked and replied, "I refuse to give up hope on living in a warmer climate. West is sounding utterly wonderful right about now. Some nice dry heat would be good." Kitty asked in a very shy voice, "Would you take me with you?" Startled, Varys looked at the girl. "What do you mean?" "We both know you will try and run again someday. You can't stay under Petyr's thumb for long, it bugs you too much. I think I want to go with you. You make me feel brave, strong. When you run away, take me with you, please?" And you are mine, Varys thought as he nodded. "Alright, yes. When I run away, I'll take you with me." He gave the girl a hug, stomping down that tiny fading guilt. With true sincerity Kitty looked at Varys and said, "I am so glad that you said that. Thank you."
"Hello, Kitty."
"Hey, guess what? I won a challenge last night. I can do anything I want for the rest of the day. Come hang with me, please?"
"Alright, Petyr is off with meetings all day anyway and the servants have nothing interesting to say. Be there soon, dear."

"I think that bandage needs changing. Better yet, maybe a doctor should see that." Varys said, eying the bloody cloth around Kitty's left forearm. "Just a new word for me to remember." Snorting, Varys nearly trips over another rock. "If you worked so hard to get a win, why are we wasting it here? I am ruining my only pair of boots here. We could do something, anything else." He complained as Kitty laughed at him. "Want to know why I challenged Damon last night?" Nodding, Varys clutched a tree and wound around it. "Sure, tell me then we are going somewhere civilized, please!" "Okay, okay. Wimp. Listen then." Easily, Kitty jumped over a frozen puddle then began tiptoeing across a rotted log. "Last night, it was just us pets. Well, Ramsay and Damon were there, but they had Mance Rayder over. Damon and Ramsay hate the way some of his guys look at us, so we stay away. So I was watching this movie Lord of the Flies and my brother comes in. Two seconds later, Reek follows him in. Now they are both at the screen, crying like loons for no reasons. They start to wail and it clicks, an island of killer kids. And I started to laugh and couldn't stop. So they are screaming and I am laughing, like room of lunatics. Ramsay came flying in and sees his two pets crying. I am the only idiot laughing so it must be my fault. He whacked me three times with his cane and it really hurt. Then Damon comes in when his meeting is over, ready to kick my ass over it. I told him it wasn't fair, I was already punished and I didn't even do anything. So instead of just taking the beating, I told him I challenged him over it. That stupid smile of his was so wide I thought his head would fall off."

Varys watched the blood drip off the bandage and watched as Kitty leaped off the log. So gracefully and agile. Standing up, Varys said, "I think we should head back now. I need to call Petyr quick, I think I forgot about something." Kitty held up his phone and then dropped it into the deep icy puddle. "No, we aren't done yet. This is my win and I want to spend it here. You haven't asked me about my new word yet. Don't you want to know what it is? Want to see it, best friend?" She unpeeled the bandage and let it fall so Varys could read the dripping crimson lines. KILLER. With a wide smile, Arya proudly said, "Damon didn't carve it, I did." Varys stood as straight as he could and spoke as if he were a straitlaced school teacher. "Young lady, this is enough. That is a very expensive phone and you are in trouble. I love to hang with you, but I am afraid our visit today is over." Varys turned his back and began to head back, trying not to go fast. He knew she was stalking him now, if he stayed calm he might live. For whatever reason, Damon must have snapped the poor thing's mind, but Varys needed to live. So he moved very slowly until Kitty suddenly blocked his path.

"The whole story is true, except the challenge part. I just said that so I had a good reason to get you out into the woods. Stop trying to dart around me, it won't work. All I am doing is talking right now, Varys, stop being so jumpy! I promise when I come for you, I'll give you a head start. I enjoy the chase, though you might not be much of one." Varys saw what he had missed when he first proposed his idea to Petyr. He had seen the potential of a Stark girl, of course. Now in the fading
afternoon light he saw what he had missed. Maybe it was because he had only noticed Kitty as a beaten little girl. Too late does he notice how her movements and eyes mimic no Stark. They don't mimic the killer ladies, Varys has known. These eyes shined like a Bolton's. Her smile was as sadistic as Damon's and this wasn't a gargoyle. This was something else. For a moment those eyes had a little girl's hurt in them and Varys looked away. "I believed you at first. Damon had told me how you would act, how you would use me. I listened, but I thought maybe he was wrong. You did every single thing he said you would. Little gifts and compliments, trying to get me to talk about things. Dropping names and that led to stealing from Ramsay. Each time, I would act reluctant. I hoped, I gave you a lot of chances, Varys. Lots of chances to just decide to be my friend and stop using me."

Damon stepped out from behind a tree to Varys's left and stood with his arms crossed. Varys looked at him and screeched, "You can't touch me! You need to tell Petyr, call him now! He will not like you threatening me like this!" Kitty laughed again and pointed to where Petyr was just appearing. "Oh, wifey. When Damon was told that you planned to run off with his pet, he called me right away. I am afraid this marriage really isn't working out for us and it must come to an end." Varys stared at Petyr and staggered towards him. "You can't let them do this! I did what you wanted me to do." Petyr stared at his partner for so many years and spoke with no emotion. "You got caught. Even that I might have forgiven, but to run from me again? To take my best asset and run away? Out of chances, my love. I am out of patience with you." Petyr began to walk away and Varys tried to chase after him. A root tripped him and he fell, screaming for Petyr. Large boots appeared in front of his face and he heard Damon's amused rumble. "Did you really think I would have ever let you near her if she wasn't loyal? So stupid of you, I would've let you play your charade forever. Kitty needed the lessons on your kind and it amused Petyr. You dared to tell my pet you would take her with you? She is mine, Petyr understands that. You should have known better than that." Varys staggered to his feet and said, "Kitty suggested it! Not me, she tricked me into saying that!" "I don't care. You agreed to it, that is the part that matters to me."

Beckoning to his pet, Damon hands Kitty the knives she used out South. "Take all the time you want. You have been a very good loyal girl and I told you I would reward you for it. So go on and have some fun." Kitty took the knives and began to slowly move towards Varys. "Run." Shaking his head, Varys began to plead with her. "Think about what you are doing, Kitty! Whether it was me or Damon, someone always needs something! At least I never tried to hurt you, abuse you!" Laughing, Kitty got the feel for the knives in her hands and sneered out, "Oh no? If I had listened to you and not told my Master, what would have happened if I got caught? You don't think I would have been hurt then? RUN!" Varys began to flee at her scream and Damon let Kitty take all the time she wanted. In fact, at one point, he even offered to hold the man down for her. Varys only lasted through the first few moments of being flayed. It was a messy job and Damon laughed telling Kitty she will need lessons from Ramsay if she wants to keep the skins. "Now, you have my permission to be a little killer again. My little killer." Kitty had no idea why she was crying as Damon took her next to the still cooling body. She told herself it didn't matter, what mattered was getting to be dangerous again.
Chapter Summary

Tyrion is not the only person who has changed in the South these past few months.

Tyrion may be small but he enters the room like a hurricane, ready to tear everyone apart. "I am running a loony bin and Petyr is running a fucking zoo! I don't know about him, but all I seem to be getting out of it is all the Tylenol I can toss down my throat! Loras, get me my juice. Why can't the maid remember a simple thing like that? Jaime, you hired them, fire the next one who is too stupid to pour the right drinks." Spaceship giggled at something Loras muttered as he went into the kitchen. Tyrion heard and yelled after him. "You are a pet, house servant would be a step up for you! You'd think we all don't know what you are wearing under that fancy outfit?" At that, Loras screeched from the kitchen in horror and Gregor glared at Tyrion. "What does he mean?" asked the boy and Tyrion sputtered. "Oh, for the love of...I forgot..sorry. Eat your dinner, Spaceship. It was an adult joke, not meant for you."

Tyrion sat down and Loras brought him his juice, all red faced before slinking to his seat. "After dinner tonight, we need to talk, Gregor. You missed two meetings I needed you for today. There are some things we really need to go over." "Why? Didn't Mace Tyrell show up and agree to everything? He swore he would, the man is too scared not to." Nodding, Tyrion said, "Yes he did. So did everyone else you have threatened. Wonderful. I still needed to speak with you and show you some things. I rarely bother you with issues, Gregor, but there are things that must be ironed out." Sighing, Gregor responded. "You say you rarely bother me every time that you rarely bother me. You bother me as rarely as Loras does. And you have issues like my son has issues. Except I am not your father and shouldn't have to be involved in all your issues." Shrugging, Tyrion stabbed his fork into an innocent chicken breast with fury. "Fine. When your fucking empire goes to hell, I'll remind you of that." "You are more dramatic than my friggin pet is! What is your problem tonight?" Loras threw down his napkin and stared at the insensitive men, with indignation. "Can you at least wait until I am not here to make fun of me? I have ears and feelings you know!"

Gregor turned to deal with the irate pet and suddenly Jaime lurched across the table like a demented crab. A jar slammed in front of the giant, then one in front of the imp. "One of these days, I am going to shove this jar up your ass, mother hen." Spaceship frowned at his father and the large man rolled his eyes. Tyrion and Gregor both shoved a few dollars into the jars till Jaime and the boy smiled. "It's the only way Uncle Jaime says you'll learn." Spaceship said cheerfully, having been drawn into Jaime's world every day. The boy has certainly changed in the past few months. Taller, smarter than anyone knew as well. Turns out he was a near genius, also turns out he has a host of issues. The first teacher was fine until she told him something that made him very angry. Loras learned after that to keep a fire extinguisher in each corner of the classroom. The second teacher suggested the testing just before she quit. Loras had made sure to always stay in the class room after that. The woman didn't look injured but she never ran faster in her life then when she quit that place. A new host of folks came, each with their own special tests for the boy. Luckily, he saw tests as challenges therefore enjoyed them.

Knowing Spaceship was very smart and very crazy didn't help Gregor find a tutor. It was actually Jaime that provided the answer by accident. Since the boy wasn't able to have a tutor, Gregor had Loras help Spaceship using a computer program for educational work. The work wasn't the problem,
getting the boy to sit and do it was. Loras was a pet, his authority over the boy was a minimal one. He had no real way of forcing the hyper child to work, bribes only went so far. Jaime had the babies on a very tight schedule, which the boy kept running into. He knew that Spaceship loved challenges and slowly everything became one. If he produced two hours worth of schoolwork, Jaime would take him for pizza. Jaime had the boy sit and write rules for himself and others. Swear jars appeared everywhere. The boy was always quiet and calm around the babies and around Jaime in general. Gregor was busier than ever, which is also why he had no interest in Tyrion's meetings. He hated papers, meetings and fancy words. In spite of the new car, suits and home, a Clegane was a Clegane. As a Lannister, Tyrion still had charities and such running. However, Cleganes were not society folks and could not try to be. Nor did Gregor wish to. He continued to dominate, intimidate and kill as needed to keep and gain territory. Tyrion should be able to figure out the rest.

Gregor tried to always see his son for a few hours each day. He took him shooting, hunting and allowed the boy to come on some wet work. However, it wasn't always possible and Spaceship missed him. Loras was fun to torment, but he nagged most of time about things Spaceship should be doing. Jaime was the one person that seemed always happy and never yelled. He actually got softer when he got angry and he would say things like he was disappointed. That always made the boy feel guilty and he would squirm. So Spaceship went between giving Loras heart palpitations by shooting fire tipped arrows at gophers and being praised by Jaime for good manners as well as high test scores. Spaceship glared at Tyrion, whom he despised and whispered to Loras. Shaking his head, Loras said quietly, "I told you before, if you do, your dad will beat your ass into next week." At first the boy scowled then yelped, "You swore! Swear jar!" Loras sighed and responded, "As I told you before, I have no money." "You swore, you'll have to ask my father to pay the fee."

Spaceship didn't know why but he loved this game. Whenever Loras swore and couldn't pay he would have to ask Gregor to pay it. For some reason the boy did not understand it always made his pet nervous. He knew it had something to do with the way he would have to pay his dad back for it later. All Spaceship knew was that most nights Loras spent time in his dad's room. Sometimes it would be loud with Loras crying or hollering, but not always. Spaceship heard his pet sound happy and even beg his father for more of whatever was making him happy. He watched amused as Loras asked Gregor for swear jar money and then how his pet shivered when Gregor whispered into his ear. Loras turned red again and hurried to put the money in the jar. Spaceship went back to staring at Tyrion. He planned on killing him as soon as his daddy didn't need him so much. When he had first met Tyrion, the dwarf had always been funny and drinking. Now the man was always yelling or serious. He had no time for magic tricks or jokes anymore. He had plenty of time for talking, at home, on the phone, in his office, anywhere. Spaceship goes everywhere and hears everything. Spaceship did not know why hearing that Varys fellow was dead bothered Tyrion so much. Or why hearing tales of Theek and Kitty upset Tryion, but it did. What earned the boy's hate was hearing Tyrion tell Jaime that their world was being destroyed. That Jaime should take the babies and run while he had the chance. The nail in the coffin was hearing Tyrion say he would like to kill Arya Stark.
The No Petting Zoo

Chapter Summary

Petyr hears news that makes his head ache and causes him to speak harshly to Damon and Ramsay. Also, Kitty finds one other person to fear besides her Master and Ramsay.

Petyr tried rubbing his temples, he tried letting one of the girls rub his temples. He took another two Tylenol and muttered, "Tyrion Lannister is running a mental ward and I am running a fucking zoo." Actually, it was a no-petting zoo and that is part of the problem. Ramsay and Damon were well known and feared, that was fine. Petyr did the face time, they used their charms in other ways, it works just fine. Just as Petyr gets the pets out of the meetings, they are being brought out for kills. Think getting flayed alive by Ramsay is bad? Think being whipped to death by Damon is horrible? How about being nearly eaten alive as some of the rumors say? Petyr is really truly hoping that one is not entirely true. He is pretty sure that most of the other tales of the violent pets chasing down and killing are true. Those who are hunted for death are almost always given to Theek and Kitty now. The pets are seen as utterly feral and deadly, almost as much as their Masters.

If one of the pets wasn't his own adopted daughter he might not be as upset. What if one of the times someone remembers who she is? Petyr has nearly begged Ramsay and Damon to stop bringing her on hunts. Damon just grins at him and says that Petyr has no say on what Kitty does. Kitty just barely tolerates Petyr, she knows damn well who told Varys to trick her. She snarls at him and is only courteous enough to keep herself out of trouble. Damn it, Sansa. In your warped mind you thought it would work. You had laughed and said, if you died, you would give me your sister as a gift. You told me that I would at least teach her to be clever and not savage her. You knew I would chase that fortune but you didn't leave a way for me to claim the girl. I can't teach a biting bitch anything. A biting bitch surrounded by a pack of feral wolves.

He has just heard the latest of pet gossip and it is pounding through his tender head. Apparently Ramsay invited his new "Wildlings" a group of biker thugs to a party. They are everything from drivers, to bodyguards, to anything Bolton needed. Damon's father had belonged and when the Freys died, he called them. His father was an asshole, but loyalty meant something to these men. They had sent their young, crazier men to work for Damon and Ramsay. Not only were they paid well, but sometimes they were given a night of partying. Usually, Ramsay would rent a sleazy bar or strip club for the night. However, this night he chose to use the house instead. Petyr would have thought they would be smart enough to stash the pets under a lock and key until the rough men had left. According to the story, only Robb was not there. Reek was there in nothing but shorts and Kitty in nothing more than shorts and a tank top. Oh, of course, the collars were on, for everyone to see, in case the kneeling and crawling wasn't a clue.

Bad enough that so many men saw them pressed up against their Masters' knees. Worse was when Kitty had gotten up to bring Damon a drink, some drunk man tried to grab her. She bit off his entire finger. His screaming and spurting of blood set off Theek who bit off another finger. Damon declared it was the man's own fault that it happened. Ramsay had the man fry up his own fingers and eat them. His other option was to be hunted by the still snarling pets. The Manderly nephew that had been there was nearly hysterical over it as he told Petyr. "That girl was tiny next to Damon but she scared me worse. Same with that other one. Ramsay might be crazy, but his pet is way crazier. While the guy ate his fingers, the others were too afraid not to pretend it was funny. Those two growled.
until Ramsay and Damon put them on their laps. They petted them and hushed them like they were wild animals. And I swear to the Gods, the girl fell asleep curled up on Damon, while the guy was still choking on his fingers! The other one was trying to snuggle Ramsay like a damned teddy bear!" By the time Petyr reassured the poor boy that he was safe enough, this headache was ripping through his overwrought nerves.

The next day Petyr decided to take matters into his own hands before it got too bad. He showed at the Bolton Estate before noon after not finding the men elsewhere. There were no signs of any party the night before. It was quiet, Robb with his tutors, Damon was napping on the couch. Kitty was in the little den, to Petyr's relief without any extra injuries. She sat up when she saw him peer in then began to follow him as he walked away. "Don't you wake Damon, he hates that. I am supposed to wake him in a half hour, don't wake him early." She hissed, just behind Petyr, who refused to turn and look at the feral girl. He knew Kitty fed off reactions and the best way to discourage her is to give no reaction. "Where is Ramsay?" Was his only reply back as he looked in other rooms. "Upstairs with Reek, in his room." "Thank you. And if you want me to not have to disturb Damon so much, then stop giving me reasons for these unpleasant visits. You bit a man's finger off. At a party where many Northerners who remember another family were. Some may remember a little girl that still is alive somewhere." Flinching at the reminder of her past, Kitty growled at Petyr. "The bastard tried to touch me. I am not a party favor. He deserved what he got." "Did he? Then you deserve what you get as well. Now go wake your Master early and tell him I wish to speak with him. I am going to get Ramsay."

Damon did not even open one eye as Kitty began to whisper "Master, I am sorry. Petyr says I have to wake you up now." "Is it the time I told you to wake me?" He could hear her backing out of striking distance as she answered. "No Master. It is thirty minutes early." "Then I suggest you come back in thirty minutes." Kitty fled the room and refused when Petyr told her again to get him. Ramsay followed Petyr downstairs, still buckling his belt, Reek stumbling behind him. Reek had been seconds from coming when Petyr had banged on the door. Ramsay had finished a moment ago and just left to answer the door. Poor Reek lay quivering under the covers while Ramsay argued with Petyr. Then his Master pulled on his jeans and told Reek to get up. The pet never cared for Petyr but he hated him as much as Kitty in this moment. Petyr advanced on the figure laying on the couch, even as Kitty tried to stand in his way. "Move out of my way, little girl. You sink one tooth into me and I will remove them personally. Don't you ever think to take me on, sweetheart. Sansa was the deadliest girl I have ever trained and she wouldn't have dared to take me on." Petyr enjoyed the way Kitty flinched when he mentioned Sansa's name. "Such a stubborn little girl, a pure Stark trait. You look so much like your mother did, Arya." Kitty was pure white now and shaking, clapping her hands to her ears. By now Damon was off of the couch and heading over. Petyr took a step forward and Kitty stumbled back from him, then fell into her Master. "Kitty, my name is Kitty." "I know it is. Go to the den with Reek while I pound Petyr's face in." Smirking, Petyr swept into the living room and said, "Gentlemen, we need to talk now. Damon if you break my jaw then you'll never hear what I have to say. That would be a shame considering this concerns you heavily." "A lecture on my pet's behavior isn't a good reason to wake me up and threaten Kitty!" "How about a contract put out on Arya Stark's life?"
When The Past Haunts You

Chapter Summary

Jaime takes his babies to their normal park. He makes the mistake of bringing Loras and Spaceship. Loras runs into two young college men he has both screwed and screwed over. Spaceship learns jealousy and Loras suffers greatly for it.

The champagne colored SUV smoothly glided into a parking space with a sign that says, "Reserved for Lannister." This made some sense since it was the Sansa Lannister Park. The equipment was so safe that every child over the age of seven did not even bother going near it. They went straight to the grass or the sports areas. As the vehicle parked, a young man dressed too well for the park, jumped out. He was handsome, with thick curls everywhere. The man wrestled a top line two seat carriage out of the back and set it up next to one side. Then he went to the other door and opened it, releasing a tornado of motion. The thin young boy of six or seven years of age, scrambled out onto the ground. He went still then, scanning the area with his eyes only, hunting more than looking about. On the driver's side a middle aged blond man exited and the sun glinted off his golden hand. He carefully opened the door and cooed inside of it. His movements indicated he was lifting explosives that were highly unstable. Yet the only things in his arms were two adorable babies. One in a lovely silk dress, the other in a sailor outfit. Both were carefully placed in the stroller and the man walked smoothly towards the playground. At first the boy stayed nearby and the young man just looked like he was ready to bolt away.

The young mothers and nannies that used this park were all over Jaime in three seconds. In spite of the metal creepy hand, the man is not only rich as Midas and a lawyer, he is good looking. His name is famous and the lovely children he is raising are just as famous and rich. The fact that he has given his entire life over to raising the children, even quitting work and a social life was mind boggling and unique to them. Once it was firmly established that the gorgeous man with the boy was gay, all eyes had focused onto Jaime. Everyday Jaime showed up unless it was bad weather, though he rarely brought the boy along. Whenever he did, the nervous young man seemed to spend every second chasing him. He did whatever the boy ordered and the nannies rolled their eyes at that. They understood spoiling children for the sake of their jobs, but he took it to a whole new level. However, any gossip about them was never when they were around. They weren't that stupid. Every mother simply knew to keep her children very close when the boy was around. He stole things, he bit kids and he bullied. When he wasn't forcing the cute guy into some activity or trying to scare any animals he saw. Today the boy seemed mellow compared to usual. He allowed Loras to push him on the swing and Jaime let the babies use the new infant swings.

