Sansa has recently moved to King's Landing for a fresh start with her two dog's Lady and Jess. During a typical morning walk she comes to the aid of a tall broad shouldered stranger with a gruff demeanour and his injured dog...

Okay... so this is my first ever attempt at writing fan fiction and truthfully the first time since finishing secondary school I have written creatively... which was over a decade ago... so please be kind and forgive any errors! This was inspired a little by 3rdstarksistr's 'swearing off boys' where Stranger is a dog! Really liked the idea and well here is my spin on the much loved characters Sandor and Sansa
*Deep breath and here goes*
Chapter 1:

"SEVEN BUGGERING HILLS!"

Sansa startles from playing fetch with her two dogs, Lady and Jess. A sleek grey Northern Inuit and a small smooth black brindle coated crossbreed.

She glances across the park towards where the curse came from to see a broad shouldered man with shoulder length hair, black like a raven's wing crouching down where an enormous black shepherd dog is sat holding it's paw up gingerly. She sees the owner carefully take his dog’s front paw in his hand to examine, hears the dog whimper and the man curse something under his breath and shake his head.

"Lady, Jess, to me" Sansa calls with a quick whistle to get their attention. Lady cocks her head and saunters over whilst Jess quick as a whip is by her side leaning against her calves. She's such a clingy little thing she muses, but I guess that is understandable... Sansa's thoughts trail off when Lady reaches her and Jess. "Good girls" she utters and begins to walk steadily towards the owner of the black shepherd dog.

As she approaches she can hear him mumbling soothing words to his dog. The roughness of his voice almost sounds like a deep growl and Sansa feels the hairs at the nape of her neck and the back of her arms raise and send a shiver down her spine. She can see blood on his hands but he has his back to her and has not seen her approach.

"Excuse me, sir?" she breathes out and his spine stiffens at her words, he glances over his shoulder as his dog makes eye contact with her and curls his lip into a snarl.

"I'm no sir and now isn't a good time" he rasps out "Stranger is not good with people at the best of times, least of all when he's hurt"

Sansa glances over at Stranger what a peculiar name for a dog, his whole profile is defensive but she cannot help but see the steady pool of red collecting beneath his left front paw. "He's injured his paw" she observes but before she can speak further he cuts her off with a harsh rasping laugh "no shit, sweetheart" He levels a harsh gaze at her and her breath hitches as she takes in the angry scars running from the bridge of his nose and extending into his hair line on the left side of his face. The scars are a fearful sight but it is the fury in his stormy grey eyes that makes her avert her gaze back to Stranger's paw. He goes on to growl out "neither of us are a pretty sight, you've had your look, now bugger off!"

Sansa gasps at his rudeness and levels him with a glare "I have bandages in my bag" she swings her small green rucksack off her slender shoulder, unzips it and pulls out her first aid kit and some silver curved scissors. "I can bandage that up for you to stem the bleeding until you can get him to the vets" she says matter of factly.

The tall angry stranger's eyes widen in surprise at her tone, looks down at Stranger's paw, glances back up at her face and nods his assent with a gruff 'ok... Thank you'

Sansa exhales and kneels down to Stranger, he grumbles and eyes her warily before staring at his owner "it's ok Strange he mutters soothingly" to his companion.

"Ok" she says "can you hold Stranger as if you’re giving him a big hug. But hold his head firmly to
your shoulder whilst extending his left leg from the elbow toward me?” He glances back at her and nods his understanding. "Make sure you hold his head firmly, he's not likely going to appreciate me touching his sore paw and I don't want to get bitten."

The man arranges himself so he has Stranger nestled into his broad chest. She can't help but appreciate his muscular physique and his biceps bulging out of his white t-shirt and blushes, glancing down at her supplies arranging her bandage materials. She now turns her focus to Stranger's paw; there is a deep cut through the centre of his main pad, blood dripping steadily from the wound. She hmms and frowns a little that causes the dog’s owner to gaze at her with furrowed eyebrows. "What is it?" He says, his voice deep and rumbling.

"The cut is deep and will need suturing" she replies "right, I'm going to begin dressing his wound now, you got him?"

"Yeah I've got him." he rumbles back

Sansa begins by placing cotton wool between Stranger's toes, then lightly places a square contact layer against the cut on the main pad. Stranger growls and tries to pull his paw back but true to his word his owner holds him firm muttering into the thick gruff of Strangers neck. Stranger’s eyes are wide but as his master mutters to him, he stills and allows her to continue dressing his wound. 3 layers of padding, conforming and a protective layer are applied swiftly now that he has relaxed and Sansa, now finished attempts to rock back to get up into a crouch but finds her legs have been pinned by her small black shadow of a hound curled up in the bend of her knees when did she arrange herself there, I never felt a thing?! She chuckles under her breath then murmurs "get off me pup". Jess reluctantly creeps off her legs and Sansa now makes a reattempt to stand when a large hand appears in her field of vision, she slips her tiny hand in comparison into his large and slightly calloused one and then he pulls her up. Only now she realizes how tall he is... She is tall women herself but he is another head over her and her eyes are level with the collar of his shirt: white and slightly torn.

She glances down at Stranger who is now placing his paw delicately to the floor. "You best get him to a vets shortly, has he had his breakfast? If not best to leave off as he will most likely need a general anaesthetic to close the wound, don't take that dressing off, even if you see blood soaking through, the pressure will help slow the flow until he can get seen to" she reels off quickly. He gently squeezes her hand, she hadn't realized she hadn't let go and gazes into his eyes, there is no anger in the grey depths now and her stomach flips.

He takes a step back, let's go of her hand and runs the same hand through his long hair, gazing back at her he gruffly responds "thanks for seeing to Stranger, sorry for being an ass, I will take him to the vets now...

"It's not a problem" she responds curtly "sorting Stranger or you being an ass” she glances quickly at him “it's stressful when your buddy is hurt... Stress can bring out the worst in people” He sharply glances at her, then a smirk plays across his features "I'm an ass to everyone but I appreciate what you did for Stranger here” he replies fondling Stranger's ears.

Sansa blushes and holds out her hand to this abrasive man "my names is Sansa…”

The man hesitates before taking her hand "Sandor"

"Well Sandor, it was nice to meet you… sort of. I hope Stranger feels better soon" she glances towards Lady and Jess and says "come on girls, we best get back home, I need to get ready for
work." The dogs spring up and she gazes back at Sandor giving him a small smile. "See you around, then" she turns and walks towards the gate where she entered early this morning.

She hears him call out a gruff g'bye and she turns and waves. She checks her watch and realising the time hurries home...
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Well I never expected much of a response and so much positive feedback from some silly imagining that I decided to type out. Thank you all so much for your kind comments. Here is another chapter for you. I cannot promise super regular updates but I hope you enjoy all the same.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 2

After a quick shower and pulling on her forest green uniform, she zips up the tunic and places her curved scissors and a few pens into the deep pockets. Looking into the mirror she teases a few stray fiery red curls back into the bun on her head, applies some Vaseline to her lips, grabs an apple from the fruit bowl on the dining table. She calls out to Jess and Lady who are now curled up contentedly in their beds in the living room to behave themselves before heading down the hallway and out the front door on her 20 minute walk to work.

She bites into her apple with a crunch and some juice spills onto her chin. It is a gloriously sunny spring day, quite cool but the warm sun feels great on her upturned face. She ponders on this morning events and sincerely hopes Stranger will be all right. Sansa is still taken aback by his owner’s rudeness but is pleased to have helped an animal in need and thankful of the apology. She cannot get over the sheer hulking size of the man: he must do some serious working out to be so muscular and toned. His scars are frightful she reflects, but there is a story there and she can only wonder how they came to be. She is running through various scenarios in her head when she arrives at work. Head of the reception team, Petyr is at the front desk and greets her with an assessing smile that never quite reaches his eyes. "Good morning, Sansa."

"Hi Petyr" she replies

"We have been quite busy this morning with a few extra surgeries, so you will have a few more patients to discharge later"

"Ok, no problem. I'll head into the back now and check my appointments list." She drops the apple core into the bin behind reception and places her bag and phone in the locker in the small staff room down the corridor.

Walking down the back corridor into the kennel area she meets her fellow nursing colleague Jeyne. "Hey Jeyne, how's it been this morning? Petyr says we've had a few extra surgeries today..."

"Oh hey, Sansa" Jeyne turns around looking slightly frazzled "yes it's been quite a morning, two stitch ups on top of routines. They are just finishing up the last surgery now. As she says this, nurse Shae and kennel assistant Ros wheel through a trolley bearing the enormous slumbering black bulk of the dog she met this morning. "Stranger" she calls out but at the moment he is too unconscious to respond. Jeyne and Sansa aid the other two to lift him back into a huge walk in kennel. Shae crouches next to his head, closely observing him for signs that he is awake enough to maintain his airway and extubate his endotracheal tube, while Ros grabs a blanket to cover him with to keep him warm whilst he recovers. Jeyne responds "do you know this beast?"
"Well not really, but I was in the park this morning walking Jess and Lady when he cut his paw and I bandaged it up for the owner"

"Well he has a temper on him that's for sure!"

"Stranger or the owner?" Sansa asks thinking quite easily Jeyne could be talking about either.

"Stranger silly, I haven't met his owner! Be careful of him, we had to muzzle him and sedate him before we could get near him to place his I/V catheter. He was snarling and lunging at us... Looks like we got our own back, she chuckles when she spies his hot pink, love heart dressing covering his left paw which are reserved for the difficult male patients or the sweet girly ones.

Sansa frowns at Jeyne and can only imagine Sandor's response to Strangers latest accessory. "Ok, thanks for the heads up, what else do we have in? Jeyne runs through the list of patients then Sansa makes her rounds assessing the patients and trying to gauge when best to discharge them. Stranger is still fast asleep although now he's been extubated so she pencils him in for a late appointment. She helps clean theatres and wrap kits before lunch then checks the patients again before making her way through calling each owner, giving them updates on their pets and confirming discharge times.

When she reaches Stranger's contact details she hesitates, butterflies filling her stomach. She reads the history and checks the bill is up to date and scans his contact details. How interesting, he only lives a street away from me she realises when she sees his address on the computer system. New client as well, I wonder if he's recently moved to the area...like her. She dials his contact number and he picks up on the third ring "Yes?" Is the form of greeting she receives. "Hi Mr. Clegane, I am calling from Kings Landing Veterinary Hospital, just letting you know that Stranger is recovering from his surgery to have the cut sutured on his paw. The surgery has gone well but he is still asleep at the moment. Would you be able to collect him at 5:30pm this evening?"

"HELLS that's later than expected", he responds. "Any chance of earlier?"

"I'm afraid not, sir. It is one o'clock now and he is still fast off at the moment, we need to give him time to wake up"

"I suppose that will have to do then" he replies

"Ok, great!" she responds with forced cheerfulness "I'll go through all of his care when you collect him later. See you then Mr. Clegane." He rings off without a reply. Ok your welcome

A busy afternoon of appointments ensues and at 5pm there is a half hour gap. Sansa goes and makes a cup of chamomile tea and is tucking into a lemon muffin when she hears snarling and a human cry of shock coming from the kennels. She dashes through and peers through the glass of the kennel door to find Jeyne in the corner of the kennels with Stranger advancing on her with hackles raised. Fear pierces Sansa for her colleague’s predicament and she reaches for a slip lead. Calmly she opens the door and slips into the kennel room. Turning on a pin Stranger turns round to face her and releases a deep growl. Sansa adopts a relaxed stance and averts her eyes from Stranger. She talks calmly to him "Stranger, it's alright, you remember me from this morning don't you? Your dad will be here soon and you can go home.” Stranger has stopped growling but regards her suspiciously. She takes a calm step forward and steadily holds out her arm with fist closed towards him. Initially he growls but then sniffs her exposed fist. He steps towards her then sits down and is leaning his body against her. He visibly seems more relaxed and she tentatively reaches down and rubs the back of his head. "Good boy" she soothes to him. She deftly slips the lead around his neck whilst continuing to rub his neck and ears; he doesn't seem to notice he has now been caught. His eyes half closed as she continues to pat him.
Jeyne lets out a gasp and staggers from the corner. The noise alerts Stranger who snaps open his eyes, growls and makes to lunge for Jeyne. However Sansa has his lead firm in her hand bracing herself for the impact. Stranger seems surprised he cannot reach his target and turns his head to Sansa. "Sit" she says firmly, which he grudgingly does when she levels her gaze to him. "Good boy, Stranger" she soothes when he has done as she commanded. She goes to take a seat by the examination table and continues to pet him, trying to build a relationship with this fearsome beast.

Jeyne disappears out of the room and it is now Sansa and Stranger regarding each other.

Minutes pass with Stranger watching Sansa whilst she sits calmly ignoring him and writing down some notes. *This is going to be fun she muses, he's going to have to come back several times for dressing changes & it will do none of us good if we have to fight with him to do it...* she hears Stranger slide to the floor, yawn and gently start panting... *He seems so much more relaxed.* She looks down at him and smiles and he looks her way, rolls onto his side exposing his tummy. "Oh right, a tummy tickle is it" she murmurs to him "very well". She leans down a begins to run her fingers through is hairy belly, working up a steady rhythm that she knows Lady adores. His head rests back on the floor and he sighs. Sansa chuckles "like that, huh?!"

Jeyne opens the door ajar and peeps her head round, eyes popping at the seen "you've tamed the beast!" she exclaims.

"It would seem so" she replies

"His owner is here now, shall I take his meds and care sheets up to your room? Then you can concentrate on walking Stranger up there"

"That would be great, thank you Jeyne"

All this time she hadn't stopped the rhythmic movement of her fingers on his tummy and now she stops, he glances up at her twists to expose his belly again and sighs. "Sorry bud, its time to go, your dads here" she says to Stranger. As she stands up he leaps lightly onto all fours. *Quite graceful for a large dog* and she clips his lead onto his collar and removes the slip lead, holding the loop in her left hand and halfway down the lead in her right she asks Stranger to "heel" as she moves to the door. He falls into step at her right side as she navigates the corridor to the nurse's room.

Once inside, she clicks on the waiting appointment icon, checks that Stranger’s medicines and discharge care sheets are here before taking a steady breath looking down at Stranger and say "let's go get your dad, then". Sansa opens the door into the waiting room and calls out "Mr. Clegane for Stranger please" the waiting room hushes and faces glance between Sansa with Stranger and then towards to broad shouldered man who rises from his seat far across the waiting room. He is wearing dark blue jeans and a black button down shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows exposing the thick muscle of his forearms. As he moves towards the open door his brow furrows in recognition. "Mr. Clegane, would you please step into my room and I'll tell you how Stranger has got on with us today."

He has to stoop to enter her small consulting room and she closes the door with a click. Stranger is visibly excited to see his master and Sansa hands him the lead. Their fingers brush and prickles coarse up her hand from the contact. He rasps out "I hope he hasn't been too much trouble". Sansa responds "he hasn't been the easiest of patients but we have reached an understanding haven't we, Stranger?" Directing the last of her sentence to the enormous black shepherd dog who leans against her briefly in acknowledgement. Sandor is surprised to say the least. "You going soft on me, eh" he says to Stranger. "Didn't realise you worked here, what do you do?" He directs to Sansa. "I'm a veterinary nurse, she responds... Anyway as you can see, Stranger has recovered well from his surgery, he may be a little quieter than usual tonight but he should feel more like himself in a day or
so. He has a shaved patch on his leg" she points her index finger on her right hand to her left arm, then rubs the area as an indicator of where the patch would be on Stranger. "This is where is IV catheter was placed for the anaesthetic to go to sleep, don't worry the fur will grow back there is no time at all." She reaches her fingers to her throat and rubs there before continuing, "You may hear Stranger cough or clear his throat, this is because he had a tube placed into his trachea to allow the anaesthetic gas into his lungs, it should settle in a day or so." Sandor's eyes are watching her movements intently and begin to smirk before saying "Your hands are all over the place, fluttering around like little birds, it's very distracting!" Sansa blushed a deep red "oh, I'm sorry... " She places her hands flat on the care documents in front of her before hesitantly continuing "as you already know, the cut on his pad was quite deep, the vet has placed sutures which will need to be removed in ten days and he is wearing a dressing which will need to be replaced in two days." Sansa and Sandor glance down at Strangers bandaged leg and Sandor shoots a glare at Sansa "you put a fucking pink bandage on my male dog?!" He exclaims. "No I didn't, one of the other nurses did and gee it's only a colour, it'll get changed in two days!" Sansa can see he's pretty pissed by this great thanks team! "anyway it's important the dressing stays dry so he will have to wear this protective booty when going outside for toilet breaks and short walks. Take it off when he's in the house so the dressing doesn't sweat" she looks him in the eye to make sure he's following the information she's giving him and he briefly nods. "Here are his pain relief and antibiotic tablets, start these tomorrow as he's had injections today." He nods again then asks "what shall I feed him tonight?" Sansa responds "a bland meal, like chicken and rice little and often tonight, he can go back to his normal food tomorrow" Sandor shoots a look at Stranger "will be making that order two chickens then." Sansa asks if he has any questions which he shakes his head too "think you've covered everything well, little bird" he adds with a smirk playing across his features. Sansa blushes again but secretly likes the nickname he's given her. She gives him a small smile "Ok, great! I am happy to have helped today. If you would like to go to the desk and make an appointment for Friday, we will see you then." "C'mon, then Strange" Sandor rumbles to his dog and he jumps up, ready to leave the room together: two enormous intimidating characters oozing masculinity.

Sansa closes the door behind him and breathes out a deep sigh since when did I move my hands so much? She cannot recall getting into that habit. She looks at the clock and it is nearly home time, quickly she cleans her room and turns the computer off before washing her hands and getting her belongings out of her locker. "Good evening all she shouts before jogging out the door, in a hurry to get home to take Lady and Jess out for their evening walk. She dashes across the car park not fully paying attention when a big black Mitsubishi Warrior slams its brakes on, screeching to a halt. Sansa's heart is in her mouth and she jumps back. The drivers side window is winding down and Sandor is glaring at her, he barks out "little bird, what on earth were you doing, I nearly fucking ran you down!" Sansa has gone as pale as a sheet and stammers out "I-I- I'm so sorry, I w-wasn't looking where I was going, I'm in a r-rush t-to get home to my dogs" she stammers out. Some of the fury leaves his features and his grey eyes soften, "where do you live, little bird? I'll give you a lift home- it's the least I can do after all your help today".

"A-are you sure?" Sansa asks her voice a higher pitch than usual with a mixture of surprise and shock. "That would be really kind of you, thank you so much" she runs around the front of his truck and jumps into the passenger side before turning towards him with a big smile.
Chapter 3

Once Sansa is seat belted in he slowly begins to pull out of the car park, "So where to, little bird?"
He asks whilst paying attention to the flow of traffic passing the front of her work place. "I live
halfway down Steel Street, closest to the park entrance" she replies. He nods and pulls into the flow
of traffic and slowly proceeds to the junction. She can hear Stranger panting in the back of the
pickup. She rests her head against the headrest, closes her eyes and breathes deeply, weariness
claiming her body after the hectic day and turn of events. Sandor slides a look her way "tired? Little
bird?"

"Yeah, she replies. Weekdays are always long, up early with the dogs , full day at work, back home
to sort the dogs and supper before another quick stretch with my girls before bed, and the cycle
continues again tomorrow."

She can see him digesting this information then he responds "no family... Boyfriend?"

"No, not much family to speak of... my sister lives abroad with her fiancé and no boyfriend." He
starts scowling then and his voice is harsh and angry

"What are you doing hopping into strangers cars, you got a wish to get hurt or something? I could be
any sick creep and no family or boyfriend to miss you?" Her eyes widen at his tone but her intuition
makes her confident he is no danger to her. She is silent for sometime choosing her words carefully.
Quietly she says "we aren't completely strangers" he scoffs at this "and you won't hurt me" she
phrases the last part as a statement.

Softly he responds, "No little bird, I won't hurt you... But there are others who might, you need to be
more careful." Her lips pick up into a small smile at the concern in his voice "trust me, I don't make a
habit of jumping into strangers cars, this is my first time actually, and I don't see you as a stranger... I
feel reassured by your presence, plus you don't live far from me so I'm not putting you our of your
way." He gapes at her then "you know where I live?" He rasps out.

"Well, yes - I recognised your street name from your contact details... It's hardly detective work. He's
quiet for a time and she notices he's pulled into Steel Street now. "Halfway down on the left, the end
terrace with the blue door" she directs. He pulls to a stop outside her little home. The front window is
lit up by the lamp, which she's put on a timer. The wrought iron gate is closed with a small box
hedge and she can see her daffodils proudly regimented in the flowerbed. Home, she sighs.

"Are there birds on your door?" He quips with a smirk on his lips as he stares at the front of her
home. On the glass panel of her front door is a stained glass window with two birds flying around a
 weirwood tree. It was one of her more extravagant indulgences to the house. A bit of the North and
her family in her new home, she misses them so much... "yes, there are" she chuckles when she
remembers what his nickname is for her. He's got an amused smile on his face as he looks down at
her. "Well here you are little bird, back at your nest." "Thank you, Sandor" she replies "I hope
Stranger is ok tonight... But if you're worried about him, here's my number. Don't hesitate to call me". She quickly jots down her mobile number and hands him the slip of paper with her name and mobile number on, he takes it and folds it carefully before placing it in the top pocket of his shirt. "I'm sure we will be fine... But thanks” he rumbles out.

She unbuckles her seat belt and makes to open the passenger door before turning to face him. "Thank you for the lift home Sandor, I really appreciate it” she smiles at him. His grey eyes are soft as he rumbles "no problem, little bird, have a good evening.” She slides out of the passenger seat and gently pushes the door shut. The window winds down and she makes a small wave and smiles "good evening, Sandor" he rumbles a goodnight to her but doesn't pull off until she's reached her front door and has opened it. He nods at her then leaves. As she shuts and locks the door a content feeling envelops her this is the first time since moving to Kings Landing that she hasn't felt so alone. Jess and Lady come hurtling down the hallway to her with licks, yips and Lady spinning around. She slides down to them and is assaulted by licks from her faithful hounds. "Looks like I may have made a friend today girls” she smiles as she runs her fingers through a thick fur coat with one hand a smooth dark coat with the other.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Wow! So many hits, kudos and lovely comments! Thank you to all of you taking the time to read this Sansan notion of mine. It really means a lot.

So this my attempt at a Sandor POV chapter! (I did try and get into character by wearing my house Clegane t-shirt, drinking wine, saying fuck a lot and rolling my eyes.)

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 4

Sandor is scowling off into the distance waiting for Stranger to finish taking a piss and a shit. His four legged buddy seems to think he's taken leave of his senses driving him to the park rather than walking him but the little birds instructions ring loud and clear. He absently taps his jeans pocket where his phone is, he stored her number as soon as he got in the other night but the slip of paper has been on his person since, not having the heart to discard a slip with two words and eleven digits. Foolish dog. He glances down to where Stranger is and begins to clear up his leavings, that fucking pink dressing is like a beacon. Who the fuck puts a pink dressing on a male dog, stupid assholes, ah well at least it will get changed today. He strides over to the waste bin and deposits the bag of shit, Whilst there he spots the Tyrell girl running along the path with her Afghan hound Rose keeping a graceful pace beside her, long hair flowing behind in the breeze. Further over is Bronn throwing a Frisbee for his Belgian Mallinois, Lollys who leaps ridiculously high to catch it. He then spies that creepy fucker, Ramsay with his six German shorthaired pointers in tow, all bitches and all with foul tempers that the owner finds amusing. Rumour has it he's named them after each of his ex girlfriends, sick fuck!

"Let's get back home then buddy." He rumbles out, looking down to wear Stranger should be patiently waiting at his side to see he's not there. He swivels his head around and sees Stranger is nowhere in sight and his stomach drops. Where the fuck has he got to? "Stranger!" He barks out but nothing. He strides back towards the path glancing back and forth keeping his eyes peeled for his black beast.

A wave of panic starts to kick in when he hears a melodious exclamation from the path along which is obscured by a thick green hedge. "Oh! Hello Stranger... Where's your dad?!" He races to the connecting path to see Stranger stood looking up at the little bird with his tail swaying side to side in greeting as she reaches down to fondle his ear. Wearing her green uniform with her hair tied up in a high ponytail. She's holding a bottle of water in the hand not stroking stranger and has ear phones in. The site of her takes his breath away. He strides over to where her and his errant hound is standing on the path. "There you are Stranger, it's not like you to wander off" he scolds his dog before levelling a glance at the little bird. Her lips are set in a small smile as she gazes back at him. "Good morning Mr. Clegane" she says courteously and all he can force our is a gruff acknowledgement before she continues, "I trust Stranger has been alright since his surgery."

"Aye little bird, he's been fine, enjoyed his chicken dinner but getting fed up of being driven to the park, he's not enjoying having his exercise restricted." He looks down at her heart shaped face, her
bright blue eyes gazing up at him and making eye contact no less. He's so used to people avoiding his face because of his hideous burns to have someone, someone heart stopingly beautiful gazing at him so openly is a little intimidating. He clears his throat which sounds like a harsh bark. "Best not keep you little bird, looks as if you're on your way to work..." He rasps out

"Yes, yes" she chirps out "I'll get on my way" she smiles warmly at him giving Stranger one last pat before holding her hand up to say goodbye. "Mayhaps see you later little bird as we will be at the clinic later for Strangers dressing change?" He adds trying to contain the hope in his voice.

"Oh yes, maybe. I'm not on appointments today but I'll see how busy we get this afternoon."

"Goodbye little bird"

"Goodbye Mr. Clegane"

She turns and walks down the path leaving Stranger and himself gazing at her retreating figure.

"C'mon then, you" he gruffs out at Stranger. Inwardly cursing himself at mooning over this fire haired beauty - fire he wouldn't mind burning in - like a green boy. As if she would look twice at an ugly old dog like you. He growls in frustration as he and his faithful companion stride out of the park and back to his car.

Chapter End Notes

So... what do you think? Did I channel my inner Clegane whilst writing this? Or do I need more wine and more swearing?! Please comment!
The next few days are hectic at work with so many additional operations and emergency surgeries. Meals are missed and grabbed on the go and Sansa is starting to flag. She is not meant to be on appointments today but Jeyne asked if she would do Stranger's dressing change. It really shook her up being cornered by Stranger in the kennel area, so Sansa is more than happy to fill in for her. She bumped into Stranger and Sandor on her way to work this morning and he seemed hopeful that she would be doing Stranger's dressing change and in truth she is looking forward to seeing him again too.

Just as she steps into the waiting room to call Sandor and Stranger in, she overhears a tall thin blonde haired man wearing a crisp burgundy shirt and black trousers with his back to her demanding something to the reception team. She hears the receptionist apologise and say "I'm sorry, Mr. Baratheon, she is not on appointments today, you will be seeing Jeyne." A whine comes from his throat "no, I want the new girl, the pretty redhead to do my appointment." The receptionist’s eyes swivel to her and the man turns. Pale green eyes spark in a leonine face with full puckered lips some would swoon for his classic beauty but Sansa has an uneasy feeling about this man. He eyes her possessively and saunters over with two large Dobermans, one Black and Tan, the other liver and tan, both docked and ears cropped. "Ah here you are, I'm done waiting for you" he moves to enter the consult room. Sansa blocks his entrance to the consulting room and says softly and politely "I'm sorry sir, I was about to call another patient in." He glares at the receptionist and spits out accusingly "I thought she wasn't doing appointments, you lied to me! I will see that you lose your job for this insolence."

"No sir" Sansa hastily adds "The receptionist is quite right, I am not on appointments today but I am doing this appointment because the patient is nervous here and will only allow me to dress his leg" she glances to where Sandor and Stranger are sat. Both are upright and tense as they watch the scene unfolding in the waiting room. Sansa blocks his entrance to the consulting room and says softly and politely "I'm sorry sir, I was about to call another patient in." He glares at the receptionist and spits out accusingly "I thought she wasn't doing appointments, you lied to me! I will see that you lose your job for this insolence."

Feeling cornered by the boss’s son and her obligation she walks towards Sandor and quietly asks "I'm sorry, but it appears I have a surprise appointment, are you in a rush or can you wait?" "No problems little bird" he rumbles quietly, eyes narrowed at the rude man with the two Dobermans. She turns and enters her room with Mr. Baratheon on her heels with his dogs. When the door shuts she takes a deep breath, turns and smiles, how can I be of service today, sir?" He is slightly shorter than her and he is eyeing her hungrily, raking his eyes all over her body. "They said there was a pretty new nurse here and they were not mistaken, you may call me Joffrey." He extends his right hand to her to shake which she reluctantly takes and returns the shake briefly. Sansa has no idea who 'they' are and her smile is frozen to her face. "I'm sorry s- um Joffrey, how can I help today..?" She trails off. He looks at her and curls his lip in disgust as if something she has said has displeased him "Hearteater needs her nails clipping" he responds disdainfully. He sits in the chair and with a flick of his hand, gestures for her to continue. She hastily grabs the nail clippers from the worktop and kneels beside Hearteater. Joffrey Baratheon looks down at her appreciatively "it suits you on your knees" he smiles a slow smile, which send goose bumps coursing up and down her arms.

She lifts up Hearteaters's large paw and begins to trim the claws with no help from Joffrey to restrain
his pet. Luckily Hearteater she is well behaved and the awkward consult is nearly over. She can see Joffrey regarding her out of the corner of her eye. When finished she looks up at him, all smiles and courtesies "all done Mr. Baratheon." He stands and she awkwardly gains her feet. "You have done a satisfactory job, I'll make all my appointments with you from now on." He hasn't even looked at her work and a stone lodges in her stomach and chest she doesn't want his attention. She pulls a hesitant smile to her face "I will look forward to your next appointment" as she opens the door to let him back into the waiting room he places a hand on her hip leans in to kiss her cheek, leaving a slimy wet patch on her right cheekbone. It takes all her control to not wipe her face impulsively. Joffrey steps back and smiles triumphantly at her "it will be soon my lady" and he turns to leave the full waiting room. She can feel her face is hot and can feel tears burning in the back of her eyes. Quickly she steps into the room, shuts the door and sits. No one has been so familiar with her and he really gave her the creeps. She jumps to the sink and washes her face and is just dabbing paper towel to dry off when a soft rap comes from the back door, Petyr the head receptionist looks at her sympathetically "I'm sorry about that but he always gets what he wants..." His words seem to have a double meaning. In the stress of the last consult she had forgotten Sandor and Stranger patiently waiting outside. Hurriedly she grabs her equipment opens the door and calls them in. Adopting a professional tone. "So. Stranger is here for his dressing change, is that correct?" Sandor frowns down at her and nods not saying a word. She doesn't meet his eye but offers her closed fist to stranger who sniffs then licks it. She proceeds to rub his ears and feels some of the tension in her shoulders relax slightly. "Has he been alright? - Why are you asking him this? You already know, He told her this morning -" He rasps out. His words sting and she finally meets his gaze, There is anger radiating from his eyes, like a fearsome storm is about to break. She is so tired and has no energy to fight "His attention was the last thing I needed or wanted" she bites out "I don't wish to argue with you, I'm tired and the bosses son was inappropriate and made me feel really uncomfortable" she hopes the truth will shut him up. He regards her, takes in her tired features and looks down to where her hands are holding Stranger’s paw. "Sorry", he rumbles out. Sansa picks up a few cotton wool pads with antiseptic wash and begins to clean between Stranger’s toes. Stranger twitches and wriggles beneath her hands. "Sorry bud, does that tickle?" She murmurs to him with a small smile. Once finished she dries between his toes with paper towel. Trying to make an effort she looks Sandor straight in the face and into his deep grey eyes and offers him a small smile. Sandor straight in the face and into his deep grey eyes and offers him a small smile "So what colour bandage would you like for Stranger’s paw today then?” She gestures to an array of dressings she gathered on the side to humour him with. There is red, orange, green with blue paw prints, turquoise with navy stars and yellow with green bones. He looks them over and nods his head to the turquoise with navy stars. “Ahhh good choice, this is my favourite pattern.” She replies. “Usually I only give this choice to the kids coming in with their pets, but with such an extreme reaction to the pink
dressing I thought I’d best let you pick!” A smile and a hint of mischief in her eyes as she looks back at Sandor’s face, his lip half curled which makes him look as if he is snarling at being compared to a child.

She cannot help but laugh openly at his expression, which seems to befuddle him even more, an amused expression creeps onto his face. “Nice to see the little bird chirping happily” he says. She looks into his eyes for a long time and a feeling of warmth spreads from her centre and down her arms to her fingertips. She glances back down and proceeds to redress Stranger’s paw in the fresh bandage. “All done then, Stranger.” Sandor relaxes his grip on Stranger’s legs and the big shepherd shifts into a sitting position alarmingly quick. His head now at a height with Sansa’s and a big warm tongue comes sweeping across half of her face. Sansa giggles and grabs Strangers ears giving them a firm rub and planting a kiss on top of his furry head. Sandor is stood with his mouth hanging open and an incredulous look in his eyes. “He seems to have warmed up to you little bird, never usually allows anybody near him but me.” Sansa feels strangely proud and smiles at him, replying, “I’ve warmed up to him to, he’s a good dog under that gruff exterior… I think him and Lady would get on well.”

“Lady?”

“She is my Northern Inuit, they are of a similar height and would be evenly matched… perhaps when Stranger’s paw is better we could meet up for a play date in the park?”

“Aye, I am sure he would like that, most owners see us coming and call there dogs to heel, he hasn’t had to opportunity to play with another dog in a while.”

“Oh, that is a shame, we will definitely have to schedule something once his stitches are out… right well hopefully next time he is in for check, we will be leaving the bandage off” Sansa glances at the calendar on the computer screen “and that will be… umm…oh Sunday. But we are closed that day…” Sansa ponders for a moment and looks up at Sandor it’s something I wouldn’t usually offer but he seems like a nice guy under that gruff exterior, and it would be nice to get to know him better… “You could always bring Stranger to my house on Sunday and I can check his paw there for you?”

“No little bird, that’s your day off, I’m sure you have plenty of plans and his bandage can wait until the Monday.”

“I don’t have any plans…weekends get kinda lonely…it wouldn’t be a problem, bring him in the afternoon and it gives me chance to have a lie in and do a few chores, I might even bake a cake!”

Sandor regards her and then rumbles out “tempting me with sweets, are you?” half a smile creeps onto his face and he arches his eyebrow with a flash to his grey eyes then sombers a little “seriously, I wouldn’t want to be put you out but if you have no plans then Stranger and I would appreciate it.”

Sansa smiles and feels the weight in her chest lift for the first time since that awful consult with Joffrey. “It’s fine, I will look forward to it, if you want to come over at about ummm 2’oclock. Would that suit you?”

“Aye that’ll be fine”

“Great! See you then”

“G’bye little bird.” Sandor and Stranger exit her consult room.

Sansa gathers together a few bandage materials together, just in case for Sunday and heads back into
the prep area of the practice to finish her shift.

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Her evening is spent curled up on the sofa under a soft pale blue wool blanket in her airy grey and white living room. There is a cream log burner in the centre of the darker grey wall with logs cracking and spitting merrily on this cool spring evening. To the right of the log burner is an alcove with white shelves heavily laden with her favourite books and to the left is another alcove with white cupboards that hide away the flat screen TV and sound system. A big soft dove grey rug is between the two-seater sofa and the log burner, which, is currently occupied by Lady and Jess stretched out absorbing the heat from the burner. On the back wall is a long sideboard with a few candles lit, delicate flames flickering away. Hanging above the sideboard on the wall is a framed family photo. Her parents, brothers Robb and Jon to the left of her father, herself and Arya beside her mother. In front of them are her younger brothers Bran and Rickon and the 6 Northern Inuit’s that her parents surprised the family with two years ago at Sevenmas. Grey wind, Ghost, Lady, Nymeria, Summer and Shaggy dog. All gone, all dead besides herself and Lady, Arya and Nymeria. Sansa is gazing at this photograph now, twirling a wine glass in her hand, half the contents of the glass already gone. How she misses them all.

The Stark household was always such a loud place to be, so many personalities bouncing and clashing off each other. It is still strange to think of her beloved family apart from her sister as gone, for twelve months now, but half of the Stark inheritance sitting in her bank account is proof of that. She would give it all back and more to have her family whole and well but this is no fairy tale. Sansa drains the contents of her wine glass, slides out from underneath her blanket and pads through into the kitchen, placing the now finished wine glass into the dishwasher. Turning off the lights and moving to the log burner and losing herself in the flames for a few moments before sighing and exiting the living room into the hall way and up the stairs to her bedroom. Sliding into her king sized bed she curls into the foetal position and begins to sob. When will the pain of them being gone get any easier? She bites onto her fist to stifle an agonizing cry that erupts from her core. Suddenly two weights thud onto the bed, Lady curls at her back and Jess slots herself against her chest, snuffling and licking the tears from her face. She strokes the silky soft ears and silent tears now fall onto her cheeks. This is how she has fallen asleep for most nights these past ten months, the weight of Jess joining five months ago. She is grateful for their constant unwavering love and support but the ache of grief doesn’t lessen.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed!
Sansa is sat in her conservatory overlooking the long walled garden when she hears a sharp knock on the front door. Lady and Jess shift into a half sitting position from being sprawled out in the warm spring afternoon sunshine, cocking their heads to the noise. She shifts off of the rattan two-seater and moves through the kitchen where the sweet sugary smell of baking fills the air. The product of her morning’s efforts sat proudly on the breakfast bar. Mmm! Lemon drizzle cake – her favourite! She closes the door between the kitchen and hallway to prevent Jess and Lady rushing to meet her guests and proceeds to the front door.

She can make out his tall broad figure through the glass and steals a breath before unlocking and opening her front door.

“Good afternoon Sandor, Stranger.” she breathes out taking in his hulking form; he’s wearing a tight fitting grey crew neck t-shirt, which picks out the steel grey of his eyes.

She can see the faint trace of a six-pack through is shirt and her eyes drop to the narrowing of his hips where dark blue jeans are low slung on his hips and secured in place with a black leather belt.

“Checking me out, Little bird?” he rasps out and her eyes fly up to his where once she was staring unashamedly at his hips and taut stomach. She can feel the heat of a spectacular blush rising to her cheeks and colouring her neck and chest from being caught out. His dark eyes are glinting with amusement, as he takes a step forward, drawing himself to his full height and returns the favour.

She cannot take her eyes from his but then his gaze roams over her figure. Taking in her fiery red hair which is tied up into a high pony tail, down her long neck and lingering at her collar bones before dropping to the curve of her breasts which are concealed in a three quarter sleeve champagne coloured sweater with slashes down the sleeves from her shoulders and down to her hips and down, down, down her long slender legs which are concealed in dark blue skinny jeans. His eyes slowly rake back up her figure and linger on her lips before returning to her piercing bright blue eyes. Her mouth is dry and her face feels aflame from being checked out so thoroughly, the second time this week, however where the first time left her blood cold and a feeling of dread, this time her blood is fizzing like champagne and goose bumps rush all over he arms and legs.

She takes a step back and moves to let him into her home, ignoring his question. “Come in” and he steps over the threshold into her sanctuary. She realizes suddenly he is the first ever visitor she has had come to her place. Every body else has been delivery drivers or salesman. She feels almost shy as he stands in her hallway taking in her home. Stranger has his head stretched out sniffing curiously.

“Welcome, shall we go out to the garden? Stranger can meet my girls whilst I get us a drink.” She moves down the hallway to the kitchen and feels his eyes on her back as he follows her. Once through the conservatory he asks Stranger to sit and unclips him from his lead. He stands as Lady
approaches him and they greet with a sniff. Jess tentatively approaches for a shy greeting before moving behind her legs. “I’ll just get us those drinks” and she moves back into the kitchen with her small black shadow at her heels. She returns with two tall glass tumblers filled with ice and homemade lemonade. Sandor has taken a seat at her white wrought iron patio table and she places both glasses down before taking her seat.

“Thanks” he rumbles out.

Lady pads over and rests her head on Sandor’s lap giving a little shove which indicates she wants her ears rubbed. His large hands cover her head as he fulfills her request of him. Stranger is busy rolling backwards and forwards on the grass and she watches as Jesssteadily approaches him as he rolls again, his head whips up to sniff at Jess who is now standing over him. They regard each other briefly before Jess drops into a play bow and hurtles to the bottom of the garden. Stranger springs up and dashes after her. She cannot help but chuckle and glances over at Sandor who is watching them also, however his eyes are narrowed and brow furrowed. “What happened to her?” he asks stopping his ministrations on Lady’s ears who dashes off to join the fun.

* * *

“It’s a long story” She sighs, but he looks at her expectantly and takes a deep breath before continuing.

