Intimacy

by The_Immaculate_Bastard

Summary

An exploration of a sexual relationship between Sansa Stark and Sandor Clegane.

WARNING: There are explicit images (i.e. erotic photography) laced throughout the fic. Do not read unless you are prepared or want to see such images.

Notes

This fic is mostly practice for me in writing sex scenes. That, and fantasizing.
"How many?" she asked him, her blue eyes wide. She bit her lip once the words left her mouth.

He paused, hating his answer, but not wanting to lie to her. *A dog will die for you but never lie to you. "I'm not sure."*

Ocean blue bore into him and her mouth opened slightly, though not in the way he wanted. "You can't remember how many women you've lain with?"

He shook his head, feeling sheepish about never paying attention to the bloody number. He wanted to disappear into the stone wall that held his weight. She bit her lip once more, nervousness painting her features.

"I only paid for whores when my blood was up." *Which wasn't often.*

"Have you ever lain with a maiden?" she asked, keeping her gaze on him though the telltale blush colored her cheeks before creeping down her chest. The purple dress she wore, though the modest northern-style, still managed to show enough of her bosom to make him want to see more. *Not like I wouldn't want it to see it anyway.*

He took a deep breath before he shook his head. She nodded as she looked away from him.
"If you're worried about the pain, you can always decide not to," he reminded her not un-gently. The thought of taking her maidenhead both terrified him and made his blood boil. He did not know which one he felt more.

She looked up at him with an expression he had not see in her before. Angry? Incredulous? Hurt? Intrigued? He could not read her, perhaps he was afraid to.

"I want to. With you."

Fuck. Terror seized him as he processed her response. He would hurt her, that much was certain. He could not guarantee her pleasure, either, however desperately he wanted to give it to her.

"Sansa," he sighed, thinking of tactics to convince her against opening her legs to him. He was scarred, he was ugly, he was not gentle, and he was not the man to whom she should be give her maidenhead.

"Sandor," she said, and no question or doubt tainted her voice. He jumped when he registered that she stood in front him, and her eyes held steadfast against his.

She tentatively placed her hands on his chest. He could see her confidence waiver ever so slightly, and he realized she had no idea how to proceed. Yet, despite her innocence and inexperience, she was still seducing him.

He absently placed a hand one of hers as images of her spread-eagle underneath him or enthusiastically riding him invaded his mind. Slowly, she brought her lips to his and her tongue immediately entered his mouth. They had done this much before, and he enjoyed the taste and feel of her, but he still felt the fear that gripped him when she first stated that she wanted him a moment before.

She pulled from him and he felt her absence at once. She took a step back. With her body no longer near his, he felt cold, cold in a way that he had never felt before. He released a breath he had not realized he had been holding, and he almost choked from the rush. The left side of her mouth turned upward at his response. She took another step back from him, an idea taking form in her eyes. While keeping her eyes glued to his, she reached for the clasp on the front of her gown in front of her waist. He heard the fabric rustle before he even saw the gown drop off of her body and pool by her feel. He felt his breath hitch again when he realized that the only thing preventing him from gazing upon her willingly nude form was a thin white shift, almost transparent since she was angled towards the fire crackling in the corner of the chamber.

With only her shift covering her, she looked less confident, like she questioned her actions. He felt his spirits drop slightly.

"You don't have to, Sansa," he said, coughing again as he regained air he didn't realize he was losing. He turned from her and walked over to the flagon sitting on the table in the room. He poured himself a cup, hoping to drink himself to sleep now that spilling his seed was no longer an option.

"Sandor, look at me," Sansa pleaded, though no neediness tainted her voice.

He turned to her ready to proselytize about her freedom to choose, only to be greeted by the sight of Sansa Stark in all of her glory. He licked his lips as he let his eyes wash over her bare body. He swallowed the water that continued to fill his mouth as he examined the vision in front of him. He could not believe the gods had made someone so perfect. The Maiden herself could not be more beautiful than a nude Sansa Stark. Her long legs melted seamlessly into shapely hips, though he could still see a hint of hip bone, which he only noticed because the contours of her stomach, hips,
and thighs drew his gaze to the deep auburn hair that covered her cunt. Despite his experience with numerous redheaded whores, all of them had been shaved bare. He had never actually laid eyes on red curls before, and he was pleasantly surprised that reality was better than his imagination.

Continuing up her body, he admired the faint swell of her stomach. As a highborn lady, her body reflected a lifetime of all the food she could want. *More like all the lemon cakes.* He could not help the smile that spread across his face when he at last gazed upon her breasts. Assessing the size, he predicted they would fit perfectly into his large hands, and wondered how they would feel if he squeezed them. Pink nipples had already become peaks under his watchful eye, and that was when he realized that she was squeezing her thighs together. He heard himself laugh in shock. *Sansa fucking Stark likes being admired by an ugly hound.*

Her face looked crestfallen at the sound of his laughter, though he could see the realization dawn on her that there was no cruelty or condescension in his reaction. Regaining the confidence that she had momentarily lost, she spoke at last, with a huskiness uncharacteristic of her maidenhood, "Take off your clothes."

Sandor looked her in the eyes again and, seeing her resolve, he knew these were the best orders he had ever been given in his life of service to the nobility. Removing his sword belt first, he wasted no time as he relieved himself of his black leather jerkin and chainmail. He reached behind his head to grab the tunic and he saw Sansa's face.

He had often wondered how she would react to the sight of him. Would she feel disgusted by the dark hair that covered him? Would she admire his muscles? Would she graze her hand down his stomach and reach into his breeches? Would she see the scars that painted his entire body and remember that she was looking at a scarred dog? All of his questions evaporated as he studied her face.

Her eyes seemed to be constantly moving across his torso, from his biceps to his chest to lower. The telltale curve of her mouth made him harder. Lifting her eyes from his body to his face, she pointedly looked to his breeches before making eye contact again. He felt the good side of his mouth twitch upwards. It felt indescribable to be ordered to strip in front of her. He wanted to memorize every moment in case she remembered herself and reclaimed her senses, or in case she would never want to lie with him again after this.

He slowly unlaced the breeches and let the leather fall to the ground before he stepped out of them. He watched her as she gazed upon his hardened cock. He saw her hand rub across her stomach, though she did not seem to be aware of her action. He caught sight of her tongue as she absentely licked her plump lips and thought he might come if she repeated the action. She walked towards him and he found himself enchanted by the movements of her body. The sway of her hips as she moved, the muscles of her thighs flexing as she walked, the faint jiggle of her breasts with each step—he even noted that the hair between her legs was darker than before, and he knew she must be even more wet from looking at him too. He was still examining the movements of her body before he realized that she stood in front of him, still staring tentatively at his cock. Her hands ghosted over his skin, starting with his biceps then moving on to his chest and stomach, mirroring her earlier inspection of his body. It was only when her delicate hands reached his hip that she paused, still looking at his cock. She swallowed, then looked up at him, her eyes wide.

"You're beautiful," she said suddenly, and Sandor felt his stomach drop. Sandor was struck by the sudden realization that, despite fucking many women—from behind, from on top, from the side that one time—all of them requiring coin for letting him touch them, being naked with Sansa Stark might just be the most vulnerable moment he had ever experienced.
"Will I—will I hurt you if I touch it?" Her question pushed all thoughts from his mind.

A breathy laugh escaped his lips as he took everything in. He shook his head quickly, his eagerness to feel her hand on his cock. Her fingers grazed the tip, and he could feel his fluid spread from the gesture. He watched as her hand closed over the top of him, and he imagined spilling his seed with her hand wrapped around him before he even got the chance to enter her, to feel her surround him. She did not move her hand but he could feel her fingers and palm tighten and loosen as she experimented with touching him. Shaky breaths were all he could manage for several moments before he realized what he needed to do. Reaching down, he brought one finger in between her legs and assessed the silky wetness that he discovered there. *Gods, she's dripping. How can a such a fucking goddess be wet at the sight of me?*

He moved his finger from the outside of her cunt to the nub that he knew to be there, though he did not have much experience touching it. He had never before cared if his bedmate reached her peak. Now, all he wanted was for Sansa to find some sort of pleasure.

He started slowly with his finger against her nub and his other hand wrapped around the hand she had on his cock. Gripping and guiding her, he showed her the tightness and speed that he preferred as he continued his own slow ministrations. Her breathing quickened as his finger did the same and her eyes closed, but her hand kept moving up and down his length. Knowing that he could not continue without coming all over her, he pushed her hand away from him, not ungently. Her eyes opened and looked at him for an answer, but he could tell lust had glazed over her eyes and no words would come out, could not even if she tried.

She grabbed his wrist, and took a moment to collect herself. "Sandor, I'm ready."

He sighed, and felt that same fear grip him around the throat. He nodded. "You know that it will hurt?"

"I know," she breathed.

Placing each hand in one of his, she backed away from him and led him to the bed, her eyes never leaving his. The lump was still in his throat, but he could feel from the fire in his stomach and could tell from the leaking fluid escaping from his cock that his desire to be with her, to be inside of her, dwarfed any fear he had.

She fell onto the mattress when her legs met the bed and she crawled backwards to the center of the furs that covered it. Sandor watched her and still felt some measure of disbelief as she parted her legs slightly and rested on her elbows. Her pose caused him to switch between gazing at her cunt and at her breasts.

"Sandor." Her voice brought him back and he placed one knee onto the bed before leaning forward and crawling over her beautiful body. He gently grabbed her thighs and eased them apart, letting her do the rest to accommodate his large body between her legs. He wanted her to have some part in it. He wanted to know she wanted as much as he did. Despite her wetness and her pleas, he was still waiting for the moment that she would change her mind. He would respect that. He would get dressed and leave her be, take himself in hand remember all that she did allow.

He felt her hands wrap around his cock again and Sansa leaned into him, to the burned side of his face, and whispered, "Stay with me."

He felt her hips bucking against the tip of his cock. Grabbing its base, he looked into her eyes as they both guided his cock inside of her.
She gasped, a clear cry of pain once he was barely an inch deep. He stopped moving, keeping one hand on his stem and placing another by her head, letting his elbow and knees hold his weight. Her hands were now on his chest. He wondered if she thought to push him away, to put an end to this madness, but there was no pressure behind her hands. Her breathing was still quick and he could see her stomach and breasts rising and falling quickly.

She nodded at him, moving her hips again to make him renew his efforts. He continued to push inside of her, trying to memorize the tightness that surrounded him. He had never felt a cunt so warm or so velvety in his life. She breathed deeply through her nose, closing her eyes for longer and longer moments, but whenever her lids opened, it was always his eyes that she sought. He stopped pushing deeper when was half-way inside of her, sure her maidenhead was gone by now. *This is probably deep enough.*

He waited a moment, removing his hand and placing it against her cheek. She opened her eyes again, and a mix of pain and awe was all he could see. Her breaths were still coming fast, and he realized his own were too, but he wanted to give her a moment to adjust to him. It was when her lips found his that he thought he could begin.

Moving his hips slowly, he slid his length out of her, but left at least an inch inside, not wanting to start over with entering her again. Her cunt was the tightest place he had ever been, and he did not want to hurt her.