It was a peaceful time and the breeze was perfect, a sunny good day. Then two young men came jogging by, dressed in designer sweat-wear. "Oh, is that who I think it is? Loras! Loras Tyrell, what are you doing here? It has been ages, where have you been, you naughty boy? We heard that you took up with that rich brute, the really big one! Is this his son? Oh, how cute, do you take him out all the time, are you his new mommy yet?" Loras went frozen, staring at the two catty gossips, two young rich college students that he has slept with. He cheated on one with the other and drove them into each others arms apparently. Now they were looking like vampires out for blood and he was their meal. Jaime was cooing to the babies, but Loras could tell he was listening. So was Spaceship who was now scowling at these men. They were taking Loras's attention and the swing was not as high anymore. "Use your legs for a minute, okay?" Loras hissed when Spaceship complained.
"Please, I have to talk to them for a second so they will leave." With a growl as he kicked the swing higher, the boy said, "I can make them leave if you want." Shaking his head, Loras nearly ran over to the two men. Half of his mind wanted to blurt out, "Please, drive me away, anywhere, I will give you more gossip then you'll ever hear in your life. I would do anything if you would drive me the fuck out of this hellish place." The other half wanted to put them in their places and hard. He could do neither one. The boy was possessive and impatient, Loras knew it was more important to just make them leave.

Tossing his too long and not well cut hair back, wincing at his threadbare designer clothing, Loras approached them. "It is always wonderful to see old friends. You are right, I will admit it. I am seeing Gregor Clegane and care for his son. You know me, I love them very huge and very rich." A ghost of the old Loras charm and smile came out but the lovers could tell it was much dimmed. "Is that a missing button on your shirt, dear?" asked one of the men, with a stunned expression. "You were never a disheveled person, is that what parenthood does? Ugh." Loras wanted to screech, that is because I have a Master who is a cheap prick who won't let me buy new clothing! Instead he nodded and started to back away. "I really need to get back now. I would introduce you, but Gregor is big on privacy. He doesn't like anyone talking to me or his son much." Just as Loras went to walk away, the other man grabbed his shoulder. "Wait! Loras, is..is that a bruise? And your lip, it is nearly split in half, Loras, are you safe?" The men both looked utterly horrified yet thrilled. What a wonderful bit of gossip, the socialite was not just made a common whore by a rich criminal, he may be beaten too! Yet, even as their wicked hearts enjoyed it, Loras's expression made it suddenly way too real. He looked beyond scared, he looked past miserable, he looked like a man desperate to escape and cannot. This scared the two rich college boys enough to back away. Loras turned again to walk back to the now angry looking boy. He was almost back to the swings and things would have been fine again. Just as he got into hearing distance of the boy, the men came over.

"Look, I may not like you, but if you need help, I'll help you. I don't know what you are doing with that man, but if you want to leave him, I will help you. Just tell us and we can give you a ride to a shelter we know about. They can hide you forever if need be." Loras gasped and nearly fainted with terror as the boy leapt off the swing, enraged. "Please, I would never leave you, just ignore them." He begged, grabbing Spaceship's arm, then he looked at the two men. "Go away! I don't need any help. Thank you for wanting to help me, but I am fine. Please leave! He gets really mad at the idea of me leaving." The men did not move fast enough. One huffed and started to berate Loras for being rude at such a kind offer. Spaceship twisted out of Loras's grip and got two steps before the pet tackled him. Even as the boy hit the ground, he was grabbing sharp rocks and hurling them with deadly accuracy. The two men screeched and ran, both bloody with cuts from the rocks. Jaime shoved Loras away and lifted the boy to his feet. "Get into the car right now, young man. We are leaving. You will not come back to this park until I see your behavior improve." Normally, this would have Spaceship running for the car, his respect for Jaime was great. His anger at not just those men but at his pet was too big this time. Rushing past Jaime, he began to kick Loras, as the man was trying to stand up. Loras flung up his hands as a small sneaker nearly broke his cheekbone. Jaime restrained Spaceship and told Loras to get the babies into the car seats. The boy raged all the way home. Jaime was forced to lock himself and the babies in their soundproof nursery while Spaceship punished his pet. Perhaps if he had come down to check on the babies lunch earlier things might have been so different. By the time Jaime noticed something had gone wrong, he was already slipping in the blood.
I Take It Back

Chapter Summary

Spaceship finally takes things to far and hurts someone he did not mean to hurt. Jaime makes a terrible discovery. Ramsay and Damon decide to play a little trick on their pets. Loras finally gains freedom.

Chapter Notes

a part of this chapter is inspired by HappyDagger's latest chapters of Martyr. i simply had to borrow the drug rape idea. the next chapter dealing with said drug, is also inspired by her work!

"Please, I take it back! I didn't mean it, please, Loras, get up!" The boy stood crying over the limp man laying in a pool of blood. Head wounds always bled the worst, Spaceship recalls hearing this. Yet, Loras was so pale and he wasn't moving or pleading anymore. Gregor had warned him, everyone has warned him that he must watch his temper. Here was why, here was his pet who couldn't defend himself maybe dead on the floor. Jaime suddenly was there, half falling in the blood.

"What did you do to him? Is he dead?" Jaime grimaced at the blood on his pants then tentatively touched Loras's neck for a pulse. With relief, Jaime said, "He is alive, breathing at least. I am calling the doctor for him, let's hope he doesn't need a hospital. What were you hitting him with?" Spaceship sobbed and showed Jaime the bloody and cracked bat. That is when Jaime looked at Loras and noticed the other injuries. His left hand seemed broken and one of his knees was swollen.

"He should have stayed still! If he just stayed still like I told him to! I was only going to break one hand and one knee. Enough so he couldn't run for a long time, so he would learn and remember!" Jaime stared at Spaceship with sudden horror. "You would break his bones so he won't run? He never would have run away, you know that. Loras has had plenty of chances where he could have taken off and he never has. He is too afraid of your father to dare, too afraid of you, of this very thing! Look what your temper has done, you could have killed him! Is that what you want to do?" Shaking his head and wailing, the boy said, "NO! I mean, I was angry enough to want him dead at first. But I calmed down and didn't mean to hit his head. He moved the wrong way and it happened! I only meant to break his bones. Loras needs to learn, pets need to learn different, you know. Some people, most people, you have to hurt them for them to really listen." That is when Jaime saw how far too late it really was to save this boy.

Robb had been pale and listless all day, staring at anything shiny he could see. At dinner, he barely ate anything then turned to Ramsay. "Master, my head hurts really bad. May I please go lay down?" Ramsay gave him two of the painkillers the doctor had given for when Robb gets these spells. He gently tucked Robb into his closet bed and said softly as to not hurt the oversensitive head, "I am going to put on your blindfold and earplugs. That way you won't get woken up by anyone being loud. I don't want anything else to hurt your head tonight." Robb thanked his Master and shimmered away on painkillers. When the blindfold was put on, Robb could watch the lovely swirling colors. The ear plugs allowed Robb to hear the most wonderful faint song, he thought it might be his mother
singing. It was a song that she used to sing when she was sad or maybe it was a song she sang to Bran. Robb couldn't quite remember.

Since Robb has gone to bed early, Ramsay and Damon decided to try something out. Among other things, the Wildlings ran a brisk drug trade for Damon and Ramsay. A new designer drug was recently created in the South, mainly supplied by Gregor's men. Mance had managed to get some Pyke men to raid one of the warehouses. Now a warehouse in Pyke is creating more for them and it was doing a brisk business in the Northern clubs. Mance had given a handful to Ramsay and Damon to keep for themselves. The drug was considered to be similar to the date rape drug except for a few things. It became a powerful aphrodisiac and the person may remember a good amount the next day. However, what they will remember is that even if they were moaning no, they couldn't have wanted it more. Pain nor degradation could halt the tidal wave of lust and this made the victim feel entirely at blame. It also made them too ashamed to report such a thing so this drug was in demand by many predators. Damon and Ramsay had been waiting for a good opportunity to try the drugs on their pets. Since Robb was in bed early, neither had any meetings, why not? Kitty and Reek were not suspicious in the least when their Masters handed them ice cream. It was not unusual for the pets to receive a snack at night. The sweet drug was hidden among the sugary grains of ice and both pets cleaned their bowls.

Loras couldn't understand why his head hurt so badly. Then his hand and knee registered as agony. He moved out of the sticky mess of his own blood then remembered. Spaceship's face contorted in rage, swinging the bat as if to kill him. The memory made Loras flinch and whimper before he saw the room clearly. A tiny figure was laying sprawled with it's neck wearing an angry red smile. He hunched over the dead child only for a moment, then pain and fear got him moving. Slowly, he stood and held onto the walls for balance. Hobbling, he tried to go upstairs to get Jaime for help, or at least his phone out of his room. Loras stared at the empty rooms. Jaime and the babies were gone as was most of their items. He must have killed Spaceship and fled. With a burst of anger, Loras thought how selfish that man was. He could've taken Loras with him, he could've saved him! Then Loras glanced at the clock and thought fast. When Gregor entered the house a bit later it was in the foyer that Loras shot him. The pet was hiding in the closet with a gun with a very good silencer on it. As soon as the giant's head had a hole in it, Loras flew. He ran through the escape passages until he made it out of the estate. Then he kept running until he could hitch a ride.
Ramsay gets a different reaction than he is expecting from his pet. Kitty discovers another way to receive torment from Damon. Robb dreams of shining colors.

Kitty and Reek watched the screen and their Masters watched them. After a bit they could see the drug beginning to work. Both pets began to relax, sinking further onto the soft rug. Shoulders touching, they stared at the colors on the screen fascinated. Damon and Ramsay lifted their pets up and carried them upstairs. Ramsay put his pet on the bed then went and locked his door. He checked quickly on Robb, who seemed to be deeply asleep then locked the closet door as well. Ramsay wanted to have no interruptions. His Reek was always well behaved and Ramsay enjoyed letting his pet have pleasure. Tonight would be even better, look how his Reek was already squirming on the bed. Leaping onto the bed, Ramsay laughed when his pet surged into his arms, kissing fiercely.

Biting gently at his pet's lips, Ramsay felt the slight body rubbing against his already stiffening cock. Reek climbed on top of his Master and keened softly. With minor urging, Reek pulled off his shorts and then took off his Master's clothing then climbed back on him. This time Reek rubbed his entire fragile frame over his Master's body until both of them were panting in need.

Swept away in delirium, Ramsay was lost in the unique feelings his suddenly bold pet was creating. By the time Ramsay noticed what his pet's intention was, it was too late. The first thrust made Ramsay's eyes roll back and his nails dug deep into Reek's back. It was painful but that just heightened it for Ramsay and he moaned. He wanted to tell his pet to stop, he wanted to punish his bad puppy for daring such a thing. If only Reek weren't so good at fucking, except Ramsay was recalling that Reek has never fucked Ramsay. Not once. Ramsay was about to slam his fist into Theon's face when the cock inside him stroked that little button that sent him reeling. "Oh fuck, don't stop! Harder, keep going. I'm going to punish you for this, I'm gonna, oh fuck, don't stop! Yes, just like that. Make me come so hard it nearly kills me. I won't hurt you as much if you do." Ramsay's words were right but his voice was all wrong. It was nearly a whine as opposed to his usual commanding tone. Grabbing onto Reek's ass, Ramsay pumped harder and it was just as good as when he fucks his pet. Just before Ramsay began to feel himself peaking, he saw something that made him gasp in surprise. His pet's eyes glowed in the moonlight and that is when Ramsay saw it wasn't Reek or Theon looking at him. Ramsay tried to lurch up but Theek bit down into Ramsay's shoulder. Then fucked him so hard that Ramsay came screaming, clutching hard at his pet.

Damon felt the girl clinging to him like a monkey and grinned. He shut and locked the door before dropping her onto his bed. She bounced twice then landed. He started to remove her clothing and Kitty simply shut her eyes and smiled. Chuckling, Damon tossed her clothing to the floor and began to remove his own. Laying down next to his pet, Damon began to caress the small muscled body and watched with delight as Kitty's eyes flew open in shock. Arya Stark never had a real sexual thought nor touch. Kitty had plenty of sexual touching but none of it was enjoyable. She fears Damon using her when he is angry, because he can hurt her badly then, if he wants to. If Kitty tries hard to please him, her Master can even be gentle on occasion. She never flinches away from anything nor tries to deny him. Through pain, Kitty has learned it is much better to just do as Damon wants or suffer worse. Kitty cannot understand why Master's hands are so warm. Why their largeness swallowing her small breasts feels so good. When a thumb flicks against the silver hoop in her nipple a shiver runs through Kitty and she moans. "Please, I need to stop. For one second, Master." Her words feel
too thick for her mouth and she knows, even before Damon laughs. "Drugged me. Why?" "So you could feel this and enjoy it. Don't cry, why are you crying, silly little girl? It will all feel so good for you tonight. Don't you want to know what the rest of us get to feel? You should be grateful for this chance, Kitty." She knew she should say thank you but that isn't what came out.

"Please don't. Stop, Master, mercy. I don't want to feel it." Damon's smile became wider and Kitty cried harder. "Oh, but why? Sweet little pet, was that the one little thing you had left? You belong to me, your mind, your body, all of it, even your feelings. Even whether things feel good or bad belong to me now. Tonight I want to watch you squirm like a real whore. I want to watch you come and scream for your Master when you do it." Ignoring Kitty's pleas, Damon used his tongue and fingers till the girl couldn't speak any longer. To watch the despair and lust grow deeper in her eyes, Damon twisted and pulled her nipple rings till she screamed in agony. At the same time, he would rub against her clit so she mixed her pleasure with the torture. Damon plunged into her hard, this usually caused her to cry out in pain. This night, Kitty was soaked to her thighs and her scream this time was clearly not pain. Her nails dug deep into Damon's flesh and he praised her. "Good girl, such a good little girl. Now move your hips, there you go, good pet. See how much you like that? Don't cry so much, you love this. All the drug did was strip your defense away, the whore is all you. Don't you want me happy, Kitty? This makes me happy, to know that I can make you feel anyway I want." Kitty wailed and began to beg frantically, but it was a bit different than before. "Master, please." She couldn't seem to get past that please. In fact, it was all she could say and it made Damon both chuckle and fuck her harder. "Come for Master like a good bitch. Show me what a good whore you are for me." Sinking under it all, Kitty surrendered to it. When it happened it was amazing, heartbreaking, the most wonderful and terrible feeling rocketed through her. Kitty felt shattered and as Damon shuddered in his own release, she shut her eyes in defeat.

Robb was dreaming of shimmering rainbows all around him and through him. He followed the colors in his mind's eye as the clot Roose had started with a hammer finished it's traveling. As he died in painless colors, Robb heard that pretty song his mother sang again.
Petyr had spoken with the night security and had a drink with some of his ladies. Then he went to bed alone and masturbated to how Varys would quiver under him silently. He was only asleep for a few hours when his phone began to ring. With an alertness born to predators, he sat up and grabbed his phone. It was Tyrion and he sounded drunk. "Tyrion, if you wish to fall off the wagon, kindly do so away from your cell. If you ever call at this hour again without a true emergency-" "I am outside of your house being stared at by a bunch of cavemen. Can you tell them to let me in? It is important and I am most certainly drunk as well. Let me in and I will tell you of it. Just me here, no one else. No one else is left to be here actually."

Tyrion greedily sucked down Petyr's good whiskey that he helped himself to. "Loras killed the Cleganes. Boy had his throat slit and Gregor was shot in the head. Who knows where Loras went? Jaime and the babies are safe, there is that at least. I am angry with you for killing Varys. He was my friend and may have been the only true one I ever had. So much death and I am frankly sick of it. Do you know something? I am a bad person from a bad family. I tried to be good and it didn't work. Drunk, I can at least be funny and not hurt anyone. I forgot all about that for awhile. Here, have this. Have it all, the Lannisters surrender. My father can roll in his fucking grave and my sister can cackle from hers. Jaime and the babies will change their names, so will I. The only things we took were our personal items and our personal accounts. Take it over, burn the house down, whatever you choose. I hated that house, can't believe I stayed in it all this time. Boggles the mind and so I need more to drink."

When there was nothing left to sign, Tyrion threw the pen down and picked up the last of the whiskey. "To Sansa Stark, who did indeed avenge her family. She brought down the Lannisters and I am sure that someday her sister will finish off the Boltons. I am out of it. Jaime is out of it. Since Rickon Stark is dead all his wealth will be transferred to his siblings. You and Ramsay can claw each others eyes out for it. Actually, Ramsay would probably just send his pet to eat you. From what I hear it's his favorite new method of killing." Petyr stood up and stretched. "Not one of those pets would dare to take me on. They are all afraid of me and with good reason." Imposing and stern, Petyr descended upon the drunk man. "I find it very hard to believe that Loras, that little fancy boy could suddenly decide to kill his Masters. I find it very hard to believe that he could murder a six year old under his care. Regardless of how the boy treated him, it wasn't in him to do that. If he had wanted to run so badly, Loras would have done it without killing anyone. For him to murder Gregor, something forced his hand. Are you very sure of your theory, Tyrion? Because I am not."

Lurching to his feet, utterly uncaring, Tyrion belched rancid air up at Petyr. "I don't give a flying fuck what you believe. I don't care if the precious babies somehow stood up in their cribs, flipped over the rails and murdered the Cleganes. All I know is I walked into a head-shot Gregor in my foyer, a child with his throat cut in my kitchen. Jaime and the babies had fled, so had Loras. Why does it matter to you how it happened? You have what you want, what you need, everything. All of it is yours now and all I ask is that you let the Lannisters disappear. Or go ahead and kill me, then hunt down Jaime." With that Tyrion drunkenly lurched towards the door, not really caring if Petyr killed him or not. Petyr did nothing but watch the imp stagger into the night. He smirked down at the
papers on the table, at the keys and deed to the mansion. A manilla folder held all the paperwork from Rickon Stark's financial accounts, Petyr put it next to his folder on Arya. Then decided to wait till the morning to call Ramsay and Damon about the good news. He wanted to enjoy it for himself first. He did however send a quick text to Ramsay. A request for someone to track down Loras Tyrell. He wants him alive, to find out the truth.
Theon is hit the hardest by Robb's death and Ramsay must console him. Kitty has no reaction at all which concerns Petyr and Damon. Petyr takes Damon and Kitty South where they meet Mace Tyrell. Loras is regretting his choices yet finds no other options for what he had done. Kitty finally finds something to react to.

Theon took Robb's death the hardest and was inconsolable. Ramsay found himself in the utterly absurd position of rocking and hugging the person he spent years trying to destroy. Reek could not handle the emotion and Theek was well sated, hidden away safely. That night as his pet slept, Ramsay had determined that Theek had most certainly been very bad. He had intended to flay his shrieking pet while fucking him throughout the day in payment. Reek woke up with being kicked to the floor and told harshly to wake Robb for breakfast. His wail of heartbreak told Ramsay instantly what he would find. Howling like a wolf, Reek ran back onto the bed and continued to grieve loudly. This brought Damon and Kitty into the room. "Ah fuck." Was all Damon said as he grabbed his cell phone to call Petyr as well as Mance for clean up. Kitty tiptoed into the closet as if afraid to wake the corpse and stared down for a moment. Ramsay had gone to Reek to quiet him down, one hand on his pet's mouth, the other rubbing his back. "I know how sad you are. Hush now. He isn't suffering, he is at peace." Kitty turned around and simply left the room, dry eyed, silent.

Ramsay spent most of the day with his pet curled up on him sobbing. The fact that he no longer must care for Robb and inheriting it all made up for it. Hearing that the Cleganes were dead and the Lannisters have gone even made talking to Theon tolerable. Since Kitty did not react to her older brother's death, it was no surprise she had no reaction to Rickon's either. Since Damon was the one without a pet weeping all over him he was the one who mainly spoke with Petyr and Mance. "I want trackers on Jaime and Tyrion, I don't trust them." Damon growled as hepetted Kitty's hair. She was very silent, her head resting on Damon's leg, eyes staring hostilely at Petyr. "Very smart of you. Find that glittery little boy for me too. If the wrong people get their hands on him, he might say too much. I want him alive, at least for now." Damon and Petyr talked to Mance about which men he would put on each job, then he left. Petyr smirked at the girl and said, "Not a single tear shed, not even for Robb? Are you that tough or just that unfeeling, girl?" Damon stared at Petyr as if he grew another head. "Don't taunt her like that, that was cruel. Have some decency, Petyr. She lost two brothers today." Shrugging, Petyr said, "I was hoping to see if I could break through that shell of hers. I would rather that she have an emotional breakdown now. We must go South today, I need you and Arya Stark with me." The fact that Kitty whimpered at the name secretly relieved both men. Her creepy still silence was disturbing.

Loras cried as he took the last of the pills he had. Why did he leave without taking clothing or money? Why did he panic? Maybe he could have just called Gregor the second he saw Spaceship like that. Gregor wouldn't think Loras was guilty if he called, right? Or maybe after he should have just called Tyrion, he would have handled it and believed him? No, Gregor would have taken his grief and anger out on Loras no matter who had killed his son. Jaime was Tyrion's brother. If the only other option was to point at his own brother, Tyrion would have made sure Loras took the blame. Still, if he had spent less time trying to figure out which gun he could shoot well, instead found some money! Or brought extra clothing! He heard on a radio as a passed by an open store window about the Clegane deaths. Then his name and the Lannisters are all being sought for
questioning. Fuck. So he has hidden out in the old shack he and his sister used to play in years ago. It was on the property his father has since sold to farmers. Back then it was close to their country house and the twins made the shed with servants. Or rather the servants made the shed while the twins played. For years this was a place of sanctuary from the world and it was again. His hand was almost black and didn't look much like a hand anymore. The knee seemed to have stopped swelling but it hurt to bear any real weight. He had no idea that while he sobbed, half asleep, the farmer had noticed him and was calling his father. While Loras prayed for a miracle, Mace Tyrell, who knew how the bread would be buttered now, called Petyr Baelish.