“I re-homed her 6 months ago when she came in to the practice I used to work at in The North, she was found tied up in the woods with her right leg fractured and injuries down her right side. A member of the public brought her to us and she was so fragile and her injuries were quite extensive, we wondered if she would make it. We gave her pain relief, food and settled her into one of the kennels that night. I arrived early the next day to check on her, as I couldn’t stop thinking about her whilst Lady and I were at home. She wagged her tail when I spoke to her and was so brave when I tended to her wounds which turned out to be burns.”

Sandor flinches at her comment, his face contorted in pain. “When she was strong enough, we operated to amputate her ruined leg. X-rays showed it had been smashed up bad but that it was an old fracture and her leg was healing wrong. We couldn’t save it.” He cannot take his eyes off Jess who is weaving between the larger dogs on the grass, her lack of hind leg clearly no issue and the pattern of white scars where the fur hasn’t grown back where she was burned.

“I was quite involved in her care, and we developed an attachment to each other, I couldn’t allow he to go to the re-homing shelter not knowing what would happen to her and she has been with me ever since.”

* * *

As if Jess knows she is being talked about, she sidles up to Sansa and leans against her leg whilst she takes a sip of her lemonade. Sandor slowly drops his hand and extends it to Jess who sniffs it then glances worriedly at Sansa. “It’s okay, he’s a friend” she soothes with an inflection to the end of the word ‘friend’ almost as if she is asking Sandor a question. Could I have a friend in you? Cautiously, Jess takes a few steps towards Sandor and allows him to pet her. He rumbles soothing encouragements to her and she settles with him, even licking his hand, which she only usually reserves for Lady or herself.

She can see Sandor looking over Jess now, taking in her leathery scars and rounded stump. “They’re some sick fuckers in this world, bad enough they do it to each other without having to take it out on
“animals too” he snarls out which startles Jess who dashes to her side of the table. His eyes widen and soften when he realizes his tone has frightened her and murmurs out “sorry pup”

“She is tougher than she looks and has been great, really well behaved and… I feel like she’s rescued me too” she quietly confides something she has never spoken to anyone in Kings Landing. She wonders if he heard her as her tone was so low and he is taking a long sip of lemonade from his glass and she can see his throat working as he swallows. He places the glass down and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand before he speaks.

“How so little bird?”

“I was struggling to deal with the fact that most of my family were taken from me in a freak accident and although Lady is great, she reminded me of all we had lost together, you see she was one of six from a litter my parents bought for me and my siblings at Sevenmas 2 years ago. Losing my family and the dogs was a blow not only to me but to her as well. We have grieved for that loss together.”

She is quiet for a time and lets out a breath she hadn’t realized she had been holding. Staring unseeingly down the garden she feels the ache of the lump of grief that has formed in her throat. She feels the feather light touch of a handkerchief that dabs at the tears she didn’t realize had started to fall. Her hand moves up to clutch the soft fabric that is held to her right cheek and her fingers brush his hand. Reluctantly, it seems he relinquishes the handkerchief to her grasp and she try’s to plaster a brave smile on her face, which wavers when she meets his gaze. She takes a fortifying sip of lemonade before continuing

“I had thrown myself into work, doing double shifts and falling into bed so exhausted I wouldn’t dream, my sister Arya couldn’t handle being at the family home in Winterfell and booked two plane tickets for Gendry – her fiancé and herself to Essos. They are currently there and we e-mail and Skype occasionally but she hasn’t come back to Westeros for 9 months. Jess came along at my lowest point and having to focus on somebody else made me realize I was just existing; not moving backwards or forwards. It was then I saw an advertisement for a VN job at Kings Landing and jumped at it… the thought of somewhere completely different from The North. I have been here 3 months now.”

He has been completely silent listening to her sad tale, not punctuating it with ‘oh my gods, that’s awful’ or other empty platitudes that so many people feel the need to say whenever she has had to relay her sorry tale of loss and misery. He regards her and says, “You’ve had a seriously shit run of things little bird.” His frank statement makes her choke out a laugh

“Yes. I’ll drink to that” she replies with a small watery smile on her face as they chink tumblers.

“How are you finding King’s Landing?” He asks after a moment of them sipping their lemonade.

“Okay... I guess. I haven’t really had much time to explore with work shifts and I haven’t made any friends yet. Everyone at work is pleasant enough but they seem to keep me at a colleague only basis. I’ve spoken a little with fellow dog walkers but not enough to form a more familiar rapport. You are actually the only person who I have spoken with at any length.” She glances up at him and he looks completely astounded.

“Such a warm greeting I gave you too, huh?!” he rasps out. She chuckles remembering his abrasive manners from, what less than a week ago?

“It’s ok, I could see how stressed out you was over Stranger, as I said then it brings out the worst in people.”
Sandor smirks at her then rasps out “and as I said I’m an asshole to everybody”

“No” she cuts him off “not everybody, aside from the few times you have been short with me, you have been kind, when you offered to drive me home and concerned enough to make sure I was safely inside before leaving. You’ve listened to my story and not judged me or placated me with empty platitudes” She sighs, “it’s nice to finally have a friend here.”

“A friend in me little bird? Are you sure that’s what you want?” He rasps out, a smile twisting his features.

“Yes, I think that would be nice… do you want a friend… in me?” she asks hesitantly. He looks down at her from where he is sitting, his eyes unreadable to begin with but after a few moments she can see a softness lurking in the grey depths.

“Aye little bird, for now I’d like that too” he rumbles with an almost shy smile.

Sansa blushed deeply at the hidden meaning, but cannot help return his shy smile with a wide grin.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo... what did you guys think?
As always, your comments are always much appreciated and spur me on to keep writing more!
Thank you all for taking the time to read, comment and kudos.
Sansa stands up from the little table in the garden and walks into the kitchen, fetching the pitcher of homemade lemonade out of the refrigerator and placing it onto a wooden try with two slices of the lemon drizzle cake she made this morning returning back outside to Sandor.

“Would you like a refill? Some cake?” she asks politely. He nods and she refills both glasses and places the plates of lemony goodness on the table before propping the tray up on the wall beside her. Ignoring the fork, Sandor picks up the slice of cake and takes a big bite, mmming deep in his throat. Sansa smiles and delicately takes a tiny portion chewing and savoring each bite.

“That was good, little bird.” He rumbles out.

“You’re welcome.” She responds, “So…ummm… Sandor, I feel like you know quite a bit about me, what I do, where I work, my family or lack of and I know next to nothing about you other than you have a dog named Stranger…” she tails off eyeing him curiously.

He sets his empty plate down and eyes her warily. “What would you like to know?”

“What’s your favourite colour?” She asks with a small smile.

He huffs out a laugh “Off all the questions to ask, you want to know my favourite colour? Very well, autumn yellow.”

Smiling wider at him now. “Do you have any tattoos?”

“Yes, on my back.”

“What is it?”

“You’ll have to wait and see!” she barks out a laugh that makes her blush.

“You?”

“Me, what?

“Have any tattoos?”

“Oh! No I don’t.”

“What do you do?”

“I’m an architect who specializes in security, panic rooms and internal security systems. I’m currently overseeing some work at Maegor’s holdfast in the Red Keep.”

“Ooo, how interesting, how long have you been working in the security side of thing?” She asks fascinated by his profession.

“Always done security, previously used to serve in the army and my role was to search out hidden enemy bases, nickname was The Hound as I always managed to sniff them out.” He rasps out. “I was honorably discharged after becoming injured…”
“Oh… Is that how you got your… facial scars?” She asks hesitantly.

"No” is his sharp response.

“Do you mind if I ask how you got them?”

“Not a story for today, little bird.” He almost bites his answer out”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to upset you.” She reaches out a hand and lays it hesitantly on his forearm. He sighs and pats her hand.

“S’alright. I will tell you, in time.”

“Whenever your ready, Sandor.” There hands stay touching on the table and little sparks of electricity race from her fingertips, sending a rush of colour to her face.

Lady, Stranger and Jess amble over panting heavily after their fun and games in the garden and Sansa gives them all a pat. “I guess I should take a look at Strangers paw.” Breaking contact with Sandor’s arm, she stands up again and walks into the kitchen and collects her scissors, spare bandages and a blanket before emerging into the garden once more. Lady and Jess are back on the grass, whilst Sandor is crouching down next to Stranger on the patio. She hands him the blanket that he spreads out on the flagstones, getting Stranger to lie down, just like before with his bandaged foot uppermost. She crouches next to him and steadily begins cutting the outer dressing away from his paw and unraveling the soft padded layers beneath.

“Hopefully we will be able to leave the dressing off this time and we can remove his stitches next week.” She speaks to Stranger’s foot and is pleased when she removes the contact layer to see the wound is healing really well.

“Excellent, no more dressings for you mister, as long as you don’t lick at it”

She looks over at Sandor and asks if he would like to take a look. He tells Stranger to stay and releases his hold on his legs before moving so that he is crouched behind Sansa, her body between the open V of his legs and her back near enough touching his chest. His arms almost graze her shoulders as he reaches around her and takes Stranger’s paw in his hand inspecting the handiwork of Jaime the vet who performed the surgery. He hums an approval and she can feel his breath tickle the back of her neck, sending the small hairs there to stand up and a small shiver begins courses down her spine. He is completely in her space but all she can think of is tipping her head back against his massive chest.

He loosens his grip on Stranger’s paw, allowing Stranger to sit up. He regards her and his owner before letting out a deep sigh before joining Lady and Jess on the grass for a spot of sunbathing. His large hands are resting on his cocked out knees and she swivels her body so that she is looking up at him. He is looking down at her enclosed between his legs with dark grey eyes filled with something that looks like longing and she bites her lower lip worrying it between her teeth. His gaze drops to her mouth then and he lifts his hand to her face, gently cupping her cheek and runs the pad of his thumb against her lower lip.

Closing her eyes she leans into the embrace and hmms a contented sigh, his other rough calloused hand comes up the back of neck and she can feel him finger the small curls at the nape of her neck. Shivers course from where his fingers caress her skin and travel down her limbs with a warm feeling pooling in her stomach. It is a delightful feeling and as she slowly opens her eyes, his storm grey eyes are boring into hers. A low rumble escapes his throat, barely audible then he murmurs in her ear
“I would very much like to kiss you, little bird… may I?”

She responds by kneeling up between the V of his legs and is now at a height with his face. She closes the distance and as his eyes slide shut she does the same, a cautious meeting of lips. His lips of surprisingly soft, even on the burnt side. This kiss is almost polite but then Sansa feels his tongue sweep across her lower lip. She responds by nipping his lower lip before opening her mouth to his and dissolving into him.

She wraps her arms around his neck and she feels his arms slide down her shoulders along the curves of her sides and lands on her hips thumbing circles against the fabric of her jeans. Long moments pass as they explore each other’s mouths, tasting each other with swirling tongues. She breaks off with a gasp when he playfully bites on her lower lip and the warm pool in her stomach ignites with want and desire.

She is breathless and her face feels aflame whilst her lips are swollen. She looks into his face and she can see him panting slightly, eyes slightly dazed a half smile on his face.

“Damn, little bird” he croaks out.

She has yet to be able to articulate herself with words and a deep hum escapes her throat as she leans her forehead against his. They remain this way a few moments more whilst he thumbs small circles on her hips. Once she feels like she has a master of her voice again she clears her throat a couple of times and shyly asks if he would like to stay for dinner.

“Yes little bird… and I look forward to the dessert most if all” He responds huskily with a gleam in his eyes.

The suggestion of furthering the kiss worries her. Does she want things to go further than kissing tonight? She is very attracted to him but has only known him a week and other than Stranger and what she has gleaned from their short conversation, she knows nothing. She cannot go to bed with someone only really knowing what he does and that his favourite colour is autumn yellow. She has only had one previous long-term relationship that ended when she had learnt her so called friend Myrandah was sleeping with him behind her back and she has never had or wanted to initiate a one-night stand.

She is worrying her lip now and can feel a frown on her features. She looks back into his eyes and can see the gleam in his eyes has dimmed, now replaced with a frown to match her own. His hands are still on her hips but have now stopped their caresses.

“Is everything all right? Little bird?” He asks with a deep rumble to his voice.

“Umm… Sandor, you’re looking forward to dessert most of all comment you just made… I’m guessing you’re not referring to more of the lemon drizzle cake on the table, are you?”

She can see him turning the phrase over in his mind and then he lets go of her hips suddenly, the look of rejection on his face tears at her chest, she continues on before he moves out of her space, grabbing his hand

“it’s not that I don’t feel attracted to you, believe me I am.” She squeezes his hand for emphasis “its just… ugh its been a long time since I’ve been … umm… intimate with somebody and I don’t feel ready for anything more… just yet.”

He regards her now, looking deeply into her bright blue eyes and grates out “I cannot lie to you little bird and say my mind hasn’t wandered to me taking you upstairs and fucking you so thoroughly you
would be unable to walk straight for a week”

Sansa’s mouth drops open at his candid reply, but before she can even try to form a response he continues

“Howver, I am not my brother and I would never want to force you further than you want to go.”

She breathes a sigh of relief and leans her head against his chest; his arm wraps around her and holds her close. “Thank you” she mumbles against the fabric of his t-shirt.

He draws back slightly and pinches her chin between his thumb and index finger drawing her face upwards so that she is looking into his storm cloud grey eyes “Don’t thank me for not forcing myself on you little bird, that’s just fucked up.” He grumbles out.

“I’m sor...”

“And don’t apologise” He cuts her off.

He stares her down for a few moments before releasing her chin and wraps his arms back around her. They spend several moments like this before she pushes against his broad chest feeling the hard muscles under the thin fabric of his shirt. He drops his arms and helps her to stand with him and she takes a tremulous breath and smiles a shy smile at him, a faint blush colouring her cheeks.

“Right, lets get some dinner cooking”

* They spend their evening tucking into steak with jacket potatoes and salad and the rest of lemon drizzle cake she made earlier. As he is about to leave, he gives her his mobile number and wraps his arms around her, kissing her lightly on the lips.

“Thank you for seeing to Stranger little bird”

“It was no trouble, I enjoyed your company”

“Aye me too” He pauses “Would you like to go on a date with me?” He gruffs out, head tipped down like a nervous teenager.

“Yes Sandor, I would like that very much” A smile lifting her words. He grins as he leaves with Stranger and it is infectious, both of them grinning at each other like a pair of idiots.

“Good night, little bird”

“Good night, Sandor”

She locks the door and skips down the hallway to the kitchen.

Chapter End Notes

So... what did you guys think about the small amount of lemon fluffiness?
*Covers face* Cannot believe I wrote a fluffy scene! *Blushing like a teenage girl*
Please comment!
Ok guys, I thought I might have a little fun with this chapter and add a few cameo appearances in of some of my lovely readers!! I hope you don't mind using you and your fur babies!

Sadly Joffrey makes an appearance in this chapter. *boo hiss*

Hope you all enjoy!

Sitting at the reception desk, Sansa flexes her left hand. The pain is a constant pulsing throb from the swollen flesh on her wrist covered by a light dressing. She is waiting for the painkillers and antibiotics to kick in. Kindly Petyr suggested she cover the reception shift to give her hand a rest, so here she is smiling and greeting clients for their appointments, fielding phone calls and advising on pet care where required.

The waiting room is half full of clients anxiously awaiting their appointments. Over in the corner is a lady sat with a beautiful golden retriever. The dogs face seems set in a constant smile, soft warm brown eyes glancing around the waiting area and back up to her owner with a nose nudge from time to time. A few chairs a long is a radiant pregnant lady, resting her hand instinctively on a neat round bump covered by a blue checked shirt. At her feet is a red miniature dachshund eyeing the waiting room in a surly manner, grumbling if anybody gets too close to his mistress. On the opposite seating bench is a flustered young woman trying to keep her cat contained within its basket. She can see fluff and tabby stripes trying to Houdini its way out of the minuscule gap at the top of the basket. In the other corner is another lady with a basket on her knee with the door open. Her hand is inside stroking the occupant. Sansa can hear the chirrup of a guinea pig purr coming from the box. All is calm in the waiting room.

Her heart skips a beat when the next client arrives through the double doors. His tall frame commanding the foyer as he purposely approaches the desk with Stranger at his side, clipped onto a brown leather lead. Stranger leaps up at the front of the desk looking down at Sansa with his big pink tongue lolling out of the side of his mouth. She smiles and offers her hand to him, which he sniffs then licks before she gazes at his owner. Grey eyes spark with amusement as he looks down at her.

"Hello, Mr. Clegane, Stranger. I have arrived you for your appointment with Jaime at 3:30pm. Please take a seat. He nods his head then focuses on her bandaged left wrist.

"What happened to you?" He rumbles out, a frown gracing his features.

She holds her wrist out to him, answering with a small wince

"A cat decided to take offence at being held for a blood test, so took his displeasure out on my wrist." She smiles half-heartedly but it is still very sore.

A small queue has appeared behind Sandor, who now goes to take a seat between the golden retriever and the mini dachsy. Stranger and the Golden sniff each other politely. Stranger looks down
at the dachshund that begins to grumble before being admonished by his owner.

It is quite busy in the waiting area now as client’s come and go. She sees Sandor enter a consult room with Stranger whilst answering a phone query. Midway through the conversation a hand raps the desk impatiently in front if her taking her train of thought from the task at hand and she glances up into the inpatient green eyes of Joffrey. He gestures for her to hang up, but she doesn't allow him to interrupt the delicate phone matter she is dealing with. Eventually she places the handset down and returns his gaze. He is glowering at her.

"What was that?" He hisses out.

"Excuse me sir? I was in the middle of a phone call."

"It was very clear I needed your assistance. How dare you ignore me?" He fumes at her.

"I'm sorry sir. How may I be of assistance to you" she smiles thinly trying to contain her annoyance.

He looks at her and huffs "Widows Wail requires a claw clip"

“Do you have an appointment?”

“No, but your here so you can do it”

“Sorry sir but that isn't possible, I'm covering reception today.”

He reaches over the desk and grabs her injured wrist, squeezing hard. Sansa winces and a small groan escapes her mouth. She feels like she will vomit

"And I said you can do it" his hateful eyes bore into hers as he smirks, clearly enjoying her pain.

A snarl comes from behind Joffrey and suddenly Sandor is now towering over him placing a large hand onto the area between his neck and shoulder squeezing, hard.

"What the fuck are you doing?"

He growls out a snarl very much like the one Stranger just made. His eyes are dark and flashing dangerously at Joffrey.

Joffrey immediately drops Sansa's wrist and she exhales now that there is relief from his fingers, the throbbing comes back full force and she feels dizzy, a few spots of red clouding her vision. She takes a deep breath and tries to focus. She can see Joffrey try to glance up at the unknown individual manhandling him but his eyes cannot see higher than Sandor’s collar. He whimper as Sandor squeezes once more.

"If you ever lay a hand on her again I will snap your neck, cunt." He then shoves Joffrey out of the way who stumbles and turns to look at his assailant. Foolishly trying to gain some bravado he raises his chin to Sandor and glares at him with his cold green eyes.

"How dare you! Do you know who I am?! I am the so-"

"I don't give a fuck who you are, if I see you mishandle her again, I will make sure you regret it" Sandor growls back drawing himself tall with Stranger snarling beside him, hackles raised.

Joffrey takes in the waiting room and all eyes are on him shooting him hateful looks. Behind Sandor, the owners of the golden retriever and the dachshund stand side by side glaring at Joffrey and tutting. He pales then stalks from the waiting area.
Sandor approaches the desk and murmurs low to Sansa "Are you alright little bird?"

She cannot form words and tears burn the backs of her eyes. She refuses to allow them to fall for Joffrey. However all she can offer Sandor is a curt nod. He knows she is lying with her actions but leaves off and says

"I will see you later, at the park." Before glancing at her once more and stalking out the practice.

She exhales once more and tries to regain some composure before the next clients. She looks up and offers a tentative smile to the owners of the golden and dachshund stood before her. Both have looks of sympathy on their faces.

"Are you alright, Dear” The golden’s owner asks. Before Sansa can respond

"What a whining little weasel, I can't believe he dared to touch you" the dachshund owner comments.

“Good job that hulking piece of eye candy came to the rescue. Ooo! His gravelly voice sent shivers up and down my spine” The golden’s owner comments back fanning herself with her hand.

Sansa cannot help but laugh before shyly commenting, "I am lucky, aren't I?"

"Hold the phone, he's your fella?! You lucky thing" The dachshund’s owner replies.

"Well. Not quite. We are going on a date soon..." She tails off.

"Hold onto him girl, he looks mighty fine and how he handled that no good piece of shit, he clearly cares for you.” The golden’s owner comments back raising her eyebrows and quickly winking at Sansa.

“I mean to.” She adds, a blush colouring her features.

She finishes their transactions and they leave with a wave and a smile.

The rest of Sansa's shift carries on without incident and as she leaves work she sends a quick text to Sandor.

Just leaving work, be in the park in 45mins. Xxx

Chapter End Notes

So... what did you guys think?!

Please comment! It makes my day! :-)

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The golden and dachshund owners offer a tentatively smiling Sansa a nod of sympathy. The golden’s owner comments, “What a whining little weasel, I can’t believe he dared to touch you.” The dachshund owner responds with, “Good job that hulking piece of eye candy came to the rescue. Ooo! His gravelly voice sent shivers up and down my spine.” Sansa cannot help but laugh shyly, commenting, “I am lucky, aren't I?” The dachshund’s owner replies, “Hold the phone, he's your fella?! You lucky thing.” Sansa adds, “I mean to.” She finishes their transactions and leaves with a wave and a smile. The rest of Sansa's shift carries on without incident and as she leaves work she sends a quick text to Sandor: Just leaving work, be in the park in 45mins. Xxx

Chapter End Notes

So... what did you guys think?!

Please comment! It makes my day! :-)
Chapter 9

She can see him sitting on the bench near the bandstand, his back is curved and he is resting his strong forearms on his knees, head down staring at the floor. Stranger is sat beside him watching his master attentively.

Lady and Jess are straining on their leashes at spotting their new friends; she quietly but firmly gets them to sit before unclipping them. A streak of grey shortly followed by a blur of black hurtles towards Stranger and Sandor who whips his head up at the thunderous approach. Stranger rushes forwards then the three of them go hurtling into the grass by the side of the bench. Sandor watches her approach and she feels self-conscious with his severe grey eyes watching her every step. She glances down at her outfit. Pale washed blue jeans and a plain white tee shirt. She has a jacket slung over her right arm and her trusty backpack on her shoulder.

She redressed her wrist awkwardly once she was back home after Joffrey grabbed it. The flesh was all angry and swollen and she could see pus. She tried to ease some of the toxic substance out and bathe it but that made her feel really sick. *Funny how she can do that at work and not bat an eyelid but to do it to herself made her want to heave.* She redressed it as best she could, then covered it with some leftover turquoise dressing with blue stars to help cheer her up. *Child.*

He stands just as she is a few metres from her and closes the distance, gently taking her left hand and turning it over to inspect although there is nothing to see. The pad of his thumb runs slow circles along her palm, sending a rush of goosebumps up her arm and a flush of pink to her cheeks.

"How is you wrist little bird?" He rumbles softly.

"It's sore, but I'll be alright" she sighs

"Did that dick hurt you further? When he grabbed you? He asks a trace of anger rippling beneath the surface.

“It didn't help, that's for sure.” She stares ahead, not looking at him, trying to downplay the incident.

He tips her chin up with his fore finger so she is looking into the grey depths of his eyes.

“You must tell me, if he keeps bothering you little bird. I will make it stop. Ok?"

She nods quickly, unable to form a response at this moment. An overwhelming combination of having someone care for her and want to look out for her wellbeing and the fear of what he might do and how it would impact him and her employment status.

He removed his finger from her chin and drops a soft kiss to her forehead before turning off the main path and winding up the slope towards the woodland at the top of the park.

They walk steadily along in companionable silence with the dogs racing around up ahead. It is a peaceful afternoon and Sansa can feel herself relaxing in Sandor's presence.

Suddenly she stumbles on an exposed tree root, her body pitching into the Sandor's shoulder. He looks down at her with a half smile then puts his arm around her shoulders and pulls her to his side.
"Clumsy little bird" he murmurs in a rough husky tone.

Being held close to his side and feeling his body heat radiating through his shirt, through her shirt and down to her skin and the rugged edge to his voice sets her body aflame and a flush to her cheeks.

The dogs are up a head in a clearing darting backwards and forwards and trying to catch falling leaves. They are standing together watching them play, with his arm draped over her back and his thumb is idly drawing patterns on her shoulders. She slides a glance at him and he is gazing at the dogs with a half smile on his face. She leans in closer and tentatively reaches and places the flat of her right hand to his taut stomach. She can feel his muscles contract at her touch and the soothing movements he was making on her shoulders has stopped.

She glances up again to see him looking down at her; his deep grey eyes penetrating hers with a look of pure want makes her breath hitch. He turns her so she is facing him and he trails his fingertips up her neck and to the back of her head, lowering his face to hers as she stretches up on tip toes to meet his lips faster. They collide together with an urgency, sending pulses of pleasure from where their lips are connected to her breasts, her nipples becoming tight buds of nerves chafing against the fabric of her bra and down to her woman’s place.

She drags her fingers up his torso, her nails catching the fabric. A deep groan escapes his mouth and he breaks away from her lips only to reconnect with the soft flesh of her neck, nipping and sucking gently. A sigh escapes her throat as she traces the shell of his ear with her fingers and down his neck, fingering with the fabric of the collar of his t-shirt as her other hand boldly creeps under the hem of his top to feel the heat radiating from his torso. He growls then and claims her lips once more, kissing her with a fervour she has never felt before. Her body is on fire and if they weren’t stood in the middle if the woods she’d be pulling the shirt of his back and grazing her teeth against his collar bone...

Slowly her mind registers the woods.

Why are we in the woods?

Oh right, we are walking the dogs...

...The dogs!

Her mind is slow and fuzzy as she processes this information. Slowing down the movement of her lips against his until she stops and breaks away, the pair of them pants heavily. She looks around the clearing to see where the dogs are, tracing from the furthest trees, closer and closer until she looks towards her feet where a shaggy black Stranger, a sleek grey Lady and a smooth coated Jess are regarding their tryst with curiosity shining out of from warm brown eyes. Stranger tips his head to one side, Lady sighs and Jess nervously wags her tail.

A rumble of laughter vibrates through Sandor’s chest and through her own as a peel of laughter escapes her mouth followed by a soft snort at the end which makes her blush furiously, which causes Sandor to erupt into a mighty guffaw, spooking some nearby wood pigeons, that clumsily take flight.

"Come on then hounds, let's get on with this walk" Sandor rumbles, mirth barely disguised in his voice. He glances down at Sansa, his eyes dancing as he takes her tiny hand and grasps it in his before following the trail through the woods.

Chapter End Notes
Please comment, they make my day! :-}
Hey guys,

Sorry for the delay in getting this chapter out to you all, real life has kind of got in the way this past week. Well here it is! The Date! I hope you enjoy! :-)

Tonight is FINALLY the night of her date with Sandor. It has taken some arranging given her work schedule of mainly late shifts but thankfully she was able to call on a favour from Jeyne to finish at 2pm today. Sansa is serenely cleaning and wrapping the surgical instruments from the days busy ops list. The mundane task allows her mind to wander to what she will wear, how she will apply her make up and where he is taking her. One thing for certain is how she will wear her hair – down! Given the nature of her job she wears her hair routinely in a ponytail or a bun and when finally at home she often forgets to take it down.

Besides the constraints on her time with King Landing Veterinary Hospital’s strict shift pattern this hasn’t stopped her falling into a routine with Sandor now that Stranger has had his stitches out. They meet three times a week in the park for walks and playtime with Lady, Jess and Stranger. Her mind has now wandered to the few passionate kisses they have shared.

She lets out her long sigh at the memory of him cupping her face in his large hands and rubbing his little fingers, grazing the sensitive flesh behind her ears as he lowers his lips to hers and kisses her deeply. There, what is this friendship? Relationship? has been becoming more heated but he always seems respectful of her reservation to further any intimacies and although he sighs and groans when she breaks away, his crooked smile reassures her.

“What are you sighing about?” comes a whine from the doorframe. Joffrey.

Where her stomach was fizzing with desire moments before a heavy weight has lodged itself there instead. He is watching her, his eyes narrowed with distaste looking at the mundane task she carries out.

“That looks like the most boring task in the world, come out here and meet my friends.” he snatches at her left wrist, which has only just healed and pulls her harshly out into the main prep area.

Two tall men, but nothing to the towering bulk of Sandor are stood there one with a tan and white American bulldog and the other a black great dane. He gestures to the man with short cropped black hair and pale blue eyes holding onto the tan and white bull dog wearing a thick leather collar with studs and ropes of saliva coming from its mouth. “This is my good friend Meryn, he requires you to cut Warriors claws today don’t you, Meryn?” before the man called Meryn can speak, he continues “and this is Boros with Dagger.”

“Pleased to meet you both and Warrior and Dagger” Sansa forces out a small smile, offering courtesies she doesn’t really want to give. “I will just get the claw clippers, just a moment.”

She glides over to one of the cupboards and retrieves a pair of heavy-duty claw clippers. When she
returns to the three men they all are wearing identical smirks. She narrows her gaze.

“Okay, who is going to hold Warrior for me?”

Meryn steps forwards holding onto the leather handle of the chain lead. As she crouches down, Warrior lunges at her face, snarling. She falls onto her bum and the three men tower over her leering and laughing.

“What’s a matter, Sansa? Scared of old Warrior here? What kind of nurse are you if you’re scared of your patients?” Joffrey mocks.

She looks up at them, with tears threatening to fall when the voice of Tyrion from the doorway has all the men whipping their heads up.

“A nurse who has a healthy respect for what her patients can do if injured, cornered… or owned by idiots.” He mocks and moves into the room now and is besides Sansa, glaring up at Joffrey and his friends.

“You are all well aware of Warrior’s temperament when it comes to having his claws clipped and requires a sedation, so what jape is this to have Sansa attempt this conscious without a muzzle no less? Hmm?”

“Just a little fun… uncle.” Joffrey bites out with a look of childish defiance on his face.

“Well, I don’t like your idea of fun, nephew, so you and these brutes you call friends can leave this place of work and leave Sansa be.”

Joffrey glares at his uncle and her and mutters to his companions. “Come on, let’s go… it’s boring here anyway.”

They stalk out of the prep area leaving Sansa, a crumple of legs and Tyrion gazing towards the door.

“Are you hurt, Sansa?” Tyrion asks, a look of concern on his features.

Tyrion is one of the vets specializing in internal medicine at the practice. He is short of stature but that doesn’t affect his abilities and is incredibly knowledgeable and kind to his patients. Sansa warmed to him almost immediately once she got over the surprise of his mismatched eyes and always enjoys working alongside him at the practice. He has offered her more kindness than most of her colleagues.

“No, I’m alright, just a little shocked is all.” She responds. He offers his hand to help her up which she takes and once stood up is looking down on him.

“Be careful of my nephew, sweet Sansa” Tyrion warns “He has a cold heart and takes pleasure from pain… Now, I believe you switched to an early shift my dear. Best run along now.”

Sansa glances at the wall clock that indicates it is indeed time for her to clock off.

“Thank you, Tyrion. I will see you next week” She smiles waveringly at him and walks swiftly out of the prep room to collect her belongings before heading home.

***

Sansa has just finished applying her make up and is appraising herself in the full-length mirror in her bedroom. She has no idea where Sandor is taking her tonight and has opted for dark blue skinny
jeans with a black strapless peplum top, which emphasizes her tiny waist. She accessorizes her outfit with an emerald green clutch bag and matching peep toe heeled court shoes. Her fiery red hair hangs in loose waves, framing her heart shaped face. She has chosen to apply her make up minimally with a sweep of grey eye shadow to her eyelids and to her lips a lipstick only a few shades deeper than the pinkness of her lips. She feels good and hopes Sandor will like what he sees.

She hears a knock at the front door as she is pushing an emerald ring that used to belong to her mother on her right ring finger. She can hear Jess and Lady barking at the front door as she hurries down the stairs. “Hush girls it’s Sandor” she chides them and ushers them into the living room and closes the door. She’s takes a deep breath, opening the door and looks up into the piercing grey eyes of Sandor Clegane.

“Woah Little bird, you are a vision” he chokes out, eyes roaming over body, taking in her outfit and her hair hanging loose.

She can only think the same as she drinks in the sight of him. His hair is neatly tied in a low ponytail, which emphasizes the scars but also his broad brow and chiseled chin. He’s a manly man. He is wearing a dark blue button down shirt with the cuffs rolled to just below the elbow, exposing his strong forearms. A brown leather watch adorning his left wrist. His jeans are a dark blue, almost the same shade as hers and brown boots complete his outfit. The air crackles around them as they both stare at each other longingly with desire.

He holds out his hand to her and rumbles out “ready then little bird?”

She answers him by taking his hand, intertwining her fingers with his, closing the door and locking it behind her. He leads her down the path to his awaiting Mitsubishi Warrior, gleaming in the last of the evening sun. He holds the door open for her allowing her to hop into the passenger seat and before closing the door, he leans in and places a quick soft kiss to her lips which leaves her with a throb of desire between her thighs. He gently shuts the door and before long he is sat in the drivers seat and pulling off from beside her house, a small smile playing on his features.

“So, where are we going?” She turns towards him and takes in his profile.

The burnt side is closest to her now and she takes in the sight of twisted flesh but there is no distaste there. Sorrow - yes for the pain that he will have endured but she can look past these injuries and see the man beyond the scars and that man fills her with want and desire.

“It’s a surprise little bird, you will see soon enough” He glances at her and smiles wolfishly, which sends her mind into the gutter, visualizing ways that he would ravish her.

He is speeding away from Kings Landing now and they have been traveling for 20 minutes in companionable silence punctuated by guitar, saxophones and drums from the Jazz music filling the car before he indicates to leave at the next junction sign-posted ‘The Kings Wood.’ They are now traveling along a single lane weaving through a forest of tall oak trees. Eventually he pulls into a clearing and parks in one of the available spaces in what otherwise is a very full car park.

In front of her is the largest tree house Sansa has ever seen. Supported by 8 enormous oak trees is a three story wooden rustic house with the warm glow of light from inside.

“Wowww!” Sansa gasps out “Sandor, this place looks amazing”

She turns and grins at him. He is grinning back at her. “I thought you’d like it little bird.” He rumbles out.
He exits the driver’s side and opens her passenger door, holding her hand as she hops out. His hand slides to the small of her back and ushers her away from the car towards to rope-bridge leading to the entrance of this magical place which is uninspiringly called ‘The Tree House.’ Twinkling fairy lights are wrapped around the structure and as they step onto the rope bridge it begins to sway. Sansa leans heavily on Sandor’s arm as they cross the swaying bridge, carefully negotiating the planks below her heeled shoes.

“I’ve got you, little bird.” he whispers to her and before long they have reached the other side and he strides forwards to hold open one of the double doors into the restaurant.

Sansa takes in the beautiful interior of the tree house, everything is made with branches, bark and twigs with thick chunky wooden tables dotted around the space and in the very centre of the floor is a commanding fire place, crackling away merrily. *How is that even safe?* She muses. Fairy lights are wrapped around beams and candles glow from glass jam jars on the table.

“How is that even safe? She muses. Fairy lights are wrapped around beams and candles glow from glass jam jars on the table.

“Do you have a reservation?” A high-pitched voice draws Sansa out of her reverie.

Sandor rasps out “Aye. Table for two. Names Clegane”

The waitress looks at the unlikely pair and a faint look of disgust crosses her features. Sansa narrows her eyes at the waitress and slips her hand into the crook of Sandor’s elbow. Sandor just stares the waitress down as if this is nothing new to him. He follows the path the waitress cuts through the other diners and seats them at a table with a large window over looking the King’s wood.

Sandor guides Sansa into her seat, gently pushing the chair under the table before taking his seat opposite. The waitress hands the menu to Sansa and Sandor, listing the specials of the day.

“Can I get you some drinks?” the waitress asks directing her gaze at Sansa.

“Um just some water with ice and lemon please she asks politely.”

"You can have whatever you like, little bird,” Sandor softly rumbles towards her.

"Thank you, but I haven't decided what I am eating yet, so will order my drink to compliment my meal."

He smirks at her ‘Ever the little lady! Aren't ya?!"

"You wouldn't be saying that if you knew what delights I’ve had to do today at work" she smiles demurely at him, her eyes sparkling.

He is smiling back at her, his scars twisting in the left side of his face. A cough breaks their rapport and Sansa realises the waitress is still there.

"And for you, sir?"

“A pint of your guest ale, please” he rasps to the waitress.

"Ok so that will be one glass of water with ice and lemon and one pint of Grumpy Dog."

She turns on her heel and walks away. Sansa cannot contain the peel of laughter at the name of the guest ale.

"Ha ha! Grumpy dog, that suits you well, Sandor!"

He is glaring at her but knows he is in good humour by the way his eyes spark.
"Little bird and the grumpy dog is it?" He rumbles at her, sliding a menu to his side of the table and opening it to study.

She mirrors his movements and is now studying the menu, so many delicious options to choose from. Quickly she flips to the desserts section; scan the list and smiles at the options there before turning back to the mains.

"What will it be? Little bird" Sandor's deep voice rumbles softly sending a flutter through her stomach.

“I think I'll have the chicken pappardelle pasta with pesto and pine nuts please. How about you?"

"The spit roast chicken and steak combo for me I think. And what beverage will accompany your meal, my lady?"

He smirks at her with mocking use of pleasantries. Sansa decides on the suggested wine for meal, a crisp Pinot Grigio.

The waitress arrives with their drinks and takes their order before quickly returning with a bottle of the Pinot Grigio in a silver bucket filled with ice. Setting two thin stemmed wine glasses before them and pouring into Sansa's glass first. Sandor stays his hand over his glass.

“ Aren't you having any Sandor?” Sansa asks, “I cannot drink all of this!”

“I will little bird but I'll have my ale first.”

Sansa raises her glass and Sandor slowly lifts his pint glass and they clink together. “To our first date, who thought that morning walk would have ended here?” Sansa toasts. She takes a sip from the wine, the refreshing taste of crisp apples and lemons flood onto her tongue. Ooo! this is good.

He huffs out a laugh and grates out “I had you at bugger off!”

Sansa chuckles at him and his ability to mock himself, “it was actually at I’m an ass to everyone.” She needles back at him. He just smiles his half crooked smile and shakes his head slowly at her.

The conversation flows easily whilst they await their meal dipping homemade bread into olive oil and balsamic vinegar and spearing fat green and black olives with toothpicks.

“So, have you always lived in the city?” She asks twirling her wine glass in her hand.

“No, home for me is in the Westerlands.” He rumbles out before taking a sip of his ale.

“I'm not familiar with that area... Where is it? What's it like?”

“It's about an hours drive from Casterley Rock. Quite rural with lots of grass fields and some mining, Casterley Rock is by the coast.”

“That's sounds lovely, I've been used to pine forests and snowy mountains. Would you want to go back there?”

“Well actually I've recently bought a small holding which I'm in the process of renovating. I have my apartment here as business brings me here so often.”

“Oh! When will you be moving back?” She asks hesitantly, worried she is going to lose him before she gets to know him.
Not for a little while yet little bird, and even so I won't be there a lot... Maegor's holdfast is going to keep me busy for sometime.

She smiles but it doesn't quite reach her eyes, he seems to notice and leans across the table taking her hand in hand in his and traces his thumb across her knuckles.

Not wanting to dwell on sad possibilities and feeling it might be too soon to have ‘the future’ conversation on a first date, Sansa recalls the music they were listening to in the car.

“I never had you down as a Jazz man

“Aye – I love the sound of the sax and seeing bands free styling and improvising.”

“Have you seen many bands live?”

“There is a great bar in town, called The Butchers Boy which has live bands playing most Friday nights. I often go there to unwind after a hectic week. Soak up the music and some booze.” He smiles crookedly.

“That sounds like a lot of fun, you’ll have to take me there.” Sansa enthuses.

“Maybe as a second date, if I don’t screw the first one up.” His tone is light but she can see guardedness in his grey eyes.

“Sandor, I’m sure there will be a second date,” she purrs, sliding her heeled foot up his jean-covered calf.

His eyes almost pop out of his head so comically, like a cartoon character, quickly replaced by an almost predatory glare and smile.

“Is that so?” a dark rumble like a scrape of steel on stone sends shivers coursing from the foot in contact with his leg up her spine and to the tip of her scalp.

Feeling a little flustered she takes a large swallow of wine. This is going down far to easy. Before she has time to respond the waitress arrives with their meals, full plates that are artfully presented. Sansa spears a piece of chicken breast with her fork and takes a bite. The flavours are divine and a small sigh escapes her mouth. Sandor is attacking his meal with gusto but glances her way at her sigh.

“Is your meal alright?” He asks

“It’s perfect, and yours?”

“Can’t complain.” He grins before resuming his attack on the spit roast chicken.