As his continued moving inside of her, he investigated her face. He saw signs of discomfort, but he could not find any signs of regret. He reached in between their bodies, snaking his hand to where their bodies were joined, and found her nub again, using his thumb to rub circle around the sensitive flesh. He felt her hips circle in the same motion as his thumb, and he almost lost himself in the gentle movements along his length. Touching her seemed to make her even more wet, helping him slide in and out of her.

He felt the course hair from her pussy scratch his fingers. It was not as silky as he imagined it to be, and she was quiet, not making any of the moans he was used to women making during the act. Looking down at her face, he could see light freckles on her nose, and he realized that despite her abundant wetness, she was still too tight.

*She's not a goddess.* Their lips met again and their tongues circled each other. *Definitely not the Maiden anymore.*

She was better than that. Tightness, freckles, course hair on her cunny, and quiet sighs as he thrusted. She was real. She opened her legs for *him. She ordered him to undress.* She was real, and she wanted him.

Feeling his release come not five minutes after he first entered her, he quickly slipped out of her and spilled his seed on the furs between her legs.

"I'm sorry," he desperately sighed into her neck. He had hoped she could find her release. "I'm sorry..."

He reached down between her legs again and rubbed her in the same circular motions he had before. He felt her hands touch both sides of his face.

"Sandor," she said soothingly, "I feel sore and it's fine."

She moved her hips back away from his hand and he ceased his movements, feeling like a greenboy for not giving pleasure to her. Lifting himself off of her, he noticed that a line of his seed was on her
leg, and he felt even more angry with himself for coming on his little bird.

Sitting to her side he held his head in his hands and rubbed his face, not knowing how to react to his failure. He felt the mattress shift slightly and he saw her sit up out of the corner of his eye. She examined the white fluid on her thigh and wiped it off with her hand before wiping her hand on the furs. Bringing her knees to her chest, she clutched her legs, and Sandor felt a pang at the sight of her guarding her body. He threw his body backwards and wanted to disappear.

"I'm sorry, little bird," he said again, though he could not say anymore without feeling the anger swell inside of him. He covered his face with his arm, knowing he could not watch her if she chose to leave.

He heard her exhale, and was startled when he felt her straddle him. He lifted his arm to peak at her, and felt his breath catch at the sight of Sansa, of his little bird, naked and sitting on him, her wetness dripping onto his lower belly.

"Sandor, I'm not sorry," she looked at him, and he saw the wolf come out. "Stop apologizing."

He tried to control his breathing. He nodded slowly. She lowered herself, pressing her torso against his, her breasts pushing into his chest, before she slid her legs against his.

And there they were, their full bodies pressed against each other, feeling every inch of them that touch light aflame. It was the sweetest burn he had ever known.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to 3rdstarksistr for recommending picmonkey to make the collage. I would be remiss if I also did not credit her or Jillypups and bexmorealli for their beautiful collages and picsets.

Also, I'm really worried this scene got away from me, so comments would be great :(
Alright, so I wound up with more plot than I intended, but the tag "porn with minimal plot" still stands. Enjoy!

“I still haven’t heard that song, little bird,” she heard him rasp from the foot of the large featherbed bed. Standing naked with his manhood curving upward and leaning slightly to his left, with a hood of skin covered all but the tip. She could see the fluid dripping from him—the same white liquid that she had wiped off her thigh last time.

He placed one knee on the bed. She could already feel the mattress dip from his weight, and she felt the mattress shift even more as he crawled over to her. He stopped at her feet.

“I plan to see every inch of you, tonight,” he carefully lifted one foot as he spoke. “And I plan to know if you really taste liked lemons.”

He placed her big toe in his mouth and sucked gently before moving on to the others. Her toes tingled with pleasure for the first time in her life. She grinned at his attentions. Her grabbed her other foot and guided each toe into his mouth and swirled his tongue around them.
Leaving her feet behind, his lips glided up her calves and she felt his hands reach ahead of his mouth, leaving her anticipating his caresses. His hands went up her thighs and settled on each hip as his mouth followed suit. It was when his lips reached her stomach and his tongue darted into her belly button that a moan escaped her lips.

“My lady…” she heard. Another moan filled the room when she realized that this voice belonged to a woman. “My lady…”

Sansa awoke with a start, the last image from her dream fresh on her mind and the telltale throbbing between her legs. She sat up suddenly, clutching furs to her chest and keep her modesty, to gaze upon the person who had called disturbed her fantasy and saw Osha standing there with an amused look on her face. Sansa felt heat in her cheeks as she realized that Osha had her moaning. Oh, gods.

Sansa bit her lip, and averted her gaze from Osha, the old habits taught to her by her mother and septa still haunted her as a woman grown.

“My lady?”

“Yes, Osha,” Sansa spewed the words breathlessly.

“It is past noon,” Osha said, trying to hide her smile but failing.

Sansa nodded, and then ran her fingers through her hair, trying to orient herself after being awoken from her dream. She felt tired still, and knew that she had had a late night, but did not expect the physical exhaustion that came with losing her maidenhead. She looked to her side to see if Sandor was still there, but saw the bed was empty. It took her another moment to remember that the bed she had just dreamt of was much larger than the one in which she was currently laying. She felt the heat return to her cheeks at the thought.

“The Commander has been up since daybreak,” Osha informed her, bringing Sansa out of her confused thoughts. “You were missed at breakfast, my lady.”

Sansa nodded again, feeling sad that she had missed a chance to touch Sandor in the light of the day. She looked back at Osha and found herself blushing at the sight of the wildling’s smirk.

“Did anyone ask about my absence?” Sansa asked.

“No, my lady,” Osha shook her head, “but I doubt they needed to ask any questions.”

Sansa blushed once more, and this time she felt her chest warm as well. “And...everyone knows I am no longer a maid?”

Osha nodded this time. “Anyone who did not believe that Lord Tyrion had already taken your maiden’s gift now believes the Commander has.”

Sansa fought off the blush this time, unsure if she felt pleased or embarrassed that everyone in Winterfell knew the details of her relationship—of their relationship.

“Is anything amiss in the castle?” Sansa asked, still trying to wake herself from the haze of her dreamy sleep.

“No, my lady,” the woman assured her, “just thought you would rather I tend to you this morning than Wylla or Vylet.”

Sansa appreciated Osha’s thoughtfulness, and knew she should do something to thank her. She had
already done so much for House Stark, and tending to Sansa on such a morning was just another thing to add to the list of services for which she needed to be repaid.

“The Commander said to have a bath drawn for you when you woke,” the woman gestured to the tub by the fireplace. Sansa smiled slightly, though she tried to hide the emotion from Osha. The woman missed none of it.

She rose from the bed, carrying the fur to her wardrobe to choose a gown for the day. Grabbing a dress of deep purple, Sansa decided a darker color would be best for the day, though she knew she had few responsibilities, only needing to attend to basic household duties. She placed the gown over the bed, careful to avoid the spot on the furs where their fluids had spilled.

Sansa eased into the bath and relished the feel of the hot water on her skin. She could feel the soreness between her legs lessen from the warmth. Osha washed her hair while Sansa cleaned her legs. She wished she could lie there for hours in hopes of dulling the ache. The two women were silent, for which Sansa was immensely grateful as she knew she did not want to deal with the thoughts of others while she was still working on keeping Sandor from pushing her away.

After Sansa put on her smallclothes and a shift, Osha helped her lace her gown.

*Will he lay with me again tonight?* She hoped he would, almost desperately so. She wanted more of what she experienced last night, even if she had not found her own release. *Perhaps Sandor will want me to show him what I liked,* though she quickly chased the thought from her mind as she convinced herself that he would not like her to behave so wanton. She had certainly played the harlot last night, though she really only wanted to be with him, to feel him inside of her. She had never wanted a man in that manner, yet she knew Sandor was the only man she wanted that way.

“My lady, if there is anything you want to know, or any questions you have, you needn’t be afraid to ask,” Osha’s gentle voiced soothed Sansa, though it arose more questions than answers.

“Are you telling me that I can ask you?”

“Just telling you that you can ask,” Osha tried to clarify. “Me, or even the Commander.”

Sansa blushed again, and struggled against feeling like a naïve girl, even after all these years, after all she had lived through. She nodded at Osha, and left the woman to clean the chambers so the sheets would be fresh when she returned. Sansa briefly wondered if she should tell Osha about Sandor spilling his seed on the furs, but knew she would feel too embarrassed to discuss such things, even if it was only Osha, who she knew would never humiliate her with such a confession.

As Sansa left her room to go about managing the castle, her thoughts turned to what the evening had in store for her, again wondering if Sandor would want her again. She had been the seducer last night and made it next to impossible for him to refuse her, that she worried if he would pursue her or leave her. Last night, she had thought that he was scared that he would hurt her, or that she did not want to be with him, but in the light of day, she realized that it was possible he did not want to hurt her feelings. He had been so careful with her since he found her in the Vale, so unlike the way he behaved towards her in the Red Keep.

Pushing the fears from her mind, she tried to focus on Winterfell.

She went to the glass gardens to check on the construction of the expansion, which they realized they needed after the last winter. In the kitchens, she took her daily stock of the food stores to ensure that the feast the previous night had not damaged all the progress she had made in rebuilding the north. She had told the cooks what would be on the menu for the evening, and that she expected a tray to
be brought to her solar so she could dine in peace. She blushed at the knowing smiles she received from the cooks and the kitchen wenches, but she was at least certain they would deliver a tray with enough food for two. In the great hall, she made sure that the guests were being properly entertained. After checking with Osha, she realized that she had time to go to the winter town settlement outside the castle walls and visit the smallfolk there. She had ordered the remnants of last night’s feast to be given to the stragglers in the settlement, those who had no homes to which they could return now that spring had saved them. The settlers were grateful to see her, happy that their regent had proven to be more of Ned Stark’s daughter than any of them had predicted, despite her Tully coloring. Sansa always felt herself swell with pride when compared to her parents.

She returned to the castle at dusk, and was thankful she had the foresight to already tell the cooks that she wanted to dine in the royal chambers. She felt far too tired to speak to anyone.

When she entered through the door of her chambers, she was pleased to find the table was set, the fireplace roaring to fend off the chill of a spring night, and that Sandor was standing by the window. She did not smile, as she was unsure what he felt about their new arrangement. His eyes bore into her, and she shivered at the attention, remembering the look in his eye from her dream.

She licked her lips before speaking. “Will you sit?”

His head nodded once. Slowly, he took careful steps to the chair furthest from fireplace.

She walked to the other chair, placed opposite site of the table, and sat down. She glanced at the food in front of them. It was a simple meal, of a few hearty slices of roasted aurochs with leeks, baked apples, buttered beets, and warm oatbread. Sandor reached for the beef, and placed a slice on her plate before placing one on his own. Sansa smiled at the gesture, though Sandor refrained from looking at her.

“How was your day?” she asked. His eyes flickered to hers, and his lips pressed into a thin line.

“Fine,” was all he gave in response. She felt her stomach drop at his answer. “Yours?”