When Kitty was dressed to Petyr's satisfaction, she numbly waited in the car. Then in the plane. Then in the car, watching the South go by her window. She had no idea what she was waiting for, maybe for something to pop the calm bubble she was encased in. The mansion was devoid of anyone except a very nervous Mace Tyrell, who stood outside till Petyr let him in. Damon picked a room and had Kitty unpack their items while he went to speak with the men. Kitty finished and began to slowly wander the house. She ran her hands along the dusty crib in the nursery and stood in the room that Sansa had slept in. Kitty went into the room that had belonged to her brother and sat on the bed, staring up at the stars. She continued to explore until something finally made the bubble pop and then she started to scream. It was louder than Theon's howl and so full of pain, of injustice. Mace had turned pale, Damon left at a run, with Petyr not far behind. The young girl was standing with her eyes full of horror as the clear plastic bagged heads all stared back at her from the pantry shelves. Petyr sighed at Tyrion's last joke at them while Damon carried his hysterical pet upstairs. She clung to him, shaking then she sobbed, "My brothers died. They are all dead. I am all alone." Kitty's words would normally send Damon into a rage, but this time, he was merciful. "You are not alone. You have your Master, same as before. Cry and be sad about your brothers then you'll feel better." Kitty leaned into the only person in the world left to cling to and cried.
Loras is found by Tormund. Petyr explains to Loras what being a pet could really mean.
Bronn receives unwanted guests.

Loras heard the rumbled tones and scrambled against the corner of the shack, staring up wildly. His one working hand fumbled the gun out and couldn't get the fucking safety off. The first insane, half drugged, half awake thought was not a good one. What the meager moonlight had shown Loras's eyes was Gregor Clegane inside the skin of a bear. Whatever this demon was it needed to die and if he could just get the fucking safety off the gun, that would be great. Tormund stood there shaking his head slowly, staring at him. As to not startle the sleeping pup, he simply said loudly, "Well, aren't you a pitiful sight?" Sighing, Tormund kicked the gun out of the boy's hand before he broke his thumb on it. Crying out, Loras protected his one non broken hand and yelled. "Don't hurt me! Gregor please, don't!" The man muttered how shameful this was to see. "I am not Gregor, you idiot. My name is Tormund. Now, daddy has sent me to bring you home. Let's get you to him and to a doctor."

It took a few seconds for this to register and it clicked a second later. His eyes adjusted to the bushy haired man. Loras snorted and said, "Liar. You are not just North, you are deep North. My father has never left the South except on minor trips. He also doesn't give a shit about me. Try again. Did Tyrion send you?" "Actually, I am not lying. How would I have found your childhood shack? Mace sold you out to Petyr Baelish. Bad luck, right? Here is the good news part. He doesn't want you dead. So that is something to be happy about. Princess, I feel so bad for you that I am even going to offer you some very important advice. When dealing with Petyr there are two very important things to remember. If you fight him, you are his enemy. He is ruthless to them. If you give him what he wants, he can be convinced that you are useful. Now if you are done waking up, we should go because he is waiting. In the car, only up that road. If you aren't really trying to fight me, he'll never know about the gun. How does that sound to you?" That tiny desperate clawing survival need surfaced. "It sounds good to me. I don't have any other weapons." He allowed Tormund to help him walk to the car.

Loras sat in the back seat next to a well dressed man he hates, detests more than any other. "My father is such a cunt." Petyr smirked. "He was hoping to save your life. Tyrion and Jaime have fled now that the Cleganes are dead. I run the South now. Mace reminded me that if it weren't for my actions, I would not be where I am now. He also promises to be my personal toady till he croaks. He is quite useful to me, though he is repulsive, I grant you that. So I rewarded him for his loyalty by not having you killed instantly." A chill shot through Loras at the way Petyr was staring at him. It was like looking at the eyes of a shark, staring into a jackal's eyes just before it ate you. He slowly backed against the door and tried to yank the handle. Better to hope to survive a fall if only the fucking door wasn't locked from up front. "Stupid princess. Did you think I would leave the doors unlocked?" Chuckled Tormund and Petyr gritted his teeth. He wished these oafs Damon brought could learn how to be proper employees. "Loras, I haven't offered you any harm. Why are you so eager to leap to your gory death on the road?" "I am not stupid, Petyr. I heard what you did to Varys. How you made him a freak and how you had him killed. I know what a look like that means, I had a Master. I would rather die then have you turn me into that!"
Crossing his legs, Petyr leaned back and calmly spoke. "You don't get to choose to die. I do enjoy you however. You remind me of Olenna somewhat. So I will allow you the chance to live as my pet. I have not decided if you need gelding yet." Loras began to shake and his eyes grew wide with fear. "Please don't. I'll do anything you want, don't do that to me. I can behave, I know how to be a pet. Please you don't have to do that." Petyr simply gave a tiny twist of his lips and said, "We shall see." Loras felt pure black panic fill him up at those eyes and for the first time ever, he wished for Gregor. In a mere whisper now, dropping his eyes down as the tears fell, he begged. "Please, don't it to me. I promise to remember my place, to always obey, please. Master, please." Petyr's eyes lit up with interest at how the boy quivered, so scared. "Come here to me." Loras whimpered but slid over the seat till he was sitting next to Petyr. Grabbing the delicate chin, he easily lifted the young man's head up. "Look at me, Loras. This terror you feel right now, it makes you look so much prettier. I like my boys silent, submissive and very fearfully devoted to their Master. You would be the first boy I ever had that I had not altered. You will have to try very hard to convince me not to geld you. I find that most pets that are gelded tend to be less snippy, more submissive." Loras made a tiny sound of near hysteria and whispered again. "Yes Master." He did not dare to speak again unless Petyr asked him a direct question. Loras also never dared to speak louder than a mere whisper for fear it might irritate this nightmarish new Master.

Bronn had nearly slammed the door in Jaime's face. It would have woken the two babies in his arms though. "What the fuck do you want? How did you even find me?" Tyrion came around Jaime's side and said, "Lollys always told me of this little ranch she knew of out West. That she bought it hoping that someday, you'd both retire there. We are very stupid, very rich nameless idiots with two babies running for our lives. Mainly for the babies lives. Mind if we stay for dinner?"
Three Ways To Train A Pet

Chapter Summary

Reek is lonely without any other pets to bond with. Theon misses Robb and feels guilt. Ramsay decides a new method might work for the pets and to his delight it works wonderfully.

Now that Robb, Kitty and Damon have left the house seems to big, too dark in colder spaces. During times that Theon cared for Robb, he came out and did not know what to do. He wandered aimlessly, or lay in the den. Putting on shows that the others liked, wrapped in Robb's favorite flannel and with his head on Kitty's favorite pillow. Master was so busy now and Reek always tried to go with him and never embarrass him once. He was getting very good at how to act in each place. Each personality seemed to pick what they could handle. If it was a professional or social setting, Theon was there. A show of strength or a meeting at the house that is the Wildlings or any of that ilk, it is Reek. When Ramsay is interrogating a victim in a warehouse or hunting someone in the woods, its Theek.

Ramsay has learned to change with each different personality as well. Reek has his beloved Master that gives him pain and pleasure, which he is grateful for. Theon has a cold clipped Master that is humbly and quickly obeyed. He keeps his eyes slightly down and only looks Ramsay in the eyes. His sense of humor and wit is there and charms all, even Ramsay. It is offered humbly though now and that crooked grin rarely flashes. Theek has a Master that has manic, dilated eyes of sadism and rage. His voice is so soft and then joyful, like a small boy receiving the toy he has been waiting for. Just the tones brings Theek surging out of Reek, ready to lean forward, snarling. Rubbing his flank along his Master's leg, head bowed. He lays his cheek on his Master's boot staring intently at the prey, waiting for a command. This had not come easy, Ramsay recalls.

When Reek's grief for Robb had lessened, Ramsay decided it was time. He took Reek into the woods with all his dogs for a long walk. Together they walked, Reek so amazingly happy for some private time like this with his Master. He lay his head on his Master's shoulder and held his large hand. The snow was melting, a promise of spring was here and it was so peaceful. At a small clearing, Ramsay stopped and pushed his pet gently up against a tree. With his fingers, he traced the sharp angles of his pet's face. Then he kissed his little Reek with such love and passion. "You know that I love you, pet. You trust me, don't you?" Those eyes were full of honesty, worship and dedication. "I love you and trust you, Master. Always. Forever." Ramsay leaned into Reek's ear and whispered, "I want you to remember that. No matter what happens tonight, you remember that. Understand me, Reek?" With trepidation, Reek whimpered. "Yes master."

Reek suddenly was freezing cold as Ramsay pulled away and began circling him. "Do you ever wonder when exactly it was that Robb died? I did, so I had my buddy, the coroner let me know. Between his calculations and mine it was probably around the same time we were coming. Can you imagine that?" A hurt gasp and Theon stared at Ramsay with tears in his eyes. With a sad, tired defiance, Theon made weak fists at his sides and stood straight. "That is not fair! You knew his headaches were bad! I should have tried to check on him! I should have asked you to check on him! I am so sorry, did..did he say we could have saved him, Master? If I had checked?" Ramsay steeled himself and slowly cupped the miserable man's face. "No, Theon. Nothing would have saved him. Do you really blame me for his death? I never liked Robb, you know that. Yet, even I felt bad for
him. My father was really messed up. I tried to make up for it by being nice to him. Why would I go through all that trouble if I didn't want him alive? I really had no idea his headaches were that bad. Do you believe me?"

This was the first time in many years that Ramsay had spoken to Theon like that. The shock of it alone seemed to work. Theon's hands went limp against his legs and his feet seemed to be trying to inch forward. "I don't blame you, Master. I blame myself. I knew him so well, he was like my brother. I failed him." Ramsay shook his head and beckoned him closer. He wore a smirk and his eyes nearly twinkled in a face that was slowly changing it's angles, becoming predatory. Gentle, warm arms engulfed Theon and Ramsay whispered into his ear, lips just grazing his earlobe. "It is not your fault. We had no way of knowing that Robb had a clot in his head. If it's anyone's fault, it is the doctor's for not finding it. We shall deal with him, if you would like. I have accepted you, Theon, have you truly accepted your Master?" Shivering against Ramsay's breath, Theon breathes faster. "Yes Master. I swear it, I am your pet. I obey, I submit. I have accepted what I am now." "And what are you, Theon?" "Yours." "Good boy. Now can you remember something for me? No matter what happens tonight, you remember this. I have started to enjoy this part of my pet. So I want you to know that I officially accept you, Theon Greyjoy as my pet." This made Theon cry and nestle his head into Ramsay's chest, thanking him, so humbly.

Ramsay shoved Theon away from him and his smile was brighter than ever. He somehow got bigger and those eyes were like explosions too close to Theon. A new voice now, like silk but like a blade somehow, it was soft but it hurt. Theon withered under it, but Reek whispered a single word, remember. Ramsay had told Theon to remember he was accepted. So this voice is not for him, he sinks down low to sleep with Reek. Theek peeked up at Ramsay then whined when his Master snarled. "Theek, I want you to understand something. What happened that night, it never happens again. I am going to make very sure that you really know which one of us is the dominant, feral little bitch." Ramsay hunted Theek for two hours, his girls, biting at Theek's heels and mangled hands. Tore his skin on bark, trying to climb a tree, that the bitches pulled him down from. Theek fought them until one had his teeth on his throat. "I am still a better hunter, aren't I, Theek?" Three times he ran and taken down by the dogs. On the fourth try, Ramsay brought Theek down with an arrow lodged his thigh. Ramsay was careful to only hit the fatty part. That time while trying to not hit against the long shaft stuck in his leg, Ramsay tore Theek's clothing off and raped him brutally. "I will always be the stronger one. I will always be the hunter, you the hunting dog. Do you understand that, doggie? My feral little bitch?" They didn't return to the house for many hours but when they did, Theek understood perfectly.
Some Kitties and Poodles Don't Mix

Chapter Summary

Loras is desperate to stay on Petyr's good side and tries his best. Petyr is pleased enough to offer a reward for it. Problem is, Kitty gets to share in this adventure as well....they don't get along very well. nope, not at all.

Petyr had to admit that he was very impressed. He did not expect Loras to last the night before he would be calling his surgeon. Loras was amazing to watch, he will bite through his lip, sweat may pour down his forehead. Eyes low at all times, he is going for perfection. No matter how many times even Damon has tried or trick or taunt him, Loras behaves. When Petyr gives an order, Loras leaps to obey it. Laughing, Petyr told him he could start obeying gracefully. Loras didn't need to run to obey. Releasing his held breath, Loras started to quietly cry in relief. "Thank you, Master. I am very grateful." Petyr had wiped away the tears and said, "You should be. I like my boys scared, not running terrified, Loras. Let me see my silent, graceful pretty boy that isn't gelded yet." With a pale face, Loras nodded frantically. "I want to please you. Forgive me."

Loras moved as gracefully as he could at all times, like a glittery cloud floating by. The cat in Kitty wanted to chase the pretty colored prey and rip it's head off. As a reward for trying so very hard, Petyr took Loras shopping. He had forgotten the fun of a companion. This little lap dog needed some training still of course, but he was adorable. So young and impressionable still. He had never considered really having a pet before. He had wifey of course, then he had the West boys and then wifey again. Wifey was given a western treatment and it was good. It wasn't wonderful though, Varys was complicated. This boy thinks of no one else, but Petyr. He would do anything to keep his Master from gelding him. He was pretty, rich and understood the social game quite well. Like the other northern men, he likes a working pet. Loras is certainly an asset and Petyr found him amusing. Not to mention enjoying his body. There wasn't a thing that the young man didn't eagerly attempt, even if it made him cry. Even if it horrified him, the lovely graceful pet instantly complied. So the man's long curly hair was styled, he wore the best of clothing and his nails were manicured. Loras followed along behind Petyr like a colorful wraith, always silent.

He filed, answered phones, passed messages, did anything that Petyr needed done. Whether it was a drink or coffee, Loras always had it ready. He learned fast what was wanted of him and Loras for once, worked hard to keep just this one thing of his he has left. It was a torment beyond belief to be a silent, submissive shadow that only lives for another person's needs. With Gregor and Spaceship, it was loud and chaotic. For the most part they did not care if Loras mouthed off. He was allowed to nag the boy. Loras can't count how many times Gregor would roll his eyes and offer to tape his mouth shut. If his mouth got him in trouble it was a painful or humiliating punishment. It would end and he would heal or the humiliation would fade. This was a threat that hung over his mind like a pendulum constantly going back and forth, inching down closer. One wrong word, or look or even a slight twist of lips or roll of eyes and Petyr will castrate him. Even Gregor didn't do that! So Loras was mute and the words filled his head, driving him mad. So there was only one target for him to relieve his voice on and that was Kitty.

Two pets could not be more different. Two pets could not have any less in common. Kitty greeted Loras the first time by growling at him till her Master whacked her in the head. "No. Bad girl. He is new here. Loras is Petyr's pet now, get used to him." Loras stared up at Damon, then down at Kitty.
and simply said with a soft voice, "It is nice to see you again, Damon. Kitty. I am grateful for this chance to serve." Kitty snorted at the honeyed words and Damon simply arched his eyebrow at Petyr. The amused flashing eyes told Damon there was an interesting story to hear later. They have been renovating the mansion, the secret pathways and hallways explored and kept. So was the panic room. The heads were all buried where they belong, or at least that is what Tormund assured them of. Petyr and Loras share Sansa's room, Damon and Kitty have take what was Cersei's room. It was bad enough that now Petyr was inserted into her life, that Kitty was living somewhere she hated. Where her lost sister and brother had lived. Kitty has found a way to accept her past and present. She wants to be in the colder north, but she does she the advantages of the South. Roaming the gardens was peaceful and a good area for training and gymnastics.

Unless it is certain that no company will be entering the home, Kitty only wears her shorts and tank top in Damon's room. Petyr took Kitty shopping as well, even though Damon was assured Petyr would have no difficulty, he joined. Loras has stayed quiet but his excitement at new clothing was apparent and made the masters smile. Kitty was sullen and silent. She felt afraid, what if Petyr was trying to change her into a Sansa? Into one of those other girls he trains then sacrifices? Kitty slid closer to Damon and laid her head on his lap. The limo was comfortable and well stocked. Damon allowed his pet to have sips of his drink to make her a little relaxed. An hour before they left she had crawled to him and asked to speak with him. Recently, Kitty has started to make real conversations with her Master. Not just obedience, but actual discussions, debates. She has also begun to timidly explain some of the emotions she has. Questions, so many of them as most young teens have. Damon is in his early twenties, but he is pleased at her attempt. He responds for the most part, enjoying that his girl has accepted that he is all she really has. "Master? Do we have to buy new clothes? Petyr might try to turn me into...another type of person." Damon gave a reassuring but firm bite to her neck. Fitting his teeth into the well formed bite scars on the back of her neck. She melted a little at that and whimpered. "It doesn't matter if he makes you look like Lady Gaga. Do you know who you are?" "I am Kitty. Your pet, Master."

Petyr insisted that Kitty must have her clothing picked out for her. Damon nearly crushed her hand when she tried to protest it. "We shall assist her first then while she is in the hair and makeup salon, I shall start Loras's clothing selections. Turning to Loras who instantly looked up, hopeful and afraid of anything that might annoy Petyr, such as that little ungrateful brat. She constantly growled at him and he glared at her. "Loras, since you are an excellent dresser, I am assuming you can help Kitty find the right clothing, can't you?" Turning with a tiny twitch of disgust, Loras looked over Kitty. "I can hide most of her issues, but will she wear dresses or skirts?" They don't have clothing with knee pads, he thought to himself. Oh, how he wanted to say that! Anytime that Kitty was out of the eyesight of either master, she would bite him. Lunge at him, growl and hiss. Loras for his part, was not to be left out. He let every word come flying out of his mouth and by the time they were done, it was madness. They came out from the dressing booth with Kitty in tears. Loras somehow had a bloody nose and some deep bite marks on his arm. Both pets were lectured and cleaned up. The slender young man gently and subtly begged his Master's forgiveness. Terrified of what the results could have been. Luckily Petyr was happy with what Loras had found for clothing and forgave it. Silly pet fights were of no real concern.
Three Killers In A Cul-De-Sac

Chapter Summary

Jaime, Tyrion and Bronn have relocated and changed identities. The babies are in a safe, healthy and friendly environment. However, Lannisters are Lannisters and the brothers cannot help but try for some revenge. Bronn offers a warning against it but goes along with their plans. He has his own reasons, to protect those babies as Lollys wanted.

Bronn gave the chubby squirming baby boy a grin. When Jaime's big head appeared over his shoulder one more time, he punched him. "If you give me one more lecture on how to properly diaper a baby, I am going to do a terrible thing to you. It will put you in the hospital and in a diaper of your own." Without missing a beat, Bronn finished the taping and lifted the happy fellow. Stepping over Jaime, who was holding his jaw and glaring, he bounced the baby all the way over to his double swing. As soon as Bronn buckled him in, he reached over and grabbed a handful of his sister's hair. In return, the girl gurgled and started to eat the small cookie she had stolen from her brother's tray.

Tyrion came into the room just as Jaime lurched to his feet and stormed to the mirror to see if there was bruising. "Damn it. I have gymnastics and swim class with the children, how do I explain this?" "Exactly what do babies do for gymnastics anyway? So far they can crawl, roll and eat anything that doesn't move away fast enough. Hence why my cat ran away. At least I hope. They cannot swim and they cannot do flips. You pay money to flirt with women and watch your babies not swim and not do flips." Bronn grinned and said, "That is exactly what I had told him. He could leave the kids home and go to a bar. Or a whores house. Instead he is hunting the great suburban jungle for that pretty single mommy. Aren't you?" Jaime turned brick red and mumbled that it was none of his business what he did.

It was a pretty little piece of suburban life. Here in the desert, social status was just as important as anywhere else. When the brothers had found Bronn he had been living in a beach house that Jaime had deemed as unsafe for the babies. Jaime bought a house and Tyrion put it in Bronn's name. "Now you have an excellent piece of property you can keep or sell someday." Bronn was not impressed, the house was currently full with no sign of when it would ever be empty again. Tyrion waved some papers at Jaime and said, "It's done. Petyr will not be able to touch a cent of Rickon Stark's money. Not a single judge will unfreeze those accounts for him. Anyone that refused to take our bribes certainly understood the threats." Jaime winced at that and said, "Telling a parent you will kill their only child was going too far, Tyrion." Taking a swig of whiskey, Tyrion leaned over Cat and cooed at her.

