Vampires, and zombies, and monsters! Oh, my!

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/4914055.

Vampires, and zombies, and monsters! Oh, my!

by Jennilynn411

Summary

During the month of October I will be posting a series of short one shots. Each update will highlight a different classic Halloween film with a twist. Some will be fluffy, some will be gory, some will be silly and a few may even be steamy.

Don't take this too seriously it's just for fun :
Notes

I do not own any of these characters. Duh!

Now sit back, relax and munch on some candy corn
Sansa/Tommen

“There are three things I have learned never to discuss with people: religion, politics and the Great Pumpkin.”

~Linus Van Pelt~

Sansa was hot. It had been her idea to cover up her “naughty nurse” costume with a large trench coat. *Bad idea.* She sat on the edge of Tommen’s bed making sure he held the thermometer in his mouth correctly. The poor little guy had the flu. In a perfect world he would be out trick-or-treating with Shireen, Rickon and Davos. Instead he was stuck in bed, too weak to do much of anything.

She took the thermometer out of Tommen’s mouth and smiled slightly. *At least he doesn’t have a fever anymore.*

With his parents out of town Tommen’s care had fallen to the newlyweds Stannis and Sansa. This was not the evening they had planned. Her latex naughty nurse costume complete with fishnets was evidence of that. However she didn’t blame her foiled plans on her sweet nephew. Besides it gave her a smug feeling to know how upset Cersei was, upon learning that it was Sansa who was caring for her “precious cub.”

Sansa poured out the children’s medicine into the little cap. She carefully measured the dose and held it up to Tommen’s mouth.

“Come on little one, down the hatch.” Tommen shook his head no.

Sansa sighed. She *really* needed to get out of her trench coat.

“How about we make a deal? I’ll tell you a story and when I’m done you’ll take your medicine. Agreed?” Tommen nodded yes.

Sansa fluffed his pillow and tucked him into bed.

“Did I ever tell you the story about The Great Pumpkin?” Tommen shook his head no his eyes wide with interest. Sansa smiled at him before continuing.

“Every Halloween The Great Pumpkin comes to visit little children who are too sick to go trick-or-treating. He brings them presents and candy to help cheer them up.”

“How come I’ve never heard of him before? I thought only Santa brought gifts. How come no one sings about the Great Pumpkin?” Tommen asked sweetly. Sansa paused. She truly hadn’t thought that far ahead.
“Because, Tommen…Santa has more publicity... and ... elves.” Sansa tried to sound calm and authoritative. It seemed to work because Tommen nodded in agreement.

“Auntie Sansa, is there really a Great Pumpkin? Really, really?” Tommen smiled up at her full of childlike wonder and innocence.

“Yes. Really, really.” Sansa kissed him on the top of head and handed him his stuffed kitty, Ser Pounce.

“Auntie Sansa?”

She shifted around in the trench coat. Air I need air.

“Yes, little one?”

“Will the Great Pumpkin know where to find me? I’m not at home.” Tommen looked like he was going to cry.

Sansa cupped his trembling chin gently and looked deep into his green eyes.

“The Great Pumpkin always knows where the good little children are. But, he only visits them after they have taken their medicine and are fast asleep.”

Tommen sat up. “I’ll take my medicine Auntie! I swear on Ser Pounce.” He kissed the stuffed kittens face.

She handed him the medicine cup and he swallowed the grape flavored liquid with a disgusted face.

“Good night Tommen.”

“Auntie Sansa?”

Sansa hid the grown that wanted to escape her lips. Why did I have to buy the latex costume?

“Yes?”

"Mama told me you are mean and hate me. But she’s wrong! You’re the nicest, bestest Auntie Sansa in the world. Really!”

Sansa felt her heart melt with his sweet words.

“Thank you Tommen. Sweet dreams little one. Always remember your uncle and I love you very much.”

“I Love you too.” He mumbled back, sleepily.

Sansa walked to the door and turned off the lights as she left. She would check on him later, right now she was just a lonely nurse in search of a doctor.
Sansa/Viserys

“When the Spooks have a midnight jamboree, they break it up with fiendish glee. Ghosts are bad, but the one that’s cursed is the Headless Horseman, he’s the worst.”

~The Legend of Sleepy Hollow~

Sansa Stark stood in her family’s ballroom. Tonight was the annual Stark Halloween Frolic and everyone in town had been invited. Papa had even purchased her a silk lavender ball gown to wear. He even had the gown shipped in from Paris. Nothing was too good for little girl. It was a beautiful dress trimmed with fine Belgian lace. It hung off the shoulder and accentuated her ample cleavage. Her auburn curls were held in place by her late mother’s combs.

The waltz began to play and Sansa hid the sigh as Viserys Targaryen, the new schoolmaster wormed his way to her side.

“May I have this dance?” He asked politely while never taking his eyes off her bosom.

She nodded a reluctant yes and was whisked away to the floor. She tried not to cringe as he slid his hand around her corseted waist and gripped her left hand tightly.

As they danced amongst the other couples he finally glanced up at her face. She wished he hadn’t because he was practically scowling at her.

“I asked your father for your hand in marriage this evening. He turned me down. Why would he do that?” He tightened his grip and Sansa held in a whimper as her hand was slowly being crushed.

“I am the only child of a wealthy widower. He merely wishes for me to stay at home longer.” She battered her Tully blue eyes back at him as innocently as possible.

They spun around the floor in perfect unison.

“Poor little rich girl. When your father passes away I will be there to protect you.”
Sansa’s steps faltered a bit.

“What do you mean?” Sansa began looking at various ways to escape off the dance floor.

“My meaning is perfectly clear. Your father is a sick man who thinks you’re too good for the likes of me. As if you could ever be better than me. He doesn’t know how much his little girl has been fawning all over me.”

Sansa wrenched her bruised hand away from him.

“You must be mistaken if you think I have been fawning over the likes of a schoolteacher.” She clasped her hands behind her back so he could not take them again.

“Oh no? Well why else would you wear something so provocative?” He traced the outline of her cleavage with his long boney finger.

Sansa slapped his hand away and stormed off the dance floor. She headed strait for the balcony. She made it outside before he spun her around and slapped her across the face.

“No one walks away from me. I’m a Targaryen, which means royal blood flows through my veins. You have awoken the dragon Miss Stark. Now you shall pay!” He advanced toward her threateningly.

Sansa backed away and suddenly Viserys noticed they were no longer alone. Women from all over town were suddenly rushing to the balcony and pushing him away from Sansa.

“I think the time has come for you to leave Mr. Targaryen.” Spat Silberias Martell the judge’s wife. Sansa noticed she had a love mark on her neck. She couldn’t help but wonder if the mark was from her husband Oberyn or their lover Ellaria Sand.

“The headless horseman rides tonight.” Margaery Tyrell warned him.

“Make for the bridge with all your might.” Jeyne Poole added helpfully.

“Headless horseman? Do you think I’m a fool? I do not care about your pathetic superstitions.” Viserys scoffed but Sansa could see he was worried.

His younger sister Dany softly spoke, “you cannot reason with a headless man, brother.”

“How dare you speak to me without permission.” He was seething again and his sister shrunk back. “Mark my words, I will marry you Sansa Stark. Your fortune and body will be mine.” With that he strode away.

The women silently watched him, as he demanded his horse below. They quickly made their way down to the cellar before their absence from the party would be noted.

Their coven leader, Melisandre the Red Priestess, greeted them.

“Have you made the decision?” She asked the group. Never taking her eyes off the bubbling cauldron in front of her.
“We have.” Dany replied.

Sansa was surprised to hear her speak the words with such confidence. The priestess mealy nodded before clapping her hands.

“Sisters, let us begin.”

Melisandre took out the sacrificial knife and sliced open each of her palms. She squeezed droplets of blood into the brew before passing the knife.

Each witch followed suit before they all joined hands and chanted in unison.

Robert Strong, Robert Strong.

Here Our Song.

Answer our cries you soulless beast.

For tonight is the only night we let you feast.

Viserys Targaryen is riding your way.

And only you will make him pay.

Make him suffer, make him bleed.

Then take his head off, if you please.

The women left as quietly and as quickly as they came. The wounds on their hands were already healing. Sansa linked arms with Dany and whispered in her ear.

“We are your family now.” She smiled as the last Targaryen beamed back at her.

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow I will be posting a short story based on The Rocky Horror Picture Show.

The first person who can guess the correct pairing will have their very own cameo.

Good Luck!

P.S Hint-Fe Na ... "It's Elementary, My Dear Watson."
The Rocky Horror Picture Show

Chapter Notes

I do not own these characters. I do not own these films. I own nothing Jon Snow.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jon/Sansa/Euron

“In another dimension with voyeuristic intention. Well secluded I see all.”

~Magenta~

Sansa was busy decorating the lobby at Winterfell Hotel. They were hosting the Annual Transylvania Convention tonight and she wanted everything to be perfect. She was so busy tossing confetti around she didn’t even hear the bell ring at the front desk.

“Sansa.” She smiled as Jon’s hand slid up the skirt of her maid’s uniform.

“Yes.” She said breathlessly as his hand cupped her ass and squeezed.

“We have guests.” He nuzzled her neck making her weak in the knees.

“They can wait.” She turned around and locked lips with her lover in a fevered kiss. She moaned into his mouth as his mischievous hand sought access to her pearl. He began rubbing it in a teasing way that had her whimpering.

“Ahem.”

The couple stopped and glared at the intruders. A young couple stood in the lobby looking at them with embarrassed faces.

“Go away.” Jon growled at them before he turned his attention back to her neck.

“Now Jon don’t be rude.” She untangled herself from his grasp and walked to the front desk motioning them to follow.

“My name is Podrick Payne. This is my fiancé Molly Firedew.” He gestured to the tall brunette beside him.

“I’m sorry we already have a Molly this evening. How about we just call you Firedew?” Sansa wrote the names on some nametags and motioned for the couple to pin them on.
Thank you.” Firedew slipped hers on with an amused grin. Podrick just stared at her blankly.

“My name is Sansa. Welcome to the Hotel Winterfell. Such a lovely place, such a lovely face.” She winked at Podrick who turned red.

She shook the couple’s hands as Jon slipped his hand around her waist and caressed her left breast. She leaned back into and sighed dreamily.

“Plenty of room at the Hotel Winterfell. Anytime of year, you can find it here. My name is Jon Snow, by the way.” Jon mumbled as he began nibbling on her earlobe.

“He’s my brother.” Sansa waved her hand in Jon’s direction. “Or are you my cousin?” She bit her lip as she tried to remember.

“It really doesn’t matter does it? Together we are the song of ice and fire.” Jon brought her hand up to her lips and kissed her slender wrist.

“How could you not know how you’re related?” Podrick sounded absolutely baffled.

“My guess is it has something to do with the mother.” Firedew added wisely.

Sansa smiled at the young woman. “I like you.”

“We really just need to use the phone. Then we’ll be on our way.” Podrick looked around uneasily, “Hush Podrick, I think it might be fun to stay the night.” Firedew kissed his cheek causing him to blush.

“ Wonderful!” Sansa handed a feathered pen over to them and instructed them to sign the guest book. Firedew signed immediately and nudged Podrick to do the same.

“Follow me please.” She escorted the couple to the front office to meet the owner.

Euron Greyjoy sat at his desk going over some paperwork. He was wearing a black corset with matching panties. His garter belt was holding up fishnet stockings that accentuated his long legs. He wore sparkling high heels that matched the equally sparkling eye patch. He was wearing red lipstick and a pound of makeup. Sansa thought her Pirate King looked resplendent.

“Euron, my love, we have some new guests.” She motioned to the couple behind her. “This is Podrick and Firdew.”

The couple only stared with their mouths open. Sansa hoped they wouldn’t giggle at him. He wasn’t exactly a forgiving man.

“Are they guests or statues?” He stood and sashayed over to the couple.

“I apologize, we are guests of course. If it’s not to bold to say, I simply love your shade of lipstick.” Firedew was charming and Sansa knew she would love it here. She simply must introduce her to the Time Warp.

Euron threw his head back and laughed. “I like you.”

“Thank you.” She politely murmured back.

Euron sat down on the desk and pulled Sansa onto his lap.
“I see you have already met my wife.” Sansa smiled up at him. She loved being his wife. There was never a dull moment.

“Wife? But I thought…” Podrick stopped talking when his fiancé elbowed him abruptly.

“She is my wife and Queen of the North.” Euron stated threateningly.

“You mean you actually like girls?” Podrick looked aghast at the thought. Firedew face palmed herself.

“I am a transsexual from Transylvania. Of course I like women.” Euron was angry and Sansa held her breath.

The room became eerily quiet before Sansa cleared her throat.

"Jon will show you to your rooms. If you’re interested there is food and dancing in the ballroom.” She rang a little bell and Jon appeared in the doorway.

Jon gave a low growl when he saw Sansa perched upon her husbands lap.

Euron just smiled and tore her dress off. Fully exposing her to the room. Her nipples hardened as the air greeted them.

“Are you wet for me, my darling? Or are you wet for him?” He whispered in his ear as he slid his finger deep inside her folds.

Sansa threw her head back and gasped his name as a roll of pleasure took her breath away.

Jon shoved a room key at into Podrick’s hand and marched over to Sansa. He kissed her with a new desperation she had never felt before. His fingers began flicking and teasing her nipples.

“Well if you’ll please excuse us.” Firedew said politely as she dragged Podrick out the door.

“We need to get the hell out of here.” Podrick hissed as they walked down the hallway toward their room.

“You can check out anytime you like. But you can never leave.” Euron yelled before turning his attention back to his squirming bride.

Sansa realized that the two men she loved most in life were about to take her at the same time. She licked her lips in anticipation.

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow I will posting a short based on The Shining

The first person to correctly guess the pairing will have their very own cameo! Oooooooh

Good Luck!

Hint: Ten and six
Sansa/Robert

“Some places are like people: some shine and some don’t”

~Dick Hallorann~

Sansa sat at the table playing cards with her sister. She didn’t have to look in the mirror to see how badly bruised her face was.

“Honestly Sans, I don’t know why you let that bastard hit you.”

“It’s not his fault Arya. It’s this damned place, I swear.”

“Harrenhal is haunted Sansa. It didn’t turn Joffrey into a piece of shit.”

“Arya, why do you say its haunted?”

“Last night I saw the elevator doors open and the lobby fill with blood.”

“Gross.”

“Yup.”

“I don’t believe in ghosts.”

“Trust me Sansa, you will.”

“What are you too gossiping about?” Cersei’s shrill voice interrupted them.
“Cersei asked you a question.” Jamie stated calmly.

Sansa and Arya just looked at each other. It’s true they weren’t talking out loud. They were using their green sight.

“Where’s Joffrey? What have you bitches done with my baby?” Cersei took a swig from the wine bottle she was carrying around.

“We haven’t seen Joffrey!” Arya snapped at the drunken blonde.

“Don’t snap at me orphan! If it wasn’t for our generosity you two would be out on the streets, like the trash you are. Instead my useless husband decides to bring you along on my vacation.” Cersei wandered off with a triumphant look on her face.

“Ladies.” Jaime stood up with a towel on his shoulder and made his way toward the sauna.

“Sansa, Cersei is a complete bitch, her twin is no better.”

“Yea I know. Listen I’m going to go find Mr. Baratheon. I haven’t seen him in a while and I want to make sure he’s alright.”

“Sounds like a plan, I’m going to call the imp at yell at him.”

“Arya, he hates being called that.”

“If he didn’t want me to call him that he would have taken us to the see the movie with Tommen and Myrcella.”

“ You know we have no cell service right?”

“Shut up ginger, I don’t need your logic right now.”

Sansa sighed and left the room. She took the elevator to the sixth floor and stepped out to a deserted hallway and flickering lights. She dead in her tracks when she saw what was before her.

Two women were standing at the end of the hall holding hands. They were tall, fair skinned and had blonde hair styled in a 1920’s hair bob. They were wearing white vintage lingerie and pearls.

“Come play with us Sansa.” The twins spoke in unison.
The lights flickered.

The twins vanished before her eyes. A new vision appeared, this time the women were lying in a pool of blood at the end of the hall. Their bodies were broken and twisted; their mouths gaped open to an unseen horror. An abandoned ax was propped up against the wall, covered in blood.

The lights flickered.

The twins were back to holding hands as if nothing had happened. They were now closer than ever. Sansa noticed they each had lovely blue green eyes. The only difference was one of the girls looked like she was about to cry.

“Tommy and Hannah want to play with you, Sansa Stark.”

The lights flickered.

The same vision of their mangled corpses reappeared, only now Sansa could smell the blood.

The lights flickered.

The twins were back.

“We want to play with you forever, and ever and ever.”

The lights flickered again but this time the twins and the blood were gone for good.

“Arya?”

“What?”

“I believe in ghosts now.”
Sansa ran toward Roberts and burst in crying and shaking.

“Cat?” Robert looked up from his desk concerned.

“I’m sorry to barge in Mr. Baratheon. It’s just that Cersei was horrible and I was on my way to see you when—”

Robert embraced her in a tight bear hug and swung her around the room like a rag doll.

“I thought you were dead. They told me you and Ned died.” He was crying tears of joy before he finally set her down.

She stumbled a bit before slipping on something. She landed on her butt and realized she had slipped on blood. She followed the trail of blood with her eyes until she found the source. It was Joffrey. Or at least she thought it was Joffrey. His head had been caved in like a watermelon but she recognized his clothes. Sansa screamed.

“Cat, stop it. Stop screaming.” Robert shook her shoulders.

Sansa finally looked at him and realized he was holding a sledgehammer. She stopped screaming and tried not to faint.

“I had to kill the bastard. This punk came in and started bragging how he was hurting your sweet daughter. Then he told me how he found out he wasn’t even my son. Apparently Cersei has been fucking her own twin.”

Sansa actually felt Robert for a brief moment. Everyone knew the truth but him and it had obviously made him snap.

“This was supposed to be my vacation. All work and no play makes Robert a dull boy.” He said solemnly. Sansa didn’t say anything. There was too much blood.

“Arya! You need to get the fuck out of here! Robert killed Joffrey!

“What the fuck? Where are you?”

“I’m with Robert. Don’t you dare come get me! It’s too risky, just run.”

“I’m coming to get you.”

“Dammit Arya!”

“Cat, are you alright? I think you are in shock woman.” Robert picked her up and set her gently on
his desk.

The door burst open and Cersei swayed in. She was still guzzling from her wine bottle.

“There you are Robert. Look, this Stark bitch has done something with my beautiful Joffrey.” Cersei was sloshing wine all over the floor as she spoke.

“Umm Cersei now is not a good time.” Sansa squeaked out.

“Shut your mouth whore! Want to know a secret, little dove? I told Jaime to kill your family. We still laugh about it.” She swayed and giggled. Her smile died when she saw the body of her dead son.

“IT WAS YOU?” Robert roared and Cersei screamed. She stumbled into the bathroom and locked the door.

With two swings of the sledgehammer he bashed the door down.

Robert poked his head in the bathroom and yelled “Here’s Robby!”

Cersei screamed as he jumped into the bathroom and vicious blows rained down on her body. The room filled with the sounds of crunching bones. Sansa tried hard not to vomit.

She crept off the desk and backed away toward the open door. She screamed when a hand touched her shoulder. She spun around and saw Arya holding up a crowbar.

Robert raced back in from the bathroom dripping with blood.

“Lyanna? Is that you?”

Arya looked around uncertainly before nodding yes.

“Gods woman! You look like a dream. Come over and give me a kiss.” Robert leaned down and kissed her sister right on the mouth. He smeared her with blood in the process.

Arya kicked him in the shin and pushed him back spitting and wiping her mouth off with her sleeve.

“I have missed your fire, Lyanna!” Robert laughed like this was the most amusing situation in the world.

“Cat where’s Ned?” He began looking around the room for Sansa’s dead father.

“He… is… umm… at… the… uh…airport. Yes… yes, that’s it. We were just going to get him. Right now actually.” Sansa bit her lip and prayed Robert wouldn’t kill them right then and there.

“Did anyone ever tell you that you are a terrible liar?”

“Shut up.”

“I thought you deserved some honesty before we die.”

“Please, please shut up.”
Robert merely shrugged. “Have fun, when you’re out can you bring me back some more booze?”

“Anything.” Arya answered quickly.

Robert nodded and sat back down at his desk.

“In case you were wondering, Jaime is in the sauna.” Sansa knew she had just signed a death warrant but she no longer cared. If that man was responsible for the death of her family he would pay.

Robert stood and smiled at the girls before he left the room. He was swinging the sledgehammer and whistling a jaunty tune all the way down the hall.

The girls raced toward the nearest exit. They flew down the stairs and didn’t stop running until they reached the car. Arya hot-wired the thing and the Stark sisters drove away from Harrenhal never looking back.

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow I will be posting a short about Underworld.

The first person who can correctly guess the pairing will have their very own cameo!

Ooooooh

Hint: He is loyal to his King.
Sansa/Tormund

“There is a good reason why these rules were created, and they are the only reason we have survived this long!”

~Viktor~

Sansa barely had any time to react before Tormund pulled her down on the floor of the subway station. He was using his massive body to shield her from the gunfight that had erupted around them. Vampires had surrounded them. This doesn’t make any sense! Vampires were supposed to be on the brink of extinction but here they were facing an army.

Tormund pulled out a grenade and threw it toward the subway exit. The explosion sealed the entrance preventing the vampires from escaping. It also sealed them in. Shit!

“Sansa, will you marry me?” He yelled to her, over the sound of screams and gunfire.

“Yes!” She hollered back as she pulled out her signature Beretta 92FS handgun with ultraviolet ammunition.

“By the power vested in me, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss your werewolf.” Tommy yelled at them. Their blonde sidekick was ducking behind a pillar and using some dead vampires as shields.

Tormund, her red headed giant kissed her before they went back to fighting. If I’m going to die tonight let me die in the arms of the man I love.

Sansa leapt onto the back of a fleeing vampire and ripped off its head before blacking out.

Sansa blinked her eyes slowly and looked around.

Where am I?
She was sitting on a comfortable chair in front of a roaring fire. A white Persian kitten was sleeping soundly on her lap. The room was full of books and antiques. The whole place radiated warmth it wasn’t until Sansa tried to move that she realized she was tied down with silver chains.

She winced as the silver chains were causing her skin to blister.

A petite woman walked in the room reading a book. She looked up in surprise when she realized Sansa was staring at her.

“Oh good you’re awake.” The woman had white blonde hair and crystal blue eyes. She was wearing blood red corset with black satin lacing and tight black pants. She was a busty girl and that corset was screaming.

“Welcome to my home Miss Stark. My name is Mistress Raspeberry.” Sansa noticed she had a thick Swedish accent.

“Mistress Raspeberry? That sounds like a dominatrix name to me.” Sansa hated vampires. She didn’t care if she pissed this one off.

“Well you would know all about that wouldn’t you, Miss Stark. May I ask, is Tormund still using ‘crow’ as his safe word?” Sansa growled.

“What do you want?” Sansa snapped.

“My dear, I wish I had time to explain but I don’t. You see you are the key to ending this war.” She snapped her book shut and walked over to Sansa.

“I’ll never tell you anything. So just kill me and be done with it!” Sansa didn’t really want to die. What she wanted was to kill this bitch, go home, take a bath and sleep with her new husband. Tormund! Where are you my love? Are you even alive?

“I thought you’d never ask. After all the prophecy states the girl must die so the woman can be born.” She looked at Sansa and smiled before she leaned in and bit Sansa’s neck.

Sansa screamed. The pain was like nothing she ever felt. She thought she heard Tormund shouting her name as death embraced her.

You screamed.

A woman was being whipped to death. No, not just any woman, Lyanna Stark. She was pregnant and screaming as the whips split open her back. She didn’t scream from the pain, she screamed because she couldn’t reach her husband. She was trying to save him.

You screamed.

Rhaegar Targaryen was chained to a pillar. He was screaming trying to save his wife. There was blood, so much blood. He was helpless. The forces around them were too powerful, they were too angry.

You Screamed.

They chopped off Lyanna’s head; her hands clutched her rounded stomach. Her legs twitched and
Rhaegar cried.

You Screamed.

Rhaegar screamed as sunlight filled the room. He burned to death and his body turned to ash.

You Screamed.

You broke free from your father’s grasp and grabbed Lyanna’s necklace before you fled.

You Screamed.

Sansa woke up screaming.

“Sansa, it’s alright. I’m here.” Tommy’s soothing voice filled her ears.

“Tommy? Am I dead?” Sansa was confused, she was a werewolf that had been bitten by a vampire she *should* be dead.

“You’re not dead lemon cake.” Tommy eased her up on a comfortable sofa.

Sansa looked around. She was in the same room; only it looked like a tornado had hit it. Papers were scattered everywhere and there was a lot of blood.

Tormund was slumped in the same chair she was imprisoned in. Only he had twice as many silver chains holding him down.

“Glad to see you awake.” Sansa narrowed her eyes as Mistress Raspeberry strolled in the room.

“You!” One minuet Tommy was propping her up and the next minute she was holding the vampire bitch by the throat.

“Sansa put my cousin down.” Tommy sounded annoyed and Sansa was so surprised by the word cousin she dropped the vampire into a gasping heap on the floor.

Tormund woke up in the chair and began yelling. Sansa was by his side in an instant. She ripped his silver chains off and noticed her hands didn’t even sting.

They stared at each other for a moment before they embraced in a passionate kiss.

“I love you.” He whispered too her between kisses.

“And I love you.” Sansa whispered back, tears rolling down her face.

“Enough already.” Tommy made gagging sounds as she helped her cousin up.

“Tommy, What is going on?” Sansa was so confused. She had known Tommy for hundreds of years; she hated to think a friend had betrayed her.

“Sansa the vision that you saw was really my memory. It was the beginning of the war. Rhaegar Targaryen fell in love with Lyanna Stark. They married in secret and she conceived a hybrid child.” Mistress Raspeberry wasn’t even looking at her. She was just staring into the fire.
“Werewolves used to be slaves to the vampires and humans were slaves to both. Lyanna was Raspeberry’s maid, but they were as close as sisters.” Tommy said solemnly.

“When Lyanna died a piece of me died. The war started and everyone forgot why. But I was there, I saw. You see it was the humans that killed them. They spread lies about what happened and millions of our brothers and sisters died because of it.” Mistress Raspeberry said softly. She stood up and walked toward Sansa.

“I’m sorry I bit you. But you are the last Stark. You are the last one who could be a hybrid.” Mistress Raspeberry was clutching a necklace.

“Before Rhaegar died he had a vision. He told me that I needed to find a Stark kissed by fire. That she would free us all. He said the girl had to die before the woman could be born.” She kissed the necklace before she handed it to Sansa. It was a Direwolf pendant.

“You have the blood of the wolf and the bat coursing through your veins. You can stop the war and end the killing. You can unite us against the true threat, humans.” Mistress Raspeberry went and sat down once again before the fire.

“Listen I only found out about this prophecy thing yesterday. I swear!” Tommy looked nervous.

Sansa didn’t know what to say. It was true humans were the biggest threat outside of vampires. Sansa shuddered at the thought of what simple humans would do if they discovered the monsters from their dreams were real.

"The humans will pay for their treachery," Tormund growled out.

Sansa embraced her husband as he kissed the top of her head. This war had certainly taken an unexpected turn.

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow I will be posting a short based on The Omen.

The first person to correctly guess the pairing will star in their very own cameo! Oooooh

Hint: He's in the books but not the show.
The Omen

Chapter Notes

Be honest which one of you thought I owned the rights to these characters. Come on..... who was it....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sansa/Harry

“If there were anything wrong, you’d tell me wouldn’t you?”

~Robert Thorn~

Two babes were born at night under the glow of a red comet. Under the cover of darkness two children died so two others could live. The stars shined bright when two inconsolable husbands were presented with an unthinkable choice. Before that fateful night was over an infant with red curls and blue eyes would be placed in the arms of a sleeping mother. Miles away another child with blond hair and blue eyes was also placed into the arms of a sleeping mother. Before the break of dawn the Old Gods wailed, The New Gods Screamed, The Red God Shouted and The Others rejoiced.

Sansa didn’t know.

On Sansa’s third name day Old Nan told her she loved her before jumping off the battlements. Robb covered his eyes and Jon threw up. Jeyne screamed and fainted into Theon’s arms. Father looked at her strangely and ordered extra guards to be posted at her door. Mother held her too tightly and sang lovely songs. In the middle of the night, Maester Luwin brought her extra lemon cakes and told her that one day she would be Queen. He asked her if she was lonely now that Old Nan had gone.

Sansa didn’t know.

When Sansa was five, her mother became pregnant. Maester Luwin warned Cat that the pregnancy would kill her but she refused the tea. Sansa didn’t want her mother to have a baby, she threw a fit when she found out. Only Maester Luwin could calm her down. Lord Baelish arrived a fortnight later and held an urgent meeting with her parents; he was thrown out of Winterfell that very night. The next day Sansa was playing Florian and Jonquil with her dolls on the stairs. Her mother stepped
on one of her dolls and fell down the stairs. She landed with a crunch and her head was at an odd angle. Sansa watched as blood dripped from her mouth and onto her doll. Jon found Sansa crying next to the body of her mother. He looked at her strangely when Sansa showed him that her doll had blood on it. He asked her if she was more upset about her doll or her mother.

Sansa didn’t know.

When Sansa was eight, Septa Mordane tried to kill her. She dragged Sansa toward the Sept her father built. She told Sansa that she was evil and needed to be cleansed of her sins. Sansa was screaming for help when a pack of direwolves exploded out of the forest. They circled the wicked Septa before ripping her to shreds. The pack left before anyone found out but they did leave her with two lovely gifts. Two adorable direwolf puppies nuzzled her neck and showered her with kisses. Sansa named the boy Lord and the female Lady. She promised to love them forever. Robb found her covered in blood, playing with the puppies and looked at her strangely. Septa Orphan arrived the very next day. Her new Septa asked if she felt safe.

Sansa didn’t know.