“Fine,” she forced a smile on her face, though her own answer was warmer than his. After putting some apples and beets on her plate, she also placed some on Sandor’s. He watched her as she did, and she thought he looked uncomfortable with her actions. After serving him a decent portion, she began her meal.

They ate in silence, with only the crackling of the fire and minor barking of dogs and wolves outside keeping them company.

*Does he regret last night?* The thought terrified her, and made her want to hide. She knew the cooks knew, based on the looks she got in the kitchen as well as the meal for two that they had prepared. From Osha’s comments earlier, she also knew the rest knew as well. She was no longer a maid, it could not be denied, and Sandor did not even want her again after taking her maidenhead. She wanted to cry.

She only ate a few bites of the aurochs, and barely touched apples, choosing to eat only the oatbread dipped in the butter from the beet dish. She noticed Sandor watching her as she ate the bread.

“You’re not hungry.” Sansa could not tell if he asked a question or made a statement.

She shook her head, preferring he think she did not have appetite instead of the truth.

She watched him as he finished the aurochs on the serving plate, hoping that he would be the first to leave the table. *Will he even want to sleep in the same bed tonight?* She needed to know what he
wanted, especially since she had been so forward the night before.

Last night, she had hoped when they had went to the bedchambers that it had proven that he wanted her, especially when he had seemed so eager to undress. Of course, she had already been naked when she told him to take off his clothes.

*Gods, how could I have been so stupid?* She wanted to kick herself for her actions. *He only responded the way any man would have. He apologized so many times last night when I should have been the one apologizing.*

“What’s wrong?” His voice was gruff, though his eyes looked gentle.

She shook her head nervously, hoping he would never know how defeated she felt in that moment.

“Sansa,” he sighed.

“It’s nothing,” but she could not help it when her voice cracked and she prayed that the tears would not fall.

“Sansa, you don’t have to…” he seemed to ponder his words. “I don’t expect anything from you.”

She could not tell if his rejection hurt worse, or the fact that he had not called her ‘little bird’ all evening.

“Do you—” she pushed the sound of tears from her voice, “Do you not even want to share a bed?”

He looked surprised at her question, and he stumbled over his next few words. “I—I do not want to—I will not force anything on you.”

*As I had last night.* She felt shame over her actions.

“Sandor, I’m so sorry for the way I behaved last night,” she finally felt the tears start to spill. “I had not realized—I did not think that you—I was careless, and I apologize.”

She wiped the tears away and avoided his gaze. She heard him chuckle quietly, and she looked back at him. *Is he mocking me?*

“Why are you apologizing, little bird?”

Surprised, she struggled to find the right words to continue, though her heart sang when she heard his pet name for her. Conversation used to be so easy for her, yet now, with him, she failed at it.

“I know I made it impossible to refuse me, so I want you to know I am sorry for doing that to you,” she hoped to save as much of her dignity as possible. “You have been so thoughtful with me since we left the Vale. I should have granted you the same respect.”

Though she was trying to save face, she did not lie to him. She knew how much he hated liars, and he deserved to know how honorable he had been to her, even if he scoffed at the concept. There were few other men who would have travelled with her from the Vale to Winterfell without supervision and never once touched her inappropriately. Even when the winter winds meant they needed to sleep curled up next to one another, he never tried anything that would threaten her own honor.

“Impossible or otherwise, do you really think I could refuse you?” he sounded incredulous, and she felt her face burn in embarrassment.
“I know—I know that it is difficult for a man to turn away a—a naked woman,” she felt the blush creep down her chest, and was grateful that she chose the modest purple gown that morning so she could hide her shame.

“Fuck, Sansa,” she silenced herself when she heard him curse, and wanted to die. *Could this be more humiliating?* “I’ve been around naked women before and refused them just fine. It’s you.”

Though confused, she continued to apologize for her actions, and then felt mocked when he laughed once more, and she could hear the mirth echo in his chest.

“Sansa, you silly little bird. How could you think that I wanted to say ‘no’?”

She looked at him and saw no evidence of this being a jape.

“So, you do not regret last night?” she fought the feeling of hope in her chest, in case she was disappointed by his answer.

He paused for a moment, studying her. “Only if you do,” he said calmly, although she could see the fear in his eyes. His grey eyes always looked stormy when he was afraid. “Do you?”

“No,” she responded without hesitation, feeling her spirits lift. She quickly rose from the table, and reach for his hand, practically pulling him from his seat towards the bedchamber.

“Sansa,” he sighed her name as though to convince her to stop.

“Shh,” she placed a finger on his lips as she backed into the room. “Do you want to lie with me again tonight?”

He nodded avidly, before he covered his face with his hand. “I thought you would want time, after last night. It was your first time and I know it hurt.”

“Yes, it did,” she said, kissing him. She was pleased when he returned her affections. She made quick work of his tunic and guided his hands to the laces on her gown. “And it might also hurt tonight. I still want you inside of me.”

She pulled his breeches and smallclothes down to his thighs and held his hardened manhood, touching him with the same pressure he had shown her to use yesterday. He let out a shaky breath as he pushed the gown from her shoulders. She heard fabric tear, and when she looked down, she saw that he had ripped her shift in his haste to remove all the barriers between them. She felt her heartbeat quicken at his eagerness, and she felt comforted knowing how much he wanted her. She felt the burning form low in her belly—the same feeling she had last night when he gazed upon her, *all* of her, for the first time.

She removed her hand to help him take off the gown and the shift, which pooled at her feet. He stepped out of his breeches and smallclothes, which had joined the other garments on the floor. She felt his hand clutch her back and she pressed herself against him in order to feel as much as his skin on hers as possible. When his other hand made its way inside her smallclothes, she returned her own to his length. She gasped when he made contact with the place between her legs—the one she had discovered in the Vale when she awoke from one of her dreams about him being in her marriage bed. Not for the first time, she wondered if she possessed the greensight that so many northerners claimed passed through the Stark bloodline.

His lips found hers, and she could tell by the way he devoured her mouth and the enthusiasm of his hand that she was fool to doubt that he wanted her. There was a reason she felt confident enough to ask him about his past, to disrobe in front of him, to demand he take off his own clothes, and to grab
his manhood and help him guide it inside of her. Despite all of her insecurities, she felt comforted knowing that he wanted her.

She felt her legs hit the edge of the featherbed, and she fell backwards. She remembered a similar moment from the previous night, and she moved herself back on the bed, feeling the pillows against her elbow before she lay back and parted her legs. She watched as his eyes devoured her, and she could feel herself getting wet from his gaze. The same thing had occurred last night, and she had not realized she could find such pleasure from being seen. Sandor was not the first man to look at her naked. She had been stripped that day at court, and she had undressed for Lord Tyrion on the wedding night. Yet Sandor seemed to be first one to actually see her. She could not help but smile as his gaze traveled from her face to her breasts to her woman’s place, and back again.

“Sandor, come here,” she pleaded, not realizing how desperate she had become for his touch.

He placed one knee on the mattress, and the bed sunk from his weight. She felt as though she had been transported back to her dream that morning. Crawling over her legs, his fingers grazed her skin and she felt gooseflesh follow his touch. Once he positioned himself between her legs, she brought her legs up and wrapped them around his thighs, wanting him to be closer.

He brought one finger to her nub again, and she sighed at the touch. Her eyes closed and her mouth opened as she lost herself in the sensations. She felt his mouth close around her nipple, and she was further shocked that her breasts could be so sensitive. She felt pleasure tingle from the tip of her nipple to her woman’s place and knew she wanted more of him, more of this feeling.

She felt the tip of his length feel around her woman’s place, and was surprised when his manhood replaced his finger on her nub. He used one hand to slide from her entrance to the little bead while his other hand replaced his mouth on her nipple so he could focus on the other. She found that she liked the feel of his manhood as much as his finger against the sensitive flesh. She had never thought of such a thing before, but she soon knew that she would remember the next time her hand found its way to the same location.

“Gods, Sansa, you’re a feast for a king,” she heard him rasp.

Not a king, she thought, and giggled. She could feel Sandor’s mouth smile against her skin, and she could keep herself from smiling even as she was being pleasured from so many different places.

He abandoned her nipples, and Sansa blushed when she heard herself whine at the absence of his mouth on her breast when his lips pressed against her own, his tongue sneaking into her mouth and circling hers. She felt his manhood enter her, and the distinct feeling of being stretched from the inside distracted her from everything else. It had hurt last night, and she had been told countless times in her life that it would likely hurt the second time, but did it have to hurt so much even after her maidenhead was gone?

He buried his face into her neck and he stopped moving, and she could tell that he was deep within her, though she also knew that there was more to him than what was already inside of her.

“Sansa, are you okay?” He lifted his head and gazed at her. Concern and guilt filled his eyes, and she realized that he felt as many different things at this moment as she did. She felt pain at the size of him, and pleasure at the thought of being filled by him, and happiness about being with him at last, and anger that it hurt, and desire to keep going. There was a point during the first time at which the pain had lessened and it began to feel pleasant as he moved in and out of her, and she needed that again.

She nodded in response, and kissed him before she tightened her legs around him to tell him to start.
He understood her, and brought his hips back from her, his manhood almost leaving her complete empty, before sliding back in gently. He repeated the motion a few times. He kissed her again, slipping his tongue into her mouth. She liked this. She felt connected to him in more than one place when their tongues and bodies joined.

She realized he was moving more easily inside of her, and the pain had all but disappeared. She felt his thrusts start to quicken, and he once again buried his face into her neck. As his speed increased, Sansa moaned when she felt something inside of her...*jump.* His next thrust caused the same sensation, and Sansa bit his shoulder in response. She did not know what came over her, but each time he thrusted in, the feeling returned and caused Sansa to writhe. She scratched her fingers down his back, not to hurt him, but to relieve some of the tension that she felt building inside of her. She was confused by this, having only ever found similar responses from touching the nub between her legs, though she was not displeased by the discovery that there were other places that brought her this pressure, this *wanting.*

Sandor’s thrusts became more desperate, and his breaths became more ragged.

“Fuck, Sansa, I don’t think I can last much longer,” he looked at her, and she saw the stormy grey looking into her. *He’s afraid,* she realized. He would find his release soon, and she had yet to find hers, and he was afraid. She gazed into the grey and realized there was something else there: permission.

She broke the eye contact and leaned to the burned side of his face, hoping that the gesture would mean something to him. She placed her mouth near the hole where his ear should be and whispered, “Come for me, Sandor.”

The thrusting stopped, and a few hard jerks of his hips into her added to the pressure that she felt within her. A roar released from his mouth, and Sansa could feel the noise rumble in his chest. Before Sansa had the chance to revel in the feeling of his torso vibrating against hers, he tore himself away from her, and she felt a stickiness on the inside of her thighs and woman’s place.

“Fuck,” she heard. She leaned on her elbows to look at him, and saw his head hanging.

“Sandor—” she was confused by his reaction, but he interrupted her before she could ask what was wrong.

“I’m sorry,” he sounded breathless. She watched him as he rose from the bed and went to the basin and grabbed a cloth. He dipped the cloth into the water and brought it to the bed. She thought he was going to hand it to her, but was surprised when he sat next to her and wiped his seed from her thighs. She had never seen Sandor fawn over her before. She found that she liked *that* as well.