"Tell your sanctimonious daddy that Uncle Tyrion would never threaten a parent like that. Uncle Bronn does that part." Jaime fixed his hair so it just covered his bruise and got some coffee. Now that they lived like a middle class family, they had to look like it. Jaime was the shoulder length long haired single daddy that had some money from his deceased parents. He was the dedicated dad that could be seen at every parent-infant group that sprouted in each latest fad. Jaime has learned how to give his infants a massage, he has taken baby yoga with them. Along with five giggling new mothers, he discovered how to create his own baby food. Infant music classes, field trips and picnics and trips to the park were his new hang outs. Jaime's new friends were all frazzled new parents, already worrying about the safety and progress of preschools. He has also learned to respond to his
The neighborhood was friendly but aloof which is exactly what the men want. Neighbors think the babies are cute, Jaime is a handsome dedicated dad. They are aware he lives with his brother, a dwarf and a drunk, but a funny, nice one. After the first few months no one stared anymore, they have accepted him as a charming little addition to their neighborhood. How much more forward and progressive can they look? Not only do they have some Hispanic and black folks living in the neighborhood, they even have a little person. Even the Gardens cannot boast of something that unique! The residents of this small cul-de-sac became a bit preening and protective of him, almost like he was a mascot. He didn't care as long as they let him drink and laugh. Many of them drank and laughed with him. Tyrion got used to being called Josh. These folks never knew that Tyrion would have many small sober periods where he did things that would make them drop their pampered chins in horror. Such as ordering the death of two judges in order to reach a third. Such as ordering a threat to that judge's child in order to obtain a dead six year old's fortune.

Many of the neighbors enjoy the company of either the golden handed dad or the happy little drunk. Some enjoyed both of them. Few enjoyed hanging out with Bronn. He has changed since Lollys has died and has reverted to a harder, colder person. Only the babies melted him now. That is the only reason he has allowed them into his world again. Tywin and Cat shouldn't suffer because of their idiot keepers. Lollys always worried about the fate of those babies and Bronn knew he had a new goal. Protect these children at all costs. He is seen as the roommate that keeps strange hours. His steel eyes and scowl keep anyone from asking questions. Begrudgingly, Bronn is helping Tyrion with his scheming. Willingly, he helps in the care of the babies and in their protection. No one knows their real identities, no one has any idea where they are. Still, it bothered Bronn that the greed and revenge the brothers were showing would hurt the children. "If this fails, or if Petyr finds you, he'll send Ramsay, Damon and those fucked up cannibal pets after you. I protect those babies, not either of you. I won't save you from their hunts. Are you sure you are willing to risk this? Once you have started this, Petyr will know it was you, he won't stop looking for you. What do you think he would do if he got the babies? Would he kill them or hide them with some fucked up family somewhere? Is it really worth that risk?" When both Tyrion and Jaime nodded, Bronn looked at them with disgust. "Gotta love family values. Both of you just like your father. Preserving and saving your family's honor and name is still more important than any actual family member, right?" Jaime and Tyrion looked at each other in horror and acceptance. They knew it was true.
Mance Rayder sat on a bearskin lounge chair and had his feet up on a stool. He loves these little casual business meetings that Ramsay has once a month. It is only Mance, Ramsay and his pet. That is one strange little bugger, tiny thing somehow, in spite of his lean muscular build. Next to his master, he gets even smaller. He answers to Reek, a fucked up mean thing to call someone. Not Mance’s place to judge of course, not that he really gives a shit. None of that is what bothers him about that guy. What sends ice through his body, is how fast the face and eyes change. There have been many times that Mance has seen Reek. Ramsay tried to explain it a little to Mance, but he just got more confused. Apparently, there is Reek, Ramsay’s pet and loving slave crap. Then there is Theon, who was there before Reek showed up. Now we have Theek, who is a super fucked up version of both and a very deadly nutcase.

Out of the three, he would rather see Theon. It is uncomfortable to watch Reek crawl all over Ramsay like a human puppy. Mance is uneasy around Theek, even though he only attacks on command. There is a look, a strained movement to his body. It tells Mance that one day, this freak will snap and rip throats out till someone shoots him. Theon stands, pours drinks and speaks like an actual man does. Tonight it is Reek, much to Mance's dismay. The news he is bringing might affect Theon Greyjoy. It certainly will make Ramsay ask Theon questions that they need answers to. That means Ramsay will summon him and Mance gets treated to another sick sight that will stick in his head. It will take him getting black out drunk to end it. The sight of a person wrestling to rise to his own surface, the chilling sudden blank look. Then it fills up like the ocean, so fast and there is a new piece of him.

Ramsay caressed Reek's curls gently, as his pet curled closer into his master's lap. They sat across from Mance on a couch. Taking a fast gulp of moonshine (He brings his own,because he makes his own. Fuck paying for what he make himself.) he begins. "We have a problem on Pyke. A huge one. Victarion Greyjoy has finally gotten bored sailing around the world. He is back and causing all sorts of fuckery for us. Took back two warehouses and killed ten of our men, wounded five more. Let the five live so they could relay messages. "Let me know when you are ready to give back what is ours." Shit like that. Before more die, we need to speak with him. Or kill him, if we can reach him." Mance saw that Reek, who never pays attention to anything but Ramsay, had tensed. As soon as he said the name of Theon's uncle, that young man clung harder to Ramsay, but was stiff in body. Wincing, Mance downed the rest of his fueling liquid and blurted the worst out. "Victarion also says he knows you have Theon. He wants him back, to get justice for his niece and sister in law."

White as a ghost, the boy gave a sort of whimper that just made Mance shudder briefly. He refilled his glass and set down the thick jar, no longer full. More like a quarter full. Thank the Gods, Mance has a driver tonight. Ramsay arched his eyebrow at his pet. "Now Reek, why would you be scared of this threat? Do you dare doubt that I can protect you?" Mance tried to look anywhere but at the now groveling, apologizing man. "No Master, never! It..it is something else. The names...the ones I killed, they were Theon's family. So it hurts us all to remember it, to remember they hurt my head. And tried to change me." Ramsay shushed his pet then, calming him down with soft words. Mance
downed the drink, letting his world get soft and shiny around the edges. Better. As the pet nudge
Ramsay under his chin, he poured the rest of jar into the glass. If this continues, Mance will be
leaving on his back.

Hugging Reek, Ramsay gently said, "I am so sorry that happened. I am. You will never leave me
again, ever, no matter what. I will never let anyone else hurt you or touch you, remember? Now in
order to get rid of this nasty man, this sticky problem, I must speak to Theon." Mance nearly groaned
out loud and had to force himself not to finish that last drink. He will be useless then, already
halfway to useless now.
Glass Houses And Ceilings

Chapter Summary

Petyr finds the South is not as influenced by him as in the North. At least the upper crust isn't. At least not publicly. Petyr finds another route to his power and also puts the pets to use. Loras and Kitty are still snippy.

Petyr had kept Sansa's restaurant open, however it had been renovated. He had no need for a family style restaurant, it did not bring the clientele he wanted. Unlike Varys, Petyr was not welcome on his own into the highest classes on his own merit. He was Northern and the socialites had accepted his wifey as Southern, not him. Petyr had been allowed because of Varys, Olenna and Tywin. Since all three were dead and most of the upper crust blamed him for it amongst themselves, he was shunned. Loras had a claim through his family name and father, however, the Tyrell's relations with Petyr tainted them. They were stiffly greeted and politely tolerated. It did not matter to Petyr very much business wise, it did bother his pride a bit.

So any monies he had control over that funded anything at all for the upper class were canceled. The Lannister parks fell into disrepair and so did Sansa's charities. She came from the North as well, so they shouldn't be allowed to touch anything of hers either. Petyr turned the apartments upstairs into a small club, the first floor into a discreet restaurant and bar, with private meeting spaces. Ladies were there, separate from the hostess and wait staff, that would offer free company during your dinner. They would offer paid company afterwards in a new apartment building Petyr owned behind the restaurant. It was clean and posh one bedroom apartments that each girl lived in rent free. A few lithe bodied young men worked for Petyr as well. They were as popular with some of the clientele as the girls were.

Most of Petyr and Damon's deals happened here, meetings were safe to have here. Petyr did not like to bring too many into the house. He firmly felt that personal life should stay hidden, give nothing away to use against you. Kitty and Loras behaved differently inside than they did in public. Even though Petyr has seen both pets act normal in front of the few he has brought in for dinner, there were still tiny things. Both Loras and Kitty were either stiff or stumbling over their Master's given names. They tried to balance a line between still being respectful and submissive, yet seem just politely courteous. With careful coaching by Petyr they both got better at the acting part. Here at the restaurant, it was easier for them. Loras was used to pretending in public and Kitty had learned how to act during her stay at the hotel.

In the club or restaurant, Loras weaves a quiet charm as Petyr sends him to extract information from certain marks. Kitty plays the part of the wraith, directed by Damon, to overhear things and report all of it. She is always wearing long light shirts, pants and soft soled shoes. Her make up and hair hide the rest of her. Clothing is always dark, she never speaks nor moves in a way to attract attention. No one ever really knows she is there, unless Kitty wants to be seen. Even if she is with Damon or Petyr, Kitty is usually behind them, looking down. Tonight there are few folks in the restaurant or club for Loras to seduce and Kitty to spy on. A tropical storm has whipped up and most don't wish to drive in it. The few that have are in the closed meeting with Petyr and Damon. So Kitty stared out the window at the rain while Loras sat nursing a glass of wine.

A last customer had decided to leave before his entree appeared, seeing the weather worsen. So Kitty
began to absently pick pieces of food from the plate and eat it with her fingers. Loras glared at her with disgust. "Really? I know sometimes you act like a dog, but not in public. Use a fork or better yet, order some actual finger food, if you are afraid of using the wrong silverware." "I know how to behave in public just as well as you do and if there was anyone here I would. It's just us, you don't even count as a human to me, so why waste manners on you?" Giving a titter, Loras asked, "Not human, me? Oh, what am I then?" Kitty sneered. "A fancy little lap dog. A little fancy thing for Petyr to order and fuck. A little slave that is allowed to look pretty for his Master. Look how insulted you get over that! See, I know what I am, it cannot bother me. You still like to pretend though, don't you? Makes it easier to forget how quickly Petyr would cut your balls off, if you dare to be a bad little doggie."

Loras nearly broke the wine glass in his hand and gently set it down. Giving a cruel smile along with a sweet voice worthy of Cersie herself, he fired back. "Is it hard to still live in the shadow of your sister? I mean, you are even living in the very house she had. Hell, you own half her fortune and yet, still, you are nothing. A shadow, a slave and even if you weren't, you could never have what she did. Look at you. Sansa had such lovely smooth white skin and lovely ginger hair. If anyone here saw what was under your clothing they would shiver in disgust and turn away. All those disgusting cuts and words, never mind those bald spots on your head. I mean, the hairdresser does a great job considering. Too bad you always give Damon a reason to drag you around by your hair. In fact, all those whip marks, bruises, along with the hair missing, I think you will spend your life as a shadow. You'll never be able to hide all of it. Not that you'll ever be free anyway. Petyr owns your fortune, Damon owns your body and after what he has done to it, no one else could ever want you."

Kitty was going to stab a fork into Loras's hand pinning it to the table, when the meeting ended. With the men filing out, including Damon, who instantly looked for her, she couldn't risk it. So that is why two hours later Kitty was using a razor to destroy some of Loras's favorite clothing. The strapping she received for it was nothing compared to her joy as Loras screeched in utter horror. Petyr had laughed and told Loras it was his own fault. He must have antagonized her into it. Therefore, he would have to mend his clothing, or wear what wasn't destroyed until Petyr felt he should have new clothing again.
Jaime and Bronn return from a botched shopping trip. Bronn is furious with Jaime's recent difficult behavior and he is angry with Tyrion for his revenge tactics. Tyrion refuses to be deterred from raining destruction on his enemies. Tywin and Cat begin to show signs of their individual personalities to the amusement of Jaime.

Tyrion had just shut down his Skype call when the front door burst open. Here came Bronn carrying grocery bags, wearing a thunderous expression. Behind him came Jaime with Cat in a pouch on his chest and Tywin in a pack on his back. He was carrying a diaper bag and a latte. Slamming the paper bags onto the counter, Bronn turns to glare at Jaime. "So you either better use the chain store in the area or you can go by yourself each week to search for another store. You aren't dragging the babies and myself through the fucking desert to piss off every grocer! This is the third whole foods store we are now banned from! You are lucky they let us take the groceries with us! Arguing with managers of stores isn't keeping a low profile. You are putting the babies into a spotlight every time you act like that!"

Jaime gently set each baby into a walker. "Did you see the produce? Not telling the truth whether something is organic is a big deal, Bronn. Did you happen to miss the condition of the fruit? How am I to make applesauce for the twins with rotting apples?" "They weren't rotting at all! And how about using real made applesauce like normal parents do! Real baby food from jars." Shaking his head, Jaime just did not respond and drank his latte. Tyrion watched this little spat with mild interest. "B ronn is right, Jaime. I have been with you myself and you are embarrassing. Find a place and stick with it or leave the twins at home. It is a risk to them to have you bring attention to yourself like that. I agree with Bronn on this one. He is their protector, but he cannot do that with you acting like a loon around them."

As soon as Tywin was nestled into his walker, he was gone. He flung himself from one end of the room to the other in a frenzy of movement. Bronn grinned and leaped out of the way of the little demon. The boy was drooling and chuckling, his fat, muscular legs pedaling insanely as he tears past. Cat was moving slower, she seemed to be studying different things in the room as she drifted by. It took her only four passes around the table before she figured out her target. With pure glee and a squeal to announce her bounty, Cat's tiny fist snatched Tyrion's keys from his pocket then she fled. Slamming straight into Tywin who had made a beeline towards the victory crowing. Tywin tried to grab the shiny prize from Cat. She pulled away causing him to grab her ears, yank her forward and scream rage into her face. With a tiny roar back, Cat lunged and tried to put the keys into Tywin's eye.

While Jaime took away the keys and sent each baby into a different direction, he looked at his brother. "What I feed my children is important. It is not my fault that nothing around here has good quality foods." "Then order it online from elsewhere. Or take your little adventures to find the good quality foods on your own. I have other news if you are done with your ranting now." Jaime shrugged and finished his latte, while watching the two rotating around the room. Bronn finished putting the groceries away and sat down with his coffee. "What have you done now, Tyrion?" He asked wearily, fearing the worst.
"Not just have I got Petyr and Ramasy locked in litigation forever, froze all accounts from Rickon, Robb and Sansa, the best was yet to come. I had finally located that asshole nut job, explorer, rapist, murderer and smuggler, Victarion Greyjoy. With a name like that, no wonder he thinks he is a god. Anyway, he was most interested to hear what has happened on Pyke. How Ramsay turned Theon Greyjoy into something that would kill his own mother and sister. How the North has taken over his family's business and fortune. How everything left to Theon was signed over to Ramsay. He and his men are swearing to destroy the Boltons and gain revenge for his slain family on Theon's skin. Should be fun to watch, don't you think?" Jaime smiled as he was being charmed out of his wheat toast cracker by Cat. Bronn stared at Tyrion. "You set a madman loose all over the North. What if he wins? You don't think he will head for the South next? What about your mansion and lands? Your businesses? He could take them all."

"He would never get past the North into the South. Petyr would never let Victarion get that far. I just hope he manages to take out Ramsay or at least his feral pet. If not then at least he will reclaim his lands, Ramsay will be distracted and weakened. It is worth the risk. I have one last bit of good news. Remember the hit I put out on Arya Stark? It's been picked up. Now we just have to wait. Then once the girl is dead, all her funds will be transferred to the twins account. Which is lost in so much red tape and cover titles of fake banks, Petyr will never be able to trace it. Only Lollys could have ever decoded it. After all, the boy I hired to help me with it, was recommended by her in the past. That Podrick kid is amazingly smart if he is a little dorky." Jaime winced while Bronn inwardly groaned at Tyrion's mindless destruction.

"That girl really has to die? Can't we just relocate her somewhere? She is innocent and only fourteen." Tyrion stared at Jaime with his mouth open. "You slit the throat of a six year old boy and you feel guilty over this?" Jaime glared and said defiantly, "That was different, he was going to hurt my children someday. He was too risky around them. I had to kill him and I tried to do it fast. This girl has done nothing to hurt us." "No? She is an innocent little girl? She has bitten fingers off men that annoyed her. She hunts humans for sport on command and likes to torture her prey too. Takes her time with her kills. Her being alive only blocks your children from financial security. Also, what if someday Petyr and Damon decide to send her after the kids? It could happen. Better to remove that risk now."

Bronn rubbed his temples then stared at the brothers in mild revulsion. "I met her last year. She was covered in words that Damon carved into her skin. Her eyes were sad to look at, it was like a little girl trying very hard to be a grown up. Not a killer or a monster, just a girl that was scared and trying to survive however she could. You should at least know a little about the girl you plan to have killed." Tyrion looked at Bronn and simply responded, "It is a mercy then. I am saving Arya Stark from a full life of abuse at Damon's hands. As she got older, Petyr would find worse uses for her, I bet. So we are saving her from two villains and giving her peace. Now, since my work is done for the morning, I am going to get shitfaced. Excuse me, lads." Tyrion gave Cat a little kiss and tickled Tywin on his way to the wine cellar.
Chapter Summary

Reek finds himself pushed back as Ramsay tries to wage a war. Ramsay discovers he enjoys Roose's role of planning, but he quickly becomes overwhelmed. He needs Damon to return. Reek loses his own composure.

"Damon, I need you to come home. I am trying to run the North and fight this friggin pirate on Pyke. So? Whether Kitty stays with Petyr or comes with you, it won't matter. It isn't new to have a killer chasing one of us, is it? She is a pet, yeah, the most deadly pet besides Theek. Damon, leave her or bring her I don't care, but I need you back here!" As Ramsay disconnected and tossed the phone on the table, Reek hugged him. His arms wrapped his Master's legs and he tilted his head to look up. Since Mance had brought the news of Victarion's challenge, Reek has not had much time with his Master. Theon has spent most of the time with Ramsay, telling him everything he knew of his uncle, of his men and their main hiding places. Since Ramsay hasn't had the pleasure of actually running a battle like this, he is very excited. There is no Petyr or Damon here to bring an excited Ramsay to reason. So with his blood high, he has ordered atrocities. It only occurred to Theon that Ramsay did the same thing that they all condemned Sansa for doing.

Both men were manic and savage, the body count was getting very high. Ramsay would order worse, then in his savagery, he would call forth Theek and brutally take him till the pet screamed for mercy. Victarion would retaliate in kind. Petyr saw that Ramsay had needed a hand and he agreed that Damon should go. The phone call wasn't about whether Damon would go, but whether or not Kitty would be safer there. If it were Reek, would Master care as much about where he was? He chastised himself instantly, of course Master would care. He loves Reek, promised they would never be apart again. Yet, the whisper of doubt is there, he didn't save Reek from his father or from Asha. Master had been attacked and severely hurt, he sent help instead. Yes, that is true, but now with Master spending time with Theon and Theek, he worries. So when Ramsay seems distressed on this call, Reek wants to soothe him. An absent minded pat on his head was all he received and a gentle nudge away.

Hurt, Reek went into the den, knowing his Master wouldn't notice anyway. He actually hoped Damon did bring Kitty so he could have some company. Flipping through two books and every station on the tv, Reek was almost asleep before Ramsay called to him. Almost sullenly, Reek followed Ramsay upstairs to bed, listening to him speak of his plans for tomorrow. Theon's name is mentioned and Reek slowly starts to feel anger. Usually, this is a feeling reserved for the other personalities, it is not comfortable to Reek at all. Ramsay noticed how stiff his pet was when he tried to cuddle him, kissing at his lips. Nipping hard on his pet's pouting bottom lip, Ramsay asks, "Reek? What is it? Why are you being sulky?" Shrugging, Reek whines a little as he hugs himself tightly. "You have no time for me anymore. You only want Theon now. Even Theek got your attention instead of me."

"My poor little pet, are you missing your Master? Are you really jealous of your own self?" Ramsay was laughing and Reek flushed. "It is me, but it's not. Please, it's not funny, I need to know you still want me too." "You mean, do I still want this?" Ramsay grabbed his pet's ankles and yanked them high into the air. Reek was on his back but he still wasn't sharing in his Master's amusement. "Don't be a little bitch, Reek. I am tired and easily annoyed tonight." Reek said nothing further and Ramsay...
rewarded this by stroking his little pet as he entered him. The only words from Reek then were moans and pleas for his Master to let him come. Afterwards, Ramsay held him until they fell asleep.

In the morning Ramsay apparently felt it was all better. All the way until Reek burned the toast accidentally. That is when Master complained that Reek wasn't paying attention. "Make it yourself then." Reek clapped his hands over his own mouth. Ramsay stared at his pet as if he couldn't believe his own ears. "What did you just say to me?" Reek could have gone to his knees and begged forgiveness. Or just even muttered his apologies and made new toast. Either probably would have been accepted. Instead, Reek ripped the toaster off of the counter, the plug yanking out of the wall and he threw it on the floor. Then he screamed in rage while he punched a wall. Ramsay tried to yell at first, then his fist crashed into Reek's jaw.
Chapter Summary

Petyr and Damon argue about where Kitty should be. Loras fully enjoys Kitty's suspense and fear over being left behind with Petyr.

Loras was relentless, the spite shining from his eyes, his little magpie voice driving Kitty insane. "If Damon leaves you, how long before Petyr tries to turn you into Arya Stark? How long before Petyr figures out that you will never be like Sansa was? Even if he had plastic surgeons work on you for painfully long hours. How will Damon react to all that? Of course, Petyr is very clever, once Damon leaves here...you'll never go back to him. Petyr will find some use for you and hide you away somewhere. At least that will be a good thing, won't it? Oh dear, wait...not really, someone is still owning, controlling you. When Petyr discovers you will never be useful like Sansa was...what will he do with you? Since you are trained as a pet and killer...probably become one of his girls. He'll have a surgeon make you smooth like Varys...no scars, no cuts...and then you can be a killer whore for him somewhere. Except you'll be the only one with a collar on."