When Sansa was ten, the Lords of the Vale visited Winterfell. Septa Orphan made sure Sansa was dressed in her finest and brushed her hair until it shined. When the knights marched through the gates it was all she could do to not squeal with delight. When Sansa was introduced to Harrold Hardyng she blushed. He asked her to call him Harry and kissed her hand. Theon didn’t like Harry much so he challenged him to a sparring match. Before the match even started Theon insulted Sansa’s honor and Harry chopped off his sword hand. Sansa and Harry smiled at each other while Theon screamed and looked at them both strangely. Her betrothal to Harry was announced that very evening. Before Harry left Sansa gave him her Direwolf Lord and a real kiss. He gave her his female falcon named Princess and a longer kiss. Septa Orphan smiled at them both while Maester Luwin anointed their heads with lemon scented oil. It was a secret ceremony held in the crypts. Harry asked Sansa if she thought it was romantic.

Sansa didn’t know.

When Sansa was eleven, The King arrived at Winterfell to ask her father to become Hand of The King. He also wanted Sansa to marry his son Joffrey. Her father explained that this would be impossible because she was already betrothed. The King yelled and before the day was over her engagement to Harry had been annulled. Sansa cried and Lady howled. Princess screeched and shredded a Lannister flag. Jeyne looked at her strangely. Septa Orphan promised everything would work out in the end. Maester Luwin asked if she believed Harry would rescue her from Kings Landing.

Sansa didn’t know.
When Sansa was twelve, the King was dead and her father was executed. Septa Orphan, Lady and Princess had all disappeared and Sansa cried. Sansa received a new handmaiden named Shae who looked oddly familiar. It wasn’t until much later that Shae changed her face to reveal that she was in fact Septa Orphan in disguise. Sansa laughed and then cried. She learned that her beloved animals had been sent to keep Harry safe. ‘Shae’ informed her that The North had declared war and Sansa would suffer for it. She told Sansa that she needed to be brave and that Harry would come for her. One day a drunken Petyr Baelish cornered her on a balcony. He asked her if she knew what her true purpose was.

Sansa didn’t know.

When Sansa was fourteen, The King ended his betrothal to her and announced he would marry Margaery Tyrell. He then announced that she would wed the imp after his own wedding. ‘Shae’ swore the wedding would never happen. The day of the Joffrey’s wedding scandal struck. Margaery Tyrell, Tyrion Lannister and Petyr Baelish were all arrested for trying to poison the King. Tyrion managed to escape but the other two were executed at dawn without a trial. The Tyrell’s were banished from court. Harry still did not come for her and Joffrey ordered the Kingsguard to beat her. Joffrey asked her if she knew why he loved making her cry so much.

Sansa didn’t know.

When Sansa was fifteen, King Joffrey ordered her to be whipped. She was to be punished for trying to hide her flowering. In truth Sansa had flowered years ago but ‘Shae’ helped her cover it up. It took thirty lashes until Tywin Lannister himself put a stop to it. The next day certain members of the Kingsguard started dying gruesome deaths. Three members of the Kingsguard were found naked and murdered in Queen Cersei’s own bed. The Kings uncle Jamie was arrested. The Lannisters began turning on each other and Sansa smiled. Another year had passed and still Harry did not rescue her. As Septa Orphan placed lemon scented ointment on her back she asked Sansa if she had lost all hope.

Sansa didn’t know.

On her sixteenth nameday, Joffrey announced that her brother Robb had been killed in battle and her brother Jon was missing. To celebrate The King decided to get married, to Sansa. ‘Shae’ rubbed her back and told her everything would fine. Sansa was scared she didn’t want to marry Joffrey she wanted to marry Harry. She also knew she had to stay as far away from the Sept as possible. Bad things happened whenever she went near it. When two members of the Kingsguard came to collect her she cried and pleaded not to go. One guard told her to stop whining and struck her. As she fell to the floor the other guard stabbed her attacker through the neck with his sword. As the dead body slid down the wall her hero removed his helmet. Harry had come for her at last. Kings Landing was
currently under siege. He needed to leave her so he could go and fight. He whistled and Lady ran to her side. Princess flew in and landed on her shoulder. He kissed her passionately and asked if she knew that he had loved her from the beginning.

Sansa didn’t know.

Tywin Lannister sealed the city and informed the King they were under attack. Mace Tyrell who had recently been allowed back into court offered the aid of his troops in defense of the Red Keep. He only needed permission to enter the city and his army would destroy the North once and for all. Just like the Mad King, Joffrey allowed entry to his enemies and lost his life for it. At the end of the battle every single Lannister had been butchered. Since the death of her brother Harry had been the one to lead the Northern army to victory. He told Sansa that Jon had turned coward when Robb died and fled to the free cities. Harry asked her if she had any idea why he would go there.

Sansa didn’t know.

With their enemies finally obliterated the Kingdoms cried out for a new leader.

Harrold Hardyng was crowned King of the Valemen and the First Men, Lord of the Seven Kingdoms, and Protector of the Realm.

Later when all the bodies were cleared away and the blood was mopped off the floor a simple wedding was performed under the stars. Under the glow of another red comet Sansa and Harry kneeled in the snow before Maester Luwin. Septa Orphan anointed their heads with lemon scented oil. They drank blood from a shared chalice and sang hymns long forgotten.

When they consummated their marriage Harry was kind and gentle. Their love was absolute, it had been written in blood long before the stars had been born. As he spilled his seed inside her, she moaned his name and the ground shook. They held each other tightly after, neither willing to let the other one go. Harry swore they would never again be parted. When they arose the next morning neither was surprised to learn that a great tragedy had transpired during the night. They were informed that the shaking they felt was the ground swallowing up The Great Sept of Baelor. Members of the Faith were screaming it was the end of days. How right they were.

Sansa was now aware of her purpose and destiny. She smiled.

Chapter End Notes
Tomorrow I will be posting a short based on The Evil Dead.

The first person to correctly guess the pairing will star in their very own cameo! Yea :D

Hint: No way! This one is too obvious....or is it?
The Evil Dead

Chapter Notes

I do not own anything. But I do owe you all an apology. We had a power outage last night and I wasn't able to post on time. SORRY!!!!!!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Sansa/Jaime

“You will die! Like the others before you, one by one, we will take you.”

~Cheryl~

Sansa thought that spending the weekend in a remote cabin with a bunch of girls sounded like hell on earth. Jeyne kept going on and on about the history of the cabin and wondering what secrets it could hold. Sansa nodded in agreement but really she could care less.

When Jeyne asked her to be a bridesmaid, Sansa had cried and jumped for joy. She had imagined that her days would be full of bridal magazines, dress fittings and venue scouting. How wrong she was. Her days were filled with weekly weigh-ins, temper tantrums and whiney texts so long they could be novels.

A fire breathing Bridezilla had replaced the sweet friend she remembered from childhood. Her only consolation was that she wasn’t suffering alone. Sansa had been introduced to Clara at the bridal shower a few months back and the two hit it off right away. They joked about being the only two friends trapped in a war zone of fake tans, presumptuous flower arrangements and ugly stationary.

Tonight was the bachelorette party. Sansa was put in charge of hiring the stripper. She had no idea where to begin so she asked Tyrion for help. He laughed at her and handed her a golden card with a number. Sansa almost dropped the phone when she realized it was Jamie Lannister on the other end. It would cost a fortune to book the Golden Lion but he was nice enough to give her the friends and family discount.

Jeyne, Ros and Ygritte were waiting for them when they arrived. Sansa was surprised to see Theon and Ramsay as well. Apparently the boys decided to crash their all girls weekend. Jeyne was thrilled but she was the only one. No one there liked Ramsay. No one.
“Sansa, would you like to be my assistant this evening?” Jaime winked at her playfully causing Sansa to blush.

“He just wants help oiling down.” Clara nudged her and wiggled her eyebrows suggestively.

“I can help with that!” Ygritte hollered. All the girls laughed. Jeyne scowled.

“Honestly Sansa, must you flirt with every man you see?” Jeyne pursed her lips and cast Sansa a judgmental look.

Sansa was shocked she didn’t really think of herself as the flirting type.

“Who cares? Let’s go down and explore the cellar. Rumor has it, that it’s haunted.” Ramsay then went into great detail about all the sacrifices that were supposedly conducted there.

“No thank you Ramsay I’ll just stay up here.” Sansa said politely, she would never understand why they had to stay at a haunted cabin.

“Oh come now Sansa, I’ll keep you safe.” Ramsay licked his lips and Sansa took a step back.

“Sansa has already agreed to help me this evening.” Jamie slid his arm around her and Sansa felt herself blush.

“Come on Clara, it will be fun!” Jeyne gave her brightest smile but Clara only shook her head no.

“I am not going into a creepy, haunted cellar inside a creepy, haunted cabin.” Clara said firmly.

“Fine!” Jeyne snapped. “I thought you would at least use the stairs a few times for cardio. You’re starting to look fat.” Sansa grabbed Clara’s arm and physically held her back.

“Fuck you Jeyne!” Clara swore at Jeyne and Sansa snickered.

“Excuse me? Do you kiss your mother with that mouth?” Jeyne was so mad she was practically turning purple.

“No, but I’ve kissed your father with this mouth.” Now it was a different group of girls restraining Jeyne.

“Sansa has been eating carbs while you’re not looking.” Margaery whispered loudly. That girl always smiled so sweetly before she threw someone under the bus.

Jeyne narrowed her eyes. “That’s it! You two are going on a liquid diet or you’re not going to be in the wedding at all!” The Bridezilla was so mad she was actually spitting.

“I don’t want to be in your stupid wedding anymore.” Sansa stated calmly and sighed as if a massive weight had been lifted off her shoulders.

Ramsay and Ygritte seemed to be enjoying the verbal sparring match while Theon looked completely lost.

“Theon, how can you just stand there why these two say such hateful things? I want to marry a man not a boy.” Jeyne had focused her wrath onto a cowering Theon.

“Down ladies! Remember I was hired to perform a show that is guaranteed to knock your panties off. I intend to do just that.” Jamie flashed his dazzling smile and everyone agreed to separate and cool off.
How was it that the only voice of reason came from the mouth of a stripper? Clara, Sansa and Jamie stayed upstairs while the rest of the party went downstairs to the dark cellar.

Sansa followed Jamie into a spare bedroom and blushed as he removed his clothes. The only thing he left on was a red and gold g-string. Sansa thought a gold lion was embroidered on the front but she refused to examine it closely. Jamie laughed at her obvious discomfort.

“Sansa, you hired me to be your stripper for the evening. Clearly you knew that I would be removing my clothes.” He handed her a bottle of oil and motioned that she should apply some to his back.

“Well, yes… I mean… I knew what you were hired for. I guess… I uh… didn’t expect a private show.” Sansa was stammering as she applied the oil all over his back.

“Sansa, you’re so beautiful when you blush. Any plans for tomorrow?” Sansa almost dropped the oil.

“Are you asking me out on a date?” Sansa spread the oil down his legs and listened as he sucked in his breath.

“Yes.” He gritted through his teeth.

“I like Greek food.” Sansa whispered in his ear before she handed him back the bottle. She wouldn’t oil anything else until at least the third date. Sansa left him with a smile and went to go check on Clara.

She found her friend standing in the middle of the living room holding a fire extinguisher. All the furniture had been moved and the carpet had been rolled up. Sansa gasped when she saw that the floor was soaked in blood.

“Sansa you need to get yourself a weapon.” Clara whispered.

“Why?” Clara just pointed to the cellar door and Sansa could see that they were being watched by a set of white eyes.

“Is this a joke?” Sansa whispered back.

“Hurry.” Was all she whispered.

Sansa ran to the kitchen where she found a cast iron skillet. She ran back into the living room and collided into Clara. Luckily they both managed to stay standing. The cellar door opened and the bridal party shuffled back into the room. Only they looked different.

“Demons.” Sansa whispered and Clara only nodded.
Their eyes were white and their skin was blistered and hanging off their faces. Some kind of black liquid was oozing from their mouths.

“Tonight you will become one of us, father promised.” Demon Ramsay cackled at the girls as he rose a few inches off the floor.

“Hey look what I found!” Jaime exclaimed excitedly. He ran into the room wearing a cop uniform and wielding a chainsaw.

The girls didn’t really look at him as they were now back to back. Their odd weapons raised in defense of whatever Hell had unleashed upon them.

“You guys aren’t even looking. Hang on a second I think it still works.” He revved up the chainsaw and took a step back before he tripped over the rolled up carpet and ended up decapitating Ramsay.

He screamed as Ramsay’s body slumped to the floor leaking black ooze everywhere.

The other demons screamed and launched into an attack. Margaery grabbed at Jamie’s clothes but his tear away costume did what it was supposed to and the demon was left holding a sleeve while Jamie wiggled away.

“What is wrong with them?” Jaime screamed.

“They are demons! Sansa look out!” Clara screeched.

Sansa screamed as Demon Margaery tried to grab her hair. Sansa dodged just in time and spun her skillet. She showed that bitch what a Topspin-Slice Power First Serve was really like. Just like Ramsay her head popped off and her corpse fell backward leaking black ooze everywhere.

Demon Ygritte ripped off Jaime's pants when he tried to run from her. Sansa could have sworn that oozing spawn had a smile on her face. Jaime ended up dropping his chainsaw in surprise when the demon licked his ass. Clara came to his aid and killed his red headed attacker by caving her head in with a fire extinguisher.

Jaime retrieved the chainsaw and started it up again and yelled at the girls to move toward the door. They all froze when they saw the barricade before them. Demon Theon and Demon Jeyne were humping like a pair of demon rabbits.

“That’s just nasty.” Sansa whispered.

Suddenly demon Jeyne leapt up and pinned Sansa against the wall.

“You want to see nasty? How about I eat your face off? No one will be more beautiful then me at my wedding! She cackled as her hands wrapped around Sansa’s throat.

Jaime tried to reach her before Demon Theon pulled him down on the ground. Jaime struggled to get away and in the process he ripped off the last remaining piece of his cop uniform. Now all he was wearing was his g-string and boots.

“Hey Jeyne! Your wedding dress was hideous.” Demonic Jeyne released Sansa and spun around in anger.

Clara just smiled as she used her fire extinguisher to smash in the face of a demonic Bridezilla.

They heard Jamie scream for help and they almost laughed at the sight. Demon Theon kept trying to
grab a hold of Jamie and bite him, but he was so oily he couldn’t get a good grip. Jaime just kept slipping around the room like a greased pig.

Sansa stifled her giggles enough to pulverize Demonic Theon’s head.

Before they left the weary trio made sure every demon head had been separated from the body. They also grabbed their weapons and set the place on fire. They didn't know why, it just seemed like a good idea. Sansa didn’t give a rat’s ass about destroying this historic place. She didn’t think whatever secrets it held should be shared anyway.

Ros smiled from the bushes.

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow... errr I mean today I will be posting a short based off of Paranormal Activity.

The first person to correctly guess the pairing will have their very own cameo! Wahoo :D

Hint: Whores
Paranormal Activity

Chapter Notes

I still do not own these characters.

*TRIGGER WARNING*

Attempted child abduction. This will be marked with *******

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sansa/Podrick

“I feel it. I feel it breathing on me.”

~Katie~

“Sansa, Have you seen my keys?” Podrick had spent all morning looking for them, much to Sansa’s amusement.

“I don’t know. How about you search me?” With that Sansa dropped her robe to reveal her brand new set of La Perla, lingerie. Resting snugly between her breasts, inside her red silk balcony bra, laid Podrick’s keys.

“Are you trying to kill me?” Pod grinned and walked over to her.

“I don’t know what you mean.” She said innocently while biting her lip.

He swept off their kitchen island, spilling a sack of flower on the ground.

“What are you going to do, lift me up?” They both laughed knowing that wouldn’t be very easy considering her size.

“I may have been a little overzealous.” Pod blushed.

“You are sexy man Podrick Payne. Are you sure you’re feeling well? You could always call in sick.” She unzipped his pants.

“Nothing would give me greater pleasure, then enjoying your company all day but I’m late for work.” He began tracing the outline of her bra with his tongue.

Sansa swept back her copper hair and moaned as his soft kisses drifted lower. They both jumped when they felt the baby kick.
“Child, you need to stop. Mommy and Daddy are trying to spend some quality time together.” Sansa said firmly as she patted her pregnant belly.

Pod laughed at her. “Even now you are correcting her behavior.”

“Courtesy is a lady’s armor. There is no reason she shouldn’t start learning that early.” Sansa said solemnly.

Pod lifted her chin. “I love you Sansa. You are going to make a great a mother.”

Sansa grabbed his tie and pulled him in close, her hands then drifted toward his belt. He stopped her hands when his phone rang.

“Hello?” He answered the phone quickly.

The old Sansa would have felt bad about making him even later to work. But, ever since she found out she was pregnant, all she wanted to do was eat lemon cakes and have sex. Last week she did both at the same time, it was heaven. Pod, the wonderful boyfriend that he was, never complained about her increased sex drive. He was also a well-endowed sex god, so that was a bonus.

Sansa hummed a sift tune as she pulled off his belt and let his pants drop. He gave her a wicked smile when she pulled down his boxer briefs. She was pleased to see that his member was both ready and willing

“Yes, the…blue file is on the desk.” He hissed as she began stroking his shaft. He hopped up on the island so she wouldn’t have to kneel on the kitchen floor. He was always so thoughtful.

“No, no, I don’t… think so.” He was remarkably calm considering the fact she was now kissing up and down his erection.

“I’m sorry, could you repeat that?” Pod began playing with her hair as she licked clear liquid off his tip.

The kitchen door opened wide before closing quietly. But neither one of them was really paying any attention.

“Yes… I can have that—” Pod stopped speaking as she slid his pulsing manhood into her mouth.

“It will be on this desk my afternoon.” Pod began bucking his hips as she flicked and teased his tip with her tongue.

“I mean it will be on your desk this afternoon. No, what I mean to say, is that it will be on your desk this afternoon.” Pod was doing remarkable well considering.

Sansa was through teasing the man and began sucking on his manhood in earnest. Podrick hung up his phone and grabbed her hair. They found their rhythm and soon he gasped as she sucked and caressed his balls. Sansa swirled her tongue in a flourish and dragged her nails softly up his thighs. He groaned and released in response.

Sansa ran to spit it out in the sink. She wanted to be able to swallow for him, but her stomach refused to cooperate.

“Sansa, you don’t have to swallow every time. I still love you regardless.” Pod finished pulling up his pants and kissed her softly before he plucked his keys out of her bra.
“I really need to be going though. I’m fairly certain Tyrion suspected something.” He blushed and Sansa giggled.

“Go, go away to your fancy job at Zazou Unlimited.” She smiled at him and pushed him away playfully. He was almost out of the kitchen when he stopped.

“Sansa, come look at this.” He was pointing toward the floor. Sansa looked and saw footprints in the spilled flour.

“Don’t worry about that, it was just my ghost Sassy.” Sansa shrugged and went to find a broom.

“What do you mean? You’re trying to tell me you have a ghost named Sassa?” Pod was looking at her like she had three heads.

“Her name is Sassy, not Sassa.” She found the broom and began sweeping.

“How long have you had a ghost named Sassy?” Sansa was afraid he was going to make fun of her but he actually seemed interested.

“When I was little people used to think I had an imaginary friend. Only she wasn’t imaginary, she was real. I could feel her, I just couldn’t see her.” Sansa set the broom against the counter.

“What do you mean you could feel her?” Pod looked a little worried.

“She’s not a pervert if that’s what you mean.” Sansa raised her eyebrow and placed her hands on her hips. “When I was younger she would push me in the swings. At night she would sometimes tuck me into bed.”

“So, she’s a helpful ghost?” Pod scratched his head in disbelief.

“She’s a hero. She saved my life.” Sansa said quietly as she stared at the floor.

“How did she save your life?” Pod lifted her chin up, his brown eyes full of worry.

***************

“When I was a little girl we had this neighbor Mr. Trant. He was really friendly and was always over at house. Anyway, one day I was walking home from school and he pulled up beside me in a van. He asked me if I wanted a ride home.” Sansa started breathing heavy and Podrick hugged her.

“I knew I wasn’t supposed to ride with anyone so I told him no and kept on walking. I didn’t even know he had gotten out of the van until he grabbed me and put his hand over my mouth. I was so scared, I couldn’t scream.” Sansa started crying, she hated reliving that day.

“He threw me in the van and I crawled into the corner crying. That’s when Sassy rescued me. There was a screwdriver in the van and she picked it up and stabbed him in the eye. He tried to scream but she stuffed a dirty cloth into his mouth and kept stabbing him over and over in the eyes, then the chest. She didn’t stop until he was dead. There was so much blood, but nothing on me.” Pod held her until her breathing calmed and her tears dried.

“The police arrived but they didn’t believe me when I said a ghost killed him. They thought I was in shock. No one would believe me. We found out later Mr. Trant hurt a lot of little girls, all red heads.”
She placed her hands on her belly protectively.

**************

“Sansa I’m glad he’s dead, but is it safe to be around such a violent ghost?” Pod held her tighter as he looked around.

“She’s a good ghost I swear. She helped me find you.” Sansa bit her lip and prayed that Pod would believe her.

“I recall, that we met the day you tripped, and spilled coffee all over me.” How did a ghost help you manage that?” Podrick looked amused.

“She’s the one that tripped me.” Sansa smiled. She was so relieved someone finally believed her.

“I’m still not sure how I feel about leaving you alone with a ghost. I mean does she watch us have sex?” Pod said the last word in a whisper. Sansa laughed.

“No, she doesn’t watch us have sex. I think she walked in on us and left.” Sansa nudged his shoulder playfully.

“Answer me this, if you’ve never seen your ghost how do you know it’s a girl? Also why do you call her Sassy?” Podrick loosened his grip around her slightly.

“Pod, you can either go to work, or stay home with me asking questions. You can’t do both.”

Pod picked up his phone and called in sick. He ran to the bedroom for a camcorder.

“What are you doing with that?” Sansa asked him.

“I’m going to record your ghost.” Podrick looked rather pleased with himself until the camera levitated away from him and landed in the trashcan.

Sansa laughed. “I don’t think she likes that idea.”

Pod laughed uneasily and helped her clean the kitchen.

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow I will be posting a short story based on Chucky

The first person to correctly guess the pairing will star in their very own cameo!

Wahoo!!!

Hint: We all want him dead.
Sansa Stark frowned as she walked through the forest. Normally she enjoyed her walks but her heart was full of sorrow. It had started snowing, and the earth was covered in a white blanket that sparkled like diamonds in the moonlight. She held her lantern in front of her as she slowly made her way toward the heart of the forest. She loved walking through the forest at night. The moon was full and she basked in its cleansing glow. Tonight the coven would rid the world of an evil. Under the guidance of The Red God, justice would be served for Jeyne. The bastard of Bolton had made a grave mistake by injuring one of the sworn sisters. For whenever one of them bled, they all felt it. They shared feelings of joy, sadness and even stimulation. It was both a curse and a blessing to be so linked to one another. They were one, they were many.

She had found Jeyne first. Sansa had known her the longest and their link was the strongest in the group. She was found lying broken and bloody in the snow, like some discarded porcelain doll. She was close to death but the sisters healed her wounds by taking them unto themselves. It had been excruciating, the coven had all screamed in agony while Jeyne slept. In the morning light Melisandre the Red Priestess announced Jeyne would recover. However, in order for her spirit and mind to recover they needed to exact justice. The Red God demanded it. Sansa planned to make the bastard scream before the end.

In the heart of the forest the bonfire was raging. The flames were pulling at her very soul. Sansa quickened her steps as she drew closer. The time was fast approaching and her skin was tingling in anticipation. When she finally made it to the clearing her cheeks were flushed and she was panting. She removed her cloak when she began to feel a familiar arousal. She glanced over and smiled. Silberias Martell and Ellaria Sand were locked in a passionate embrace. Sansa watched them for a minute before shaking her head sadly. She had yet to be kissed.
The Red Priestess approached and laid a warm hand on her shoulder.

“A dark man approaches my child. The Lord of Light has blessed him with his touch. His fears are many but you will show him the path to his salvation. Your fire will consume him and he will rise from the ashes anew.”

Sansa blinked at her coven leader in surprise. She was honored the Red God had seen fit to send her coven leader a vision. She had many questions but they could wait. Now she needed to prepare for the ceremony. She carefully removed all her clothes until she was standing naked before the flames. Her red hair fell like waves over her milky white bosom. Her nipples were erect and goose bumps formed on her naked flesh as the cold wind caressed her skin.

She looked up as the two newest members of the coven enter the sacred place. Tommy Lannister, the young wife of Tywin Lannister entered first. Her blonde hair and blue green eyes were shining mischievously in the firelight. The Lannister wedding had been quite the scandal. Rumor had it Cersei Lannister had attacked the bride as she walked down the isle. Some said it was Tommy who ended up knocking out Cersei’s two front teeth with a swift kick, others blamed Tywin himself. It is most unwise to accost a woman on her wedding day.

Rambling Baratheon, the new bride of Stannis Baratheon entered second. She had soft brown hair and striking green eyes. They said for Stannis, that it was love at first sight. Sansa believed them; she had seen the way he looked at his wife when he thought no one was looking. She had also seen the way his wife looked at him. Most importantly, Shireen loved her new mother. Being the wife of captain could be lonesome but she knew that Rambling was made of heartier stock then most. Watching the two of them dance at the ball had been one of the most romantic things she had ever witnessed.

“Sisters we have gathered together to stand in judgment of Ramsay Snow.”Sansa snapped back to attention, embarrassed that she had briefly let her mind wander.

“Bring the prisoner forth.” Dany and Margaery dragged a wiggling sack into the circle.

“Release him.” Melisandre commanded. Dany and Margaery ripped off the burlap sack but left him bound and gagged.

His eyes widened as he looked around to the circle of naked women. He was becoming aroused and Sansa smiled. Melisandre nodded to her and she crouched down on all fours and crawled over to him. Her breasts dragging along the snow, Ramsay stared transfixed.

She reached him and slid her hands slowly up his legs. She could see his hardness against his pants. She unbuttoned his pants and slid her hand inside. He gasped as she slowly slid her icy hand around his member. She moved her face inches from him; and watched as his eyes filled with desire. She then gripped him firmly, twisted and then tore his manhood from his body. He shrieked.

“Scream like Jeyne screamed.” She whispered as she tossed his detached appendage into the flames.
The fire licking the blood off her hand greedily.

She rejoined her naked sisters in the circle and they began their chant.

God of Flame. Lord of Light.

Oh, give us retribution this hallowed night.

He hunted your child down for sport

His fate now rests in your holy court.

Tell us what his fate shall be.

So Jenyne may once again be free.

The wood in the fire hissed as blue flames rose high in a singular pillar. Melisandre reached her hand into the embers and withdrew a child’s cloth doll. She turned it over in her hands smiling. The circle parted as the leader drifted toward their bloody and unconscious captive. She slapped him awake.

“Ramsay Snow, The Lord of Light has deemed you guilty. It is time for you to leave your earthly body and take up residence in a new one.” She shoved the doll into his mouth as he screamed.

His body shook and jerked around until it died. The body burned away to ashes that drifted away with the wind. Soon the doll was moving on its own and it was angry.

“You whores, my father will flay you alive!” He was screaming and flailing his tiny cloth hands around.

“Now Ramsay, remember your manners.” Melisandre scooped up the little Ramsay doll and tossed him to Margaery.

“What can one expect from a bastard?” Margaery tossed him over to Silberias.

“Look! He has two little button eyes!” Silberias giggled and tossed Ramsay to Tommy.

“He was such an ugly man, he’s an even uglier doll.” Tommy hissed before tossing him to Rambling.

“I don’t suppose any one will miss him.” Rambling murmured before tossing him over to Sansa.
“Tell me Ramsay, what was it like to be born with such an insignificant eel?” Sansa laughed at him before tossing him to Ellaria.

“I have seen mice with bigger appendages.” Ellaria laughed along with Sansa before tossing him to Dany.

“Why Ramsay, I do believe you’re speechless.” Dany stated before she dropped in the snow with a plop.

After being tossed around so much the little Ramsay doll couldn’t walk straight. He wobbled and then bent over to throw up. Only instead of bile, little bits of fluff escaped his mouth. The coven’s laughter echoed in the trees.

“You think my package is small? That’s not what Jeyne said when I was ramming it into her while she screamed.” All the women stopped laughing and the forest itself became deathly quiet.

“It would be prudent of you to cease speaking.” Rambling hissed at him.

“Just kill me and be done with it!” Ramsay cocked his little doll head to the side.

“Why Ramsay, you can never die.” Tommy said innocently.

“You get to be our plaything forever.” Margaery stated merrily.

“Now be a good little doll and run!” Sansa growled at him.

Slowly a pack of wolves entered the circle, their golden eyes all fixed on Ramsay. A different wolf went and sat in front of each witch. The women all knelt beside their wolves and nuzzled their familiars. Each wolf was as different as her human counterparts. All at once witch and beast threw their heads back in unison and howled. The women sat in a circle and smiled as their wolf pack turned and left to hunt a bastard.

The Ramsay doll ran as fast as his little cloth legs could carry him. His cloth body tore open on bushes and brambles. He left a little trail of fluff behind him. He was crying out for help but the forest ignored his pleas.

The wolf pack followed his scent. His trail of fear was strong. They could taste it, and they began to drool. They gave chase for a while until they finally cornered him beneath a tree. He picked up a stick and tried to swing it wildly at them before Ellaria’s familiar bit the twig in half.

Tommy’s and Rambling’s familiar each chomped on his arms and pulled. The Ramsay doll screamed as his little cloth arms were ripped off their seams.

Silberias and Margery’s familiars ripped his tiny legs off. Ramsay was now weeping little tears made of thread and begging for mercy. Sansa’s wolf crept up low to him and let out a lonesome howl before chomping off his head.
Jeyne’s familiar appeared and limped over to what was left of him. She urinated and then defecated on his remains. The rest of the wolf pack howled before they ran back to join their human mistresses. It would take seven days for the Ramsay doll to reattach. They had his scent now and they would be back. He was never going to get away.

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow I will be posting a short story based on Saw!

The first person to guess the correct pairing will star in their very own cameo! HELL YEA :D

Hint: Father
Saw

Chapter Notes

Ug! Sorry this was late. I had a bunch of out of town visitors stop by. I mean my husband knew they were coming....but I did not. Ahhhh the joys of marriage!