“I’m so sorry,” he said quietly as he washed her, but she did not understand.

“Sandor, what are you apologizing for?”

“I did not planned to—I hadn’t mean to come on you, Sansa,” he avoided her gaze as he finished cleaning her.

“Sandor, your—” she had to fight every instinct that told her discussing this was improper, “Your manhood has my—I can see that you are covered—”

She blushed, though she was unsure if she was embarrassed by the content of their discussion or if it was the fact that she did not know what she was trying to say. The words that would help him understand were just out her reach because she had never learned them, with no one ever bothering...
to teach her such things.

He shook his head, still unable to bring himself to meet her eyes. “Sansa, it is not the same.”

He lay back exasperated and rubbed his eyes. She swallowed, frustrated that she did not understand. Turning to him, “Why not?”

He finally looked at her, and she saw the fury in his eyes, though she knew it was not directed at her.

“Talk to me,” she pressed further, “tell me why it is different.”

He swallowed, and absently licked his lips. Sansa supposed he was trying to keep his mouth from going dry. She often had to do the same thing when conversations became awkward. It struck her that most of those conversations occurred with him.

“It is not something that men do to highborn ladies,” he explained. “I didn’t mean to do it. I just—I came so fast I didn’t have time to—”

"Why did you do that again?" she interrupted.

"What?"

"You didn’t…spill your seed—inside of me."

He paused, and swallowed. His eyes were wide as stared at her in surprise. "I—I did not think you wanted a babe just yet."

Even after tonight and last night, does he still think of me as a child?

"Sandor, I am a woman grown and bedded, I think getting with child is the least of my worries right now." She could not help but smirk at him.

"I still—I think we should wait," he pressed, avoiding eye contact again. She rolled her eyes. She would have none of this.

"Look at me," she placed her hand under his chin, as he had done to her countless times since her childhood. "I want you to inside of me. I want your cock. I want your seed. I want all of you."

A mix of terror, shock, and pleasure contorted his face. She had never seen such an expression on him before. In truth, she felt the same things at that moment, having never used the word “cock” before and never being so open with him about her desires. Even last night, she had never been so specific.

“If that means that you get me with child, then so be it,” she released him once the words were spoken. He remained silent.

"Do you want that too?" she pushed further, starting to feel the first shreds of doubt since they had coupled.

He paused and searched her face, as though he was looking for a lie. His eyes were guarded and stormy.

"Aye," he swallowed. "I want that too."

She smiled at him, and his eyes softened. She curled up next to him, placing her head on his chest while her hand roamed his stomach, not searching for anything, but just trying to feel him, to make
Sansa felt him shift slightly, though she could tell he did not want to get up. She looked up to his face and saw he was already looking at her, though he soon looked away.

“Sandor, you need to stop avoiding me and start telling me what you are thinking,” she pushed. She had just gotten him to agree to releasing his seed inside of her, and she did not intend to lose the ground she had gained.

“Stay with me,” she whispered, and she kissed his chest, where his heart would be. These were the words she had often said to him. Even when he had found her in the Vale and had wanted to kill Petyr, all she needed to do was tell him to stay with her, and he would calm himself or tell her the truth. It was their code, their language. She knew him, and she would be damned if he tried to push her away or keep her out.

Sandor sighed as though he were about to confess a great sin to a septon, "I don't know much about pleasing women. I've never—"

Sansa silenced him with a kiss, holding both sides of his face so he would know that she accepted all of him, the burned and the unburnt, the kind and the mean, the happy and the hateful, the knowledgeable and the ignorant. Pulling away from him, she continued to hold his head to ensure he looked her in the eye.

"Sandor, I do not know how to please you either. We can learn."

Chapter End Notes

So, to update you on my thoughts of where this fic will go, I have a few announcements.

1) I want you all to know that the collages will foray into some more explicit images, which I am only doing following a series of emails between myself and AO3, in which they stated that I could use such images. They did suggested that I add some tags (which I did), ensure the rating is appropriate (I have it listed as "Explicit"), and never use child pornography (which is the easiest of the requirements, to be honest).

2) Just to be clear about the child pornography, I will avoid using images of Sophie Turner on collages that have explicit images in order to not be creepy, although I will use images of Sophie on collages that include implicit images. I know she is over 18 now, but I feel weird about having her face next to an explicit image of facesitting, or what have you (just to give you some spoilers about what some of the future chapters will contain). That is more for my own comfort than for AO3, but I hope you all understand. Also, since this is a future fic, Sansa is absolutely aged to over 18, so I do not want anyone to call me a hypocrite on that front. I unlike D&D, respect both Sophie and Sansa, which is why I am doing this.

3) As I mentioned explicit images above, I just want to clarify that said images will be erotica rather than explicit pornography. In addition, all images and all chapters will only portray consensual acts. It is possible that some later chapters may feature some roleplaying, although what that entails has not been decided yet but know that I will change the warnings and add a disclaimer in the notes if that comes to pass. No images
of rape or even rape fantasies will be in this fic, blingfolding and potential bondage of
the scarf/fabric variety not included.

I just wanted to give you a warning before I used such images in so you would not be
cought off guard by something that might scandalize you. Proceed with caution from
here on out. I can promise you that the next chapter will have some more explicit/erotic
images in the collage. You have been forewarned.
Inside

Chapter Notes

I'm just gonna warn you all the collage at the beginning has nudity. I am complying with the rules of AO3, and none of these collages are breaking them. You have been forewarned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A sennight had passed since they last lay together, and Sandor found he was desperate for more. He had insisted that Sansa take time to heal from their first two couplings, which she had not denied sounded appealing.

He had been the content the first night to fall asleep with her in his arms and feel the warmth from her body—such intimacies seemed almost decadent to him. The next night, when he came to bed, he had been tired, so she had not pushed when he made no moves to seduce her. He supposed they both spent far too many nights thinking of the other to reject a night in the other’s arms, regardless of whether they were naked or dressed.

*She still wants me*, he needed to remind himself, *or else she would command me to sleep in another*
bed or…or at least tell me she changed her mind. The kisses she gifted him in the morning and at night calmed his fears.

On the seventh day, he had accepted that this was their routine, and had acknowledged that he was content with sleeping by her side if that was all she was willing to give him.

That night, after dining in the great hall and inspecting the castle walls before leaving them to the evening commander, Sandor came to the Lady of Winterfell’s chambers. The creak of the door and the scrape of his boots on the stone floor—the familiar sounds of his arrival—momentarily distracted him from realizing that the room was brighter than normal. He looked around the room as he reached to release his cloak; dozens of candles were carefully placed about the room, giving it a glow that he was unused to. Continuing his glance around the room, his gaze landed on her, lying on her side on their bed naked as her nameday. He felt the edges of his lips curve upwards involuntarily, and he felt a tightening in his breeches as his eyes examined the sight before him. He’d been inside of her twice, seen her naked fully both of those times, seen her partially nude in passing now that they shared a bedchamber, and yet the sight of her willingly on display for him still made his blood boil.

“Keep surprising me with the sight of you naked,” he teased, “and I might get used to this.”

She smiled at the attention. She always smiled when he commented on her kindly. These words were a far cry from those he once reserved for her, though he believed she understood his intent far better now that she was a woman.

“Well, I could not get used to lying next to you with no chance of feeling your skin on mine,” she responded, trying to make her honesty sound pretty. She often tried to do that, as though she were trying to combine his truth with her beauty.

He looked around the room again. This time he noticed a pitcher of wine on the table as well, and he recognized the deep red color through two wine glasses as likely being his preferred Dornish red. It dawned on him that this, all of this—the wine, the candles, Sansa naked on their bed—was a seduction, one of great planning and effort. He wondered if she realized she need have only pushed him onto the bed to seduce him, though he could not deny how flattered he felt. Sandor Clegane was not a man who women seduced. He was a former Lannister Hound, a dog to be commanded, a pup of a cursed house, a scarred monster, the raper of the Saltplans—he was not the object of anyone’s affections, though Sansa shattered that self-conception.

“So, to feel my skin on yours, you decided to seduce me?” he raised his good eyebrow to taunt her some more. The faint signs of a blush on her cheek only made him want to tease her more. “How were you to know I would be the next one to walk through that door? Could have been one of your handmaids, or another soldier to warn you of an attack on the castle.”

“I told Wylla and Vylet that I had no need of them again, and they understood my meaning,” the blush covered her face entirely now, though her demeanor remained calm and she made no effort to cover herself in embarrassment.

“So you just air our couplings to the castle now?” he knew the comment might be taken differently, but he hoped that she would understand his humor. She had proven more than able to keep up with him on occasion.

“Sandor, the entire castle knows we have shared a bed for the past week,” the blush crept down her neck and now covered her chest, “and Osha tells me that everyone now knows I am no longer a maiden. We can be discreet all we like, but what happens in this bedchamber is ours and I shall not be afraid to tell the servants not to interrupt us.”
A faint smile grew on her face, as though she felt vindicated by the knowledge that the castle approved of them. He supposed it made sense that she would want the people who had known her since she was a babe to approve of her chosen mate, but it still felt unfamiliar to him all the same.

“I find it amusing that you, Sandor of House Clegane, one of the most famous fighters in the realm, is worried about such a thing,” her teasing grew as well, and he realized just how much he liked this side of her.

“And I find it amusing that you are blushing from your cheeks to your teats. Seen you naked plenty of times now, and I’ve been inside of you as well, yet you still turn as red as your hair when naked around me.”

She smiled at him innocently, though he saw a hint of wickedness in her eyes. “Perhaps you should join me, then.”

He felt his cock twitch at her suggestion, and then he felt a tightening in his chest. All his life, even when he was paid generously by the Lannisters, he had never in his wildest fantasies imagined a woman commanding him to undress. The fact that the woman in question was Sansa fucking Stark was still a puzzle to him. Three times now, she had been the initiator of their encounters, and she had been the one demanding that he undress. He realized that though he loved the sight of her nakedness, he had yet to see her—truly *see* her—undress for him, and it was a sight he yearned for.

“Well,” she raised an eyebrow at him, bringing him out of his thoughts. He grinned devilishly at her, and though the sight of his teeth combined with his face would have made a young girl tremble in her boots once upon a time, the woman in her knew better and relished such expressions.

He made quick work of his boiled leather and mail—his usual uniform for the evening inspections of the castle. Sandor heard her breath catch when he lifted his linen tunic over his head. While he knew he was muscular, and that many of the women, *whores really*, who had seen him naked before complimented his physique. Yet it still meant something more when it was Sansa who was reacting to him.

“Do you like what you see, little bird?” he teased as he threw his tunic onto a chair by the fireplace before kicking off his boots.

She giggled. “I have never seen a man who can measure up to you, is all.”

He felt a surge of pride as he began unlacing his breeches, fully aware that releasing his cock would be further proof of that fact. Much like his body, he was well aware of the size of his manhood, and although he had always been proud of that fact when he paid for a whore, he was terrified that it would hurt Sansa, his little bird, once again. He had not ever thought he would lie with a maiden, so the idea of going slowly, of waiting until she was wet and ready rather than when his need was upon him was new to him, though for Sansa he was more than willing to do so.