The meal passes in companionable silence, each lost in the flavours of their meal. As Sansa settles her knife and fork onto her plate, Sandor is dabbing at the corner of his mouth with a napkin; the only signs of a meal on his plate are a few bones. They both stare at each other and breathe out a contented sigh. Noticing her wine glass is empty he refills hers to the brim and pours wine into his glass about halfway, leaving a decent amount in the bottle.

The waitress clears away the plates and asks if they would like to order any desserts.

“YES!” Sansa blurts out causing Sandor to smirk at her.

“Hungry still, little bird?” He rumbles at her.
“Erm, yes” she says hesitantly. “There is a choice, I really like the sound of.” She answers him shyly.

He smiles at her and when the waitress returns gestures for her to order.

“I would like the lemon assiette, please.”

The waitress looks at Sandor who shakes his head and orders a black coffee. She saunters away and Sansa looks over at his deep grey eyes in askance.

“You can’t possibly be full.” She states

“I’m not a sweets kinda guy, and I am looking forward to the possibility of trying a different kind of dessert later…” He tails off with a half smirk but a guardedness in his eyes. As ever not so subtly hinting at his desire for her but making it be her choice.

A blush creeps across her cheeks and neck, which cannot be blamed on the wine as she pictures his mouth on hers and him lowering himself onto – no! - Into her. If she hadn’t already ordered, she would be pulling him through the door. She stares deeply into his grey depths and gives a delicate nod a feline smile crossing her lips. He responds with a predatory smile of his own, gracefully standing up and now towering over her.

“Excuse me.” He rumbles, taking purposeful strides towards the gent’s bathroom.

She is left staring into the contents of her glass, a smile gracing her features. Suddenly she feels a whiskery tickle along the side of her neck, followed by the pressure of lips sending a shudder through her chest, half closing her eyes she sighs, opening them when he breaks contact and slides back into his seat.

Her dessert and his coffee arrive and she begins tucking into the treats served on a chunky wooden board: A small lemon cake, a sliver of lemon meringue, a shot glass of Limóncello liquor and a light as air lemon mousse. Her tongue is a zesty tingle as she sucks the last remnant of lemon mousse from the spoon, Sandor having already finished his coffee gestures to the waitress for the bill. Placing a black credit card onto the till slip, the transaction is over in moments and he quickly stands, moving behind her chair and helping her stand.

Once on her feet, she loops her arm through the crook of his elbow and the make for the exit of the restaurant. “That was perfect Sandor.” She murmurs and he huffs out a soft laugh with an “Aye” at the end. As they step through the double doors and into the crisp air is like a slap in Sansa’s face and the amount of wine she has consumed with dinner sends her legs into an uncoordinated mess. Sandor wraps his arm around her waist to steady her as they make towards the rope bridge.

“Oh no” she murmurs, when she sees the slightly swaying structure.

Sandor laughs and mutters something about Bambi legs before quickly scooping her up into his arms and holds her close to his chest. She squeals in shock and delight as he effortlessly carries her across the bridge, his body heat radiating through his shirt. She squirms in his arms until she is tucked underneath his chin and places a delicate kiss at the throb where his pulse is, inhaling the scent of Sandor: a crisp and fresh smell of pine mixed with leather and something distinctly masculine. It is intoxicating to her and not only is she drunk on wine but also his smell.

As he carries her towards the car she trails her fingers over his broad back, her nails catching on the fabric as she places soft kisses, sometimes with a hint of teeth on his neck and jaw line where she can stretch to reach. Feeling as well as hearing the groan that he elicits from her touches excites her. He
gently settles her down on her feet as he fishes his car keys out of his jeans pocket and opens the passenger side door. He grasps her hips and lifts her into the big seat leaning through to capture a kiss.

She moans as his tongue swipes across her lips and teases until she opens her mouth to him. Trails of goosebumps flare from where his caresses her collar bone and shoulder, down to her side and the swell of her breasts. They break away panting and regard each other with lust filled gazes, a crooked smile on his burned lips. *Damn I want this man, and I’m going to have him!* She returns his smile and no sooner has he shut her passenger door, is he in the driving seat of the Warrior, starting up the engine and accelerating towards home.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo... What did you think?!
Here it is guys! THAT chapter!

*Peeks behind fingers nervously*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

So here they are, stood facing one another at the foot of Sansa’s king sized bed, bathed in the amber glow from the two lamps sat on her bedside tables. His grey eyes are smoldering as they gaze upon her and she feels tiny in comparison now that she has taken off her emerald heels. She reaches out and caresses his right cheek, the whiskery coarseness of his beard tickling her fingers. He leans into her touch and brings a massive hand to hers.

Reaching up onto the tips of her toes she presses a gentle kiss to his lips and he responds in kind, moving against her mouth slowly and gently. The wine that fuelled her lust before the car journey home has become a smouldering heat and she doesn’t want to rush these moments with him, she wants to savour and enjoy him. She lowers the hand caressing his face to his shoulder and brings her left hand up to his other shoulder, memorising the breath of him and the strong hard muscle beneath his shirt.

Her breath hitches in her throat as his hands trace down her sides and grasp gently but firmly at her hips, thumbing rhythmic circles there. She gasps again as he bites down delicately on her lower lip and taking opportunity slips his tongue into her mouth. She tastes him, the bitter black coffee mingled in with the hops of the ale he drank earlier that evening. The warmth of his tongue, tangling with hers makes her shudder and sigh, her fingers sliding down to his chest and she begins to undo the buttons on his shirt with quick nimble fingers, small groans escaping his mouth when the pads her fingers catch the skin beneath the soft fabric. In no time at all she has divested him of his shirt and takes a step back, breaking the kiss and his hold on her hips to drink in the site of him; The broad expanse of his chest is covered in dark hair, which disappears only to restart again around his belly button to trail down into his boxer shorts. His enormous biceps flex involuntarily under her scrutiny and she places a hand against the taut flat plane of his stomach, feeling the scorching heat radiating from him.

He pulls her back into a firm embrace, kissing her hard on the mouth before breaking away to her neck. She sighs against him and feels his hands tracing up her spine, finding the little discreet zipper nestled in the centre of the strapless top between her shoulder blades, he draws the zipper down slowly but purposefully, briefly breaking away as she raises her arms to allow him to remove her top, a soft thump of fabric hitting the plush carpet beneath her toes.

It is her time to be scrutinised as dark grey eyes take in the creamy softness of her skin decorated with a smattering of freckles here and there. The swell of her breasts are contained within a black lace covered strapless bra, her nipples hardened buds beneath the fabric indicating her arousal. As he gazes at her she undoes the little brass coloured button at the top of her jeans, dropping the zipper and sliding out of the skin tight material so she is now stood before him in her bra and matching thong. She gazes back into his eyes, following them as he takes her in and hears a hum deep in his throat.
He moves to undo his belt, but like a flash she is before him, batting his hands out the way so she can undertake this task, his hands glide over the silkiness of her back and he drops a delicate kiss to the flesh behind her ear, a tickle of whisker and a hot breath as he rumbles out in a husky burr.

“Oh, little bird. You are beautiful.”

“As are you, Sandor.”

She smiles a closed lip smile as she unbuckles his belt, leaving it open and hanging in the loops as she unbuttons and unzips his jeans, feeling the hard swell of his erection pressing against her fingers. She drops to her knees and guides the jeans down his thick sculpted legs, feeling the soft fuzzy down of the hair there. He steps out of the jeans and briefly unhooks his socks and now he is towering above her in black boxer briefs, a large erection fighting to be freed from the cloth and a look of wonder and lust beating down from his eyes. She runs her finger up his legs through the hair causing him to shudder, palms his erection as she stands, grinding her hips against his and places a hard kiss against his surprised lips. A deep growl escapes him as his large hands grab her by the ass and hoists her up his torso her legs instinctively wrapping around his hips and her fingers through his hair, pulling the tie holding his ponytail in place, allowing his raven locks to fall free and mingle with the red flame of her hair as she kisses him with unrestrained passion.

One of his hands is cupping and fondling her ass as the other slides up and hooks the clasp from her bra and pulling it to the side before crushing back into her feeling her breasts resting against the warmth of his chest, her nipples tingling against the slow drag of friction with his chest hair. There tongues are twirling against each other’s and she can feel her body is scorching from their combined body heat. Abruptly he spins around, leaning her backwards so her back comes into contact with the soft dove grey comforter on her bed, she untangles her limbs from his hips and slides them to rest at the back of his knees, her face is trapped against his unrelenting lips and his strong forearms either side of her head. He shifts his weight onto one forearm and begins to trace a hand up her torso, fondling the swell of her breast and teasing her nipple between a thumb and finger. She gasps as little sparks of pleasure jump from her breasts to her woman’s place and he then breaks contact with her lips curving his spine to focus his attention on her rosy nipple, sucking and nuzzling as his hand trails lower across the smooth flat plane of her stomach, teasing at her hips and massaging her thigh before coming back and fingering the lacy fabric clinging to her.

He breaks contact with her nipples and kneels between her legs, gazing into her deep blue eyes as with both hands he inserts his fingers below each side of her thong, his hand resting on her hips for what feels like an eternity. The heat emanating from his smoldering grey eyes could ignite her as she waits impatiently for him to slide the last bit of material from her body and to be bare to him. Nothing happens and she focuses her gaze upon his, a raise of a black eyebrow a question to continue, a little dip of the head from her and he smiles wolfishly at her as he slowly drags the thong from her body, never breaking contact from her gaze. Only once the thong is removed does he gaze down her body to the thin strip of red hair neatly trimmed and softly exposed lips. He lets out a deep groan and places his lips against hers, moving passionately as his hand winds down her stomach and hesitantly curls his fingers to her lips, the roughness of the skin of his fingers scraping against the silky softness making her pant against his mouth. She feels his smile against her mouth and he dips a finger into her wet heat. A low moan escapes her and she blindly reaches for the waistband of his boxer shorts to find nothing but heated flesh. *When did he remove them?! How dare he?!*

She slides her fingers down and around his length, a rock hard pressure cloaked in indescribable softness, moving to his engorged tip and swiping at the silky liquid of his pre cum. His cock twitches and he groans deeply in her ear, the vibrations rumbling through her chest. She firmly grasps his member and moves in a steady rhythm and palms his firm balls with he other hand. His finger slips deeper into her velvety softness and curls to find the sweet spot buried within her. Rolling her hips
up to meet him as he works her over. Her eyes slide shut and she utters an

“Ohhh, Sandor.”

“Yes? Little bird.”

“That feels sooo goo-”

Before she can finish her sentence a soft mewing cry escapes her mouth as her muscles clench around his finger as he continues to thrust her further into a powerful orgasm. She squirms beneath him and he lets up slipping his finger from her hot centre and resting his forehead against hers, kissing her nose softly, then shifting to her eyelids and finally her lips, lining himself up with the wet heat he can feel radiating from her. Only when she finally opens her eyes to gaze up at him in a lust filled haze, a smile on her soft swollen lips does he slide slowly into her, her velvety soft walls grasping at him as he inches steadily deeper into her until he is fully sheathed. He groans and she sighs as their lips meet once again and he rocks his hips in a steady pace. She feels absolutely fucking amazing and he cannot believe he is in this fire haired goddesses bed let alone inside her. She feels so soft to the touch as he grazes his fingertips along her sides and slips a hand into her hair, fingering through the curls, losing himself to her touch as she drags her fingers up his back and even grasps at his ass as he thrusts inside her steadily. He can feel himself reaching his peak as she bites down on his lower lip causing him to roll his hips and thrust deeply inside her at such a vigorous pace he wonders somewhere in the hazy recesses of his mind if he is hurting her, but she is matching him thrust for thrust. She drags his hand out of her hair and finds the little bead of nerves and strokes it rhythmically pushing her into another wall clenching orgasm as he pounds his out of him to her cries of pleasure and his rumbling groans.

He braces his spent bulk on his forearms, eyes closed as his breathing begins to even out and he can feel his heart pounding in his chest and the thrum of hers within her breast, with little hot puffs coming from her parted pink mouth. He slips out of her and gathers her into his embrace, his fingers back in her hair and one arm wrapping around her stomach. They are quiet as their breathing slows and they bask in their post-fucking tangle of sheets, legs wrapped around each other.

“Sandor?” She hums a question in his ear

“Mmm, Littlebird?”

“Can we do that again?”

“Aye, that we can.” and he rolls her back onto her back and kisses her passionately, stoking the fires for round two…

Chapter End Notes

Soo... what did you think?! Any good?
Hi all, I hope you enjoyed the previous chapter and will enjoy this one too. There is some more lemony goodness, a teensy bit of angst and the conversation about contraception I omitted from the previous chapter.

Sansa awakens with a long languid stretch and a contented sigh to grey light filtering through her curtains. Easing herself into a sitting position she glances down to her left and there is the slumbering bulk of Sandor sprawled on his front with his arms crooked beneath his head, long eyelashes casting shadows on his upturned cheek. The dove grey covers are wrapped around his waist and she is treated to the view of his broad back, three back hounds running across his shoulder blades. A smile curls her lips as she gazes down at him, looking so peaceful in sleep.

Quietly she slips out from under the covers, padding naked to her bedroom door and slipping into her pastel lemon yellow jersey dressing gown, tying the sash at her waist as she exits her room and crosses the landing to the bathroom. It is a high ceileded airy space with a roll top bath in the centre of the room before a small open fire place with big fat church candles sat unlit in the grate. She opens the mirrored medicine cabinet above the sink and takes a small white pill from a blister pack, popping it into her mouth and swallowing it down.

Closing the cupboard she regards herself in the mirror: Her hair is a tousled tangle around her face, eyes sparkling bright and roses blooming from her cheeks. Her lips are swollen from the passionate kisses she was giving and receiving last night and this morning. She splashes some cold water onto her face and uses the toilet before washing her hands and venturing back onto the landing, she can hear the soft rumbling snores coming from her bed and turns to tip toe down the stairs and let the dogs out into the garden. Jess is wagging her tail furiously at the bottom of the stairs, slightly put out by last nights sleeping arrangements and Lady has shoe horned herself into Stranger's basket who looks a little bit disgruntled by his bed guest. (They briefly stopped by his place last night to collect Stranger and some overnight necessities.)

"Morning guys, sleep well?" She murmurs to them. They all jump up and move towards the kitchen door, letting them out into the garden. She fills the kettle and switches it on to make tea and watches the dogs moseying around the lawn.

Her mind drifts back to the conversation they had on the journey back home from the Tree house. The burn of awkwardness for the necessary conversation still present in her mind:

She hesitantly brought up the topic of contraception up as he was speeding back down the motorway to his place. Sandor listened with a grave expression on his face, adding in that he had purchased some condoms from the restaurants bathroom and she had made him aware she was also on the pill, was continuing to take it despite not being with Harry for nearly a year now and that was her last sexual relationship.

She also told him that Harry had cheated and that she had herself tested for STD's once she had learnt that he had been sleeping with Myrandah behind her back, thankfully that she was clean. Sandor had listened and squeezed her hand and once back at his place he had provided a sheet of
paperwork from his latest physical examination, which was required for his life insurance policy on the property he has purchased in the Westerlands. He too was clean.

She is filling two mugs full of hot water covering the tea bags and leaving then to infuse before filling up the three dog bowls with their kibbled breakfast before returning to overlook the garden.

She is standing where they both stood in the kitchen last night, where he somewhat shyly admitted that it had been over 2 years since he had been with a woman, his emotions quickly shifting to rage with her look of surprise.

"Look at me!" He growled. Grey eyes sparking with anger and hurt as he gestured wildly to the scars disfiguring his face.

"I am. Sandor. I see you! A face marred by burns, yes but also, beautiful grey eyes, a strong brow and strong jaw I want to kiss... A broad chest I want to run my fingers over and explore. I desire you. Sandor so let me. You are beautiful, to me."

The tension in her kitchen was palpable, his eyes were narrowed for some time, his eyes boring into hers, looking for a lie. But he didn't find the lie, because it was never there.

His gaze softened as she led him up to her room, where they had spent the night walled up in love and lust.

A sigh escapes her lips at the memories of last night. She extracts the tea bags from the cups before disposing of them in the bin and adds a dash of milk, setting them on a small tray with a plate of lemon biscuits. She lets the dogs back into the kitchen and they fall upon their respective food bowls, devouring their breakfast as if they will never know when their next meal will be. She leaves the kitchen door open to allow them to return into the garden if needs be.

Returning upstairs she quietly pushes through her bedroom door, Sandor is still fast asleep but has rolled onto his back, the covers have slipped down just below the angles of his hips, exposing the wide expanse of his chest and the chiseled tautness of his abdomen. His breathing is deep and regular with an arm thrown across his eyes covering half of his face.

She sets the tea and biscuit tray down on her bedside table before gently perching on the side of the bed. Her small hand reaches out and delicately runs her fingers through his chest hair, dropping steadily lower to the flat hard expanse of his stomach. He is radiating heat as she moves her fingers along the chiseled lines. She is circling is hip bone, when she hears a rumbling groan from behind her, a warm wide hand grabs at her hip pulling her forcefully towards him so she is now lay beside him as he plants a whiskery kiss to her neck, tracing a hand up the side of her jersey dressing gown.

“What are you doing, Little bird?” he asks, his voice is thick and raspy from sleep, sending shivers down her spine.

“I’ve brought you some tea.” She replies breathlessly.

“That wasn’t what you was doing, though was it? You have woken me up.”

“I’m so sorry, I couldn’t keep my hands off you!” She purrs.

“Well you’d best keep moving those pretty little hands of yours, hadn’t you?”

She pushes up on her elbows and leans across his chest to place feather light kisses along his jaw, her hands resuming their roaming across his body and gradually working lower until she is skirting the edge of her duvet pausing as he holds in a growl before slipping her hand beneath and grasping
the shaft of his hardened cock, releasing a growling moan. She continues to work the shaft as she
moves her lips along his neck and collar bone, inhaling his smell as she nibbles on his collarbone
before sweeping her tongue lazily around his nipple. He is thrusting his hips with the movements of
her hand.

She shifts onto her knees and straddles his hips, working her lips back up his neck and onto his,
running her fingers through is hair. She can feel the bumps and ridges from the scars and he pauses
his movements against her mouth. She continues on as if nothing is amiss, it isn’t for her but after his
burst of rage last night, she knows his scars are a sensitive subject but she doesn’t hesitate as she
continues moving her hands over him. *He will let her love all of him in his entirety.*

Grinding her hips against his cock, she feels his hands slide up into her mane of curls, running his
fingers through and scraping against her scalp. She hums into his mouth with the pleasure of it,
having always loved having her hair attended to. One hand slips out of her hair and traces down her
body to the sash of her robe, a sharp tug undoes the bow and it slides open. His other hand has fisted
her hair into a curled rope as he pushes the gown off of her shoulders to pool onto his legs. He
quickly grabs it and tosses it to the floor before trailing long fingers up her side before pausing at the
swell of her breasts he grabs one and cups it playfully. He releases her hair and brings his other hand
to move along her other side before grasping at her other breast, his thumbs circling her nipples,
causing them to harden.

Lowering her hands from his hair she pushes her hands against his chest and eases herself to be
sitting on her knees either side of his hips, looking down at his molten grey eyes boring into hers.
She stairs him down as she aligns his engorged member with the throbbing wet heat of her woman’s
place. She doesn’t break eye contact as she slowly slides down his shaft, inch by agonizingly slow
inch. He holds her gaze until he is finally sheathed in her heat before his eyes squeeze shut and he
groans, the vibrations coursing through where they are joined.

She rocks her hips in a steady rhythm, circling anti clockwise from time to time and working up to
the tip of his cock, so only his head is inside her dipping in shallowly from time to time before
plunging him fully into her depths. His moans and rumbles arouse her as he does this, encouraging
her to continue these movements in a random sequence. His large hands find her hips and holds her
in place as he thrusts into her, one hand trailing up her side and plucking at a peaked nipple, sending
sparks of pleasure from his touch.

She arches backwards and looks down upon him as he thrusts into her, his penis grazing the
pleasure spot within her causing her to groan with the sweetness of the sensation. His eyes are
watching her intently and she flushes from his scrutiny. She cannot help it when his thumb grazes the
delicate nub between her legs in steadily decreasing circles, closing her eyes with her head slumping
backwards as her back arches. A flare of heat ignites her body and she feels a sheen of sweat cling to
her. He continues the movements until she’s a panting moaning mess and she grinds down hard onto
him to find her release. Her body shudders from the blinding force of her release and she howls out a
groan before slumping onto his chest, arms braced either side of his neck and crashes her lips to his.
She can feel a huff of laugh against her mouth and he drags his fingers up her spine until the dizzying
sensation has passed.

Once she opens her eyes and descends from her cloud nine of an orgasm does he roll her onto her
back and pumps into her fast and hard, rekindling the sensations that have only just wracked her
body. She is panting and moaning with each hard thrust and slap of his balls against her. When she
thinks she cannot take anymore he lets out a guttural growl with one last forceful thrust before a deep
shudder courses through him as she slows his tempo until he stops and rests his fore head against
hers with eyes closed. She watches him with wide eyes until his breathing evens out and the
hammering of his heart steadies.
His eyes open and watch her watching him and identical smirks grace their mouths. He kisses her softly before slipping out of her ad rolls onto his side to face her. She rolls and faces him and they watch each other for a while.

He smirks at her and comments wryly “You howled little bird! I never imagined you could be such a wolf in the bedroom.” A lopsided grin forming on his features.

A deep blush blooms onto her cheeks from her actions; she never behaved this way with Harry, as he was more concerned about fulfilling his needs that she rarely peaked with him, often having to take care of herself afterwards. Sandor has unlocked a well of pleasure she has never experienced before and feels embarrassed and shy so ducks her head against his chest, mumbling into his chest hair.

“This is not how I usually behave in the bedroom, I have never… peaked with a man before, it was a little overwhelming… I’m sorry if I was too vocal.”

She is jerked away from his chest to stare into his disbelieving eyes.

“I’m not complaining, little bird… Fuck! You were a little vixen and I loved it! It pleases me that an old dog like me can remember his tricks!”

Sansa hums “I like your tricks… how old are you?”

“Thirty six” he states matter of factly “And you?”

“She scoffs at him, Sandor you’re not THAT old! I’m twenty five”

“Over a decade older than you.” He replies solemnly.

“Does that matter to you? It doesn’t to me.” A cold dread seeps through her bones *is she too young for him? Is this a one night thing for him?* She stares up at him waiting for his answer, willing the tears building their not to fall.

He seems to pick up on her anguish and tilts her chin to look into her watering eyes.

“No little bird, you are perfect the way you are, I have to admit I thought you were older than your years.”

“I have had to grow sooner than I would have liked,” she admits bitterly.

“Aye.” He pulls her close at her reference to the losses in her life.

“So where do we go from here?” She asks hesitantly.

“From here? Breakfast, a man has an appetite after last night and this mornings activities.” He rasps with a smirk and a wink.

“No, Sandor.” She huffs. “Where do we go from here? Are we… erm… boyfriend/ girlfriend now.”

Another blush blooms upon her cheeks.

“I’m no boy Sansa, but I will be yours and I will be loyal to you.” He states this as if he is taking a solemn vow.

A smile lights upon her features and when she speaks he voice is low and breathy “And I will be yours and loyal to only you, too.” She replies and seals her promise with a sweet kiss.
Chapter End Notes

So what did you guys think? Please comment, they mean the world to me! :-)
Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

Something a little light and fluffy. As much as I am enjoying the smut scenes, they are exhausting to write! Tee hee! Hope you all enjoy!

“Please say he’s going to be alright.” The soft timid voice of the blond haired child in her room breaks and wobbles as he looks up at her with pleading eyes, clutching the handle of the small red and cream carry box.

Sansa crouches down so she is of more of a height with the young lad and her Tully blue eyes meet his shimmering green.

“Tommen, I promise to take good care of Ser Squeak as I possibly can for you. But you do understand that he is not very well at the moment and an anaesthetic on a poorly animal can sometimes not have a good outcome?”

His little head nods and he tries so hard not to cry but his voice breaks when he speaks next.

“But he is my best friend.”

Her hearts twists in her chest at the devotion this boy has for Ser Squeak. “I know you are, and as his friend, you are giving him the very best care to make him well.” He nods vigorously before throwing his arms around her shoulders, nearly knocking her backwards.

The stern inscrutable face of his grandfather gazes down at her holding his grandson and she breaks the contact to stand. Joffrey is also with them and signs the consent form for Ser Squeaks treatment.

“Don’t worry Tommen, if your hamster dies, we will get you a new one.” His little brother’s face is crestfallen at this heartless comment.

“Ser Squeak is guinea pig.” Sansa says quietly.

Joffrey glares at her and huffs out “Hamster, guinea pig they are the same and at least ten can be purchased for the price of this procedure.”

“Joffrey you would do well to remember that Ser Squeak is family and as a family member expense is never spared.” The stern voice of their formidable looking grandfather brooks no argument.

“But it’s just a guinea pig!” He exclaims

“Enough Joffrey, wait outside. You are upsetting your brother.”

Joffrey huffs out of the room, barging past his younger brother almost knocking him to the ground. His grandfather steadies him and proceeds to speak as if Joffrey has not been so rude. His tone is the same but she can see a gentleness in the green depths of his eyes as he regards his grandson.

“Now Tommen, say goodbye to Ser Squeak and nurse… Sansa here can arrange for his care.” He says glancing at her name badge before saying her name.
She opens the top of the carrier and lifts out the solid round mass of the cream buff guinea pig, resting the length of his body along her left arm she cradles him to her body with her right hand over his shoulders. She lowers herself into a crouch for Tommen to say farewell. Tommen kneels beside her and stares into the bright black eyes of his best friend, tracing a finger along the pink little ears and placing a quick kiss to Ser Squeak’s head. Ser Squeak is chirruping at the attentions of his master and follows his movements with inquisitiveness.

“This is nurse Sansa, she is going to look after you.” He whispers to him stroking the broad nose of Ser Squeak.

His Grandfather clears his throat before continuing. “Come now Tommen.”

She places the fat little guinea pig delicately back into his carry cage and smiles at Tommen and his Grandfather, the latter nods his head and guides his grandson from the room.

“C’mon little pig.”

She croons to a sleepy Ser Squeak who is regaining consciousness from his general anaesthetic to have a dental. The constantly growing teeth of a guinea pig and a poor diet had contributed to his molars growing incorrectly, causing sharp spurs of the teeth to have grown into his tongues and cheeks making it difficult and extremely painful for him to eat. Brienne the exotics vet had spent a lot of time rasping the molars back into the correct alignment. For such a large and formidable lady, she had a real soft spot for the small furries.

Sansa is sat on a saddle stool holding a mask supplying oxygen to Ser Squeak’s tiny nose who is currently slumbering within a little blanket wrapped heat pad as if it is tiny sleeping bag. She is stroking his fuzzy downed ears whilst the monitoring device is beeping rapidly trying to keep track of his racing heartbeat. He starts to shift and squirm away from the mask so she turns off the flow of oxygen and carries her little charge back to his kennel.

She settles him into the incubator, monitoring his body temperature and level of consciousness whilst writing up his notes and charging out the procedure. Brienne has asked for Sansa to discharge him later and go through correct feeding and post operative care. Feeling a vibration is her pocket from her smart phone she lifts it out to check:

Little Bird. When do you finish tonight? S

Smiling at her short and to the point message from Sandor, she fires one back his way:

Hey Sandor, how is your day? I finish at 6pm tonight. Sxxx

He replies back quickly:

I’ll pick you up from work then. S

She sends back an acknowledgement to his message before slipping her phone back into her deep tunic top and finishes billing up the procedure for Ser Squeak. Her mind is adrift with memories of the weekend spent holed up in her house in a cocoon of blissful togetherness. Only venturing out to walk the dogs, for Sandor to collect some additional items from his house for himself and for Stranger and to eat. Her body aches in a good way from his ministrations and she blushes at how they have claimed every space in her house – her favourite being the kitchen countertop when he lifted her up to perch on the edge and she wrapped her legs around his waist. She liked being on his
eye level as he took her fast and deep.

“Sansa? Sansa?”

She turns her head to the call of her name and is looking at Shae and Jeyne with a confused expression on her face.

“You were in your own little world then Sansa!” Jeyne exclaims.

“I was wasn’t I? I am sorry, what were you saying?” She asks

“We are arranging a works night out to the Butchers boy, next Friday, are you in?” Shae asks.

“We need to know numbers to book a table.” Jeyne adds on, tapping her pen against a clipboard in her hand.

“Yes, yes that sounds great. I’ve heard it makes for a good evening out with the live music there.” She enthuses nodding vigorously, pleased to be included in a social event for a change.

“Great! We will all meet here and catch a mini bus into town, be here at 7:30pm.” Shae instructs with Jeyne nodding her head adding Sansa’s name to the list.

*  

“Hi there is that Mr. Lannister?” Sansa speaks into the telephone.

“Yes it is. Whom is speaking?” comes the austere voice of Tommen’s Grandfather.

“It is Sansa Stark, a veterinary nurse at King’s Landing Veterinary Hospital, I am calling to update you on Ser Squeak.”

The silence on the end of the line makes her hurry to continue.

“He is recovering well from his dental and will be able to come home this evening at 5pm if that is convenient with you?”

“That will be fine miss Stark.”

“OK, great. I will go through is post anaesthetic care and how to feed him following his dental when you come for your appointment then.”

“Thank you Miss Stark” and he rings off before she can say anymore.

The afternoon passes quickly and she is pleased that Ser Squeak is recovering well from his dental and accepting the syringe fed diet well. He even ate a few pieces of finely chopped up carrot and red pepper, which she saved from her lunchtime salad.

It is now time to discharge Ser Squeak and she has him settled into his carrier on the consulting room table, along with his drugs, some of the powdered syringe food made up for demonstration and some finely cut up fresh veggies. When she opens the door into the busy waiting space, she can see the golden halo of curls belonging to Tommen bouncing as he shifts and fidgets in his share next to his stern grandfather.

“Tommen Baratheon for Ser Squeak” she calls loudly into the busy waiting room and Tommen’s head whips around to her voice and the biggest smile alights his little cherubic face, he his dashing across the waiting space with his grandfather striding behind him and he crashes into her hips.
wrapping his arms firmly around her waist, head pressed to just beneath her chest.

“I knew you would take good care of him.” He speaks into her abdomen.

She smiles down at his golden curls and places both hands lightly on his shoulders before drawing him away from her body as his grandfather regards her with yet another inscrutable expression.

“Come now, Tommen let me tell you how Ser Squeak is and how you and your family will need to care for him to ensure he feels better as soon as possible.” She stands aside as Tommen rushes into the room and bounces onto one of the two stools she has placed beside the consulting table and begins whispering sweet nothings to Ser Squeak. His Grandfather takes a seat in the corner of the room and with a stern authority commands.

“Tommen you must listen to everything Nurse Stark has to say about Ser Squeaks care, I will help you where required but he is your responsibility.”

Tommen nods his head solemnly to his grandfather before turning and gazing up at Sansa awaiting her instructions.

“Ok then Tommen, as you know Ser Squeak has had a general anaesthetic today for his dental because his back teeth – the molars – had grown into his cheeks and tongue which was very painful for him and why you noticed him not wanting to eat his favourite foods.” She draws breath before continuing and Tommen nods. “He has woken up quite well from his anaesthetic and he is taking his syringe food well. I am going to show you how to feed him with this food until he is able to eat normally for him self, okay?”

She shows him how to make up the food to the correct consistency and draws an amount into the syringe. She carefully settles Ser Squeak onto a towel and demonstrates how to feed him. “Now if you place the tip of the syringe into the corner of his mouth, behind his incisors like so there is natural opening, can you see? Good. Now slowly syringe the food into his mouth and he will chew and swallow it. Ser Squeak seems to quite like the food and is being a very good patient for the demonstration. “Now Tommen it is your turn to try and feed him, ready?”

With shaking hands he refills the syringe with the green goopy food that smells of aniseed and tentatively places the tip into the opening of his mouth and pushes the plunger of the syringe down a couple of millimetres, just as Sansa demonstrated. Immediately Ser Squeak begins to munch away at the food being syringed in by Tommen and the little boys face breaks into the widest grin. “He’s taking it from me look!” he says enthusiastically.

“Well done Tommen, you will make an excellent nurse for him at home!” She praises. “Now you need to try and give him five to eight syringe full’s every 2 hours until your bed time and I am sure your grandfather will continue until he goes to sleep.” She glances to Mr. Lannister who nods and gestures for her to continue.

“Now this is how you need to cut up his veggies for the next few days until his mouth is comfortable enough for him to eat the pieces in bigger chunks.” She shows him the little round dish with the vegetables she has cut up and grated to make it easier for Ser Squeak to eat. She shows them the medicine that needs to be given and asks for them to come back to the practice in 3 days to see Brienne for a post dental check.

“Now if he is not eating or taking the syringe food or pooping” you must bring him back to the practice as a matter of urgency, ok?” She speaks to Tommen seriously and he nods his head gravely.

“Once he is eating normally, you will have to switch the muesli style food to plain nuggets as I bet
“OK, Tommen, Mr. Lannister, do you have any questions.” They both respond in the negative and Mr. Lannister stands up and she helps Tommen jump off the stool before carefully placing Ser Squeak into his carrier and handing the logo printed carrier bag full of drugs and food to Mr. Lannister and crouches to hand Tommen Ser Squeaks carry box.

“Thank you for taking such good care of him, nurse Sansa.” He murmurs softly, all of a sudden very shy and glancing at her.

“You are very welcome Tommen, he is a very sweet pig.” She responds.

All of a sudden, Tommen places a quick peck of a kiss on her cheek before breaking contact and blushing scarlet.”

“Oh Tommen, that was very kind” she exclaims and smiles sweetly at him. He seems to have had lost his voice and as he is ushered from the room by his grandfather, Mr. Lannister turns. “Thank you for taking the time here today Miss Stark.” He nods his head and exits the room before she can respond.

The last forty minutes passes slowly, she is itching to finish her shift and see Sandor. She cannot believe how much she aches to see him, feel his grey eyes on her, feeling his whiskery beard on her neck and his surprisingly soft lips moving against hers. She all but runs to the staff room when the clock turns to 18:00 and she is exiting the foyer of the waiting room with her tan messenger bag slung over her shoulder when she sees the monstrous black pick up truck expertly reverse parked into the tight fitting spaces alongside a very flash, highly polished red Mercedes saloon with blacked out windows.

She smiles when she sees him sat in the drivers seat with his aviator glasses on and can see the pull of his lips indicating a smile from him. As she crosses the car park to hop into the passenger side door, she hears a soft wham of a car door and then a high-pitched “Nurse Sansa, nurse Sansa… Wait!” She turns towards the red sports car and from around the side an enormous bouquet of scarlet and yellow roses is running towards her. She stops in her tracks and behind the bouquet is the panting little figure of Tommen.

He carefully hands her the bouquet, which is expertly wrapped, and has the moniker for Tyrell Blooms printed along the cellophane. “My goodness Tommen, these are beautiful. Thank you so much!” She exclaims. He gazes up adoringly at her but then he gasps suddenly, his line of sight shifting above her head. She turns to see Sandor is standing right behind her looking down at the little lad and the bouquet of roses she holds in her hands. She smiles at him and places a soft kiss on his cheek.

“Sandor, this is Tommen, Tommen this is my… ugh… boyfriend, Sandor.” She introduces them to one another tripping over the word boyfriend as the one thing for certain he is no boy. But what else can I introduce him as?! This is Sandor my Manfriend!

“Oh hello” Tommen breathes out in barely a whisper extending his pudgy little hand to Sandor. Such a polite little lad. Sandor engulfs Tommen’s tiny hand in his own and shakes briefly releasing the boys hand

“Hello Tommen, and may I ask why you are presenting my lady with an enormous bouquet of
flowers?” He asks the boy in his gruff rumble of a voice.

“Sandor!” she admonishes

The high-pitched squeak coming from Tommen is almost laughable. “They are a thank you present for her taking such good care of Ser Squeak today. I asked my grandfather to stop off when we passed the flower shop and I wanted to give them to her before she finished for the day.”

“That is very kind of you Tommen” He rasps “May I ask what is a Ser… Squeak?”

“Oh! He is my guinea pig and he is my bestest friend, he had an anaesthetic because his teeth were long, and Sansa looked after him all of today and has shown me how to feed him like a nurse would at home. She said I was a very good nurse… would you like to see him?” His statement comes out as a rush and tumble of words which makes Sansa smile and she glances up at Sandor who’s eyes have softened listening to him telling him about his guinea pig.

“Aye, why not” she rumbles out.

Quick as a flash, Tommen is running around to the side of the red car, lifting Ser Squeak out of his carry box and cradling him carefully to his chest. He stops beside Sansa, who crouches beside Tommen in case Ser Squeak makes a bid for freedom. Sandor follows suit and eyes the fuzzy bundle in Tommen’s arms with polite interest.

“You can stroke him, if you like.” Tommen says shyly.

Sandor’s enormous finger slowly stretches out and approaches Ser Squeak’s nose who stretches towards it as if it might be a juicy carrot. He brushes his finger along the broad nose back towards his head and repeats. A series of chirrups erupt from Ser Squeak at the attention, causing Sandor to still his motions.

“It’s ok, that means he likes it.” Tommen murmurs.

Sansa chortles at what she is witnessing, the enormous bulk of Sandor crouched and bent over a little boy cradling his beloved pet with his half crooked smile on his face. It warms her heart to see such a gentle side of this man that she hasn’t really seen before. Slowly Sandor stands up and Tommen goes to return Ser Squeak to the safe confines of his carry box.

“Thank you for the flowers, Tommen. They are beautiful.” She states sincerely.

"You’re welcome, see you nurse Sansa and goodbye Mr.”

“Goodbye” Sansa and Sandor say in unison.

He pulls her to his side and places a kiss to her temple before releasing her and getting into the drivers seat. She carefully places the bouquet into the foot well behind her seat and hops into her seat beside Sandor, leaning across the centre console and planting a kiss on his lips. She sighs when he breaks contact with her mouth to start the engine.

“I’ve missed you, what shall we do tonight?”

“I can think of a few things!” He slides a sidelong glance and her and smirks, sending a rush of butterflies to her stomach and a blush to her cheeks.
Chapter Notes

Hi guys,

This is a real baby of a chapter but hopefully the lemony goodness will make up for it... I promise the next one will be much longer and I am going to get straight on it!

This past week has been super hectic at work, as well as birthday celebrations and house warming party's (combined) but also it would seem SOE's authors have channelled my cameo to be disturbingly close to real life! I have adopted a new guinea pig and I have been introducing her to my boar this week which has eaten up all of my free time, so I feel bad for neglecting my story although I have enjoyed indulging in reading some Sansan goodness!

Anyhoo I am sure you don't want my excuses so here is my tiny lemon slice of a chapter for you... enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Their legs are a tangle beneath the soft grey-blue cashmere throw that usually is folded neatly over the back of her sofa, a scattering of take out containers litter her coffee table. Sansa sighs contentedly from a full stomach and being wrapped around Sandor. She loves being around this man and finds his presence comforting. She is draped across his chest listening to the steady 'lub dup' of his heart whilst he idly rubs circles along her back with his fingers.

"Mmm?" She says sleepily as he rumbles something low and unintelligible into her ear.

Clearing his throat "I've got to go back to the Westerlands to oversee some work on my house."

"Oh, when?"

"Tomorrow."

"Oh! How long for?" She asks pushing up on his chest to gaze into his grey eyes.

He's twirling some strands of her coppery hair around his fingers "I'll be back Friday evening."

"You will be gone five days?! What will I do without you here?" She exclaims.

"I'm sure you will be fine little bird." he huffs out a laugh.

"But I will be at The Butchers Boy Friday night... Will you meet me there?"

"Aye little bird of course, now come here and give me a farewell kiss." He rumbles low and deep sending a shiver through her body.

She lowers her mouth to his and their tongues are a slip and slide in one another's mouths. He moans when she sucks on his tongue with her nails grazing the skin of his chest beneath his shirt. His hands
slide beneath her floaty skirt to grab and fondle the firm roundness of her ass. Using his incredible core strength he sits up, pulling her into his lap and drawing a moan from her mouth when his fingers trace over the smooth lips of her woman's place through the silky material of her small clothes.

Hiking his shirt off of his muscled chest she quickly divests herself of her camisole and pushes her breasts to his chest, absorbing the radiating heat from his body, her nipples harden in response to the chafing of his coarse chest hair.

He grunts in the back of his throat as she pulls away from him to unlatch his belt and unbutton his jeans, sliding them off if his legs, his boxer briefs following shortly afterwards. Here he is, this fine specimen of a man, sat naked as his name day on her couch. She kneels between his legs, wearing nothing but her pale blue skirt and a smile gazing up at him and his quickly hardening member.