P.S I do not own these characters

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sansa/Petyr

“Congratulations. You are still alive. Most people are so ungrateful to be alive. But not you. Not anymore.”

~Jigsaw~

Drip, drip, drip

Sansa woke up to water slowly dripping on her head. She was sitting on the ground with her back resting up against a wall. Her body ached from sleeping in such an unnatural position. Her butt was wet. Gods! Did I pee myself? She sighed in relief when she realized she was only sitting in a puddle of water. Where am I? She tried to stand but when she leaned forward her head hit another wall. She felt around and realized she was in some sort of box. She wiggled her way up and realized she could not feel the ceiling. That’s something at least. She didn’t know where she was exactly but at least she could stand.

Drip, drip, drip

The lights flickered above her and she squinted. Is that a hose? There was definitely a hose hanging
above her, dripping. Well that’s annoying. She was able to shift her body away from the dripping water but it still managed to splash on her anyway. Sansa tried her best to remember how she got here. The last thing she recalled was going to my car after class was cancelled. She sat in her car to go home and then…nothing. She couldn’t remember anything after that.

Drip, drip, drip

Closing her eyes she leaned her forehead against the cool wall and tried to think. Only it wasn’t a wall at all, it was too smooth. This was glass. Why am I in a glass box? Sansa started to panic before she made herself calm down. Panicking wouldn’t solve anything. What exactly happened today? Think, Sansa, think! She closed her eyes and tried to recall what happened before she entered her car. She only had one class today, Criminal Psychology. Her class had been canceled at the last minute so she decided to go surprise her roommate at the library.

Drip, drip, drip

She opened her car door and threw her books in the back seat. Sandor texted her he was in the mood for some chicken and she replied that was too bad because she wanted sausage. He sent her a dirty picture that her cracking up. She sat in her car and turned on the ignition and then she felt a moment of panic and a sharp prick. Sansa felt her neck and it did seem a little tender. What is going on?

Drip, drip, drip

She had been kidnapped, that was certain. But, what she couldn’t fathom was why. Why me, what makes me so special? Sure, she was a beautiful girl with a famous last name, but that hardly made her unique. She was attending a prestigious university; the children of diplomats surrounded her on a daily basis. She was even in a study group with a real life fucking princess. Great, I’m starting to sound like Sandor now. Had she been taken for money, revenge or something else? So many things could fit into the ‘something else’ category. Sansa felt a knot form in the pit of her stomach as her mind filled with horrible scenarios. I have to get out of here!
The lights turned on and Sansa had to squint as her eyes adjusted to the brightness. It looked like she was in a glass box inside an abandoned warehouse. A man was chained down to a table with a scale at the end. A woman was lying crumpled on the floor. *Gods! Please don't be dead.* She looked next to her and saw another glass box, inside was her terrified roommate, Sarah Black.

“Sarah?” Being inside a glass tube muffled her voice some, but at least she knew she wasn’t in this alone.

“Sansa?” Sarah's hazel eyes were full of confusion.

“Where are we? What happened?” Sansa prayed Sarah could tell her something, *anything.*

“I don’t know! I got into my car to drive to the Sassy Eggs Diner when some crazy guy stuck me with a syringe! I scratched him though. I should have killed him.” Sarah dusted off her shoulder and looked annoyed.

“Do you remember where you scratched him? Sansa was curious clearly she and her roommate had been targeted.

“Yea on the back of the hand. I should have gone for his eyes but everything happened so fast!” Sarah was shaking she was so angry.

“We are going to get out of this somehow, I promise.” Sansa frowned at her own optimism.

“Listen Red, I’ve been looking at our tombs here. I think they slide up. My guess is they are remote controlled. Sansa smiled, she liked having a genius for a roommate.

Before they could continue their conversation they heard moaning coming from the table. Sansa
breathe a sigh of relief to know they weren’t just a couple of dead bodies some killer had left behind. The women sat up and Sansa’s blood ran cold as she recognized the face of Cersei, the biggest bitch in all of Westeros. Please, anyone but her. Sansa took a closer look at the man on the table and realized it was Jaime, her famous male model twin. They were both waking up and Sansa felt hopeful that if they all worked together they would be able to figure a way out. Cersei better keep it together.

_Drip, drip, drip_

She watched in amazement as sprinkler heads descended from the ceiling and sprayed the Lannister twins down. They were both awake and swearing. Cersei used the table to stand up and gasped when she saw Jaime chained down.

A distorted voice came over some kind of loudspeaker.

“**My name is Mockingbird. Welcome to my Fun House.**”

“**Cersei Lannister there are only two ways you can leave this Warehouse. The first option is to hold a press conference and announce that your beloved children are all products of consensual incest.**”

_Gods! Was that true?_

“How dare you speak to me like that! I am the wife of Senator Baratheon. My children are heirs to the Baratheon dynasty. They are _not_ product of incest. I refuse to be intimidated by the likes of you. Now release my brother before I really get mad.” Cersei stood tall and rolled her shoulders back.

Sansa and Sarah looked at each other in amazement.

_Drip, drip, drip_

The Loudspeaker came back on.
“Your second option is to saw off one of your brothers limbs and place it on the scale.”

Cersei didn’t say anything she just stared at Jaime with a peculiar face.

“You can’t seriously be thinking about his offer! I refuse to let you slice me open to avoid public embarrassment.”

“This is serious Jaime. Our children would lose their legacy. Everything I have worked so hard for would be gone. Is that what you want?”

“Have you lost your mind? Do you even hear yourself right now?”

“Relax Jaime, they have prosthetics now, soldiers wear them all the time.”

“No! We can hold the press conference Cersei. I’ll stand by you no matter what. It will all be all right, you’ll see.” Jaime was almost pleading with his sister.

“Shut up! I need to think!”

Drip, drip, drip

“Don’t hurt him!” Sansa was shouting at Cersei. She couldn’t believe this crazy bitch was even thinking about it.

“Just do the press conference!” Even Sarah was pounding on the glass and pleading.

“Is that Sansa and roommate what’s her name?” Jaime had turned his head and was staring at the girls in disbelief.

Cersei looked up at Sansa and glared, Sansa felt cold all over and shivered.

Drip, drip, drip

The loudspeaker came back on.

“You have five minutes to make your decision or you'll be trapped here forever. No one will find you. No one will hear you. Your children will never see you again. The saw is under the
Cersei bent down and picked up the saw.

“I love you! Please don’t do this!” Jaime strained against his chains as his sister began to cry.

Cersei kissed her twin and began sawing off his right hand. He screamed and begged her to stop. Sansa and Sarah pounded on the glass pleading with her to stop. Still she would not stop. The saw squeaked as it sliced through the bone and Sansa wanted to vomit. They were all crying in the end. *This is madness.*

*Drip, drip, drip*

When Cersei finished there was blood everywhere and she tossed the hand onto the scale. She whispered something to her bloodied twin and kissed him one last time. A backdoor opened and daylight flooded in. She dropped the saw crying and ran toward the opened door. She turned around one last time to glare at Sansa before she left.

“She’s not coming back.” Sansa said solemnly.

“What? No, she has to. Jaime needs help. She wouldn’t just leave him.” Sarah looked ill.

“We saw what she did. She won’t risk us telling anyone, She stands to loose everything if she rescues him.” Sansa screamed and wailed against her glass prison in frustration.

Jaime wasn’t moving and Sansa figured he had passed out from the pain. She also knew he needed immediate medical attention. She looked at her feet the water that had been dripping down had pooled at the bottom of her container. Her feet were completely covered. She looked over at Sarah and saw that her friend had sand slowly pouring into her case. *Gods!*

*Drip, drip, drip*
The loudspeaker came back on.

“Good evening ladies now it’s yo—”

There was a scuffle and a loud pitched whine. A door opened to the side and her eyes widened when Petyr Baelish came running into the warehouse covered in blood. He was missing three fingers and he was pressing his bloodied hand over his right breast pocket.

The hose above her suddenly turned on full blast and water came rushing into her box. Sarah screamed as sand began filling her box.

“I’ll save you!” Petyr shouted heroically at them before looking all around. He ran to a back wall.

“Hurry!” They both shouted in unison

“I found some levers!” He announced proudly. By this time the water had risen to her waist.

“Wait a minute, something’s wrong. There are two levers I can only pull one at a time. They have your names on them. Which lever should I pull?”

“Save Sansa!” Sarah screamed out. Sansa smiled at her best friend and roommate.

“Yes! Pull mine first!” Sansa announced quickly, Sarah looked stunned. Sansa winked at her slyly and Sarah nodded. The water level was rising rapidly. It was up to her chest now.

She heard the sound of a lever moving and a glass panels slid open. Sansa rushed out along with the water. Petyr raced over to her.

“I’m sorry the other lever is stuck, I can’t get your roommate out!” Petyr was still holding his right hand up over his pocket. Sansa noticed he had scratches on the back of it. Sansa collapsed on the floor and fake cried as Petyr held her. She only had one shot at this, she needed to time it carefully.

“Sansa, don’t cry. Do good things, have a good life.” Sarah murmured, the sand had risen up to her shoulders.

Petyr kissed the top of her head while she fake cried. Then when she felt him look away for a moment she head butted him with everything she had. In an explosion of blood and pain he reeled back.

“Fucking Bitch!”

She reached into Petyr's coat pocket and pulled out a remote. *Just like Sarah said.* Sansa pressed the
button marked ‘open’ and all the doors in the room opened at once. Daylight poured in and Sarah spilled out of her box coughing and spitting up sand.

Petyr lunged for Sansa, but she dodged and instinctively punched him as hard as she could. *Thank you Arya, for that lesson.* His head flew back with the force and hit the metal table with a sickening crack. He slumped over and didn’t move. *Gods!* She crawled over carefully and checked his pulse frowning. The sick bastard was still alive but his neck was bent at an awkward angle.

Jaime moaned from the table and the girls immediately searched Petyr for any keys to his chains. They found them and Sansa carefully slipped off his chains while Sarah applied first aid. They gently eased him off the table and all three left that cursed warehouse behind.

Chapter End Notes

Today I will be posting a short story based off of The Amnityville Horror

The first person to guess the correct pairing will have their very own cameo! Holla :D

Hint: Diminuto
Sansa stared up in wonderment at the beautiful Dutch Colonial before her. It was a lovely two-story house with five bedrooms and four bathrooms. A sweeping staircase of deep mahogany wood connected the two floors. She blushed as she imagined Jon sweeping her up the stairs like the cover of those romance novels she liked to read. They had been married for three years before they decided to move out of the crowded city and into suburbia. Jon didn’t care for the house; he said it gave him a weird feeling. But, Sansa knew that was because he lacked vision. She had had sat down and explained all the reasons why they should bid on the house. Like the rational man he was, he readily agreed. The fact that she had the discussion while wearing a see through negligee only proved how good she was at negotiations.

She had fallen in love with the house the minute she laid eyes on it. The yellow daffodils that lined the front walkway made the house look as pretty as a picture. The white picket fence and tall oak trees that shaded the house were icing on the cake. She loved everything from the symmetry of the gambrel roof to the beautifully hand carved double Dutch door found in the kitchen. She adored the keeping room with the cozy fireplace in the corner and she couldn’t wait to have a luxurious bubble bath in one of the claw-foot tubs. This was her dream house, and now she and Jon would be living the dream.

The location was as perfect as the home itself. They would only be living two blocks away from the local elementary school. Sansa had always wanted to be a mother and she wondered what the future Umber children would look like. She hoped they would have her fiery hair and Jon’s strong chin. They would be tall; of that there was no doubt. Jon Umber was a seven-foot tall, world famous, rugby player. Sansa was no shrinking violet either, at six feet. She smiled as she envisioned a future filled with driving her children back and forth to violin and rugby practices.

The moving trucks had already delivered the furniture and Sansa couldn’t wait to start decorating. Sansa had spent weeks going to various antique fairs with her good friends Messa and Sarah. Last Saturday trio had gone out antiquing and found gorgeous twin Burgomaster Chairs and a Dutch Painted Chest.
The man selling the chairs had settled on ridiculous price, Sansa refused to pay. Lucky for Sansa, Messa had worn a pushup bra. They left with the chairs and the man was left with a smile. Sarah was the one who stumbled upon the Dutch Painted Chest with a lemon motif. The women who sold it to them said it would bring Sansa luck. She certainly hoped so. She loved lemons.

Messa was a interior designer at Snow White Knight Designs Inc. While Sarah, was an up and coming fashion photographer. Sansa met them both in her yoga class. They became fast friends when they realized their common interests in lemon cakes and inappropriate humor. She really didn’t know what she would do without them. Tonight was her first night being in the house and Jon would be out of town until tomorrow. Luckily the girls had suggested a sleepover consisting of booze and chick flicks.

Sarah was blending up a batch of her famous margaritas when a buzzing sound distracted Sansa. She wandered down the hallway and listened as the buzzing sound grew louder and louder. She put her ear up to the wall and the sound stopped. Sansa frowned and stared intently at the wall. She saw that it was actually a sliding door that had been carefully hidden. She had never seen this room before. Sansa might have been excited, if it weren’t for the sense of foreboding haunting her.

Sansa shook her head and slid the door open. It was a small red room that looked like it was used for some kind of nursery. She could make out the shape of a rocking horse covered with a sheet. She thought she could also make out the shape of a crib under a sheet. Sansa shivered the room seemed too cold and she could see her breath. She almost turned to leave when she heard the sound of an infant crying in the crib. Her eyes were drawn to the rocking horse.

*It was moving.*

Sansa heard a commotion from the kitchen and she fled the red room and back to the safety of her friends. She paused when she that they were looking at the Dutch door. Sansa walked over and gasped when she saw that the door was leaking some kind of black ooze.

“What is that?” Sarah was poking it with a wooden spoon.

“I have no clue. Messa what do you think?” Sansa felt that if anyone knew it would be her.

“Umm…guys?” The girls looked and saw that Messa was staring at the kitchen. The room had filled with hundreds of flies all swaying together in a rhythmic pattern. They began to slowly spell out a word.

Die
“I don’t want to stay here tonight!” Sansa cried out.

“Me neither.” Sarah said solemnly. She was holding the wooden spoon up like a weapon.

“You can both crash at my place. We’ll figure this out in the morning.” Messa offered wisely. They said nothing as they all ran out of the house with nothing but their purses and one wooden spoon.

In the morning Sansa met Jon at the home but she refused to go inside without a priest present. The girls told her they would do research on the home for her.

“Sansa, this is Father Sparrow. He will cleanse the house for us, so you can get good nights sleep.” She knew her husband was just humoring her but she felt better they had called a priest.

“Thank you for coming, Father.” Sansa never forget her manners, even when she was scared. He held her hand and Sansa noticed some flies buzzing around him.

“You are quite welcome. I will call you inside when I am ready.” He left Jon and Sansa outside.

“Sansa, are you sure this house is haunted?” Jon looked into her eyes and she nodded. He sighed and held her close. “I told you I had a bad feeling.” Sansa nudged him with her shoulder and they both laughed.

After about fifteen minutes, Elder Brother came out and ushered them inside.

“Is it safe now?” Sansa asked with a quiet voice as she stepped over the threshold.

“Of course! This house was troubled but I was able to soothe them.”

“Well that didn’t take long.” Jon murmured.

The men turned the corner when Sansa felt her phone ring, she stepped away briefly to answer it.

“Hello?”

“Sansa! Your house is possesed!” Sarah was on the other end of the line.

“Not anymore.” Sansa answered calmly.

“What?” Sarah asked in disbelief.

“A priest came by and cleansed the house.” Sansa thought it was lucky they found a priest to do it on such short notice.
“Sansa! Hello? This is Messa.” Sansa smiled as she heard her friends scuffling over the phone.

“What’s up?” Sansa couldn’t begin to imagine what had worked her two friends up.

“Sansa. Listen carefully, this priest, does he go by the name Father Sparrow?”

“Yes. Do you know him?” Sansa was surprised

“Get out of that hou—” Her phone went dead and Sansa panicked when she realized she had wandered into the red room. She jumped when she felt a cold hand on her shoulder.

“Oh, Father I'm sorry. I didn’t mean to scream. You just frightened me a little.” She hoped she hadn’t offended him.

“That’s quite alright. I like it when women scream. Especially in here.” The Father leaned in and kissed Sansa. She slapped him hard and turned to leave.

The Priest grabbed her and shoved her against the wall. She screamed as black ooze began to drip down her clothes. Suddenly Jon appeared and picked up the priest and threw him.

“Don’t touch my wife.” Jon hissed at the man.

The priest stood up, dusted himself off and opened his mouth. Flies began pouring out and Sansa screamed.

Jon grabbed her hand as they raced up the damned mahogany steps. When they made it to the top, the priest grabbed Sansa by the arm and she screamed. Jon roared at the priest.

“Don’t touch my wife!” Jon picked up one of her Burgomaster Chairs and smashed it over the priest’s head. Sansa stopped running and stared as the chair hit the priest and splintered.

“My Burgomaster!” She cried pointing at the wood and sputtering.

“It’s just a stupid chair!” Jon grabbed her and pulled her away toward the bedroom.

“But.. it’s a Burgomaster!” Sansa was in shock. Flies, oozing doors, flies, a possessed priest, flies, her chair, flies. Her mind was whirling.

The door flew open and Sansa screamed again as the priest stepped into the room. Blood was running down the side of his face and he tackled Sansa. She tried to crawl away as the man leered at her with a mouth full of broken teeth.

“Let go of my wife!” Jon picked up her other chair and smashed it with full force over the priests back. The chair broke and Sansa screamed.
“No! Not my other Burgomaster!” Sansa simply could not believe what was happening. Jon kicked the priest off her and pulled her up on her feet.

“I’ll buy you a new one! Let’s get out of here!” The priest rolled over on his back moaning before he and opened up his mouth. Flies flew poured out of his mouth and began filling up the room. Sansa screamed and ran for the window.

“It’s stuck!” Sansa screamed and she tried desperately to keep the flies from crawling into her ears.

“Stand back!” She jumped back as Jon ripped the lemon door off her Dutch Painted Chest to smash the window out.

“Not my—” Sansa didn’t have time to say anything else because Jon shoved her out the window.

They ran to the balcony and Jon jumped off onto the ground. He held his arms out for Sansa and she prayed he would catch her when she fell. She landed safely in his arms and they raced toward the street as Sarah’s van came roaring up. They leapt inside as Sarah floored the gas and peeled out. Messa began hosing them off with holy water. Sansa stripped out of her clothes as they began hissing. She tossed them out the window with a sigh. *I hate the suburbs.*

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow I will be posting a short based on Sweeney Todd: The Demon Barber of Fleet Street

The first person to guess the right pairing will star in their very own cameo! IT’S GONNA BE AWESOME

Hint: Cyvasse
I do not own these characters. I may take them for a spin but we never go past first date I swear! What kind of girl do you think I am anyway?

Hmmph

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sansa/Aegon

“I can guarantee the closest shave you’ll ever know.”

~Sweeny Todd~

Alayne Stone gave her best fake smile as Walder Frey and his sons walked into the pie shop. She wiped some flour off on her apron and nudged her busty ‘sister’ to make herself scarce. Ginger looked like Alayne’s twin only she was petite and had more curves. The only problem was this particular group of men might recognize her.

“Ginger will you please check on the pies in the back? Ginger looked at Walder Frey with wide eyes and flew out the back door. Alayne wanted to hold her cousin and tell her everything would be alright but now was not the time.

Sansa Stark was being hunted by the Lannisters for daring to escape her gilded cage. Her cousin Minisa Stark had survived the massacre of the Red Wedding. The last two remaining Starks had changed their names, identities and went to the only man left in the world they could trust. He instructed them to die their red hair, raven-black. He also taught them the definition of revenge.

“Welcome to Manderly’s Pie Shop. Please have a seat I’ll be with you in a minute.” Sansa winked as Walder Frey walked in and sat down. She bent over showing off her bosom as she poured him a mug of ale.
“You look thirsty, my dear. Why don’t you bend down and suck on my cock?” Walder Frey laughed at his own vulgar joke.

Alayne took a step back but Walder Frey pulled her onto his lap. She could feel the hardness in his trousers. He grabbed her chest and kissed her. She slapped him but he only laughed and slapped her back.

“What’s going here?” Wyman Manderly entered the shop and stared hard at Walder Frey.

“I was just having a bit of fun with your lovely bastard. Don’t you have two? The more the merrier I always say.” Walder Frey remarked looking smug.

“Alayne, why don’t you go downstairs? Your father is going to have a chat with an old friend.”

Alayne fled downstairs toward the basement and the safety of Mia. She wiped tears she didn’t know she had shed. Mia was a plump woman with a silly smile. She was the widow of the butcher that had lived down the lane. She became a widow when Robert Baratheon propositioned her in front of his wife. Cersei then personally invited them to attend the wedding of Edmure Tully and Roslin Frey. The butcher and his wife thought it was a kindness, *it wasn’t*. Mia became ill before they left and she sent her husband on without her.

Lannister deceit had almost killed Mia and it certainly made her a widow. Alayne found her sobbing one night in the rain. The Lannisters had evicted her from her home. No one stopped to help her, no one except Alayne. She threw her arms around the widow and whispered the only comforting word she knew. *Revenge*. Mia had come home with her that very day and just like the man she married Mia became butcher. Only her meat was a little different.

“Mia, are you busy?” Alayne called out as she looked around the basement. She raised an eyebrow when her friend appeared covered head to foot in blood.

“Thanks. That bastard Joffrey is getting married tomorrow. I want to make sure we only use the best cuts of meat for his pie.” Mia smiled proudly.

“Well we do have the best pies in London.” Alayne quipped causing the women to laugh. They looked up when trap door opened and the body of Walder Frey tumbled down. Neither woman said anything they just smiled.

“I picked something up for you earlier, when I went to the market.” Mia nudged her and pointed at the far end table. Alayne walked over and gasped.

“Oh, Mia it’s lovely. You spoil me so.” Alayne picked up the small lemon cake and shoved it in her mouth. Mia laughed.

“Don’t mention it. You’re like a sister to me.” The butcher began dragging Walder Frey’s body over to her worktable.

“Mia, I would hug you right now if you weren’t such a mess.” Alayne giggled. “I’ll have Ginger
“Thank you Alayne.” Mia started humming a cheerful melody as she began prepping the disgusting old man.

Alayne went back upstairs to check on her ‘father’. Wyman was sitting at a table with his head in his hands crying. He had lost his beloved son at the Red Wedding. Alayne found that Ginger was brewing him a cup of tea.

“Did he kill Walder?” Ginger softly asked.

“He did.” Alayne said as she bit her lower lip. Killing in the daylight was risky but at least she didn’t see any blood.

“Good. Now we can serve Frey pie.” Ginger smirked at the thought.

“Tomorrow Joffrey and his beloved bride will eat Frey pie.” Alayne smiled, it was fitting really.

“It will be the best pie they have ever had. The Lannisters and Bolton’s will beg for more.” Ginger smiled a bright smile, her eyes gleaming.

“His tea is ready.” Sansa motioned to the screaming kettle.

“Please give my best to your barber.” Ginger winked as she walked away to bring Wyman his cup of tea. She rubbed his back and Alayne knew they weren’t just his fake daughters. He really was a father to them.

Alayne climbed the stairs and clasped her hands nervously before knocking on the door of Young Griff’s Barber Shop.

“Just a minute.” She leaned her ear against the door as she heard some muffled noises coming from inside. When he opened the door Alayne fell to the floor.

“Miss Stone, I do apologize.” He held out his hand and helped her to stand back up.

“Thank you Griff. You are most kind.” He stepped aside and escorted her into his barbershop before locking the door.

“I wasn’t expecting company. Give me just a moment.” Griff motioned to the dead body in the barber chair.

“Is that the Bolton bastard?” She asked in surprise. Griff smiled at her.

“Yes. Did you know he figured out who you were? He told me all about it as I gave him a shave.” Alayne bit her bottom lip.
“Are we being too reckless my love? What will do if someone finds out?” She was scared and she needed reassurance from her lover.

“Why? Has something happened?” Griff held her as she started crying.


“He won’t live through the day.” Griff held her tight and she loved how she felt in his arms.

“Father killed him.” She stopped crying as he began kissing her eyelids. His mouth always felt like fire on her skin. He guided her over to the barber chair and hit a lever as the body tumbled below.

“Good. I hate seeing you upset my pet.” Griff pushed her into the now empty barber chair and bent over as he slowly slid his hands up her thigh.

“Is this really proper?” Alayne had never been intimate with him in a chair before. She was a little frightened because this was also where he liked to kill people.

“No, nothing about this is proper.” He pulled her small clothes down her legs and tucked them into his pocket. Then he slowly slid his hands up her legs until he cupped her intimately. She licked her top lip as he smiled at her, his violet eyes burning with desire.

“Please ser.” She said breathlessly as he softly began rubbing her pearl.

“I’m sorry, did you say something? He began rubbing her at a quicker pace causing her to moan as dampness spread below. He slid a finger inside her before pulling it out glistening.

“Please ser, I want some more.” She bit her lip as her chest heaved. He smiled and licked his finger.

“As my lady commands.” He kneeled down and lifted up her skirt. He began kissing up and down her inner thighs as she wiggled and gasped in the chair. This was torture.

He began kissing her opening and teasing her pearl with his tongue. Alayne moaned and bucked her hips. She wanted Griff to kiss every inch of her body. Every time they coupled it had been sweet and gentle in his bed. This was something new. This was sinful wicked and she needed more. She gasped as he licked and sucked her. Her toes curled when he softly nibbled at her most intimate places. As she came she screamed out his name.

“Aegon!”

He smiled and stood up quickly dropping his trousers. He was hard and he swiftly plucked her out of the chair so the could switch places. Now she sat on top of him. She rode him like a horse on fire. They were burning together and she loved every damming lick of the flame. He screamed her true name again and again.

“Sansa!”

Chapter End Notes
Today I will be posting a short based on Friday the 13th

The first person or people who can correctly guess the pairing will have a very cool cameo! Yeah :)

Hint: Fratrem
Friday the 13th

Chapter Notes

I do not own these characters. I do however own a cracked iPhone
....sobs.....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sansa/Sandor

“You’re doomed! You’re all doomed!”

~Crazy Ralph~

Sunday the 1st

You look at the window and see the van full of camp counselors pull up to the property. You just wanted to be left alone. You will have to take care of this before they all moved in and made themselves at home. These counselors would be here two weeks before the kids arrived. You would study them until you formed a plan. You pull out a pair of binoculars so you can get a better look at your prey. You focus in a girl with pale skin and hair like fire. You don’t like fire; fire reminded you of your brother. You wonder when you touched her if she would burn you. You didn’t think you would mind so much if she did. You watch her as she flutters around the group like a little bird.

A fussy bird.

Monday the 2nd

You hid in the bushes by the creek. You watch the little bird in a blue bikini and denim shorts. She is splashing and preening in the water like a proper little bird. She is playing games with the other female counselors. You like to hear her laughing. She laughs like a song and you wonder what she
will sound like when she screams. You watch as a group of boys enter the creek. You see how your little bird stiffens when the pretty boy they call ‘Joffrey’ tries to kiss your little bird. You watch as she pushes him away and the boy slaps her in response. You watch as the girl with blonde hair and blue green eyes they call Tommy rush over and threaten Joffrey. She promises that she will castrate him while he sleeps. You make a mental note to watch out for that one, she is fighter. You frown when you realize Joffrey has made the little bird cry.

Sad little bird.

Tuesday the 3rd

You watch the counselors as they practice archery. You notice that the tall skinny boy named Theon and Pretty boy Joffrey are good marksmen. You smile though because you are better. You stalk Theon as he and a girl named Jeyne sneak off to have sex in a cabin. You go to kill them but you are distracted by a different group of counselors discussing the little bird. A boy named Ramsay and another called Reek talk about how tonight they will hunt the little bird because she is a virgin. You draw back your compound bow and shoot Reek through the heart. You watch as he crumples to the ground. Ramsay tries to scream but you shoot him through his neck. You like the gurgling sound he makes. You bundle up the bodies up in a tarp and roll them into a hidden ravine. You didn’t like how they were talking about the little bird.

Pure little bird.

Wednesday the 4th

You watch as a few of the counselors look around for the two missing men. You also watch when they stop. You know they all assumed the two had left on their own. You decide to go check the perimeter when you stumble upon the lost little bird. She looked at you shyly and asked if you lived nearby. You just nodded. You couldn’t believe she would talk to you, let alone smile at you. The little bird was stirring up emotions you didn’t know you had. She linked arms with you and asked you to help her find her way back. You pointed the way back toward camp and she kissed you on your scarred cheek, before running off. You didn’t like to fraternize with people you planned on killing.

Vexing little bird.
Thursday the 5th

You watch the girls get drunk. A brunette called Victoria announces that the girls should all go skinny-dipping. You watch as your little bird takes off all her clothes. You watch as she flushes red with embarrassment as the other women whistle at her. The little bird has a graceful body and perky breasts. Her red coppery hair falls like waves down her back and you notice she has a thin strip of red hair down her pussy. You feel yourself grow hard and you are ashamed. You are supposed to be studying them and looking for weaknesses. Instead you are acting like some creeper. You resist the urge to touch yourself as you watch her skin become flush with goose bumps and her perfect nipples harden. You leave the women in privacy. You stop when you see a man they call Locke taking pictures of the women while pleasuring himself. You cave his head in with a rock. He didn’t deserve to watch the little bird like that.

Beautiful little bird.

Friday the 6th

You notice no one even looks for the boy called Locke. You dump his body in the ravine with the others. You carefully avoid the little bird but she finds you anyway. You are sitting on a rock eating out of a can of beans when she comes up behind you giggling. You have killed people for less but as she holds up a picnic basket and your stomach growls in response. She sets up a picnic under the shade of a tree and asks you what your name is. You tell her. No one has ever asked you what your name is before. You are flooded with strange emotions. You feed each other bites of cold chicken and she blushes when you kiss her fingers. She asks you to tell her stories about the forest. You tell her everything you know before you realize she has fallen asleep on your shoulder. You lay her down gently and run your fingers through her hair. Her fiery hair doesn’t burn. You walk away scratching your head thinking about her.

Sleepy little bird.