He saw her eyes widen as his cock jumped from his breeches, and he suppressed a chuckle of his own at her reaction. He was sure the sound of him giggling would spoil her arousal.

Bending over to remove the rest of the garment, Sandor slowly rose to his fool height now that he was on display for his lover. His hand immediately grasped his manhood and moved unhurriedly along the length. He thought for a moment that perhaps she would be turned off from the thought of lying with him as she watched his hand move, but Sansa dreamily licked her lips and he felt that fear disappear. She sat up and swung her legs over the side of the bed, and it occurred to him that he was so focused on her teats and her mound during their previous encounters that he never had the chance to enjoy the sight of her long legs. Aside from the Maid of Tarth, he thought Sansa may well be the
tallest woman he had ever seen, and her legs seem like they lasted for days.

He approached the bed at an even pace all while never taking his eyes off of her legs, trying to memorize their shape and imagining his mouth exploring them further. She shifted on the bed, and he brought his eyes to hers and saw confusion there.

“Little bird?” he rasped. He hated the sound of his voice, having been damaged when his brother held his face in that brazier. He knew the sound of it could not conjure images of pleasure in a woman’s mind, so he had always hated talking before or during fucking, but Sansa always seemed to want to talk to him, to know his thoughts, to hear him.

“What are you staring at?” she asked, and he could not tell if she sounded insecure or puzzled.

He paused, not sure if he wanted to admit that her legs put him in a trance.

“All of you,” he answered quietly.

The apprehension disappeared from her face, but Sandor felt the need to explain.

“You’re beautiful, Sansa. When I stare at you, it is only so I can remember everything.”

Apparently satisfied by his answer, she stood up and placed her hands on his bare chest, and he felt the unfamiliar feeling of his stomach doing a somersault. He instinctively placed his hand on her face, before placing his thumb on her lips. Her mouth opened slightly and thought about putting his finger into her mouth, letting her suck on it, when she grabbed his hand and held it. She gave him a dark look before she brought her head closer to his. He felt her lips on his, and now his stomach was in knots as well. Her lips were soft, and smooth, and full—a far cry from his thin, scarred, and uneven mouth. Yet she did not pull away disgusted any of the other times they kissed, and now proved to be no exception. It dawned on Sandor that he quite liked kissing her, and did not want to be denied the feeling of her beautiful mouth due to his own deficiencies.

She gasped for air when their lips separated. She smiled, a small smile, but a smile no less, which gradually disappeared when her eyes met his. He felt his throat tighten, and the knots in his stomach had not disappeared. He felt panicked.

“Sandor?”

“I—I still don’t know—I want you to enjoy it.”

She sighed, and her hands began roaming from his chest to his stomach, and he was convinced that she would feel how panicked he was if she continued touching his belly. “Sandor, you need understand that I do enjoy it, and you will learn how to give me pleasure. Please stop fretting.”

He nodded absently, unsure of how to proceed. Sansa proved once again that she was more than happy to take the lead in the bedroom as she grasped his hands and placed them on her hips.

“Just touch me, Sandor. I want to feel your hands on me. I want you to feel me.”

Encouraged by her words, he let his left hand glide up her sides to the edge of her breast, causing her skin to break into gooseflesh and making her already hardened nipples even more pronounced. His right hand held her tight as he guided them to switch places, allowing him to sit on the bed while she stood before him. Her beautiful breasts were now close at eye level and he took the moment to fully investigate them. They really were the best pair he had ever seen, with pink nipples taunting him and the swell being large enough to fit perfectly in his hands. He brought both his hands just under them
and tested the weight of each, as though we were judging which one was better. It was a fool’s errand: they were both to his liking and he very much wanted to see how he could use them to bring both him and her pleasure.

He brought his mouth to one nipple and began sucking lightly, nibbling carefully, and the moan he encouraged him to repeat. He moved his mouth to the other breast, and it struck him how much having his mouth alone on her body could bring him pleasure. He could feel his cock leaking and he ached to feel her surround him, but he did not want to part his mouth from her. He wanted to devour her.

He felt her body shift slightly as he held her firmly. He opened his eyes and realized she was squeezing her legs together. He removed her nipple from his mouth and looked up to her, and saw the familiar look in her eyes.

“Are you ready, little bird?”

A breathy “yes” gave him the permission he needed to lift her and place her on his lap as he lay back on the bed. Hold her hips down, he firmly moved her back and forth along his length, showing her how to grind against him for her pleasure, though he was getting plenty of his own pleasure from the motion. He liked the feeling of her on top of him, and he thought perhaps she would enjoy riding him, though he doubted she would feel comfortable with that just yet. He could feel her wetness coat his cock, and he knew that it was time.

He grasped her against him and deftly maneuvered their bodies so that she was now underneath him. Her eyes were wide, although they were far from scared or confused. She trusted him and the look she was giving him brought him as much pleasure as touching him.

He brought his lips to hers once more, enjoying the feel of her now swollen mouth. When she opened her mouth ever so slightly, he gradually worked his tongue inside of her, imagining how it would feel to have those full lips wrapped around his cock. The thought made him shudder and thrust at the same time, grinding against her woman’s place in the process. She moaned, and the vibrations on his tongue were yet another pleasurable discovery of coupling with Sansa Stark.

Sandor reached down in between their bodies to grasp his manhood all while holding her head with his other hand, balancing himself on a single elbow and his knees. He was glad that years of being a soldier had provided him the stamina to do this.

He lightly teased the nub above her entrance—he was sure she enjoyed it the last time he did it—earning yet another moan from her. He moved his cock from her nub to her entrance to her arsehole, and back again, eliciting stronger responses from each repetition. He quickly brushed his finger over his cockhead, spreading the clear fluid that gathering over him before using his hand to rub her cunt. *Fuck, she is soaked.* Her hips bucked against his palm, and he applied more pressure to her. It still surprised him that she could react so strongly to him. No one had ever been so eager to lay with him until that night a sennight ago when she asked him to be with her.

He pulled his mouth away from hers in order to look at her face. He wanted to see her react. Grabbing his cock once more, he brought himself to her entrance and was ready to push into her when her eyes caught his. She was wide-eyed yet again, and he could see the tension in her limbs. The doubt that he had been keeping at bay all night was suddenly surfacing once more and he worried that she would change her mind. He would respect that. He had made that promise to himself long ago that he would never force himself on her. She was his salvation, and he would rather gouge his own eyes out than bring her pain. He had known their first two couplings were imperfect, that she had not found her pleasure, and that he had hurt her. He was large, and she was a maiden. He wished to all the gods that he could be something else for her—handsome, noble,
honorable, gentle, patient, kind. In truth, he was none of these things, and the somersaults and knots had returned to his stomach to remind of his inadequacies.

He felt her hand snake between their bodies, gliding along his stomach and miraculously easing the knots and the fears. She grabbed his manhood and looked him in the eye. With his hand at the base and her hand near the tip, they guided his cock inside of her.

Her eyes widened as he entered her, but not in pain as he had feared. In fact, she looked as though she liked what she felt, and deep breaths echoed in the glowing bedchamber. Her eyes communicated a mix of pleasure, and apprehension, and relief. It was a mirror of his own emotions at the moment.

He brought his lips to her forehead, feeling the need to kiss her there—to reassure her, maybe, or perhaps to reassure himself. Lifting his head, he saw her smiling at him, an earnest, close-mouthed smile. He felt her hands move up his neck, one extending further and grabbing his hair. She pulled him down to her, bringing her mouth to his missing ear, and whispered, “Do what you need to, Sandor.”

Her words, the breathiness of her voice, the resolution in her tone, each gave him what he needed to begin making love to her.

He moved his hips carefully, still very much aware that she needed time and practice to get used to his size. He still only dared to enter her halfway, sure that she was not ready to welcome all of him inside of her. No, this was enough for her, and it was enough for him. He would accept anything and everything that she willing to give.

He felt her hands on his sides now, and the simple gesture sent shivers down his spine to his cock. He wondered if she had any idea the effect she had on him, that such a simple gesture as holding his side while he was halfway inside of her could bring him such pleasure.

He brought a hand to one of her breasts, hoping to bring her some additional stimulation to her. He taunted the nipple, using light, circular motions to tease her. Her eyes fluttered shut, and he felt encouraged to continue. He brought his mouth to the same breast, arching his back as he did so. The change in posture also changed his thrusts, as he felt her hips buck. He could tell that he was deeper now, deeper than he meant to be, but he could feel her breath quicken, and even in his limited experience, he knew that was a good sign. His breath always quickened when he came.

Thinking about how Sansa would look as pleasure overcame her, he lifted his head from her chest so he could better watch her reactions. He started using the same circular motion as before on the other breast and he could tell from her expression that it was a well-received gesture.

Emboldened by her reactions, he stopped thrusting and grabbed a hold of her hips before he shifted to his knees, keeping himself inside of her all the while. He lifted her into the air before resting her thighs against his. Her eyes were now wide open once more, looking at him with a mix of confusion and trust. He smiled at her to put her at ease, to which she only placed her hands on his thighs to better balance herself. Good, the little bird learns quickly.

He began thrusting again, using the same gentle motions as before. He was delighted to see that the new position caused her breasts to move with each thrust. Her back arched after a few moments, and the action put her breasts on display for him in the most delectable manner. He had admired them for years, but thought that they had never looked as beautiful as they did in that moment.

He could feel his release building, and was unsure if Sansa was anywhere near close to finding her own. He supposed he could ask her what felt good to her or what he should do, but he was still
nervous about his own lack of experience. She was supposed to be the maiden, not him. He was supposed to be the expert, the teacher, the man. Instead, he was just as maidenly as her.

Sansa shifted once more, and another moan escaped her lips. He felt his pride swell at the idea that he was bringing her pleasure, but he realized that he just wanted her to open her eyes and look at him, to show him that it is him and him alone that she wants and who brings her pleasure.

He felt her left hand rub up and down his thigh, and he was comforted by the gesture. He was further surprised when the same hand moved to her stomach and began ghosting over her own skin. Though it was an unfamiliar sight, Sandor found that he liked it as much as anything else they had done in their couplings, as few as they were.

Before he realized what was happening, he saw Sansa reach her hand to her nub and begin teasing it, as he had done with his cock before he began fucking her. *Seven hells, the little bird is frigging herself.* Sandor was captivated by the sight. Her fingers moving so deftly in her folds and bringing herself pleasure. Her face was contorted, and her sighs were getting louder, and the hand continued to move. Overwhelmed by the sight in front of him, Sandor found himself thrusting faster and faster, feeling his release build between the feel of her cunt on his cock and the sight of her bringing herself pleasure. He continued to watch her only hoping to memorize the movements and angle of her fingers before—

Sandor growled as his release ripped through him, and he spilled inside of her.

“Fuck,” he grunted angrily.

“Sandor…” Sansa sounded out of breath as she tried to calm him.

“Fuck.”

“Sandor…” He felt her arms clasp onto his biceps as she lifted herself up to face him. He was still inside of her, though he was quickly softening. She brought one hand to his chin and brought his gaze to hers. “Stay with me.”