She traces her fingers down his taut stomach, watching the muscles jump and flex. His eyes bore into hers as she wraps her hand around his hardened shaft and bobs her head - never breaking eye contact - as her tongue darts out to tickle the head of his cock. This minuscule contact elicits a groan from his lips, which draws out with a shuddering breath as she takes him into her mouth, bobbing her head back and forth, taking him in deeper and deeper whilst working his shaft. She feels the roll of his hips as he begins to thrust forcibly into her mouth, trying to be gentle but failing. She drops her hands from his shaft to his hips and holds him in place squeezing firmly. She would never be able to stop him if he wanted to continue this pace but her actions have him slow his pace and she rewards his slower motion by lavishing his cock with attention, swirling her tongue around his length and head before taking him fully into her mouth. She continues working him over, losing herself in her ministrations and the salty taste of him. Suddenly his voice interrupts her attentions.

"Little bird, I'm close to coming, if you don't stop now..." He rasps out all hoarse and tormented moans.

She gazes up at him but doesn't break the tempo she has set. Then in mere moments an Ohhhh fuck me! erupts from him as he spills his seed into her mouth, in a scorching stream. She swallows him down and breaks contact, watching him with a satisfied grin as he recovers himself head thrown back and gazing at the ceiling his chest heaving with the exertion of his release.

Finally he looks down at her, his grey eyes all of a smolder. His hand reaches out to stroke her face and she leans into his touch.

"Sansa..." He murmurs softly. “You are perfect.”

He pulls her up off of her knees and cradles her against his chest; she can feel his heart thudding against her breasts as he holds her close.

"Now it's your turn, for a farewell kiss!"

He grins at her a devil may care smile as he eases off of her sofa, scooping her up into his strong forearms to be carried upstairs in his broad embrace for him to wreak all amounts of untold pleasure over her body...

…She will miss him these next five days.
Sooo... what did ya think?!!!
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

*Gods she misses him.* She thinks as she trudges a long her normal route through the park with her hounds. Even the weather, all overcast and fat droplets of rain splattering her raincoat reflect her mood without him. Lady and Jess are loping through the scrubby woodland up ahead but at the beginning of the walk were reluctant to begin without the familiar shadow that Sandor and Stranger have become in their daily walks. She has heard from him on and off over the past few days but it has only been brief snatches of conversation and the occasional text between them as they are both busy with work and his renovations.

But tomorrow he will be back! He will be meeting her at the work gathering at ‘The Butchers Boy’ and that brings a smile to her face. She has the day off work today and plans on heading to the shopping centre to find an outfit for tomorrow evening, something to wow the man in her life. She whistles to her girls and takes the path leading to the centre of the park and back home.

* Muzak is being pumped through the speakers of the shopping centre as she glides from shopping rail to shopping rail in search of an outfit. She has bought a smart black blazer that has a funky twist with a bold yellow silk lining as well as a matching Balconette bra and French knickers in a smoky grey. She just needs to find the right dress. Flicking through the rails of dresses in a boutique store, she stumbles across a beautiful skater dress; it is black with a grey floral design interspersed with tiny little birds nestled in the foliage pattern of the dress picked out in fine yellow thread. And it is in her size! She grabs it off the hanger and strides purposefully into the changing area, removing her clothes and sliding into the dress. The lining of the skirt feels delightfully silky on her legs as she zips herself into it. The back is cut into a deep V, which exposes her shoulder blades but is high-necked at the front. She turns to fully face the mirror and appraise herself. She cannot help the grin that forms on her face. It is perfect. She loves it! Trying the blazer on over the top she turns from side to side to try and take in all angles of the outfit. *With her trusty black-heeled boots and if she can find a yellow clutch to match she will most certainly be dressed to impress.* She cannot wait to see his face when he sees her in this. Reluctantly she removes the dress and slides back into her jeans and sweater and clutches the hanger in a death grip as she takes it to the counter to pay.

As the cashier is wrapping up her purchase in tissue paper and placing it into one of the cardboard bags with rope handles she spies a bright yellow clutch with silver fastenings, She walks over to it and the buttery softness of the leather feels heavenly against her fingertips. She opens it up and the lining inside is the same as the fabric of the dress she is in the process of purchasing. Another grin brightens up her face and she hands the clutch to the cashier to add to her bag, leaving the shopping centre feeling immensely pleased with her purchases and cannot wait for tomorrow night…

* It is a small group from work who are collected from the Kings Landing Veterinary Hospital by a silver mini bus taxi to be dropped off at The Butchers Boy. Aside from herself it is Shae, Jeyne and Ros from the nursing team and Tyrion, Jaime and Brienne from the veterinary team. Both Tyrion and Jaime look very smart in suits with crisp white shirts with the collars unbuttoned. Brienne is a force to be reckoned with in wet look black skinny jeans and an oversized white shirt. Her blond hair is
casually swept to one side and she is wearing hooped earrings with zigzags of metal coming off the bottom of the hoop. Shae looks incredibly exotic in a dusky pink Lorathi cut maxi dress with pewter coloured heels and accessories. Jeyne is dressed in indigo coloured skinny jeans and a floaty orange camisole with cork wedges. Ros’ attire is a short white skirt leaving little to the imagination, a low cut black vest top and a helluva lot of eye make up. They make for an interesting bunch as they disembark from the mini bus and Sansa looks around for the bar.

The street is quiet and seems to be mainly a shopping street, she can make out a few boutique clothes shops, Tyrell blooms on the corner where those extravagant roses came from compliments of Tommen, Hotpie’s which is a cake tapas bar and a butchers shop which they are stood in front of. A closed sign and a cleared down store front with cuts of meat sat chilling in the display cabinet. A ‘Meat of the Day’ sign indicates 'Drogo’s sausage’ must be tried. She looks bewildered but Tyrion grins up at her.

“Follow me Sansa.”

He turns down a narrow alleyway to the right of the butchers and knocks three times on the staff entrance. A burly looking man in a suit opens the door in black sunglasses and curtly asks “Password?”

“Drogo’s sausage.” Tyrion quips with a mischievous glimmer in his eyes. The bouncer nods and stands aside ushering the group into a hallway lined with awards for various cuts of meat which leads down several steps before opening into what must have been the old meat store. White washed brick walls climb up to a vaulted ceiling with wrought iron chandeliers with dozens of white tapered candles. A chunky rustic wooden bar with rows upon rows of glass bottles filled with spirits, beer and wines are lined up behind and the bar stools appear to be old tractor seats. A jaunty tune is coming from the three-piece band of drums, piano and guitar sat to the left of the bar and a small raised platform. The atmosphere is fun and they take a seat along a sidewall of benches and chairs facing one another over thick plank tables. Sansa is sat between Brienne and Tyrion and is facing Jeyne and Shae.

They study the cocktail menu and a pretty waitress saunters up to take their orders. Sansa opts to try a Littlebird Addicted as she has heard good things about this cocktail and Tyrion demands everybody has a Flaming Wight shot. They clink shot glasses and gulp them back. Sansa coughs and splutters and the hit of hard liquor, her eyes begin to water. Excusing herself she goes in search of the bathroom to freshen up her eye make up.

Leaving the bathroom she notices two familiar faces from the waiting room at King’s Landing Vets, The Golden’s owner is sat facing the bar, her hair falling in soft golden ringlets and her blue eyes pop out with the liquid eyeliner and mascara framing them. She is wearing a pale blue peasant blouse, which matches her eyes with a gold necklace that hangs down onto her top. Sansa can see two crackled quartz obelisks hanging down from three unique chains. It is a beautiful piece, which sparkles, in the dim light of the bar. Beside her on a comfy looking wing backed chair is the dachshunds owner, her coppery red hair is liquid fire and she can see dark green cats eye glasses peeping under a thick fringe. She is wearing a patterned tunic top in browns and burnt oranges with black leggings tucked into some comfy looking calf high brown leather boots. The Golden’s owner is chuckling to something the Dachshund owner is saying swirling the contents of her glass in a disheartened manner. She catches a snippet of the conversation, something about if she has to have another virgin LBA she will scream. She smiles to them as she passes and they wave at her. Sliding back into her seat she takes a sip of her cocktail and the tang of lemon, strawberries and liquor tingles on her tongue. She tries to follow the conversation but everybody has lapsed into little groups and are chatting amongst themselves, Tyrion is looking remarkably worse for wear in the time she has been to the bathroom. She nibbles on some popcorn and is glad she ate before coming out.
Checking her watch it is almost 9:30pm, Sandor said he aimed to be with her just after 10pm. A fizzing feeling grips her stomach in anticipation of seeing him and she gets up to walk over to the bar and perches in one of the tractor stools and orders another cocktail. Sitting and sipping her drink she watches as the female vocalist for this evening makes her way onto the stage. She is wearing a black and white horizontally striped body con dress with a cropped black leather jacket. Her dark brown hair is swept up into a high ponytail with an electric blonde fringe coiffed up onto her head. She is also wearing a crimson neck scarf and lipstick to match. As she sings the woman’s soulful vocals and the jaunty piano tune, bass and drums enthral Sansa, her foot tapping along to the music. As one song fades out, applause greets the silence of the music and dies down as the bum da la dum dum of the piano and wail of muted trumpets fill the room.

\[
\text{♪}
\text{The man is tall, bad, mean and good looking,}
\]
\[
\text{And he’s got me in his eye}
\]
\[
\text{When he looks at me, I go weak and the knees}
\]
\[
\text{Got me going like no other guy} \text{♪}
\]

The soulful vocals accompanied by the wail of the music as well as the lyrics have Sansa yearning for Sandor, she taps her heeled boot against the metal rung of the seat impatiently. *Not long now* she thinks. She glances over to her work colleagues and can see Tyrion is stood on the table and hears a bellow of a shout from him “I am the God of tits and wine!” before stumbling off the table and landing in a heap in Shae’s lap with a roar of laughter from the table.

“Is this seat taken?” a suave looking businessman asks, gesturing to the vacant stool beside her.

“Yes, my boyfriend will be here soon.” She replies a smile curling her mouth at the thought of seeing Sandor.

“Don’t brush me off sweetheart, you have been by yourself all night.” He purrs trying to take her hand. Sansa snatches her hand out of his reach and glares at him.

“Do not touch me!” she spits out.

\[
\text{♪} \text{... the way he moves me and sways}
\]
\[
\text{Rocks me to the core}
\]
\[
\text{When he sings in my ear}
\]
\[
\text{He makes me shiver and leer}
\]
\[
\text{Leaves me wanting more and more} \text{♪}
\]

Sansa feels a light pressure on her shoulder and a whiskery scratch of beard on her exposed neck.
The fresh smell of him fills her senses and a comforting sensation slides in and begins to fizz in her stomach.

“Little bird,” He rasps in her ear making her shiver and leer just like the lyrics of the song. The unwelcome intruder’s eyes pop out and he makes a swift exit. Sandor takes his empty seat and leans in for a deep kiss is tongue swiping her lips and sending shivers down her spine. He breaks the kiss and takes her in, his grey eyes glinting in the dimly lit room. Her face is pulled into such a wide grin, her cheeks hurt but she cannot contain her joy for seeing him.

♫ ‘Cause he’s my big bad handsome man, yeah

He’s got me in the palm of his hand

He’s the devil divine, I’m so glad that he’s mine

Cause he’s my big bad handsome man♫

Sandor gestures for the barman to refill Sansa’s drink and orders a large glass of Dornish red for himself.

♫ With his rugged good looks, yeah, he’s got me hooked

Got me where he wants me to be

With his arms so wide, he pulls me in by his side

He’s the kind of guy that does it for me ♫

“So how’s the build coming along?” She asks leaning into him and he drapes an arm around her shoulder pulling her close.

“Good, a lot of the structural stuff is in place and now the stair case is being installed…” he trails off as his eyes rake up and down her figure and he gives a low whistle before taking a big gulp of red, a few droplets cling to his lip and Sansa leans in to lick them away, the sourness tingling her tongue. He hums and his pupils dilate.

“Sansa, you look beautiful” he growls and gestures for her to stand, her delicate hand in his as he turns her round and back to him and groans, pulling her towards him and his hand drops from hers and slides to the small of her back.

“Liking what you see, San-dor” she purrs and he groans, draining the remainder of his wine he stands and pulls her in by his side.

“I’ve got to get you home, little bird.” He growls and she is more than happily led from the bar to the final chorus:
♫ My big bad handsome man, yeah

He’s got me in the palm of his hand

He’s the devil divine, I’m so glad that he’s mine

Cause he’s my big. Bad. I’m so glad that he’s my big bad handsome man, hmmm ♫

There are cheers and a chorus of wolf whistles from two certain ladies in the corner along with a “You go get him, girl!” followed by cackles of laughter as they exit The Butchers Boy…

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed... The song lyrics used are 'Big bad handsome man' by Imelda May. It popped up on my genius play list and I thought Sandor... Need I say more!

Also hope you liked the cameos :-)}
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Lemons, Smut and Fluff! You have been warned!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

She is softly humming the chorus to the song they have just heard being performed in the Butchers Boy, as they make their way down the darkened street, her boot heels a harsh click clack on the flagstone pavement. She is pulled in by his side in his secure embrace and she glances up at him, her Tully blue eyes shimmering with happiness.

"It's good to have you back Sandor, I've missed you." She murmurs softly.

He feels the hairs on his neck bristle at her statement. How he has managed to luck in with this vision of the maiden herself he will never know and he will be damned if he screws this up. Never being one for words he rumbles out an

"Aye littlebird. Missed you too." She snuggles into his embrace further and this is the calmest he has felt in a long time. He'd almost describe it as almost fucking serene. He has never felt like this. Sure calmer in recent years, less likely to anger with the help of his unlikely friend Elder Brother. But happy? No he hasn't been happy since his brother melted off half of his face. This feeling is only whenever he's with the little bird or thinking about her.

He can't believe his damn luck to have her here and to want him as much as he wants her. She is such a siren, calling to every aspect of his being and he would happily drown to her call. I mean look at her for fucks sake! Wearing that cute little number with birds picked out of it and the creamy exposed skin of her shoulder blades, he wants to run his finger down to the little zipper and see what she's got under there.

They are at his car now and he drags his keys out of his pocket, pressing the central locking button and opening the passenger side door to allow her inside. He gently shuts the door and quickly moves round the vehicle to get into the drivers side. Starting the engine he pulls out of the side street and into a slow lane of traffic. She is chirping at him, asking about the work progress at his house and cases at work and he is trying to respond to her when all he can think about is taking her at his earliest chance.

He's glaring out at the sixth red light he's hit on what should be a twenty minute drive home when he startles from his scowl by a warm hand tracing his cock through his jeans. Rubbing up and down the shaft, with the friction of fabric making him groan.

Looking down at her she has her eyes staring straight a head acting all innocent but a small smirk on her pretty pink lips. Her fingers walk up each side of his length before swiping around the tip and he groans again.

"What do you think your doing, little bird?" He rasps low.

"Reacquainting myself with you" is her reply with a delicious glimmer in her eye.
"Fuck me! I'm gonna have to take you here and now if you carry on like that."

"Best take a left here then." She nods to sign indicating the Kings Landing docks; there is a small nature reserve and parking lot he vaguely remembers. Her lips are curled up with a wolfish grin.

For the second time tonight he is startled by her behaviour. This apparent little lady of his has her blood up as much as he.

"Alright little bird, but I'll make you howl."

"I hope that's a promise." She replies saucily.

"A hound will never lie to you." He responds.

Indicating and taking the road down to the beach, he pulls into the empty car parking lot. Driving to the far side he kills the engine and shuts off the headlights. He can just make out her silhouette and smell the sweet flowery scent of her perfume. Unclipping her seat belt and shifting across the bench seat she straddles his lap and plants her lips to his mouth. Her mouth is moving across his with unquenched fervour and passion, biting down until he groans and slipping her tongue into his mouth to tangle with his his. He's as hard as a rock and he shifts her body so he can grind his jean-sheathed cock against her sex. His hands slide up her dress covered thighs the soft drag of the silky lining catching against his knuckles as he hitches up to her waist and traces back down to the gauzy fabric of her panties. She shuffles back minutely to give him access to her women's place. Tracing a finger against the outside of her pants he can feel a dampness soaking through the fabric before slipping his finger inside he feels how slippery and slick her arousal is for him. She moans into his mouth as his thumb grazes the beaded nub at her apex and the strain of his cock against his jeans is becoming painful.

Relief is quick as Sansa’s hands and arms snake down his body to his belt buckle and deftly unhooks and unclasps the buttons. He arches up in the seat so she can shove his jeans and boxers down until they are gathered at his feet. They are like a well-oiled machine, working seamlessly in their quest for passion. When his bare ass hits the leather of his trucks seat he thrusts two fingers inside her deeply making her breath hitch and a moan escape her. Her hands wind up into his hair and she cards through it with an occasional bordering on painful tug as he works her over. Her skin radiates heat like a roaring bonfire and her breaths start to come out in shallow pants.

He knows she is close by the whimpers she is making, her body all of a tremble. As she is about to cry his name he wrenches is fingers from her and thrusts is hardened cock inside. It is likes a boiling furnace and her muscles quiver and clamp down onto his cock. His eyes roll back with pleasure as he thrusts into her hard and fast enjoying the sensation of her orgasm. She is keening now her head thrown back and chest heaving, and then she slumps forwards her head falling into the crook of his neck beneath his ear.

Breathlessly she whispers "oh Sandor, I love this, I love you."

He freezes is actions. His heart stops.

"Sansa? What did you just say?" He knows what he heard but he cannot be sure.

She shifts her body to hold his gaze, a small smile on her lips as he is frozen, sheathed in her warmth.

"I love you Sandor." She says simply and the clear depths of her eyes tell the truth of it. He could weep for her declaration and holds her in his arms a look of wonder on his face.
"I love you too, Sansa. Love you too."

His low baritone voice is even lower with this thick emotion on his tongue. Her smile sears him to the soul and he slowly begins to move his hips once more. Sliding into her slowly and with reverence. Her lips fall to his soft and sweet with murmurs of yes's and I love you's.

His completion is a shuddering groan and a "fuck me, little bird!" As he falls back into his seat he his peppered with sweet kisses across his brow and his burnt and unburnt cheek alike.

That serene feeling her felt earlier this evening and so many times before now has meaning, has a name. It is what it feels like to love and now to be loved by his little bird.

Fuck me! I'm a lucky bastard.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you like! Please comment! :-}
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

There are descriptions of emergency treatment and surgery as well as physical abuse which readers might find upsetting. I cannot really warn you which paragraphs to skip as this chapter is riddled with potentially distressing and upsetting content.

I hope you enjoyed the fluff and lemons as the next few chapters will be filled with angst and upset... sorry :-(

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Sansa is on call this evening and has just received a phone call from Jaime to inform her of an emergency coming into the practice, what sounds like a GDV. Dashing down the stairs from the nurses flat in the top of the practice in a blur of faded blue surgical scrubs and a fire whip of red hair in a ponytail she rushes into the prep room and gathers all the equipment required for this kind of emergency. She grabs two bags of intravenous fluids from the cupboards and has run them through the giving sets, gathered the intravenous catheters and has made up the surgical scrubs to prep the abdomen for surgery when Jaime rushes into the prep room with the burly figures of Meryn and Boros carrying the collapsed body of Hearteater with Joffrey looking pale beside them.

“Place her on the trolley table, fellas.” Jaime directs softly.

Hearteater’s eyes are wide as she non-productively heaves. Sansa rushes to her side and begins assisting Jaime in placing the intra venous catheters into her front legs and administering high rates of fluids to boost her blood pressure. Sansa coos and murmurs soothingly to try and calm the terrified dog.

“Ok guys, you leave her with us” Jaime instructs and the three of them leave the prep area.

“Quickly now Sansa, she’s been like this for a few hours, time is against us”

Sansa nods and holds Hearteater’s head continuing to murmur soothingly to her as Jaime induces the anaesthesia. When her body relaxes they quickly place an endotracheal tube and hook her up to the anaesthetic tubing circuit and turn on the flow of gas and oxygen. Turning her on her back, Sansa begins clipping the fur from her abdomen as Jaime hooks her up to the monitoring equipment. Once clipped Sansa begins cleaning the shaved area with the cotton wool scrubs covered in antiseptic wash. She is watching Hearteater taking steady breaths and the rhythmic beeping of the monitoring system reassures her as she continues in her task. Jaime in the meantime is changed into a surgical scrub suit and is cleaning is hands for surgery.

Sansa wheels Hearteater into the operating theatre and reattaches her to the anaesthetic machine and monitoring equipment. She helps Jaime into his surgical gown and opens up the equipment he will need.

“Ready?” He asks and Sansa nods. Using a scalpel he incises down the middle of the abdomen, working through the layers of skin, fat and muscle.

“Okay, I’m just about to enter her abdomen” he instructs Sansa.
“Heart rate is 90bpm, strong pulses and she’s taking 16 breaths per minute. O2 sats 97% and colours good” Sansa responds. She feels strained as there are so many things to keep track of but at the moment all is going well. As Jaime enters the abdomen, he swears

“Shit! The stomach has taken the spleen with it and looks like it will rupture at any minute. I’m going to have to remove the spleen before I can turn the stomach back” He says.

Handing over the suture material he begins tying off the many vessels supplying blood to the spleen. Sansa notices that Hearteater’s gums are marginally paler and her O2 sats have dropped to 95%. Her heart rate is still strong and her pulses regular. She informs Jaime who nods but continues in his task.

As Jaime is nearing the last of tying off the veins to the spleen, Heart eater takes one deep breath then stops. The monitor starts to alarm picking up on the cessation of breathing and her heart rate begins to plummet. Sansa begins breathing for Hearteater as Jaime removes the spleen.

“Sansa, we need some adrenaline now.” He instructs calmly but with his brow furrowed and a look of concern across his classicly handsome features.

In between breaths she grabs for the preloaded syringe of adrenaline and pushes a syringe full into the IV line. The heart rate picks up briefly before beginning to plummet.

“Shit.” She mutters under her breath.

Jaime instructs her to stop breathing for Hearteater and to commence chest compressions. Her arms are working furiously on the prone dogs chest forcing the heart to beat with her strength alone. Sweat beads in her hair and starts to drip from her brow.

Time stands still but it takes Jaime shouting “Sansa! STOP!” that she hears him and looks into his green eyes.

“Its not going to do any good Sansa… look.”

He gestures to Hearteater’s abdominal cavity with blood covered sterile gloves. She looks down to see the stomach where he has managed to untwist it back into its original place, the tissue of the stomach, which is usually a bright pink, over half of it is a deep purply black. He pricks the stomach with his scalpel blade and no fresh blood leaves the wound… the stomach has died.

“Oh no” Sansa gasps softly.

The heart monitor lets out a long monotone pitch as the ECG shows a flat line. Sansa feels tears burning the back of her eyes as she turns to switch the machines off. She lets out a small sob. Poor sweet girl, she was only 3 years old.

A heaviness descends over the operating theatre whilst Jaime is suturing the abdomen closed she busies herself cleaning the used equipment and getting a soft white blanket to wrap Hearteater’s body in afterwards. Once Jaime is finished, she cleans the operation site and gently rolls her onto the trolley table and wraps her in the blanket. She wheels her into a room off the prep area whilst Jaime goes to speak with Joffrey and continues to clean down the theatre.

She can hear voices entering the prep room and sees Jaime guiding Joffrey into the room where Hearteater is lain to rest, closing the door behind him. A few minutes’ later Jaime exits and Sansa tentatively walks up to him.

“How is he?” she asks.
“In shock, he didn’t expect this outcome, even if I warned him it could happen prior to the surgery.”

“Mmm” she murmurs feeling sorry for Joffrey.

“I’m just going to write some notes up” Jaime says and leaves the room.

Sansa walks towards the door and peers through the window. Joffrey is stood over the body of Hearteater and rubbing is thumb and forefinger against her ear. Sansa lightly taps on the door and slips inside. Joffrey glances at her but says nothing. She approaches him steadily and lightly places a hand on his arm.

“Joffrey, I wanted to say how sorry I am for your loss, I know it must be hard, but she is no longer suffering now.”

Before she knows what happens Joffrey turns and slaps her hard across the face. Impulsively she lifts her hand to where he’s struck her and looks at her hand to see blood from where her fingers grazed her lip.

“You’re sorry, are you? You little slut” He bites out advancing on her “You killed my dog and you are sorry?”

He raises his hand again and Sansa cringes when her back hits the doorjamb.

“JOFFREY THAT’S ENOUGH!” Jaime roars through the glass.

Joffrey’s hand stills then he lowers it glaring at Sansa. Jaime pushes into the room between Sansa and Joffrey.

“It is not Sansa’s fault, Hearteater died. She is a skilled and talented nurse and did everything she could, but with everything we did, it was already too late, Joffrey. Her stomach tissue had already died. There was no hope. Jaime stares Joffrey down who exhales and storms from the room.

“Sansa… are you alright? Jaime turns with green eyes gazing at her softly.

Tears begin to build and pour openly from her eyes and her lip trembles. Jaime embraces her loosely, lightly patting her back.

“I’m sorry he struck you, he was very upset. I will speak to him”

He releases her then adds, “you go home now, and I’ll finish up here.”

“Are you sure?” she squeaks out

He chuckles “You’ve done all the hard work my dear, I’ll just finish these notes then I will be on my way home, too.”

Sansa changes and leaves the practice and heads towards home, its dark outside now. Her mind is a whirl from the evening and she runs everything through in her mind. Is there anything I could have done differently? Jaime says not but… She takes a short cut through the park and as she rounds the corner a hand grabs and yanks at her ponytail. Sansa screams but another hand swiftly covers her mouth and stifles her protest. She kicks back and flails her arms but another set of hands grabs her arms and holds them tightly behind her back. Her eyes are wide and she’s breathing hard when Joffrey appears out of the shadows…
Medical notes: GDV stands for Gastro Dilation Volvulus or as it might be more commonly termed as bloat, gastric tortion or a twisted stomach. Commonly seen in dogs with deep chests like poor Hearteater here and if left untreated or emergency treatment not sought in a timely manner it will be fatal.

So... what did you think?
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Ok, ok I left you all on a bit of a cliff hanger with the last chapter didn't I?! (Naughty Threepaws!)

Here is the next instalment, it is short one, but the next one will be much longer (Over 2000 words and I haven't finished it yet!)

There is angst, upset, physical and mild sexual assault. (By mild I don't mean to play down any kind of sexual assault as all is awful in my eyes and utterly detestable but shall we say not as bad as it could be... Please don't take offence, I don't mean to appear insensitive.)

You have been warned...

Joffrey stalks out of the shadows towards where Sansa is restrained by Boros. Meryn releases her mouth slowly dragging his thumb slowly along her lips and down her neck. A shiver courses through her.

"Well, well, well. Here is the Stark bitch who killed my beautiful Hearteater." He regards her coldly, a cruel smile playing across his lips.

"Joffrey, please, I'm so sorry your beautiful girl is dead." She cries out. "Jamie and I did our best but it was too late, I'm so so sorry" she sobs out.

"LIES" he roars out "you're a stupid little slut who has no business in that practice and I'm going to ruin you" a cold smile curls his lips. He gestures a hand to Meryn.

"Teach her a lesson" Meryn comes and looms over her, his pale eyes full of hate. He punches her forcefully in the gut. Winded her legs give out she crumples to her knees. He comes at her from behind now and rains kicks across her back. Boros let's go of her hands as she curls into herself.

"Joffrey, please stop" she chokes out. The tears streaming from her eyes blur her vision, all she can make out is a tall thin blur crowned in yellow.

"Meryn, she is overdressed... Unburden her"

"Joffrey… NO" she screams as she hears her tunic being torn from her back and her bra unhooked and rough hands drag the straps from her body grazing across her exposed breasts. Cold air rushes around her exposed torso sending runs of goose bumps everywhere. Desparately she tries to cover herself from their hateful eyes.

"Hold her in place" he commands. Meryn grabs a fistful of her hair and jerks her head up whilst Boros grabs her hands away from her chest. Joffrey is looming over her now and raises his hand and slaps her twice across the face before caressing his hand down her neck and collarbone to the swell of her breasts. He takes her left nipple between his thumb and forefinger and twists sharply eliciting a cry from her throat and sobs of tears.
“You are going to make me feel better for killing my dog, bitch. And Boros and Meryn too” horror at his meaning dawns on Sansa; this will not just be a beating.

"Joffrey, please, no, no, you can't. Please don't do this" she looks at him with her blue eyes wide and pleading.

"I like it when you beg. I might go easy on you, if you please me." He sneers. He slowly begins to unbuckle his belt and slowly draws down his zip. Sansa closes her eyes and begins to sob. This can't be happening …

"Now I'm now expert but I don't think that is how you treat a lady” comes a drawl from behind her. Her eyes pop open and she turns her head a little. Meryn has loosened his grip and she sees Bronn standing a short distance away with Lollys, his Belgian Mallinois Shepherd on a lead straining and snarling.

"What's it to you?" Joffrey whines out.

"It's nothing to me, but I don't like your approach to wooing a lady... Unhand her now before I let Lollys fly at you."

Joffrey's eyes pop out if his head as he takes a look at the snarling Lollys, hackles raised and in a stance to strike.

"Come on boys... We've had our fun... We will meet again, Sansa."

Patting her breast and her face, he eyes her cruelly before turning away. Meryn releases his grip and Boros and him stride away from her. They are halfway down the path when Lollys streaks past her and she hears them cry out. A cry of pain, which she hopes, is from Joffrey and heavy footfalls as they run away. She flinches as Bronn touches her bare shoulder.

"Here" he offers her his hoody which she awkwardly puts on. Her body is screaming from where they pummelled into her. He helps her stand and eyes her closely then sucks in a sharp breath.

"Jeez, they meant business with you."

A small sob escapes her mouth. What does she look like?

"I'll call the gold guards & inform them-"

"No" Sansa croaks out. "No, thank you sir... I just want to go home." She takes several painful steps forwards and Bronn falls in step with her with Lollys at her other side. She raises her chin and walks agonisingly slow towards the gate at her end of the park.

Reaching her door, she turns and gives Bronn a watery smile

"Thank you for escorting me home and for... before".

"No problem darling but I really think you should tell somebody about this..."

"I will" she murmurs, I just need to get inside." She opens the door and closes it quickly.

Lady and Jess greet her at the door wagging their tails, which slow then stop when they take in the sight of their mistress, they both whine softly to her. She hobbles out & opens the conservatory door to let them into the garden and bends agonisingly to refill their food and water bowls. Once back inside she locks the door and staggers down the hallway and locks the front door before pulling
herself up the stairs. She drops her tattered tunic to the floor and slides her trousers down to crumple on the landing. Removing the hoody the kind dog walker provided her is a slow agonising hell, which brings bile to her throat. The idea of attempting to put on her pyjamas makes her want to vomit. She eases onto her bed lying on her stomach and falls into a black oblivion as Jess and Lady land at her side.

Chapter End Notes

Please comment...
Hey guys,

So I seem to be on roll with giving you updates this weekend. This is the last one I have finished and all future chapters are in my mind! So it might well be a short while before another update comes your way, what with real life and all! I hope you have enjoyed this little binge, even if lemony goodness has been scarce to nonexistent.

In this chapter Sandor finds out what has transpired previously. There is angst, upset, swearing and descriptions of injuries...

Sandor stretches languidly in his bed trying to cling onto the fragments of the dream he was having. The little bird straddled over him with her fiery curls tumbling around her perfect face. Piercing blue eyes staring provocatively into his as she lowers herself to him and kisses him deeply. He feels the creamy softness of her breasts as he caresses and palms one softly.

"Damn" he mutters under is breath. He's as hard as a rock as he gets out of bed and naked as his name day strides into his walk in shower room and takes himself in hand under the steaming spray of hot water from the shower.

He's meeting her later today at work. Stranger is due some flea and worming treatment and it's as good enough excuse as any to see the little bird. He can't fuckin believe it but he seems to be onto a good thing with her, she loves his ugly brute of a self, she told him herself, and who knew there was a fucking Florian the fucking fool in him, damn he loves Sansa, that sweet little bird too.

Once he's towelled himself down he pulls on dark blue jeans and the blue shirt she seems to favour. Combing through his hair he heads to the kitchen.

"Morning grumpy" he rasps to Stranger who is curled up in a tight ball in his bed, he lifts his head and offers a wide yawn before stretching up walking over to Sandor who's pouring himself a black coffee.

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"How about some eggs?" He asks Stranger who wags his tail and watches his master studiously.

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He goes about scrambling some eggs and grilling some rashers of bacon before heaping some onto a plate for him and tops up Strangers bowl of biscuits with the rest. Tucking into his breakfast he taps his phone; one missed call from the little bird. Midnight, odd time to call. He returns the call but it rings until her answer phone picks up. He assumes she must be at work and can't answer her phone so hangs up without leaving a message.

"C'mon Stranger" he hollers down the garden and his pal comes strolling in. "Let's go and see the little bird and get you all fixed up."

He rasps at Stranger whilst clipping the leather lead to Strangers collar. He decides to walk as it's a bright warm day and fishes his aviators out of his shirt pocket.
He walks steadily to the practice and arrives himself in reception eager to see Sansa again.

"Stranger Clegane" a timid voice calls from the nurses consult room doorway.

He lifts his head and sees a petite blonde nurse shifting awkwardly in the doorway. He narrows his eyes, stands up and crosses the waiting room before ducking under the doorway. Stranger is grumbling as he passes beside him.

"You're not Sansa" he barks out at the nurse glaring at her name badge. Jeyne is it?

She cringes away from him as most people do when they first see him and behold his hideous facial scarring.

"No sir, Sansa rang in sick this morning and I have to cover her appointments instead." She says with a tone of disdain and an eye roll.

"I'm sure she would be here if she could." He bites back at her directing a furious look at this person who is happy enough to insinuate the little bird takes time off which isn't genuine. "Just get me some flea and worming stuff for stranger" he rasps out.

"I'll need to weigh him-"

"37kg" he cuts her off. She stalks down the corridor to get the products. Poor little bird, hope she's all right, think I'll stop off after taking Stranger to the park. Jeyne enters the room and hands him the products with a "here you go, sir." He grunts and leaves the room, paying at the reception before heading over to the park.

He unclips Strangers lead and he saunters off for a sniff and a piss. Once done he starts throwing the tennis ball for stranger to catch and fetch relishing the feeling of sun on his back. Lollys appears out of nowhere and catches the ball in mid air. Gruffing out a laugh at Strangers stunned expression. He hears Bronn approach and stand beside him watching Stranger and Lollys hurtle around the green together.

"Quick ain't she" Bronn proudly states.

Sandor grunts in agreement.

"She enjoyed chasing three assholes through the park last night, bit one too I reckon from his scream... Serves him right, the bastard."

Sandor slides a disapproving look at Bronn who catches his glance. Knowing how he hates dogs being used as weapons. Bronn holds up his hands

"If you were there, mate you'd have done just the same, then snapped their necks. They were forcing a kneeling woman to the floor, no doubt with some nasty intentions. Already had given her quite a beating too." He adds, anger barely disguised in his usually jovial voice. Sandor tenses up at the thought.

“Lollys and I walked her home but she wouldn't let me call the guard. I hope she's ok... I had to give her my hoody as they'd torn her top and bra from her.” He adds.
"Fucking scum, piece of shits preying on a defenceless women. Three of 'em you say?"

Bronn nods

"Hate to think what would of happened if Lol and I didn't turn up. She was so polite and courteous after all she'd been through. Pretty with blue eyes and red hair." He adds as an afterthought.

A feeling of cold dread slides into Sandor's gut.

"Fuck you say, man?" He rasps at Bronn who stares back at him a little bit perplexed.

"She was pretty, polite, blue eyes and red hair..."

"Where she live?" He rasps out. **Please not Sansa, please not his little bird.**

"On Steel Street, the house with blue door and birds on it."

"FUCK! Sansa!" He yells and whistles sharply to Stranger before running through the gate.

Stranger is on his heels as they round the corner and are stood panting outside her house. He opens the gate and strides to the door, banging on the glass but there is no response. Trying the door handle, which doesn't budge.

"Fuck" he mutters finding the key safe and punching in the code she gave him. fumbling the key in his massive hand he unlocks the door and steps into the hallway. It is deathly silent.

"Stranger, stay." her murmurs and slowly ascends the stairs.

On the top landing is a pile of her work uniform; toeing it he can see the ruin of her tunic top. The door to her bedroom is ajar and he taps lightly before pushing the door open and stepping inside. His heart tears in two when he sees his Sansa, sleeping.

She is lay on her front and black/blue bruises cover her back. There is blood on the pillow from her lip and her face looks swollen. He makes to take a step forwards but stops when Lady and Jess stir from beside her. Normally the timid Jess is advancing on him growling, hackles raised and a flash of white teeth, Lady close behind.

He holds his hands up and speaks softly "Lady, Jess it's me ok?"

Lady hesitates but Jess is still advancing.

"Jess ... Wait" comes a soft but firm command from the bed.

Jess turns and runs back to wear Sansa is still lay prone on her stomach but awake and looking at him. Jess whines and licks her hand. Sansa's usually bright blue eyes are dull and filled with tears as she regards him.

"Sandor" her voice breaks on the second syllable of his name and she begins to sob.

He rushes to the bed and kneels in front of her. Up close he can see the bruising on her face where she has been struck with enough force they split her lip in two places. The whites of her eyes are red. All he wants to do is gather her up in his arms and cradle her but is scared of hurting her more. He settles for running his fingers through her hair and leaning his forehead against hers gently.

"Sansa... What happened? Who did this to you?" He chokes out.
Quietly she sobs against his face and he can feel her warm tears trickling down his cheeks, he doesn't think she will answer him.

"Will you help me sit up? Please, Sandor?" She asks him so sweetly.

Gently he rolls her onto her side and gently guides her up holding her left shoulder until her right shoulder is touching his chest. He grabs the throw from the bottom of the bed and holds it to her chest averting his gaze from her breasts. He can tell she's trying to be brave but she sucks in a sharp breath when she is upright.

"Have you had anything for the pain?" He murmurs, his voice coming out a deep rumble.

She shakes her head a negative. He looks over her back and can see that it is glistening with blood in places where they struck her with enough force to break the skin.

Snarling out at the sight his anger flaring "Where do you keep your drugs?"

She flinches at his snarl and shakily answers "I-in t-the m-mirrored cabinet I-in the bathroom."

He eases him self off the bed and hunts out some pain meds and something to clean her hurts up with. He fills a glass up with water and heads back into her bedroom. She looks so small and fragile. His throat works convulsively to try and swallow the rage building inside him. Just you wait, bastards. He gently takes her tiny hand in his and pops out a couple of capsules and holds out the water. She smiles at him gratefully and takes them, sipping at the water. His stomach twists.

"Will give them some time to kick in, then clean your hurts." He rasps at her "I can see your back and face little bird, did they hurt you anywhere else... Did they do anymore than beat you?

Please say no, this is bad enough but no more please...

She clears her throat and stares at the glass in her hand. "They stripped me and f-felt m-my breasts but Bronn arrived in time before they could, could full fill their intentions." she shudders at the memory and lets out a heart wrenching sob and all he wants is to crush her to him to leech the pain and hurt away that the fuckers caused.

After a moment she continues.

"Everywhere hurts really but they punched me in the stomach and I fell to my knees."

He shifts and can see there are some grazes to her knees but before he can see her stomach he will have to remove the throw.

"May I?" He murmurs holding the throw corner between his thumb and forefinger.

She nods and he lifts and sweeps the throw to one side whilst she holds the top over her breasts. Her stomach is bruised but thankfully no more cuts and he settled the cover over her once more. He leans in and kisses her softly on the forehead

"I'm going to let the girls out and give them some food, ok? I'll be right back."

She nods at him and he turns away and heads down stairs, Lady at his heels and Jess reluctantly follows. Both gobble down their food and head out into the garden whilst he makes some tea and toasts some bread for Sansa, spreading a thick layer of lemon curd on top. Jess, Lady and Stranger appear to have shot up stairs as he carries a tray with his offerings.
Lady, Jess and Stranger are all sat besides Sansa and watch as he enters the room. Sansa is absently stroking Stranger's pricked up ears. Holding the tray in one hand Sandor clears a space on the bedside table and places the tray there. Handing Sansa a plate with the toast he begins to pour the tea.

"Thank you." She murmurs through delicate little bites of the toast.

She manages half the portion before handing it back to him and takes the proffered mug of tea. She takes a few sips then sighs.

"How you feeling, littlebird?" He asks tentatively.

"Still sore" she answers "but I think the pain meds are helping."

"Good, I'm going to have to clean the wounds on your back now, are you ready? I'll be a gentle as I can."

She shifts slowly on the bed to offer him her exposed back.

With warm water he filled in a mixing bowl and a pastel lemon washcloth he begins to gently wipe at the blood from her back. Small cuts are revealed which are shallow. He can feel her back tense at his gentle as possible ministrations but no sound escapes her.

“Does that hurt? Sansa?” He prompts.