Each word hammered another layer of fear onto Kitty, who was already on edge. "Fuck off, Loras. I swear to every God and Devil that if you do not get the fuck away from me, I'll break your nose. Any punishment would be worth it. Back away now." Smirking, Loras sauntered away, fixing a small wrinkle in his silk shirt. He still only has seven outfits that were not destroyed. Kitty hopes to rectify that before she leaves. And she IS leaving, there is no way that Kitty will stay here. She would rather tangle with assassins and pirates, then Petyr who would turn her into something worse and Loras, that pompous little cunt. Petyr and Damon were still behind the closed dining room door. Kitty has been pacing in front of it ever since. Petyr's voice has grown sharper, more hissing in tone. In response Damon is now at a full roar. Twice this roar was accompanied by a loud thud of a large fist hitting a table. Each time, Kitty jumped, knowing when Damon was that angry, it was dangerous. Yet Petyr did not sound afraid at all, just irritated.

"It is absolute stupidity, she is safer right here inside these walls and gates! With the Lannisters running about fucking with everything, this is not the time to have Arya Stark die! Whether the assassin gets her or a fucking Greyjoy takes her out, I get stuck with it! You see how they speak of me? This is my reputation, she is my adopted daughter, everyone knows she is here. They believe she is a very fragile, mentally unbalanced girl, remember? How do I explain another suicide or homicide from this slaughter house of a mansion? The girl stays right here. I can care for her until you return. You can speak with her whenever you want, leave a man you trust to watch over her if you'd like. But Arya Stark must stay with her father. We must keep appearances right now more than ever. Go fix Ramsay's fucking issues and then return to your Kitty." Petyr might as well have spoken to a wall for all Damon had listened. "I would never leave her with you. You are like a fucked up version of Dr. Frankenstein. I know what you did to Varys. I saw what Sansa turned into because of you and Loras will be next. Poor little fucker. Don't ever think I will let you change her into another of your monsters."

Tilting his head, Petyr's vulture eyes caught into Damon's golden fury stare. "Oh? I make monsters, do I? And what about Ramsay and his Theon, who is, what? Three creatures now in one? Isn't that a monster? What do you think you are, Damon? That girl out there, she was Arya Stark, what did you make her into? You think Kitty can just go to high school and be a regular kid? Like she was before?
Unless we give her a very good plastic surgeon, the girl can't even show her arms or legs!" Damon shook his head and then laughed, "Can you even hear yourself? Plastic surgery? You are proving my fucking point for me! Kitty goes where I do, understand? She is mine. This was decided when we struck this deal, remember? Don't go back on your own words, Petyr. Don't fuck with me that way, I don't like that. Kitty goes with me North." "No, she won't, Damon." On it went back and forth, until Damon nearly strangled Petyr.

Loras was getting Petyr's latte ready, it was almost four, the time his Master likes to rest. He doubted that rest will happen while this fight continues. Yet, he doesn't dare not have it ready, just in case. Loras is very careful to always please, to always anticipate Petyr's whims. Luckily, his social abilities are useful in this, he can almost uncannily know what his Master will need and hurries to provide it. The pendulum above Loras slowed a little then and he is careful not to make it swing any faster. He saw two men go past him, Tormund was one of them and he is careful not to make it swing any faster. He cringed back a little. Giving the pet a wink, Tormund whispered, "Don't' worry, Princess, we aren't here for you. It's the feral pussy we are after. Petyr asked if we could get her somewhere a little more quiet for now." Grinning with true delight, Loras pointed eagerly to where Kitty was pacing.

Kitty clutched herself and leaned her forehead against the wood of the door. She did this every fourth round of pacing, then she heard the sound, of creeping. The two best creepers are in the dining room, that leaves Kitty and Loras. That would be a lighter sound and a subtle rustling of clothing, this was not Loras. It was heavy, this was someone stalking, hunting her. Controlling her breathing, readying herself, pretending to just hear the fighting. Then she could feel it almost on her, just almost there and NOW! Tormund shrieked when Kitty's foot sent his kneecap sideways. Her fist was small but it hit as hard as a man's into his throat. On the ground, writhing, holding his throat and Kitty crouched for the next one. Damon ripped the door open as the second man attacked, not sure what else to do. He saw a flurry of limbs then the man was on the floor, screaming about his eyes. Kitty was sweaty, a bit battered and panting. She crouched like a small animal, wild, feral and so dangerous. Then she saw her Master and crouched so low, her eyes changing, melting. With a wide smile, Damon used the kindest, most loving tone Kitty will ever hear from him. "Good girl. Come on, Kitty, let us pack our bags and go visit home."
Reek has reached a point of no return and confronts his Master. Ramsay is shocked at how far his pet dares to go and must try hard to keep his temper. Reek desperately tries to get his Master to listen and Ramsay tries to reestablish control.

"How dare you speak to me like that? Throw a tantrum and break my things!" Ramsay kicked Reek twice before he calmed himself. He was truly shocked, Reek never acts this way. Is it really Theon or Theek in there, perhaps? "Look at me, right now!" The pet's head came up and glared at his Master, in spite of his pain and fear. No, it was Reek looking back, but he was angry and hurt. Ramsay was not prepared for another change in his pet, not now. Sighing, Ramsay tried extremely hard not to beat his pet bloody. "Reek, I am waiting for an apology, don't make this worse than it already is." He spoke with a strained but gentle coaxing tone that usually works on the very rare occasion Reek is rebellious. It is a voice that says, I can accept this one time you need to just take it back. Take it back, grovel and the punishment will be swift but not terrible. It's a mercy and Reek always takes a mercy.

"No, Master. I won't." Reek stood shakily to his feet and raised his hand pleadingly. "I need you to hear me, really listen to me. Please, just stop and let me talk because I am so angry with you, you hurt me. You lied to me, how could you do that to me?" Ramsay stared in shock then began to slowly unbuckle and remove his belt. "You are babbling, Reek. I am not listening to babbling. You want to shut the fuck up now. You have no idea how lucky you are that my knives are all upstairs still. Don't worry though, you keep speaking and we'll get there." Even as Ramsay looped the belt in his hand and cracked it against his palm hard, Reek continued. He flinched at the sound, but moved away fast. Ramsay stammered out, "You backed away from me? Are you trying to escape me, Reek? Do YOU need a hunt, Reek?" "YOU LIED TO ME! IS THAT CLEAR NOW? CAN YOU HEAR ME NOW MASTER?"

The belt caught Reek on the cheek and his mouth instantly filled with blood. Moaning, he spit the blood onto the floor as he heard his Master speak. "I never lied to you, Reek. Do not ever accuse me of lying to you, little bitch!" Reek lifted his head and defiantly slurred, "Lied. To. Me." Another three hard whacks with the belt on his chest, Reek refused to cower down. He knew the second he cowered, he turned away or shielded himself, he has lost. Screaming, Reek stood still and took it. "When, Reek? When did I lie to you then?" Snarled Ramsay, his belt ready to strike again. "You said I was your favorite pet. You said you would always protect me, love me, want me. Now you want Theek, you want Theon, NOT REEK!" Pale and still, Ramsay spoke so very softly. "I had no control over my father. I had no control over fucking Gregor Clegane. I had no control over Asha Greyjoy. I sent Bronn and Lollys to save you as quickly as I could. If you want to try and hold that over my head forever, forget it. You ungrateful cunt."

Another six hits with the belt, everywhere, uncontrolled now. Ramsay was beating him so hard, his arm will not move well tomorrow. Reek cried out but he never moved, except for his mouth, that kept running. "Master! That isn't what I mean! How can you love me and not even understand me?? You made me this way! You stole Theon and you made him into Reek! All that pain and hell I went through to become your Reek. You made me think he was bad, that Theon was awful, to desert him, kill him! Then he comes back and you hated him but now you are so nice to him! Always needing
his help is fine, I understand that. But you are so proud of him, he is better to bring places, to have
with you then me! Even Theek, you feared him, I know you did!” That earned another round of
whacks but he kept going. "Now Theek is important, he can scare and kill. So they both have a place
and you didn't even make them! You made me and all I ever get is fucked when you are finally done
with them!"

Ramsay dropped the belt and rushed him. Reek tried to dodge but he was not Theek and was
crushed against the wall. A hand came up and grabbed his throat, strangling, but Reek already had
no breath. Ramsay's chest was slammed hard into Reek's. As the pet saw stars blinking in his vision,
Ramsay roughly kissed him, biting hard at his lips. He gasped like a fish needing air, then kissed
Ramsay back, giving in. Going limp, Ramsay released his throat and caught Reek in his arms. He
put Reek on the floor, then crawled over his gasping, coughing pet. "You are a very bad boy. I am
angry with you, so angry, Reek. You cannot talk to me like that. You can't act that way, remember?
So there will be consequences for that later. Not now though, we need to talk first, I understand that
now. Little Reek, I do love you and have never lied to you. I should not have made fun of you. You
really are jealous of your other parts. We are going to go upstairs and talk about it till you understand
that I love you, not them. And then I am going to make you scream your apologies for your actions
today."
Damon takes Kitty North but with a stop on the way. Petyr's words and actions have inspired Damon to a drastic action. One he hopes will ensure Petyr can never turn Kitty into Arya Stark.

Kitty is unable to persuade Damon out of what he tells her is a gift. She has a visit from the dead and receives needed if convoluted advice.

Kitty packed as fast as she could then wrestled the bags out to the car while Damon and Petyr argued. "You just aren't listening. I was not doing anything wrong. I asked the men to make sure the girl waited in your room, she snoops! I knew she would be listening at the door and she might have panicked had she heard the wrong things!" With a shove, Damon went past Petyr, towards the car where Kitty was packing the trunk. "Whatever, Petyr. We are going to fix things with the Greyjoys. Tell you what though, you have inspired me with something you said today." Damon gave a wide grin to Petyr that made his eyes narrow and made Kitty cringe. "Maybe alterations aren't such a bad idea. I am going to think on that." "Damon, just because you are mad at me, don't do something drastic. We can discuss this when you return." Saying nothing further to Petyr, Damon told Kitty to get into the car.

During the car ride, Kitty remained quiet and watched the South go by. Damon used his phone to make arrangements for the plane, to tell Ramsay that they were on their way. On the plane, Kitty curled up in his lap, nuzzling against his chest. She was halfway to drowsing when he made another call. "You didn't respond to my text. Is the clinic set up? I am driving straight there after we land, make sure you are ready." Tensing, Kitty timidly began to speak. "Master? Why..why a clinic? I don't need a doctor." Peeking up, Kitty began to pant in panic as soon as she saw his grin. "No, please, I have been good! What did I do, I'll fix it, Master!" In the past, Kitty would have fought or at least tried to run. Not now, not anymore and Damon grinned wider when Kitty threw herself against him. She hugged her arms around his neck tightly. Her voice was desperate, almost hysterical, edging there. "Please Master, mercy! I have tried so hard to be good, I am only yours, please!"

Damon's arms came around her like a steel cage and his voice was a soothing sound, cutting into her panic. "Hush, you are a good pet. This is not a punishment. I am not changing your brain or your insides. This isn't taking anything away from you, it is giving you something better. I am giving you a weapon, against Petyr, against the world. This will help so that no one can ever mistake you for anything but my Kitty. Petyr will never be able to make Arya out of you." "I don't need anything to not be the paper girl! I know who I am, I won't ever let anyone change me! Please, I will prove it, I will rip Petyr's throat out if it pleases you! Don't take me to a clinic, Master!" Even though he could tell how hard she tried, Kitty began to squirm. The fear was overtaking her and Damon easily held her against his chest. "Listen carefully, pet. If you are very good for me, I will let you sleep through it. You can have pain medication afterwards and I will take gentle care of you. Keep fighting it, you will suffer through every second of the procedure. Then I will expect you to bear the pain of it while keeping me entertained all night."

Kitty sagged limp against Damon instantly, sobbing. "Please, I want to sleep through it. I will be good, Master." He rubbed her shivering, freezing body and whispered praises till they landed. Damon carried Kitty to the car and she curled into a tiny ball on her seat. One large hand continued
to pet her head comfortingly as Damon drove. When he lifted her into his arms again, to walk into the clinic, Kitty clung to him hard. "Easy now, you are being such a good girl for me. I am so proud of my Kitty. You are going to behave and then when you wake up, I will be right here." Kitty cried silently but when Damon lowered her onto the surgical chair, she only clung for a moment longer. Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to go limp and let strange men restrain her in straps. Damon let Kitty cling tight to his hand until she went limp under the mask.

"You really need to figure yourself out you know. Watching this is getting a little pathetic." snorted Bran and Rickon giggled, bouncing a bit in the tree. Arya looked up and stared at the old tree in her backyard, so long ago, was it years now, eons? Here she was and here were her numbskull brothers dangling like monkeys. "What do you mean? What is pathetic? I am? Huh, at least I am not dead..wait! Oh shit, did I die, am I dead?" "No stupid, just in a twilight sleep. Be glad of it, that sound is horrible, that sounds like-" Arya threw stones at her brother with deadly accuracy and Bran stopped talking to dodge. Sansa grabbed a rock out of her little sister's hand and hugged her. "You are surviving and that is wonderful. A point will come though when you might want to do more than just survive. Damon is right about something. It is a weapon, but all of you is a weapon. Don't forget that you are just as deadly and dangerous as him, as Petyr, as Ramsay. It is all in how you decide to use it." "I am not you. I can't do those things you did." "No, you aren't anything like Sansa. But who are you? What are you capable of, Arya?" Jon and Robb smiled at her.

When Kitty woke up, Damon was there. True to his word, she was given painkillers and taken to a nearby hotel. Damon spoon-fed her jello and broth for dinner. He waited until Kitty felt ready before finishing the drive back to the Bolton Estate. The first thing Kitty did, still on pain medication and feeling her dream still was flash her new look at everyone. Most backed up a bit and swore, Ramsay was delighted and Reek seemed horrified. Kitty has pleased Damon so well that he allows her to go rest in their room, instead of tending to the bags. Before falling asleep on the bed, Kitty looked one more time in the mirror, something she usually dreads. Looking past her scars, she sees her muscled figure. Moving her hair out of her face, Kitty hisses into the mirror and admires her teeth. The fangs suit her quite well and the slight points on her other teeth seem to inspire fear. Good enough then. Sansa worked through seduction and social games. Kitty will use terror, stealth and violence to achieve her goals. Hidden ones, kept very secret and silent, still growing but there.
Loras finds himself lost without Kitty to speak with, to torment. He finds other ways to feed his need for words. A stranger confronts Loras in the club and he must deliver disturbing news to Petyr.

Loras never thought the day would come that he would miss Kitty, but here it was. With no one left to vent to, no one to use his tongue against, he was beyond miserable. The silence was killing him, the soft voice he must always use, instant obedience at all times. Unlike Kitty, he couldn't dare to disobey because Loras felt surly that day. It was not a beating or degrading punishment he feared, Gregor did enough of that. This was castration or even worse that he faced if he displeased Petyr. So the tension built within him until he finally started to smart-mouth the staff. It was not really satisfactory to terrify maids and cooks, Olenna herself had done that to a perfection. No real challenge there as they had no choice but to take it. It was unfair too and Loras understands only too well now what it was like. So after a week of this, he stopped and shamefaced apologized for his actions to the staff on his own. This actually won the respect of the house help and they became kinder to him. They shared gossip and Loras had found his small group to listen to his voice again.

Petyr was aware the entire time of course, he said nothing until after Loras had apologized to the staff. "I am glad you are learning to truly be humble, Loras. You were naughty to torment my workers, but since you have stopped and told them you are sorry, I will forgive it." Throwing himself to the rug, Loras kissed Petyr's hand desperately. "It will never happen again, Master. I swear it." The only other escape Loras had was the club and restaurant. He was allowed to use his full charm, to pretend to be the ultimate socialite again. It was one part of Loras's work for Petyr that he eagerly looked forward to. The amount of information he brought Petyr every night was always good. He had several "friends" now that came just to hang out with him. Flirting, joking and casually betraying every thought and move they had. There was no guilt, this was survival, this was keeping the pendulum from swinging. Tonight, his usual crowd was thin, a late winter flu has struck many down. A woman sat across from Loras suddenly, smiling. "Loras Tyrell, I have been dying to speak with you! I am Osha, I do a little investigative reporting. I was wondering since you are so close to Petyr Baelish, if you could answer some questions? Like where are Arya Stark and the Lannister twins?"

Turning stone faced, fear building as the pendulum began to arc, Loras stumbled to his feet. "I do not give interviews. Please make an appointment to speak with Mr. Baelish if you have questions, Osha." On numb feet, Loras moved as fast as he could without plain out right running. Petyr was speaking with Mr. Manderly and Loras knew better to ever dare interrupt. It would be unforgivably rude of him. Instead, Loras tried to go behind the bar to find something strong to drink. When his head popped up over the bar, Osha was leaning on it, smiling still. "Is it me or the questions you are afraid of, Loras?" Stiffening, Loras shared a glance of misery with the bartender who moved away silently. Well, fuck. Petyr was still deep into his discussion and no one here would help him. No one would dare put themselves under a reporters scrutiny. Taking a deep breath, Loras found to his delight, that he had a new target. "Excuse me, Osha. It was very overly polite of you and forward to offer me your first name with no surname. I however, do not know you. Please refer to me as Mr. Tyrell. Now as I have told you, I do not offer interviews. If you wish one with Mr. Baelish you will make an appointment like others do."
Leaning towards the stunned woman, Loras grinned fiercely and brightly. "What is it you said you are again? An investigative journalist? Judging by your clothing and hair you must be freelance." By the time Loras had taken a breath, he has flayed her down to pure emotions. Osha had a bright red face, her words were stuttering now and she stormed away. With a sigh of relief, Loras watched her slam the club door and he sunk onto a small stool. When Petyr finished his conversation, he beckoned to his pet and went into a small alcove. Loras meekly followed his Master into the dark quiet space. A hand on Loras's neck and he whimpered beseechingly. "Good boy. Now tell me what the reporter wanted." Of course he had seen it and Loras wondered if his words would get him in trouble. Oh, the pendulum was so close, Loras could hear it whistle through the air above him.

"She...she said her name is Osha. She wanted to know where Arya Stark and the Lannister babies were. I told her I don't do interviews then I was rude to make her leave." Petyr's eyes blazed and Loras began to shake. "You did well, pet. I am not angry at you. No crying in public, how would that look to our clients, Loras?" "Please forgive me, Master." Loras dried his eyes fast. "Better. Let's go home and see what we can find out about this Osha."
Sweet Dark Angels of Mercy

Chapter Summary

Podrick loves the twins and they love their new playmate. Jaime and Bronn attend a very important meeting at a coffeehouse. Jaime tries to sugar coat a despicable act that he feels is at least less despicable than his brothers.

"Podrick! Podrick, where are you?" Tyrion grouched as he stormed from room to room. "Little bastard is hiding here somewhere. I can smell that stupid grin covering his stupid face from here." A small cry that seemed muffled was the only response and Tyrion rolled his eyes. "Not again, you stupid fool. Were you that idiot in school that always tried to touch the animals at the zoo? You were the one to get bit by every wildlife and just managed not to get yourself rabies. What did I tell you about playing unsupervised with the babies?" Tyrion entered the downstairs playroom and stared for a moment. Then he leaned against the wall and laughed. "I should leave you here as a punishment. The only reason I don't is the headlines would be awkward. "Babies slaughter college student."

He really has no idea how this happens. The kids are so cute, so adorable and Podrick loves babies. He has eight siblings himself, all younger. Playing with children is natural to him so anytime that Tyrion isn't yelling in his ear, he visits them. Podrick has never once blamed the babies for the little mishaps, not once. That would be silly, the dear little girl certainly couldn't help her teething. Neither could the little boy, though it was odd they both went through it at the same moment. The doctor was amazed that small babies did that much damage to his left and right arm. A few stitches on each side and Podrick was more careful around their mouths. In spite of warnings, Podrick still loved to play with the little tykes. So inventive and clever at their ages, how easily they seem to strip him of his belongings. It can take hours to find whatever they stole. Podrick learned to leave keys, pens, cell phones, jewelry and everything else in Tyrion's office.

Their eyes always lit with such delight and their smiles were huge when Podrick came to play. How could he resist, so he knelt down to play. They made a fort all together, then somehow he got tangled in a length of rope?? Before Podrick could figure out why they had rope or get free of it, Tywin landed on him. Sucking at his eye and Podrick was more concerned with IT HURT! By the time he gently disengaged Tywin from his face, Cat had shoved a cloth diaper into his mouth. The rope somehow had gotten around his neck, his arms and he was bound. That is when Tyrion entered the room. Red with shame, Podrick began to extract himself from the tangles as the babies giggled. They began to crawl frantically towards their uncle who stared in some alarm. "Quick Podrick, they look hungry!" Podrick picked up Tywin who instantly grabbed his ear and tried his best to remove it. "OUCH OUCH TYWIN NO!" Sighing, Tyrion helped remove the strong grip and the boy was quickly deposited into a high playpen. The last two the children climbed out of. Tywin hollered at them as Podrick scooped up Cat who cooed at him sweetly. Podrick put the girl into the playpen and smiled at her. So cute. Even when she wouldn't release his hair and he lost a piece to her.