Pausing to catch his breath, he nodded to show her that he understood. He continued breathing deeply, and noted that her skin was flushed, the same pattern as before they began and she was just sprawled on their bed allowing him to look at her.

“I just wanted—”

“I know,” she interrupted. “We will find it together eventually.”

She nodded at him reassuringly, though he still felt like a failure.

“I still enjoyed it,” she added. He knew she did. She was not a liar, and she could not fake what he observed in her as they fucked. He just wanted her to feel as much pleasure as he did.

“Do you do that often?” he asked. She blushed a deeper shade of red than he had ever seen on her before.

“Do what?” she asked, though they both knew she was lying, and they both knew the other knew.

“Sansa, don’t play dumb with me. I know you too well,” he chastised her, though he still wanted his answer. “Do you touch yourself often? To bring yourself pleasure?”

She held her face to hide herself from him, embarrassed at the discussion even though he was limp
inside of her, but he gently removed her hands.

“Sansa, you never have to keep a secret from me,” he reminded her, “especially when it comes to bringing you pleasure.”

She averted her eyes and licked her lips. “Yes,” she squeaked, needlessly embarrassed about sharing such intimate details with her partner.

“How—when was—when did you start?” he was able to muster the question in the least invasive way he thought possible, given her timidity on the subject.

“I—I was in the Vale,” she looked to him now, daring to look him in the eye as his body tensed at the mention of her past. He was always terrified to learn new details about her time with Littlefinger, and Sandor did not know what he would do if he learned that the man was involved in her personal affairs. He had already intruded enough.

“I dreamed of you,” she admitted, staring him squarely in the eye still, “many times, I dreamed of you after you left—after my first wedding, after Aunt Lysa and Petyr’s wedding, and many other times. Each time, you were in my marriage bed, and when I woke up, I knew I wanted more than what I dreamt.”

She stopped talking but continued to hold his gaze. He was speechless. Sansa fucking Stark dreamt of me in her marriage bed while I drank myself stupid with the wolf-bitch. After their first night together, he should not be surprised that she had wanted him, has wanted him for longer than the past sennight, but he still felt astounded by the admission.

 Unsure of what to do, but wanting her to understand what he was feeling, he kissed her. He could tell she was startled.

Thought I was going to reject her for touching herself, most like. Yet she soon melted as the tension left her body and she began to respond to his attention.

He broke the kiss, and they were both gasping for breath.

“Will you show me?” he pushed, hoping that she would be willing to share it with him.

“What?” she gasped, from catching her breath or being aghast at the question.

“I want to learn how to please you,” there was desperation in his voice as he spoke. "Please let me watch you.”

“Sandor, you just saw me! It is most improper.”

“Yes,” he smiled, still trying to find his air, “but I want to watch you when I’m not about to come. I don’t want to be distracted.”

“How can that be—are you sure want to see me do that?” She looked fearful as she asked the question.

“I just came watching you please yourself. Do not think it would not please me.”

She still looked apprehensive, although her resolve was lessening.

“If you really want to watch me, then I suppose,” she glanced around the room as she spoke. Now it was his turn to grab her chin and force her to look at him.

“Sansa, you are smart, you are kind, you are beautiful, you are the only woman I have ever wanted,
you are the only woman who has ever wanted me, and watching you and your fingers bring you pleasure will not make me want you any less.”

He saw her lip quiver and her eyes glaze over. She frantically grabbed his face and kissed him deeply slipping her tongue inside of his mouth. Pulling away, she looked him in the eyes once more.

“That, Sandor Clegane, is the most honest, beautiful, and kind compliment anyone has ever given me.”

Chapter End Notes

I feel a little weird about this chapter. I've been workshopping it for a month before deciding to break my radio silence today. I still have a plan for how to proceed, but your encourage would be most appreciated. This fic is hugely experimental for me, and way outside of my comfort zone. Comments help lessen the anxiety.

Also, the reports that Rory has been spotted in Belfast have been motivating me to work on all of my fics, so let's hope we spot him with Septon Meribald or EB this new season. Cheers!
Watching

Chapter Notes

Just to make sure everyone is prepared when they read this, I hope Sansa comes off as nervous rather than being pressured and I also hope that Sandor comes off as being supportive rather than forcing her to do anything that she is uncomfortable with. I was worried about that as I wrote this scene, because I think Sansa would be logically nervous, so I may have thrown in some details that are a little overdone in order to make it clear that this is intended to be a consensual and erotic scene. Just to be clear: ALL ACTS IN THIS FIC ARE MUTUALLY CONSENSUAL.

Also, as always, there is nudity in the picset, but I want you all to know that I did search high and low for the least explicit photos possible for this particular act (not that I have anything wrong with explicit nudity, I just don't want to alienate, shock, or offend).

Also, just an FYI that you might need to re-read the previous chapter if you cannot remember it because this chapter takes place directly afterwards.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Yes, I’m sure, little bird,” he tried to keep his voice calm. He knew she would only continue if he seemed like he had a level head.
“But, you could touch me, and see what feels good with your fingers,” she said while fluttering her eyelashes, though the gesture seem half-hearted. He hoped she did want him to touch her, because he had every intention to, but only after seeing what she preferred.

“I will touch you,” he said, trying to fight back the grin that came unbidden to his face at the thought of what they would do later. “But for now, I want to watch you. I want to know how to touch you. I want to see you pleasure yourself.”

Again, the grin grew wider of its own accord, and he only imagined what a sight he was as he could feel his scars stretching too.

“And you are certain you will enjoy this?” Despite his previous words, despite having sung her praises in a way no one from House Clegane has ever done, he still needed to convince her that watching her fingers play with her nub and her cunt would be like going to one of the seven heavens.

“Trust me, I will.”

She repositioned herself on their bed, still wrinkled from when they coupled not half-an-hour ago. He could still see the tension in her body as she shifted, and he only hoped that she would settle or else he would tell her she did not need to do this. He would not force her to go through with it if she could not feel comfortable with it.

One hand sat tentatively on her thigh and another rested on her stomach. She met his eyes, and rather than fear or discomfort, he saw something that he could not quite recognize in her. It felt oddly exhilarating to still be surprised by someone whom he knew so well.

“I would rather….” Sandor quickly prepared himself for her change of mind as soon as she started speaking, but he was surprised by what he heard: “I would prefer to keep my eyes closed—when I do it. Just so I do not focus on the fact that you are watching me.”

Though she was still looking at him, her eyes kept shifting from his own gaze to other parts of his face or chest, as though seeing him kept her anchored or from flying away.

He nodded at her blankly. He tried to hide his disappointment at not being able to see her eyes as she felt whatever her fingers made her feel, but if he was still able to watch her, then he would not dare to complain about something so trivial as her keeping her eyes closed for her own comfort.

Her head nodded in response to him, although he was unsure what she was thinking at that moment. This was brand new terrain for them, and he started to feel just as terrified as he did excited. What if I can’t please her the way she pleases herself? He hoped that he could watch her as carefully as he used to back in King’s Landing. The only catch being that he was not watching her play with her cunt back then.

He watched as she reclined against the feather pillows behind her. She continued to hold her thighs close to one another, rather tightly too. It was only when she closed her eyes—a gentle gesture rather than one of protection, he was careful to note—that she parted her milky white thighs and gave him an unobstructed view to her cunt. He felt himself become aroused at the sight. This is about her pleasure, not yours, dog, he needed to remind himself.

Despite the fact that her legs were open, Sansa was only moving her hands around her body. She started with both hands on her thighs before moving—no, gliding—up the remnants of her legs, grazing her hips and subtle hint of hip bones—Sandor loved that she was soft and couldn’t see a bone on her body—before roaming the plain of her stomach. She was careful with her movements,
and only the tips of her fingers were truly making contact with her skin. As one hand would delicately trace circles around her stomach, specifically around her beautiful navel, the other would move higher up on her torso. Sandor thought he would definitely go fully hard if he watched Sansa play with her teats, yet he was intrigued when her hands purposely avoided them. Sandor felt minor shock that she would not go directly to her breasts when given the first chance, especially now that he knew firsthand just how sensitive her rosebud nipples were.

He saw the hand that teased her belly slowly migrate south to her curls, and he was pleased to see her fingers comb through the curls there.

He had imagined what she looked like without her court clothes on ever since they were in King’s Landing, and once he had seen her naked not a sennight ago, he had fantasized about playing with those curls. He remembered being surprised that the hair was not soft, like her copperhead, but course and rougher than anything on Sansa had a right to be—but then he remembered that he liked her minor imperfections, the little details that are overlooked because she stuns everyone she meets with her beauty and no one bothers to get to know the person underneath. He supposed he had gotten to know her quite well in the past several years, especially in the last week, now understanding every imperfection, physical or otherwise. In fact, he might even love her more for them. She wasn’t the goddess or maiden that he had built her up to be, but Sansa, his Sansa, his little bird. And he was hers.

She continued to wander in the thatch of auburn while her other hand, the one that stayed about her waist finally found its way to her breasts. Tentatively, she switched to one finger and traced underneath her breasts, teetering on the edge of stimulating a part of a woman that men seemed to focus on to the ignorance of all else. She had yet to make an effort to grab or cup her breasts, as Sandor would have done already if he were examining her beautiful body.

That one finger gave way to three others gently outline the bottom of her left breast, teasing her as they carefully moved inward toward her nipple before returning to the edge. That was when Sandor watched as Sansa opened her mouth to lick her lips. He noticed that they were almost red now, and she was certainly aroused as he was. He glanced down to his cock and noticed that he had started leaking from the sight in front of him.

Sansa continued teasing herself, both her breast and her cunny. She went much slower than he did when he had her before him like a feast. He took note that he had never taken the opportunity to fully examine her body, and that was something he would like to correct as soon as he had the chance, as soon as Sansa would be comfortable with it.

He watched her right hand navigate further down and start to deliberately rub the lips above her nub. He found it interesting that she did not directly stimulate herself down there just yet, but he knew she would know her own body better than he ever would, so he continued to watch her. Her mouth opened, although he had not heard her breath quicken yet, in reaction that undeniable rush of arousal. He’d heard that gasp from her lips before, and he knew that when he heard it know, he would need to memorize the action that prompted it.

Sansa continued to tease herself and had yet to start actually giving herself pleasure, although Sandor supposed there was a certain amount of pleasure in want and anticipation. He had wanted her for more than seven years when she invited him to lie with her, and the anticipating had made that night one he could never forget.

Her fingers maintained a languid movement, regardless of whether she was touching her breast or her nub. He found himself enthralled by the rhythm, as though he were hypnotized by a woods witch, or that love goddess they worship in Lys. He could not think of a better way to get lost in
thought.

Eventually, he realized that her fingertips came closer and closer to her nipple each time she stroked her breast, and that every third movement on her nub was her adding pressure and slipping between the lips. She was building up her tension slowly, and he suspected that the payoff would be all the more powerful for it. It was something he could barely wait to see, if his cock was any measure of his own anticipation.