Saturday the 7th

You watch the group of counselors as they sit around a bonfire. You don’t get too close but you
watch as Joffrey slaps the little bird’s ass as she walks by. You watch as Victoria kicks his camping chair out from under him and the girls all laughed except for the one called Margaery who frowns. You watch as Tommy and Victoria form a barrier in front of the little bird when Joffrey tries to grab her again. You make a mental note that Victoria is also a fighter. You also note that Jeyne and Theon are too busy making out to pay any attention. Margaery slides an arm around Joffrey but he shakes her off. He wants the little bird. Boros and Meryn are also counselors and they threaten the defiant girls. Eventually Jeyne and Theon break the group up before they resume their make out session. You don’t like how Joffrey is looking at the little bird. You know that the girls will all fight if Joffrey crosses another line.

Protected little bird.

Sunday the 8th

You find the little bird crying by the creek. You walk over and frown as you see her holding ice over her eye. You pull the ice away and growl when you see the black eye. The little bird is still beautiful, even with the shiner. She cries into your shoulder as she tells you about how Joffrey propositioned her and punched her when she rebuffed him. She tells you how Margaery then knocked her down the stairs and feigned ignorance. She lifts her shirt over her stomach and blushes when you traced a purple bruise on her ribs with your finger. You gently raise your hand higher under the shirt until you feel the outline of a soft cotton bra. She looks at you with dark eyes seconds before she wraps her arms around your neck and kisses you hungrily. You pull her into your lap and let your hands explore her chest. You tease her soft nipples until they became hard in your hand. She moans in your mouth and you feel her gentle fingers trace the bulge in your pants. She stands up blushing when she realizes her dampness has left a spot on your pants. She says nothing as she wiggles out of her bra and draws it out through her sleeve. She hands you the bra and walked away smiling.

Eager little bird.

Monday the 9th

You can’t stop thinking about the little bird and you hang the bra proudly in your home. No woman has ever kissed you before. No woman has ever let you touch her before, without paying for it first. You don’t understand what your little bird wants. Didn’t she realize you are not a good man? You watch her as she sets up an obstacle course. She keeps touching her lips and chest before smiling and continuing with her work. You watch as her friends Tommy and Victoria corner her and pester her about where she keeps disappearing too. You leave them alone and see that Theon is having sex with a different girl against a tree. She is a disgusting whore from the truck stop and you see they
aren’t even using a condom. You wait until they are done before you strangle Theon and drop him into the ravine. You pass by the girls again as the little bird blushes and refuses to say where she has been. The other girls giggle that it must be to see a boy. Little bird blushes and they all run off laughing.

*Secretive little bird.*

Tuesday the 10\textsuperscript{th}

You find the little bird drinking strawberry wine on a log by the lake. She tells you that everyone went to the hospital because Jeyne broke her leg when Margaery shoved her off the roof. She smiles at you and tells you that today is also the anniversary of her parent’s death. She tells you how they died in a horrible fire and how she and her older brother were the only survivors. She tells you that he was attending university at the time and didn’t really want to take care of her. You listen as she describes being placed into the foster care system. She tells you how she is tired of being so lonely all the time. You hold her and drink the sweet wine with her. You tell her how your brother killed your whole family one by one before shoving your face in a fire. You describe all the time spent in hospitals until you found this place. You tell her all you ever wanted was to be left alone and how much she confuses you. You tell her she makes you feel things and you don’t know what to do about it. She snuggles up next to you and you both watch the stars. She falls asleep and you cover her up in your coat and carry her back to your place.

*Precious little bird.*

Wednesday the 11\textsuperscript{th}

You wake up with her snuggled softly against you. Her red hair spills over your chest and you stroke it softly. You breathe in her sent of strawberries and lemons. She stirs sleepily and you hold until she is fully awake. She blinks sleepily then blushes when she realized where she was. You make her bunny shaped pancakes and she smiles. You like her kisses. She looks around your cabin and points at all your hockey memorabilia. You tell her that you always wanted to play professionally before the accident. She tells you she wanted to be a ballerina. You tell her she is beautiful and she kisses you softly. She tastes like syrup and she tells you that tomorrow is her day off. She asks if she can stop by. You nod and walk her back to camp. You watch as Tommy and Victoria practically tackled her when they see her. They lecture her that they have been searching for her all morning. The little bird smiles at them and explains she is fine she just went for an early walk. You go home and find that she has left another bra on top of your pillow.
Sneaky little bird.

Thursday the 12th

You hear knocking on your door and you answer without your shirt on. You chuckle as she looks as your bare chest and blushes. She is a vision. She is wearing a flowing green dress and her hair is in soft ringlets. You’re holding your machete but you put it down to gather her in your arms. She squeals as you sweep her around the room before setting her gently down. She smiles and hands you a gift. You have never received a gift before. You open it and your throat tightens. It is a white goalie mask. You slip on the mask and she jumps up and down with excitement. You take off the mask and set her down on your bed. You tell her that you were not a good man. You explain that killing is the sweetest thing in the world. You confess you watched her go skinny-dipping just to anger her. You wait for her to slap you and leave. Instead she blushes and asks if you enjoyed what you saw.

You kiss her gently and lay her down on your bed. You tell her you won’t do anything she isn’t ready to do. You watch her bite her lip as she explains she is nervous but ready. You tell her that it will hurt. She nods and says that you won’t hurt her after the first part is over. You kiss her and tell her she is right. You lift her soft dress away from her body. You worship every inch of her. You kiss her skin and tease her perfect nipples with your tongue while your fingers slide into her wet pussy. She is wet and begs for you to enter her. You slide into her as gently as you can. You grunt because she is so tight. She cries when you break her maidenhead and you stop until she shyly asks you to continue. With every heated thrust her fire consumes your soul. You spill your seed inside her when she screams your name. She falls asleep in your arms with a smile on her face.

Happy little bird.

Friday the 13th

You are sharpening your machete and wearing a mask in the moonlight when you hear her screaming. You run toward the sound and find her stripped naked and crying in the woods. Meryn and Boros are punching and kicking her while Joffrey and Margaery laugh. Margaery announces she has already taken care of Tommy and Victoria. Joffrey says his friends are going to hold down the little bird so they can have some fun. Your little bird calls out your name before Margaery shoves a gag in her mouth. You step into the clearing and they all scream and run. You cover up your little bird with your coat. You go hunting.
You find Meryn hiding behind a tree. He pisses himself when he sees you. You hack at his neck until you sever his head. You track Boros to one of the cabins. He tries to smash you over the head with a bat. You knock it away and hack at his face until there is nothing left. Margaery is hiding in the corner and screams. She jumps out the window and runs toward the shed. You hear pounding coming from the closet and you opened it up to find Tommy and Victoria. You want to kill them but that might upset the little bird.

You explain what has happened and hand Tommy the bat. You point to the shed where Margaery was hiding. Victoria picks up a barbecue fork and runs off to find the little bird. You go searching for Joffrey. You hear the little bird screaming and run back to the forest. Joffrey is holding a knife against her throat. You hold up your machete covered in blood and the boy looks terrified. You watch as his eyes grow wide when Victoria shoves the barbecue fork through his neck. Joffrey falls down dead and you hold the little bird while she weeps.

You take care of the bodies and you are impressed by the damage Tommy caused to Margaery. Tommy and Victoria agreed to keep everything a secret. You promised to always keep the little bird safe if she agrees to stay with you. She kisses you and agrees to turn your home into her little nest. The girls all agree to monthly visits and promise to stay in contact with one another. You aren’t happy that these girls will be sticking around. You want to keep your little bird all to yourself but you know that wouldn’t make her happy.

*Your little bird.*

Chapter End Notes

Today I will posting a short based on The Exocist

The first ones to correctly guess the pairing win a brand new cameo! Oooooooh

Ahhhhhh

Hint: Imperator

Hint 2: Palisade

Hint 3: Balladeer
Sansa sighed as she reached the third floor of Tommy Gingers Mental Health Facility. She had been a therapist here for over a year and it was taxing. She counted down the days until her vacation. Three weeks of doing nothing but lying in a hammock and sipping Mai Ties on a sandy beach. She couldn’t wait.

“Good morning Dr. Stark. Ramsay Snow is demanding your presence. He has been impossible all week.” Nurse Firedew looked annoyed and handed her the patient file. Sansa groaned.

“Thank you. How’s the coffee this morning?” Sansa held out hope it wouldn’t be the usual sludge.

“It’s great actually.” Nurse Firedew stated smugly.

“Oh?” Sansa figured they had finally changed brands.

“Yea, the coffee maker is broken.” The nurse walked away smirking and Sansa grinned.

She walked toward his room and knocked once before entering. Ramsay was lying on his back restrained and panting.

“This is all your fault you stupid whore.”
Sansa had heard those words before. Ramsay flopped up and down on the bed like a dead fish. He was possessed. She hated possessions.

“It’s your fault your father died. You killed him.”

Sansa refused to dignify that with a response. She would never be intimidated by the likes of Ramsay Snow.

“Everyone, who gets close to you dies.”

Sansa sighed and rolled her eyes. Some days it didn’t pay to get out of bed.

“You’re so ugly I’ll have to fuck you from behind.”

Sansa frowned she didn’t like where this was going.

“I’ll grind your bones to make my bread.”

Sansa wondered if Ramsey knew how ridiculous he sounded.

“I will flay you living, it will be such fun.”

Ramsay was now spewing green vomit everywhere. Sansa avoided it easily.

“I will sow your skin into a coat and wear it when it rains.”

Sansa paged for her Nurse Dark to come assist her. She entered and Ramsay laughed while still flopping around.
“Two whores for the price of one. It must be my lucky day.”

They quickly added more restraints to keep him from flopping and then the lights flickered.

“Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!”

His voice had changed. It sounded like there were two voices in one body. Sansa grabbed the nurse and they fled outside.

“What the hell was that?” Nurse Dark was panicking and Sansa couldn’t blame her.

“I’m not sure. Will you go and find Nurse Firedew? I need you both to page Dr. Rayder.” Sansa watched as the nurse ran off and sighed. She went to the vending machine and bought a Coke. Today was going to be a long day.

Dr. Rayder arrived a short time later holding his bag. They told the nurses to ignore any screaming they heard. That it would just be Ramsay throwing a fit and that he was not in pain. The nurses nodded but looked worried.

“How bad is it Dr. Stark?” Dr. Rayder reached into his bag and handed her a bottle of holy water.

“Remember Viserys?” Dr. Rayder just grunted at her before they entered the room.

“Welcome Doctors. Its so nice to see you.” Ramsay rotated his head all the way around smiling.

Sansa panicked and jumped behind the safety of Dr. Rayder.

“Who are you?” Dr. Rayder asked calmly.

“I am the devil who will fuck your precious Sansa until she is dead. Even then I won’t stop.” Ramsay laughed until Dr. Rayder slapped him across the face with his rosary beads.

Sansa watched in disgust as Ramsay’s skin blistered and peeled from the contact.

“You will not speak disrespectfully about Dr. Stark in my presence.” Dr. Rayder pulled out a worn Bible from his bag.
“He lusts for you Sansa. He masturbates to your photos every night. I see his desires.” Dr. Rayder tensed up and refused to look at her.

“Hush devil spawn!” Sansa splashed him with holy water and he cursed at them in Latin.

“Don’t listen to his lies Dr. Stark.” Dr. Rayder opened his bible and began to perform the exorcism. The lights flickered and the bed hurtled toward Sansa. She screamed and jumped into Dr. Rayder’s arms.

“Sansa are you alright?” Dr Rayder looked into her eyes and she blushed. He had never called her by her first name before.

“Yes. I’m alright Mance.” She smiled shyly at him and he grinned back.

“Well, isn’t this sweet. Young love is so delicious. I’ll fuck her twice in your honor Mance.” One of Ramsey’s hands broke free and he began masturbating while grinning at Sansa.

“No, you won’t” Mance pulled out his Bible and rested it on Ramsay’s exposed penis. He screamed as his penis sprouted boils and pustules beneath the holy book.

“Sansa look at me. There is a powerful demon inside of him. I’m not sure I can exorcise him without putting you at risk.” Mance traced his finger over her lower lip.

“I’m not leaving you.” Sansa was firm about her decision and kissed him softly.

“Maybe I’ll just fuck Mance and let you enjoy the show.” Ramsay laughed and vomited red sludge. They both ducked as it launched over their heads and burned a hole in the wall.

“Shut your moth demon!” Sansa leaped over the bed straddling him. Ramsay looked pleased until she dumped the entire bottle of holy water down his throat. Ramsay screamed and clubbed her head repeatedly with his free head. She slumped over and hit the ground with a thud.

"Sansa!” Mance reached into his coat and sliced open Ramsay’s neck with a blessed dagger.
Nurse Firedew and Dark rushed into the room and gasped at the sight Manse holding a bloodied dagger.

“I told you to wait outside!” Mance roared at them but Nurse Dark ignored him and tended to Sansa.

“We know what you really do here Dr. Rayder.” Nurse Firedew said curtly as she placed her hands on her hips.

“She’s still conscious. I think it’s a concussion but you should take her to get an x-ray.” Nurse Dark flashed a penlight into Sansa’s eyes.

Manse dropped the dagger and knelt by Sansa a wave of relief washing over his face.

“My head hurts.” Sansa mumbled.

“We’ll get you all fixed up, don’t worry.” Mance told her quietly.

“I can’t believe they knew about the exorcisms.” Sansa whispered loudly.

“Honestly, how dumb do you think we are?” Nurse Firedew asked with an amused smile as she helped Sansa to stand.

“Well…” The nurses laughed at Sansa’s weak attempt at a joke.

“Make sure she isn’t possessed.” Nurse Firedew said suspiciously to Mance.

Mance nodded and pressed rosary beads against Sansa’s face. She smiled lazily at him. She started to sway and he scooped her up.

“Remember to get her checked out before you leave.” Nurse Dark warned.

Three weeks later Sansa sat curled up against Mance in first class. Their flight was headed toward Tahiti and she sighed dreamily as she thought about couple’s massages and beach sex. Turbulence rudely interrupted her thoughts and caused her purse to spill open. A flight attendant helped her to pick up her things but the woman hissed when her fingers blistered as they brushed against the rosary beads.

Sansa looked at Mance worriedly. Now what?

Chapter End Notes

Next I will be posting a short based on Hocus Pocus

Whoever guesses the correct pairing will star in their very own, very awesome cameo!
Hint; Vert, Berde, Lanu Mata
Sansa/Jojen

“Sisters, Satan has married Medusa. See the snakes in her hair.”

~Mary Sanderson~

Sansa placed a cool cloth on Jojen Reed’s forehead. He burned with fever and she prayed that the Lord of Light would give him the strength to live through the night. Her wolf familiar Lady, found him buried in the snow. He was close to death and the Stranger had a firm grip on his soul. However, Sansa refused to give simply hand him over. He must have had something important to tell her. He was an acolyte of the Three Eyed Raven. From the day he was born, the boy had been promised to The Old Gods. The children of the forest never ventured into town without cause.

All children born with a gift were identified at birth. Melisandre, Faithful Servant of the God of Flame and Shadow, blessed the girls. The Three Eyed Raven, The Voice of The Old Gods, blessed the boys. When a blessed girl had her first moon cycle she would walk the path of the flame to enter the coven. When a blessed boy reached the age of ten he would follow the path of dreams into the forest. The fractions were different and never associated with one another. They had always coexisted in peace. So, when Lady found Jojen, Sansa was curious.

She sent for the coven healer Messa Snow. Her cousin Jon had surprised her when he returned home from the war both wounded and married. After his own men had turned on him and left him for dead Messa had nursed him back to health. Sansa had liked her immediately; she also recognized a fellow witch. Messa was a sweet girl with a kind heart who loved her cousin deeply. Even though Messa belonged to another coven, Melisandre had welcomed her into the fold.
Messa arrived with Sassy H’ghar, the reader. Sansa gave Sassy a warm hug and ushered her into the room with Jojen. She never had to send for Sassy, she always had a premonition on where she would be needed. She was a woman of beauty and mystery. She didn’t belong to the coven; she belonged to the moon goddess. She could read and cleanse troubled auras. She was also gifted with reading peoples innermost thoughts and discerning truth from lies. She had been staying with Jeyne through her recovery. Sansa had been relieved to see Jeyne smiling again.

The healer checked Jojen’s eyes and frowned. She pulled out her small cauldron and said a few words before it sprang to life bubbling. She added some various herbs to the pot and drew an upward pentagram over his heart. The pentagram began glowing blue and she smiled proudly. Sansa rushed over to hold Jojen as he began stirring. He blinked up at her slowly and gave her a sad smile. Messa helped him to sit up and spoon fed him some of her healing brew. He drank greedily before coughing and then drifting back to sleep.

“I have held off the stranger but it is up to the boy whether he lives or dies.” Messa said sadly.

“Be brave little one.” Sansa whispered as she kissed his forehead.

“The boy is troubled.” Sassy said gravely. She placed her hand on his head before yelling and pulling back a burned hand.

“What magic could do that?” Sansa asked quietly. She was truly frightened for the boy.

“It is you, the boy wishes to speak too. Sassy H’ghar will show the girl what to do.” Sassy placed Sansa’s right hand on Jojen’s forehead. Nothing happened until Sassy placed her right hand on top of Sansa’s. Sansa was thrown into the mind of Jojen Reed. She was in the realm of The Three Eyed Raven.

Sansa was walking through the forest. It was green, lush and the warmth from the sunshine bathed her face. All the children in the town danced about her laughing. She laughed and played with them until they all fell down to the earth crying. A cold wind blew through the trees and her teeth began chattering. She pulled shawl tightly around her but nothing could keep the cold out. Snow was swirling around her now and she couldn’t see the children when they all began screaming.

She called out to them but all she could see was snow and ice. She listened to the sound of her boots crunching on the snow. The Three Eyed Raven perched on her shoulder carrying a candlestick in its beak. She took the candle from him and used it to look down. The snow was covered in blood but when she looked closer she realized it wasn’t snow at all. She was walking the bones of the dead children.

She cried out in anguish. Her candle slickered and illuminated the path before her. She saw Jojen and his sister Meera running through the darkness. She screamed as a pale hand
grabbed Jojen. Meera pushed her brother out of the way and was gutted by a dark sword. Jojen cried and kissed his sisters cheek before running off into the snow. Sansa watched a single tear fell down Meera’s cheek.

She saw the faces of the others. They were coming.

She woke up from the vision screaming.

“You’re safe now Sansa. It’s alright.” The soothing voice of Melisandre called to her through the darkness. She looked up and cried into the lap of her Priestess.

“It’s the children. The others are coming for them.” She couldn’t stop shaking. She looked up and saw that Jojen was staring at her his face full of tears.

“We must perform the rights of Ash. I will summon the others.” Melisandre swept out of the room.

“Take me to him please,” Messa and Sassy helped Sansa stand and brought her over to the bed where Jojen was lying.

“Jojen.” Sansa didn’t know what she could possibly say to him. She just held him while he cried. His sister could no longer protect him but she would on the honor of the Starks she would.

“We’ll be downstairs if you need us.” Messa said softly as she and Sassy left them alone.

“You have to save them Sansa.” Jojen cried into her shoulder.

“No, my boy. We have to save them.” Sansa smiled sadly at him and he nodded before coughing up some blood.

The coven gathered in the town square at midnight. Kitty Baelish was holding her beautifully carved Cherry Wood broom. Her new husband spoiled her so. People swore that Petyr would never marry. People were often wrong. The man had fallen head over heels for a witch. Most women in the coven kept their magic a secret out of fear of what their families would do. Petyr was proud of his wife and lavished her with expensive gifts. She was the only one in the coven to have a self-cleaning cauldron. Petyr had it shipped all the way from the French Quarter. Sansa had cherished the letters Kitty had sent to her about all the adventures she and her husband were having. When would it be her turn?

Sansa smiled as Ginger walked over carrying her antique broom. The funny red head looked like a shorter version of Sansa, although she envied the girls ample bosom. Ginger was smart and clever and she chose to ride her grandmother’s broom. To her it was a sense of pride and honor to ride the
same broom of one of the Covens founding mothers. She was wearing a new broach and Sansa smiled when she realized Gendry must have given it to her. She wondered when Gendry was going to ask Ginger’s father for her hand in marriage. She hoped it would be soon. She loved weddings they always served lemon cake and champagne.

She looked at her broom; it had been a gift from Melisandre. The Red Priestess had been like a mother to her. She had no memories of life without her guiding and pushing her to greatness. She prayed she wouldn’t fail her this night. Her broom carved from the branch of an old Weirwood tree, it was an extension of her very being. However she only rode it in case of emergency. The risk of being seen was too great.

She wished Tommy and Rambling would also ride but they were too heavy with child. In fact Tommy had made a quip about how riding too much had caused her to be with child in the first place. Sansa blushed at her words causing Tommy and Rambling to giggle at her distress. Despite their sometimes unladylike behavior, she knew they would be great mothers. She swallowed hard; they had to protect the children. Hodor was carrying a weak Jojen and Sansa nodded at the boy before the women all rose to the air on their brooms singing.

They sang in perfect harmony while all the children stumbled out of their homes. They were completely entranced.

*Come Little Children*  
*I'll Take Thee Away,  
Into A Land Of Enchantment*

*Come Little Children*  
*The Time's Come To Play  
Here In My Garden Of Magic*

*Follow Sweet Children*  
*I'll Show Thee The Way  
Through All The Pain And The Sorrows*

*Weep Not Poor Children*  
*For Life Is This Way  
Murdering Beauty And Passion*

*Hush Now Dear Children*  
*It Must Be This Way  
To Weary Of Life And Deceptions*

*Rest Now My Children*  
*For Soon We'll Away  
Into The Calm And The Quiet*

*Come Little Children*  
*I'll Take Thee Away,*
Sansa, Kitty and Ginger guided the children through the woods with their song. Their wolf familiars and fellow sisters shielded the children from any harm that might befall them, in their trance like state.

When the children were finally gathered at the heart of the woods. Melisandre rubbed ash from the fire on their faces and hands. She whispered her enchantements until all the children were protected.

Jojen began coughing and Sansa rushed to his side.

“Meera, I miss Meera.” He was wheezing and Sansa began crying. She was loosing him.

“Jojen don’t go. You have saved all the children.” Her tears fell and splashed on his head.

“You...saved...them. You…and…the...coven.” Jojen could barely speak now.

“No little one. You were the one who warned us the evil was after the children. You risked your life to save innocents.”

“Winter…is…here.” With that he took a final shuddered breath and died in her arms.

Sansa cried out and the wolves howled. The Three Eyed Raven flew to her shoulder and rubbed it’s beak in her tears. Melisandre pointed to the flames and she saw the spirits of Jojen and Meera smiling at her. Before they faded Jojen shouted to her through the flames.

“The dark one approaches. Love him and your love will be returned ten fold.”

With that his spirit left and Sansa cried as she rode her broom safely guiding the children back home.

Sandor Clegane, the famous witch hunter, watched and listened from behind a tree frowning.
Tomorrow I will be posting a short based on The Dawn of the Dead

The first person to guess the pairing will have a cameo!

Hint: Moves like a panther
Sansa/Bronn

“The plan is to drink a nice tall glass of shut the fuck up.”

~CJ~

Sansa enjoyed arriving to work early. The mall was quiet and she could gather her thoughts while she set up for the day. She had always loved stories as a child and now she owned her very own bookshop. It wasn’t much but to Sansa it was paradise. She smiled when she heard Arya banging on her roll up door. Arya worked with her boyfriend Gendry in the knife and sword shop downstairs. Sometimes her sister would pop upstairs for a quick cup of coffee before work.

“Bronn, is everything okay?” Sansa was surprised to see her husband standing before her. He was supposed to be dropping their daughter off at daycare. The two had recently separated but they were keeping up a united front for the sake of their daughter.

“Mama!” Sansa looked down and smiled as her beautiful red headed daughter Lyarra jumped into her arms.

“Hello my little lemon drop.” Sansa smiled and kissed the four year olds cheek. She frowned and felt her forehead.

“She’s running a temperature. I couldn’t drop her off at daycare.” Bronn looked around uncomfortably.

“Yes, I know you have to get back to work.” Sansa replied sweetly, venom in her eyes. It was his work that has caused a rift in their marriage.

He cleared his throat uncomfortably. “Yes, well... I’ll be off then. Call if you need anything.” He turned and strolled down the walkway and stopped when he heard screaming.
Arya and Gendry were running up the escalader yelling. Her sister was wielding a bloody Katana and her boyfriend was carrying a pump-action Remington 870. Bronn stepped protectively in front of his wife and daughter as the two ran toward them.

“Sansa! Thank the Gods you’re alright! Oh, hello Lyarra.” Arya hugged them both tightly before giving Bronn a hard look.

“Brons.” She said curtly before handing him a machete.

“We’re under attack!” Gendry said out of breath, as he leaned over the balcony and fired a blast at something screaming below. Sansa and her daughter screamed out in surprise.

“What’s going on here?” Bronn demanded angrily.

“I thought I saw a customer wandering around, I went to go see if they needed help and the bastard jumped on me!” Arya exclaimed loudly.

“I heard her screaming and went to help and that’s when we saw others. There is a group of them and they are fast.” Gendry mentioned before leaning over and firing another blast.

They heard more screaming coming from Messa’s Lingerie Shop next door. Sandor Clegane emerged cursing while carrying a limp man over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. He hurled the man below and they winced when they heard the crunch. Victoria came running out behind him crying and holding her arm.

“Let me see.” Sandor knelt in front of his wife and gently looked at her arm. She cried out when he tried to move it. Gendry fired another blast.

Sansa walked over carrying Lyarra to see if she could help. Sandor growled at her but Victoria put a calm hand on his shoulder and he quieted down. Sansa frowned as she looked at the bent arm.

“It’s broken.” She said gently. Victoria nodded tears running down her face.

“That man just attacked me! He was hiding in a dressing room and he jumped out at me. I don’t know what would have happened if Sandor wasn’t there.” She cried and curled into her husband’s arms.

Sansa swallowed hard and glanced up at Bronn, he squeezed her shoulder. There were so many things she wanted to tell him. So many things she should tell him. She opened her mouth to speak when they heard more shouting.

Stannis Baratheon, and his wife Sarah were struggling to get up the stairs holding bloody and dented golf clubs, Gendry was offering cover fire. The couple looked like they had just walked through the gates of hell. Their hair was wild and the two were covered from head to toe in blood. Stannis took one look at the group before him and stood tall.
“All right listen up, I’m taking charge here. We need to—.”

“Who died and made you King?” Arya snapped. Stannis narrowed his eyes at her sister’s insolence.

“Sweetheart, let’s discuss things inside.” Sarah said softly while linking arms with her husband. He looked deep into her eyes before nodding.

Sansa ushered everyone into the safety of her shop. Arya and Gendry slid the door shut and locked up. She looked over at Sarah massaging her husband’s tense shoulders while he screamed on the phone about an emergency extraction team. Sansa set her tired daughter down in a chair and frowned as she felt her daughters fever. Lyarra needed a doctor and she knew for the moment that would be impossible. Bronn came up behind her and held her. She leaned into his strong arms and sighed. She had missed these moments.

“Bronn, I need to tell you something.” She had been dreading this moment for a while.

“What is it?” He asked calmly.

“I’m pregnant.” She tried to be calm but her voice broke and she began sobbing. Her husband already felt trapped with one child what would he do now that he was having two?

“I know.” He murmured in her ear.

“How did you know?” Sansa was sure that no one knew.

“Your morning sickness, cravings and mood swings were an indication.” He chuckled in her ear. “Why do think I started picking up extra jobs?”

“You promised me you were through with that life.” Sansa turned to face him her eyes flashing angrily.

“I tried. But I am better at being a criminal. I don’t want to lie to you but I can’t change who I am.” He held her shoulders and stared into her eyes imploring her to listen to him.

“So you didn’t take those jobs because you were tired of us?” She thought she could handle the truth but now that she asked the question she wasn’t sure she wanted to know the answer.

“I could never be tired of you. You and Lyarra are the best things that have ever happened to an old gangster like me.” He wiped her tears with his thumbs.

“If you’re back in the life, I want you to promise me that Lyarra, the baby and I will be safe.” Sansa bit her lip, she knew she was asking a lot from him.

“You’re safety is my number one priority.” He kissed her softly on the lips. Sansa smiled before she pulled back slightly.

“Then…please come home. I miss you, Lyarra misses you. You are the only one who sings her the silly songs she loves so much.” Bronn kissed her with such a force that they knocked over a stack of books.
“Daddy?” Lyarra mumbled. They broke apart and looked toward her and Sansa screamed.

A filthy creature was holding her baby girl. Almost as if in slow motion the room exploded into a flurry as everyone leapt to their feet and surrounded the creature holding her baby. Shooting a gun was too risky but Sansa would kill this thing with her bare hands if necessary.

“I’m here lemon drop. Nothing will hurt you, Daddy promises.” Bronn stood in front of Sansa protectively and took a step forward. The creature began twisting her daughter’s neck, Lyarra cried out.

“Put my fucking niece down before I gut you like a fucking piece of halibut.” Arya hissed. The creature turned toward Arya and in that split second Sansa attacked.

She leapt onto his back and pulled his hair with such a force that his whole body snapped back. She sank her teeth into his neck and savagely ripped a chunk out before swallowing. His blood was intoxicating and hearing him scream out in pain was almost a religious experience. Blood was spurting out on her books but she didn’t care. Bronn joined her tearing at his flesh and growling like a rabid dog. Lyanna bit his nose off and giggled.

Soon everyone gave into the desire of the feeding frenzy. They devoured the filthy human ripping and rending him until all that was left were his clothes. When they were done they all sat back with full bellies and stained faces. Even Lyarra looked a mess but Sansa was pleased to note that her fever had gone. She smiled at her daughter and began wiping her face and legs off with some baby wipes she kept in her purse.

“It’s been too long since I’ve eaten raw food.” Sarah mumbled as she wiped off her face with the back of her hand.

“That’s because we aren’t animals my dear. Still, it’s nice to get in touch with our ancestry.” Stannis said, as he offered his wife the use of his handkerchief.

“I look disgusting.” Victoria moaned as she looked at her ruined clothes. Her arm had been carefully splinted using the victim’s own humorous.