Jaime and Bronn sat across the table from Jorah. Every now and then, Jaime frowned at his watch. Bronn kicks him and reminds him there is no reason to call home. Tyrion and Podrick have everything under control. The children are perfectly safe, to be honest, they are safer than their sitters. "I do hate crossing Petyr, gentlemen, this is a dangerous fucking thing you asked of me. You best tell me everything you know about the Bolton Estates, Bronn. And Jaime, I want double what your brother is asking to fill this contract." Sputtering in his coffee, Jaime looked up at Jorah, incredulous.
"He is paying you to kill her. I should pay you double to save her?" Scoffing, Bronn and Jorah looked at the golden man with disgusted amusement. "Save her? Is that really what you are doing, Jaime? I have heard myself that she has been offered freedom by Lollys. She refused it. Petyr offered her freedom from Damon and she refused it. The girl will not see this as a rescue. And what do you think I am to do with her afterwards?"

Jaime looked away and cleared his throat. "I know you are a trader. Bronn told me. You can find her someone kind, can't you? The girl deserves some peace." Jorah grinned and shook his head, at the naivety. "Sure, a little old couple in a cottage that just want to tell stories to a young girl. She can be loved by them till a prince comes singing along. Get real. I am saving her from the bullet in her head. She is not a girl that I can give as a timid pet that will be cherished. She is damn near feral. The retraining alone will probably be brutal for her. That is what you are consigning her to. Are you sure you don't want me to just kill her out of mercy? Or better yet, why don't you drop this ridiculous contract?" Bronn sighed and crossed his arms as Jaime shook his head. "No, it is a mercy what we are doing. After you train her, find her a good place, the best you can. I will pay the double."
A Good Moment For Old Friends

Chapter Summary

Reek must recover from his punishment from Ramsay. He receives the attention he wished for, in spite of his terrible pain. Kitty trains and Damon argues with Mance over it. Ramsay and Damon make their plans and even speak of alliance changes. Theon, Reek and Theek enjoy a moment with Kitty.

For a week while Damon and Ramsay planned, Kitty flashed her teeth and Reek sported bandages from hand to shoulder. After Ramsay had spent countless hours assuring Reek of his love and making him come, he flayed him. Making Reek swear to never doubt his Master again, Ramsay flayed mercilessly up one side of his arm. Making Reek scream how sorry he was for being rude and defiant. Qyburn actually winced when he saw it. Kitty was happy to be in the North again. Even if she had to live in Ramsay’s home, it was worth it. She went outside as often as Damon would allow. Never leaving the Bolton land, ignoring the Wildlings who stared at her uneasily. She practiced with knives and throwing stars. Walking, running, stalking wildlife, sometimes hunting them. Always lurking within the woods making others wary of her jumping out at them.

One time Kitty was practicing stealth and then heard Damon call her from a distance. She had been out past dusk again and she knew it was trouble for her. Leaping out from a bush, Kitty rushed past a new recruit of Mance’s. The nervous man screeched like a girl, jumped a mile high then nearly shot her. Damon beat the hell out of the man, then gave Kitty a whipping right there on the lawn. Mance tried to ask Damon to curtail Kitty’s outside time, or at least discourage her from hunting the men. Damon shrugged and said, "What else do wild cats do, Mance? I cannot ask her to act like anything else outdoors. I want to encourage that side of her for our enemies. Your men should be good enough to hear her coming. I will tell you though, if a single one of them ever injure my Kitty, I'll break every bone in their body."

Reek spent every moment he could with his Master. Every throb of his arm reminded him how much his Master loved him. Even when Theon was continually summoned to help create plans and routes, Reek remained faithful. He knew his Master loved him and he sobbed as his arm throbbed. As soon as his arm had healed enough Ramsay decided he and his pet would join the battle in Pyke. Damon would stay to keep order in the North and Kitty would remain safe on Bolton land. Ramsay sat with Damon, taking a moment from their planning and he said, "I miss having you around. Do you wish you were still in the South? You always play the Southern assassin so well." Snorting, Damon said, "Hell no. More freedom here in the North. I don't have to act or dress to impress. I can be exactly who and what I am, not hide it till the moment of death. Besides, it's me doing Petyr's fucking dirty work for him while he keeps trying to climb his way to society. Now the Lannisters have broken their word, small surprise there. So Petyr is pissed trying to find those assholes and the babies. He has lawyers he beats daily to try and break these freezes on the accounts."

"He didn't care if I came home to help...but he didn't want me to take Kitty. The sneaky fuck actually had men try and take her right in front of the room we were arguing in. Kitty beat the shit out of them by the time I had the door open. Holy hells, you should have seen her! Savage little thing, but as soon as she saw me..she went down just like your Reek does. Kitty is near to perfect now and I would never let Petyr ruin her." Shrugging, Ramsay said, "So don't go back. Once I take Pyke over, someone needs to run it. Stay here and we can split our time between the North and Pyke. Let Petyr..."
deal with the South on his own. Together, with the forces of the islands as well, we will be powerful
enough. To not have a partnership with Petyr, but instead he may have the South...we shall have the
rest.” Damon's grin was wide as the men clinked their beers together.

Theon and Kitty were in the den, for once not thinking at all of their Masters. Staring bug eyed,
mouths half open, bodies tensed, they sat entranced. Clutching each other, occasionally shrieking out
in true fandom style. On the large screen in front of them, the explosions were huge. The booming
was so loud it hurt their ears, yet neither could move for the volume. Theek and Kitty growled in
unison during personal fight or torture scenes. During plots and speaking parts Theon and Kitty
would hold hands, breathless. During the final ending, Reek and Kitty sat with shiny eyes along with
the actress. "At least we got to see the season finale before you left for Pyke.” She said after they
babbled about Black Sails for quite awhile. Theon smiled and replied, "I will miss you. I need this
though, something is telling me, it is important to go.” Nodding, Kitty grinned back and said she
understood. "I am the last of a family. Once your uncle is dead, you will be the last of a family too."
Podrick moved his feet just in time then used his heel to send Tywin's walker careening another direction. "Ha! You thought you were so smart, didn't you?" Before the last word came out of his mouth, a crash from behind sent him to the ground. Rolling fast, he scrambled to his feet, then up on the counter, nursing his bruises. Cat gurgled and waved to him charmingly. "Vixen. I fear you more than him. I can hear him a mile away, you are like a tiny ninja." Growing up surrounded by siblings and cousins, Podrick saw every type of child behavior. As he had told Bronn just yesterday, "I thought you were my most deranged cousin. At least till I started to work with you, train under you..then I knew you were dangerous. These babies are the scariest, most deadly humans I have ever met. I know my job is to pretend clumsiness and bumbling around. Bronn, those kids really attack me and have even tied me up. They have tried to murder me many times now."

As far as Podrick was concerned no one needed protection less than these kids. If anything, it is the would-be assassin that should be terrified. Luckily, it was not his problem to protect the infants, just babysitting them was stressful enough. His actual job which was to keep Tyrion drunk and clueless was much easier. So was making himself indispensable to Tyrion. He made sure Bronn knew every step taken, Tyrion also has no idea how much he was being spied upon, or messed with. Finally, all the pieces were gathered, plans had been solidified and Podrick was kind of sad about it. He truly enjoyed drunk Tyrion's company, but sober Tyrion was what Podrick keeps in mind during this end game. Eying Tywin who was managing to pull himself out of the walker to see if he could scale the counter, Podrick changed his mind. Nope, he was actually glad this was over soon. Jaime is creepy, these babies are amazing but creepy. With a holler of surprise, Podrick was knocked off the counter by Cat's well placed throw of a bottle.

Bronn handed Jorah the thick bound folder. "He has to see the sense in this. Be as persuasive as you can. This is the best shot to keeping those babies alive. Take care of the girl first, then make him agree. If he is receptive, I will come out there." Shaking his hand, Jorah smirks. "You know, you really don't benefit from any of this at all." "I disagree. I benefit greatly. My wife had loved to nag me, all the time, day and night. Now she does it in my head. If this goes well, she might stop nagging so much or at least find a new thing to bitch about." Leaving Bronn to the comforting nag of Lollys within his cranium, Jorah left for the North.

Jaime pulled up and began unloading the bags. It took three stores and four hours but Jaime finally has found all the groceries he needed for the week. True to their word, no one including the babies ever went shopping with Jaime again. Once he got over the pangs of missing his children, Jaime did find it invigorating to terrify grocers with his scathing critiques. Turns out that tormenting others with his words is still a promising and enjoyable way to relieve a little stress. So once a week he made these forays and came back refreshed for it. He entered the house, put the bags on the table and went towards the children who were gurgling cheerfully. Sighing, Jaime opened the cabinet door that he heard kicking from.
Scooping the children into his arms, Jaime frowned down at the bloody Podrick. "Did Tyrion and Bronn leave you to care for the babies again? I don't like that, you are way too accident prone, boy." Tossing a band aid at the shaken young man, Jaime took the babes for their naps. "After you patch yourself, put those groceries away, would you? And please, try and be careful, don't hurt yourself anymore!" Podrick stared as the babies waved goodbye to him over Jaime's shoulder. He shivered.
Chapter Summary

Ramsay and Reek have gone to Pyke to engage in a deadly war. Ramsay and Mance try to shield Theon from his uncle. Damon and Kitty settle into a routine, maybe it had become too routine. So routine that they forget to watch for danger in their own backyard. Petyr is chasing after who this mystery woman is, while Osha turns around and targets Loras.

It was taking Petyr some time to get past the facade of investigative reporter credentials. Whoever provides her backgrounds is incredibly good. Petyr was suitably impressed and it took his mind off his many pressing worries to solve this little puzzle. Osha was apparently good at many things all at once. According to all the different things he dug up on her, Osha was quite multi talented. Here she was a reporter, yet in the North she was a former professional nanny. For the Starks nonetheless. Is this really a revenge hit for the Stark family perhaps? No, couldn't be, Petyr mused out loud, Loras listening silently. She only worked for them one year and it was two years before they went to the island. Huh. No records of her working for Varys, or anyone in the South. Just popped up here a few weeks ago. Petyr did find that she spent a good amount of time between deep North and the West. Looks like she had married and divorced a Wildling. Interesting, but he still had no idea what she wanted. Until he was on sure footing, he will not grant her a meeting. Instead, he put tabs on Osha. Which was exactly what she wanted, his eyes focused on her.

When they first stepped on Pyke, Ramsay was concerned how his pet would react. Theon moaned, Reek sobbed silently and Theek tensed. This was no time for mercy, this was a place that could kill them instantly, so Ramsay reacted harshly. His cane came down hard on Reek's foot but his other hand was wrapped around his mouth to muffle the cry. "You will calm down and focus on your Master. This place, these people, they are going to feel our wrath. I expect my pet to fight by my side, at my commands only. Do you understand? When we are walking over all the corpses, you can cry. I will comfort my pet then. Right now, are you ready to show this scum what happens when you cross a Bolton?" Reek nodded and dried his eyes. Theon gave directions and Theek came out to hunt.

With no other pets to speak with, Kitty became lonely. Her outdoor time expanded along with her training time. Television and books were short fixes, but she even found herself trying to chat with the Wildlings. There were not many left around, most had gone with Ramsay. It took a few days of not sneaking up on them as much, before any would speak to her. Then it was with deep suspicion, asking if she was setting them up for something. Kitty gave up on trying to befriend the men and went back to scaring them. Damon found that Kitty was coming to him more and more on her own. This was new but he didn't mind it. There was nothing he liked more than to watch her come in from hunting and curl up on his leg. He would pet her hair and wonder what she had killed or terrified outside. Kitty showed no interest in any of Damon's meetings or work. Silent and sleepy like a kitten, she would follow him about as he conducted the business of running the North.

Petyr was on the phone yelling at Damon about bringing Kitty about so publicly. He sent Loras inside the main restaurant to work as he pounded up into his office. "So has he cut your balls off yet? Do you look like Varys under those fancy clothes? Or has Petyr decided you are such a good loyal
pet now?" He stared at Osha, his mouth slightly open for a second. "Excuse me, bitch? I don't know what the hell it is you expect to achieve by spewing vile gossip about a widowed man. You can leave or I shall have you escorted out. Now." Osha grinned as she headed for the door. "What is it I want to achieve? What do you want to achieve, Loras? Do you want to be a neutered pet or a real boy that grows into a real man? Are you so sure it is Petyr that I am wanting to speak with most of all?" Loras watched Osha disappear out the door and he bit his thumbnail. He shivered and recalled something he had seen Reek do. Almost unwillingly, Loras found himself whispering, "Good Loras, Loyal Loras. Fucked Loras." He added at the end and slunk towards Petyr's office.

Theon led Ramsay, Mance and some silent men through the tunnels. These were only known to Balon's children, not even the uncles knew of this path. Balon had beaten into his family that these tunnels were for emergency, not for fun. Therefore, all of the siblings used the tunnels as much as they could, but never told others of it. This is how Theon got out last time, and now it allows them back in. Every man Ramsay had with him had guns, but for Reek. His pet had knives but rarely even used those. He was covered in the most blood, had the most kills beyond his own Master. Victarion came from nowhere like the damned boogeyman. Mance lost two men to him and then he was knocked out cold by the crazed pirate. The older man turned and saw his nephew, half naked, bloody and savage. "THEON!" he screamed and headed for him. Ramsay got in the man's way and Victarion threw down his gun. He pulled out his sword and began to swing.

Kitty was tired of hearing Damon yell into the phone. Slinking off, she headed outdoors and past the few indifferent men. Last night must have been a party night, the two men she went past barely noticed her at all. They looked hung over and Kitty yowled loudly to make them wince. As if hearing Damon roaring from near the open window wasn't already hurting their tender heads. Giggling at their curses, Kitty headed into the woods but not very far. If Damon has opened the window, that means he is going to keep an eye out for her. If he hollers for Kitty and she is far enough to not hear him, he'll punish her. So Kitty keeps an ear to still hear Damon distantly yelling at Petyr. Too late, cursing herself for stupidity, Kitty turned fast. Too late and she was staring down the barrel of a rifle. The man pulled the trigger and Kitty stared down at the dart in her chest. Opening her mouth to scream for Damon, turning to flee, she hit the ground face first.
Kitty dreams of Starks again. Theon relives a nightmare. Victarion is making a fun discovery that quickly turns on him. Ramsay starts with brawn and moves to using his brain. A new monstrous tale spreads across the islands.

Kitty moaned and slowly became aware of reality. In a dark van, reality was wrists handcuffed behind her back and ankles cuffed as well. Duct tape took care of her last weapon. Reality sucked and she longed for her dream. Under the trees with her dead family. They were all laughing at her which always bothered Arya. Kitty has much thicker skin and just sighed. Well, all except her mother and Jon. They were sitting on the same rock, backs pressed together. "Oh wow. Have they been talking?" "Not yet, sweetheart, but they have forever to get to it. I am the one she is hateful to now."

Arya smirked at her siblings then said, "Hey Daddy? I don't care. I don't feel sorry for you. We were all fucked up because of you and Mom. You owe Jon just as much of an apology, you let her act that way. Also, how about pimping Theon from a boy up for Ramsay Bolton? Any idea what he did all those years? I do, I have gone through most of it myself now. So fuck off, Dad." With an air of injured dignity, Ned said, "If you were hoping for shocked yet approving applause, stop hoping. They have each given me a speech of their own, many times over. Rickon put his in song. I am treated to it whenever the boy is looking to pass the time."

"Hey, stupid! He was just strolling right up behind you, with a freaking rifle! You were so busy just listening to Damon, making sure you didn't get out of range...you just went stupid. How could you do that? You practically captured yourself!" Bran gave Arya a disgusted look and swung further up the tree limb, chasing his little brother. "You are just lucky it was a sedative, not a bullet. There are still chances, wake up, look around, they don't want you dead yet. An assassin would have left your body for Damon to find, maybe Petyr has decided to take you for himself? That might not be so bad, would it really? At least it is better than death, less painful than Damon too."

Sneering at Sansa, Kitty said, "No thanks. I would rather stay with Damon than weaselly Petyr. He was your teacher, Damon is mine. But if this is Petyr, I will escape and make my way back North. What if it isn't him? Who else would do this?" Shrugging, Robb said, "Anyone who knows you are Arya Stark, who is rich and under Petyr's care. Could just be a regular hostage situation for ransom." "Oh yeah, standard. Regular. Yep. Because I do lots of those. Really? Not one of you are being helpful right now. How about some real advice?" "Sure, sweetheart. Stay alive as long as you can. Damon will search for you and if Petyr isn't the one doing this, he will move the world to hunt you down. Just keep your head low and mouth shut. Stay alive till they find you and kill the fuckers who dared touch their property." Arya was calling her father a chauvinistic asshole when she woke up.

It was very hard, so very terribly hard for Theek to remember obedience. Victarion was coming for Theon and here was his beloved Master in the way. A sword that Theon remembers from his youth, another visual scar come back to haunt him. He has seen a girlfriend that displeased his uncle fall into two pieces with that sword, Theon was seven years old. It had been a present for his Uncle's birthday from Balon and Victarion used it ten seconds later on the woman. Theon was terrified of that sword,
even though nearly every wall in the area had swords, only that one ever gave him nightmares. Ramsay was using his cane and his limp was nearly gone, allowing him the balance needed. Theon nearly slapped himself in stupidity as he was watching his Master using the cane to deflect the sword strikes. Walls are covered in swords. Reek remembers sitting through Ramsay's fencing lessons. Duh. He flew to the wall and took down a sword. "Master!" He got as close as he dared and tossed the sword to his grinning Master.

Victarion could not help but smile back with the fierceness of a true swordsman. "Oh, please, I will even give you a moment. It has been too long since I have had a proper sword fight. Please tell me you really can wield that, you do well enough with a cane." Ramsay nodded and said, "I doubt I have learned as well as you did, but I am certainly willing to give it a try." They came together with a fearsome crash that made Reek cringe. He held tightly to the cane and paced nearby. The urge to jump in and protect his Master was stronger than his fear of the sword or Theon's uncle. Only the fear all three held of disobeying Ramsay kept them from attacking. "Impressive, you really are for a Northerner. But you are losing already. Look how tired and sweaty you are...more than just out of practice. You were injured, weren't you? Here comes your limp again, oh dear, looks like I am going to kill your Master, Theon. Then I am going to fuck you to death with my sword for your dear mother and sister, nephew." Theek tensed and whined loudly but waited. Grimly, Ramsay decided to use his leadership skills instead of brawn.

"Now, Theek." Ramsay gritted out as he parried the delighted pirate uncle who thought he was winning. When Victarion saw what was coming for him, he screamed. It was not Theon, it was not a son of Balon, it was not even a Greyjoy, it was chaos, it was madness, it was cannibalism and death. Ramsay had his sword and arm trapped under his own steel and Theek took the rest of him. It was long and it was something that most of the Wildlings threw up upon seeing. They all staggered away not wishing to see anymore, but they had a tale to tell. That tale gave them the Iron Islands by nightfall.
Great Performances With No Applause

Chapter Summary

Loras is suffering panic attacks as he readies himself for the day. He is feeling the stress of pretending worse than ever as he puts on a present from Petyr. Tyrion gets some wonderful news. Jaime is trying to track a missing biscuit and his demon daughter. Tywin plays with his food.

Loras looked at himself in his full length mirror and declared himself dressed well. He walked over to his dresser and with shaking hands, picked up his favorite pin. It was a very expensive gift from Petyr, the first true affection shown from his Master. Smothering a scream deep inside, Loras dropped the pin and clutched at the dresser. No, no, stop thinking of that pendulum that is nearly whistling by now. "Good Loras, Loyal Loras, Fucked Loras." He muttered shakily as he stood straight again. The pin felt a thousand pounds as he carefully fixed it onto his lapel. Loras had stared at it longingly every time they were at Petyr's jeweler. Finally, the manager caught on and brought it out for Petyr to view with an eye towards the younger man. Grinning, Petyr bought it and that night he let Loras have a rare orgasm too. He loved to wear this pin as often as he can, but today it was hard to do.

Panic crashed again, it happens too often now. Loras hides it well, he is afraid how Petyr would react to a panic. He hopes to never find out and takes some deep breaths. When he was in school, Loras always fancied he would become a great actor. He was in every musical, every play and was always given the best parts. Margery would wrap her arms around his neck and tell him how wonderful he was. Mace would chuff proudly when someone would mention his son's great acting skills. Nodding knowingly Mace would try and recall when Loras decided to start acting. That would lead him to wonder what age his son was anyway. That always led to the remembrance of his flighty son and to another drink elsewhere. On the occasions when his grandmother would come to these shows, she was graceful in her praise. Until the very last school play Olenna was supportive of his acting skills. The first time that Loras got a real audition, she dropped by for a visit.

"I have decided you should not be alone all day biting your nails over whether you get this role. Let me look at this script. Oh, you have this, no problem. I mean, it is the same as all the other ones your agent gives you. Handsome, stupid sexy college boy. Nice to know what your cliche will be up front, makes it easier for you. Face it, sonny, that angelic face will always compete with your other talents. Just remember to be thankful for these types of roles right up front. Think how silly you would feel being one of those on the casting couch just for a chance at a dramatic role. Even then...would you ever really know if fans loved you for your acting skills or your pretty face? By the time that youthful look is gone you will be married to some rich director who beats you because he is gay." Loras turned down the role and never tried acting again. Now he stands straight, fixes his special pin and mutters, "Good Loras, Loyal Loras, Fucked Loras." Heading out of his room, Loras goes to give what he fears may be the best and last performance of his life.