At long last, Sansa gifted him with the sight of her fingers teasing her nipple. She used gentle strokes at first, continuing to tease herself with circular motions before putting pressure on the buds newly hardened on the tips of breasts. Her other teat managed to mimic the other and her arousal was on full display for him. He could even see how wet she was getting from her ministrations. He envied her hands and her knowledge of her body in that moment, that it was so easy for her to please herself when it proved to be such a challenge for him.

Her hand moved to cup her breast, all while still stimulating her nipple, even when grasping her entire breast. Sandor felt his mouth water at the sight, wishing it were his hand. It’s about her, he had to remind herself. He needed to watch, to learn, to memorize what she was doing so he could do the same to her, could get the same reactions, could hear her make the same noises, could bring her pleasure like she has brought him.

As her left hand remained focused on her left breast, she started pinching her nipple, as though the bud needs any more teasing. But then, Sandor realized that she knew far more about pleasing herself than he did, so his derision had no merit. Despite all of the women he had lain with, he knew nothing about pleasing a woman, and in this one category, Sansa outclassed him. Instead of ruminating on his ineptitude, he chose to push all of the negative and mean thoughts out of his mind and staying absorbed in her actions. She clearly knows what she is doing, after all.

His eyes widened when he saw her right hand spread her lips so she could gain better access to her nub, and he relished in the unhindered view of her cunt. Again, all of the women he had been with and he never cared to take a close look at their parts, yet those same parts on Sansa were fascinating and parts that he only wished to investigate further.

Sandor watched as Sansa—his Sansa, his little bird, his lover, his love—switch from all of her fingers rubbing her lips to just one finger stroking that nub. He was mildly surprised that she would prefer only one finger, one her small delicate fingers no less, to pleasure herself with, but then again, it was Sansa he was watching, and although she had clearly enjoyed his vigorous thrusting during their last coupling, and enjoyed being maneuvered by him for their mutual pleasure, this, what he was watching, was all about her, not him, not them.

That was when he noticed the exhale, the quickening of her breath that he had been waiting for as he watched her. So that’s it, he stated instead of questioned. One finger rubbing her nub after slow and deliberate teasing of her breasts, nipples, and cunt. This was the answer to the riddle.

Her left hand abandoned her left breast and began repeating her earlier actions with the other teat. Even though she was already aroused, cunt wet and nipples hard, she still teased the underside of her breast with her index finger, then moved on the stroking inward with all four fingers, then circling her rose-colored nipple, and then pinching the nipple. He felt awestruck by the intricacy it took to please her, yet it also seemed so simple, so obvious, that slow caresses, that gentle touches, that repetition was the way to get Sansa to the same place he could so easily get when they were fucking. Not just fucking, though, he had to remind himself, because what he did with Sansa was unlike anything he had experienced ever before.

He loved this, this sight, this vision of her with her fingers in her cunt. After all, it had made him
come not an hour ago, and it will likely cause him to come now. He had not even touched himself, and he still found himself hard, leaking, and perhaps ready to release any moment now. He felt as though he were on the edge of a precipice, ready to fling himself over the edge as soon as Sansa was. _This must be what the songs are about,_ he thought, _the answer to all of the riddles,_ and not just the one that had beleaguered him for a sennight.

Her finger continued its delicate dance with the center of her pleasure, and he could not think of anything so beautiful. He noticed her hips had started grinding against the one finger, had started thrusting in response to such direct stimulation, and it pleased him to remember that she reacts the same as when he thrusts into her. That thought comforted him more than he could have predicted because it only proved that he did please her, in some way, when he coupled with her. She enjoyed his touch, his movements, his cock, perhaps not in the same was as she was enjoying her finger right then, but she enjoyed it all the same.

Not only had her breath quickened, her cunt become wet, and her nipples hard, but he realized her chest had started to heave as well and her hips thrust against her finger even more vigorously than before. _She must be close._

Even though her single finger increased its pace, she never added another finger to her nub, and Sandor knew that he would need to remind himself in the future to use only one of his fingers, which were much larger than hers. Sandor could be delicate, at least, or perhaps he could try, more like, but he knew he would have the sole goal of making her come with his fingers during their next coupling, whether he was fucking her or not.

As her hips thrust, he saw that her bottom just barely made it off of the bed, and then he heard the best sound, perhaps even better and inspiring than the sound of breath quickening: Sansa moaned, and it was a distinct sound, Sandor knew. It was a deep, mewling, _whimper,_ as though she were at the mercy of someone, or something. It was a sound he would never forget, not until he elicited the same noise from her mouth. He needed to bring her the same pleasure that she was capable of giving herself because she was his and he was hers, and they brought _each other_ pleasure; it was not one-sided, Sandor was determined to prove.

Her finger continued to stimulate her nub, and her left hand roamed between breasts, as though it could not decide which one bring her the most pleasure before she decided to focus on her left nipple. Her breaths were often interrupted by the most beautiful whimpers he had ever heard. He saw her toes start to curl into the sheets and he knew she would reach her peak soon, all of this tension would be released, and she would become limp with pleasure, and he will have finally seen her come.

Rather than release with a roar or a moan as he did, and as he knew men to in general, Sansa came with the coyest series of breaths, in rapid succession as she never ceased her motions around her nub. Those breaths were a unique mix between shallow and deep. It was as though her breasts were trying to hide the fact that she needed to gasp so deeply, yet that did not seem an accurate enough description because it was not a conscious act; it was instinct, as though she were reaching for something, and her fingers could graze it but what she was reaching for lay just out of her reach. Yet, despite the metaphor, here she was coming: her chest heaving, her hips thrusting to ride out her pleasure on her index finger, her toes curling, her breaths shallow _and_ deep, and she had no problem grasping what she had reached for as she flung herself off of the edge on which Sandor had imagined himself on earlier.

Slowly, her hips slowed their movements, and Sandor knew that it must be important for the sensations that she did not cease entirely after she came, that the aftershocks of pleasure had quite an impact on her body, more than it did for him. Her breaths calmed slightly, although it was still clear
to him that she needed to catch her breath after her efforts. Even as her finger ceased touching her nub, her other hand remained on her breasts, though just grazing now instead of directly teasing either one. Her other hand—the one that had just been on her cunt—moved across her hips and lower stomach, and Sandor began to wonder just how much fucking felt different to women than to men. That Sansa still found pleasure and comfort from these tiny touches when he often needed to be left alone after he came astounded him. It was nothing short of remarkable that he had even managed to stay inside of her after he came and had gone soft an hour ago, so over-sensitized he usually became after his own peak. Yet it was not so for Sansa, and he knew he would need to keep his wits about himself so he could stroke her stomach or her arms or her breasts after they coupled so she could continue to feel waves of pleasure, as she did now.

Eventually, her eyes fluttered open and immediately locked with his, and they were dark, as he was sure his own were too. She looked as though they had some deep, dark secret between them now—as though watching her come was something of which to be ashamed. Yet there it was, the telltale sign after they shared something significant: she blushed prettily, and a smile could not help but make its way onto her face, despite her attempts to mask it. She bit her lip, but he could still see the edges of her beautiful red lips curve upward.

He instinctively crawled toward her, his cock heavily swaying as he moved, and placed his body beside hers while she immediately fit herself into him, placing her head on his chest and her leg on his thigh. He stroked her side, close to where her hips flared out, in an attempt to touch her in a way that would feel comforting to her. They would talk eventually, and he was desperate to test this newfound knowledge that she so generously shared with him, but for now, the silence of a post-release intimacy covered them and neither wanted to break it. This was enough.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and encouragement really make my day, especially considering that I'm terrified whenever I sit down to write this.

Also, I have had two beers and they have hit me harder than expected, so please let me know if there are any sentences or pronouns that do not make sense (this tends to be my most common mistake). Based on my last few text messages to my friend, I can tell that logic may have left me.
Sansa could feel Sandor’s heart race in tandem with her own as she rested her head on his chest. His skin was covered in a light layer of sweat, perhaps stickier since it had been some time since they had finished coupling. Her own skin was slick from her exertions, though she had always wondered how a few flicks of her wrist could make her sweat so. Being a lady, she had never truly sweat before she made the discovery of what lay between her legs.

She had never felt so wanton before. Not even when they coupled previously did she realize the full extent of what she was willing to do to please herself and her lover. *If only Septa Mordane knew.*

Even so, she could not bring herself to feel guilty for doing so. Seeking pleasure with Sandor felt natural to her, far more natural than the thought of consummating her marriage to Tyrion or allowing Harry to deflower her or submitting to Petyr’s overtures. She felt a thrill when she thought of Sandor entering her, a subtle heat conjuring between her legs while a fire stirred low in her belly. Was this
desire? Was this what the songs were all about? Though she was still unsure of the answer, Sansa was certain she would explore further, though the answer to that question was not what she sought, not anymore.

She felt Sandor nuzzle the crown of her head, and she was briefly reminded of Lady. *It is only fitting: he is a hound after all. A wolf and a hound; that too is only fitting.* Perhaps that is why she felt so comfortable with him rather than a lion, a falcon, or a mockingbird.

Yet even finding solace with him than she had ever found before, she had been terribly embarrassed when Sandor asked her to show him how she pleased herself. She could not imagine doing such thing, especially after several years of hiding the behavior, always burying her face into her pillow or sheet, or biting her lip to keep from moaning. When she was in the Vale, she never wanted to give Petyr a reason to enter her chambers, nor did she want her maids nor Mya nor Myranda to know what she was doing. Years later, she just never wanted anyone in Winterfell to know what she was doing, least of all him.

She alternated between two scenarios if he had ever heard her moan in her chambers: either he would ignore it and treat her as a lady should be treated, or he would tease her about her love-cries and she would turn so red that her cheeks would be the same color as her hair. Oftentimes, she did not know which of his reactions she would prefer. Ever since she thought she understood his actions in King’s Landing, she grew to wish he would tease her again.

Yet now, now that he had watched her peak and satisfy her needs, she felt free. True, he also witnessed her undress and play the aggressor during all of their previous encounters, but somehow the idea of touching herself in front of him made her feel like there was nothing left between them to hide behind. She was free.

The beat of his heart after watching her gave her more comfort than she could say, and more validation than she would care to admit.

She became aware of his right hand rubbing awkward circles on her back. Despite how inexperienced he seemed to be with these moments, his attempts at intimacy made her inexplicably content. She felt his body move slightly as he swallowed. She turned to look at him only to be greeted by his lips on her forehead. She could not say why, but the gesture gave her the sudden urge to cry. His left arm wrapped around her and he managed to deftly maneuver their bodies so that she lay underneath him as he covered her. His mouth ghosted over her forehead and then her cheek before arriving at her lips. Gently pressing his lips to hers, she heard herself release a shudder in response. Her skin erupted into gooseflesh and she felt her nipples stiffen in excitement. He lifted his head slightly and their eyes met. Sansa could not help but smile.

“Do you want me to give you pleasure?” His whisper was hoarse sounding. Sansa was certain that this was best question she could be asked by a lover.

She did not bother to fight the grin that spread across her face. She looked at him, nodding slowly. She saw something stir in his eyes as he brought his mouth to hers again and she felt his tongue enter her mouth, not ungently. He seemed to understand that she liked the gentle touches, that they prompted the strongest response from her, although there were times she relished the thought of Sandor having his way with her and that she could witness the ferocity he only ever unleashed when a sword was in his swordhand. She wanted to know what he would so with her in his hand, though she had her suspicions.