“You’ve never looked sexier.” Sandor growled as he began licking the blood off her neck while leaning her back onto the floor. His hand slid up her leg slowly.

“What are they doing?” Lyarra asked innocently.
“They are just playing a game, honey.” Sansa said sweetly while giving the two a warning look. Victoria blushed and pushed a laughing Sandor off of her.

“Did you see how gross and pink that human was?” Arya shuddered and all the women nodded.

“I like the look of our grey skin.” Sansa said as she held up her daughters arm and kissed her chubby hand.

“I love the look of your skin.” Bronn whispered wickedly in her ear.

“How come the humans attacked? I thought this was a safe place?” Sarah asked worriedly. “Stannis, little Lyarra was almost hurt. What if that had been Shireen or our boys?” She leaned her head on his shoulder.

“That will never happen.” Stannis said gruffly. He immediately began grinding his teeth. Sansa could almost see the wheels turning in his undead brain.

“Sounds like the chopper is here.” Gendry mentioned as he placed an ear to the back door.

“Well, ladies shall we?” Bronn scooped up his daughter and held a hand out for his wife.

“Sansa, I’ll never understand humans. Who would want to live their life as a sheep when they could be the wolf?” Arya asked as they loaded inside the chopper.

Sansa held her daughter tighter as Bronn placed his arm around her shoulder. They all flew off into the sunset full and satisfied.

Chapter End Notes

Next I will be posting a short based on Interview with the Vampire

The first person to correctly guess the pairing will have a cameo! How "fang-tastic"

Hint: The more or less fine debris of rocks, consisting of small, loose grains, often quartz
Sansa sat at the piano and played the song of her heart. The sad melody swirled through the air and she wasn’t even aware of the tears that were sliding down her cheeks. She heard her piano instructor collapse next to her but still she played on.

“Sansa, what have we told you about this?” Ellaria asked as she pushed the body of the deceased piano teacher onto the floor. She sat down next to Sansa and joined her in the song.

“Never in the house.” Sansa answered softly, still playing.

“So, why did you?” Ellaria asked, her fingers gliding over the smooth keys with precision.

“He told me I was beautiful.” Sansa whispered as she continued her song, the melody changing subtly to a more aggressive tone.

“What is wrong with that? You’re a beautiful girl.” Ellaria matched the change easily.

“Nothing, except while he complimented my looks he slid his hand up my skirt.” Sansa pounded the keys with more force. She felt her anger surging through her body.

“My poor dear.” Ellaria stopped playing and looked at Sansa.

“Are you going to ask me to leave?” Sansa asked softly, the melody changing from anger back to sadness.

“Why would you believe we would ever send you away?” Ellaria placed her slender hand on her
“Because, I broke your rules and fed in the house.” Sansa stopped playing and cried into her hands.

“A woman should always feel safe in her home. You did nothing wrong.” Ellaria held Sansa while she wept and rubbed her back soothingly.

“Please don’t send me away.” Sansa choked out between sobs.

“There is nothing I love more, then to see two beautiful women embracing each other. Of course I usually prefer them without any clothes.” Sansa wiped her tears away as her husband entered the room.

“My wife what has happened?” Oberyn knelt in front of Sansa and held her hands tenderly.

“That man tried to take liberties with her. He slid his hand up her skirt.” Ellaria spat, pointing toward the corpse.

“My sweet, red headed wife. What can I do to make you smile again?” Oberyn began kissing her eyes tenderly before he trailed his kisses further down her neck.

“Should I give you two some privacy?” Ellaria asked, her face betraying the fact that she desperately wished to stay.

“Yes.” He said simply. Ellaria looked heartbroken. He took a break from kissing Sansa so his lips could collide with his paramour in a passionate kiss. “Silberias is waiting for you downstairs.” He murmured in between kisses.

“I think she has been waiting for you longer.” Sansa told him gently her cheeks still flushed from his kisses.

“I had plans to surprise her tonight with a bubble bath.” Oberyn said while grinning.

“She is magnificent in the water.” Ellaria said while grinning. Oberyn nodded and Sansa giggled. Silberias had once given her a few pointers about what could happen in a bath. She would be forever grateful to her friend.

Ellaria practically fled the room in search of her lover. Oberyn took her place on the piano bench and gazed lovingly at Sansa.

“Now tell me what is it that truly upset you today.” He asked calmly.

“I thought I was going to be cast out for breaking the house rule.” Sansa answered her eyes filling with tears.
“You are my wife. I would never cast you aside.” Oberyn answered before he kissed her lightly.

“You are my family now, I don’t wish to displease you.” Sansa murmured as she clasped her hands on her lap.

“You could never displease me.” He nibbled on her earlobe causing familiar warmth to spread between her legs.

“The rule is mainly in place for the girls downstairs. Sometimes, they can get rather enthusiastic with their clients.”

“You’re thinking about Tommy aren’t you?” Sansa asked smiling.

“Yes.” Oberyn laughed. “That girl has broken three beds in the last month. Her sex drive is even more demanding than mine.” They both shook their heads as they recalled all the various positions she had been found in when the beds broke.

“Play me something.” He asked with a wicked smile.

“What?” She asked surprised by his request.

“I paid for the lesson. I want to see you practice.” Sansa nodded and turned to face the piano. She began a simple melody that she loved. Oberyn stood and walked around the room before standing behind her.

“Close your eyes. Play from the heart.” She complied even as he began cutting her dress away from her corset.

Sansa felt him kissing her neck and whenever she opened her eyes to look at him he would retreat away. She huffed and resumed playing a love melody that was as strong as he was. He gently lifted her breasts free from the corset. Her nipples hardened with the contact from the cool air. He brushed them softly and teased them as she played. She stilled her hands and he moved away again. Sansa whimpered and resumed the song.

He then sat next to her and slid his hand up her skirt. This was different from the tutor. She knew her husband’s touch, his smell. He made her feel safe and loved. She parted her legs slightly as his fingers pushed aside her small clothes. He sought her pearl and he began stimulating her while she played. His fingers matched her tempo pulsing and swirling with the music. She was dripping for him and she made frustrated whimpers as he slid his fingers deep within her folds. He teased and tantalized her until both the piano and Sansa crescendo together in one glorious overture.

Sansa was panting and looked up at Oberyn’s grinning face. She jumped slightly when she heard a round of applause coming from the sitting area behind her. She turned around and saw that Victoria and Ginger were sitting down watching her concert while holding teacups and biscuits.
“What a lovely song.” Victoria said kindly her dark vampire eyes sparkling.

“Yes, we especially enjoyed the end.” Ginger giggled as she took a ladylike sip from her cup. Her red hair was flowing freely down her back.

“Thank you.” Sansa murmured turning bright red and covering up her exposed breasts. Oberyn just laughed and placed her on his lap.

“Oberyn!” Snow White came rushing in the room and looking slightly panicked before she spotted Oberyn and Sansa. Her dark hair was pinned up and her lips were red with blood. “We have a problem.”

“What is it?” Oberyn asked calmly as he kissed his wife’s exposed shoulder.

“Well… It’s Tommy and Sarah. They broke the bed.” She said awkwardly looking around.

“Together?” Oberyn asked surprised.

“Stannis came in. He asked for them both.” Victoria remarked calmly.

“How did she break the bed this time?” Ginger asked with curiosity.

“Umm…well…I’m not exactly sure. Sarah is currently tangled up in the chandelier and Tommy is… well… all I’ll say is there is a lot of oil and feathers everywhere.” Snow looked exasperated.

“How is Stannis?” Ginger asked gently.

“Please don’t laugh but he is…sort of tied to the bed.” Snow was staring at the floor and shaking her head.

“How did Sarah end up in the chandelier?” Sansa asked. Snow stared up at the ceiling and shrugged.

“She wouldn’t say. All she could tell me was that she was having a ‘swinging’ good time.” Everyone in the room chuckled.

“Is Stannis upset?” Oberyn asked.

“No, but I think I may have interrupted a marriage proposal.” Snow shrugged as they all began to file downstairs.

Sansa tucked her breasts back into the corset and stopped when they reached the lower level of the vampire brothel. To her right was the great oak door. She knew it was silly but she had to look inside
every time she passed. She needed to know.

Oberyn kissed her cheek and all the women stepped aside as the door swung open. Behind the door, were the bodies of Cersei and Joffrey Lannister. Their faces contorted in terror as they looked up. Two bodies preserved for all time and eternity, encased in ash.

Sansa smiled as Oberyn shut the door.

Chapter End Notes

Next up I will be posting a short based on Scream.

The first person to correctly guess the pairing wins a cameo :D

Hint: Poison
Sansa/Domeric

“Well, you’re not going to be alone anymore, right? If you pee, I pee. Is that clear?”

~Tatum~

Sansa placed popcorn in the microwave and adjusted her ponytail in the mirror. She felt silly walking around her cheerleading uniform but she was just so excited that she made the team. Her family was out of the town for the weekend and she was thrilled to finally be home alone. She loved her family, but sometimes she just wanted a quiet night to herself. Lady began pawing her leg and she giggled as she tossed her husky a treat.

The microwave beeped and Sansa dumped her popcorn into the bowl. She sat down on her the comfortable couch, turned off the lights and turned on a scary movie. She was just settling down and snuggling up to Lady when she heard her doorbell ring. She sighed and flicked on the lights while Lady ran to the door barking, her tail wagging excitedly. She opened the door and was surprised to see Domeric standing there.

“Dom?” She smiled brightly before she threw herself into the arms of her boyfriend.

“Sansa.” He swept her around and kissed her hard, backing her into a wall.

She locked her legs around the back of him and squeezed her thighs. He gripped her ass and raised her higher against the wall. He moaned in her mouth when he realized she wasn’t wearing any underwear.

“Gods be good. Are you trying to kill me? He huffed out in between kisses.
“No.” She said with a sly smile.

“Then why aren’t you wearing any underwear? Were you expecting someone else?” He quit nibbling on her neck and looked at her with cold, pale eyes.

“I am yours and you are mine.” She said softly, she was so happy to see him and he was killing the mood with his jealousy.

“I am yours and you are mine.” He repeated back to her. She could feel him hardening and she bit her lower lip in that way he loved so much.

"Sansa, why aren’t you wearing any underwear?” His hands were sliding under her skirt, the heat that radiated from his touch caused her to squirm.

“Because of Victoria.” She answered trying to hide the blush that crept over her face.

“The cheer captain? You two haven’t been pearl diving have you?” His eyes flashed angrily.

“Pearl diving?” It took Sansa a few moments to realize what he was referring to. “No! She doesn’t like girls, neither do I. At least not in that way, besides she’s with Sandor.” Sansa said in a rushed breath.

“Please explain why she is the reason you aren’t wearing underwear.” He leaned his face close to her until they were nose to nose. His fingers were exploring her smooth vagina. Sansa was so grateful she had gone in for a waxing earlier that week.

“I was telling her how stressed out I’ve been at school and how much I’ve missed you, since you left for college. She suggested that I could do something to…alleviate my tension...myself.” Sansa buried her face into his shoulder so he couldn’t see her embarrassment.

“Like what?” He whispered grinning.

“I’m not telling you.” She giggled her embarrassment evident. “Besides, I realized it wouldn’t help.” She pushed off him and straightened out her skirt and headed back toward the living room.

“Why not?” He asked walking behind her placing a hand on her lower back.

“Because, I thought that maybe I would be cheating on you or something.” She replied plopping on the couch.

“You could never cheat on me with yourself.” He laughed and knelt down to pet a happy Lady.

“Are you sure?” Sansa was only a junior in high school. There was a lot she didn’t know about sex.

“I often pleasure myself in my dorm room thinking about you and your sweet honey.” He gave her a sly smile and let Lady outside. He sat next to her on the couch and she snuggled close.

“Really?” She blushed. That was the sweetest thing anyone had ever told her. It was also scandalous.
“In fact I would love to watch you getting off sometime.” He grinned as she turned bright red.

“I don’t know.” She replied biting her lip. She didn’t know what to say to that. What would Victoria do?

“Hey, its okay. I would never pressure you to do anything you’re not ready for.” He wrapped his arms around her.

“I know.” She smiled at him and turned the movie on.

“What are you watching?” He asked his hand once again drifting up her cheer skirt.

“A scary movie.” She replied spreading her legs for him slightly.

“Do you like scary movies?” He asked as he began kissing her neck.

“Yes.” She said breathlessly.

Her phone rang she didn’t recognize her number so she hit the speakerphone button.

“Hello Sansa.”

“Hello?” Dom was in the middle of sucking on a sensitive part of neck causing her toes to curl.

“Hello whore.”

“Who the fuck is this?” Dom asked angrily while Sansa froze like a deer in the headlights.

“Domeric Bolton. This has nothing to do with you and everything to do with that cheer skank you’re getting ready to fuck.”

“What the fuck did you just say about my girlfriend?” Dom shouted. Sansa sat up and adjusted her skirt. It frightened her that they were being watched.

“Your girlfriend is a whore. She’s been banging the whole school since you’ve been gone.”

“That’s not true, I love Dom!” Sansa cried out tears threatening to roll down her cheeks. Dom held her hand tightly.

“Everyone has licked that ginger pussy.”

“Liar! Don’t listen to him! You are the only man I have ever been with!” Sansa was incensed. Why would anyone say that about her?
“Listen mother fucker. I will flay you alive for speaking that way about the woman I love.” Dom walked over to the kitchen and pulled some knives out of the block.

“Cheer up Domeric you and Sansa can die together if you want.”

A chair crashed through the glass window spraying Sansa with glass. She could see glass sticking out of her arm and she thought the side of her face was cut up as well. She gingerly felt her face and pulled her fingers back. They were covered in blood. Dom saw the blood and rushed over to her.

They heard growling before they heard more screaming. Dom rushed outside and Sansa winced as she tried to stand up. She had to lean on the couch for support. She was dripping blood as she made her way outside. Whatever Dom was doing he may need her help. She had to rest her forehead against the doorframe before she opened the door.

She found him and Lady on the back porch. Joffrey Baratheon was lying on his back wearing strange black robes. Lady was holding him by his neck. Dom was standing above him holding a strange rubber mask and a dangerous looking hunting knife.

“Dom?” Sansa asked before swaying and collapsing on the ground.

“Sansa! You need an ambulance.” He rushed to her side.

“Did he hurt you?” She asked him. His eyes softened as he looked at her.

“No, my love.” Now I need you to stay inside, you shouldn’t see the things I do.” He kissed her lips and looked at her cuts. “Lady guard.” He commanded her dog while pointing to a terrified Joffrey.

He scooped her up and carried her gently inside like she was his bride.

“I do.” She giggled softly.

“What?” He asked confused.

“I will marry you.” She was starting to feel very tired.

“I am yours and you are mine.” He whispered to her.

Suddenly the front door burst open and Victoria ran inside looking terrified.

“Sansa? What happened?” She was looking around and Sansa noticed she had blood on her face.
She was also carrying an identical rubber mask.

“She was attacked by her ex. Where did you get that?” Dom asked, as he gently laid Sansa on the kitchen table. He pulled out the hunting knife and stood in front of her protectively.

“What? Oh, the mask?” Victoria threw it on the ground. “From your brother actually. I just hit him with my car outside and he isn’t moving.”

“My brother?” Dom asked suspiciously.

“Umm yea. Sansa left her backpack in my car, I was returning it and I sort of ran him over. It was an accident, I swear! He was wearing this stupid black robes and a dumb mask. I didn’t see him!” She looked confused and angry.

“Did he say anything?” Dom asked his knife slightly lowering.

“Yea, he said something about flaying me. Whatever the hell that means. I think he needs an ambulance but my phone is dead.” Victoria looked worried.

"That fucker should have died long ago.” He said angrily. “You stay with Sansa, my father will handle this.” He pulled out his phone and began texting.

“Oh, right. I guess the mafia has their own way for dealing with sort of thing.” She looked at Sansa with concern.

Dom merely nodded, kissed Sansa again gently before walking outside. Sansa thought she could hear screaming but Victoria said it was nothing as she pulled out a first aid kit from under the sink.

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow I will post a short based on The Ring!

The first person to correctly guess the pairing wins a cameo! Sounds fun right? Right?

Hint: Broken Sword
Hint; Hippodrome
Sansa/Daario

“Everyone will suffer.”

~Samara Morgan~

Sansa moaned as sunlight filtered through the hotel window and hit her right in the eyes. She buried her head under her pillow and reached around for her phone. She froze when her hand felt the naked chest of a man. She rolled over to get a better look; he was handsome with short brown hair and a well-trimmed beard. He was muscular and she wondered what color his eyes were. She lifted up the sheet slightly and blushed. He’s naked. She looked down at her own form and gasped, so am I.

What happened last night? She tried to think but her head was pounding and her mouth felt like it was full of cotton. This was the hangover to end all hangovers. She placed her hand on her forehead and closed her eyes. She remembered she had flown into Vegas for Sassy’s bachelorette party. The Hound had proposed and Sassy couldn’t stop smiling. They had gone to a bar, and then went to see some male strippers and then they ended up at a different club. That’s when she ran into her ex. He said something and then someone else knocked him out. Stupid Vegas, this is all Sassy’s fault. She didn’t even want to go but her friend wouldn’t take no for an answer.

She looked at the strong hands of her mysterious bed partner. His knuckles were slightly bruised. She traced the bulging veins in his hand lightly with her fingertips. So this was her rescuer? He saves me like some damsel in distress and so I just spread my legs for him? Sansa frowned. She tried to remember what happened at the club. He knocked Joffrey out and then she made out with him until they got kicked out. They took a walk and he told her he just broke up with some princess who loved pitting men against each other for her favor. Did I really go to a tattoo parlor? She panicked and looked all over her body and sighed in relief when she didn’t see any. Thank the Gods! That would have been a disaster. This is all Sassy’s fault!
“Hello wife.” Her mystery man rolled over and wrapped his arms around her lazily.

“Good morning…husband.” She said awkwardly. Shit! She was a married woman. How could she have possibly forgotten that part?

“Winter, you’re even more beautiful then I remember.” He nuzzled her neck but she froze.

“Winter?” She looked at him. Did he honestly just call me another women’s name?

“Yea, that’s your name. Miss Winter Fell.” He pulled her flush against his body and she let out a little squeak.

“No, my name is Miss Sansa Stark and I’m from Winterfell.” She looked at him defiantly.

“Oh? Sorry.” He mumbled, clearly embarrassed.

“That’s okay Mario.” She was pleased that at least she could remember his name, even if he forgot hers.

“My name is Daario, not Mario. Daario Neharis to be exact.” He chuckled and even Sansa giggled at her blunder.

“Pleased to meet you Daario.” Sansa said shaking his hand she winced when he took her hand.

“Careful. You have a fresh tattoo there.” He said gently. She looked at her ring finger and groaned.

She had a tattoo of a ring on her ring finger. The center of her ‘wedding band’ featured a tiny broken sword. A combination of their initials and the date of their nuptials swirled to form the band. The work was exceptional. What was I thinking? Sansa picked up her husbands hand to look at his ring finger. He had a tiny replica of her family’s wolf crest at the center of his band. Their initials and wedding date were also swirling together to form the band. Gods!

A vision of them sitting in the tattoo parlor flooded her mind so did memories of him giving her a piggyback ride all the way back to her hotel room. Then they had sex. Wild, crazy animalistic sex. It was glorious. He took her from behind, and buried himself inside her. His thrusts had sent her over the edge again and again and again. She loved every second of it. In fact she had been screaming so much she wondered if that was the real reason her throat was so hoarse. She started blushing at the memory. Then she sat straight up in bed.

“Where’s my phone?” She asked desperately.

“I’m not sure.” Daario answered her with a curious voice.

“I think we made a video last night on it.” She stumbled out of bed and got on all fours as she began sifting through the pile of clothes on the floor.

“Now, that looks familiar.” Sansa looked over her shoulder at her grinning husband who was checking out her ass. She blushed and shook her head. He turned on the TV and began helping her
Breaking news. Recovering alcoholic Sansa Stark, socialite and daughter of Governor Stark, marries in secret Vegas ceremony to her homeless drug dealer boyfriend.

“I am not a recovering alcoholic!” Sansa shouted at the TV. She threw a shoe and muted it. The pictured changed to a black and white video of a broken tower.

“Yea, and I’m not a homeless drug dealer.” He yelled angrily. A boy was slowly moving toward the screen but nobody was paying attention.

“How did anyone know we got married?” She asked. The figure was watching them curiously.

“You sent your dad that video!” He shouted angrily. The figure glared at Daario.

“I found it!” Sansa picked up her phone and played her recorded video.

“Hi Daddy! Look your baby girl is getting married! This is your new son in law Mario!” She was clearly drunk and standing in front of a little chapel on the strip.

“Hi pops! I can’t wait to meet ya! Winter here told me she wouldn’t fuck me unless she was married. She won’t make that mistake again. So here we are! Don’t worry that she’s not a virgin, I’ll be gentle!”

“It’s true Daddy! He promised he would be kind. Not like Joffrey, he always hurt me for the fun of it. Did I ever tell you that he used to smack me around?”

“Don’t worry pops I promise I’ll never hurt your little girl.”

“See! I love him Daddy!”

“I love you too my goddess of tits and wine!”

“By Daddy! Kisses!”
The video ended as somebody dressed as Elvis escorted them into the chapel. Gods! She had sent that video as a group text to all her contacts. She screamed as a ghostly figure pulled themselves through the TV and into the room. It always scared her when he did that.

“Get behind me Sansa!” Daario ordered. He pulled out a gun and pointed it at the figure. Where the hell did he get a gun?

“Bran!” The figure stopped moving and looked at her.

“What the fuck is that thing?” Daario hissed.

“That’s my brother.” Sansa was still naked so she pulled a sheet around her body before hugging her ghostly brother.

“What?” Daario lowered his gun slightly.

“Bran, this is my husband Daario. You are not to kill him.” She wagged her finger in her brother’s direction scolding him.

“How is this even possible?” Daario lowered his gun all the way.

“He’s not really here, he is in a coma. This is just his spirit form. Someone tried to kill him when he was little so he projected himself into the film we made right before the accident. He haunts the tapes taking vengeance on the guilty.”

“How? Why?” Daario was getting agitated and she could see Bran shift closer to him.

“I don’t know, nobody does! There are no books about what to do when your brother’s spirit becomes a murdering urban legend. Trust me, Arya and I have looked.” She sighed and prayed Daario would believe her.

“So he just goes around killing innocent women and children? Just because they watch his stupid tape?” Daario began pacing never taking his eyes off Bran.

“Of course not! He’s not a monster. He never hurts children or innocent people. He kills those he senses as being guilty. Usually people who have committed murders or done other horrible things.” She raised an eyebrow at her new husband. If he was dangerous Bran would rip his heart out.

“I’m an assassin.” Her husband whispered. Bran tilted his head at him.

“What?” Now it was Sansa’s turn to be confused.

“That tattoo of the broken sword on your finger. That is the symbol of the Second Sons. We work for the government, on special assignments.” He looked into her blue eyes and she saw honesty in his face.
“Why did you choose that tattoo for me to wear?” Sansa could tell Bran was curious because he was lifting her hand sniffing and prodding it.

“It’s for your protection. It marks you as sacred. Even when I am gone away on missions someone will always be around to protect you.” Sansa was touched and leaned in to kiss him softly. Bran made a funny face and took a step back.

“Why did you choose the wolf?” He asked her, his own curiosity showing.

“Because, you are family now.” Sansa blushed. It seemed so silly next to his.

“Baby.”

“No, Bran, I am not pregnant. I haven’t been with anyone for over a year.” Bran had placed a ghostly hand on her stomach.

“Baby.”

“There is no baby.” She said firmly and gave Daario an apologetic smile,

“Baby.”

“Wait, are you telling me she is pregnant from last night?” Daario seemed stunned. Sansa couldn’t honestly remember if they had used protection or not. *Stupid girl!*

“Baby.”

“Thank you for telling me Bran.” She kissed his ghostly cheek and he slowly walked back toward the TV.

“Be…Good…To…Them.”
“I promise.” Daario said solemnly. “If your sister doesn’t mind that I kill people for a living then I can’t judge her brother for killing people in a disembodied state.”

“Thank you for understanding.” She kissed her new husband on the cheek.

“Now, are you going to kill Joffrey or should I?” Daario looked directly at Bran.

Her brother smiled a dangerous smile and disappeared back in the video. The TV flicked back to the news and the video she had mass texted everyone. She groaned and buried her face in his chest. They both laughed and held each other tight. *This was all Sassy's fault.*

Chapter End Notes

Next I will be posting a short based on The Blair Witch Project

The first person to correctly guess the pairing wins a cameo! What Fun :D

Hint: Sibling Drama
Sansa hated working on her nameday. She wanted to spend the day naked, covered in whip cream and while her boyfriend licked it off. However, her boss would never dream of giving her the day off. The man was arrogant, entitled and insufferable to work for. Her family kept bugging her to quit and move back home. But, Sansa was too stubborn to listen. Instead of a relaxing day she had to wake up at the crack of dawn and stand in line at Starbucks to get his favorite type of coffee. The man never even thanked her. I'm only here for the dental.

She adjusted her black lace wrap around dress and squared her shoulders before heading into the office. She was relieved to see that he was turned around in his plush chair so she softly placed his coffee on his desk before she made a beeline for the door. She had her hand on the door handle before she heard a familiar voice.

“Miss Stark?”

“Yes, Mr. Baelish?” She avoided the eye roll and turned giving him her brightest smile.

“I’m afraid I forgot my glasses, can you come closer please?” He beckoned her closer.

“You don’t wear glasses.” She remarked suspiciously as she slowly walked toward him.

“No, I don’t” He patted his lap for her to sit on but she let out a disgusted snort and opted to sit on his desk instead.
“Is there something I can help you with today?” She crossed her legs, momentarily exposing her black lace garter belt and sheer stockings.

“I can think of something.” He said leering at her. He slowly reached his hand toward her leg before she slapped his hand back with her pen.

“Anything work related?” She asked in a huff. The insolence of this man!

“Yes, actually I’d say you were due for a performance review.” He leaned back in his chair smugly and unzipped his fly.

“No thanks, I’ve had better offers.” She said with a smirk.

“From who?” He asked aggressively leaning forward and placing his hands on the desk.

“Oberyn Martell, actually. I ran into him yesterday at the bank.” Her boss was a jealous man; she knew this would rile him up.

“Oh? What did the two of you discuss?” He was playing with a pencil, wearing his mask of cool indifference.

“He asked if he could make a deposit into my bank vault.” She blushed at the memory. Petyr snapped his pencil in half.

“Your bank vault belongs to me.” He said possessively.

“No, my bank vault belongs to me.” She remarked calmly. She placed the sole of her Gianvito Rossi, suede, over-the-knee, black boot on his forehead and gently pressed. He rolled back from her slightly in his chair.

She had parted her long legs exposing her black panties. His eyes grew dark with desire and she could see that he was sporting a strong erection. He may be her boss but she knew what he wanted. He rolled toward her with his hand outstretched like a child who wanted a cookie. You’re not getting your hands on my cookies. She crossed her legs quickly as soon as he came close. It was wrong to tease him but she didn’t care. It’s my nameday.

“Why are you in such a mood this morning?” He asked and amused look on his face.

“Why? Because it’s my nameday, that’s why.” She snapped.

“Yes, and in two hours a stretch limo will pull up and whisk us away to Essos for a week of pampering.” He looked smugly at her. She slowly opened her legs again. He’s always so sneaky.

“Why didn’t you say anything?” She asked him softly. His hands were sliding up her skirt, this time with no resistance from her end.

“Because you are beautiful when you are angry.” He began lifting up her skirt and lowering his head.

“I knew it was a mistake to fall in love with my boss.” She murmured as his goatee began tickling a
sensitive area. She jumped when she heard a knock.

Sansa slipped off the desk and smoothed her skirt as Trystane Martell walked in. He was wearing a hooded sweatshirt that read Short.Sand.Rambling. Sansa shook her head, she would never understand teenage fashion. The boy looked worried and walked quickly toward the desk. Petyr rolled his chair securely under his desk in order to hide his erection. Sansa walked toward his side casually handing Petyr his coffee.

“Good morning Trystane.” She gave a bright smile to the boy and he blushed awkwardly back.

“Good morning Miss Stark.” He avoided looking at her face and placed a videotape on the desk.

“What’s this?” Petyr asked casually.

“I found it in the mail this morning. It’s from my girlfriend Myrcella.” He looked nervous and Sansa was surprised.

“Myrcella is alive?” She frowned as she recalled that the Baratheon siblings all disappeared last year on camping trip. No one had seen them since.

“Well, I’m not sure, exactly. She and her brothers were making a documentary on Maggie the Frog.” Trystane explained meekly.

“Why would she do that?” Sansa murmured. She was horrified at the thought. One does not simply go about disturbing the witch of the woods.

“It was Joffrey’s idea. He said he heard that she could read fortunes. I begged her not to go but she laughed and said it would be fine” Trystane looked distraught.

“Maggie asked to be left alone. They were fools to disturb her.” Sansa said shaking her head.

“You are aware we are an expensive service. My psychics don’t work for free.” Petyr remarked, his fingers drumming on the desk.

“Money is no problem.” The teen whipped out the biggest wad of cash Sansa had ever seen.

“Why did you come to us? There are psychics all over town who would love your business.” Petyr asked his curiosity piqued.

“Well, I showed the tape to my uncle. He said that Sansa worked for a psychic detective agency and maybe you guys could help me find peace.” He started crying and Sansa walked over to hug him. She caught Petyr glaring at them both. His jealousy evident.

“How is your Uncle Oberyn?” She asked sweetly. Sending Petyr her own smirk.

“He’s doing fine, he and Ellaria were mentioning you just this morning actually.” Trystane blushed which caused Sansa to blush. Petyr choked on his coffee.
Sansa murmured. She could only imagine what those two were discussing to embarrass Trystane this badly.

“I think you deserve instant results and that means Jess and Three Paws.” He hit a button on his phone. An elegant woman in a sharp pin stripped business suit entered with a three-legged dog following closely behind.

“You must be Jess.” Trystane held out his hand to the psychic and the dog wagged let out a happy bark and wagged her tail.