"Cat! Did you steal Tywin's biscuit? Don't give me those huge eyes, he has been sucking on it all day. Where is it?" Jaime had visions of creamy brown biscuit smeared into everything, but he cannot find it. Well, Jaime recalls that the last time he saw Tywin with it was quite a bit ago. By now it will have hardened, so it cannot cause worse damage with stains. Sighing, he gives up the search for a moment as Cat decides to clamber up his back like a monkey. "Hey silly! What are you, a little
monkey? Do I look like a palm tree?" She must have because the girl giggled and raised the wooden block. "OUCH! HEY! My head isn't a coconut! Stop, naughty baby! Bad girl!" Wincing, Jaime pulled the girl off him and she crawled off instantly. Checking the mirror to see if his head was bleeding, Jaime was nearly run over by Tyrion. "You are still very pretty, Princess. I have excellent news. The hit on Arya Stark was successful, just received word."

Throwing himself onto the couch, Tyrion smiled and drank deeply of his whiskey. "Petyr will have a shit fit over this. We probably should move again, just to be safe." Jaime shook his head in disgust and guilt that he has tricked his brother. "I am going to change Cat's diaper. Keep an eye on Tywin, would you?" Tyrion called after Jaime, "Oh get over it, would you! You should be happy that I have helped and protected us all. Not acting the shrinking prude, you know who you remind me of? You remind me of Eddard Stark! Is that how you will raise Cat and Tywin? Like Starks instead of Lannisters?" Hearing an echo back of what sounded like, Go fuck yourself, Tyrion laughed. He never saw Tywin climb onto the couch. As Tyrion threw his head back to take his last swallow, he saw the cookie. It had indeed been sucked on all day. Into a sharp point, that had hardened in the sun for hours. Tywin gave a lighthearted giggle and plunged the cookie point into the soft target.
Wild Things Are Hard To Keep

Chapter Summary

Damon does not react well to losing Kitty and already suspects Petyr. Petyr gets an interesting phone call. Loras, Tormund and Petyr take a little secret trip. Osha meets an old friend to finish a job. Jorah has discovered the hard way that Kitty is the most dangerous kitty he has ever met.

First Damon hollered out the window, then he sent a man to find Kitty. Then he went to search for her and found himself staring at the ground. He picked up the small tranquilizer dart and looked at the drag marks, the footprints. Snarling, he sent every man left to track whoever stole his pet. This wasn't the assassin, he would have left the kill. Damon was going to hurt Kitty for getting caught and kill whoever dared to catch her. His first call was to Petyr, first to accuse him of trying to steal Arya Stark. Petyr hotly denied it then started to flip out on Damon. "You lost her? You let someone take her?" Damon hung up while Petyr was still swearing at him and texted Ramsay.

Tormund had barely sent forth instructions to his men to track down Arya Stark, when Petyr got a call. He stared at the picture sent of a battered but alive Arya Stark. The kidnappers wanted most of her fortune in exchange. It did not take very long for Petyr to have the money set up. Well, the top layers were real money, the rest was traceable, well done fakes. Loras helped his Master into his coat silently, then followed him and Tormund into the car. Nervously, Loras chanted in his head, trying to outdistance the pendulum. "We do the exchange, once I have Arya home safely, we shall contact Damon. I don't need him getting in the way right now. Our main priority is to get that girl out of danger, we shall deal with these scum later." Petyr told Tormund, as the large man drove and nodded.

Osha smiled at Jorah and hugged him. "It has been too long between our jobs together. Remember, we must stay on script. We can rehearse if you want?" Scowling, Jorah says, "You might be having fun with this job, I'm not." With amusement, Osha looks at Jorah's cuts, bites and missing pieces on four fingers. "She had the cuffs just off, no fucking clue how." Jorah shivered. Kitty is not talking either. Too busy being a fucking savage." "Thank Gods you had the taser, she might have eaten all of you." "Don't joke. She really would." Osha smirked and headed for the van. "Before she is taken home, I must meet this terror of a girl. Is she restrained in the back?" Jorah shrugged and grinned. "Find out for yourself."

Moving slower now, Osha walks alongside the van. No shifting, kicking or growling, just silence. Osha opened the back door, while stepping away fast. No girl tied on the seats. "You shithead! You left her in the back, in a cage?" "It's a huge trunk." Shaking her head, Osha quickly went to the back and flung it open. A large metal dog cage with only papers for the bottom, it was terrible. There was this girl, barely a teenager, so tiny and sad. All those cut words, the scars everywhere, bruising, what has she been through? Sweat matted hair hung in the girl's face almost obscuring it. Bloody shredded lips, fresh drops rolling down her pointy little chin made Osha see red everywhere. "Jorah! What the fuck did you do to her? Why are her lips all torn like that? You think that will make things easier when Petyr comes to negotiate? What the fuck, man? She is in a cage, all fucked up, all jacked, you are all messed up too. I have to wonder, Jorah. Was it so exotic or something you tried to get a little and she didn't like it?"
Jorah yelled back. "She has pointed fucking teeth! She gashes at her lips when she is nervous or angry. Why would I ever try to rape someone with pointed fucking teeth, Osha? Hey! Do not open that cage, it was the only way I could let her be unrestrained!" Osha ignored him, still positive of her rape attempt theory and unlatched the cage. The girl whimpered pitifully and Osha wanted to beat Jorah senseless. "I am sorry, honey. No one is going to hurt you anymore, I swear it. You are going home now. I am seeing to it, Petyr will be here any minute to collect you and pay us. Now, would you like to sit inside the van and we can chat?" Giving a timid nod, Kitty watched as Jorah started forward. Then she lunged, hissing and Osha went down screaming, hands covering her face from those nails and teeth. "Oh fuck, here we go again." Jorah groaned, running forward.

A half mile away, two campers woke up uneasily listening to the chaotic nightlife. "It sounds like two little girls being raped by a puma."

Petyr was already nearly at their meeting place before they got Kitty contained. Both Osha and Jorah glared at the girl, sweaty and bloody. "You little bitch." Osha said, amazed that her face isn't torn off and eaten. A growl was the only response and Osha wanted to beat her down. "Leave her be. Let's get fixed up before Petyr shows. Cuffs on ankles and wrists that were firmly behind her back, even a muzzle. Kitty lay still and watched every move they made. Both pretended not to be intimidated by it. "Most of my pinky is gone and my earlobe. How the hell do I cover that up, Jorah?" Underneath the muzzle, Kitty grinned. When Petyr came to claim his prize, Kitty will be ready. Never mind what Damon would do to Petyr, he should worry about what I shall do to him. How dare he have me kidnapped from my Master? Kitty stayed still and waited, watching the two rabbits try and hide their wounds.
Burn Baby Burn

Chapter Summary

Podrick wants out. Jaime wants to pretend the babies are innocent. Bronn tried to hide the evidence and figure out the next step. No one is in sync and the battling begins. Osha and Jorah meet with Petyr for the exchange. Loras receives a reprieve and a sentence all in one.

Three men stood staring, each with a different tilt to their head every now and then. In the distance, gentle, sleepy cooing was heard just making it so much worse. Podrick stammered, "I am getting a body bag, I am helping you hide this and I fucking quit. Killer babies are too much." He stormed out of the room as Jaime started to try and defend the impossible. "Oh shut the fuck up. We don't have time for this right now. Get things as clean as you can in here while we bury him. Then get the babies and everything essential. We need to be out of here before dawn." Jaime shook his head and muttered, "Tyrion needs a real burial. He is a Lannister." Bronn hit the golden man so hard it almost knocked him out. "How about we leave him just like this then and call the police? Podrick and I will be taking off before they get here. We can read the headlines in the morning, or see it just about anywhere, I bet. Local midget murdered in bizarre biscuit cookie incident. Killer babies are identified as the missing Lannister heirs. Yep, that is about what your name is worth right now. So get the fuck upstairs, pack shit up. Come back and clean the mess. Or I will leave you to your fucking name."

Petyr stood with Tormund to his right, Loras to his left. The giant looked bored and the pet looked like a pretty, blank doll. "Touche, my dear. Here I admit defeat, I did not expect this. Well done of you." Osha grinned at Petyr and the bound girl at her feet growled deeper. "Your little girl doesn't seem very friendly, Mr. Baelish. Regardless, she is all yours if you have my money. Originally, I had planned to take Tyrion's contract to kill her, then his brother countered that. He offered to pay to double for me to keep her alive but hidden away forever. I figured you might pay triple to have this information plus the girl for your own. I never contacted Damon, just you. He has no idea where his Kitty is at all. You could stow her away and he would never find her. Or whatever pleases you. See how generous of a deal this is for you? Anyway...my money." With a nod from Petyr, Loras nervously walked forward with the bag. Stopping just out of reach, he dropped the bag, then backed away fast. He went nearly behind his Master, who could hear Loras whispering over and over. Tormund heard it too and arched an amused eyebrow at the "Fucked Loras" part.

There was no time to wonder what the hell his pet was doing. Petyr waited while Osha rifled quickly in the bag. "Now the girl, if you please." Petyr requested softly. With a big smile, Osha roughly pulled Kitty to her feet. "All yours, sweetheart." She gave a hard shoved that sent the bound girl slamming ahead into the earth. Petyr gritted his teeth and nodded for Tormund to retrieve her. As soon as the giant moved forward a bullet tore through Petyr's temple from the shadows. Jorah was hidden again when Tormund shot back. His aim was off since Osha's bullet tore through him and the giant was down. Face first, he looked like someone killed a bear. Loras screamed high and clapped his hands to his mouth. Then he sobbed and said, "Is he dead? Is he really dead, is Petyr dead?"

Osha sighed and kicked Petyr over so Loras could see the glazed eyes. "Dead. Payment, please." "Yes, yes, thank you, thank you so much." Rolling her eyes, Osha said, "I owed your grandmother a favor. Now give me her pin back, you little pansy. Oh, here are the keys to release your feline friend over there." Osha took the money that was real, her pin and Jorah to head West.
Late that night in a suburban dessert tragedy struck. A house burned to the ground with a rather unique family inside of it. No bodies were recovered, but no one wanted to check too deeply into it either. Best to let strange things like that go away. It took Bronn several miles of driving and talking to Podrick duct taped to the passenger seat before he calmed down. He simply couldn't trust Jaime to keep the babies from killing anyone else, he needed the help. Until he could find a better solution. Podrick can remain armed while handling the infants, if needed. Bronn was desperate at this point. Jaime's love for his children was obvious, but his obsession and blindness will get them all killed. Bronn knew he couldn't delay the inevitable much longer. Lollys screamed in his head and he winced. Fuck.

Loras stood over Kitty and grinned as she watched him dangle the key. "If I release you, we have to work together. We can escape together and as long as you do as I say, we can.." He faltered and watched as Kitty laughed in the muzzle. "What is so funny?" Loras demanded, then followed Kitty's gaze. "I think she knows I am about to do her work for her, Princess." Gasping, Loras stared at Tormund who was bleeding from the shoulder. Slowly, the giant began forward and Loras threw himself at Kitty. Frantically, he unlocked her cuffs yelling, "Save me! Kitty, please kill him! Then we can run away together!" Shaking his head in disgust, Tormund waited, sighing. Standing up, Kitty slowly stretched while Loras leaped behind her. "Uh, Loras? What the fuck are you doing?" She asked. "What do you mean? You need to fight him, I saw you take him down before. You can hurt him, I can't." "Yes, I got that part. Why would I hurt him now? He isn't attacking me this time. Petyr might be dead, but his other bosses aren't. Tormund works for the North, Loras. I am the North, Petyr was the North, Damon, Ramsay, Tormund himself is the North. Only you are the rich, weak South here now, Loras." It wasn't fair, it just wasn't and he staggered away. Fucked Loras was followed by Northern laughter.
Three Is A Crowd

Chapter Summary

Ramsay finds out bad news from Damon and prepares to return home quickly as possible. Reek's last hold on whatever true sanity was left snaps.

It was moments after Ramsay had ordered the clean up of what was left of Victarion that it happened. Perhaps it was dehydration, blood loss and stress? Fatigue even was plausible, Reek was already nearly slumped on Ramsay. His Master was riding on the high of victory, giving orders and grinning madly, proudly. Then his Master got a phone call that made him frown and move away from his pet. Reek wondered mildly if Damon or Kitty were in trouble but then his eye caught sight of a three paneled mirror. And his sanity shattered into thousands of pieces.

Three panels and he saw three different images looking back at him. A dirty creature, thin, bruised, missing teeth, fingers, and huge eyes full of a childlike adoring terror. A little boy trying to be an arrogant teen that will never become any type of a man. Eyes pretended humor but the sadness was achingly clear. The last panel was an animal with human features, all fury and feral reasoning. Clutching at his head, screaming, unable to stop. Even Ramsay shaking him could not penetrate the black chasm yawning. "What am I?" Theon suddenly asked, then collapsed in his Master's arms.

When his eyes opened, he was laying in his Master's lap. "Are you feeling better, pet?" Reek nodded then looked around with alarm. "We are almost to the excuse of a runway here on Pyke. Mance can handle things here, Damon needs our help at home. And I think it will do my Reek good to be back North. What happened back there? What scared you like that?" Ramsay was not angry, his look was of concern and his hands were so gentle, Reek began to sob. Curling against his Master more, shivering, he tried to answer. No words came out and he whined, clutching at his throat. Sighing, Ramsay told Reek to just rest his throat, he probably gave himself laryngitis. For the trip home, Reek was silent and clinging. He mostly slept. Giving nervous glances at his pet from time to time, Ramsay sincerely hoped a new personality wasn't coming on.

Ramsay watched the driveway to his estate coming closer as Reek fully awakened. Turning to Ramsay a very hoarse voice muttered something. "What did say, pet?" "Gone. All gone. Theon. Theek. They are gone." Yet when those eyes looked at Ramsay, he could have told Reek differently. He could have said that all three were in those eyes at once. Instead just one small question was asked. "Who is left then?" "Reek. Just your Reek, Master." Ramsay kissed his trembling Reek and said, "Reek can do anything Theek and Theon did for me just as well. Do you know why? Because Reek does anything his Master wishes." Nodding, Reek followed his Master meekly into the place he knows is home.
Bronn makes a difficult decision. Ramsay is delighted to watch Damon go through the angst he has in the past over his own pet. Just before Damon leaves for the South where he thinks Kitty might be, a phone call with surprising news happens. Fucked Loras tries to save himself. Kitty takes charge of her own decisions for her time away.

Podrick was gone, Bronn's patience was gone and Lollys was driving him nuts. Enough that he was drinking again, something he hasn't done since he took in these lunatic Lannisters. After rescuing Jaime's neck that somehow was caught in the ice machine, Podrick refused to go near Tywin. By late afternoon he was mysteriously injured by Cat and his pinkie was nearly crushed. As soon as Bronn went to shower that evening, Podrick slipped out the door and escaped certain death. Bronn wasn't angry over it, he was jealous. He was still stuck in a crummy motel with killer babies and their blind daddy. I need to do what is best for those babies, Lollys. I know that. Let us take a real close look at what they are. Really are, wife. You know what I plan to do, don't you, ruthless sociopath wife of mine. Did you think it all along? I bet you did, fine. But let me tell you there will be one huge FUCKERY of a paintball session in hell when I get there, love! Making sure that Jaime and the babies were asleep, Bronn made a phone call.

Damon was in a state that Ramsay has never seen the large man in before. It cheered Ramsay wonderfully though, it was a reaction Damon would sneer at Ramsay for. It was a behavior that Ramsay had every time he let Reek go to the Starks. When his father then Asha stole his pet. A cell rang with a tone that hasn't sounded in forever. Ramsay answered his phone and listened in confusion. Then shock. Then a slow smile spread over his face and he began to respond. Ramsay put his phone on speaker and Damon nearly fell into a chair. He was stunned yet still was more concerned with getting Kitty back. As soon as Ramsay was done, Damon was going South. The last time Petyr answered Damon's call was when he first lost Kitty. Since then he has not been able to reach Petyr or Tormund for that matter. Instinct is telling him they are involved and that his pet is somewhere in the South. I will find wherever they are, I will torture Petyr till he tells me where he stashed Kitty. If he injures her, if he managed to turn her into Arya again, Damon will fix it. Taking a deep breath, he tried to concentrate on the strange call and not his worries.

Loras didn't even care that his sobbing and staggering made him an easy target. He wouldn't stand a chance out in these woods alone, hunted or not. If Kitty and Tormund don't kill him, being lost in a vast woods will. He was fucked Loras but at least he wasn't loyal or obedient anymore. So he dies free and it is better than penniless, homelessness... which really is the alternative if he survived. So he just kept going forward, waiting for the arrow, the dagger, the pain. A tremendous rustling and Tormund shouted from nearby. Loras tried to run faster, not even sure why he bothered. Something came crashing before him with a thud and tangled into his feet. Loras was on the ground and screaming at the sight of Tormund's head, resting near his left foot. "I never liked him much. I didn't like him going behind Master's back and attacking me for Petyr." Kitty came out of the woods in front of Loras as if she formed right from the shadows themselves. "If you get up and run, I'll kill you slowly. You were the closest person to Petyr since he adopted me. You have seen everything, you might have information I want or need. You might have information Damon or Ramsay need."
Crouching down before Loras, Kitty flashed her deadly sharp smile. "So here is what will happen. You are driving us in that fancy car to a hotel I know. You are going to answer questions, you are going to do what I say until Damon or Ramsay get us." Loras nodded. Just before they got into the car a bit later, Kitty used Tormund's cell while Loras ripped his collar off and burned it. "Master? Petyr and Tormund tried to kidnap me. I killed them both. I am making Loras take me to the hotel." "I will make sure that they know you are to have my room. Keep Loras with you at all times, do not leave that hotel until I come for you. I will be there soon, girl." Damon had to fight to keep his voice gruff and even. The relief he felt made him dizzy. She is safe, I will have her back soon. "Good girl, Kitty. I am proud of you for saving yourself. I am getting on the jet now, call me back when you are at the hotel and have Loras locked in the room. That was very good thinking, we can use him, not just for Petyr's information. So keep him alive and uninjured, we have a new position for him." Kitty did not understand but knew better than to tell Loras he might be needing another collar soon.
Chapter Summary

Loras tried everything from persuasion, to a nanny type attitude to plain out attack to try and sway Kitty to release him.
Kitty tries to explain to Loras why he will never be free again.
Damon retrieves his Kitty.
Loras and Damon debate his future. A decision is made.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

During the ride to the hotel, during their checking in, Loras talked to Kitty. He tried reasoning with her first, reminding her that they have no one to see them go, if they leave now. Together they could remove her collar and get as far possible then ditch the car, keep going from there, free. Laughing, Kitty asked, "Oh? Then what? I am not even able to get a job. We will be hunted and punished at best. We both have rich names but we have nothing, not even enough money to eat. The hotel will only let us in because of Damon, we have no where else to go, Loras. Stop being foolish. Consider yourself lucky that you have survived this long and are not castrated to boot." He tried bribery next, going as far to offer to marry Kitty. Bursting into laughter, Kitty asked, "How the fuck is that an incentive? First off, I am not old enough to marry without permission. That would be either Damon or Ramsay next, I guess now that Petyr is dead. Somehow I don't see them giving you my hand in marriage. Besides, what good would that do us? Do you think your father will give you your inheritance suddenly? Do you think that Damon or Ramsay would allow you to access my fortune?"

Loras stomped into the strange hotel, not knowing or caring much about it. He vaguely remembered it was a place for killers and criminals, so he knew to not look for help here. The room was nice enough at least, the stocked bar even more inviting. He got himself a snifter of brandy and being polite, brought Kitty a can of soda. Sneering, Kitty asked for some whiskey and Loras changed. Stiffening, Loras looked down his nose at the girl and said, "Just because you have been exposed to adult lifestyles, you still are not an adult. You are a child and do not need to add drinking to your many issues." With an incredulous laugh, Kitty said, "Not ten minutes ago you suggested marrying me! I am old enough for you to consider marriage but not old enough to have a drink? Get me whiskey, now." Sniffing delicately, Loras walked away. "No, I won't. I am not a pet, I am an adult telling a young girl how to not abuse alcohol. You may threaten to hurt me for it, I don't care. That sociopath little brother you had, he nearly killed me because I refused to give in sometimes. That is what made me so good at my crappy job, I refuse to give in when it's needed. So get the drink yourself if you want it so bad, dearest."

Sighing at this strange Nanny Poppins attitude, Kitty went towards the bar herself. Loras moved so fast, the syringe Petyr had in his pocket, now in his hand. Petyr had brought a sedative in case Kitty needed it for transporting, Loras scooped it up. He had hoped not to use it, but Kitty was not giving in. Damon has brainwashed her or something, Loras couldn't save her. But he was sure as hell going to save himself, he won't be a damned pet again. It was so close, it was almost there when Kitty had Loras's wrist. How she knew, Loras didn't care, he kicked her knees to bring her down. Refusing to let go of his grip on the syringe, baring his teeth. "You won't fucking listen, you stupid inbred little girl! You left me no choice! I just want to leave, don't you understand that? I don't want revenge or
cash or anything, just to have freedom. Why can't you understand that?" Kitty twisted Loras's wrist until it was sprained before he dropped the syringe.