That very hand caressed her neck, seeming to enjoy every inch of skin they could claim. She felt them wander down her sides and graze across her stomach. She loved the feel of her hands on her,
and she suspected she would be quite content with Sandor running his hands over her the entire night. However, she doubted that it would be all they would do for the time being.

Before she knew it, she felt his hands gliding along the underside of her breast, and she felt her breath hitch. Gradually, his movements evolved from approaching her to teasing as the fingers of his right hand stroked her left breast from the outside inward. He continued teasing her for a moment or so before his thumb started circling around the pink tip of her breast while his started to repeat the pattern from the beginning on her other breast. Once he had felt she was properly stimulated, his mouth covered the tip of her left breast, sucking on the nipple gently. She felt her desire building once more, the familiar pressure building between her legs, and she already knew that she was wet.

Sansa felt as though she were being spoiled as she thoroughly enjoyed the sensations his mouth and fingers were providing for her. With his cock on her stomach, she felt herself growing impatient. Her hips started to move of their own accord, and Sansa desperately wanted to ease the pressure.

She felt his tongue circling around the nipple. She shivered when he started to gently nibble her, and she knew that she was ready to have him again.

Her hand made its way down his stomach towards his manhood, and she tentatively wrapped her hand around him, though she was still nervous about what he wanted from her, how he liked to be touched.

Sandor’s hand snapped down to her own, which was carefully moving along his length. He grabbed her hand and ensnared the other one, pinning both of them down above her head. For a brief moment, Sansa had thought he planned to have his way with her, and a thrill shot to her womanhood at the thought of being used so desperately by him.

His chest was heaving, and she could feel his hot breath cover her, but he violently shook his head. “I already came,” he sighed. He leaned down and brought his mouth to her ear, “Let me please you.”

“Sandor, I want you,” Sansa moaned into his neck in frustration. “I want to feel you. I want to be with you. Please.”

His eyes looked dark, and she could sense hesitation on his part, a desire to give in to what she was offering.

“No,” he rasped into her hair as he buried his face there. He often did when he wanted to feel close to her, even before they started sharing a bed. He would hold her when one of them needed comfort, and she would feel him smell her hair and breathe her in. It was as soothing to her as it was for him. “This is about me giving you pleasure.”

“But—” He silenced her with a kiss, their tongues meeting in an almost-battle, one which they both would happily win regardless of the outcome.

He continued to kiss her as his hands resumed their ministrations of her breasts. She shivered once more at the renewed contact, and she moaned into his mouth. She felt the corners of his mouth curve upwards, and she hoped that her reactions gave him confidence. He often seemed so worried he was not enough for her—not highborn enough, not smart enough, not attractive enough. But everything that he was, that was what she needed, and it was what she wanted.

He broke the kiss, and she was slightly embarrassed when she heard herself whine, but she felt contented when his mouth returned to her nipple. Rabid sucking returned to the gentle nibbling from before, and she had to fight the urge to initiate more than just her pleasure.
She found that liked his nibbling. It excited her more than she thought possible. In fact, before she started to experience this awakening with Sandor, she never imagined having her lover kiss her breasts, always reserving such an image in her mind to when she bore and nursed children. It surprised her all the more when the act sent a tingle from the tips of her breasts straight to her woman’s place, and she knew it was yet another fact of being a lover that her family and septa did not deem acceptable to teach her.

Sandor moved away from her breast and looked up at her, and she could feel her cheeks warm as a blush must have appeared. He continued to look at her as his tongue licked her nipple once more, and she giggled in response, biting her lip so he would not think she was laughing at him.

Sansa watched as Sandor lifted himself up slightly, watching her closely, and she was confused for a moment, until she felt his finger on her nipple. He traced the circle on the tip of her breast before ghosting across her ribs and stomach, ever so carefully dipping into her navel. It was only when he reached her hips that one finger turned into his entire palm pressing along her flesh more firmly than before. She moaned in response.

His hand roamed from one hip, across her curls to the other. She felt her hips buck against his hand, and she once more threw the teachings of her septa aside as she behaved so wantonly with him. She wanted him to know how much she enjoyed him. It made less and less sense to her to behave as though she did not enjoy a lover’s touch, as she had been taught.

She closed her eyes, licked her lips, and felt her breaths quicken as his hands slowed and ventured further down into her curls—Sandor seemed to have a particular fascination with the thatch of red curls between her legs, which she could partly understand since she also enjoyed the sight of his manhood in the midst of the course dark hair surrounding it. When she was Alayne, she had heard enough bawdy comments from knights and servants alike about the hair between a woman’s legs, though she could hardly understand the appeal. She herself had disliked the arrival of that hair as she matured, not understanding that its growth meant she was becoming a woman. Now that she had not only flowered but been bedded, she realized she was now pleased by the things she used to dislike about herself. Sandor’s own appreciation for her body certainly confirmed her realization.

Sandor’s palm pressed against her woman’s place, although his fingers did not find their way between the lips that covered that sweet spot that brought her so much pleasure. She remembered when he had explained to her one night before falling asleep in each other’s arms that women had to pairs of lips—and she also remembered burying her face under his arm to hide her reaction. Two lips! But once she reflected on how much she enjoyed kissing Sandor and how much she enjoyed having him between her legs, it started to make sense that there were two.

His hand moved further down between her legs. Sansa opened her legs wider in response, in hopes that he would understand what she wanted. His hands wandered further, reaching just below her woman’s place. His hand returned to her curls, pulling slightly and she also felt a slight thrill at the twinge, but she still wanted him to begin touching her more directly.

When his palm brushed over her lips again, pressing into her more than before, she released a moan, hoping he would know that she wanted more. He did it again, and she moaned once more, this time more deeply as her hips also bucked in response. His palm turned into a few fingers that rubbed against her outer lips.

She felt Sandor shifting on the bed and started to sense cold over her where she once felt warmly enveloped by him. When she opened her eyes he was on his side to her right and watching his hand caress her woman’s place. She smiled at his fascination with her body, feeling more appreciated by a man than she thought she ever want to be, having been disillusioned about being beheld by men. It
still puzzled her that such a place would intrigue him so. Her eyes moved from observing him and fell onto his manhood. He was larger than he was before, and Sansa was beginning to understand just how much the sight of her pleased him.

When one of his fingers finally made contact with that nub, she heard another gasp escape her lips—a higher pitched sound than she believed she had ever made before. His hand explored the area around her woman’s place again, before finding their way back to the nub. He slowly slipped two fingers between her folds, but he was careful to avoid touching the nub again, instead outlining the soft, wet flesh that surrounded it and her woman’s place. His fingers dipped inside of her ever so slightly, but quickly withdrew and repeated the same pattern, with more fluidity than she had experienced before. She felt slick, and smooth, and as though his hands were gliding through water.

His two fingers began tracing up and down, keeping her nub in between them. She felt twinges of pleasure when his fingers reached a midpoint in their movements, as opposed to the slow consistent pleasure she felt when it was her own fingers moving around her pleasure center, but the rhythm proved to be hypnotizing. Eventually, Sandor switched from and up-and-down motion to circling, and Sansa released a whimper.

As the pressure between her legs grew, gooseflesh covered her skin once more. Sansa drifted her hands from her sides, over her stomach to rest on her ribs, just barely touching her breasts. Letting the tips of her fingers do all the work, Sansa began to caress herself as she had done not an hour ago. She felt Sandor’s fingers continue their circular motion, applying varying amounts of pressure. She started moving her hips, trying to communicate to him that she needed him to start pressing harder, ever so slightly.

The movements continued from the both of them. Images began to flood Sansa’s mind from the past few weeks. Sandor thrusting into her as he took her maidenhead, when she undressed for him and he watched with rapt attention, the first time she touched his manhood. Her dream of him sucking her toes from the morning after their first coupling entered her imagination as well, and she wondered what it would feel like to have Sandor lick parts of her she had never considered.

Her hips thrust into his hand wildly, with Sansa pushing for far more than Sandor was giving. She opened her eyes to steal a glance at him before returning to her fantasies. He was still positioned in between her legs, his head bowed as he watched her woman’s place attentively, looking as though he was trying to memorize every detail of her pleasure.

Closing her eyes once more, Sansa bit her lip to avoid any further embarrassing sounds escaping her. Sandor’s fingers quickened their pace, and Sansa felt the furs underneath her shifting once more as she felt the heat for Sandor’s body envelope her.

Too lost in everything to open her eyes, she was nonetheless startled when Sandor whispered into her ear, “Sing for me, little bird.”

Thought it was not the first time she had heard the words, it was perhaps the first time she understood them, truly comprehended his meaning every time he spoke of wanting to make her sing in King’s Landing. Releasing her lip, her heavy breathing was the first sound that she heard. Sandor’s quick ministrations continued, and Sansa felt so close to the edge, that she moaned, the kind of moans she stifled when she could, but with Sandor, in this moment, there was no way she could hold back. His fingers were moving so wonderfully against her, her own hands teasing her breasts, the heat from his body giving her warmth and security. Her moans increased, both in pitch and frequency, and Sansa knew from the tingling she was feeling in her woman’s place that her peak was fast approaching.

In that moment, feeling a desperate need to be united with Sandor, Sansa buried her face into his neck, searching for safety, comfort, and salvation.
Everything converged when she did that: between the warmth of his neck, the teasing of her fingers, and the pressure of his, she felt herself release. Her hips rose one last time, holding fast—as steady as they could experiencing such pleasure with another person. One last high-pitched moan escaped her mouth, one that would otherwise be unrecognizable as belonging to her. Her fingers slowed over her chest, moving ever so slowly, not wanting to forsake contact just yet. She felt as though she were falling, from the highest mountain, only she was not afraid of what would happen when she landed.

Sandor’s fingers turned into his hand gently teasing her curls once more. Sansa was glad that he left her nub alone, as it often became sensitive after she found her pleasure. His other hand slid up her side, over her stomach and ribs, briefly skimming one of her breasts before reaching her neck, the position of his hand changing so he could hold her head.

Feeling his movements slow, Sansa opened her eyes and saw his grey ones staring back, as he loomed over her with a look she had never seen on him before. Perhaps it was curiosity, perhaps he was seeking assurance, perhaps she thought she saw some pride in his expression as well.

Regardless of what he was looking for, Sansa reacted the only way that would answer all of his questions: placing her hands on his chest, she pushed him to the side, indicating he should lay on his back, and she placed herself on top of him once he had settled. Pressing her body against his, she lay her head against his chest, once again listening to his heartbeat while hers also raced in her chest. His hand found its way into her hair, stroking it as though it were a prized fur. Pleasure or no, this ritual that they had developed after coupling was undoubtedly her favorite aspect of their new dynamic. Holding each other close after being so intimate that he was inside of her, or touching her in places so intimate that no one else knew her in the same manner, was one more act of intimacy that she had not realized she craved since she was a child on the verge of womanhood. She felt blessed that it was Sandor with whom she share this part of herself.

Chapter End Notes

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