The only response he gets is a quick nod of the head and a heavy exhale. He continues to clean her back and gently pats it dry before applying some arnica cream to help with the bruising. Quickly emptying and refilling the bowl, he bathes he legs and knees, removing little bits of grit and dirt from the raw flesh of her kneecaps. His rage is simmering but he is trying to focus on the task in hand. FLYING INTO A RAGE NOW WILL NOT HELP HER. He bathes her neck, shoulder and collar bones before he has to remove a soft throw covering her breast and stomach.

Staring at her bruised and battered face he clears his throat and as calmly as he can muster which comes out at a low growl. “Sansa, I needs remove the throw now, to clean the rest of you and check for hurts… is that ok?”

She nods with a quick glance into his directions and he carefully pulls the blanket from her. He bathes her stomach and her breasts; he cannot help but notice the bruising around her left nipple and sucks in a harsh breath. Drying her off once more he sweeps the throw around her shoulders and a cloak and tucks her in before he finally attends to her face.

She doesn’t look him in the eyes throughout his careful ministrations and it is that what breaks him. His hands shake as he cradles his beloved little-bird’s face in his hands and leans his forehead against hers once more. He can feel warm tears on his face and he lets out a guttural sob as he rocks her little face between his hands. He feels the soft shift and sweep of her arms embracing him as her tears fall to mingle and join with his.

They still and remain silent for an untold period of time and he feels her place the most feather light kiss he has ever known on his brow before whispering.

“I-it was J-J-Joffrey, h-him and h-his f-friends Meryn and B-Boros.” In a monotone voice she relays the events of that evening and he feels the muscles tense in his neck. “I t-tried to c-call you when I woke up after p-passing out the first time, but there was no answer.”

Feeling enormously pissed off with himself he grates out. “Left it on the countertop downstairs, little bird, only saw you’d tried to call when I was breaking my fast.” He clears his throat and says
“Clearly you called into work sick, did you tell them what happened?”

She shakes her head a negative. “Told them I had a sickness bug.”

Rolling his eyes. “You’re not going back to that place for while, Sansa. I’m going to call them. Going to call the Gold cloaks too.”

She stares at him startled and begins to protest.

His calm resolve falters and he slams his fist down on the bedside table making her flinch.

“Godsdammit! Sansa! They were going to rape you! We will not let that fucking worthless cunt get away with this.” He roars.

Tipping a finger under her chin so her Tully blue eyes are gazing into his hurricane fury grey.

“Nobody will hurt you again. Or I will kill them.” She sucks in a breath at this statement and nods.

He opens his arms to her and she shuffles into his embrace, he can feel her heart thrumming against his chest. Silently he vows to keep her safe, always.

The blackness of the Hound, a part of himself he has quelled but never lost lifts it's head and sniffs the air. It smells blood and it craves vengeance and it is aimed at that little golden haired cunt and his friends. They are going to bleed for what they have done to his little bird. He curls his fingers into her shoulders and bares his teeth into a snarl, twisting his scars into a grotesque mask above her delicate copper curls.

The Seven Hells will seem like a paradise when he is through with them…

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked, please keep coming with the comments! You guys are awesome! :-D
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

This chapter has an angst like theme throughout. Also there are some characters here that I may have dragged from one end of the Seven Kingdom's to King's Landing but I didn't want to creepy fingers Pyelle examining Sansa so that was all the justification I needed...

Sansa is buried in a nest of blankets on her sofa in front of her log burner with Jazz music softly playing. Sandor helped dress her in the baggiest shirt she has and a pair of soft jersey pajama shorts before cradling her against his broad chest and carrying her downstairs. She watched him light the log burner and gingerly add some logs before setting down a pot of tea with a huge mug and some biscuits. Jess jumped up and curled up beside her on top of the blankets whilst Lady and Stranger sat in front of her acting like guardians whilst Sandor is otherwise distracted. He appeared once more with an armful of her soiled bedding before proceeding to dump it in the washing machine and bang around in the kitchen, searching for the washing detergent and fabric softener. Gods she’s lucky to have him.

She is absently stroking Jess’s velvet soft ears when she can hear his steel on stone voice emanating from the kitchen.

“This is Sandor Clegane, I am calling on behalf of your employee Sansa Stark… I wish to speak with her manager…”

“Hello… I am calling to let you know Sansa will not be able to return to work in the short term. I am awaiting a Maester to arrive but she was attacked on her way home last night.”

“She is very battered and bruised, no I don’t think a bunch of flowers will help, cunt! It was your son that attacked her…”

He slams his fist onto the counter top, which makes her self and Jess jump on the sofa, causing her muscles to scream in protest to the sudden movement and Jess to whine and snuffle and lick her hand in response to her sharp intake of breath. Stranger and Lady whip their heads up and rest them on the edge of the sofa, eyeing her with worry.

His voice once again resonates from the kitchen.

“Hello, KL Police? I need to speak with Detective Jory Cassel immediately, tell him it is Sandor Clegane…”

A few moments are spent on hold and she can hear the whir of the washing machine.

“Ah Jory… I have been better, friend. I am calling to report a physical attack and almost rape on m-my partner Sansa Stark. I want you personally on this case…”

Sansa zones out in a haze of pain as Sandor gives her address out to this detective friend of his. She knows she has to face what has happened to her but part of her wants to retreat somewhere safe and
although she has Sandor she wishes for the warm embrace of her parents. Tears track down her face as Sandor enters the room. She almost doesn’t recognize him by the twist of his lips causing his scars to contort and stretch, along with the flat greyness of his eyes. It lasts mere moments before his eyes soften and he approaches her, squatting in front of her and tenderly tucking some stray wisps of hair from her face.

“You all right Little bird?” He rasps

“Noo...” she murmurs, “I want to run away, I want my parents and I want to stop hurting.” He voice breaks in a sob.

He places a soft kiss on her forehead and she tries to draw strength from his kiss. He rasps in her ear “I’ve got you little bird, I cannot bring your parents back but I can care for you in their stead. I will help you get through this. The Police and a Maester are on their way and I’ve informed your work that you won’t be there for the foreseeable future.”

She nods and grips his hand with a little squeeze. “Thank you, Sandor. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

“We’re a team you and I and a hound will protect his mistress.”

She looks into his molten grey eyes and smiles the tiniest of smiles. “I love you.”

“Love you too, little bird.” He drops another kiss to her forehead when there is a sharp knock at the door.

He gets up and shuts the lounge door, containing her and their hounds before he hears his gruff response.

“Come in Jory and...?”

“P-podrick, sir.”

“Right come on through, hope you’re alright with dogs as there are three of them in there with Sansa and they aint leaving her side.”

Sansa is half pushing herself into a more respectable sitting position when the door into the lounge creeks open and a tall – not Sandor tall – gentleman with jaw length brown hair and a shorter slightly pudgy younger man enter her sanctuary dressed in the King’s Landing Police Department uniform.

“Miss Stark, My name is Detective Inspector Jory Cassel and this is Police Constable Podrick Payne. We are here at the request of Sandor Clegane who has reported you were physically and almost sexually attacked last night, is that true?”

Sansa nods her head and steels a breath for the oncoming questions.

“Right, Miss Stark. Can you walk me through the events of last night?”

Jory has kind warm brown eyes and he nods his head for her to continue, Podrick has a notepad and pen in hand ready to detail down her statement. She relays her story in a monotone voice much like she used with Sandor earlier. He has sat beside her and shifted Jess onto his knee so that he can be close to her and hold her hand with one and with the other he strokes Jess’s neck causing her to arch into it and her lips pull into a satisfied grin. Squeezing occasionally when her voice falters, urging her to continue.
“And you are certain the men that attacked are Joffrey Baratheon, Meryn Trant and Boros Blount?”

“Y-yes.” She whispers, her voice cracked from the tears and her screams.

“And is there any reason, any reason at all that you can think of which may have provoked this attack?”

“I don’t see why that matters, it happened, surly that’s enough?” Sandor rasps menacingly.

“I want to hear from Sansa, Sandor.” Jory says in a tone that brooks no arguments, even with her fearsome boyfriend.

“H-he blamed me for killing his Dog.”

Jory, Podrick and Sandor’s eyes look at her agape. This is part of the story she hadn’t told Sandor.

“I am a Veterinary Nurse who works at King’s Landing Veterinary Hospital. I was on call last night when we had an emergency rushed in, Joffrey’s dog, Hearteater had a GDV – a twisted stomach. Jaime and I went into emergency surgery but by the time we intervened her stomach tissue had already died and then her heart stopped on the table. There was nothing that we could do so we let her go. Joffrey blamed me and accused me of killing her… he struck me at the practice. Jaime the vet is also his uncle and he screamed at him to get off me… it seems Joffrey wanted to fulfill his revenge on the way home.”

Sandor’s eyes are unreadable, his lips pressed into a hard line.

Jory clears his throat. “Is there anyone who can provide evidence?”

“Well Jaime witnessed him striking me, Jaime Lannister” she supplies “and the dog walker who came to my aid… ugh I can’t remember his name…”

“Bronn Blackwater.” Sandor interjects. “It was he, who unwittingly told me of my Littl- Sansa’s attack.”

Sandor recounts his version of events and Sansa zones out to the cadence of his voice trying to drown out the pain.

“Thank you, Sansa. That will be all for now. We will come once we have compiled the official statement and await the medical report.” Jory responds formally drawing her out of her haze.

She nods once more and Sandor shows them out. She exhales deeply and when he comes back in he sits beside her, taking both her hands in his, tracing a thumb over her knuckles.

“I didn’t know he struck you at work, little bird. You should have called and I would have brought you home.” His voice is soft but nothing can hide the admonishment to his statement.

“I wasn’t thinking all right!” she bites out, “I never imagined he would attack me and t-try to f-f-force himself on me, him and his friends. Don’t blame me for this, Sandor. I will not accept this.” She is angry and hot wet tears fall from her eyes, cascading down her cheeks in hot rivulets.

“Sansa--- I’m not blaming you! I just could have protected you from them, that situation needn’t have happened.” He growls out.

She sees red then. “Well it did happen, and here I am. Battered and beaten, but I am not broken Sandor. He didn’t take me from you then; don’t let him do so now. Because if he does he will have
won.”

“Fuck. Little bird, I’m… shit! I’m sorry, okay. I am sorry.” He embraces her against the wide expanse of his chest, cradling her to him and relents and sobs into his blue button down shirt.”

They remain like this for sometime before she pulls away, swiping her hands at her face.

“I’m sorry Sandor, I don’t know what came over me.”

“Its all right, Sansa. I’m sorry too, I should never have implied that it was your fault, the only people are at fault are those cunts.”

A knock at the front door breaks their reunion. Sandor drops and kiss to her head before answering.

“Yes?”

“It’s Maester Luwin, sir. I have been asked to attend a Miss Sansa Stark.”

“Yes, come through.

Sansa turns and sees the friendly features of an aging Maester. He approaches her with his medicine bag and places it gently on the rug before taking a seat in the armchair nearest her.

“Now Miss Stark, I have been asked to examine you following the attack, may I ask you where it hurts?”

She relays her extensive list of hurts and he nods sympathetically.

“May I examine you Sansa?”

Sandor ushers the dogs from the room and draws the curtains to give them some privacy.

Sansa nods her head and pulls herself up to perch on the seat of the sofa.

“I’ll be right outside, Sansa.” Sandor mumbles before exiting into the hallway and closing the door behind them.

“Ok first things first, I am going to take a look at your face, then listen to your heart and lungs as well as do a blood pressure check. I will need to see you back and stomach as well. Is that alright?”

She nods once more. The Maester approaches slowly and looks into her face. “The cuts and grazes are shallow and won’t require suturing.” He murmurs.

He listens to her heart and lungs – both sound good. Her blood pressure is a little high but that is not to be unexpected.

“Now can you stand, Miss Stark?”

Sansa eases herself up to standing and Maester Luwin looks her over before taking a sharp intake of breath.

“Sweet child, are you certain you were not sexually assaulted?”

Sansa looks at him shocked before looking down her chest, stomach and to her jersey shorts where a bloom of scarlet blood is blossoming from her woman’s place. A sharp crash has Sandor bursting through the door, looking for her before paling at the sight of blood.
“Sir!” Maester Luwin protests.


“No, Sandor. Maester Luwin it’s alright for him to be here.” She adds as Maester Luwin glares daggers at this intrusion. “It’s my moon blood. I forgot I was due now, it slipped my mind.” She blushes as these men take in a very private and personal aspect of her life.

“All right, are you sure, Sansa?” they both ask in unison.

“Yes I am sure, she retorts. Please excuse me whilst I attend my needs.” She hobbles at speed to be out of their sight, disappearing into the down stairs bathroom and cleaning herself up before using feminine hygiene products. I still need clean panties and shorts. Ugh that means I have to upstairs. Her body screams in protest at the thought. She creeps out into the hallway and is staring up her flight of stairs when a rough “here” makes her jump and gasp. Sandor is stood behind her with some fresh shorts and a selection of pants balled into his hand. His cheeks and neck is a ruddy read colour.

“Here you go, little bird. I didn’t know which you would be most comfortable with.”

He thrusts her shorts and small clothes at her and she cannot help and chuckle at his obvious discomfort. Disappearing back into the downstairs toilet she changes once more. Once clean she reenters the lounge to find Maester Luwin placing some medicine bottles on to the table.

“These are milk of the poppy capsules, to help with the aches and pains and here is some Sweet sleep. It is not uncommon after these incidents for the victim to suffer nightmares and flashbacks, take them as instructed on the bottle.”

She nods and he packs up his medicine bag before tipping his head and exiting the room and seeing himself out. Sandor embraces her and she snuggles in seeking shelter in the protection of his arms.

“You’ve done good today little bird. I needs get some things from my place. I want to stay with you, is that alright?”

She nods her head and is pleased she didn’t have to ask. He drops another kiss to her forehead.

“I’ll come back with takeaway, ok?”

She nods again and he quickly exits and locks the door behind him. She is exhausted and achy. She swallows down two milk of the poppy capsules before resettling into the nest of blankets and drifts off into an uneasy sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo... what dya think?
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

This chapter flips from Sandor's POV to Sansa's POV here and there and to allow you to adopt gruff rumble voice and delicate feminine voice I have written their name in italics at the start of the POV switch.

Hope you enjoy :-) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sandor

Two days later…

Sandor was exhausted.

As Maester Luwin predicted the nightmares and flash backs hit Sansa hard. She would toss and turn muttering and whimpering to herself in her sleep, incoherently at first before it built into shouts and cries of “No, Joffrey... No.”

She would only settle eventually once she had woken or he awoke her from the terrors, him running his fingers through her fiery curls and crooning in her ear, holding her with her back to his chest.

“It’s alright little bird, I’ve got you, they won’t ever hurt you again, if they try, I will kill them.”

On and on he repeated this to her, until her breathing steadied and the trembling abated and she fell back into a fitful sleep.

It broke his heart to see her this way, her shiny fiery mane was dull and the sparkle in her eyes was extinguished. She would eat if he fed her, drink if he brought her a beverage and only move if for basic necessities.

Rap Rap Rap

“Sansa? Can you get that?”

He hollered from the kitchen where he was unloading the dishwasher. Nothing.

Rap Rap Rap

He sighed and proceeded to stomp down the hallway glancing into the living room where Sansa was sat in the armchair staring off at nothing, bathed in warm sunlight from the tall glass window. He wrenched the door open and looked down with a grunt. “Yes?”

“Good day, we are here to visit Miss Sansa.” Came the voice from the smallest man Sandor has ever met. Beside him is a tall fellow with golden blonde hair and crisp green eyes, holding a bunch of yellow roses.

“And who may I ask is calling?”
He folds his arms across the broad expanse of his chest and glares down at these unexpected intruders.

“My name is Tyrion and this is my brother Jaime. We work with Sansa at the veterinary hospital. And who if you don’t mind me asking, might you be?”

“Sandor Clegane, Sansa’s partner.” He states with a gruff smirk.

“Oh, really.” Is the taller guys incredulous response. “I didn’t know Sansa was seeing anybody.” He adds, as an afterthought when he sees’s Sandor’s glare.

His brother ploughs in with another query before he can bite at the taller bloke. Why does Jaime ring a bell?

“May I ask, how sweet Sansa is, ser?”

“Not a ser, come and see for yourself.”

They hesitantly cross the little bird’s threshold and he shows them into the living room. Sansa has sat herself more upright and has smoothed a soft dove grey blanket over her legs. Lady, Jess and Stranger are either sat beside or lay in front of the armchair, watching the visitors enter the room.

Sansa shifts her gaze to the two men approaching her and her eyes glitter with unshed tears, her perfect pink mouth marred by cuts set into a hard line, the bruises on her face tingeing her usually creamy complexion yellow as if it has been soured.

The sharp intake of breath from the two men before him makes him smirk. Not because he is taking pleasure in her pain or their discomfort but for another person to validate the horror and anger coursing through his veins. I am justified to feel this way.

The half man approaches Sansa cautiously and tentatively takes her hand. Her eyes soften when she looks at him.

“Sweet Sansa, my poor sweet girl.” He pats her hand.

Jaime awkwardly perches on the end of the sofa, Stranger sniffs his hand and bares his teeth and elicits a fearsome growl deep from within his throat.

“Stranger…” Sandor admonishes.

His hound settles but continues to glare at this blond haired vet with a look of distrust. Always trusting his faithful hounds instincts, he takes note and wracks his brain fro why his name is so familiar.

“Well Jaime witnessed him striking me, Jaime Lannister.”

“You Cunt!”

Grabbing Jaime’s shoulder roughly he shakes it. Lady, Jess and Stranger are on their feet and snarling at once.

“You let your fucking cunt of a nephew lay a hand on her, in her place of work, where she should be protected and you didn’t call the police after the incident?! And you have brought her some poncy flowers as an apology, to say sorry my nephew and is fucking cronies beat her and intended to rape her. You have fucking big balls to show your pretty boy face around here.” He roars.
Jaime’s eyes are as wide as dinner plates, as he stares into his eyes. His breathing is fast and he licks his lips nervously.

“Believe me sir, I did not realize that was going to be the outcome…”

“Shouldn’t have mattered, he struck an employee.” He growls out, glaring down at this poor excuse for a human being.

The half man – Tyrion – interjects before he can continue on with his tirade.

“I am inclined to agree with Clegane here Jaime. You are aware of our delightful nephews temper and fits of rage, especially when he doesn’t get his way. Why ever did you not call the police?”

Sansa has drawn herself more upright in the chair, watching the scene unfold around her with pained curiosity.

“Yes Jaime, why?” she murmurs.

“It was improper, I know that now, but I hoped speaking with him would be enough, Sansa I truly am sorry that he struck you and all the more that I put you in danger by my inactions… please forgive me.” He pleads to his little bird.

Sandor scoffs at the ridiculous request, but is eyes widen at her next statement.

“I do forgive you Jaime, but I want Joffrey brought to justice. I trust you will do all you can with the police investigations to help ensure this will happen…” she trails off, seemingly exhausted by these few words.

“Of course he will, Sansa.” Tyrion speaks again patting her hand once more. He looks over at Jaime.

“You really should have done more than speak with Joffrey, hells I would have beaten the crap out of him, that would have been helpful… and I suspect fun as well.” Tyrion’s lips quirk up into a half grin.

Sandor cannot help but chuckle at the fighting talk of this half man. He can see he cares for the little bird’s wellbeing and that’s all right by him.

“Now Sansa, a little bit of business talk. Now don’t look worried. You can take off as much time as required and you will be covered by full pay until you return. Is that understood?”

Sansa nods her head.

“Thank you Tyrion, Jaime. Now I hate to be so rude but I need to rest.” Her voice is courteous but distant and the interaction with these men has left a looking pale and drawn. The men nod there heads and take their leave. Once he has shown them out he returns to the living room to find Sansa dozing in the armchair. He places the cover up around her shoulders and places a delicate whiskery kiss on her forehead.

*  

_Sandor_

_One week later_

“What do you mean he has an alibi?” He snarls out at the DI and his friend.
“I’m sorry Sandor, we were able to pin the violence at work on him but not the ensuing attack and attempted rape. Boros and Meryn have been arrested and charged but Joffrey has someone saying he was with them all evening after the emergency at the vets.”

He breaks his glare from Jory to look at Sansa, her face is drained by this news and she has curled within herself.

“B-but, it was him, I swear.” She cries out becoming more and more agitated, clutching at the coverlet between her fingers.

Sandor swears under his breath, inhaling deeply trying with all his might to contain The Hound within.

“Do you know what this has done to her?” He growls out.

“I truly am sorry Sandor but there is nothing I can do within the law.” He looks sympathetically at Sansa.

“Miss Stark I am truly sorry.”

She doesn’t respond, doesn’t acknowledge either of them as they exit the room. So caught up in her grief he fingers are white and clinging to the soft fabric of the coverlet she is wrapped in.

Sandor is ushering Jory to the door when his friend stops him by placing a hand on his shoulder.

“I am sorry mate, but as I say with this bullshit alibi I cannot look into this any further. It is the Iron bank of Bravos tight.”

He drops his voice to a soft undertone.

“However, me and the guys will look the other way if you want to meter out your own justice…”

Sandor narrows his eyes and regards his old army friend. A lot of the guys in the King’s Landing police force are ex military so he knows them but Jory is someone he views more as a friend.

“Are you sure?” He growls out.

“Just don’t kill him, alright?” Jory stares at him seriously but there is a spark of vengeance in his eyes.

The Hound growls appreciatively with the promise of a fight. There will be blood. There will be pain. There will be tears.

“No, I won’t kill him, I will just make him wish for death.” His lips curl into a feral smile, the muscles remembering the familiar grimace of old.

Jory nods his head once before taking his leave.

As he closes the door, the smile his on his lips twists and widens as The Hound’s mind runs through the potential pains he can inflict on that golden haired bastard.

He will rue the day he ever looked at His Little Bird.

Sansa
Two weeks later

“Sansa? Sansa… SANSA!”

Sandor shouting her name and bringing his fist down with a BANG onto the end table beside the sofa where she is lay within a cocoon of blankets startles her back from where her mind has wandered.

“Yes? I think you caught me dozing, Sandor.” She speaks faintly, her voice hoarse from little use. The report that Joffrey will go unpunished has drained her and trying to drag up the will to do the smallest thing is exhausting.

“Don’t lie to me Sansa. I’ve been watching you staring into space for the last ten minutes, trying to get your attention for the past five.” He rasps out softly.

Her cheeks flush red from being caught out and she feels ashamed. He has been so good to her these past weeks, taking care of her, and Jess and Lady as well as himself and Stranger. He’s practically moved in with her and is still going to work on a daily basis. He leaves her something to eat during the day and cooks when he gets home after walking the dogs. All she does is shuffle around the house and let the dogs out into the garden before resuming her absent staring in the living room.

She looks at him, really looks at him for what feels like an age. His hair is swept back from his face in a low ponytail with several strands falling from the tie. His grey eyes are soft and there are deep lines creasing his skin with worry, worry for her. His beard has grown in thicker than usual and she reaches out to caress his cheek feeling the soft coarseness tickle against the palm of her hand. He leans in to the slightest of touches and she wracks her brain for the last time she offered him any affection. It was before the incident. Since then it has been him that has held her, him that has taken her hand within his, him that has dropped kisses onto her forehead and she has given him nothing back. This realization makes her feel awful.

“Sandor, I am sorry, so sorry for being distant from you. I – I just feel so, so shattered. That he will get away with this.” She exhales softly, trying not to cry.

“It’s all right little bird.” He drops a kiss onto her forehead. “He won’t be getting away with this.” He rumbles enigmatically “but come on, come with me and the hounds for a walk, it will do you some good…” He trails off and looks at her hopefully.

She steels a breath and nods; she hasn’t left the shelter of her home since the attack.

“Give me a minute, I’ll just get changed.”

She eases up off of the couch, her physical injuries and bruises are healing and the pain is fading but it is the emotional injuries that are weighing her down.

“Atta girl, I’ll get the hounds ready.” He rumbles.

She descends the stairs in indigo coloured skinny jeans and a long sleeved black t-shirt, her hair pulled back into a high ponytail. Sandor and the dogs are waiting by the front door; he offers her a soft glance and a half smile whilst the dogs weave around in the hallway excited for their walk.

“Its wellie weather today little bird, fuck me I didn’t know they were a fashion accessory, how many pairs have you actually got? I thought these ones would cheer you up.”
He rumbles with his eyebrow raised to challenge his choice. She looks down to find her black wellies with yellow trim. They are decorated with little yellow honeybees and yes they do make her smile.

“You chose well, Sandor.” She smiles as she slides her feet into the bright yellow fleecy wellie socks within the boots.

She stands infront of him and her forehead brushes against his bristled jawbone as she slides into her black outdoor coat. He is already cloaked in a deep grey raincoat and his enormous hunter green wellies. Two black leather leads in one hand and he offers Jess’s slimmer one to her.

“Right then hounds… Sit.” He commands and three furry bottoms hit the wooden floor in unison.

He clips Stranger and Lady onto the two leather leads within his hands whilst she clips Jess to her lead. He looks at her and murmurs softly.

“Ready then, Littlebird?”

She takes a deep breath and raises her chin and gives a curt nod. *She can do this. She will be brave. No one can hurt her whilst Sandor and the dogs are with her.* With purpose and this mantra running through her mind she strides out the front door he has opened for her with Jess faithfully at her side. *Well here we go…*

*S*

_Sandor_

The walk is going surprisingly well, they have taken the path up towards the woods where they shared that passionate kiss, he misses them the most, feeling her hot little mouth moving against his, tasting her sweet tongue dancing and teasing him. But damn he’s so scared of how to approach any intimacies with her after what she has been through and has resolved to allow her to make the first move… and fuck its killing him. The little caress she shared with him earlier had him wanting to weep. He aches for her and he wants to shoulder all the hurt and pain she has endured just to see her smile again.

Her eyes were hesitant and wary to begin with but settled somewhat as they turned up the hill, unclipping the dogs which unlike with him would gamble off into the distance, all except Jess who kept turning and looking for her mistress and who he had to keep cajoling to keep up with the group. *Faithful little pup.* Today they seem to have flanked them, Stranger beside him, Jess beside Sansa and Lady bringing up the rear.

They are striding forward together in silence, boots slipping occasionally in the thick syrupy mud as they ascend the hill into the woodland. He is gazing off watching a squirrel hopping from branch to branch in a tree up ahead when a small warm hand seeks his and wiggles there fingers to intertwine startles him to look down, his Sansa glances up at him with a small shy smile and a faint glimmer of the sparkle that usually resides in the depths of those beautiful sapphire eyes.

“You okay, little bird?” He rumbles.

“Feeling better for being out Sandor, thank you for encouraging me.”

Her voice is soft and she squeezes his hand, which he returns. His heart feeling lighter in this moment than it has since Bronn inadvertently told him of the attack.

“Good little bird, I cannot tell you how pleased I am to hear that…”
He breaks off, being interrupted by the \textit{buzz buzz} of his smart phone, alerting him to an e-mail. He fishes it out of his pocket and reads, a smile teasing his lips. Sansa looks at him curiously as he stows away his phone back into his pocket.

“What is it?” she murmurs.

He takes a deep breath. “How would you and the girls like to come and see my place in the Westerlands? I’ve just had an e-mail from my builder to say the work is complete and just needs signing off…”

He tails off hopefully. He doesn’t want to leave her and part of him is excited to show her his home and what all of his hard work has amounted to.

“Really?!” she squeals. “When can we go?”

“Tomorrow?”

“Yes, Sandor lets go, oh I can’t wait!”

She exclaims and in this moment his passionate little bird has been brought back to him.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, I hope you liked...

Side note:

I know in real life the chances of the Police 'looking the other way' for Sandor to meter out his own justice is improbable but for this story not to end with him serving jail time and his little bird visiting him in the clink, they will be looking the other way. ok?! Good! :-)
They are flying down the motorway towards the Westerlands and have been on the road for a couple of hours now. It took some strategic packing to fit their suitcases in, along with the paraphernalia that dog ownership brings as well as the dogs. There was no space in the back of the truck once everything was loaded in so Lady and Stranger are sprawled out on the massive back seat wearing car harnesses to keep them secure and safe, Jess is tucked into the passenger side foot well nestled in her green foam bed with Sansa. The contented pants and occasional sighs punctuate the long journey.

The more miles put between Sansa and King’s Landing lightens her mood. She is so excited to see Sandor’s home and is busy peppering him with questions on the journey. He huffs out an exasperated half breath, half laugh.

“You will see soon enough, little bird. Not much longer now.”

He flicks his indicator to signal their leaving the motorway and is now turning a long a dual carriageway signposted for Casterley Rock. Twenty minutes or so later he turns off the dual carriageway and starts taking some winding country lanes bordered by thick hawthorn hedges further and further into the depths of the countryside. From her position in the cab of the Warrior she can see the patchwork of fields spanning in all the directions. They pass a terraced row of cottages that would look well suited on a chocolate souvenir box and a little Raven’s Messenger office stood next to a large red sandstone pub called ‘The Drunken Hedge Knight.’

Rounding another corner there is a parting in the hedge with two sandstone cut brick pillars and two wrought iron gates. Sandor presses the button of a discreet little fob attached to his keys and the gates begin to steadily open. Through the gate is a short gravel drive, which expands to the front of a grand looking old farmhouse building that spans two floors. It is perfectly symmetrical with a large black wooden door in the centre and empty flowerbeds running below the windows at the front of the property. To the left of the property is what must have used to be an old stable block that appears to have been converted into a garage/ workshop, to the right is a large paddock with a dog agility course set up in one area contained by a white washed fence. It takes Sansa’s breath away. She is silent for a few moments taking in the impressive house and land.

So wrapped up in scanning to property she has momentarily forgotten the man who sits beside her, the man whom this property belongs to. He shifts and clears his throat.

“So, what do you think?”

“Oh, Sandor it’s so impressive, I can’t wait for you to show me around.”

He smiles as he opens his door and she can hear the crunch of gravel as he opens the back door to unclip Lady and Stranger who leaps out and Stranger leads Lady towards the paddock, Sandor opens her passenger door and Jess hurtles past to catch up with her friends. Sandor holds out his hand, which Sansa takes gratefully and hops down onto the gravel with a crunch. He leads her to the front door and she can see the large silver knocker is shaped into the head of a snarling dog. He pulls a key from his pocket and unlocks the front door and steps across the threshold of his home; he turns and regards her with unreadable grey eyes.
“Welcome to my home, little bird.” He says softly.

“Thank you for inviting me to see it.” She enthuses as he makes space for her to cross the threshold into his territory her eyes scanning the new space.

The smell of fresh paint fills the large hallway that is painted in a warm buttery cream colour with a soft beech coloured parquet floor. There are two doorways off the left of the hall way, the first into a large empty coloured reception room, it has a small fire place in the centre of the wall, flanked by two windows looking out to the front of the property. It has high ceilings and also more large windows overlooking some of the garden wrapped around the side of the house and has the same flooring as in the hallway. He mentions that the floor was original to the farmhouse hidden under old carpets and linoleum, that they spent tireless hours sanding it, re-staining and polishing it to a high shine.

The next room is just as large and high ceilinged but is furnished. Clearly this is one Sandor’s more lived in spaces. A black wood-burning stove is in pride of place in the centre of the main wall, which is painted a warm ochre colour. The remaining walls are a light grey like morning mist. On the ochre wall there are three black-framed pictures set above the log burner. Each frame has a photograph of a German shepherd within; Stranger is in the centre, a delicate black and tan shepherd to the right of him and a large longhaired sable shepherd to the left. Sandor points to the dog on the left, Warrior and to the right Maiden. He explains that Stranger, Warrior and Maiden were their barracks dogs and after he was discharged he kept them. Warrior died first, then Maiden a year later after reaching the grand old ages of twelve and thirteen years. Stranger was the youngest dog and he is now nine years old.

To the right of the wood burning stove is a huge flat screen TV with a sleek surround sound system and two massive black leather sofas arranged in an L shape facing towards the burner and TV. A coffee table is sat on a charcoal grey rug. Everything in this space is huge and imposing, yet comfortable. Much like the man who owns this house she muses.

Back out into the hallway and past an impressive wood and glass staircase, he shows her through to a large dining kitchen with rustic farmhouse cabinets and a huge Belfast sink. Discreetly hidden away are all of the household appliances behind the wooden doors. A huge chunky oak table commands the centre of the room with slate tablemats. The back wall of the kitchen is made of glass bi-fold doors opening onto a patio area and the back garden.

Through the kitchen dining space is a large utility room which houses the washer and tumble dryer along with a side entrance which makes for a perfect space to bring the dogs in or out. Clearly this is what Sandor had in mind as there are hooks hanging with waterproof coats and a selection of leads along with a boot rack. The floor is flagstone and through a small alcove is a downstairs shower room with large wet room shower cubicle, toilet and sink. Sandor mentions it is a good space to wash Stranger when he gets particularly muddy from a walk. The image of Sandor topless and in cut off shorts beneath the warm spray of the shower as he washes his canine companion fills her stomach with butterflies. It seems like an age since she’s felt them.

They work their way back through the house to the impressive staircase that doglegs round to the upper landing. There are four bedrooms, three currently empty and plainly decorated as well an enormous bathroom with a large shower cubicle and the biggest roll top bath Sansa has ever seen in the centre of the room. The tiles on the floor are slate grey with the wall tiles a slightly lighter shade with smaller mosaic tiles of pewter and steel tones.

He leads her to what must be his room and he almost shyly ushers her into his space; her eyes are drawn to an enormous sturdy looking bed. It is made of solid oak and has four posts that reaches to the ceiling but does not have a canopy. The bedding is crisp white linen with a charcoal grey coverlet
at the bottom. It is flanked by two bedside tables in a similar design to the bed with chrome bedside lamps and is set against a deep royal blue feature wall. In front of the foot of the bed is an ancient looking chest. The floor is hard wood and a brocade-patterned rug in the same shade of blue with hints of grey and black sits before the bed.

A writing desk with an old black typewriter sat upon it is against the wall overlooking the garden, the thickness of the walls allow for huge windowsills in this property wide enough that Sansa could sit within and overlook the grounds. A door leads through to a walk-in-wardrobe and ensuite with another huge shower.

The space and attention to detail has brought Sansa to a stunned silence as she runs her eyes over this space, which is his sanctuary.

“What do you think, little bird?” He rumbles softly. His eyes trained on her are unreadable.

“Oh, Sandor! I don’t know where to begin! It’s a beautiful home and the rooms you have furnished are done so nicely, I mean look at this space.” She exclaims gesturing to his bedroom. “I just love that bed!”

He smirks at her and she blushes. Carrying on with her assessment of his house.

“The depth of the windowsills are huge, have you thought about having window seat cushions made so that you can look over the garden? And the first reception room… what are your plans for that? It would make for a lovely formal reception area with a piano tucked into the corner or maybe a more formal dining space…”

Her mind is in overdrive thinking of how he could fill this beautiful house with furniture, and artwork as well as cushions and little trinkets that it takes a moment to notice he is watching her with a wide smile twisting his features, his grey eyes dancing.

“You having fun thinking of ways to feather a nest, little bird?”

She claps both hands to her mouth in realisation of what she has been doing; this is not her ‘nest to feather’ as he so aptly put it.

“Oh Sandor I am so sorry, you must have so many ideas already for this space and here I am telling you what to do… forgive me.” She cries shaking her head at such rudeness.

”Nothing to forgive, little bird.” He rumbles. “It is nice to hear your views and see someone else as excited as this space as I.

He approaches her slowly and gently embraces her; she wraps her arms around his waist, breathing in his heady masculine scent and sighs. Gods, where have I been these past weeks?! She muses.

“C’mon, let me show you the grounds.” He pulls her gently out of his room, down the long hallway and down the stairs to the front door. The dogs greet them with a wag of their tails and sprint around the side of the house. The gardens wrap around the house and they walk past flowerbeds waiting to be planted to the back garden, which has a massive patio area with rolling lawns and a pond with a little bridge over to a wooden corner arbor on the other side. As they step onto the bridge she looks down and can see the vibrant flashes of orange and silver from some enormous koi carp beneath the tranquil surface of the pond. They complete the circuit around to the paddock with the agility circuit.

“Got that to keep Stranger’s mind and body active, although not have much time to get him on it.” He rumbles staring over the paddock where the dogs are sniffing around the equipment.
They head over to the stable block and he opens the doors to a blokes paradise, big space full of various tools and a workbench as well as an assortment of car equipment, he ushers her through to the garage where her eyes fall on an Audi r8 spyder in matte black. She watches him approach the car and almost reverently caress the bonnet.

“Woah! Sandor, that is quite a car if I do say so myself.” She eyes the crisp curves and angles of such a fine vehicle.

He huffs out a laugh and rumbles, “This has been quite an indulgent purchase of mine.”

She approaches the car and he unalarms and opens the car to show her the interior, the drives seat is pushed right to the back and she wonders if a man of his stature can truly fit comfortably within. The seats are black leather with yellow thread. She whistles low.

“How do you drive it much?”

“Not recently and its not really an appropriate car for carting Stranger around in.”

“No, I guess not…”

“How do you drive, little bird?”

“Huh? Yess… just didn’t really see the point of a car in King’s Landing with being within walking distance of everything I needed…”

“That’s good to know. Wondered if I had to get you some driving lessons arranged.”

They exit the garage and walk towards the house, he drapes his arm around her shoulders and she snuggles into his side, her arm around his wait.

“Let’s get the hounds out and then we will worry about something to eat.”

They are both sat at the dining table, with cool white wine in two thin-stemmed crystal wine glasses awaiting on the roast chicken to finish cooking in the oven. The smells are making her mouth water and she cannot wait to feast upon the product of their afternoon in the kitchen, which followed the crisp afternoon dog walk. All three hounds are sprawled across the kitchen floor like haphazard rugs. Each one from time to time lifting their heads to sniff the aroma of cooking chicken wafting through before settling their heads back down with a deep sigh.

“So what are you going to get planted in the flowerbeds?” she asks making her conversation. Her mind is adrift with ideas for this house but she is hesitant to force her ideas on him after he excited outburst earlier, although he seemed to take it in good spirits.

“Fuck knows, I’m no gardener so will probably hire one of those landscapers to fill it full of flowers and shit.” He mutters.

She snorts out a laugh at his obvious disinterest in the garden. “Ok, noted. What about the other three bedrooms upstairs?”

He ticks off each room with a finger on his right hand. “Office, Gym and guest room, I guess, although you are most like to be my only guest and I have no intention of you sleeping in another room from me.” He rumbles dark and throaty with a gleam in his eye, which causes her stomach to do a somersault.
“I hazard a guess that you have no plans for me to sleep in that big old bed of yours?” She smiles wryly.

He looks at her with a softness in his deep grey eyes.

“I am happy for you to do whatever you are comfortable in that big ol’ bed up there, little bird. You know that.”

And she does and the sincerity of his statement takes her breath away. She clasps his hand in his and squeezes. “I do, Sandor and I love you so much for it. You’ve been so patient with me, whilst I heal. I truly don’t know what I’d do without you.”

He squeezes back. “Neither do I little bird, love you too.” He rumbles.

“So… when you bought this place, you wasn’t thinking for a future family?” she asks haltingly.

He looks at her deeply then. “No little bird, wasn’t thinking for a family.” His voice is almost sad at this admission.

“Don’t you want a family then?” She asks curiously.

“You are my family, little bird. You and the hounds.”

“So you don’t want children?”

He thinks on her question for sometime and she is worried he will not answer her.

“In truth it has never been an option I thought open to me, so I’ve never considered it.” He looks at her with uncertainty in his eyes and her heart aches for him.

“Why on earth not?” she asks almost indignantly. “Sandor you’re great and I feel lucky to have you, any woman would, surely.”

He laughs a dark bitter laugh. “That’s not been my experience, little bird.” Once again he gestures to the ruin of scars on the left side of his face. Have people been that shallow to him?

Then she thinks of her self as a young teenager entering her adult years and thinks, yes, yes we can be.

“What happened, Sandor?” she entreats to him, to find out the story behind his scars.

He stares at her for sometime, searching her eyes for something. Unconsciously her nods and lips his lips to speak. His words come out rough and hesitant.

“It was my older brother, Gregor-” He pauses and lips his lips again. “I was seven or eight years old and we were playing in our parents garden, my father had lit a fire to burn some garden waste and we were told to stay away from it. My brother seemed drawn to the flames and I approached him to try and get him to play ball with me. He never turned so I didn’t think he’d heard me and I approached closer and closer calling him to play – like he ever did – once I was beside him he tripped me over and I fell into the flames. Rather than pull me out he pushed me and held me down. I don’t want to play ball with you little brother.” He murmured coldly as I screamed. After what felt like a lifetime of pain, he let go as father came running and he yanked from the flames. He cried and said I got too close, he told me not too but I wouldn’t listen then I tripped and fell in. They believed him, both of my parents believed him.”