As Loras streamed curses and insults, Kitty smiled and said, "That is the Loras I know. I wondered where you had gone. Now, I am going to answer your questions with my own. How do you not see that you will never have freedom again?" Dragging Loras before a mirror, she forced him to look at himself. "We have been with the monsters too long now, Loras. We serve them because we have become just like them. You didn't kill Petyr with your hands, but you bought the trigger. You blew Gregor's head off. You are as guilty, as much of a monster as the rest of us. Monsters stay with monsters." Suddenly Damon's image was above them, towering like a deity over the smaller two. Loras cringed away and spun to look up. Kitty released Loras and flung herself at Damon, clutching him as if he was the only thing in the world. Loras was dreadfully uncomfortable watching Kitty turn from deadly brat to scared little girl. Damon wrapped his arms around her and it looked like he was absorbing her up. For a second, she disappeared into the larger man and Loras blinked fast. The illusion was gone and so was the slight second that Loras saw something in the girl's eye. It reminded him of Sansa, that look.

Damon lifted his pet up and carried her to the couch. He sat down and cuddled her within his lap. "We will talk later, I want you to be silent and obedient. I am not mad at you, you have done a good job. Now stay a good girl for me and show me you missed me." Damon whispered to Kitty, who was pressing her face into his chest, quietly sobbing. Now that it was over, she can be weak and scared. Now that Damon was here to handle things, Kitty can go back to her carefully controlled world. It scared her that this was how she felt now. Scarier was contemplating having it any other way. So Kitty meekly nodded and cuddled to rest within her Master's safe arms. Enjoy it, allow yourself to embrace what you are. Melt away into the fake safety and like any good predator, wait. What Loras had not understood, what Kitty had no time to say, was just that. Wait, learn to behave, learn the rules, become the monster and wait. Each monster has their time to be the best or the worst of all. It was a matter of waiting until the scariest monster is the one looking back at you in the mirror. For now, Kitty was content to bask in the sadistic comforts of her own monster.

While his pet nuzzled him, Damon pinned his gaze on the man cringing in the corner. "I won't be a pet again, Damon! I cannot do it anymore, I just cannot. I will tell you anything you want to know about Petyr, the businesses, accounts. Anything I can answer for you, I will. All I ask is that you let me go free to anywhere far away. I swear I will never return, never speak of anything." Damon shook his head and Loras became desperate as he moved closer. "Please, then kill me afterwards. Just do it fast and merciful, okay? I can't put on another collar, I can't keep letting men just fuck me, beat me. I can't keep being a fucking shell of a human being to be filled with another Master's fucking commands!" Loras was shrieking now, tears streaming and pulling his hair in frustration. Giving Kitty a squeeze, feeling her tense as Loras became out of control, Damon spoke calmly. He wanted nothing more than to take his pet into the bedroom. To pull Kitty underneath him and assure himself that she knows her Master still. To hear her beg for him, maybe even make her come for him. Instead, he tries to calm the hysterical young man without having to release his pet.

"Loras, calm down. Listen to me, you know too much for us to let you roam free. But Ramsay and I don't need another pet either. No offense, but as a Northern pet for us, you would be somewhat useless. We have no need for a fancy, dainty pet to serve us our drinks, shuffle papers and look pretty. However, we do have need for employees, Loras. You will receive a place to live, food and even payment enough to keep yourself in fashion. No collars, no locked rooms, no rape, no torture. You will follow orders, you will perform your job and have free time to do as you will. Go shopping, go to the movies, find a gay bar and have a quickie. Whatever you want to do as a free man. An employee is not the same as a pet, is it? Or you can tell me no and I will have no problem putting you in a collar as a pet. Then you will work the same job anyway, but without any of those little freedoms you want so much." Loras knew he was fucked, there wasn't an option here. "I will
be happy to be employed by you, thank you. I would rather work for you than be a pet." With a wide grin, Damon said, "Excellent. Now, as much as I wish to spend some time with my little Kitty, we have more to do. One last trip fast before we head home."

Chapter End Notes

we have a bit more left to go, folks. hang onto your seats, we are almost out of this twisted roller-coaster ride...keep your hands inside at all times and please...watch out for those babies, would you!!!!!
Let It Go

Chapter Summary

Jaime is grievously injured by his son and refuses to get medical treatment. He doesn’t trust Bronn alone with his babies.
Brons receives guests and keeps his promise to Lollys.
Loras starts his new job, Kitty meets the last of her kin and the babies meet their match.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jaime grimaced at the ugly gash he has received earlier from Tywin. Somehow the little cherub got a hold of a plastic spork on the table. He decided to take his first steps towards Jaime and when his father bent down to cheer him on, that is when it happened. Well, of course it was an accident, not a big deal at all. Yet Bronn insisted on keeping both children penned up best as possible. He was unreasonable and Jaime had to tend to his stab wound, it wouldn’t stop bleeding. Bronn was wondering if Jaime needed a hospital and the paling man refused. The wound was somewhere deep in his gut, he could feel it draining him. But there were two little babies in that bedroom trapped in a playpen that Bronn covered the top of. They needed their father with them. He did not trust to leave Bronn alone with his children. He doesn’t understand the twins like Jaime does.

He was laying on the grimy bed and allowed Bronn to try and staunch the blood. The door suddenly was being knocked on and Jaime groaned. "Tell housekeeping to fuck off, would you?" He moaned to Bronn who went to answer the door. Jaime looked up to see Damon, Loras and Kitty enter the little room, crowding it. "Oh, you fucking traitor! You bastard!" Jaime yelled at Bronn weakly, but his anger blazed through his fading voice. "You swore to Lollys, to me, that you would protect the babies!" Bronn sighed and stood over Jaime who wished he had enough strength left to plunge his golden fist into that weaselly face. "I am protecting them, Jaime. Look at them, they cannot be out and about in society like this. They are like Kitty, like Spaceship was, like Sansa was. These are tiny killers and if they are to survive, they need to be with their own. In society, they will eventually get caught. Jaime, they won’t last preschool before they are taken away. Put in an institution for chopping up the kid who wouldn’t get off a swing fast enough. They need to be schooled, trained and cared for differently. They are little monsters and need to be with other monsters."

Loras was pale but resolute, looking at the twins, both had eyes just like Spaceship. Just like Damon, Petyr, Ramsay, Kitty, so many others he knew with that look. He accidentally caught sight of a mirror and with a shock, saw that same look mirrored back and finally, understood. "Damon? I am the new nanny for these babies, aren’t I?" He asked moving closer to the pen, Kitty beside him. Damon grinned and nodded. "Yup. Not a pet, not a chew toy, just a regular nanny who has control over two little babies. You will see to their education, nurturing and basic care. We will handle the rest of their behavior." Kitty nearly tiptoed at first, staring at the little ones who stared back with the same intense curiosity. Loras watched fascinated as they seemed to all sniff each other only the thin mesh between them. He reached over and took the covering off. Jaime struggled to move off the bed and warned Loras to be careful touching those children. Taking a step back, Loras nudged Kitty forward and gently said, "You first, they like you already, look." Tentatively, with a quick look at Damon first, she reached into the playpen. Cat came forward first, reaching up for the girl. Lifting the child as if she were a rare artifact, Kitty stared at her niece. The girl stared and gurgled, then tried to
pry Kitty's lips open.

The tiny fingers explored the rest of this strange girl's giggling face, and Cat was satisfied. She tried to lunge forward and strangle Kitty with her own collar. Very calmly, Kitty darted forward and to the watching Jaime's horror, her teeth flashed out. The points were resting on the tiny, vulnerable, soft neck. Cat let out a tiny sound not of pain but of surprise, then released the collar. As soon as the collar was released, Cat moved her teeth off the tiny neck. Cat squirmed to get down and Kitty dropped her into the playpen. "You hurt me, I hurt back, little Cat. Aunt Kitty has so much to teach you both. Once you stop attacking everything you see, I can show you how to really hunt and kill." Tywin was not as interested in the sharp toothed girl. He understood she was dangerous, Cat was cowed and that was enough. That was not a good target, but this fancy man? Tywin had started to scale over the playpen while everyone was watching Cat and Kitty. Of course Loras could have tried to explain peripheral vision to him, but babies do not understand that, even babies like this.

Loras waited until the toddler was almost upon him before moving. Tywin bellowed in rich, loud tones of his indignation as he was held in the air by his cute puffy collar. Smoothly and quickly, the chubby boy was relieved of the car keys he could have stabbed with. He was also stripped of the broken piece of sharp plastic stashed in his frog face jumper. "No weapons until you can use them correctly, little guy." Loras said firmly as he put the squirming boy into a football hold. Bronn got a stack of papers inside a large folder. "Like I told Ramsay, here is everything Tyrion had. You can have everything, it won't stay frozen once Tyrion's body is found. It was left in a suburban house in the West. I will leave you the address, have him found, his bones and everything is yours then. No need to kill little babies when you hold their fortunes, as long as they live." Jaime tried to tell them all again how the babies needed him. How could they even think that Jaime would let them take his babies away? He tried so hard to stand up and stop this madness. "Jaime. It is over. It is time to let them go to their new home now. You did a very good job trying to protect them. You need to let them go and find their own way. They have a whole new family to be with now. You just need to let go, Jaime." With a sob, Jaime grasped the warm hand offered and Cersie clung to her brother. "I forgive you."

Chapter End Notes

All that is left is our epilogue now.
One last chapter to see how things work out for our surviving Monsters.
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

A small or rather long glimpse into the coming years.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was a fair amount of press over the events of the missing Lannister twins found by Ramsay Bolton. Following in his father's shady but impressive footsteps, Ramsay adopted the babies. The media was unavoidable and Ramsay had to step into Petyr's shoes mentally. Ramsay answered any questions, the babies were produced. All the attention on those utterly adorable little babies, toddlers now. They were identical twins and they were so charismatic the media nearly ate their images. Two chubby babies with steel blue eyes, with thick ginger hair. Both grinned as if the crowd was a present for them, they waved excitedly. Every person melted in a second. The tiny teeth sticking in strange locations on those grins just won every heart. A very fashionable and extremely handsome man held the babies for this media moment. It took moments for someone to begin asking if he was Loras Tyrell. Ramsay confirmed that Loras Tyrell worked for him as the twins nanny. "Loras had some scandals, you know that already. No point in rehashing the past, is there? He has changed his life, he deserves his privacy." Every now and then, pictures would be "leaked" of the twins happily enjoying their new lives. Some pictures of the twins having a snowball fight at the Bolton Estates with Loras. The twins on a yacht with Ramsay, Reek obscured from the camera at his own request. Cat and Tywin attending a gymnastics class with their sister. As strange as it may seem, the twins seemed to have three homes and a large rotating family.

Ramsay and Damon soon enough gave the media so much more to discuss. Of course most of the reporting on the crimes were unsolved. Nothing is ever connected enough to accuse these very rich dangerous men. In the world they live in, the real one just underneath what others see unless they look down. To those that it did matter to, Ramsay and Damon had enough attention directed at them. They owned the North, they had Pyke and a good portion of the South. So many other rich families in the South wanted a piece and as long as they were reasonable to terms, it was accepted. The men were going to spread too thin if they truly tried to control all of the South, it would lead to costly wars. Not all of Petyr's old contacts from the South wanted to work with the North. Petyr had lost so much control and fallen so low that his grip had already been slipping. If so many Wildlings hadn't been killed or injured during the war with Pyke, they might have tried. Truces and pacts were made and Ramsay kept the slaughter house and the estates. He kept the restaurant and all of the Lannister control within the companies that were supposed to be owned someday by those babies. Some of the truces were broken and blood was shed. Threats were made and tragedies did happen. Tales of human hunts, incredible tales that the South used as campfire tales. In the North it was considered true but the children still told these stories camping in the woods. When the tale reaches the point of cannibalism that is when a child jumps out and everyone nearly pisses themselves. The kids pretend that they did not have nightmares about it.

Ramsay taught Tywin how to sneak up on a seagull and kill it on the rocks of Pyke. Reek taught the twins how to swim and how to sail a boat. They learned to hunt in the woods and how to track through rain, sleet and snow. The twins loved to stay with their adopted father and his pet. It had not been kept from them in any way, the twins saw nothing wrong with Ramsay having a human for a
pet. They understood it and knew when they grew up they would probably have one too. In fact
when they asked him about it, Ramsay had told them when they were older, he would discuss it
again with them. Ramsay wasn’t comfortable with being called father or daddy. When the children
spoke they were told to call him Sir. It was accepted and it was never questioned. Sir was incredibly
fun sometimes and was full of wonderful stories. He seemed to understand their interests, their needs
and supplied the answers when he could. Ramsay taught them how to hunt prey, to skin it and he
made damned sure to not be like his own fucking father. He never yelled at them or shamed them for
their wet work, not matter how clumsy it was. He carefully and patiently had them try again until
they got it right. The children learned fast that disobedience or disrespect to Sir was a very bad thing.
His discipline came fast and painful for such things. Reek was always a source of affection and
comfort for the twins. Even as babies, they would toddle over to Reek's thick fur rug in the kitchen.
If Reek was laying down, taking a rest, the would curl up into him.

A constant in their lives was Loras, the fancy nanny who wore his freedom as a shield from the
realities of his bound life. The children at first had considered that maybe Loras was their pet since he
was always caring for them. Loras was hardened and wise to killer children. He avoided most of
their traps and wasn't intimidated by the attacks. One time Tywin got a hold of Ramsay's sword and
tried to behead Loras. Luckily, the thing was too heavy for the boy and Loras easily moved out of
the way. He gave Tywin a spanking with the flat end of the sword til the boy apologized, in tears
that were quite real. Cat was a bit more subtle but not enough. Loras noticed that when he was
invited to the tea party in the garden at the Lannister estate. Cat had several stuffed animals with
plastic empty cups, but her cup and Loras's were full. With a charming smile, dimples at full charm
level, Cat invited Loras to sit down on the tiny chair. He waited until Cat was adjusting some of the
stuffies that Loras accidentally knocked into before switching their cups. Without mercy Loras
watched the little girl fall face forward after drinking her "tea". After Loras put her to bed, he went to
lecture Damon on where he keeps his little date rape drugs. Since the children are known to steal
anything they can, they must be more careful. The next day Damon himself strapped Cat for stealing
his pills. Loras received a humble apology and took some pity. Cat did not see another of her
beloved lemon cakes for a month.

A very momentous thing happened. Ramsay and Reek were back in Pyke, enjoying a rare quiet day
with the twins. Ramsay, Damon and Mance took turns in their different locations. Since all three men
preferred to be in the North, they made the time limits fair. No one spent longer than three months in
Pyke or in the South. The twins loved the beach, loved the snowy forests and enjoyed the blooming
gardens that wind around the slaughter house. Each location held memories for them, each place
always held a promise of excitement to the twins. They loved Sir and Reek as most children love
their parents, flaws and all. Ramsay was the stricter figure that both kids strove to impress. He was
able to play the rougher games with them, teach them what they needed to know. Like most parents,
he can have a love for games and humor but there is always a line never to cross.

Reek tended wounds, night terrors and gave the physical love needed. He loved to snuggle with
them, to go for long hikes and play hide and seek with the little ones. He even learned how to bake
cookies which Cat loved to help with. More importantly, he learned to make lemon cakes and Cat
gave him such a look of worship that Reek glowed for the rest of the day. Right now Tywin and Cat
are trying to convince Loras to let them bury him in the sand. Loras declined but offered to row
Tywin to a far off raft and leave him there. While Reek was laughing at the look on the thwarted
boy's face, Ramsay suddenly kissed him, pulling hard on his hair. Reek lost himself in his Master's
embrace until Ramsay pulled back. "My perfect pet. I love you so much, Reek, you know that. You
will always be mine, forever." Reek nodded and then saw what Ramsay held in his hand. All his
breath was sucked out from his body and he stared at the small ring. "The collar lets you know you
are mine, but I want all the world to know you are mine. You cannot wear your collar when I need
Theon to come to work. So Reek, I want you to be married to me, in front of a judge. So that even in
On Arya Stark’s eighteenth birthday, Kitty gave herself a present. It was Damon’s turn in the South and two weeks before the twins and Loras descend on them for a visit. Nothing had happened to cause this, there was not a single it of planning or forethought. Kitty was not angry nor more afraid of her Master then usual. Their relationship in public is father and daughter which makes Kitty want to puke. She despises the thought of ever being made to call Damon "father". It bothered Damon a bit too, so Kitty simply calls him by his name in public. Kitty gets to hunt and kill those who defy Ramsay and Master. Going to the meetings, Kitty pays attention now, wishing to offer input, knowing better. The one time Kitty tried to insert an opinion on something she really did know, she paid for it dearly. Damon instantly backhanded her and sent her out of the room. Later on he whipped the front of her naked body. She was hanging from chains in the ceiling that had hooks that attached onto her nipple rings. Nearly on tip-toe, Kitty was forced to keep the chains from ripping her rings out while Damon sliced new scars. So Kitty hunted on command, she spied or killed on an order and that was all.

The large man was in front of her, they were walking in the marble foyer, heading for the door. The men were outside patrolling, Kitty had given the servants the day off. Kitty was given charge of the house and Damon had expected her to be grateful for it. She was and showed her Master so, keeping her silence about wanting more. Much more than getting to order servants and being a hunting dog. So as Kitty faithfully followed her Master towards the door to go out for dinner, it hit her. When her leg lashed out, when the new kick she has learned worked she was amazed. The leap and kick was something she had spent months learning, it was a whim to try it on such a large and deadly target. Was she mad? Kitty's boot struck exactly where she wanted, where she hoped it would. The crack of bone snapping and Damon's scream was intoxicating. Kitty collapsed to the ground as Damon did. Her hand went between her legs as Damon moaned into the marble floor. Three harsh snaps of her hips and Damon whimpering for help sent Kitty careening into a painfully intense orgasm. Sweaty, panting, shaking, Kitty crawled over and turned her Master around. Damon's eyes were full of panic and pain. "Call 911, Kitty. I think my back is broken, oh Gods, I can't feel my legs." Nodding, Kitty took out her carefully screened cell phone. Instead she called Qyburn then petted her Master's hair as he went in and out of consciousness.

Qyburn had Damon privately transferred to a little anonymous clinic where he had two surgeries. He will be in a wheelchair for the rest of his life. Kitty visited often, suffering through Damon's rages and grief over his legs. He asked Kitty why she did it, did she think he wouldn't punish her for it when they get home? Yet Kitty never answered more than a shrug and simply nodded. "Yes Master, I know I was bad and need to be punished." Her words had no inflection beyond respect and submission. Damon tried to ignore the small sizzle of fear that tried to ignite in his mind. It was two weeks before Kitty wheeled her Master into the mansion. "Where is Ramsay?" Damon asked as he saw that only the servants were about. "Why would he be here, Master? This is his time in Pyke, remember? The twins and Loras are here though. I believe they went for a picnic. I saw no point in cancelling their visit, you love to see the kids. Also, I have not told Ramsay anything yet. He would have not sent the kids for a visit. He would have come with Reek to stare at you and be useless. That is silly when I am right here to tend to you, Master." As Kitty spoke she has rolled Damon into the newly constructed little elevator. "I took care of everything for you, Master. I told them I had your permission and things are going really well. I finished your entire list for the next month. Anything that needed a signature, I forged."

When the elevator stopped, Kitty rolled her stunned and enraged Master down the hallway. "How fucking dare you? Do you think being in this chair means I cannot hurt you, little girl?" Damon growled as Kitty rolled him straight to the long marble staircase. "Kitty, what are you doing? Don't you dare, move the chair back now!" Ignoring her Master's orders which became frantic pleas, she put the brake on. The chair was tilted forward just enough that Damon was terrified to move an inch.
Kitty sat causally on the railing with her foot playing on the brake. "You are my Master and I will never leave you. I obey, I serve, but I deserve more than you are giving me. I can run meetings, I can be involved in planning, in attacks. In everything. I don't want to kill you, Master, I just want to be allowed to be your equal working partner. I will still wear my collar, I am still your Kitty. I will never threaten you like this again, I swear it. I will even accept a punishment without complaint for my audacity. Tell me you will agree to this Master, please." Damon swore and threatened, but when Kitty allowed the chair to slip more, he relented. Seeing her eyes made Damon see that it was real. The little monster he made has grown up and was challenging for her place on top. It made it worse and better somehow to see that Kitty was desolate at the thought of killing her master. At the same time, Damon could read that stone look well. She was preparing for a kill. Tears slid down her cheeks as Damon spoke. "Fine. Fine. You win this one. I will put it in writing, anything you want, Kitty."

Kitty politely thanked her Master and rolled him towards his room. Saying nothing further, Damon was so full of impotent anger that he shook with it. Just wait, you cunt, little bitch. You will come to me to put me to bed, to care for me and I am going to get my hands on you. I will strangle you until you pass out. Then I am going to wake you by biting into your one good ear. And then I will begin your very long and painful punishment. Oh, I will keep my word, partners we can be, but I shall make you pay for every second of it. Kitty gave the chair a push to send it into Damon's still dark room. "You are very angry with me right now. So I cannot help you get into the bed, or into the bath or wherever you want to be. You will figure it out I am sure, Master." Damon looked over at Kitty as she gave him a wide grin that reminded him of his own. "See, here is what you need to understand, my beloved Master. You have taught me that a pet needs a Master. There is no doubt I am your pet, I couldn't be anything else than your Kitty now. I am fully aware of that. Here is what I am going to teach you, a Master needs their pet. You need me now more than ever, Master." Damon tried to roll forward but Kitty slammed the door shut and he heard the click of a lock. He sat in the dark, pounding on the door, Damon screamed until his voice was gone. It had to have been a trick of the light, but just before Kitty had shut the door, she looked a bit like a gargoyle.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all so much for following me down this demented little pathway we have here. I shall see you all in the next dark place we decide to visit. Until then, please be careful around infants with biter biscuits.

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