“Actually I’m Three Paws and this is Jess.” She motioned toward the happy dog.

“Your name is Three Paws?” Trystane asked confused.

“It’s a nickname actually.” She smiled warmly at him. “Is there something you needed Little Finger?” She smiled at Petyr with dead eyes.

“Trystane has received a supernatural tape from Myrcella. He’s looking for some closure.” Petyr waved at the boy.

Three Paws walked toward the desk to take a closer look at the tape and hissed. She snapped her fingers and the tape burst into flames before dying out. Sansa jumped, she had never seen that before.

“Normally I would prefer to do a reading in the safety of my office, but you brought evil into this room. It would be a fitting place with Petyr here, but my best friend is in here as well, so I suppose I will have to cleanse it.” She sat down in the middle of the floor.

Three Paws motioned for Trystane to join her. She rotated her head and stretched out her arms before placing her hands gently on his temples. Sansa turned off the lights and went to stand back by Petyr’s chair.

Psycic energy poured from Three Paws. She began projecting different images from Trystane’s mind, the room filled with different sights and sounds. Visions of Myrcella and Trystane walking next to a water garden were cut with scenes of the girl running through the woods terrified. Three Paws grunted in frustration. Suddenly, Myrcella and Trystane were playing a game of Cyvasse and the next moment she was holding a flashlight up to her face crying and begging for forgiveness. Jess whimpered and placed a paw on Trystane’s lap as he began crying.

The room rumbled and Three Paws yelled in exasperation. Soon they all beheld a vision of Myrcella dressed in white. She looked serene and peaceful. She smiled at Trystane and placed a ghostly kiss upon his cheek. She sighed happily as she was enveloped into a bright white light that flooded the
entire room in a brilliant display. Moments later she and the light were gone.

Trystane began crying and Three Paws held him gently. Jess licked his tears and crawled into his lap. He rubbed her belly as he took shuddered breaths. Sansa wiped a tear away and realized she was sitting on Petyr’s lap. She turned slightly and buried her face in his suit coat. She breathed in his scent of peppermint and power. She felt safe in his arms. *I am here for more then dental.*

Chapter End Notes

Next I will be posting The Lost Boys

The first person to guess correctly will have a cameo! Oh yeah :)

Hint: Black and Gold
Sansa/Theon

“Don’t kill anyone until we get back to you!”

~Sam Emerson~

Sansa played some classical music on her iPhone and lit some candles. She hummed along to the tune of Water Music Suite No.1 in F Major: Air. She drew herself a hot bath with lemon-scented bubbles. She sat down at the vanity and brushed her long auburn hair while the tub filled. Lady growled at the door before curling into a ball by the tub. She smiled at her beloved wolf hybrid; everyone thought she was crazy to have such an animal. But, Sansa knew she and Lady were meant to be. Sansa slid her silk lavender robe off her body and watched as it puddle on the floor.

Her naked skin rippled in goose bumps and she covered up her breasts to protect her nipples from hardening too much. Lady let out another low growl and Sansa tilted her head at her dog. She had the oddest feeling she was being watched but if Lady didn’t seem too upset it was probably nothing. She poured herself a glass of sparkling apple cider and headed over to the claw foot tub. What she really wanted was a glass of wine, but she knew it wouldn’t be good for the baby.

She felt the temperature of the water and sighed before she looked at her reflection in the mirror. She had a fair complexion and long limbs. She had a slender waist and a decent breast size. She wondered how much her body would change with the pregnancy. Would Tywin still find her beautiful? Would the Lannister even want anything to do with her now? Would he be angry or pleased to find out she was pregnant? She hadn’t even told him yet. This is what she got for joining the mile high club with her fathers biggest business competitor.

If she didn’t know any better she could have sworn Tywin planned for this to happen. He wouldn’t do that though. Would he? It had been three months since their initial meeting on the jet. Since then they couldn’t seem to keep their hands off one another. Years of experience had made him a God in the bedroom and he showed her things she never dreamed were possible. Their entire romance was terribly forbidden and wicked. She wondered if that’s why she craved it so badly. Sansa was tired of being the good, responsible, boring child. She wanted adventure, some excitement. I’m going to be a mommy. How’s that for excitement?
Sansa checked her bath and shut off the water. She slipped into the tub and sighed as the hot water immediately began to relax her tense muscles. She breathed in the lemon aroma and smiled as she leaned back. The sounds of Clair de Lune filled the bathroom as she closed her eyes. This is exactly what I needed. Her stomach growled and she wished she had brought a snack for her bath. Chocolate peanut butter ice cream and pickles sounded divine. It didn’t matter though; her cravings could wait a little. No matter what her problems were in the real world, at least she was safe and sound here in the bathroom.

Suddenly the bathroom door swung open and she sat up startled when Theon Greyjoy entered. He paused in the doorway looking at her with hungry eyes. Lady jumped up snarling her hackles raised.

“Get out!” Sansa spat at him. She threw a soap bar at his head but missed.

“You were always so beautiful.” He took a step toward her looking at her soapy breasts.

“Theon I’m warning you, not one step closer.” She covered her exposed breasts and looked toward Lady who was crouching low.

“Why don’t you love me?” He took another step forward his eyes still glued to her naked form.

“Probably because you’ll sleep with anything in a skirt.” She said angrily. She glanced at Lady who was getting ready to pounce on the intruder.

“Just let me have you Sansa. Give me your maidenhead and I’ll never look at another women again.” The music changed to The Valkyrie: Ride of the Valkyries. He was almost to the tub when Lady made her move.

She leapt onto him knocking him flat on his back. Sansa screamed and stood up as Lady ferociously tore open Theon’s shoulder. Theon screamed and tried to hit lady but she only sunk her jaws in deeper. Robb and Jon heard the screaming and ran into the bathroom. They screamed and covered their eyes when they saw Sansa standing in the tub naked. Sansa screamed when she saw her brother.

Pips, Robb’s red headed girlfriend and Arya both charged into the room and screamed when they saw the blood and Sansa standing there naked, covered in less bubbles. Sansa screamed when they screamed. Kitty, Victoria and Ruthy all rushed into the bathroom as well. Why are my co-workers here? They were carrying wooden stakes and garlic for some reason. Sansa screamed again for everyone to get out before quickly sitting back down in the tub, pulling her knees to her chest. There were eight people and one Lady dog in this bathroom. One person needed medical attention, three people looked like some sort of deranged vampire hunters and her two brothers had seen her naked. This is not happening. Rondo Alla Turca began to play.
“Get this beast off me!” Theon screamed.

“No!” Sansa screamed back.

“Sansa, your being ridiculous call off your wolf. Theon is hurt.” Robb said staring at his bleeding friend while avoiding looking at her.

“No.” She said icily. “Lady is the only one in this room who has any business being here.”

“She’s killing me!” Theon screamed and Lady began breaking his collarbone with her jaws.

“What the fuck did he do?” Jon asked quietly, also avoiding her face.

“I didn’t do anything!” Theon screamed.

“You did something. Lady doesn’t attack for nothing.” Jon was trying to call Lady off but she ignored his commands.

“He barged in here like he owned the place.” Sansa glared at Theon.

“That’s a lie. She called me in here.” Theon gasped out as Lady growled and put a paw on his throat.

“I asked him to leave but then he kept going on about how beautiful I was and would I please give him my maidenhead!” Sansa couldn’t hide her anger if she wanted to.

“Liar. She came onto me. I turned her down; she’s like a sister to me. She got mad and used her wolf to attack.” Theon choked out between sobs.

“The hell I did, Greyjoy!” She screamed at him. She wanted to get out of the tub and throttle him, but enough people had seen her naked today.

“Sansa wouldn’t lie about something like that, asshole!” Arya yelled at Theon before stomping on his family jewels. Theon howled and twisted in pain.

“Arya leave him alone.” Robb picked her up and moved her away. Her little sister was desperately trying to finish what Lady had started.

Sansa sighed and called lady over to her. Theon couldn’t hurt her now. She wasn’t even sure he’d be able to have children after that stomp. She gazed toward the bathroom mirror and froze. No one in the room had any reflection except for her. Lady was just under the mirror’s reflection but Sansa was sure her beloved companion would have one. So why doesn’t anyone else? They were all standing in the room yet they had no reflection at all. She screamed as Für Elise began to play. Lady stood protectively in front of her mistress and growled her muzzle covered in blood. Everyone turned to look at her and she just pointed toward the mirror.
“Well, shit.” Pips remarked awkwardly.

“Now Sansa, don’t freak out or anything.” Victoria remarked calmly giving her a soft smile.

“Don’t freak out? You have no reflection. Maybe you should be freaking out.” Sansa remarked before pulling her knees in closer and wishing she were someplace else.

“Yes, it’s true we have no reflection because we are vampires. But don’t worry we’re not going to hurt you.” Kitty said quietly. Dropping the wooden stakes on the floor.

“Do you mean to tell me, that you are all vampires?” She looked around the room in disbelief. “Why are you even here?” Sansa asked. She still had no idea why her three co-workers were in her house much less the bathroom.

“It’s our weekly vampire meeting. We didn’t know you’d be here.” Ruthy remarked in a surprised tone.

“Your what?” Sansa asked surprised.

“It’s our weekly vampire meeting. It’s Robb’s turn to host.” Pips pointed at her boyfriend.

“Today’s lesson was on wood: friend or foe.” Robb remarked while he held a roll of toilet paper against Theon’s bleeding shoulder.

She made a motion to silence everyone and put her head against her knees. She needed to think. *I’m surrounded by vampires.* She tried to digest everything she had just learned but she still had so many questions. Her water was turning cold and she didn’t want to turn into a prune. *Maybe I am dreaming? I bet I hit my head getting into the bath.* She opened her eyes and everyone was still standing in the bathroom, she glanced toward the mirror and saw they had no reflections. *Great, just great.*

“How long have you all been keeping this secret from me?” She asked as calmly as she could.

“About a year.” Arya said awkwardly.

"So you are all just one big happy Vampire family?" Sansa could not believe what she was saying.

"Sort of." Jon answered.

“How come you guys didn’t turn me into a vampire?” Sansa wanted to know if they thought there was something wrong with her. *There is something wrong with me if I'm jealous.*
“Mom asked us not to. She said you were going to give her grandchildren.” Robb remarked awkwardly.

“She was right.” Sansa began crying, it was all too much.

“What?” Arya asked surprised.

“I’m having a baby.” Sansa just sobbed. She hoped they wouldn’t eat her and the baby. Brahms Lullaby began playing.

“And who may I ask is the father?” Robb asked incensed at the notion his little sister was knocked up.

“Tywin.” She said meekly. “And don’t you dare kill him!” She added suddenly fearful.

“Gross! Is his penis all wrinkly and shit?” Arya asked with a disgusted face.

“He's actually well endowed, sis. In fact it's a rather tight fit if you know what I mean. Not to mention all the things he can do with his tongue?” Her siblings all began making barfing sounds and she smiled triumphantly. Serves them right.

“I’m not going to raise someone else’s bastard. My cock doesn't want any of that baggage.” Theon said through clenched teeth.

"I never wanted your cock." Sansa said disgustedly. Theon narrowed his eyes, his bloody hand holding his shoulder.

"Don't worry Sansa, I'll help you to get rid of that thing before you get too fat and gross to screw." He seethed, eyeing her dangerously.

“No!” Sansa clutched her belly protectively.

“Shut up Theon!” Jon kicked him in the face knocking him out.

“I don’t want him anywhere near me or the baby!” Sansa looked desperately toward her family and friends.

“Oh he won't. I’ll make sure of that.” Arya said darkly.

“So... you need anything Sansa?” Jon asked awkwardly.

“Besides you all leaving? How about some chocolate peanut butter ice cream and pickles.” She said automatically. "And some cheeseburgers." She replied as an afterthought.

Jon nodded and left dragging an unconscious Theon with him, Robb and Arya following close behind. Pips, Victoria, Kitty and Ruthy all rushed to Sansa’s side congratulating her and draining the water in the tub. They began to fill it back up with hot water and added more lemon bubbles. They massaged her shoulders and asked her about baby names. Sansa had never felt so pampered in her life. Maybe being surrounded by Vampires wasn’t such a bad thing after all.
Tomorrow I will be posting a short based on A Nightmare on Elm Street

The first person to guess the correct pairing will win a nightmarish cameo!

Hint: Alcohol

P.S I am working on another upcoming coven piece. If you haven't had a witchy cameo yet, let me know in the comment section. Also if you could tell me what your witchy counterpart should look like and who your GOT crush is.. that would be GREAT!

Warning: Sandor, Gendry, Jaqen, Stannis, Tywin, Petyr, Jon Snow, Daario, and Drogo have all been spoken for.

Oberyn is married but always willing to take another lover ;)

It's coven time witches! So hold onto your broomsticks because this just became a TWO-PARTER

Next week I will follow up with the conclusion. Snow, Ruthy and Victoria hang tight! You are coming up next!

Also May and Sarah I promise you have dialog. You're just having too much fun messing with the Lannisters at the moment :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sandor/Sansa/Joffrey


~Glen Lantz~

Sansa closed her spell book she called Maiden, with a snap. She smoothed her skirt and clasped her hands politely before glaring at Sandor.

“I apologize ser, but would you kindly repeat your words?” Surely she misheard him. He would never dare insult her in her father’s house.

“Are you going deaf as well as dumb? I said you are a pretty little talking bird.” Sandor stared at her smugly with his arms crossed over his chest. He was leaning against the door of her father’s library.

“I thought that was what you said.” Sansa picked up a book next to her and threw it at his head. It made contact and he yelped in surprise. “You dare to compare me to a group of endothermic vertebrates?”

“A what?” He asked in surprise as she strode toward him in a huff.

“I assure you ser, I don’t have feathers or a beak but by the Gods you will see my talons!” She reached to strike him but he grabbed her wrist. She struggled before kicking him in the shins.

“I was wrong to call you a pretty little bird. When you are clearly a beautiful bird when your feathers are ruffled.” Sandor grabbed her by her shoulders and kissed her firmly on the mouth.
She pulled away and slapped him across the good side of his cheek. They stood there glaring at each other until she threw her arms around his neck and they began to kiss with a fiery passion she had only read about in books. The heat that radiated from him threatened to consume her but she was a child of the light. Fire had never scared her.

He pushed her toward her father’s desk and she swept all the books off. He set her on top and began slowly kissing down her neck. He was nipping at a sensitive area behind her ear causing her to gasp. Sansa reached down to feel the strong erection he was having in his breeches, the gesture caused him to growl and rip her Garibaldi blouse off. Cloth covered buttons exploded and she leveled a glare at him. He would buy her two new blouses to make up for that one.

She was left sitting on the desk in an exposed chemise and corset. She smirked at him; he only needed to free her from her skirt, hoop skirt, pantaloons and stockings. He was grumbling about her lemon cake having too many layers before she pulled a ribbon off her chemise. Her cleavage heaved and Sandor stood looking at her with dark eyes.

She pulled combs out of her hair and shook her auburn locks. Her hair fell down in a glorious shimmering cascade. Sandor hurriedly reached around her to unhook her skirt when her father walked in reading a book and eating an apple. Sansa panicked and rolled off the back of the desk and landed with a thud on the floor.

“Mr. Clegane, how nice to see you. Tell me have you seen my daughter?” Ned asked with a mouthful of apple. Apparently he hadn’t been paying attention.

“I do not currently see your daughter.” Sandor said gruffly, starring at the floor while covering up his erection with Maiden.

“Well, carry on then.” Her father took another bite from his apple and left the library still reading from his book.

Sansa breathed out a sigh of relief. If her father found her partially undressed in the company of a man, there was no telling what he would do. Sandor peered over the desk and held out his hand. She stood up smiling and they embraced. She loved the feel of his arms around her. He kissed her softly when the door opened again and two of her fellow coven sisters rushed into the room. Sansa blushed and buried her head in Sandor’s chest.

Clara Mormont and Kitty Baelish stopped and suppressed a giggle at the sight of Sansa, standing partially undressed in the arms of a notorious witch hunter.

“Apologies, we didn’t mean to interrupt.” Kitty exclaimed with a devious smile on her face.
“Or maybe we did.” Clara giggled out.

“Don’t you witches have something better to do.” Sandor growled. Sansa could feel his erection in her side plainly.

“You’re needed at the Casterly Rock Estate immediately.” Kitty stated grinning as she spotted the bare desk and books scattered about the library floor.

“Has something happened? Is it Tommy? Are the twins hurt?” Sansa was filled with fear for her friend.

“The little ones are fine, they are playing with the new Baratheon twins as we speak. Rambling, Ellaria and Silberias are guarding them all at the Sun Spear Estate.” Clara explained.

“Why?” Sandor asked. He usually didn’t bother in coven affairs but it did sound odd.

“Cersei and Joffrey came calling on Tommy while she was away. We had to think fast.” Kitty explained.

“Will that be enough protection?” Sansa asked. With Cersei anything was possible.

“The wolves have been sent to help patrol the grounds.” Clara remarked.

“Joffrey has demanded your presence.” Kitty informed her, reaching down and picking up her ruined blouse.

“I decline.” Sansa said coolly.

“We thought that would be your response but Melisandre insists.” Clara held out the blouse and Sansa slipped into it.

“I won’t marry him.” Sansa stated bluntly. Sandor growled in agreement.

“If you want her so badly, why don’t you put a ring on her finger?” Kitty held up Sansa’s hand and waved it in Sandor’s face.

Sansa took her hand back and blushed. Sandor looked surprised before he grumbled about pushy women and looked out the window. Clara and Kitty snapped their fingers and the blouse repaired itself. Sansa took back Maiden and kissed Sandor on his scarred cheek before running out the door with the women. He long red hair flapping behind her. She gave one long look over her shoulder at Sandor before she disappeared around the corner. As she summoned her horse to be saddled, Sandor ran out of the house and whistled for Stranger.

His massive black beast came trotting over and Sandor swung up on his horse before pulling Sansa up with him. She relaxed against his muscled chest and smiled as his massive arm encircled her waist. She turned to look at her friends who were giving her a knowing look.

“Shall we go?” She asked them.
“We must summon the others first. Margaery, Dany and Shae are needed to form a protective circle around Casterly Rock.” Clara said calmly. “Don’t worry we’ll be helping as well.”

“Is it truly that terrible?” Sansa was scared to leave the safety of her home.

“Yes. Now give our best to the bastard.” Kitty smirked as the two women rode off in the opposite direction.

The ride over the Lannister Estate was quiet except for Sandor’s wandering hands. She reminisced about their first fight a year ago. It was at Ginger’s wedding. A drunk Sandor had called her a stupid girl with stupid dreams. She drunkenly called him an angry mutt in retaliation. One bottle of Dornish Red later they were making love on the fur rug of her bedroom in front of the fireplace. The entire coven felt her ecstasy that night. He took her maidenhead and her heart. All she received in return was a vow that he would never leave her. The lord of Light had promised her love would be returned but it had been a year. He hadn’t even asked for her hand.

Messa and Sassy greeted her in front of Casterly Rock with worried looks and rushed them inside and into the dinning hall. They ran back outside to begin preparation on the protection circle. Sandor swore and Sansa gasped when they entered the dimly lit room. All the servants were dead. Their blood had been used to paint an upside down pentagram on the ground. Myrcella and Tommen Baratheon were holding each other in a terrified embrace in the corner. May and Sarah Tyrell were holding wands pointed at Cersei and Joffrey’s necks and Melisandre sat in the middle of the table with a grim expression. Sasna knew they would have to stall for time, if the others were to make it in time.

“Look my blushing bride has arrived.” Joffrey grinned a crazed smile at her, his hands covered in blood.

“She won’t fucking marry you boy, best you put it out of your fucking mind.” Sandor grunted while stepping in front of Sansa.

“Look a talking dog, how marvelous.” Joffrey sneered.

“Why did you kill all these people?” Sansa could not begin to fathom what Joffrey’s purpose was.

“So I could be Grandfathers true heir.” He grinned and Sarah tapped his teeth with her wand. They turned to sugar and dissolved in his mouth. He screamed as he felt his gummy mouth.

“Don’t touch him whore!” Cersei screamed. May, tapped her on the head with her wand. Her blonde hair turned gray. She never noticed.

“What in the name of R’hllor have you done to my house!” the angry voice of Tommy Lannister filled the room. Behind her stood a stunned Pips. They looked at their meditating leader and began
“You must be my brothers whore. At last we meet.” Cersei said almost pleasantly. May tapped her on the head again, with her wand and Cersei’s skin wrinkled to that of an old woman. She never noticed.

“I am not a whore. I am proud to be Mrs. Jaime Lannister.” Pips said smugly. Tommy linked arms with her new daughter-in-law fondly.

“Isn’t it wonderful, I finally have a daughter who hasn’t escaped the asylum.” Tommy said sweetly.

“I didn’t escape, they released me.” Cersei said smugly.

“How many cocks did you have to suck in order for them to declare you sane?” Pips questioned. Sansa was wondering the same thing.

“Really Cersei, if you don’t take better care of yourself you’ll start to look older then you really are.” Tommy remarked casually. Cersei looked at her reflection in the mirror but saw nothing was amiss. May giggled.

“Enough of this!” Joffrey croaked. “Myrcella, Tommen say the little rhyme mother taught you.” Sarah tapped his nose with her wand and Joffrey howled as his once prominent nose broke in a terrifying crunch.

The Baratheon children screamed in horror and began chanting.

One, Two.

Freddy’s coming for you.

Three, Four.

Better lock your door.

Five, Six

Grab your crucifix.

Seven, Eight

Better stay up late.

Nine, Ten

Never sleep again
Melisandre’s eyes opened and all the candles in the room burned brighter then the noon day sun. She turned slowly around and looked at Cersei with a terrifying glare. “What have you done?” She asked in disbelief.

Chapter End Notes

Next up I will be posting a short based on Ghost Busters :D

The first person to correctly guess the pairing wins a cool cameo!

Hint: Here comes the groom.
Sansa/Tyrion

“We came, we saw, we kicked it’s ass!”

~Dr. Peter Venkman ~

Sansa watched in awe as The Stay Puft Marshmallow Man obliterated the high school. Next she watched as he turned his rage toward the police station. He picked up the building with tremendous effort and ripped it from the foundation. She had never seen anything like it in all her life. Jon pulled her out of the way as a car flew by both their heads. Gods, preserve us. Such destruction.

“That’s enough”

The room went still as Sansa marched over and plucked up her screaming three year old. She didn’t usually raise her voice but when she did people listened. Her son was wearing his Halloween costume and throwing a temper tantrum of epic proportions.

“Eddard Grey Stark. You stop this fussing right now!” She said firmly pointing her finger at the ground and stomping her foot.

“Mama! No, don’t go!” Her son looked at her with his deep blue eyes that were full of tears and his chin quivered.

“Mama has to go to work. Uncle Jon will babysit you.” She kissed his chubby cheek and smoothed his red curls.

“But, why do you have to go, mama? Don’t you love me? I love you. ” He asked her, fat little tears were rolling down his cheeks and Sansa could feel her heart breaking.

“Because mama likes to keep you safe and fed.” Jon said helpfully. He kneeled in front of his
nephew.

“Of course I love you. Now pick up all your legos and place them in the bin.” She said firmly pointing at the mess.

“No.” He said stubbornly.

“I thought we were going to watch cartoons tonight and eat pizza. But, I guess if you don’t want to listen...” Jon said wistfully.

“I want pizza and cartoons!” Eddard began racing around the room throwing everything into the bin.

“Thank you Jon. You always have such a way with him.” Sansa smiled and leaned her head against her brother’s shoulder. “You probably think I’m a terrible mom don’t you.”

“Sansa, you are a single mother. You are raising your son all by yourself after your good for nothing ex left. I don’t think you’re terrible, I admire you.” He nudged her and she smiled.

“Thanks Jon.” She hugged him before she slipped out of the room.

Sansa applied the rest of her makeup in the car and chose to go with the smokey eye look. The dress Tommy had lent her accentuated her long legs. The dress was shorter then she was comfortable with. She would have to be careful not to bend over or she was sure to flash some ass. She was under strict instructions to wear her new set of black La Perla lingerie, so perhaps Tommy intended for her to flash some ass after all. Sansa smiled, what a sneaky friend. She wished her friend would stop by with her mystery man but she had sent her a vague text about bagging herself a lion. Whatever that means. She completed her evening look with her new pair of pair of ballet pink metallic Elaphe pointy-toed pumps by Jimmy Choo. Thank you Tyrion.

When she pulled up to Club Slimer, the line to get in was a mile long. The club she and Tyrion co-owned was thriving. They had chosen the location for it in a converted firehouse. They claimed the club was haunted but she had never seen a ghost. She tossed her keys to the valet and strode to the front of the line. She ignored the cat calls and jealous looks she received from those waiting in line. She walked up to Bronn the bouncer and winked at him as he let her through. She could feel his eyes on her ass but she didn’t mind. She was tempted to ask him out but the man drank too much and was a player by nature. Sansa had to be careful whom she let around her son.

DJ Hodor was in the house and the place was positively buzzing. She smiled and made her way toward the bar. She spotted the head bartender Clara and waved.

“You look beautiful tonight.” Clara winked at her as she poured a Flaming Wight.

“Thanks.” Sansa blew out the flame and took a shot of the blue liquor.

“So, who’s babysitting tonight?” Clara asked as she poured another rowdy patron a drink.

“Jon, of course. Who else would rescue me when the regular sitter calls in sick?” She really did love her brother. Clara nodded understanding. She was a mother as well and the two often held play dates together.
“Well if your looking for the girls they are up in the VIP section.” She pointed upstairs and Sansa thanked her before leaving the bar.

She made her way upstairs carefully avoiding wandering hands when she ran into Kitty and Victoria. They smiled at her and gave her a hug.

“You look stunning!” Kitty gave her an air kiss and spun her to get a better look at her dress.

“Those shoes are rocking.” Victoria exclaimed smiling.

“Thanks.” Sansa said happily. She didn’t know if it was the outfit, the alcohol or the fact she was having a grown up conversation but she was feeling pretty good about herself.

“We’d love to stay and chat but Oberyn Martell just arrived.” Kitty explained as she made her way downstairs.

“As your employees it’s our duty to greet him properly.” Victoria grinned.

“Yes, make sure he’s well taken care of ladies.” Sansa smiled as her friends practically skipped down the stairs.

“We will!” They cried back in unison before breaking out into laughter.

Sansa shook her head and headed toward the front office. She knocked before she entered and found Tyrion sitting at his desk monitoring the club on the screens. He looked more sullen then usual.

“Well partner how are things tonight?” She asked sitting down next to him.

“Not good.” He mumbled before taking a swig from a wine bottle.

“Something wrong with the club?” She asked suddenly worried.

“No the club is fine. It’s Shae.” He sighed and leaned back in his chair.

“Did you two fight again?” Sansa was worried how distant the two had become.

“Is that a new dress?” He asked dodging her question and eyeing her legs.

“Sort of. Do you like it?” She asked, surprised by how badly she needed to know.

“Sansa, you look beautiful. But, I imagine you’d look even better naked.” He grinned at her and she blushed.

“So about Shae.” She prompted him

“I caught her trying to seduce my father. She was standing naked in his office and he turned her down.” Sansa put a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

“I’m sorry. I know what it’s like to be cheated on.” He squeezed her hand.
She knew he remembered her disastrous wedding. He was her best friend and he held her as the love of her life walked out on her. That was the day she was left standing at the alter, eight months pregnant and sobbing. *All because shit head didn’t feel like being tied down all of a sudden.* Her only consolation was her beautiful son, who looked nothing like his father. He was Tully through and through. She would love that boy no matter what but it was nice to look in his eyes and see her own eyes reflected back.

“She threw her out of the office, naked.” Sansa’s eyes snapped back to her friend. She couldn’t believe she had been daydreaming as he poured his heart out.

“What?” She asked, realizing she had missed something important.

“I said. Your friend Tommy walked in and threw Shae out of the office by her hair. She was still naked at the time.” Sansa laughed and clapped an apologetic hand over her mouth. *So that’s what she meant by bagging a lion.*

“The problem is I didn’t even care.” He said sighing.

“You didn’t love her.” She said simply.

“No, it’s you that I love.” He said before taking another swig of win. Sansa had no idea how to respond to that, so she said the first thing that came to mind.

“I haven’t had sex in three years.” She said quickly causing him to choke and spit up the wine. *Gods! Why did I say that!*

“Oh I thought—

“Whatever, it’s fine.” Sansa reached for the wine bottle and ended up spilling some on her dress. *Smooth.* She stood up and fled toward the employee’s bathroom.

“Hi Sansa!” She almost stumbled into Pips putting in her contacts.

“Hello.” Sansa replied politely before she slipped out of the dress. She was suddenly grateful she was wearing the matching lingerie set. *How could I be so stupid! He must think I’m an idiot.*

“Spilled wine? Here let me help.” Pips held up a bottle of club soda and they blotted the dress together.

“Sansa, I need to apologize.” Tyrion walked in still holding his bottle of wine and stopped. His dwarf legs seemed frozen mid step. His eyes were glued to Sansa standing in a black bustier, matching panties and heels.

“You should really try knocking.” Pips said a small smile on her lip.
The bathroom began rumbling and the wall disappeared. Sansa and Pips screamed and fell to their knees holding each other as an ethereal being with terrible hair and a sparkling leotard walked through the portal. Smoke filled the confined space and she could hear lightning crash.

“Are you a God?”

“What?” Tyrion asked in wonder. Sansa and Pips were too scared to say anything.

“Are you a God?”

“Yes. I am the God of tits and wine.” Sansa and Pips gaped at him.

“Prove your power.”

“Fine.” He walked over and dumped the rest of the wine bottle all over Sansa’s cleavage. He smirked, as he began licking it off. Sansa couldn’t hide the briefest of smiles as his tongue swirled across her bosom. Pips couldn’t stop staring at the entity with a frightening voice.

“Then, I will depart from this realm and seek another.”

The bathroom rumbled and the being departed. Pips jumped up and looked wildly at the both of them.
“Why did you say you were a God?” Sansa asked in confusion.

“Because only a fool would say no.” He stopped licking her breasts and held her hand instead.

“Well, I’ll just let you two get back to your worship then.” Pips walked out muttering something about needing a raise.