His voice breaks and Sansa can see silent tears running down his cheeks. Her chest feels tight and the horror if the past he has just imparted, she stands and moves to his side, embracing his head
against her chest and holds him there for an eternity. Trying to ignore the stinging sensation behind her eyes. He remains still fore several moments then shifts against her chest to look at her.

“Sansa? Are you crying?” he asks his voice hoarse from emotion.

Only then does she feel the warm salty tears tracking down her face, tasting them on her lips.

“Yes, yes I am.” She whispers. “Oh Sandor, how could he do something so hateful?”

“He was a fucked up individual it would seem.” He mutters darkly.

“Wait, was?”

“Yes, was. He was found dead in what was an underground prostitute establishment, his establishment. Overdose on cocaine her some other shit. Don’t know, don’t care really.” He grunts out.

“And your parents?”

“Dead too, gas leak at the family home supposedly. Whilst I was away on a school trip when I was twelve.”

“You think he was behind it then?”

“Aye, I do.”

“What happened then?”

“We went to live with my grandparents, they couldn’t cope with Gregor’s fits and rages and they sent him to a foster home. I stayed with them until they both died when I was 16. Enlisted into the army and never looked back.”

She hugs him close. “I’m so sorry for the pain you have been through my love.”

He squeezes her hand and then they both startle when the oven timer beeps announcing that dinner is ready. They break apart and serve the meal of roast chicken, garlic mashed potato, roast potatoes and parsnips and vegetables with crusty white bread and gravy. She refills their wine glasses and they stoically eat their meal. Sansa’s mind is running through the history of horrors of Sandor’s childhood. His voice startles her from her reverie.

“And you little bird?”

She looks at him over a plate half full of dinner, his gaze his wary.

“And I what, Sandor?” she asks confusedly.

“Want a family?”

“Ah.” She had forgotten she asked him that what with the heaviness of the topic she brought to the table. “Y—yes, I would like to. Someday. It’s been such a long time since I’ve thought on it.” She answers truthfully.

He stares at her with unreadable grey eyes.

“Is that something you think you could want with me, Sandor?” she asks, suddenly nervous by his answer.
He stares at her for an unfathomable amount of time, what feels like hours which is most likely a mere minute or two before he reaches his hand across the table and envelopes hers in his and squeezes once before leaning forwards and placing a whiskey yet soft kiss to her knuckles.

“Might be. Could be.” He murmurs.

Her lips turn up into a smile as she takes in what he has just said and it melts her heart.

Chapter End Notes

So in this chapter I covered the back history for Sandor's burn scars... I have read so many different approaches to how they are received and mine is no means original but I hope I've done it justice.

So what did you guys think??
Sansa is awoken by a steady left and right sway as Sandor carries her up the staircase to bed. She has vague recollections of settling down to watch a film after dinner and an overwhelming feeling of fullness and contentedness. She buries her nose into his shoulder and inhales his clean scent.

She can hear his soft even breaths as he carries her towards his bedroom, her toes curling is the only outward sign of anticipation she has for being in his space, at night.

He settles her down on the bed and does a double take to see her gazing back at him rather than being sound asleep as he presumed.

"Now she awakens, after I carried your little ass up these stairs," he rumbles with mirth lacing his voice.

A small sheepish smile turns her lips up.

"I awoke in your arms on the way up. How much of the film did I miss?"

"You were out for the count ten minutes in little bird, snoring away."

"I do not snore!" She exclaims embarrassed.

"Do to." He smirks at her as he turns towards the ensuite, closing the door and washing up for bed.

Sansa slides off and pads across to her suitcase placed in the corner of the room, unzips it and seeks out her toiletry bag and nightie. Sandor exits the bathroom and strides over to the bed, all bare broad chest and black pyjama bottoms which he’s taken to sleeping in since the attack. She slips into the bathroom and washes up with her favourite lemon and bergamot soap, moisturises and brushes her teeth before brushing through her hair. Deciding to leaver her nightgown where it is, she peeks out of the bathroom and sees Sandor lying on his back with his arms fold behind his head, eyes closed. She exhales pads quickly back across the room and slips under the soft sheets and presses her night cold body against him wrapping an arm around his torso making him startle bit from the coolness of her hands.

"Sheesh, Little bird your hands are cold."
He mutters as he drags his hand down her shoulder blades to the small of her back, causing her to shiver and him to pause. He looks into her eyes as he drags his hand slowly in reverse but this time tracing the swell of her naked breast.

Before he can form a question she places a soft sweet kiss to his lips, moving against his mouth slowly and softly until he responds in kind. His eyes are open as he watches her. She knows he is watching her for any sign of pause or panic but she continues moving her mouth against his whilst caressing his thickly rippled torso and biceps. Her eyes slide shut when she sees the burn of desire heating his grey eyes as he starts to respond to her touches and caresses.

He rolls so he his half over her supporting his weight with his left arm and his right hand cups her face as he kisses her before sliding into her fiery curls and cradling her head in his hand. His breathing comes out in rough pants as she traces her fingers along his muscled abdomen and dipping her fingers beneath his sleepwear, grasping at his hips and arching up to him. She can feel his arousal pressing against her thigh and his lips break from hers to start moving down her neck and shoulder, dancing across her collarbone and towards her peeked nipple. She gasps out a little breath with the contact of his mouth sending fizzing sensations across her body and a raw want emanating from her woman's place. She slips his pyjama shorts down his muscled legs and drags her fingers through the downy hair covering them back up towards his hardened cock.

"Gods Sansa, this feels so good." He groans into her breast. His hand leaves her hair and traces down to her woman's place and fondles the silky wetness and her arousal for him secreted within her folds. His touch makes her gasp and he finds her mouth and he tentatively dips a finger into her whilst she grasps his cock and finds the rhythm he likes best.

They work each other over until they are both gasping and breathing hard.

"Gods Sansa, I want you so much." He growls into her ear causing her to shudder.

"Take me then Sandor, I am yours." She murmurs softly to his mouth punctuating each word with a kiss.

He growls low as he rolls her onto her back and lines himself up with her entrance. He watches her as he slowly slides into her wet heat causing a low moan to escape her mouth. He pauses but she arches up to meet him. She doesn't want him to stop; she is beginning to feel complete again.

With every thrust of his hips, gentle and first before falling into a cadence she is more used to when joining with Sandor Clegane, not painful but passionate and she is there to meet him thrust for thrust, and with it a little bit of her old self returns to her. She feels overwhelmed that this act of love is helping to mend the hurts and torments of the last few weeks.

They are both breathless as she feels her internal muscles to clench and push over into a blinding orgasm causing her to cry out his name and tears to fall from her eyes. He thrusts hard. Once. Twice. Three times and with a guttural growl finds his completion and rests his forehead against hers. Their breathing slows and he wipes at the tears on her cheeks.

Frowning he mumbles "You all right, Sansa? Did I hurt you?"

"I'm fine Sandor, more than fine."

She cups both of his cheeks and bright blue meet stone great as they watch one another.

Sansa smiles a soft sweet smile for this man. This man who came into her life and lifted her out of the grief she was enveloped in and shared some of best days with. Even at her lowest point he sheltered
and protected her and now has helped heal the hurts inflicted upon her by others.

She loves this man with all of her heart and wants to turn her back on the events of Kings Landing and move forwards with him.

Chapter End Notes

So... what did you think?
Hi guys,

I just wanted to say I am sorry if I have been a bit sporadic with my posts and replying to comments recently. These last few weeks and most especially last few days have been incredibly busy and stressful. The cherry on top was my lovely Jess pup deciding it was an excellent time to get sick so I have been getting to take my job home with me. Thankfully she appears to be on the mend but I appear to be bad cop with her as I am the giver of drugs!

Anyhoo sorry to waffle on, I hope you enjoy this update.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sansa stretches out and rolls over to where she hopes Sandor’s broad chest will be but is greeted by cool crisps sheets. It has been two days since he left to head back to Kings Landing due to a complication on some work at Maegor’s holdfast. Because of her reluctance to return so soon he insisted she remain and left her with the Warrior after insuring it for her to drive and leaving Stranger behind so he could take the Spyder. She smiles at the memory of the fervent kiss they shared and the quirk of his lips as he started the car with a deep throaty rumble and a snarl from the engine and glare of rear lights as he sped out the drive and down the winding roads, leaving her and the hounds behind.

Since then she has settled into a routine of walking the hounds over the miles of footpaths winding through the countryside and then exploring the local towns. Today she has stopped and bought meat at a local butchers and found the little supermarket they went to the first night and stocked up on supplies for the next few days, treating herself to some luxury items as well as all the ingredients to make a lemon meringue pie.

As she was driving back towards Sandor's home she made a wrong turn and came across row upon row of poly tunnels and a single story brick building, a hand painted sign declaring it to be 'Loras & Renly's garden centre.' She pulls into the large gravel car park and begins to explore the garden centre, walking up and down the narrow paths with so many varieties of plants in all colours, shapes, sizes and scents. Knowing that Sandor is not at all interested in the garden at his home and finding herself at a loose end she wonders if he will mind her planting up his garden. She looks over the brightly coloured blooms and thick leafy foliage of the plants taking note of what is hardy and will regrow year after year. She feels the plants will need all the help they can get and seeks out a staff member for advice and help. She comes across a curly brown haired gentleman kneeling in the floor in beige combat shorts and a tight fitting grey t shirt planting up some large galvanised metal planters with a riot of colourful pansies and cyclamen. His brown ringlets cascade around his face, some falling into his eyes and he has smudges of dirt on his face but lights up with animation as the conversation of what would work in Sandor's garden unfolds. Forty minutes later he is helping load up the back of the truck with pallets of bedding plants, some different bushy plants as well as her most favourite purchase - a lemon tree!

She couldn't resist it when she saw it in a large brown pot with the tree sat proudly within and as
high as her chest. It's small gnarled trunk leading up to a full leafy canopy of dark green waxy leaves. Nestled within are a handful of small but perfectly formed lemons. The man - Loras - advises her it is best to be kept inside and she visualises it in the large hallway welcoming them into their - no Sandor's home.

Once back at home she unloads the purchases and sets them neatly along the walk of the outbuildings and struggles to carry the lemon tree inside. Setting it down with a thud she steps back to muse on its position, twisting the pot a few times and nods her head with a smile. It looks perfect here. The dogs all come barreling in from the garden after being let out and sniff around the pot.

“Stranger… NO!”

She admonishes as the big black hound goes to cock his leg up the lemon tree. She's going to have to keep an eye on him.

Her afternoon is spent having a light lunch and making the lemon meringue pie. She loves preparing meals in Sandor's kitchen. Everything has been designed intuitively and he clearly has spent a lot of time on where things will be placed. It just seems to work so effortlessly. She has placed her afternoon’s creation on the lovely wooden table in the centre. Hopefully he won't be gone much longer and can enjoy a slice or two…

Firing off a message to him:

*Hey, hope the complication at Maegors is resolving and you can join us again soon. I've made lemon meringue... and I have a surprise for you!!! xxx*

She doesn't hear anything back straight away and idly flicks to check her emails on her smart phone. Sat in her inbox is an email from her little sister:

_Hey. Stupid_.

She smirks at her sister’s term of endearment for her.

**Me and Gendry will be back in Westeros in a month or so, so can we crash at yours in KL?**

_We have just arrived back in Bravos after doing a tour of the old slave cities Astapor, Ghis and Meereen and are about to head out to the Dothraki Sea to join a Khalasar riding group. Nym had to stay in kennels for the cities but can join us for the riding tour as the horses don't spook easily - I think she's itching to get out for a proper run._

Sansa did offer to keep Nymeria with Lady and herself whilst her sister and Gendry explored across the narrow sea but she didn't want to part from her so soon after the accident.

_Anyways what's going on with you? How's the job at the vets in KL, you been able to explore the city much and make some friends? You seemed lonely in you last message. Don't hide away Sansa!_

It was true she was very low when she sent her last message to Arya and clearly her melancholy was easy to read in that message, but that was before she met Sandor and a lot has happened since then!

_Oh by the way, Gendry and I got married. When we returned from the slave cities we decided now was the time to marry and we wed last night at the Temple of Black and White before dancing the night away. I've got the mother of all hangovers!_
Here's some photo's and we will see you in a few months.

Love you stupid. A&G xxx

Sansa smiles at the almost passing reference to her sister’s wonderful news and clicks on the two attachments. First is a photograph of the pair of them outside the gigantic doors of the temple. The iconic door has one half; the bone white of weir wood and the other is the blackest ebony. Her sister is in front of the white door in an above the knee strapless black dress, her chin length brown hair curled around her face framing her smoky grey eyes which are turned towards Gendry. Her left hand is reaching down and clasped with his at the seam in the door. Her right hand is clutching a small bouquet of winter roses. Gendry is wearing a white suit against the black of the ebony door. His suit jacket is open exposing his broad chest in a crisp white shirt with a blue tie she knows will compliment his blue eyes and the winter roses. Beneath the picture is the wording ‘we are no one but to each other.’

Sansa smiles and feels the fizz of happiness for her younger sister. She wishes she could have been there to celebrate the day but knows this is exactly how her sister would have wanted it.

She clicks on the other photograph and is greeted with a close up of her sister and brother in laws faces; Arya is smiling her closed lip smile her eyes dancing with happiness whilst Gendry is grinning openly. Arya’s arm is wrapped around Gendry's broad shoulders and she can see the glint of her plain silver coloured wedding band nestled against her engagement ring; a simple white gold band with a round smoky grey coloured diamond, which matches her sister’s eyes. She remembers Gendry shyly showing it to her before they went to Essos and she applauded his efforts in finding the perfect ring for her sister. Trying to hide the ache of pain from her failed relationship and grief for her family.

She's so happy her sister has Gendry; he's a good man and loves her so deeply. Her heart flutters at the thought of the man in her life as she composes a message of congratulations to the pair along with an account of what's been happening with her these past few months as well as introducing Arya and Gendry to Sandor in writing at least:

... I have met someone, his name is Sandor and we met in the park near where I live whilst walking Lady and Jess. I helped him with his injured dog - Stranger - and our relationship stemmed from there. He's a great man who has been my rock these past few weeks and I love him very much and cannot wait for you to meet him. I'm currently having some time off work after a ...incident… And I am spending time at his home in the Westerlands. It’s a beautiful home and I don’t think I want to leave it! ...

After firing off her email she heads back out into the garden.

***

Sansa is on her hands and knees in the dirt planting a white dicentra into the ground beneath the window of the kitchen, it's heart shaped blooms stretching out from the pale green leaves. She's humming away when a short huff of a bark from Jess and Lady alerts her to a man opening and closing the gate. Stranger approaches with a tail wag and the gentleman gives him a brief pat. She stands up stretching her back, which pops a little from being bent of the ground for the best part of the day and dusts the dirt from her hands. Lady and Jess circle the visitor before running up to her. She watches him steadily approach. He is an older man with grey hair and a weathered but kind looking face wearing a brown robe indicating he is a brother of the Seven.

"Hello child, you are making a fine job of the garden here. May I ask where I might find Mr.
"Clegane?"

"Oh, he's not here. He's working in Kings Landing." She responds smiling at the man.

"Quite so, I am sure I saw his car in the drive." he turns and points to the warrior so obviously parked commanding the driveway. "And it is not like him to allow workers to use the house or bring their pets." He states pleasantly but can hear the question in his voice.

"I'm not his employee and Stranger gets on very well with my dogs. My name is Sansa and I'm Sandor's girlfriend."

He reaches out to shake her hand. Which she returns feeling the warmth and slightly rough quality to his hands. Clearly he has not been a brother all of his life.

"Forgive me, Sansa. I was not aware that Sandor had partnered with someone. Is this recent?"

"Fairly recent. We have known each other six months now and have been together five of those." She states warming to this kind man. "And how do you know Sandor?"

"Forgive me again, I am the Elder Brother of the local Sept and I have known Sandor for five years now."

"That surprises me, I never had Sandor down as a religious man"

Elder brother lets out a short chuckle. "No her certainly is not."

Remembering her courtesies she asks, "would you like to come in for a drink?"

"Thank you Sansa, that is very kind of you."

She leads the way into the kitchen and fills the teakettle before placing it on the stove, locating the teapot and two mugs she drops two tea bags into the pot and pours some milk into the mugs. The Elder Brother has taken a seat at the table and is benignly watching her move around the kitchen.

"You seem very at home here Sansa, is this the first time you’ve visited?"

A blush creeps across her face, she feels slightly embarrassed at how relaxed she is in Sandor’s home and how she moves through it as if it is her own.

"Yes, yes it is my first time here. I believe the last of the building work has just finished and he asked if I wished to accompany him, however he got called back to Kings Landing for work and I… ummm was not ready to go back there yet. So he said I could stay here and he would join me once he had rectified the problem."

She finished making the tea and sets a mug down in front of him. Taking a seat with two plates, a knife and two forks she cuts two slices of the lemon meringue pie and sets a plate in front of the Elder Brother.

"Thank you, Sansa.” He takes a bite of the pie and is eyes briefly close. “My my! I believe this is the best meringue I have ever tasted. “The tartness of the lemons combined with the sweetness of the meringue is almost holy. My compliments.”

Sansa’s cheeks redden at the praise and takes a small sip of tea.

“He must really care for you to allow you into his home and leave you here. The Sandor I know usually isn’t so welcoming.”
She swallows the mouthful of pie she has been nibbling away at and responds. Smiling at her first memory of their meeting she responds.

“He wasn’t when I first met him, but as time went on and we grew to know one another, we opened up and let each other in. I care for him deeply.”

A blush graces her already reddened features and she feels very warm in the kitchen. The Elder Brother levels her with a piercing gaze as if he is weighing the truth of her words. She stares back for a long moment until he then nods and smiles.

“I cannot tell you how much that gladdens my heart, child to hear those words. For a long time I feared he would walk through this life alone.”

Sansa’s curiosity is piqued, as she cannot see why this must be so and tells the Elder Brother so. He lets out a long deep sigh.

“The man I once knew was a man full of rage and hate, I do not know if he has told you the story attached to his burn scars?”

Sansa nods.

“Sadly as people are wont to do they judge what they see first and rarely see beneath what is right in front of them. As a child, adults would stare and children would either cry or taunt. As he grew people would either openly stare or try to not look her speak with him. The upset at his disfigurement turned to anger and that anger turned to rage, which only grew with the interactions with others. Because of this he would go on the offensive and fulfill the role of monster that people saw in him. He was in countless fights and drink fueled brawls. People often referred to him as a rabid hound he once said to me.”

Sansa’s eyes burn with this version of the man she loves. She can barely put the two pieces aside one another. Sure he has intimated more than once of how he sees himself but for that to have caused him to lash out and fight is incomprehendable. Jolted from her thoughts, the Elder Brother continues.

“I met Sandor when he was recovering the from a vicious fight fuelled by drinking. Four men thought they would try their luck and came of worse but not before one of them landed a knife in his leg.”

Sansa gasps, a hand covering her mouth.

“He lost a lot of blood and there was some extensive muscle damaged but the surgeons did an excellent job and repairing the wound and with his sheer amount of stubbornness he regained full use of his leg with intensive physiotherapy. I was the hospital brother and mentor and I spent many an hour sat beside his bed as he healed. First of all he ridiculed me and berated me for being there, but as time went on, we talked and he opened up. I continued to see him after he was discharged and mentored him throughout his alcohol moderation and anger management. He has come a long long way from the man – The Hound – he once was.”

Sansa’s mind is in a whirl and she can still barely comprehend this version of the man she loves. A fist closes over her heart imagining him being so angry and hateful. She tries to swallow the hard lump that has formed in her throat. Her voice is hoarse and shaky.

“I am so glad you were able to be there through some of his darkest traumas as the man he is now is someone I don’t want to live without. He has been a lightness that has brought me through some of my bleakest times and I am thankful that you have helped him bury this side of him.
The Elder Brother looks at her with a mixture of wonder, happiness but also pity.

“Sansa your words are kind and I cannot doubt your love for Sandor. But you must realise my dear The Hound is merely sleeping. I fear for the person that ever awakens him. I don’t think even the beloved Seven would be able to keep them safe from the wrath of The Hound.”

Chapter End Notes

You guys are all great and I love that you take the time to read and comment on my work. Thank you all so so much!

The next chapter will be The Hound unleashed! Wish me luck in trying to channel him...
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

Soo... who wants to know what our favourite Hound has been getting up to back in King's Landing?

*looks around*

In this chapter there is a lot physical violence (but it's against Joff so...) as well as another attempted sexual assault.

I hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sandor felt bad for not being entirely truthful to his little bird. Yes there was an e-mail to ask for his advice on an aspect of the building work at Maegors Holdfast but it certainly didn't require his presence. He wanted to take this opportunity to exact revenge on the little blonde cunt that broke his little bird. Remembering finding her all battered and bruised in her bed makes his jaw tense and his lips twitch. His foot hits the accelerator a little harder and the Spyder launches forward with a snarl from the engine, a blur of black threading through the spaces between the other cars along the motorway back to Kings Landing causing his face to change from a grimace to a grin. His knuckles tighten as he squeezes the steering wheel, imagining it to be Joffrey’s neck.

He was relieved and more than a little pleased that Sansa protested her return to KL. He wanted her somewhere safe whilst this shit goes down and for it to be his home, somewhere that more than once she accidentally slipped into conversation as being theirs or hers gladdens his heart. He is still in awe that she would want a man like him but the conversation the other night, before their first fuck since the attack made it clear to him she can see a future with him. Something that has set the cogs in his brain in motion imagining a future he never dared. A future never meant for him.

A swarm of possibilities flood his brain and he cannot say they are unwelcome. Red hair cascading down an ivory dress as she slides a tungsten grey band onto his wedded finger claiming him as hers.

Long walks through the countryside in hues of ambers and yellow, three hounds racing off ahead as he helps her over a rickety wooden stile, a slight swell to her abdomen.

His enormous hands cradling a tiny head mussed with red wisps of hair, his grey eyes looking back at him with her curls cascading down his shoulder.

His stomach clenches for the mayhaps and could be's of his future with the little bird.

He has some business to attend to first to make these musings a reality.

Tracking down that little cunt is proving to be difficult. He has spent the nights stalking the over priced bars he’s heard from Jory and Pod he likes to frequent but he seems to have vanished off of this scene. However he knows he’s around here, the reports of attacks eerily familiar to his little bird are cropping up around the city. He has stopped off at Sansa's to check for mail, collect a few more
items for her and make sure the house is as it should be.

There are two hand delivered notes that have been pushed through the letterbox at Sansa’s home, sat on the blue and grey doormat. The first one he picks up is a folded over picture from Tommen - a drawing of Sansa cuddling his guinea pig. The childish scrawl is wishing her to get well and telling her that 'Ser Squeak' misses her. He's a sweet kid, shame who he's related to. He sets that aside to take back with him with the other items, when he picks up a heavy expensive feeling envelope. He turns it over and 'Stark bitch' is scrawled in spiking black hand writing. He tears it open and he reads the words

'I will find you. I will make you pay. You won't escape me.'

The Hound snarls at the threat to his little bird, making him want to shred this offensive missive to tiny pieces. Sandor quells the urge and puts it to one side to pass on to Jory.

The night is dark when he leaves Sansa's house and to blow off some pent up energy he strides towards the park entrance, once he has stowed away the possessions in the boot of the Spyder. The surroundings are empty and eerily silent as he trudges along the familiar pathway. Lampposts are few and far between; little balls of warm yellow illuminate only a few feet around them. The rest if the park is in darkness. He strides the circular route around the duck pond in the centre more from memory than what he can actually see. Suddenly he senses he is not alone and his ears strain towards sound of the tap tap tap of feet fast approaching from behind and he turns sharply on the spot. Looking down he catches sight of Rose, the cream and white coloured Afghan hound that belongs to the owner of Tyrell blooms. He is surprised to see her without her mistress in tow and cranes his head to see if she is walking a few paces behind. The sight hound comes to an abrupt halt in front of him her eyes wide and she is panting hard. A pitiful whine escapes her mouth and she nudges his knee before turning on her heels and as gracefully as she can runs in the direction she came. He can she is favouring a front leg as she disappears back into the night.

Odd he thinks before an ear-piercing scream erupts from where the Afghan is returning before being quickly stifled. Sandor falls into a sprint after the hound until he can hear a woman crying and pleading with an unknown assailant who laughs coldly at her. He quietly moves towards the voices being mindful of where he steps so as not to alert the attacker to his presence.

The warm yellow glow from a nearby lamppost behind him illuminates part of the twisted scene, casting the area a light and shadows. He peers around a tall wide oak and he can see a woman being held up against a tree, her chestnut brown hair is a tangle around her face and mascara mixed tears track down her cheeks. With one gloved hand the attacker has a fist full of hair whilst the bastards other hand is trailing up her leg beneath her skirt. She is whimpering now and he can hear him crooning to her.

"Do not fear, my lady. You want this as much as I do. Open those pretty legs for me and I'll reward you with a taste of my cock."

His leather coat clad back is to Sandor and a balaclava conceals his hair and face. Rose shifts uneasily at his side and whimpers as her mistress lets out a harsh anguished sob.

"That's enough." He rasps out in his harshest tone as he strides forwards grabbing the little shit stain by the collar of his jacket spinning him around and pinning him up against the tree his victim is pressed up against. She drops to her knees and sobs as her dog comes hobbling to her side.
Holding the attacker in place that writhes beneath his grasp. He speaks softly to the florist.

"You're safe now. Run along and get help, I've got this punk." He snatches the balaclava off of the attacker and hands it to her as evidence and his eyes darken with elation as he sees who is stuck in his grasp. His vision narrows to the squirming face before him and The Hound raises his head, sensing his quarry is within his grasp.

Joffrey the little golden haired cunt is writhing beneath his clutches, eyes wide and breathing hard at this unexpected turn of events for him.

"Let me go!" He curses wriggling and fidgeting.

"Well well well" he sneers. "Making a habit of preying on little ladies, are we? Well I can tell you, you little fuck. This is going to be the last time."

He squeezes hard around his neck and lands a controlled punch to Joffrey's gut. His legs give from under him but The Hounds grip holds him in place. The Hound abruptly releases his grip and Joffrey plummets to the floor. He's on his hands and knees now breathing hard but a swift kick to his back has him sprawled onto the floor, his face in the mud. The Hound crouches down and grabs a fist of his hair, lifting his head up until his ear is in line with his mouth. He snarls into his ear quietly at first but the last three words are a roar.

"You hurt someone that belongs to me. You were going to fuck her so The Hound is going to fuck with you!"

The Hound hears his prey whimper as he thrusts his face into the ground with such a force that he ears a satisfyingly sickening crunch. The Hound smiles at the noise and the cry of pain that erupts from his victim. He grabs him by the shoulders and thrusts him onto his back. He can see a kink in his nose, which wasn't there before, a blackish wetness pouring from his nostrils that must be blood in this light. The metallic tang of blood perfumes the air making The Hound grumble deep within his throat with satisfaction. He kneels putting his full weight onto the little cunt's sternum causing him to cough. Flecks of blood splattering his face.

"You nearly broke her you know, you and your cronies. Especially when they couldn't pin you for the attack. I watched the woman I love retreat within herself because of your fucked up actions." He whispers.

Joffrey breathes hard, and then smiles a sickening smile before choking out his words.

"The Stark bitch is your girlfriend? Don’t make me laugh. She wouldn't look twice at your fucked up face."

"Fucked up my face might be, but yours will be too after I'm through with you."

He sneers through a wide grin contorting his scars into a hideous mask as he laughs, clenches his fist and punches all is weight down into the little cunt's mouth. He feels the bite of something hard go into his knuckles that quickly gives way and a howl of pain from his victim.

Sansa’s torn clothes on the landing, her swollen face decorated by bruises this shit stain has given her and her voice breaking on his name as she cries assault his vision. His hands shake and his vision turns red as he resumes his full height before landing a blow after blow with his booted foot to Joffrey's sides, stomach and back. He roars out his anger as he sees this pathetic excuse for a human being cower beneath him.

Crouching down once more he misses the metallic glint and there is a flash of pain, he grunts and
looks down to see the little shit has embedded a knife in his leg above the knee. He hisses out in pain as he stands once more carefully, Joffrey seems to think this is the moment to make his get away and haltingly stags to his feet, The Hound ignores the pain caused by the knife and strides forwards to grab Joffrey by the scruff of his neck and pins him to the tree once more. He stares hatefully into the glittering green eyes full of arrogance which peels away to fear then terror as he applies more and more pressure to his throat. Joffrey's hands come up to his and try to force him away but The Hound smiles and keeps pressing. Tears are spilling from Joffrey’s eyes now and The Hounds smile extends into a wide grin. He senses that the little prick will lose consciousness shortly and his eyes widen and he laughs in victory for chasing down his quarry.

So lost in the moment he doesn’t realise that he is no longer alone.

"Step down Sandor." The authoritative voice of Jory comes from behind him.

The Hound snarls at being denied the final blow but Sandor is easing off his grip and limps to stand back as Joffrey falls to the floor gasping for breath as two gold cloaks rush forwards to apprehend the victim. He turns to Jory who stares at him, a small tug of a smile curling his lips before quickly disappearing. Beside him is the Tyrell girl wrapped up in an oversized coat trembling, her face smudged with tears and make up.

"Sandor, you're hurt!" Jory exclaims rushing to his side. “I need a medic here, this man has been stabbed."

A cry of exclamation comes from the girl’s mouth and now that Jory comes to mention it, his leg is throbbing and he moves to pull the blade out before his friend stops him.

"Don't you dare! Sit down you great oath."

His friend helps lower him to one of the park benches and a medic comes to assess him, cutting off his jeans to see the damage. The girl sits beside him and averts her gaze from the wound.

"T-thank you. I d-don't know w-what w-w-would have happened if you hadn't turned up." She says quietly choking on a sob at the end.

"I think you do and no need to thank me, it wasn't a problem, and I’ve been after this bastard for what he did to my little bird..."

He rasps gruffly then winces at the medic’s ministrations sucking in a sharp breath. His head is swimming as the adrenaline wears off and the pain from his leg fires up to his head. He vaguely hes a murmur that they will get him something for the pain, then he feels a prick in the inside of his elbow and within moments the world goes fuzzy then dark.

* *

He awakens under bright harsh lights stabbing into his eyes in a room of white, his hands feel numb and there is a lady in a white coat beside him, her hair covered by a white scarf. She looks down at him and smiles.

"Good morning Mr. Clegane. My name is Dr Mordane and I was here when you were brought in for treatment last night. Do you remember what happened?"

His mouth feels as if it is full of cotton but his memory flashes back to the events of last night.

He smiles then grimaces.
"Aye" he rasps out.

"That is good."

You've received minor injuries from the knife wound to your leg. Luckily it wasn't too deep and missed all essential blood vessels running through your leg. I have cleaned and stitched it up as well as bathed and bandaged the cuts on your knuckles."

He lifts up his left hand and sees it is wrapped in white bandage as the doctor continues.

"I will be able to discharge you shortly but in the meantime inspector Jory Cassel is here to see you."

She opens the curtain to see his friend stood in uniform with his hands clasped behind his back. He smiles a small smile before stepping into the cubicle and seating himself in the plastic chair beside him.

"How are you doing, mate?" He asks.

"Not bad despite my whereabouts." He gestures to the cubicle. "You arrested him then?"

Yes, I'm here to collect him to be transported to head quarters. You inflicted quite a bit of damage to him, y'know?"

Sandor sniffs but doesn't say anything.

"Broken nose, missing his front teeth and battered and blue besides." His friend levels him with a stern gaze.

"Nothing he didn't deserve." He rasps "and I didn't kill him, just like you said."

"Quite, I'm going to need to get a statement from you but Miss Tyrell's accounts means he will be charged for this attack."

Sandor's memory flicks back to Sansa's house.

"I think I have something that may implicate him to my little - Sansa's attack." He tells Jory of the envelope and the message within.

Once discharged, he gets a ride back to the station with Jory, Pod has taken Joffrey back to the police station and several hours are lost as he recounts his actions from last night as he gives Jory his statement. Once that is all wrapped up, Jory drops Sandor back outside Sansa’s and he gives Jory the envelope and letter for evidence and bids him farewell.

Checking his phone he sees a message from his little bird.

*Hey, hope the complication at Maegors is resolving and you can join us again soon. I've made lemon meringue... and I have a surprise for you!!! xxx*

*A surprise indeed... I wonder what she's been up to?*

He heads over to his apartment and takes a shower, being mindful of the wound on his leg. He pulls on some grey shorts and a black t-shirt before hobbling to the kitchen and opening a bottle of Dornish red. He gulps the first glass down and pours another before hobbling through to an oversized black leather chair and sinking into it and setting the glass on the table beside him. The events of the past forty-eight hours run through his mind. He is pleased he was able to exact his own
justice and the little blonde cunt, mithed that his rage allowed him to get stabbed and hopeful that the evidence he has found will implicate him for the littlebird’s attack and be able to allow her to move forwards and live her life without fear of Joffrey looming over her shoulder.

He will head back to his Sansa tomorrow, but first of all there is one more thing he has to do...

Chapter End Notes

So what did you think? Did I channel my Hound well?

*peeks nervously behind fingers*
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

Hi guys,

here is the next instalment and Sandor is nearly home!

Sansa is taking care of a sick Stranger so there will be descriptions of sickness and medical examinations. Hopefully it isn't too unpleasant.

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

8pm

Sansa’s body aches from another long afternoon in the garden, bent over the soil transforming empty beds into riots of colour and blooms. She’s incredibly satisfied with what a couple of day’s hard work in the garden has done and she really hopes Sandor will like it to. She is awaiting the enormous roll top bath to fill up with hot water to help ease the strains and aches away. Her auburn tresses are piled high into a sloppy bun on the top of her head and she has a glass of white wine in her hand. Perched on the edge of the bath she dips a hand into the water to check the temperature then shuts off the taps. Stripping out of her clothes, which fall into a heap on the tiled floor, she eases herself into the warm soapy water and lets out a contented sigh.

Her eyes slide close and she takes three deep breaths, inhaling the relaxing smell of lavender and clary sage from the bubble bath. The bath is enormous, easily big enough for two, even with the size of Sandor. Handily the double mixer taps are in the centre of the bath so they would both be able to lean and face each other. Her mind wanders to the pair of them sharing a bubble bath.

Herself kneeling between his strong muscular thighs, soaping up the broad expanse of his chest and running her fingers through his dark chest hair. His head has fallen back so she can only glimpse his strong jaw line and his Adams apple bobbing back and forth with her ministrations and her hands trail down his silky smooth skin, lower and lower until her hands dip beneath the water and he lets out a deep grumbling groan of pleasure. The vision changes and she is now sat between his legs, her long back leaning against his chest as he kisses and sucks at her neck and ears, feeling the graze of stubble as his hands cup and massage her breasts, teasing her nipples into little mountain peaks.

She groans and sighs and feels a heated wetness between her thighs, which has nothing to do with her being sat in the warm waters of the bath. Her body misses him as much as she does, misses his caresses, his lips on hers and wandering lazily across her body. His hard muscled body moving inside her and the way he makes her sing. Her hand drifts lower and lower in the water until her
fingers come into contact with the soft smooth flesh of her woman’s place. She trails her fingers down each side of her little strip of hair until they move along the outside of her lips causing her to sigh as she traces her fingers over and around her sensitive pearl. With her mind focusing on what her and Sandor could be doing in this bath she gives her body over to the sensations her fingers are generating, working her fingers faster and faster until the image of herself lowering her body down and taking Sandor’s hardened cock into her wet heat, causes her to cry out as her orgasm pulsates through her body leaving her spent and quite content. She breathes hard for a few minutes and she idly brushes her swollen lips, which cause her to buck her hips, as they are still overly sensitive. Her whole body feels flushed and now she has come down from her high, she misses him even more.

Huffing out an annoyed sigh she scrubs her body with her lemon scented exfoliant wash, which makes her skin tingle. Filling a jug with water, she stands and tips the clean water over her body then hops out of the bath and wraps a thick white towel around her body and takes another sip of the crisp white wine. Once dry she massages in her lemon body cocoon oil and wanders down across the landing, naked as her name day whilst waiting for the oil to absorb. She is humming under her breath the lyrics to ‘big, bad, handsome man,’ when a bang from the bedroom doorway causes her to startle, whipping round she turns and looks to see Jess and Lady before her. Lady’s tail is up and bristled whilst Jess stares deeply into her Tully blue eyes with her deep chestnut brown ones before backing up and giving a little yip.

“What is it, girls?” She asks and the pair takes a step towards to the doorway peering down the long hall.

Sansa quickly slips into some clean underwear before sliding into a pair of soft jersey shorts and a tank top. She pads down the hallway with her girls several paces in front of her and descends the stairway. They dash towards the kitchen and Sansa brings up the rear. The smell of warm dog biscuits mixed with something bitter and acrid burns her nostrils as she enters the kitchen. Stranger is curled into a tight black ball, his fur stood on end and his brown eyes are dull, there are two piles of vomit are on the hard stone floor.

“Oh Stranger, are you alright?” She croons to the big black beast but he elicits no response. She approaches steadily and he just watches her with barely any interest. She crouches down in front of him and cradles his massive head between her hands, staring into his eyes and then lifting his lip to check his gum colour, which are pink but when she presses them, they feel tacky to the touch. Next she rests her hand over his heart that she can feel pounding in his chest and then slides her hand high up to the inner part of his leg where she can feel his femoral pulse. It is fast and bounding irregularly, which causes Sansa to frown. She goes to stand and briefly enters the utility space and digs out her rucksack, which contains her first aid bits and pieces as well as her thermometer. She apologises to Stranger as she inserts the thermometer into his rectum and waits for it to beep. Removing the thermometer causes her to frown once again as his body temperature reads worryingly low.
“Ok, I think we need to get you seen. Stranger.” She murmurs to him softly.

9:30pm

Standing once more she goes and tracks down her mobile phone at presses speed dial one for Sandor’s mobile. He picks up on the fourth ring.

“S’up Little bird?” S’up?? He’s never greeted me like that before.

“Sandor? Are you drunk?” She asks hesitantly.

“Mayhaps, I’ve had a bottle or two… so what’s this surprise and does it involve my bed?” He asks her huskily.

“Never mind that for now, it’s Stranger. He’s not well and I need to get him to a vet tonight. Which practice do you use here?” She’s asks him directly.

“What’s s’matter with him?” He asks slurring his words a little although his gravelly voice is laced with concern.

“He’s vomited a few times, but now he’s very dull and not interested in what is going on around him. I want to get him looked at ASAP.”

“Shit. Right. OK, well you’d know wouldn’t you? He’s registered at Seaworth’s Animal Clinic, I’ll text you their contact details.”

“Great, I’ll keep you informed ok? Love you.”

“You too, Take care of him for me.”

She rings off and within a few moments the details for Seaworth’s Animal Clinic appear on her phone. She hits call and two rings a female voice fills her ears.
Seaworth’s Animal Clinic emergency line, Iris speaking.”

“Hi there I am calling about my dog, he’s vomited a couple of times this evening but now he is quite dull and lethargic. I would like to get him seen tonight please.”

The female speaker – Iris – asks a few more questions which Sansa relays before responding:

“OK, that’s not a problem, can I take your name please. It’s Sansa ugh he will be registered under Clegane, dog’s name is Stranger.”

“Right, Mrs. Clegane. I have your records here, can you give me the make, model and registration number of your car… that’s great, thank you. Do you think you can make it to the clinic in half an hour?”

Too preoccupied she doesn’t correct Iris about her surname.

“I think so, I am not familiar with this area but my car has Sat Nav.”

Iris calmly gives Sansa directions to the practice before ringing off; She exhales and quickly dashes upstairs and slips into jeans and a purple hoodie before grabbing her bag and keys. Shutting Lady and Jess into the hallway with a bowl of water she encourages Stranger to stand and walk. He takes a few wobbly steps out into the gated yard before sinking to the floor, refusing to move any further.

She runs to the Warrior and jumps in to back towards where he has lay, leaving the engine running she pops open to boot before mustering all of her strength to lift 37kg of muscle and fur into the back if the car. They both groan, her with exertion and him with discomfort and she lifts and places him in the boot of the car. She shuts the boot and keys in the postcode into the Sat Nav before hurling out of the driveway into the night at roaring speed.

10:15pm

She makes it to the practice in good time and is greeted by a female nurse striding out of the front entrance wheeling a trolley table. She has blonde hair in a high ponytail and pale blue eyes and is wearing a navy blue scrub uniform.
“Hi, I’m Iris. Shall we get this big lad onto the trolley and save both of our spines trying to lift him into the building?” She smiles which Sansa returns.

Between them they transfer Stranger onto the trolley table, Sansa holds his collar to keep him steady and Iris directs them into the building through wide double doors before stopping and locking them behind her and then continuing into a consultation room where a vet is waiting to examine him. He is an older gentleman with kind brown eyes and graying hair with a grey and black-flecked beard.

“Good evening, Mrs. Clegane. What seems to be the problem with Stranger?” He asks pleasantly.

“It’s Stark actually. Miss Stark. But that doesn’t really matter.” She relays off the events of this evening and her findings with her own triage assessment.”

“My apologies, Miss Stark. Your records say Clegane.”

He murmurs absently as he begins to examine Stranger for himself. Holding his big head between his hands, he starts by looking into his eyes, checking his gum colour and capillary refill time before feeling at his submandibular lymph nodes and lifting the fur at the scruff of his neck to check to see if he is dehydrated.

“Clegane is my partners surname, we are not married.” She clarifies whilst watching the examination take place. “Just be wary of Stranger, when he is well, he can be quite aloof with people he doesn’t know and he doesn’t usually like being at the vets.” She cautions.

“Thank you for letting us know Miss Stark.” The vet continues the examination and when he palpates Stranger’s abdomen, he flinches sharply and groans. “OK, Miss Stark. From what I can tell so far with this examination is that Stranger is in quite a bit of discomfort in his stomach region and that he is quite dehydrated. How long would you say he has been ill for?”

“He has been fine all day, it appears to have come on quite acutely this evening.”

The vet nods, “Well I think first things first, we need to run some blood tests on him and start him on a high rate of fluids. Now out of hours treatment is quite costly, so I will do you an estimate for the initial treatment. May I ask if he is insured?”
“I’m not sure, but it won’t be a problem.”

The vet levels her with a suspicious gaze that says he’s heard that before, and Sansa has before in her employment as a nurse but at least in her case it isn’t a problem, even if Stranger isn’t insured, she has plenty of money set aside in her bank account to cover his treatment, many times over. She lets his silent assessment slide and nods when he prints off the estimate for initial treatment. Quite reasonable for out of hours investigations. And signs the consent form before querying.

“Would you like me to help with the blood sampling and catheter placement?”

“That won’t be necessary Miss Stark, myself and Iris will be fine.”

They leave with Stranger being wheeled away on the trolley table and Sansa takes a seat in the consult room and takes in the space. It is quite strange for her to be on the other side on the desk and is curious. She is pleased to see the space is clean and laid out in an orderly manner. Moment’s pass and Sansa hears a growl and a snarl followed by an exclamation before hurried footsteps come up the hallway and Iris pokes her smiling face around the door.

“Actually Miss Stark, would you mind helping us with Stranger, he has taken a dislike to Davos.”

“Please call me Sansa and of course I will help, I hope he hasn’t injured him.”

“Not at all, his reflexes are quick but Stranger won’t let us near him now.”

Sansa follows Iris into the prep area of the small practice and Stranger is staring doggedly at the vet in the corner. He turns and wags his tail when he sees her and trots over before slumping to the floor. Clearly this show of bravado has worn him out. She casts a glance to the vet – Davos – in the corner of the prep room by the sink, washing his hands.

“I hope he didn’t bite you.” She queries, concern lacing her voice.

“He only took a few finger tips.” He comments holding up his right hand, each finger his missing the tip to the first knuckle, Sansa gasps and Davos and Iris chuckles.
“That joke never gets old with you does it?” Iris accuses her vet, who chuckles and shakes his head.

Regaining some composure Sansa speaks to Stranger:

“Come here you big lump.” She coos. “Now you need to behave whilst we get a blood sample and place a catheter so we can make you feel better.”

She arranges herself around Stranger to hold his neck up so that Iris can access the jugular vein used for sampling. She rubs his ears and talks soothingly as Iris approaches with a pair of black cordless clippers and the needle and syringe and relevant tubes for the samples. She shaves a patch of fur and swabs at the area with a spirit coated cotton pad and takes the sample easily. Sansa applies pressure to the sample sight whilst Iris decants the blood into the relevant tubes before handing them to the vet who exits the room to run the tests whilst Iris approaches with a tray of equipment to place the IV catheter. Shaving a path of fur on his leg, she wipes again over the area with a spirit soaked cotton pad and Sansa rolls the muscles of Sandors foreleg, which allows the cephalic vein to become more prominent.

Iris comments. “Have you done this before?” as she starts to place the catheter.

“Yes, I am a veterinary nurse too, I work at a practice in King’s Landing”

She informs as she sees the flash of blood as Iris introduces the catheter into the vein whilst deftly withdrawing the stylet and taping the catheter securely to Strangers leg and places a t-connector which will attach the giving set and fluids shortly. She watches approvingly at Iris’s skill and sees a brief flash of three paw print tattoos on the inside of her left wrist and an arrow with intricate fletching down her right forearm whilst she works. She looks up at Stranger whose warm amber eyes are fixated on her as they finish bandaging his leg. Iris stands up and grabs a drip stand and infusion pump as well as a bag of fluids and giving set. Attaching them together and running the fluids through the line, she hands Sansa the end of the giving set which she attaches to the t-connector whilst Iris turns on the infusion pump and punches in the fluid rate.

“Oh really! I thought you were too good at restraining him, most clients’ say that can hold them when really they haven’t got a clue.” She chuckles.

Sansa smiles and laughs in agreement. Moment are passed sharing different stories of the practices they have worked at whilst Stranger rests his head on Sansa’s lap. She’s absently stroking his long broad muzzle up to between his eyes causing him to sigh when the vet walks back in with the blood results.
“Right, Miss Stark. The bloods are all within normal range but that doesn’t give us a reason as to why he’s so uncomfortable. I’m going to get him something for the pain then I suggest we do an ultrasound scan. We will need to shave his fur on his abdomen—”

Iris cuts him off politely. Its ok Davos, Sansa here knows what a ultrasound scan will entail… she’s a vet nurse too.”

“O-oh really. Excellent. Well I will leave you shave him whilst I get his pain relief then.”

Davos exits the room and Sansa asks Stranger to roll onto his side. Iris picks up the clippers and gently palpates the landmarks for an abdominal clip then quickly shaves away a large area of fur to expose the pink skin beneath, Sansa asks Stranger to roll over for Iris to shave the other side. Once he is shaved she cleans the skin and applies the ultrasound gel before Davos arrives with a syringe of pain relieving injection. Sansa murmurs to Stranger as Iris inject him into the muscle of his back leg and he barely flinches.

“He’s really good for you isn’t he?” Davos comments.

“Oh, he took some time but Stranger and I have reached an understanding. It’s how I met his dad when he hurt himself on a walk. He was grumpy and standoffish with me then but we’ve hit it off since.”

“Was that Stranger or his owner?” Iris comments with mischief dancing in her pale blue eyes.

Sansa chuckles. “Both would you believe.” Her cheeks warming to the first memories she has of her and Sandor.

Davos clears his throat and Iris and Sansa stand and with encouragement they walk Stranger in the scanning room and lift him onto the table and lay him down on his right side. Sansa takes Stranger’s front legs with her left hand and strokes his broad muzzle with he right murmuring encouragements to him whilst Iris holds his back legs. The vet applies ultrasound gel to the probe and gently presses on Strangers exposed abdomen. He flinches but doesn’t groan this time so the pain relief is beginning to take affect. The grainy black, white and grey images of Stranger’s organs fill the screen and they are silent as Davos contemplates what he is seeing.

“Is there any chance that he could have eaten something he shouldn’t?”
“I don’t think so, he’s rarely been out of my sight these past few days.”

Davos hmms. “There is quite a lot of fluid built up in his stomach and it doesn’t seem to be moving into his small intestine, however there appears to be a large amount of fluid in his large intestine so I think we can expect some diarrhoea sometime soon…”

He trails off as Stranger emits a loud gurgle from his tummy and burps which smells of dog kibble…and worse.

“On the plus side, his liver, spleen and kidneys all look ok. We can give him some medicine to help move things a long but these can have a negative impact if he has an obstruction. We will have to admit him for treatment as all of these drugs need to be given via injection and through his IV line.”

Sansa nods, taking all of this information on board.

“Ok, but in that case would it be alright if I stay with him and administer his meds, my concern is as he starts to feel better he will not let you guys treat him, whereas he knows me and has allowed me to care for him in the past when he was injured.”

“That’s very kind Miss Stark but protocol means we cannot have members of the public on site in the night.”

Sansa sighs. “If that is the case then you must call me the instant he starts to become difficult. Because he will and I do not want to risk either of you getting hurt.”

“Thank you for your concern Miss Stark, but we will see how he goes. We promise to call if he becomes difficult.” Davos assures her.

11:45pm

Sansa leaves Stranger with a heavy heart and exits the practice. She calls Sandor and updates him on Stranger’s condition before heading back to the house. She is rushed by sleek grey and smooth black/brindle but has a heavy heart that the hairy black beast is at the vets. She lets her girls out for evening toilets and cleans away the vomit in the kitchen before disinfecting and mopping the floor.
Her shoulders feel all tense from the evening’s events and she heads up to bed and falls into a restless sleep.

2am

Sansa is shaken from her sleep by the persistent buzzing of her phone on the bedside table. With her eyes barely open she slides the touch screen button to answer and groggily speaks.

“Hello?”

The voice of the veterinary nurse from earlier fills Sansa’s ears:

“Hi, Miss Stark? It’s Iris here and apologies for waking you at this hour, Stranger is responding well to treatment, however as he is feeling better he has managed to pull the IV catheter out of his front leg and will not let Davos and I approach him. He is still quite dehydrated and would benefit from the continued fluid therapy. I’m really sorry to have to ask but can you please come back to the practice?”

Sansa wakens more fully as the conversation proceeds. I knew this would happen. She muses.

“Ok, I will be right there.”

Within half an hour she is at the practice, her hair pulled into braid and wearing jeans and a t – shirt, Iris admits her into the back of the practice where she finds Stranger in a large walk in kennel, blue bandages and cotton wool dressing strewn around and a catheter. As she approaches, he barks and lunges at the kennel before realising it is her and begins whining and pawing at the door.

“What have you been up to, hmmm? You’re not helping yourself get better you know?” she mumbles softly stroking his fur that is poking through the kennel door as he presses himself to her.

She turns and looks at Iris and Davos who update her on his progress through the night and how he has been. Initially he was quiet in his kennel, but as the hours and the correction of his dehydration he became more restless and finally lunged at Davos through the cage door, which consequentially pulled his catheter out.
Sansa pauses and carefully thinks over the events of the evening before proceeding with her request:

“I know protocol states that client’s cannot stay at the practice, but could I take him home, with the drugs, fluids and infusion pump to nurse him in a crate? I think he would be much happier there and I can follow your instructions, bringing him in tomorrow for examination and take it from there.”

“I don’t know, Miss Stark. We only have your word that you’re a veterinary nurse, and this equipment is expensive and the medication can be dangerous if used incorrectly.” Davos responds rubbing his bearded chin with his right hand in contemplation.

Sansa opens her purse and slides out her Westerosi Veterinary Nursing card which states her details, when she qualified and her validation on the register and hands it to Davos.

“Here, I am employed at King’s Landing Veterinary Hospital. Be my guest to call them to clarify my status.”

Iris pipes up from the computer. “She’s on the online list, look Davos and also on the KL Hospital staff page on their website.”

Davos walks over to the computer and takes in the information and looks back at her for a moment before speaking.

“He most certainly requires this treatment and I feel he won’t benefit from this by staying here. Are you sure you will be able to carry out this care?”

Sansa nods her head and firmly states “I do and f I have any doubts I will bring him straight back to you.”

Davos nods. “OK, Iris if you can help Sansa replace Stranger’s catheter, I will draw up a plan for his home care and all of his medication.”

Iris nods and Davos exits the kennel room. She goes and gathers some of the equipment to replace Stranger’s catheter whilst Sansa grabs Stranger’s lead and opens the kennel door. Stranger rushes to her shifting his feet quickly whilst standing on the spot and emitting a constant whine. Sansa crouches down and runs her fingers through the gruff of fur at his neck and hushes him.
“It’s alright Stranger, shh shh it’s alright. Your coming home but you will be on a drip ok? Good boy, shh shh.” She soothes

With her calming words, his shifting slows and he leans his head into hers, their foreheads touching and she wraps her arms around his thickly muscled frame. Iris finds her embracing Stranger like this and quietly comments.

“This is the calmest I’ve seen him all night. You have a special way with him, you can see the trust emanating from his eyes.”

Sansa smiles at this compliment. “Thank you. He’s a good boy, really.”

“Let’s get this catheter placed then you can get him home and settled then.”

They make quick work and placing and securing the catheter in Stranger’s leg when Davos reenters the room with a large plastic carry box containing a spare bag of fluids, infusion pump and charger as well as a host of syringes clearly labeled with the drugs they contain. He has two sheets of paper with drug times to be administered and directions. He runs through this with her as Iris places Strangers current fluid bag and giving set as well as some further nursing essentials.

Sansa asks a few more questions and is happy with the outlined plan to continue at home and return to the practice for a check at lunchtime tomorrow. They help her load a large crate into the boot of the warrior along with the box of equipment and lift Stranger onto the back seat. She gives a small wave to Davos and Iris as she leaves and regards Stranger in the rearview mirror.

“OK bud, you going to be a good patient for me, hmm?”

5am

Sansa is sat cross-legged on the front reception room floor in front of the large crate she has settled Stranger in with blankets as she slowly depresses the plunger of the syringe which needle is going into an IV port of the giving set as she administers the next round of drugs. She gives a large yawn and Stranger shifts in the crate.
“You ok bud?” she murmurs to him.

She is exhausted with the events of the last seven hours, but is much happier now that Stranger is at home. She has brought down the pillows and blankets from the bed and is camped out on the floor near the crate. She has dozed between drug doses and letting Stranger out to the toilet. The constant ‘click click’ of the infusion pump pulling the fluids through is her only background noise.

“I can’t wait until your dads home,” she murmurs. “Bet you can’t either, hmm?”

Stranger lets out a deep sigh.

“Ok, this dose is done, lets both try and get some more sleep.”

6am

Sansa is awoken to a foul acrid smell permeating the room; her eyes blearily focus on Stranger who is curled into a tight ball at the furthest corner of the crate, an enormous pool of diarrhoea filling the rest of the crate. She quickly pulls her self up and hurries to the crate, hitting pause on the infusion pump and opening the crate. Stranger gingerly exits the crate before slumping on the floor, The foul liquid coats his black bushy tail and hind legs and the stench takes Sansa’s breath away.

“Oh Strange.” she murmurs caressing his ears. “Better out that in, I suppose. Let’s get you cleaned up.”

She grabs a roll of cotton wool and pulls it into clumps as she heads to the kitchen, Lady and Jess try to slip into the room she and Stranger have been holed up in all night but she blocks there path. Soaking the pads in warm water she places them in a washing up bowl and grabs a bin liner before returning to Stranger. She wipes the noxious substance from his legs and does the best she can with his tail, tossing the soiled pads into the waste bag. She lifts his tail and sees it is completely matted up with diarrhoea.

She sighs and murmurs, “ I think you need a shower, pal.”

She halls out the soiled bedding and takes it straight to the washing machine and sets it on a hot wash before shutting her girls into the living room and brings Stranger through into the utility room shower. Placing a plastic covering over his IV leg she begins the task of washing and cleaning him.
up.

7:30am

Stranger is clean and dry and settled back into his crate. She has just finished mopping out the utility room and kitchen and fed her girls and is now watching them moseying around the garden under a steady drizzle of rain from the kitchen window. She rubs her forearm against her head, and then wrinkles her nose. Gods she smells awful, she walks into the hallway and looks in the mirror. Her hair is a chaos of curls tumbling out of her ponytail and there are dark circles beneath her eyes… and oh no, flecks of brown on her face. Ugh! *I really need a shower!* She muses.

She is startled from her train of thought by the harsh buzz of the gate intercom. She strides towards the phone and holds the receiver to her ear. “Hello?”

“Sansa, it’s me. Iris. I just wanted to see how you’ve gotten on overnight.”

“I’ll buzz you in.” Sansa replies.

The gates slowly open and she opens the front door, hearing the crunch of gravel as a blue Suzuki Vitara pulls up onto the drive. Iris hops out and runs over to the house in her blue scrubs with her navy blue hooded top pulled up over her head to offer a little bit of shelter from the rain and black clogs covered in grey paw prints.

“Hey, so how’s it been?”

She asks and Sansa notices she is tall like her, eyes meeting at the same level. She offers a tired smile before responding.

“Exhausting, but he’s doing ok. Exploded at 6am this morning.”

“Ah! Davos was expecting that to happen.”

“Well it most definitely happened. The smell woke me up!”
“Eww, that’s never a good thing. Is there anything I can help with?” Iris asks earnestly

“Well if you wouldn’t mind watching Stranger whilst I showered, that would be great.” Sansa replies gratefully.

“Sure, no problem. Is he due any meds?”

“Yes he is, its this one, that you give slow IV over ten minutes.”

“Well I can give that through the port at the top and there’s no need for me to enter the crate and disturb him then is there.” Iris responds as Sansa leads her into the house and to her patient.

“Now Stranger, behave. Iris is going to give you some medication whilst I shower, ok.”

He grumbles but soon quietness down when she arches a brow at him.

“Well I’ll be as quick as I can, ok?”

“No probs, Sansa. Me and Stranger here are going to have a little bonding session. You go and get that diarrhoea outtalk ya hair.” Iris replies jovially.

“Wait! What? Ugh!”

Sansa is too exhausted to form more of a response and trudges up the stairs, hearing Iris chatting away to Stranger as she heads to their – Sandor’s – ensuite, shedding her clothes and depositing them into the wash basket before stepping under the hot jets of spray. She sighs contentedly as the spray pummels her weary body. She scrubs vigorously at her body with her lemon and bergamot shower gel and kneads her fingers through to her scalp with her fruity shampoo and conditioner. Her eyes are closed and she breathes in deeply several times to regain her equilibrium. She stands there for five more minutes before shutting off the shower and wrapping a towel around her body and hair. Drying off she changes into a fresh blue vest top and black cut off trousers. She combs through her damp hair and arranges into a braid falling over her left shoulder. Feeling a million times better then she did half an hour earlier she heads down the landing, ready to make herself and Iris a cup of tea. The little bit of calm she has garnered from her shower is shattered when Sansa hears a high-pitched scream
swiftly followed by a curse.

“Fuck – your not my little bird!”

She falls into sprint thinking: *Oh! Good! Sandor’s home!*

Chapter End Notes

Soo.. what d’ya think?
Hi guys,

Sorry for the long delay in getting this chapter out to you. It has been crazy busy and finding a quiet moment to sit and type seems to have been very difficult! I hope you all enjoy this chapter and I am going to try really hard to get another chapter out before the end of next week as then I'm away on holiday to the Christmas markets of Cologne!

I cannot tell you how much I am looking forward to this holiday!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The moment Sandor received that phone call from his little bird he set down the Dornish Red he'd been drinking and switched to water, drinking pint after pint to flush the alcohol from his system. He was worried about his pal Stranger but he knew he was in more than capable hands. Nevertheless he wanted to get back to his little bird and faithful companion. ASAP. He went for a piss then got into bed. He was just dozing off when he was jolted from the edge of sleep by his ringtone blaring in his ear.

Sansa relays the events of the evening and that Stranger is being hospitalised. Her melodic voice quavering as she voices his concerns in wondering how he will fair being away from home with strangers. He promises he will get back home to her in the morning.

* *

When he wakes, his bladder feels like a leaden weight in his abdomen. It's almost painful as he hobbles to the bathroom and pisses like a racehorse into the toilet bowl. Drinking all that water did the trick, as there is only a little fluffiness to his head rather than the raging pounding he's used to after indulging too much with his favoured Dornish red. He showers quickly and knocks back a large mug of black coffee and scarfs down two slices of buttered toast before throwing his things into his overnight bag. He regrets he won't be able to find time now to get what he wanted for his little bird. Mayhaps he will be able to get to the jewellery quarter in the Casterley district later this week…

His stomach churns, which has nothing to do with the volume of wine he consumed the night before. He lets out a deep breath and catches his reflection in the mirror. For the first time in a long, long time he takes himself in. His eyes first and foremost are drawn to the hideous scar tissue covering the left side of his face, all marbled and shiny in places. A permanent reminder of his brother and the future he dealt him. He rubs at the scars as if to erase them from his face and catches sight of the split and bruised knuckles from his revenge on that little cunt, Joffrey. The Hound grins at the memory
with satisfaction. With his hand covering his scars he looks at the unburnt side of his face. A strong brow and angular cheekbones with deep grey eyes, a thick beard which he’s used, along with his long hair to try distracting from the scars.

He would never be classed as a handsome man but there is something that could have been striking about him if the scars weren’t there. *Is this what she sees? Passed the scars? Because it sure as hell can’t be my winning personality.* He shakes his head, but he’s questioned her previously about her love for him and she’s always been steady and true. He prides himself on being able to see through deceit and lies and he has never had the slightest whiff from Sansa. He now resolves to accept the hand he’s been dealt and move forwards in his life, with his little bird, if she will have him. Turning from the mirror he picks up his overnight bag and strides from the room.

Home. To his little bird.

* 

He’s made good time and presses the button on his key fob to open the wrought iron gates. He notices two things: first of all a blue 4x4 in the drive and his garden is now a riot of colour. Flowers and bushes overflowing the beds which when he left a few days prior were empty soil. He parks to the right of the 4x4 and he can see a dog watching him from the passenger seat, a handsome blue merle collie x husky by the looks of it.

He heads towards the front door with his hand luggage bag in his hand. *Why is there a tree in his hall?* and is greeted by Jess and Lady stampeding towards him. His gut twists at his Stranger hound not being part of the welcoming party but sets his bag down and crouches to be welcomed by two of his girls.

"Hey girlies, you been good?" He gruffs low and Jess leaps and butts her head against his jaw and Lady weaves around him yipping. He chuckles with their enthusiasm and asks.

"Where is she then?"

They hurtle through the first reception door and he follows suit. There she is, standing over a large crate containing his Stranger hound who pricks his ears but otherwise looks miserable. *So she managed to get him home then.* Her back is to him and she has a hoodie pulled over her head with spots of rain smattering the fabric. She is absorbed in something as he quietly approaches. She stiffens as he winds his arms around her waist and squeezes playfully at her hips and buries his face into the crook of her neck and tries to find some exposed flesh to kiss and nibble her neck like she loves. Like a flash pale hands whip out and push his hands away causing him to furrow his brow at
her response. As she spins on her heels, pale blue eyes meet his and her eyes widen in terror as her mouth opens and let's out a piercing scream.

His heart plummets like a stone.

“Fuck – your not my little bird!” He shouts.

Heat courses up his chest and to his cheeks whilst this strange blonde haired woman is glowing like a beacon. Breathing fast as she warily watches him.

He hears a rush of thudding down the stairs and turns as his red headed little bird flies at him and leaps into him arms with a breathy ‘Sandor’, the impact causing him to take a step back and wince as she crushes her lips to his and winds her arms around his neck. His injured leg throbbing, that aside, any other time he would respond in kind, but there is a stranger in his house - a stranger he just groped in mistaken identity. He breaks the kiss and offers his little bird a shaky smile.

"There you are little bird, it's good to see you." He responds shakily. He glances at the strange woman. "My apologies..."

"Iris." Sansa supplies.

"Iris, I mistook you for my lil- Sansa."

This woman - Iris - breathing hard, eyes transfixed on him and Sansa, who is wound around his torso, with a hand clutching her chest. She shakily nods her head and clears her throat trying to regain her composure before a small smile lifts her lips.

"It's alright, it was a shock... I have to say you gave me a greeting I wasn't expecting. I would have been very pleased... If you were my husband!" She grins openly.

 Fuck! Not only groping a female stranger, a married female stranger. You ass. Now that he takes her in, he can't believe he mistook her for Sansa. She's tall and willowy but her curves although pleasant are in the wrong places.
"My sincerest apologies Iris-"

She holds her hand to cut him off. "Don't worry about it, I've been boob grazed more times than I can tell accidentally at work!" She smiles and laughs light heartedly.

"Sandor, what did you do?" His little bird peeps at him.

Huffing out an embarrassed breath he mumbles "I greeted Iris how I would have greeted you." He can feel the heat resurfacing again at acknowledging his slight.

"Oh Sandor!" She admonishes before turning to Iris.

"That must have been quite a shock. Please come through to the kitchen and I'll make us all a cup of tea." She chirps her courtesies at this intruder.

Iris nods and follows in Sansa's wake leaving Sandor confused and embarrassed in his own home. *Who the fuck is she?* He looks down at Stranger who is eyeing him beadily from inside the crate. He pushes his head to the wire bars so his fur pokes through. He crouches down and ruffles his face through the bars as best he can murmuring nothing's in a low gravelly voice which causes his pal to sigh and push into his hand closer.

"I'll just see what the little bird has to say and I'll be right back buddy." He rumbles before stretching gingerly up out of a crouch and heads to the kitchen.

Sansa and Iris are sat at the table clutching mugs of steaming tea. A cup of black coffee is set-aside for him.

"I haven't formally introduced you Sandor." His little bird chirps up. "This is Iris, she's a veterinary nurse at the practice I went to last night, she was on call when we came in and kindly stopped by after her shift to see if we were alright." Sansa grins at Iris who smiles and takes another sip of tea before setting her mug down and sliding out of the chair, yawning.

"It's not a problem at all, I'm glad he's seems to be doing ok. I had best be off to get Lwca out for his walk before getting some sleep before my next shift, but if you need anything let me know. Remember your appointment with Davos later." She responds kindly.
"I will and thank you once again."

"It was an… umm… pleasure to meet you Mr Clegane." Iris responds with a twinkle in her eye.

Sandor grunts out an intelligible acknowledgement as Sansa escorts her to the door. When she returns he is leant against the table and holds his arms open, she fills the space against his chest so perfectly. Inhaling her fresh lemony scent, he wraps her in a firm embrace.

"How are you, little bird?" He rumbles into her ear and places a soft kiss to her temple.

"I'm ok, just exhausted with the broken night. Stranger is brighter but he passed some explosive diarrhoea in the early hours of this morning. Other then that he's been a good patient."

They break from their embrace but she winds her fingers with his and they walk back through to Stranger's makeshift ward. Sansa relays everything that transpired last night and he's amazed at how much she's done for his best buddy in his absence. He takes in the complicated looking machine attached to the crate, a very full hospital chart covered in Sansa’s neat handwriting and the boxes of drugs neatly set aside and labelled. His heart swells for the love he has for his little bird.

He startles and winces when she brushes her fingers against the swollen knuckles of his hand and gives an involuntary hiss.

"Oh! Sandor what happened to your hand?" She chirps at him, turning his hand back and forth in her delicate grasp.

He takes a deep breath. Not really wanting to start filling in her in on the events in Kings Landing but not wanting to lie to her either.

"Joffrey, littlebird. I came across him in the park… he was attacking the young florist with the Afghan hound. I... Apprehended him and put a stop to his attack." His voice is low and gravelly as he speaks to her.

Sansa's eyes widen and her breathing hitches at the mention of his name and stares off towards Stranger. He squeezes her hands between his and tries to get her to look at him again.
"The police arrived, but not before I beat the seven hells outta him."

He wants to admit what he, what the Hound did but is scared of her response, honesty wins out and he continues.

“Fuck little bird I've never felt so full of rage before. But they've arrested him and are going to reopen your case once more, once Stranger is fit to travel I think we best go back to KL."

Sansa doesn't appear to be with him as he relays this information. She nods absently but her hands tremble. A heavy weight settles in his gut.

“You alright? Sansa?” He asks

She takes a deep breath and her gaze returns to him, her beautiful blue eyes are brimming with unshed tears.

“Is it coincidence that you had to go back to Kings Landing, or did you want to seek Joffrey out?” Shes asks.

His honesty, although he fears the consequence of his actions wins out.

“I went back, because of him little bird. I couldn’t live with the fact that he was going to get away with what he did to you. Seeing your hurts and your pain afterwards, it nearly broke me. If the police couldn’t charge him, I-I wanted justice for what he did.” He rasps and The Hounds snarl echoes in the back of his mind.

“But Sandor, you could have gotten hurt, could have been arrested and sent to prison for what you did to him.” Her voice is high and tight with anger as she glares at him, her eyes glittering.

“Believe me Sansa, I knew and accepted the risks. Luckily I know Jory and a lot of the guys on the force personally and was given the green light, said they’d look the other way. I had to do this. Do this for you. I couldn’t have you looking over your shoulder, fearing the shadows. Shit Sansa! I want to protect you, and I feel like I failed with what happened to you.” He implores her to understand his voice breaking and his eyes pleading.
She watches him with tired eyes for a long time. *Shit! I’ve gone and fucked this up.* She licks her lips and he can see her carefully choosing her words.

“You know I’m not violent by nature… but… what happened to me, what – he – did to me. Touched me where he had no right to… I-I wanted wanted him to hurt to. But not at your cost, Sandor. I couldn’t bear if J-Joffrey took you away from me. I love you too damn much, okay!” Her voice quivered with emotion.

She glares up at him, tears tracking down her face and he gathers her frame into his embrace.

“You won’t lose me little bird. I’m a faithful hound and will always be yours.” He croons low into her ear.”

She stays sheltered in his embrace for quite sometime before she shifts and he slackens his hold. Her eyes are dry now and her blue iris’s have taken on a strong luminous quality.

“I thank you, Sandor. Not only for Joffrey, but also for taking care of me, taking care of Jess and Lady as well. For giving me happiness I never thought to see again.

His tongue feels like it has swollen twice the size at her declaration. He cannot respond with words so he lifts her chin up so he can stare into her beautiful face as he lowers his mouth to hers. She responds warmly to his lips and he loses himself in this moment. Her acceptance and her sweet soft lips caressing his, feels like a balm to his soul and he swears it is the sweetest thing there is.

Chapter End Notes

Sooo. what did ya think?

Please comment!
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

So, I managed to get this chapter out of my head and onto my Word document quite quickly so I thought I would share with you now!

In this chapter you can expect another trip to the vets where once more I am shamelessly pulling people from all over Westeros or across the Narrow Sea in this case. Also a certain character we love to hate will put an appearance in, in this chapter (Muchos thanks FancyKid for allowing me to steal her away!)

Also some lemony goodness at the end!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Sansa and Sandor walk hand in hand into Seaworth's Animal Clinic in the late afternoon, with Stranger faithfully at Sandor's side. His amber eyes glare balefully up at Sansa for returning him to this place. She wiggles her fingers for Sandor to relinquish her grip and smiles up at him. His grey eyes find hers and he offers a half smile half smirk in return.

"You take a seat with Strange whilst I book is in for out appointment." She directs pointing at the two seats opposite the reception station.

"Right you are little, bird." He rasps and with a gentle tug on Stranger’s lead they make their way to the seating area.

Sansa approaches the reception desk and is met by a mousy brown haired girl wearing the green and white striped tunic of a trainee veterinary nurse. Her hair is scraped back into a messy bun, make up applied on the heavier side with her eyes are downcast as she is busy focused on her task of picking at chipped red polish on her nails. Internally Sansa's frowns at this girl’s lack of awareness of the waiting room and the fact nail polish shouldn't be worn in practice. The phone beside her rings and she lazily picks up on the fourth ring with a bored sounding "Seaworth's vets." Her eyes are still downcast as she clicks away at the computer screen before setting down the handset. She hasn't even acknowledged Sansa's presence so she delicately clears her throat. Bored muddy brown eyes slide up to her face and a dull drawl of "yes?" Is her only response.

Sansa smiles sweetly as replies. "I'm here to book in for my appointment with Davos. It's Stranger Clegane. She hears two clicks on the mouse and that is it. She goes back to picking at her nails. Taken aback, Sansa spins on her heel and approaches Sandor and Stranger. She can feel the heat rising to her cheeks at such rude and unprofessional behavior. She slumps into the chair besides Sandor and Stranger nudges her knee. She fondles his ear and regains some composure muttering
“so rude” under her breath.

"You alright, little bird?" Sandor rumbles low sending a thrill through her stomach. She cannot get enough of hearing his voice and sorely wants to hear him crooning low in her ear as he takes her on that bed of his... Or anywhere for that matter. She had a need for him. Squeezing her thighs together she glances over towards the reception station at the trainee nurse and mutters "I'll tell you in the car."

Suddenly the nurse glances over their way looking all the more interested. Her eyes widen and her mouth pops into a little 'o'. She can see her gaze is going straight over her head and she then smiles a cat has got the cream like grin.

Discreetly Sansa turns to see what has caught this girl’s attention. An incredibly tall man with musculature to rival Sandor is making his way across the waiting room. He's wearing a black ribbed vest and low-slung beige combats with military boots. His left heavily muscled arm is decorated with a black and grey herd of what looks like the fabled Dothraki horse with a warrior sat astride bearing down with the great curved arakh blade. His right arm is wrapped around the waist of a petite woman with bright blonde hair and almost violet looking eyes. She's wearing a flowing blue maxi dress with a heavy gold halter neck and is tenderly carrying an enormous vibrant green iguana. She looks almost regal with her head held high and chin raised as her formidable looking boyfriend guides her to the reception desk with dark eyes gazing down on her. His thick dark hair is tied back and he has a thick beard. Her head snaps back to the nurse who's leering indecently at this well muscled client.

She's hears her breathily responds to the man, completely ignoring his companion that "Rhaegal's notes will be sent through shortly" and continues to gaze appreciatively at her client.

She snorts delicately in disgust at the scene before her.

"Something amuse you, little bird?" Comes the gravelly rasp of her beloved beside her. She glances up and his grey eyes are bright with questions, wishing to be let in on her amusement.

"Just the completely obvious leering of that trainee nurse over her client." She murmurs low. His head turns to watch the spectacle before him then snorts also.

Muttering low.
"She would have more luck trying to freeze the seven hells over than get his attention. Khal Drogo worships the ground his wife walks upon. Calls her the moon of his life. And she's just as enraptured with him, calls him her sun and stars." He smirks amused but she can see the respect in his eyes.

"How romantic." She sighs before adding, "You know them?" Her curiosity peaked.

"Aye, Drogo and I often spar together when we get time. Were both of a similar size and build and evenly matched. Makes for some satisfying sessions, he and his wife – Daenerys owns the large gym and spa salon near Casterley rock."

"Wait. Spar? As in fight rather than spa days?"

"Hells little bird? Yes fight! You imagine us sat around in robes getting out nails done?! Fuck!" He curses good-naturedly under his breath.

She chuckles at the imagery. "Although I wouldn't mind a spa day." She comments with a wistfully.

"True enough, little bird. Been through the seven hells recently, only to be topped off with Stranger lad here." He rubs his ears and smiles kindly.

Sansa’s attention is drawn back to the reception desk. The phone has started to ring and the trainee nurse is completely ignoring it, even with a prompt from the blonde woman - Daenerys to get it. The phone rings off before restarting again and she continues to ignore it. Sansa’s fingers twitch at the unanswered phone, wondering what could be on the other end. When the phone starts again with its shrill tone, Sansa cannot take anymore and strides over to snatch the handset off the cradle causing the girl to widen her eyes in surprise. Turning her back on her she faces the waiting room and Sandor’s surprised eyes.

"Seaworth's Animal Clinic, Sansa speaking how can I help?"

"Oh thank gods you answered." comes the shrill voice. "It's my dog! He's got caught running through a barbed wire fence, he's bleeding, there’s so much blood!" The ladies voice breaks off in a sob.

"Are you far from the practice?" Sansa asks injecting her voice with calm.
"No... I'm five minutes away but t-there's so much blood. It's spurting from a hole in his leg." *Shit she curses internally.*

"Okay, do you have a scarf or a belt or a hair tie" she asks. A shaky yes a silk scarf is the response. "Right, okay I want you to tie the scarf above your puppy's injury, really tight ok, that should help stem the blood flow. Ok?"

She can hear the fumbling and sobs of the lady on the other end of the phone before a shaky affirmative that she's done it and the bleeding is slowing down.

"Excellent. Now if you can get here as quick as you can and we can have a look at your boy's leg. Are you registered her? Yes, okay. What's your surname, puppy's name and the first line of your address? Right we will see you and Benjen Shortly.

She sets the handset down and turns back to the waiting room. A wall of silence hits her, as all eyes are boring into her, her eyes slide to the incredulous grey eyes of Sandor.

Taking a deep breath she addresses the trainee nurse and informs her of the impending arrival of 'Benjen Blackfoot' and to inform the nursing team in the back.

The trainee nurse glares at her. "You had no right to answer that phone, she spits."

Before she can form a response. The man - Khal Drogo - speaks in a lower rumble even than Sandor's

"Well if you were doing your job, rather than making eyes she wouldn't have had to." His eyes glint darkly.

A voice from behind makes her jump.

“'I would have to agree there, Mallory. Why on earth did you not pick up the phone?”"
Comes the stern voice of Iris. Sansa turns to see Iris has arrived for her evening shift, looking more refreshed but her pale blue eyes are narrowed at Mallory who sits on the swivel chair with a pout.

Any further conversation is cut off as "Stranger Clegane" is called from the consulting room behind them.

Khal Drogo turns and acknowledges Sandor with a deep nod and his eyes widen as Sansa falls into step with Sandor guiding her to the consulting room with his hand on the small of his back.

They meet the frowning face of Davos and she feels herself blush. "What happened out there Miss Stark?" He queries.

"My apologies Mr. Seaworth, the phone was ringing and was unanswered on two occasions. I couldn’t help myself, I’m sorry… but you do have a dog coming down which is has been caught on barbed wire and from the sounds of it is bleeding quite heavily. At my instruction they have applied a make shift tourniquet.” She replies hesitantly with building confidence as she relays her advice.

“Very well, Miss Stark. I thank you for interceding, although it shouldn’t have been necessary… anyway lets get to why you’re here in the first place. How has Stranger been overnight?"

“He’s been doing ok, he had a large bout of diarrhoea in the early hours of this morning, but he certainly seems more comfortable. I have given him small bland meals over the course of the day which so far he has kept down.”

Davos clicks approvingly. “I will need to examine him, do you think he will behave?”

“Sandor? Do you want to hold Stranger whilst he’s examined? He always more reassured with you.”

“Aye.” He rumbles and crouches down, taking Stranger’s massive head between his own enormous hands, rubbing his ears soothingly. “Stranger. Stand.” He commands with authority.

“It’s good to meet you, Mr. Clegane. You are very fortunate to have Sansa take such good care of Stranger last night, he proved himself to be quite difficult for myself and Iris.” Davos speaks whilst conducting his exam of Stranger.
Sansa is pleased that Davos is being very thorough and that Stranger is behaving himself, although he doesn’t look too impressed by the examination, especially when his temperature was taken. Her attention is drawn back to the conversation.

“I do have to apologise about my faux pas the other night, I assumed Miss Stark was your wife last night and on more than one occasion, called her Mrs. Clegane.” Sansa blushes when Sandor levels her with a surprised glance.

“It truly doesn’t matter, Davos. It didn’t feeling pressing to correct you.” She murmurs with the heat burning her features.

Davos looks at herself, then to Sandor with a bizarre look that he has realised something. With an “ah, say no more.” Which confuses her even more he continues with the examination.

“Right Mr. Clegane, Miss Stark. Stranger certainly feels much more comfortable. I will take him through to do a quick ultrasound scan, but I feel it may be prudent to keep him on fluids and intravenous drugs another night. If he continues to improve we can look to switching him to oral medication.”

Sansa and Sandor nod in unison. Davos leads them through to the ultrasound suite just off to the side of the prep room. Sansa notices Iris and another vet furiously working over the unconscious body of Springer spaniel type dog with two stands drip and infusion pumps forcing vas amounts of fluids into the patient. There is a very red stained silk scarf is discarded on the work surface and a more traditional tourniquet is in place. Iris glances over with a smear of red on her forehead and calls out.

“Good call on the make shift tourniquet Sansa! He’s severed his brachial artery. Without it he would have most certainly bled out by now.”

She nods approvingly and Sansa shrugs.

“I’m just pleased I didn’t ignore that call, even if I shouldn’t have answered it. I hope he will be alright.”

“We will do our best, organizing a blood transfusion now.” Iris calls back before refocusing on the task it hand.
Sansa feels lighter that she was able to advise the client of the spaniel to give him the best possible chance. Sandor has lifted Stranger onto the table and has got him to lie down for Davos who is applying ultrasound gel to Stranger’s stomach. She approaches the table and watches as the grainy grey and white image fills the monitor. Davos is quiet whilst contemplating the image and Sansa quietly murmurs to Sandor what he can see on the screen he was watching with interest.

Davos clears his throat. “It’s not looking too bad, his stomach is still dilated but there is some movement in his small intestines. You will be pleased to see there doesn’t appear to be much more diarrhoea on its way out. As I said I would sort out some more fluids and drugs for overnight again and we will see him back this time again tomorrow. Is that ok?”

Sansa nods as Sandor lifts Stranger from the table who with a burst of energy tries to dash out the room. A little scream is met with a snarl as Stranger comes face to face with Mallory.

“Stranger, heel.” Sansa and Sandor command in unison who steps between them, leaning on Sandor with a glance at Sansa.