“Three years is too long.” He leaned forward and whispered in her ear.

“Yes, it is.” She looked into Tyrion’s mismatched eyes and her stomach filled with butterflies. “I don’t want to be some sort of rebound.” She stated, her blue eyes flashing a warning.

“I have loved you from the first moment I laid eyes on you. I love Eddard, I would never treat either of you poorly.” He told her sincerely.

Sansa kissed him and her heart that had been broken for so long suddenly felt whole again.

Chapter End Notes

Next up I will posting a short based on Trick ’r Treat

The first person/persons to correctly guess the pairing wins a cameo :D

Hint: Cock's Comb, Naked Ladies, Climax

Hint 2: Chandigarh, Mottisfont, Pinjarra

Explanation:

Cock’s Comb, Naked Ladies, Climax are all names of plants.

Chandigarh, Mottisfont, Pinjarra Are all the locations of world famous rose gardens
I do not own these characters. I do not own these films. I own nothing Jon Snow.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

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Sansa/Willas

“There’s something moving by that rock.”

~Schrader~

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Rule 1. Never blow out a Jack O’ Lantern

The Lannister limo arrived for the Stark Masquerade ball an hour late. Cersei was dressed in a silk, burgundy dress with gold accents. Her off the shoulder, renaissance dress was paired with a bold, golden lion embroidered on each sleeve. Her hair had been twisted, braided and piled high on her head, resembling a living golden crown. She felt beautiful, she felt regal, and she felt like a Queen.

The family exited the limo and made their way to the gate. They ended up running into the welcoming line of Starks. Sansa was standing behind her brother in his wheelchair. The cripple was dressed all in black with a pet raven sitting calmly on his shoulder. The Stark bitch was dressed as a whorish Little Red Riding Hood and the youngest urchin was wearing orange-footed pajamas and burlap sack on his head. Trash all of them. She frowned when Fancy Kid and her husband Billy walked up dressed like a couple from the Wild West. Fancy was the only witness Cersei couldn’t bribe who witnessed the cripple’s accident. It was her fault Jaime was taken away to prison, she had testified in court against him. It didn’t help matters that her brother had a crisis of conscious and confessed.

Cersei seethed with rage and paused next to a flickering Jack O’ Lantern. She didn’t like the way it was looking at her. She bent down to blow it out.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you. It’s tradition to keep them lit.” The cripple said calmly. She rolled
her eyes and blew it out anyway.

“I make my own traditions.” She said smugly. She smirked as she saw the limping Tyrell boy slowly walk up and place his arm around Sansa’s delicate waist.

“How are you Bran?” Jaime asked, full of concern for the pathetic child. Her twin had just gotten out of prison. Why was he talking to the brat that sent him away?

“I am well Jaime. Thank you for asking.” He said politely back. She rolled her eyes.

“Don’t you look lovely this evening little dove.” She cooed at the Stark whore. Sansa smiled politely which irritated her.

“I didn’t know they hired strippers this evening.” Joffrey said his voice filled with amusement as he eyed Sansa and Fancy appreciatively.

“How kind your heart must be to be surrounded by so many disabled individuals. Do you set out to find them or do they just end up following you home?” Cersei asked, gleeful at the shocked looks on everyone’s faces.

“Perhaps she’s starting a collection mother.” Joffrey sneered.

“That’s enough you two.” Her father reprimanded her like a child.

“I see your dressed like a saloon whore, how about we three play some strip poker later?” Joffrey smugly asked Fancy, ignoring his grandfathers warning.

“How about I knock your teeth in?” Billy asked angrily, defending the women. Willas just stared at Joffrey in a way Cersei didn’t like. It was almost predatory.

“He just threatened your grandson. What do you intend to do about it father?” She asked angrily.

“Nothing.” Tywin said before taking another call. She angrily pushed her way through the group. She had important people to see and the Starks were not important.

She entered the manor and immediately took a glass of champagne that was offered before barking for more. Someone slipped her a note to meet her in the glass gardens. It must be from Jaime! She fled toward the secluded spot for an overdue rendezvous. She waited for her brother and looked around. She was startled to see the hothouse was full of ravens. They must be turning this into an aviary. She looked up in surprise when she saw the silhouette of Willas Tyrell standing in the doorway.

“Never blow out a Jack O’ Lantern.” He said calmly before locking the door from the outside. Cersei felt cornered and ran for the other exit but Sansa Stark was blocking it.

“It’s tradition.” Sansa Stark said calmly before locking the other exit from the outside.

She ran toward a window and pounded on it when she saw the littlest Stark and Fancy peering at her. Cersei begged and pleaded with them to let her out.
“The North remembers.” Fancy said solemnly through the glass panes before handing a large lollypop to the littlest Stark. He took a giant bite and held Fancy’s hand.

She heard squawking come from above and shrieked when the ravens began attacking her in a flurry of feathers and blood. The ravens seemed to be shrieking at her as they descended on her. They cawed the word ‘Shame’ into her ears over and over. There was nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. She begged for help as she felt their talons shred her once beautiful face. She screamed as the crows began pecking out her eyes. She curled into a ball as they tore her ears off. She prayed to all the Gods for the end to come quickly.

It didn’t.

**Rule 2. Always Check Your Candy**

Joffrey was pissed that Sansa was dating that pathetic cripple. He was going to make her regret dumping him. He should have raped that bitch when he had a chance. She was just asking for it tonight. She was dressed as the slutty version of Little Red Riding Hood. Her perky breasts were pushed up high and her costume barely covered her ass. Whether she wanted it or not she was going to suck his cock tonight. He spotted that trio of friends she always had at her side. Those bitches had convinced Sansa to leave him in the first place.

He hated Tommy, Pips and Victoria. They were all dressed as slutty Disney Princess’s this evening. He checked his stash of roofies and smiled. Maybe he would have fun with all of them this evening. He smiled as his good friend Ramsay came over. He discussed his Halloween plans and his friend eagerly agreed to participate in the fun. The plan was to separate and then Ramsay would show up with drinks. Sansa would never take anything Joffrey gave her but he didn’t think she knew Ramsay. Joffrey reached down into the bowl of candy before that cripple Bran, stopped him.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you. It’s tradition to check candy before you eat it.” He said calmly. Ramsay rolled his eyes at the superstition.

“I make my own traditions.” Joffrey said smugly, remembering what his mother said. He began stuffing his face full of chocolate and watched as Bran rolled away.

He walked over to the trio of ladies and apologized for his poor treatment of Sansa in the past. He
gave them a sincere smile and flashed some apologetic eyes. He asked if they could direct him to Sansa so he could beg for forgiveness. The girls seemed hesitant at first before they agreed and brought him toward a spare bedroom. He saw Rickon standing by the door with Fancy sucking on a lollypop.

The girls softly knocked before they all entered. As the door closed quickly he could see Fancy covering up Rickon’s eyes and muttering something about finding Billy. Joffrey was enraged to see Sansa kneeling in front of her boyfriend giving him a blowjob. The top of Sansa’s costume was pulled down and her milky white breasts and hard pink nipples were exposed. Willas’s hands were gripping her shining auburn hair and she was licking his cock. Sansa never did anything like that for me. Joffrey wanted to give them both a piece of his mind but his nose began bleeding and distracted him.

“You should always check your candy.” Willas moaned as he bucked his hips and smiled. Joffrey clutched his nose before he suddenly began choking.

“It’s tradition.” Sansa whispered, taking a small break before she began to lick and suck her boyfriend’s balls. Joffrey clawed at his throat and collapsed on his knees.

“The North remembers.” Her bitch friends laughed at him before they left him the room. Shutting the door behind them. He was collapsed on the floor gasping for breath and no one cared.

The room started going black as he saw Sansa gagging herself on her boyfriends cock. Willas was moaning and tugging her hair. Joffrey was both aroused and horrified that this would be the last thing he ever saw. She fondled, caressed and worshiped her boyfriend’s dick. She sucked, licked and kissed her boyfriends cock before Willas really began bucking wildly. The Tyrell bastard gasped her name before unloading into her mouth. She swallowed his swimmers willingly, her eyes shining bright. Sansa turned and smirked at Joffrey before she began licking clean her boyfriend’s cock. The room finally went completely black for him but he could still hear the noise. Joffrey prayed to the Gods to let him die quickly before he heard anymore.

The Gods didn’t listen.

**Rule 3. Never go out alone.**

Ramsay couldn’t find Joffrey anywhere. The group of slutty girls he planned on playing with had run into him causing him to spill the trey of spiked drinks. He went to the bathroom to clean up and that’s when he saw Gwyn walking alone outside. That raven-haired beauty was dressed as a pirate wench. He was dressed as a pirate so it must be fate. Maybe he would have some fun tonight after
all, he certainly had fun with her roommate last year.

He finished cleaning up and headed outside. He waved to his father and Walder Frey as they came in. He stepped aside to let them pass. As he put his hand on the doorknob, Bran blocked everyone’s path with his stupid wheelchair.

“Never go outside alone. It’s tradition.” He said calmly. Walder laughed at him and even Roose smirked.

“I make my own traditions.” He said smugly remembering what Joffrey had said. He pushed past the boy and went in search of his prey.

He stalked Gwyn all over the grounds before he cornered her in the hedge maze. He made sure he made enough noise so she would be frightened. He loved the smell of fear on a women, it was intoxicating. He stepped on branches and laughed as he heard her falling down repeatedly and cried out in pain. She was quicker than she looked. He was getting tired and annoyed before he finally slammed into her when they reached a dead end. He raised his eyebrows when he saw Sansa, Willas and Rickon all standing there looking at him. Rickon was eating a lollypop. He frowned at his rotten luck. He had plans for Gwyn and people were ruining them.

“Never go outside alone.” Willas said calmly. Gwyn growled at him and her eyes turned amber. He took a step back.

“It’s tradition.” Sansa replied calmly. Gwyn howled and her back contorted violently. Suddenly Ramsay felt like he was the prey. This whole thing had been a trap for him.

“The North remembers.” Gwyn grunted out before shredding all her clothes and skin off. She grew in size and thick brown hair covered her body.

She was transforming into a werewolf before his eyes. She howled up at the full moon and Ramsay was too scared to run away. He pissed himself when she knocked him in the side of the head with her massive claws. He screamed for help but Sansa and Willas just smiled and took Rickon’s hands and walked away. Gwyn bit into his leg and he felt his bones grinding together. She picked him up and tossed him around the maze like a rag doll. As he felt his jaw being ripped off he prayed to the Gods to be rescued.

He wasn’t.

Rule 4. Never go to a stranger’s home.
Roose and Walder had business to attend to. They needed a quiet place to discuss things and decided the Crypts of Winterfell would be the safest place. As they neared the entrance they spotted Bran Stark sitting in his chair petting a small corgi. Roose didn’t like the feeling that this boy seemed to know where they would be headed.

“Never go to a strangers home. It’s tradition.” He said politely.

“I make my own traditions boy.” Roose said calmly. Remembering the phrase Ramsay had used.

“As do I. Besides it’s the fucking crypts. Ain’t nobody living in there.” Walder spat out. They both watched as Bran nodded politely before he rolled back to the house.

When the boy was far enough away Roose and Walder made their way down. They were there to discuss business but Walder only wanted to discuss Sansa’s perky breasts. Roose was looking forward to tasking them himself; his wife Walda did nothing for him. The two friends talked about Roose’s plans to get his hands on some blackmail. He planned on convincing Sansa she would lose custody of her little brothers if she didn’t comply. Walder was discussing sharing custody of her tight cunt. Roose wasn’t pleased about the thought of sharing her every other weekend. A beam of light from a flashlight hit them both in the eyes.

Sansa was pointing a flashlight at them her face full of disgust, She was holding the hand of her little brother tightly. Willas and Diana Clegane were behind them. Roose remembered Walder had burned down Sandor’s auto repair shop last year. At the time Diana and her baby were trapped in the back and it took four firemen to pin down Sandor, so he wouldn’t charge into the blaze after them. Diana and the baby escaped unharmed and Roose was wondering when the Clegane’s would seek revenge.

“Never go into a stranger’s home.” Willas said through clenched teeth. The crypts around him seemed to rattle a bit.

“It’s tradition.” Sansa said icily. This time the walls shook and the statues of the dead shrieked at them. Walder fell over terrified. Roose remained calm and he pulled out his gun and aimed for Sansa’s head.

“The North remembers.” Diana said kicking Walder in the face. The lids of all the Crypts cracked open and he turned to look as the decomposing body of Robb Stark bit his hand, causing him to drop his gun.
Sansa smiled at her zombie parents and introduced them to her boyfriend. Ned and Cat smiled and nodded. They patted Rickon on the head before turning toward Roose. He tried to look at the best exit option but the reanimated corpses of countless undead Starks blocked his path. He picked his gun back up to shoot Sansa but Cat bit his hand so hard she severed it from his body. Walder cried out as Robb and Lyanna Stark began eating him alive with a hungry ferocity, Cat and patted her dead son’s back before she joined in on the feast.

Brandon Stark bit the back of his heel severing his Achilles tendon. Roose fell backwards and watched in horror as the charred remains of Rickard Stark gnawed on his shoulder. Ned stood over him and some of decomposing flesh fell off and landed in Roose’s mouth. He wanted to wretch but he was in too much pain to do so. Roose wasn’t a religious man but when Ned ripped open his side and began chewing on his rib he screamed and begged them to eat him quickly.

They ate him slowly.

Sansa and Willas tucked Rickon into bed. He shoved a spit-covered sucker into Sansa’s mouth and she smiled and kissed him on his forehead.

“Happy Halloween sissy.” Rickon murmured sleepily. “Love you both.”

“Happy Halloween little brother. We love you too.” She kissed him gently.

"I love you little man." Willas said softly as they left the room to head up to bed. They stopped as Bran blocked their path.

“You have to say it. It’s tradition.” He said politely.

“Sansa, I am yours and you are mine.” Willas kissed her on the lips and Bran smiled.

“Willas, I am yours and you are mine.” Sansa kissed him back and Bran chuckled before he wheeled his way back toward his room.

Later that night after the two had made love, Sansa and Willas walked toward the heart tree hand in hand and prayed. They thanked the Old Gods for the traditions of her family and prayed for the
continued blessings of their friends and family.

The Old Gods smiled.

Chapter End Notes

Tomorrow I will post a short based on Shaun of the Dead

The first person or people to correctly guess the pairing wins a cameo :D

Hint: Behind the eight ball
Shaun of the Dead

Chapter Notes

I do not own these characters. I do not own the rights to these films. I own nothing Jon Snow.

So have any of you ever woken up and realized you looked like a chipmunk stuffing his cheeks for winter? Because that’s what happened to me! I had a dental emergency :(

Turns out I am getting all four wisdom teeth pulled on Wednesday!
Booooooooooooooooo

All this pain (the pain is real folks) and dental work are cutting into my Halloween Fun!!!!

*Shakes angry fist at sky*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sansa/Jorah

“You’ve got red on you.”

~Everyone~

Sansa and Jorah sat in a comfortable booth in the back of the Winchester Pub. Her roommate was drowning his sorrows in a beer. Dany, his boss and the woman he had been madly in love with for years had fired him. He had discovered embezzling going on within the company and reported it to the authorities. Dany was furious he had gone behind her back and fired him on the spot. She also confessed that she had never loved him and that he was beneath her. Jorah was devastated and Sansa tried her best to soothe her longtime friend. It was only last week that she had found out her longtime boyfriend was gay. What made things worse was he had been cheating on her the whole time with her best friends brother. They both glared at the jukebox when a sappy love song came on.
She hated love songs.

The bartender kicked them out at closing time and the two stumbled outside. She was freezing so Jorah gave her his coat and she kissed his scruffy cheek. They both chuckled when they passed the phone booth on the corner. Inside they had seen their friends Tommy and Sassy making out with some random guy. It kind of looked like they were eating him alive. Sansa shrugged it wasn’t up to her to judge how rough some people liked it. Beer always left her slightly turned on and so she ended up shoving Jorah against a wall and kissed him. He seemed surprised at first but he didn’t pull away.

*She was gonna sex him up.*

She woke up the next morning in bed, naked and curled up next to Jorah. She didn’t remember much after the kiss. Images flashed in her mind and she blushed when she recalled performing a strip tease for him. She couldn’t believe she slept with her roommate. She could tell he was awake because he was playing with ends of her long auburn hair. He kissed her gently when she finally peered up at him. He told her not to worry they hadn’t had sex. He also mentioned he had lost his phone somewhere. Jorah filled in the missing blanks from her evening. Apparently after her strip show she offered to give him a lap dance. However, she ended up falling asleep in the middle of it. She tried to apologize but he blushed and said it was exactly what he needed. He asked her if he was special or, did she always sing the lyrics to Baby Got Back while giving lap dances.

*She was never drinking again.*

They both sat upright when they heard a banging coming from the garden. She wrapped a sheet around her naked body before they crept toward the bedroom window. She wasn’t surprised to see the intruder was Kitty, their next-door neighbor. The poor girl was wandering around their garden drunk, again. This time she was wearing her Halloween costume. Sansa couldn’t understand why anyone would want to be dressed as a horror victim. Kitty was covered in fake blood and kept bumping into the backyard shed. Jorah sent a text to the girl’s father to come and pick her up. Sansa excused herself so she could go take a shower and she felt Jorah’s eyes follow her all the way to the bathroom.

*She wished he would’ve joined her in the shower.*
Jorah handed her a mug of hot coffee as she finally made her way downstairs. She was wearing a comfortable sweater and a pair of worn jeans. It wasn’t until she saw the expression on his face that she realized she was wearing his sweater. She apologized but he smiled and said he was finally jealous of a sweater. She blushed and thanked him for the compliment and the coffee. Jorah mentioned he planned on playing Tekken 2 all day. He asked her if she wanted to play with him. She agreed and he grabbed her hand and dragged her into the front room. He set up the game and explained the rules. Sansa bit her lip before she flirtatiously sat on his lap. He wrapped his arms around her and placed his hands on top of hers. His touch lingered and Sansa didn’t have the heart to tell him she already knew how to play. He nestled his chin on her shoulder, sending pleasurable shivers down his spine.

*She might actually let him win if he kept that up.*

After Sansa had beaten him for a second time they decided to take a break. She stretched her limbs and asked Jorah if he wanted anything from the corner market. He asked for a coke and Sansa grabbed her coat and purse and headed out. The streets were oddly deserted but she did see a few people shuffling about slowly. She entered the market and headed for the fridge she waved at Pips the owner, who didn’t notice. Pips was currently dragging around half a human torso. Sansa shuddered, these new Halloween decorations were so life like. She opened up the freezer case and retrieved the last Cornetto Ice Cream Cone. She picked up a lemon poppy seed scone and threw some papers on the counter. She didn’t want to interrupt Pips if she was busy decorating. She left the market quickly and headed back home.

*She loved lemon scones.*

The front door was slightly ajar and Sansa used her hip to bump it all the way open. She smiled as Jorah leapt up in surprise. He took the snacks from her so she could answer her buzzing cell phone. She smiled because it was her mum calling. She couldn’t help but gasp when her mum told her that a group of thugs had tried to break in last night. She said they actually tried to bite her father on the hand. Her mother insisted that the Lannisters hired them but Sansa didn’t share her mother’s convictions. She assured her mother she was fine and no one had tired to break in before she ended the call. She gave Jorah a hug and told him about the attempted break in at Winterfell. Even though she didn’t think it was a Lannister conspiracy, she was still scared for her parents.

*She didn’t know what she would do if someone broke in.*
After watching a movie, Sansa and Jorah decided they were tired of being cooped up. They decided to go into town for some errands and perhaps get some lunch later. They were just about to leave when Sansa sighed and looked at her street. There was some kind of Halloween parade going on. Normally she would love to join in the fun but she saw that her co-worker was out there. For weeks Sassy had pestered Sansa to get a costume. She didn’t want to admit that she hadn’t decided on one yet. Sassy made a terrifying zombie; she had put a lot of thought into the costume. Her co-workers hair was full of curlers and she wearing big wolf slippers and a pink fuzzy bathrobe that was splattered with fake blood. It even looked like she was wearing white contacts, Sansa felt ashamed at her own lack of creativity. Jorah suggested they head out the back and walk through the alleys.

She really needed to embrace the Halloween spirit.

Once they were outside Sansa took a moment to breath in the crisp autumn air. A Breeze blew by her and picked up her fiery strands, she watched as they danced about her face. Jorah carefully tucked a lock behind her ear and she could feel an invisible spark pass between the two of them. She wondered if he felt it too. They both looked for Kitty hiding somewhere in the garden but they saw no trace of her. As they walked quietly down the lane Sansa smiled when Jorah held her hand. She felt like her hand was a perfect fit to his and she loved the feelings of their entwined fingers. Jorah stopped and picked up a Cricket Bat that someone had thoughtlessly discarded. Her roommate was an avid Cricket fan; his favorite team was the Buckingham Bears.

She hoped he would take her to a game someday.

As they neared the end of the lane, Sansa looked over at Victoria’s beautiful home. Sansa stifled a gasp when she spied her boss standing outside on her patio eating what looked to be a chunk of meat covered in barbeque sauce. She couldn’t believe her vegan-toting boss was ripping into meat like a true carnivore. The hypocrite was sneaking meat behind everyone’s back. She shook her head in disappointment as she watched the barbecue sauce drip down her boss’s chin, staining her clothes. At least Sansa thought it was barbecue sauce. The sauce strongly resembled congealed blood. She shook her head; it was unthinkable that her boss was some sort of cannibal. Victoria was clearly leading a double life and Sansa didn’t want to intrude. She and Jorah left as quietly as they had come.

She could never be a vegan.

When they finally reached the end of the alley they looked out at the street. It looked like a zombie block party. The only thing missing were venders and music. Jorah asked her if they were looking at
some kind of Halloween performance art. Sansa nodded in agreement, it was the only that made sense. The street was filled with actors, no wonder they didn’t seem to be breaking out of character. They both rolled their eyes and snickered at everyone’s dedication to the craft. Jorah said he wouldn’t mind popping into The Winchester and checking to see if they had his lost phone. Sansa suggested they try the back door because it had a doorbell. She thought pounding on the front doors might be a distraction to the performance.

She swore she lived in the most interesting town.

Jorah suggested the best way to get to the Winchester was by walking through the crowd. Sansa thought they should pretend to be zombies like everyone else so they would blend in. They had no idea how to act like a zombie so Sansa smiled when she spied her yoga buddy in the crowd. Sansa and Jorah studied her performance and they were both moved. Em looked sad and mournful, like a drunk who had lost a bet. They stuck their hands out in front of them and made sad moaning sounds. As they shuffled slowly through the group Sansa was pleased the actors didn’t chastise their performance. It was exhilarating to perform in front of so many; usually Sansa was more quiet and reserved. Even Jorah seemed to be enjoying himself. Sansa felt bad at all the times she had ever made fun of actors. Acting was harder then it looked and could be very rewarding. They made it across the street and around the building in no time.

She wondered if Jorah would take an acting class with her.

They rang the doorbell but when they saw that the door was unlocked Jorah pushed it open quietly. He held her hand and they stepped into the darkened pub together. Sansa had never broken in anywhere before. It was wrong, it was dishonest and she was turned on. She almost jumped when she saw Snow White the owner shuffleing around the front door. Jorah motioned for her to be quiet. Sansa remembered that the lost and found box was sometimes kept downstairs. They tiptoed behind the bar and opened the trap door before quietly making their way down. Jorah shut the door carefully to cover their tracks. If they were lucky they could be in and out before anyone knew. A spider landed on her shoulder and she silently freaked out by ripping off the sweatshirt she was wearing. She was immediately grateful she was at least wearing a cute bra. Jorah cursed under his breath before walking over to her and kissing her hungrily.

She hoped he would always kiss her like that.

Jorah pressed her against the cold wall and explored her mouth with his tongue. She unhooked her bra and let it fall to the floor. He kissed down her chest with his gentle lips. His lips were as light as
feathers and just as sinful. Jorah sucked on her nipples, his tongue swirling over them, teasing her until they hardened and she moaned his name in his ear. She arched her back as her arousal grew with each kiss and each lick. His erection pressed into her, she knew the desperation that had for each other. He moaned her name and told her how badly he needed and wanted her. The moment was imprinting on their very souls. She scratched his back as his hand began sliding down her pants. She was caught up in a tangled web of bliss and desire when the cellar door burst open. Soldiers poured into the small space, shouting at them with guns drawn.

_She screamed._

Sansa hid behind Jorah terrified they would be arrested for breaking in. The soldiers shouted at them and asked ridiculous questions. They demanded to know if any rabid humans had bitten them recently. Jorah looked incredulous at them and shook his head no. Sansa was completely bewildered by their odd line of questioning. It didn’t take long for the male soldiers to realize they had interrupted a moment. The men nudged each other and pointed at her exposed breasts causing Jorah to become angrier then she had ever seen him. She covered her chest with her hands. The soldiers whistled as she put her sweater back on, much to her embarrassment. Jorah shouted at them and the group quieted down a little before they assisted in evacuating them. Sansa was reunited with her family and her mother wept tears of joy that all her babies had survived. Arya looked like she had been through hell and Sansa suspected she had been. Jorah held her protectively during transit as Sansa leaned her head against his shoulder. Her parents informed them that the entire town had been quarantined because of an outbreak of a deadly virus at the Lannister Labs.

_She had no idea._

Chapter End Notes

The next short will be based on Bram Stoker's Dracula

The first person to guess the correct pairing wins a cameo!!!!!!

Hint: Notorious
April 9, 1912

Dear Diary:

Tomorrow Kitty, Uncle Petyr and I will set sail on the maiden voyage of the RMS Adult Orphan. The exciting news is that Tommy, Pips and Clara will be traveling with us as well. Pips even book passage for Clara and her husband Sandor. He fussed about paying his own way but we explained that the newlyweds could think of this as their honeymoon.

The only downside to our trip comes with the knowledge that Margaery and her new fiancé Joffrey will be in attendance as well. He never forgave me for turning down his proposal and I worry what he will do if I run into him. Uncle Petyr promised he would hire extra security for me but I turned him down. That would just be silly. I am not a princess from some storybook in need of protection from a vicious lion.

I still find it most strange to address my dearest friend Kitty, as my new aunt. Most people say she only married my uncle for his money but they are wrong. It is true love; I know this because I see it in their eyes. Uncle Petyr may wear a mask for the world but I can see what truly lies beneath and it is the face of a man in hopelessly in love.
Kitty have never been happier and now that she is with child, she has never looked lovelier. Some might say it is uncouth for a woman in her condition to be seen in public much less a voyage. I for one never cared for the vapid opinion an approval of others and neither does my family. I am however most anxious to meet my new cousin. Kitty praise for a son well uncle Petyr prays for a daughter. I pray they have both.

I must rest, for tomorrow is a busy day.

~Sansa Stark~

April 10, 1912

Dear Diary:

The RMS Adult Orphan is a beautiful ship! Petyr arranged for us to be given a private tour of the ship by Captain Stannis Baratheon. We were also introduced to his second mate Mr. Davos Seaworth, a kind and jovial man. Such a stark contrast of the seriousness demeanor of the captain. We learned many interesting things on the tour such as the ship was expected to carry close to 2,200 soles and could go up to a speed of 24 knots. I must confess I do not know what 24 knots means but I believe it must be fast for a ship this size.

When I asked the Captain if he truly thought the ship was unsinkable he ground his teeth and said nothing was! Mr. Seaworth must have seen my distress because he comforted me in the knowledge that over 900 capable crewmen were on board. We had to cut the tour short when Pips had a coughing spell that would not stop. We all escorted her back to the comfort of her room.

Clara took over from there. I will forever be grateful that she insisted on bringing her nurse along. Pips is dying and it breaks my heart to see her wasting away, knowing there is nothing I can do to help. Thank the Old Gods and The New, for Clara being such a gifted nurse and devoted friend! I truly do not know what we would do without her.

Kitty and uncle Petyr spent the rest of their day locked in their suite. I even heard some grunts and moans when I passed by their door. I hadn't thought in her condition that a coupling could happen, how wrong I was! I really must thank Uncle Petyr when I see him next for having the foresight to book me my own personal suite. Imagine my embarrassment of i was staying in the spare room of two amorous mockingbirds. Despite my initial embarrassment I find it rather sweet.

To avoid any more awkwardness I visited Tommy and her suite and she gave me a present. The book was entitled Arabian Nights and included multiple stories mixed with with scandalous
illustrations. It was not a proper gift for a lady, which must explain why we spent a long time looking at the pictures and giggling.

Tommy has more experience than I do when it comes to such matters. She happily enlightened me on how some precarious positions were possible, if only one was flexible. We spent the rest of the afternoon gossiping and exploring more of the ship. When we finally looked at the time we quickly dashed back to our rooms and dressed for dinner. I tried to hide my blush with Peter and Kitty finally joined us at our reserved table.

The First Class Dining Room was impressive. It had been designed in the elegant Jacobean Style that was all the rage now. Dinner was delicious, Uncle Petyr ordered us roast duckling with apple sauce and for dessert we enjoyed warm lemon cakes. Kitty and I ate most of them, Uncle Petyr didn't say a word.

On the way back to my room I became separated from my family when I took a wrong turn. I ended up running into the most unusual man he was a handsome, older gentleman dressed in an expensive suit. He was calmly walking the largest wolf I had ever laid eyes on. People were clamoring to get out of their way but I knelt down to pet the beast.

She was soft and I could tell immediately that she had a kind and gentle heart. The man looked at me and surprise she said she didn't usually like people touching her and had once bitten a hand off woman. I kissed the wolf on her head and told him I had the blood of the wolf running through my very veins. He looked at me strangely when I told him that some people were hunters while others were prey. He asked me if I would like to meet him in the First Class Lounge tomorrow night before dinner. He invited me to play a game of Cyvasse and I excitedly excepted. I love that game.

I must rest, for tomorrow proves to be most exciting.