“What is it, Mallory?” Davos inquires.

“I-I wanted to come and see the surgery on the dog with the cut.” She pouts.

“And who is covering the desk?”

“Shireen.”

“Shireen is fourteen, Mallory and not trained to work on reception. She isn’t really meant to be on sight at all. You know I’m doing it as a favour to Stannis. No, Mallory. I won’t allow it.”

“Ugh! I never see anything fun. All I do is clean kennels and answer the phones.” She stomps off.

Davos raises his eyebrows at her retreating back.

“You would have thought she would realize if she was competent in the tasks we have given her we would be more than willing to show her the ‘cool’ stuff. Apparently two years of the same tasks has
not given her the incentive to improve. She only seems to become enthusiastic at certain male clients and locum male vets it seems.” He snorts although there is an edge of disappointment to his voice.

Sansa cannot believe how unmotivated this Mallory is, especially when she knows how competitive it is to find a training position in practice.

“Right if you would like to take a seat and I will sort out Stranger’s meds for you to take home.”

“I like it here.” Sansa muses out loud.

“What’s that?” Sandor rumbles.

“It’s a nice practice, here. Everybody seems so friendly; it was only really Tyrion who gave me anytime back in Kings Landing. I almost don’t want to go back.” She sighs.

“We will have to go back to KL soon enough little bird. We need to see the outcome of that cunts arrest.”

Sansa shudders.

“But there’s no reason we cannot return afterwards.”

“Really?”

“Aye, really.”

Later that evening

Stranger is all settled for the night and appears much happier. He’s eaten a few more bland meals and
even tried to play with Sandor when he took him into the garden to toilet.

Sandor cooked a simple yet delicious spaghetti bolognaise, which they tucked into after they resettled Stranger from his trip to the vets. She can hear the power shower blasting from their – his ensuite and she tiptoes and sheds her clothes outside the bedroom door. His back is to her as she sneaks into the bathroom and her mouth goes dry as she sees the rivulets of running over the hardened planes of muscle. She squeezes her thighs together as she feels her arousal gather between her legs. His hands are lathering up his hair as tiptoes and slides into the shower, sliding her palms along the roundness of his buttocks and to the plane of firm muscle on his lower abdomen. Leaning in she places a kiss between his shoulder blades.

He stills momentarily and he growls contentedly but carries on washing the lather from his hair. The clean crisp scent of his shampoo fills her nostrils and causing her to pant. Her hands dip lower and grasp his already hardening member, pumping it back and forth, causing Sandor to emit some low groans. He turns around and she quickly dips to her knees taking his member deep within her throat, swirling her tongue along the shaft. He hisses her name and places his hands on her shoulders, one hand cupping the back of her neck whilst the other seeks out her breast and cups it softly before tugging sharply on her pink bud of a nipple when she take him deeper into her mouth, causing her to moan his name around his cock.

“Fuck, little bird.” He growls huskily as pulls out of her mouth roughly, causing her to moan at the feeling of emptiness which can only be filled by him. He lifts her from her knees and crushes his lips to hers as the rain shower courses over them; the suds from his shower gel causing a delightful slippery slide as the grind up again each other. Her nipples are overly sensitized by his chest hair and she gasps as he dips his fingers to the pearl of nerves at her apex.

“You’re so wet for me, Sansa.” He rasps as he nuzzles his lips to her neck, causing her to moan and sigh.

Her hands wrap around his cock and she slides him fluidly through her hands causing him to harden and curse further. Suddenly he lifts her and she wraps her legs around his hips, feeling the coolness of the tiles at her back as he lowers her slowly onto his hardened member. They both moan and she ‘yes’ hisses through her teeth as he fills her up. Once he’s fully sheathed inside her blue eyes meet grey a question dancing within his eyes.

“Is that what you wanted, Sansa?”

A low moan and a nod of her head is what escapes her.
He moves so slow and sure that she can feel every soft ridge within her he moves past, grazing over her sweet spot within. Back and forth he goes, so so slowly, his thigh muscles like steel beneath her – despite his injury inflicted in the fight with Joffrey he has the strength and stamina to perform this slow and steady rhythm. Feeling her body ignite with heat as he brings her nearer and nearer to completion with his movements.

She howls out his name as her internal muscles contact around him, causing him to ride the waves with fast forceful movements that bring tears of ecstasy to her eyes. He rumbles out a guttural 'fuck' as he comes deep inside her and braces both hands on the tiles so she is just supported by his hips her legs are wrapped around.

His eyes lazily open and finds hers, grey boring into blue, a smile on their lips as they meet for soft steady kisses and all she can think is that this is what she wants. This is what she wants today, this is what she will want tomorrow and this is what she most definitely wants for the rest of her days.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed!

This will probably be my last update for a little while, The run down to Christmas is going to be pretty busy, but I will try and get another update in before this year is out!

Toodle pip! :-}
It's been a while since I've updated this fic and I feel quite rusty.
I lost the flow after a crazy run up to Christmas and only feel like I have been able to
write and make it flow.
I hope you all enjoy.
Much love
Threepaws x

Sansa’s heart is heavy as she absently gazes out of the passenger window leaving little white puffs of
condensation on the glass as she exhales. It has been two days since the appointment at Seaworths
and thankfully Stranger is on the mend despite being on an array of medication and a bland diet.

They received a phone call yesterday requesting her presence in Kings Landing to give another
statement since her case has been reopened in the light of the latest attack. Her heart is like a leaden
weight with every mile further away from her sanctuary in the Westerlands.

Tears prick at the backs of her eyes at the thought of having to recount that awful evening. To relive
what Joffrey and his friends did, what they could have done. It leaves a bitter acrid taste in her mouth
that makes her want to vomit. She squeezes her eyes shut and takes in a deep breath before exhaling,
repeating these actions several more times whilst her mind wanders off to thoughts which make her
smile…

… Ensconced in the night-warmed sheets of the big oak bed within the arms of her love. How she
shudders as he grazes his fingers along her ribs and collarbone. His hot breath seeping into the
cascade of her hair as he places soft kisses… The deep hum of pleasure from him that vibrates
through her as she traces his features…

She hasn’t been this happy for a long time and with every mile closer to Kings Landing she starts to
get jittery. So lost in her own thoughts, she jumps when a large, work roughened hand envelopes
hers, callused fingers sliding across her knuckles before giving a reassuring squeeze. She glances
across the truck seats to see Sandor, eyes still on the road but very much aware of her turmoil. Grey
eyes flicker briefly to blue before maintaining their attention on the traffic ahead of them.

“You all right?” he rumbles low, checking the rearview mirror.

“I don’t want to go back.” She murmurs softly, her voice breaking on the last work as tears fall
silently.

His hand squeezes harder as she tries to stifle a sob from erupting from her chest. Her misery is a
visceral pain she doesn’t know how to escape. When she can see through the tears again she realises
they are now stationary in the car park of a services along the motorway. She turns to him and is met
by his molten steel eyes and his arms open to embrace her. Mindless of the centre console she unclips
her seatbelt and scrambles into his lap with a small ‘oof’ from him but he soon wraps her into the
safety of his arms. He has eased the driver’s seat back as far as it will go, which isn’t far for him to accommodate her. His hands are a soft drag through her hair and down her spine as she sobs.

He holds her there until her breathing settles and she feels as much as hears what he’s got to say.

“I know you don’t, but you’ve got to. For this to be over and for you to finally be able to move on. You’re so strong, San. Through all of this and everything you’ve been through before. You just gotta be brave and strong for a little longer. Ok?”

His deep voice washes over her as she takes in his words before taking a deep breath and nodding.

“That’s my girl.” Her rumbles. “Now, i’m gonna go for a piss since you’ve just bounced on my bladder, then we’re goin’ to send that golden haired cunt down so far, he’ll never come back up! Ok?”

She draws back to take in the quirked up smile of the man who believes in her. This man who is brave and gentle and strong. She nods an agreement, which causes him to bare his teeth in a smile and kiss her soundly on her forehead.

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His Littlebird is exhausted as they exit the police station in Kingslanding, her tiny frame pressed up against his side, his arm draped over her shoulders as he guides her bone weary feet to a vacant park bench near a weeping willow and more importantly the local coffee house.

“You did good today, Littlebird. Now sit tight whilst I get us some coffee.”

He says as he lowers her onto the bench and squeezes her lightly on the shoulder before striding through the iron gates and across the quiet street to the bustle of the coffee house.

He cannot put into words, how proud he is of her. To relive what that little cunt did to her when the first time met a brick wall. She looks as frail and delicate as one of the beautiful birds from the Summer Isles but beneath that beauty is the strength and spirit of a wolf.

Once her reaches the barista he places an order for two coffees and a lemon muffin for his Littlebird and a sour cherry and chocolate brownie for himself. His mind wanders again to the events of the afternoon, the uncomfortable plastic chairs in the interview room and harsh artificial lighting casting a green pallor over hers and Jory’s features. Once the formal interview is over, Jory informs them that since the arrest, more victims have come forward. It amazes him how much the little cunt got away with and how there wasn’t an inkling of the foul play happening within the city. His features form a smile at the mention of chemical castration as a possible part of Joffrey’s sentence. For there will be no wriggling out of this with the amount of evidence against him now.

“Watch it, you clumsy oaf”

Sandor is jolted from a daydream of Joffrey having his nuts ripped off to look down into angry grey eyes framed by a brown chin length hair and a mouth turned into a scowl, tiny hands wrapped around two coffee cups to go.

“My apologies.” He rasps out with a sneer, feeling his scars twist.

The little lady is unperturbed by his display of intimidation, stomps away muttering some intelligible curse words but he distinctly hears the word “ass” thrown in his direction as she heads along the street.
He grabs his order and heads back to his Littlebird, taking his time to cross the busy road. He stalls at the gates as he takes in a bloke about a head and a half shorter than him, built like a well muscled bull with short cropped brown hair and a black leather jacket approach his little bird. Her eyes are down cast and staring unseeingly at the floor beneath her feet, she starts when this unknown bastard reaches down and places a hand on her shoulder. He grinds his teeth and begins racing to her side as her eyes widen in fear. However he is completely thrown when the look of fear dissolves into smiles and laughter before wrapping her arms around his shoulders. He slows his pace and approaches warily, internally he is warring between shock at who this unknown man is, rage at how he dares touch his Littlebird in such a familiar manner and jealousy at her letting him.

The melodic lilt in her voice reaches his ears.

“It’s so good to see you. I thought you guys were having another month or so in Bravos?! I’ve missed you guys so much. Where is Arya?”

The name Arya rings a faint bell in his head, the Littlebird’s sister… so this must be her husband…

He approaches from behind and rumbles low, whilst eyeing this stranger “Your coffee, Sansa.”

She whips round with a heart stopping smile and bright eyes as she takes the proffered coffee from his outstretched hand.

“Thank you, Sandor. Sandor this is my brother in law, Gendry. Gendry this is my…”

“Not you again.” Is the shrill indignant reply from behind the three of them.

He turns to be greeted by the angry grey eyes and scowl from the coffee shop.

“Arya!”

His Littlebird exclaims before throwing her arms around her little sister, oblivious to her indignant outcry. Arya returns the hug but continues to glare at him. Breaking the hug she turns to Arya and Gendry whilst pulling Sandor to her side.

“This is Sandor, who I was telling you about in the e-mail. Sandor this is my little sister, Arya and her husband Gendry.”

He extends his hand out to shake Gendry’s who returns it with a smile and a firm grip. Arya maintains a dagger stare at him, which he returns with a sneer.

“Play nice, Arya.” Gendry admonishes which causes her dagger gaze to falter before reluctantly extending her hand, which he dutifully takes.

“What brings you back so soon, guys?” Sansa inquires.

Arya shrugs her shoulders, eyes downcast.

“Just wanted to be back on home turf I guess.”

“What that really means, is that she missed you, San.” Gendry supplies with a grin.

“Shut up you! So Stupid, what was this ‘incident’ that the big oaf here has been so helpful with?”

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“That cunt! If I see him, I’m going to run him through with Needle!”
Arya exclaims hotly glaring with incredulous eyes between Sandor and herself. An array of takeout cartons litters her little dining table they have all squeezed around. For the second time today she has recounted the second worst night of her life.

“Needle?” Sandor murmurs.

“Arya, you will not be stabbing in him with your Fencing sword.” Sansa responds tiredly.

“But he, he can’t get away with it.”

“He’s not going to.” Sandor rasps with his deep grating voice. “We were just giving our statements at the police station before we bumped into you in the park.”

Arya mulls this over, fury etching her pixie like features.

“Why were you both giving statements?” she asks.

“Because I wasn’t letting the little cunt get away with it.” Sandor responds.

Her sister is quietly taking Sandor’s measure. It is a look she often saw in father’s eyes. With the eye colour he and Arya shared, seeing the look in her little sister’s eyes is uncanny and a little disconcerting. Gendry is quietly listening, mouth set in a hard line and his fists steadily unfurling from where they were gripped so tight at her recount of that evening.

“What did you do?” She asks interest piqued.

“Came back whilst the Li- Sansa was recuperating at my house in the Westerlands. Tracked him down and found him trying the same tricks with another woman. Saw red and made the little bastard bleed for his crimes.”

Sandor replies with a touch of smugness to his voice. It both frightens and comforts her to know there is this feral side within him. A side that takes pleasure is someone else’s pain but a side that came out to protect her too. She thanks the Seven for him coming into her life.

“So what’s the plan now then?” Her sister asks.

She lets out a soft sigh. “I’ve got to return to work tomorrow. Pick up my work schedule and be updated on a few changes that have occurred in my absence.”

“You don’t sound to keen to return, San.” Gendry observes. He’s always so perceptive. She’d forgotten that about him.

“I love the job Gendry, but I never felt like I fit in there. Also Joffrey’s uncles both work there and I don’t know how these latest events will impact for me.”

A soft reassuring touch to her lower spine from Sandor helps calm her jittery mind, clearing away the fretting and worry and leaving bone weariness in its stead. She stifles a yawn and stands.

“If you guys don’t mind, I’m done for the day.”

Three heads bob in unison and she trails a hand across Sandor’s broad shoulders before being enveloped in a hug by Gendry and a hand squeeze by Arya. She heads upstairs and falls into a fitful sleep.

***
Making the most of the free time he is afforded by his Littlebirds afternoon at work he stares in bewildered horror at glass cases containing infinite quantities of glittering stones displayed in varying precious metals with massive price tags attached. He hasn’t got a fucking clue where to start and stares unseeingly at the rings. Unsure of what his beautiful little bird would choose for herself. He managed to secret the Emerald ring he sees her wear so often from her jewellery box this morning whilst she was showering, hoping it should be of a size for her wedded finger and knowing it isn’t something she will miss, as she doesn’t wear it to work.

Where do I fucking start? He lets out a blustering exhale.

“Can I help you, sir?”

Comes the question from a small-wizened old man, how he can see is beyond him, his wrinkles heavily obscure his vision.

“Aye, I’m looking to purchase an engagement ring.” He rumbles softly.

“Ah, very good. Congratulations in advance.” The old man responds. “Do you have an idea of what you or your intended would like?”

“No, I think she would like diamonds but other than that, no.”

“Well we have a place to start, do you have a budget in mind?

He gives his budget idea and with that the old man peruses the rows of dainty rings set within plush velvet cushions. Selecting differing ones before placing them in front of Sandor.

“Here are the rings that fall within your budget sir.”

He runs off the metal the diamonds are set within along with cut, colour, clarity and carat of each diamond ring. Sandor holds up each dainty ring to inspect making them look comically small in his giant hands. Holding each one between his thumb and forefinger he turns it to inspect from every angle, trying to imagine each one in turn adorning his little birds finger. He disregards some of the more gaudy ones immediately and is now left with three. However his eyes fall back to the glass case and his heart stops at what he sees, that is it. The perfect ring for his Littlebird.

“Can I see that one?” He asks, jabbing his forefinger to the glass above the ring.

“Now, this is a beautiful ring isn’t it?” The clerk informs him as he carefully, almost reverently lifts it from the snug velvet cushion. “The setting is quite unusual as it is made from Valyrian steel. Fallen out of favour nowadays despite being a rarity but very hard wearing and doesn't rust or tarnish.”

Sandor can feel the weight of the steel within the palm of his hand and lifts it to eye level to inspect the stones. His lip involuntarily twitches at the image of the ring on Sansa’s finger, it feels right, warmth spreading through his chest at the feeling of presenting it to her.

“How much?”

“It is above your budget sir.”

“How much?”

The clerk responds and then Sandor blanches but offers low. He knows how this can be done. With sighs and hand wringing the bartering begins and the tenacious dog within doesn’t leave until he has beaten the old man down. It is still above his original budget but leagues away from the starting
He leaves the store with a spring in his step and an upturned half smile of his face. Now to decide when to present it to his Littlebird…

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Sansa pushes heavily through her front door and is met by Stranger, a wide sideways swipe of his black tail back and forth and a lolling pink tongue. She fondles his ears before slipping out of her shoes and shrugging off her coat and making her way down the hallway to the kitchen. Today was a challenge, having to face her work colleagues again. Tyrion and Jaime were absent and she is unsure if that was a good or bad thing. Petyr was all simpering concern with smiles that never quite reached his eyes. Jeyne and Shae were courteous but distant and Brienne was a sympathetic presence. The day was busy, but for Sansa it dragged, a constant wave of nausea roiling through her body and she could barely stomach any lunch. She is glad to be home but is dreading returning there full time.

She is greeted by a steaming mug of chamomile and lemon tea, muffins and her little sister Arya whom is perched on the counter top, grey eyes scrutinizing her as she trudges up to the breakfast bar and sips the proffered drink.

“So, how’d it go?”

“Exhausting Arya. Tyrion and Jaime weren’t there and everybody else were polite but standoffish, I don’t know if I can keep doing this full time.”

“Can’t you just quit the job? Surely you haven’t burned through your inheritance? I’ve barely made a dent in mine and that’s with nearly a years worth of traveling.” She says whilst absently picking at a muffin, popping the crumbs in her mouth.

“Sure I could quit, there’s plenty to keep me comfortable, but I’d go insane Arya! I love my nursing and not to do it would drive me crazy.” She explains.

She looks down to the brown eyes of Jess and Stranger watching her hopefully for a tasty morsel before realising that Lady and Nymeria are absent.

“Where are the girls?” Sansa inquires.

“Oh, Gendry took them to the park for some sister time, so we could have some sister time.” Arya states matter of factly.

“That was good of him. How’s married life suiting you?” she asks

“Much the same as it was before, we still argue, play fight and fuck…”

“Arya!” Sansa exclaims, blushing at the images bombarding her mind.

“What? Don’t tell me you’re still all coy about it, surely you’ve fucked Sandor?”

“We’ve made love, Arya yes” She replies snippily, her cheeks burning at some of the memories of their ‘love making’. “Do you like him?” Sansa asks hesitantly.

“He’s not who I’d have expected you’d have gone for, especially when you were dating the likes of pretty boy Harry. But he’s all right… I’m glad he was here to take care of you through all the shit you’ve had to go through… By the Gods old and new you can see how much you love him, and he loves you too. And I guess I’m all right with that.”
Sansa’s heart swells and her sister’s admission. It wouldn’t have changed things if Arya didn’t like him, but for her to be happy for them makes her heart soar."

“Thanks sis, that’s one part of my life that I’m more than happy with.” Just need to find a new job and get away from KL then I will feel happier. She muses.

* 

It is later in the evening and it is just Sansa and Sandor at home with the four dogs now. At Sansa’s recommendation Arya and Gendry have gone out for a meal then drinks and dancing at The Butchers Boy. Sandor treated her to a steak dinner and has just disappeared into the kitchen to refill their wine glasses. He cheeks are warm and flushed partly by the alcohol and partly by the smoldering gaze and lingering touches of her beloved. A small smile tickles her lips at the promise of what those looks will bring for her later.

She is jolted from those thoughts by her phone illuminating and the sound of her ring tone. She glances at her phone to see who is trying to contact her. I wonder what Seaworth’s want, Sansa muses before accepting the call.

“Hello?”

“Hi, Sansa. Davos here.”

“Hello Davos, is everything alright?”

“Yes yes, all is well thank you and how is Stranger progressing?”

“Oh! That's very kind of you to call. He's doing well thank you. Taking the meds and bland food well. His energy is increasing everyday.”

“That's excellent, I am pleased to hear it. However, Sansa that isn't the reason I phoned...”

“Oh?”

“One of our nursing team has just announced that they are retiring and I'd like to invite you for an interview, Iris and myself feel you would be a valued asset to our team. Would you be able to come in tomorrow for a formal meeting?”

“Oh my Davos, I cant! Can't come tomorrow not can't come to the interview! I'm back in Kings Landing at present. I've got some business I need to attend to which will take a few days. I can come at the weekend, or a phone interview if you have a deadline...”

Sansa’s heart is pounding in her chest. Finding employment in the Westerlands could mean her and Sandor starting a new chapter together in his home.

“The weekend will be fine Sansa. I'm on call with Iris but if you can arrive at 2pm on the Saturday that should hopefully be a good time to conduct the interview.”

“Ok, great. I will look forward to it.”

“Good evening, Sansa.”

“You too Davos.”

Sansa rings off and a grin spreads across her face.
“Everything alright Littlebird?” Sandor asks when he enters the lounge with two glasses of Dornish Red. His brow quirks into a small frown as he hands her the thin-stemmed glass.

“Yes, everything is fine. That was Davos from Seaworth's veterinary clinic... He's invited me for an interview. This weekend.”

He smiles at her with proud grey eyes.

“That's great Littlebird, mayhaps we can move sooner that anticipated.”

Her stomach fizzes with excitement at the prospect of setting down roots with Sandor in his home and having a job go to as well. It finally seems like things are looking up for her. Jumping to her feet and as soon as Sandor sets down his glass, he embraces her and drops a hot warm kiss to her mouth. She returns the kiss enthusiastically and clings to him like the lifeline he is.
Chapter 30

Chapter Summary

So here we are at the final chapter. I hope you all have your lemon shaped cushions at hand to squidge with!!!

I want to thank you all for taking the time to read and comment on my first ever fan fiction story! All of you have been so welcoming, kind and supportive.

I cannot express how much that has meant to me.

I hope you all enjoy this chapter and find it a satisfying ending to AWitP.

Much love

Threepaws xxx

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

His Littlebird is still slumbering softly, arms thrown above her head like a newborn babe with her coppery curls cascading around her beautiful face, beneath the crisp sheets she is as naked as her Name day – which in fact today is for her. He is watching her with a shoulder leant against the door to his, no their bedroom now, a mug of black coffee in his left hand, her mug of tea in his right. She is completely oblivious to the fact that he has been up for hours. Having taken out the three hounds and made sure all his arrangements for today are as they should be before the sun rose, turning the inky blackness to a pinky haze.

He pads over to the big oak bed past the windows, curtains opened and the sun rays filtering though warm his skin. How his Littlebird can continue to sleep, he will never know. He sets the mug of tea down gently on the coaster on the bedside table, sitting down beside her causing the bed to dip and her to shift closer to him. Her eyes are closed; the long lashes casting little shadows on her cheeks. He traces his forefinger down the side of her face before leaning in and kissing the pulse point on her neck before whispering his voice a low rumble.

“Happy Name day, Littlebird.”

Before placing another kiss to her neck, he feels Sansa shift to wakefulness, eyes still closed with a long limbed stretch, her back arching like a cat along with a happy sigh escaping from her mouth. She shuffles backwards into the centre of their bed to accommodate him and he slips between the covers and wraps her sleep-warmed body into his embrace. He places soft kisses against her closed eyelids as his fingers graze her silken sides and the rounded globes of her breasts, a teasing tweak to her rosebud pink nipples cause her to gasp with pleasure. Finally opening her sapphire blue eyes to his steel grey.

“Good morning, beautiful.”

She huffs out a small laugh which turns to a gasp once more as he traces the swollen lips of her cunt
from last nights activities. They are sticky with their combined releases but he can feel the building silkiness of her arousal as he continues to stroke over them, occasional dipping within the folds to trace her pulsing nub. He grazes her neck with gentle kisses as she moans with delight, shifting so he has her caged between his arms beneath him, he takes a nipple into his mouth once more, sucking it into a little mountain peak before continuing to the other one and servicing it the same.

Her chest is rising and falling rapidly as his attentions drift lower until she is squirming as he exhales hotly onto her cunt. His tongue is a fevered heat of a stroke along her slit again and again causing her to writhe and moan his name. He can taste their duel release, which soon gives way to her honeyed sweetness. Grasping her hips to keep her still, he feels sharp half moon crescents scraping at his scalp and a breathy “Sandor, please” begging him to continue. He happily obliges, alternating between laving her slit and sucking sharply on her little nub. Her cunt is sopping wet when she finally goes rigid and sings for him, his fingers dancing along her hips and thumbs caressing her inner thighs.

He quickly wipes her excess juices form his mouth before landing a deep kiss on her parted lips. His erection slips inside of her causing them both to moan deeply as she takes him into her scorching heat. He can feel the aftershocks of her orgasm pulsating the length of his cock and he lets out a rumbling groan of pleasure. Thrusting into her steadily he can feel her tense for another release. He can hear her soft whimpers as she tries to fight the sensations conquering her body.

“Let go and sing for me, Littlebird.” He demands but it comes out too damned huskily for his liking.

She obliges and falls off of the cliff into another wall clenching orgasm, which he thrusts heavily into, getting her to moan higher and higher until with a roaring groan he spills his seed inside her.

They lay panting and sated, a glistening of sweat clinging to their bodies. She purrs with satisfaction and hazy blue eyes focus on him all lit up happiness. Once she gets her breath she stretches up to kiss his ruin of a mouth and hums a “Thank you” against them, the vibrations sending a shiver down his spine.

Pulling away before he can take her again he rumbles a command.

“Up you get Littlebird, you have a busy day.”

She flops down with a huge frown. “It’s my Name day and I purposely made no plans. We’ve been so hectic with the move and the new job. I want to stay in bed. With you.”

He huffs out a laugh. “My greedy Littlebird. I know we’ve been busy, but you will like what I’ve got in store today, I promise.”

Squinting her eyes at him as she takes in his features. “Are you sure, Sandor?”

“I’m sure, a Hound would never lie to you, now get that sweet little ass into the shower whilst I get my hungry Littlebird some breakfast.”

***

Freshly showered and wearing a light blue sundress she descends the stairway, grumbling internally at being up so early on not only her day off but her Name day too. Past years Name days have been spent beneath the sheets slumbering and reading until noon. 8am is Far too early, although she can’t complain too much about her wake up call.

Her stomach rumbles as she inhales the sweet smell of lemons and pancakes, her fingers absently caressing the green leaves of the lemon tree at the bottom of the stairs before making her way into the kitchen. She is greeted by three wagging tails and she takes it in turn to pet and coo over each of their...
hounds before taking a seat at the chunky wooden dining table. A white and blue ceramic jug is full to bursting with flowers, which look like they have been handpicked from the garden this morning.

A card is leaning against the vase, her name written in Sandor’s scratchy scrawl. He sets down a freshly brewed cup of tea and a stacked plate of lemon pancakes, a bowl filled with strawberries, raspberries and blueberries sit to the side of the vase. Sandor points a wooden spoon at her and commands her to eat before he settles across from her with his giant stack of pancakes.

She daintily forks a morsel of pancake into her mouth and her tongue zings with the lemon zest of it, they are delicious causing her to ‘mmm’ with delight. Taking a few more dainty bites she exclaims, “these are so good Sandor!” He rumbles a laugh as she devours her plate of pancakes before daintily wiping the corners of her mouth with a napkin, leaning backward into the tall dining chair see sighs happily.

Almost shyly he slides the envelope over to her placemat, which she picks up and slides her forefinger through the seam to open the envelope. Her brow furrows in concentration as she reads what it as to say, her mouth forming a little ‘o’ of surprise. Setting it down she looks into his steel grey eyes.

“Oh Sandor! This is such a lovely surprise. I haven’t had a spa day in ages and those treatments sound heavenly. Thank you so much.”

“You deserve it Littlebird. I unfortunately have to work today but I will drop you their enroute so you can relax.” He rumbles.

“That sounds great Sandor, but what about the dogs? They will be left too long.”

“It’s all in hand. They’ve already had their morning walk and Elder Brother said he would keep them company here during the day. Iris will do their afternoon walk with her husband as I will be taking you out for dinner.” He rumbles softly, sending shivers up to the nape of her neck. He clearly has everything in hand and she is touched by his thoughtfulness and what he has in store for her.

“Sandor, today sounds perfect, thank you so much. She reaches over to take his hand in hers. He gives her hand a delicate squeeze before muttering “one more thing.” He then turns her hand palm face up whilst he brings his other hand over the top of hers, she feels something small, square and warmed by his body heat nestled within her grasp. When he removes his hands from hers, she looks down and her heart skitters. Within her hand is a small cream box, much like what she keeps her rings in upstairs.

Could this be?

She glances quickly at his face but he gives no reaction. His face is impassive as she tentatively opens the box, she gasps at the delicate piece of jewellery within.

“Oh, Sandor! It’s perfect.” She can feel fat tears clinging to her eyelashes as she lifts the pendant from the box. An intricate loop of beaten silver with a delicate golden sun, casting rays hangs from the top left corner. Within the loop is a delicate wire with two little golden birds perching, one with its wings outstretched as if it has just landed beside the other bird. Overwhelmed she rushes round to him and jumps into his lap, holding it up so they can both gaze upon it. His rumbling laughter is infectious and she is giggling with the merriment of such a beautiful gift.

“Help me put it on she murmurs and he fumbles with the delicate clasp as she sweeps her hair over her shoulder and away from her neck. She feels the coolness of the circle kiss the skin just below her collarbones. Once the weight settles she releases her hair and feels his arms wrap around her and he kisses her cheek softly. “You like it, then?” he rumbles and she nods her head enthusiastically.

“I love it, Sandor, you have spoilt me today.”
He clicks a disapproving noise in the back of his throat as if he disagrees with her and squeezes her tighter. She feels him shift to look at the clock. “C’mon Littlebird, lets get you to this spa.”

“OK, I’ll just gather some things.” She begins to hop up off of his lap.

“No need, it’s all in the car.” He rumbles.

“Wait! What?” she asks surprised.

“It is all waiting for you in the car.” He repeats before gently guiding her through the lower floors and out the front door to the awaiting Audi Spyder in the driveway.

***

Sansa is so relaxed she can barely keep her eyes open. The Targaryen spa is like a palace, big glass windows overlooking acres of rolling green countryside. She is currently sat in the warm water of a bubbling hot tub overlooking the grounds. A crystal class champagne flute and chocolate dipped strawberries sat at her side on a glass table. Sandor has treated her to the ‘Queen for the day’ package, which has so far consisted of a heavenly full body massage, body exfoliation and moisturizing cocoon and a facial. She is yet to enjoy a luxury manicure, pedicure as well as having her hair washed and styled along with a make up application. She also has her own private dressing room and shower as well as a little balcony where her lunch was brought to her earlier in the day. She certainly feels like a queen with how much she has been pampered and the little effort she has had to expend today. She didn’t even have to select any items to bring with her as she had seen to all of that. Her little hand luggage suitcase was already filled with her favourite lemon and bergamot toiletries, brand new bikini in a funky white and blue geometric print with a matching tunic. The only thing he has forgotten is fresh underwear. She hopes wherever he is taking her later doesn’t have too formal a dress code as although her blue sundress is pretty, it might be a bit too casual for some eateries.

She feels so very loved by him and her heart thumps quickly at remembering the little white box nestled within her had. For a moment she thought he was going to propose and she cannot deny that she was a little disappointed by the contents of the box. The pendant is beautiful, she loves it truly but she cannot help but hoped it was an engagement ring. They may not have known each other all that long, but she knows that it will always only be him. The sooner they commit to each other the better for her.

She wonders how her family would have received him, if they had had the chance before their lives were tragically cut short. She thinks her father would have liked him; he’d never warmed to Harry and in hindsight she can see why. Sandor may be rough around the edges but he is honest and that is something her father valued. Her mother would have taken much longer to warm to him, she’s knows that. No one was good enough for her Sansa and first impressions meant a lot to her mother. She would have come round once she watched their interactions… tears at her lost family burn her eyes and she shakes the thoughts away.

“Miss Stark?” comes the quiet voice from a beautiful young woman in the Targaryen Spa uniform. Her bronzed skin was flawless and her Afro of tight corkscrew curls framed her face beautifully. She had kind brown eyes and a sweet smile.

“Yes?” Sansa responded.

“My name is Missendei and I am here to take you to your final treatments before your hair and make up, if it pleases you.”
“Thank you, that is very kind.” Sansa rises from the hot tub and is wrapped within a snuggly warm robe by Missendei who then guides her through the warren of corridors to her nail appointments.

***

Sansa has been pampered from head to toe and is now sat within a comfy chair regarding her reflection. Her hair has been washed; blow-dried and is now being curled into coppery ringlets. The lady she remembers from Seaworth’s Animal Clinic with the iguana draped around her neck and her hulking giant of a husband. She remembers Sansa too and they have been chatting about that day quite animatedly and how Drogo was surprised yet pleased that she was Sandor’s lady. Sansa blushes and Dany laughs. She goes on to talk about their son; Rhaego who she can tell is the apple of her eye. Once her hair as been arranged into a simple half up, half down with an elegant French twist she is lead to the make up artists chair who at her direction gives her a natural dewy makeover.

Back in the dressing room she is surprised to see her little bird skater dress she wore when Sandor returned from his last visit to the house. Her cheeks warm at the memories of his welcome home. Beside the dress is a wrapped gift box from Varys’ Secrets. Peeling away the black tissue paper, her eyes fall on a satin balconette bra and thong in autumn yellow.

It would appear that Sandor has been sneaking through her underwear draw to find her sizes. Today he seems to be full of surprises and her heart thrums with the wings of the little birds he calls her. Stepping into the underwear and sliding into the skater dress she regards herself in the mirror. And is thrilled with what she sees. She locates her yellow clutch and black heels and exits the spa down into the foyer to await Sandor…

… It is not like him to be late, she wonders as she takes a seat on a plush velvet covered chaise. She expected his hulking figure to be commanding the arrival area waiting for her. Moments pass before she hears the slap slap of flip-flops approaching her. It is Missendai and in her hands are an envelope and a set of car keys.

“Pardons Miss Stark. These are for you.” She breathily replies handing her the keys and envelope before melting back into the surroundings of the foyer.

Sansa looks down and within her hands is a set of car keys belonging to Sandor’s Audi Spyder. Smoothing the frown lines from her features she opens the envelope and reads:

Dear Littlebird,

I hope you have enjoyed your spa day. Apologies for the change of plans, I have had to go to an onsite meeting with a client. Take the Spyder to the address below and I will meet you there.

Sandor x

Sansa studies the address as she heads out to the Spyder, dressed to the nines and towing her little luggage case, she lifts it into the boot and then slides into the leather interior of the Spyder which smells of Sandor - very masculine! She keys the address details into the onboard sat nav system and with a roar of the engine she drives out of the car park with a smile quirked on her face at the snarl from the engine.

***

She is grinning from ear to ear as she weaves down the little winding country lanes. She was always a little bemused by the excitement over fast cars but being in control of this snarling beast that lurches forward with the most delicate of taps to the pedals is exhilarating. Listening to the automated voice
instructing her of which turns to take she is now decelerating and easing through two enormous wrought iron gates into a graveled courtyard. A red-bricked manor house can be seen in the distance with a lake before it, but it seems as if the directions have brought her to an enormous ornamental garden.

She eases the car into one of the spaces overlooking the manor house and lake and kills the engine. Looking around she cannot see Sandor anywhere. She clicks in impatience as she scans around for him. Suddenly a flash of white with pink catches her eye, when she focuses she can see a helium foil balloon with ‘birthday girl’ emblazoned on it.

What game is he playing? She ponders as she steps out of the Spyder and with a click to the fob, locks and alarms as she strides over to the balloon. The late afternoon sun is still pleasantly warming to her skin. She glances from left to right once she is before the balloon to see if she can spy him but there is not a soul around. Attached to the weight of the balloon is a pamphlet for the ornamental gardens. In his scratchy handwriting are the words ‘you know where the heart is…’

What does he mean by that? She wonders as she opens the pamphlet, which has a map of the grounds. Scanning the map she sees there are different areas: There is the famed ornamental Highgarden roses, the poison garden from Asshai, Desert plants from Dorne and the most southern Weirwood grove. I wonder if it has a Heart tree? She remembers the Gods wood from back home. The Heart tree was beside a hot spring pool, blood red leaves reflecting in the crystalline water. Their Heart tree had a face carved within it. It used to terrify her as a child, the scary features of a man grimacing leaking blood red tears from its eyes. Now she is older it frightens her less and she knows the ‘blood’ is the sap from the tree. Although it is sometimes hard to explain why the tears flow, often the sap is set for years on end before it flows again.

Seeing this as her best guess as to ‘where the heart is’ she follows the map, taking in the beautiful gardens she is surrounded by. Her heeled boots crunch along the gravel beneath her and she is thankful she isn’t in stiletto heels. Her breathing stops as she enters the weirwood grove, small saplings of bone white with little red leaves unfurling. Her eyes are wide as she takes them all in. It is comforting to see these trees again and she marvels at them being so far south. She weaves further along the path until there is a clearing with a small lump of earth, bone white roots of the weirwood to rival the one back home is before her. Its enormous red leaves obscure the daylight casting a reddish haze beneath the canopy.

Beneath the heart tree, she can make out the broad frame of Sandor. His back his towards her as he stands before the face, obscuring it from her vision. He is wearing a crisp white shirt, the sleeves rolled up to just below his elbows, exposing is muscled forearms, dark denim jeans and boots. He breathing hitches as she takes in the sight of him and as she steps towards him a twig snaps beneath the heel of her boot breaking the calm of this place. He turns to face her and she swiftly approaches him. He envelops her into a hug before murmuring.

“You look beautiful Littlebird, Have you had a good day?”

“Yes, it has been perfect. I couldn’t ask for more.

“Is that so?” He rumbles his breath hot against her neck.

Wrapped here within his warm arms and she feels breathless at the contact. Her eyes closing as he drops another kiss, this time to her forehead.

“Why, yes.” She hazily replies

“I have a question for you, Sansa.”
“Mmm.” She sighs contently.

There is a pause as she waits to hear his question.

“Look at me, Littlebird.”

She opens her eyes to find steel grey boring into hers. Almost unreadable but she can see the faint trace of what looks like nervousness flickering through his eyes. Taking a step back but keeping hold of her hands, he clears his throat.

“Sansa. Since you came into my life, you have made me the happiest I have been in a long time. I never thought I was capable of feeling the way you make me feel. Never thought I’d be worthy of the love you have given me. I don’t want to spend a day without you Littlebird. I want you to be mine. Always. Sansa will you be my wife?”

Her heart is a thrum of euphorious joy. She cannot snatch her eyes away from the love emanating from his steel grey. He wants me! He wants me to be his wife! Mrs. Clegane!” She cannot form words to answer his question as she nods her head vigorously. Eventually a ‘Yes’ comes along with a squeal as she throws herself into his embrace. “Yes, yes, a thousand times yes. Oh Sandor! I love you so much.” She murmurs into his ear as he spins her round. Once, twice then three times before setting her down. His lips upturned into a full grin as he gets onto one knee and pulls a little box from his pocket.

As he opens it to present it to her, her hands cover her mouth in shock and wonderment. It is the most beautiful ring she has ever seen. She extends her left hand out towards it and he gently takes her hand, sliding the beautiful band along her ring finger, a fizzing sensation fills her stomach. Once the surprisingly heavy weight of the ring has settled she lifts it to her face. A large round diamond sits in the centre with five smaller diamonds flanking each side, extending down the shoulders. She is in awe. She could never imagine choosing this for herself but it is absolutely perfect.

“You like it?” He rumbles.

“Oh Sandor! It’s perfect. I love it, so so much!”

She hadn’t even noticed him get up from his one kneed perch and now he is standing beside her. She glances at him and the light in his eyes makes her feel giddy. They both stare at the ring on her finger together, his arm wrapped around her waist. He lifts his hand to hers tracing the ring with his thumb before lifting her hand and placing a kiss to her knuckles.

“Happy Name day Littlebird.”

She stretches up on tiptoes so her lips meet his, in a soft sweet kiss, confirming all the love she feels for him.

As she gets lost in the warmth and fervor of his mouth moving against hers she wonders idly if that old saying of ‘What is sown on a name day, is reaped all year’ holds any truth. If that is the case then today will be the start of a very fruitful year for them both.

She smiles happily against his lips, her left hand coming up to caress the scarred cheek of his face.

Behind them the sap of the weirwood leaves a trail of tears down the face of the Heart tree.

The End.
Chapter End Notes

I hope you all liked it!

:-)

End Notes

Please comment!

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