~Sansa Stark~

April 11, 1912

Dear Diary:

All day today my stomach was filled with butterflies, every time I thought about him. As I played cards with my friends I told them of my mysterious run in with the handsome stranger. They chastised me for not getting his name but were intrigued by the fact of wolf was a board the ship. Tommy and Clara immediately begin to investigate who the owner of the wolf might be. Kitty complained her feet and ankles were too swollen to go traipsing around a vessel so she stayed by
We strived to make polite conversation with other first-class passengers while making discreet inquiries. Hours had passed and we still had no information on the mysterious stranger. At last it was Pips who came up with the bright idea to ask the staff. A disheveled Tommy appeared later that afternoon and told us that the man we sought was called Count Tywin Lannister. She said he was a recluse who spent most of his time in his room and only seem to come out at night. She then smiled and said someone named Podrick was now in possession of her small clothes. We blushed and giggled at her salacious behavior.

The fact that a Count had shown some interest in me, interested my Uncle Petyr a great deal. He made sure that I was dressed in a way that would leave a lasting impression on any man. Clara piled my auburn curls on top of my head exposing my slender neck. I wore Pips burgundy down with detailed black lace and beading. Tommy leant me her long white silk gloves that fit over the elbow and even Kitty gave a beautiful sapphire brooch to wear.

When I arrived at the lounge I saw the Count waiting for me and he was even more handsome than I remembered. He kissed my hand and looked at me with hungry eyes I hoped my eyes reflected that hunger. He said he knew I had been making inquiries about him and he confessed to doing the same with regards to myself. We were in the midst of our game of Cyvasse when Joffrey and Margaery came over and ruined everything.

Joffrey had the audacity to ask if the Count was my grandfather. Margaery chimed in that she thought he might be my great, great grandfather. Count Lannister seemed unimpressed with the two but I boldly defended his age. I explained to Joffrey that it was better to be in the company of a true man but a petulant child like himself.

I also reminded him that it was his lack of intelligence that convinced me to decline his offer of marriage. Margaery was not pleased, apparently Joffrey failed to mention she was his second choice. Joffrey said I would rue the day I turned him down. The Count asked menacingly if that was a threat and Joffrey took two small steps back like the coward he was.

Margaery linked arms with her fiancé and smiled sweetly as she described the locations all of my pieces found on the board, thus ruining the game. The two left laughing while I was left annoyed the game was over.

The Count offered to take me on a stroll around the deck to cheer me up. It was so romantic! We gazed at stars and talked about everything from world travel to finances. He asked me to call him Tywin before he kissed me gently on the lips. He remarked that I was the most intriguing woman he had ever met. He escorted me to dinner before departing. He had made arrangements to dine in his suite.
I must rest, for I am anxious to dream of that kiss.

~Sansa Stark~

April 12, 1912
Dear Diary:

An invitation arrived this morning from Tywin asking if I would like to join him for dinner in his suite. I conferred with my Uncle Petyr and Kitty. They were both intrigued by the invitation but insisted I bring along an escort. An unattached woman could easily gain a reputation if she was found alone in the company of a bachelor.

I decided I would like to be accompanied by Pips and passed sent a message back and a brief explanation for the additional guest. Everyone pressed me for details about the previous night, I kept the kiss a secret but I did explain how Margaery and Joffrey almost ruined everything. Kitty volunteered to throw them both overboard herself and we all chuckled at the thought.

I casually asked Clara how she was enjoying her honeymoon and she blushed profusely when Tommy explained they had broken the bed. We laughed so hard at that that we all had tears streaming down our faces. Clara mumbled about beds never being strong enough.

Later that afternoon I went to The Reading and Writing Room to retrieve some elegant stationary. I was on my way back when I had the misfortune to come across Joffrey and his odious friend Meryn Trant. Joffrey demanded that Meryn strike me in retaliation for my earlier insult. I reacted to slowly and felt the sting of Meryn's hand at the slap me soundly across the face.

I held my ground but I could still taste blood in my mouth. Meryn had cut my lip with one of his audacious rings. Joffrey mentioned he knew I was staying in a suite by myself and promised to visit me later. I refuse to be threatened so I informed him that he would have nowhere to hide once I told my Uncle Petyr what his plans were.

Meryn abruptly shoved me against the railing of the ship causing me to cry out in pain, I prayed that I hadn't broken a rib. Joffrey threatened if I told anyone that he would kill me. He looked very sure of himself so I instinctively kneed him in the groin as hard as I could. Sandor once said it was the best way to stop a man in his tracks, he was right.
I fled back to the safety of my room and cried when I saw my face. I am now in possession of a bruised cheek and a split lip. I sent a message to Tywin informing him of my regrets that I wouldn't be able to attend dinner, as I was unwell.

I was sitting on my bed with my hair down and wearing nothing but a simple gauze dressing gown when I heard a knock on the door. I was hesitant to answer it until I heard Tywin's concerned voice on the other side. I invited him in before I realized how I was dressed or how I looked.

I was pleased to see that he had brought along his wolf. Tie when came in carrying a tray of roasted lamb with mint jelly vegetables a bottle of wine and a plate of lemon cakes. The Wolf whined as soon as she saw me and Tywin turned around quickly. I could see the surprise in his face when he looked at my hideousness.

He demanded to know everything that had transpired and I spared no details. I was unable to hide my tears when I explained how much pain I was in and my fears I had broken my rib. He informed me that he was a doctor and wish to examine me he slips my dressing down off my shoulders and I blush with embarrassment he trailed his cold hands all over my body sending chills rippling over my skin.

He kissed me with fervor and trailed the kisses down my neck and onto my breasts. When I moaned his name softly he stopped and abruptly and helped me dress. He informed me that he believe my ribs were only bruised but it would be best if I visited the Turkish bath tomorrow I agreed. He said he would love to stay but he was too famished. He left his wolf named Lady in my care. He promised she would protect me with her life and I believed him.

I must rest, for now I have a wolf to chase away the bad dreams.

~Sansa Stark~

April 13, 1912

Dear Diary:

I slept in later than usual causing my friends to pound on my door demanding entry. Lady growled ready to kill but I calmed her let the anxious women inside. They gasped when they saw the state of my face, they also squealed with excitement when they saw Lady. I explained that the wolf is on loan from Tywin for my protection.
I also explained the details of everything that transpired yesterday. I left out the part about the special medical exam. I pleaded with them not to do anything as I feared it would only make the situation worse and they reluctantly agreed. It wasn't long until everyone turn their attention to Lady.

I don't know who the wolf attacked in the past since she only display impeccable manners around me. Pips brushed her fur while Claire massaged her shoulders. Tommy and Kitty even dressed her up in various hats. I no idea wolf could look good in so many hats I don't think Lady has ever been so pampered.

Kitty shared some ship gossip people that had gone missing. Captain Baratheon had doubled security but no one had seen anything amiss. There was no blood and no sounds of foul play. The rumor was people vanished whenever the miss rolled in at night.

Meryn Trant was the latest be reported missing and I for one was glad to hear it, the world was a better place without him. Margaery stopped by and demanded that I leave Joffrey alone or suffer the consequences. I explained to her that I had no interest in her fiancé. Clara threatened that if she ever stopped by again we would feed her to the wolf. Lady growled and took a step toward her. We all laughed as she ran out of room terrified.

I had reserved an electric bath at the Turkish Bath House, on the doctors orders. Kitty explained it was similar to a sauna but I was unfamiliar with that term. She blushed and said a sauna could be a sensual place, and patted her rounded belly.

When I entered the bath I noticed there was an odd most in the room, it seemed hungry and dangerous. I paid it no mind as I disrobed and laid my naked form on the bench. I know it is most unladylike but I began pleasuring myself to the thought of Tywin. I closed my eyes and I could feel the mist swirl around me threatening to devour me whole.

I whispered Tywin's name and the mist stilled before it began guiding my hand. The mist moved my hands in ways I never imagined. I arched my back slightly and moaned his name louder. The mist seemed to know I was injured and adjusted my body accordingly. The more I gasped out Tywin's name the sweeter my release seemed. When I finally made it back to my room I was positively glowing. I found Tywin waiting for me in bed. I blushed and refused to confess my sin but he seemed to know.

I must rest, for Tywin has agreed to hold me until I fall asleep.

~Sansa Stark~
April 14, 1912

Dear Diary:

Today I woke up in Tywin's arms and I felt like the luckiest girl in the world. He kissed me gently and undressed me. He was gentle with my ribs and kissed all my bruises. I explained to him shyly that I had never been with a boy before and he growled that he was a man.

He kissed me deeply on my mouth before trailing more kisses down my neck. He focused on my breasts causing me to blush deeply. He smiled and said when I did that it turned my nipples pinker. He swirled his tongue down my stomach causing me to moan his name. He likes it when I moan his name because then he lowered his mouth onto my most intimate of areas.

He licked and I arched my back and winced from the pain. He stopped and sternly told me that I must remain perfectly still or I could injure myself. I bit my lip and promised to obey but he made it difficult when he began stimulating my pearl.

He lined up his cock with my opening and began sliding it around. I was wet and I begged and pleaded with him to give me some release. He sternly asked if I was ready to loose my maidenhead. I blushed and asked him to be gentle. He told me he was Count Tywin Lannister of Casterly Rock. He was NOT some greenboy.

He kissed me passionately and said I was in capable hands. He continued to stimulate me untill I was on the brink of madness. Only then did he enter slowly. It was indeed painful and I cried out. He kissed my tears away and only continued when I asked him to. The pain lessened as he began to slide his cock in and out. He did so in a slow and steady rhythm.

My hands wandered up his worn and chiseled torso. I scratched my nails along his chest whenever he thrust into me. He sucked on my nipples and grunted in appreciation. Soon he was pounding into me causing my breasts to bounce up and down. I called his name out long before he called out mine.

When he spilled his seed it was colder than anything I had ever imagined. He kissed me all over and held me as I caught my breath. He asked if I wanted to stay with him forever or if I wanted some other young buck. I swore he was the only man I ever wanted and he told me there was a way for us to be together forever.

He warned that it would mean giving up a great many things. He said I would never bear any
children, that I would never enjoy the feeling of sunlight against my skin and I would live to see all those I loved pass away before me. He sounded like a dark figure from one of Old Nan's tales. I asked him if we could adopt a child one day and he said the thought had never occurred to him but he wasn't opposed to the idea. I smiled and said I would gladly stand by his side for all eternity.

Tywin asked me if I knew where the femoral artery was. I shook my head no and he traced it with his tongue. He said he would bite me there and I would feel the life drain from me. He also asked if I trusted him and I said I did.

He smiled a fanged smile at me and began to stimulate my swollen pearl as he bit my inner thigh. I was filled with both ecstasy and pain. As the room went dark he made a cut above his heart and told me to drink from his blood.

Before I could drink from him he pushed me away saying this was not the life for me. I kissed him and said I could not live a life without him. He relented and I drank deeply. I gasped and moaned as every fiber of my being began buzzing and changing. I was hungry for my love and for blood. Tywin called me his wife and slipped a sapphire ring on my finger. He said I would get me something to eat and not to open the door for anyone.

I must feed now, for I am hungry.

~Sansa Stark~

April 15, 1912

Dear Diary:

Tywin dealt with my concerned friends and family. He told him I'd come down with a terrible illness and that I was too contagious to be around. No one believed him of course but I assured them through the door that I was fine. When time in return he will then his medical case it was big and bulky and I could hear someone inside it.

I opened it and squealed in delight as I threw my arms around Tywin. He had brought me a frightened Joffrey. When I took the gag off his mouth he threatened to rape me until I was dead. It was his last mistake. I carried him to the tub and ripped into him like he was a plate of freshly baked lemon cakes.
I complained that Joffrey had a bitter aftertaste and Tywin informed me that the cause of that was most likely the result of him being conceived from an incestuous relationship. As I stood covered in blood Tywin whispered that I had never looked more beautiful. He cleared the remnants of Joffrey so I could bathe and dress.

I was feeling much better until Sandor Clegane burst through the door. And I screamed. Uncle Petey, Kitty, Clara, Tommy and a coughing Pips, followed him inside. They all began shouting at me and demanding to know what was going on. Clara gasped when she saw the bloodied sheets.

Before I could answer their questions I was distracted by the sound of a tiny heartbeat. I walked over to Clara and placed a hand on her stomach. I asked her if she knew and she said she suspected. Sandor hugged his stunned wife and I smiled at the life their love created.

I heard two tiny heartbeats coming from Kitty and I smiled and informed her she was having the twins I prayed for. They were all staring at me with questions burning in their eyes when Margaery Tyrell walked through the door waving a gun.

She demanded to know what I had done with her fiancé and when I refused to tell her she fired the gun. Tommy pushed me out of the way and took a bullet to the chest. I screamed for Tywin and he appeared almost out of thin air.

I held Tommy as she choked on her own blood and I wept. Clara shook her head and I knew Tommy was dying. She had given her life to save me and she deserved so much better. Tywin kissed me and asked me if I wanted him to save her. I nodded and he bit her on the neck. Tommy gasped in pain before he cut his wrist and instructed her to drink from him.

She weakly complied before her change occurred and she began to hungrily suck from him. I was relieved to see her gunshot wound healing before my eyes. Pips asked Tywin if he could save her life as well. He looked at me and I nodded. He bit her wrist and sucked in her blood. He spit out her weak blood and informed us she was dying slowly from poisoning. He said the poison tasted like butter roses. He handed her his wrist and she drank from it while glaring at Margaery.

I cried out in joy when Pips stood up on her own without assistance. Tommy shut the door and kicked Margaery so hard it caved in her face. Tywin, Pips and Tommy all feasted on her corpse until they were full. After they were refreshed Tywin explained the rules of being a vampire.

Tommy and Pips were now his brides. He didn't care if they took other lovers as long as they remembered who they were married to. I was not free to take another lover but I had no desire to. He was the only thing I ever wanted. He cautioned us that we were family and he had no time for
jealousy between us. We held hands, just as we had when we were children. We were stronger together and Tywin smiled at our unity. He was a lucky man to have such agreeable wives.

Pips turned over her estate to Clara and Sandor for their years of dedicated service and friendship. I turned over Winterfell to Petyr and Kitty. I had no need of it now that I was to move to Casterly Rock. We made a vow in that estate room to always watch over our living friends and their progeny.

I do not need rest, for I am loved and cherished.

~Sansa Lannister~

Chapter End Notes

The next short will be based off of Carrie

The first ones to guess the correct pairing win a cameo :D

Hint: Famous last name
Carrie

Chapter Notes

I do not own these characters. I do not own the rights to these films. I own nothing Jon Snow.

Thank you all so much for your warm wishes! You sure know how to make a girl feel all warm and fuzzy inside :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sansa/Roose

“Telekinesis…thought to be the ability to move…or to cause changes…in objects…by force of the mind…?”

~Carrie~

Sansa smiled at the Hound, my Hound. She kissed his cheek and gave him back his handkerchief. It was the one he had given her; the day Joffrey forced her to look upon her father’s head. She had spent weeks embroiling a little red bird with blue eyes upon it. She had even used her own auburn hair as the thread. The bird shimmered like copper in the light and she hoped the gift would be well received. He looked at her strangely and tucked it into his tunic as she unhooked his armor and mopped away his blood and sweat.

She attended to his cuts while she hummed the mother’s prayer. He asked her to call him Sandor and she liked the way his name sounded on her lips. He may be drunk and scared but she still agreed to go with him. A drunk Sandor Clegane was better then being left alone in a lion’s den. He was ruthless killer, mean spirited and foul mouthed. But, he had never hurt her and he had always told her truth. She would be safe with him, he had promised. She gathered up things for their journey when the doors burst open.

Men she did not recognize poured into the room and she screamed out in fright. Sandor roared as a man lunged at him sword drawn. Sansa did not know how she did it but she wished the soldier would drop the sword and so he did. Sandor picked it up as the men circled about him. She had taken off Sandor’s armor; it was her fault he was going to be killed. She pleaded with the men not to kill him. She fell on her knees and begged for mercy. She asked the men to take her life instead, for she was tired of death and now welcomed it.
The men did not kill her but they did knock Sandor out with the pommel of a sword. They demanded to know the location of Arya but she told them she had not seen her since her father’s execution. Sansa cried out to Sandor as the men through a bag over her head and bound her hands and feet. She tried to fight them but she was a weak woman and afraid. She had wished for death not rape but the men only hit her on the back of the head. When she awoke she was wearing only a light cotton shift and buried under a pile of soft furs. She was in a tent and heard men laughing outside, she looked about and her eyes fell upon a young woman with soft brown hair and thoughtful eyes.

The woman reminded her of a younger more beautiful Septa Mordane. She was sitting next to her reading from a book and Sansa asked if she was dead. The Septa looked over at her in surprise before laughing and saying she was certainly not dead. Sansa insisted she had seen her head on the wall and began crying. The young woman clenched her jaw and sat next to her on the furs. She introduced herself as Victoria Storm the niece Septa Mordane. She told Sansa that she need not be afraid, for she had been rescued on the order of the King of The North, Robb stark. It was Lord Bolton himself who had led the men himself to rescue her.

She cried in her hands and told the woman how much she had missed Septa Mordane, and how she was to blame for everyone’s death. Victoria held her and wiped away her tears. She calmed Sansa and reminded her that she was only a child when she left for Kings Landing. No one had bothered to teach her how to survive the game. She was not to feel responsibility for the Lannister Treachery. Victoria excitedly informed her how her brother had not forgotten her and sent a group of trusted men to free her during the chaos of Stannis’s invasion. She said she had come because even though she was no never became a Septa herself, she had been trained as one. Her purpose was to ascertain whether or not Sansa remained pure for her upcoming marriage.

Sansa blushed and nodded that she was indeed pure. Victoria smiled at her kindly and informed her no matter what the answer was she would testify that her maidenhead was intact. Sansa listened in awe as her new friend explained that Robb had gone back on his word to marry a Frey daughter and married a woman named Talisa Maegyr instead. The new Queen was with child and her mother Catelyn Stark was livid. Victoria explained that when Robb had taken another women to wife, Lord Walder Frey had been humiliated.

The ageing Lord had demanded that her Uncle Edmure Tully marry a daughter of his choosing but that Sansa was to marry Walder Frey himself. Rumor had it that his most recent wife had taken her own life. Arrangements had been made for Arya marry Walder’s heir Stevron. Sansa cried and the tent rippled and shook as a great windstorm descended upon them. Victoria soothed her when she cried in anguish over the hopelessness of her situation. She swore her mother could reason with the King.

Victoria soothed Sansa and said that it was her mother herself, who had arranged the marriages while it was her brother and Lord Bolton who had spoken out against them. Since the deaths of her younger brothers her mother had become more determined than anyone to win this war. Nothing would stop her, especially her children. Sansa asked what would happen when she found out Arya was missing and Victoria looked worried and said she didn’t know. Sansa pleaded with her that she would rather die then marry Walder Frey. Victoria held her in her protective arms and promised they would come up with something.

It happened on the next day of their journey that inspiration struck. Lord Bolton’s men found an inn but there was no room, the place was full with revilers from a recent wedding. Sansa and Victoria whispered on their horses that Sansa couldn’t marry Walder if she was already married. Sansa only had one man in mind that she could ever picture being married to. Sandor Clegane. This would explain why he had been found in her room wearing only a tunic and breeches. She could tell everyone Joffrey had ordered it to humiliate them both. Sandor was safely back in Kings Landing so
he could not refute it. *This may work.*

However, if she was truly a women wedded and bedded she would need to loose her maidenhead. That night in their tent Victoria wrapped a knitting needle in soft wool and carefully explained to Sansa how to break her maidenhead without doing too much damage. Sansa nodded and carefully inserted the covered needle until she gasped out in pain and removed the bloodied wool. Victoria checked her over and said she had done a fine job. She was ashamed at havening to resort to such tactics but she refused to be sacrificed to the Frey’s because her brother, the King of North could not honor his commitments.

The journey toward the Riverrun was long and arduous. One evening when the fire wouldn’t start she wished it would and suddenly it spurted before it began roaring, much to the astonishment of the Lord Bolton. Another night they were hungry and running low on supplies. Sansa wished a deer would walk through camp and they watched in wonder, as a large buck lazily appeared as if a trance, they ate well that night. Victoria had been watching Sansa intently and one night she asked her if she could move things with her mind like Brandon the Builder. Sansa laughed at her friend but she did try to move the furs that covered them. The covers soon lifted as if an invisible hand had gripped them.

Sansa was terrified but Victoria said it was a gift. They would ride horses all day and at night Sansa would try to hone the skills of her ancestor. Not only could Sansa move objects she could also change the weather and call animals to her. Her powers were frightening and invigorating. She was no longer a stupid girl with stupid dreams. She was Princess Stark of Winterfell, the blood of the wolf ran through her veins and she would no longer fear. Both women agreed her power should be kept secret or lest some enemy take her and use her for nefarious purposes. Sansa never wanted another man to use her ever again.

The journey was made easier by the attentions of Lord Bolton. He was a soft-spoken man and she felt at ease in his presence. Roose wasn’t a handsome or a plain man, to Sansa he was somewhere in between. He insisted that she learn how to defend herself and gave her a dagger to strap to her thigh. Every day he taught her a few moves, he would rest his hand on her waist causing her to blush. Despite the fluttering in her stomach she was an eager student and proved proficient quicker than he had expected. Victoria didn’t trust him and advised Sansa to keep her guard up.

Riverrun was kike a beautiful dream. People lined the road cheering for the return of their beloved Princess. She felt like a maiden from one of the stories she loved as a child. Robb came rushing out of the keep Grey Wind outpacing his master. Sansa leapt from her horse and hugged that massive Direwolf as he showered her with kisses. Her heart ached for Lady every day but seeing Grey Wind filled her with peace. Robb knelt in the dirt and hugged her; tears fell from his eyes as he beheld the women before him. She had left a child but now she was a greater beauty than even her mother.

The crowds dispersed giving the royal family a moment alone. Only Roose Bolton, Brynden and Edmure Tully remained. It was not lost on her how close Edmure and Victoria were standing. Catelyn and Talisa appeared moments later and Sansa ran to hug her mother who stiffened next to her daughters embrace. She demanded to know where Arya was. Sansa explained her sister had missing since her father’s execution. Her mother slapped her and called her a liar. Sansa was stunned; her mother had never struck her before. Catelyn screamed that Sansa had convinced the men to leave her behind in Kings Landing because she hated her. She said Petyr had sworn Arya was in Kings Landing and she trusted him more than anyone.

Robb pushed his crying sister behind him and chastised his mother for her rudeness. Brynden began arguing that Little Finger wasn’t a man to be trusted. They retreated indoors to discuss family matters privately. Once inside Robb demanded that Sansa tell him everything that had happened in Kings
Landing. Sansa spared no details; she spoke of the torment and abuse. She told them through tears how Joffrey had her stripped naked and beaten before court. Everyone looked sick at the tales she told them, everyone except her mother.

Catelyn constantly interrupted her daughter asking what Sansa had done to displease her beloved. She asked Sansa how anyone could stand to look at her after being shamed so in court. She told Sansa that she was a disgrace to the Stark name and the only reason she was here was to marry Walder Frey. Sansa was too stunned to speak but she did break her mothers chair with her mind. Catelyn flew backward and Victoria cocked an eyebrow at her and stifled a smile. Robb and Edmure hissed at her mother to hold her tongue but she refused.

The Queen Regent proclaimed that if Sansa had any grace or charm she could have controlled Joffrey better. She swore that the only reason they had sent a rescue party after the girls, was to secure Robb the throne. Sansa informed her mother that she was already wed to Sandor Clegane and would not be marrying Walder Frey. Catelyn screeched at her and tackled out of her chair before dragging her around the room by her hair. Grey Wind pounced on Catelyn snapping and snarling.

Robb sent Edmure and Victoria to escort her to her room until he could sort some things out. Victoria held her hand and squeezed. Sansa’s scalp ached along with her heart. Whoever that woman was she was not the mother she remembered. Once she was safely in her new room, Sansa knelt by her bed and prayed to The Mother to gentle Sandor’s heart. She prayed he wasn’t dead and that he would find happiness. She also prayed to be rescued from a mother who had gone mad.

Roose Bolton retrieved her for dinner and informed her that Walder Frey would only marry a maid so she had no reason to fear a marriage to the Frey’s. Sansa was so relieved she actually cried. Roose handed her a handkerchief with a Flayed Man embroidered on it. She smiled and thanked him for his kindness. A simple gesture that made her think of Sandor and for the briefest of moments she pictured The Hound in front of her and not Lord Bolton. He gave her a strange look and she blushed because he had caught her staring at him with a faint smile upon her lips.

Over dinner Robb informed her that as King, he had annulled the marriage between herself and Sandor. He said the marriage was a farce because she had been forced to be married in a Sept and The North worshipped ways of The Old Gods. She nodded, as she wasn’t really married anyway. He asked if she was opposed to marriage now that she had been so cruelly used and abused. She blushed and said Sandor had never hurt her. She placed her hand on her brother’s arm and said she wasn’t opposed to marriage again as long as he was brave, gentle and strong.

Her mother did not attend dinner and Sansa could see the relief in Queen Talisa’s face. A minstrel came out and people danced and rejoiced the Starks had been reunited at long last. Sansa smiled when she saw Victoria and Edmure dancing together, they looked so happy. Roose asked her to dance and she accepted. He was an accomplished dancer and soon she was laughing. It had been too long since she felt any real joy. Roose kissed her hand at the end of the dance and she batted her eyelashes at him while blushing.

The wedding for Edmure Tully was two weeks away and Sansa’s heart broke her friend Victoria. Her Uncle and friend were in love and intimate if that was any indication of the giggling she heard coming from Victoria’s room late at night. Her mother ignored her presence completely but Roose Bolton had begun formally courting her. He brought her lemon cakes, flowers and even a dress to wear to the wedding. It was a beautiful pink silk gown that accentuated her cleavage; it had slits cut in the sides that showed off the contours of her waist. Roose assured her that this style of dress was popular in The Reach. Sansa felt beautiful and slightly naked in the gown.

On the night of the wedding the Frey’s had demanded that Grey Wind be locked up but Sansa
secretly let him out with her mind. She pointed him toward the woods to hunt so he could be hidden. Roose escorted her and anyone could see the two were besotted with one another. Lord Bolton did not care her maidenhead was gone and had asked if she would consent to being his Lady Wife. She readily accepted and Robb was pleased that she would be so close to Winterfell. Catelyn informed her daughter that she had planned on being the next Lady Bolton as Winterfell had it’s own Queen now. She also asked Sansa where she had gotten such a whorish dress before she slapped her soundly.

Uncle Brynden split the two up and apologized for his niece’s behavior. He told Sansa grief did strange things to people who couldn’t channel it properly. The wedding was a beautiful sad affair, she held Victoria’s hand while she wept and Edmure looked miserable. After the wedding banquet Roose fed Sansa bits of food from his fork. She danced with him merrily until her feet hurt. She could feel the chain mail under his clothing and she wondered if he was ever truly relaxed. Soon it was time for the bedding and the newlywed couple was whisked away.

The Rains of Castamere began playing and Sansa screamed as a man came over to the table and tried to stab Talisa in the stomach. Sansa made the man drop his knife before a bag was placed over her head and she was carried out of the hall kicking and screaming. She found her own knife and plunged it into the neck of her kidnapper. He dropped her and she removed the sack from her head. She stared in horror at the face of one of Lord Bolton’s men.

Lord Bolton had been betrayed she raced back in the room in time to see Roose Bolton, her betrothed stab her brother in the heart and whisper his regards from the Lannisters. Her mother was lying in a pool of blood and she couldn’t see Talisa. She saw Victoria slumped against a wall a crossbow bolt pinning her to the tapestry. Sansa freed her with her mind and Victoria nodded her way in thanks. Sansa felt a crossbow bolt whiz by her head but she deflected it easily.

Time slowed down for her and she shut every door with her mind locking the Frey’s and Bolton’s inside with her. She forced the Frey men to turn on their own swords. They ignored the shouts of their Lord Frey to stop. Man after man fell upon his own blade screaming and gurgling up blood. The minstrels stopped playing as everyone looked at the gruesome scene that lay before them. No one could explain why the Frey men had become suicidal because no one was looking at Sansa. All she could do was look at her beloved brother, her King lying on the floor in a pool of blood. She cradled his dead body and screamed.

Sansa now turned her attention toward the Bolton’s men. She used her mind and began dumping out the barrels of wine on their head. Then she dropped a torch on them. The men ran around the room screaming as their clothes caught on fire and their flesh slowly melted off their bones. The screams and smoke filled the room and Sansa finally saw Talisa hiding under a table with wide eyes. Sansa moved her toward Victoria and put a protective aura around them. She turned her attention toward Roose who stared at her with eyes full of fear.

He screamed that he loved her and he never wanted her to see the man he truly was. She lifted him off the ground and used the dagger he gave her to slice open his belly. His innards fell out with a sickening plop. She was bathed in his blood but she held him with her mind and watched as his life force slowly fled from his body. When he had sucked his last breath of air she dropped him to the ground with a sickening thud. She cast her eyes about the room in search of her next target. She found Walder Frey hiding behind his throne.

Walder weekly blamed it on Roose on Tywin Lannister but Sansa would hear none of his pleas. She sifted through Roose’s own innards until she found what she was looking for. There was something inside him that looked like a bunched up rope. She recalled her Maester telling her it was an intestine. She slid the intestine through the air and began choking Walder Frey to death with it. She smiled as
he gasped and pissed himself. He had lived such a long life only to be killed by a Stark in his own home. When he was finally dead Sansa smiled and looked at his corpse before shouting.

“You should not have broken guest right, Lord Frey!”

Victoria screamed a warning and Sansa looked over as her mother came after her with a dagger. Catelyn cursed her that she was a witch and Robb was dead because of her. Sansa watched in horror as she witnessed her own mother try to claw her eyes out in grief. Sansa tried to calm her but Catelyn only stabbed her in the shoulder. Sansa cried out in pain and bashed her own mother in the head with a silver platter. The force of the impact jarred an eyeball out of her socket. Sansa watched her mother crumple and die at her feet. Sansa was filled with a rage she had never known. She now understood why the Hound was the way he was. When one is betrayed by family, it marks you for life.

Sansa opened all the doors but Victoria and Talisa huddled together. Talisa looked at her terrified but Victoria looked rather proud. She walked down the hallway snapping the necks of all her enemies as she went. When she found the door her Uncle Edmure was behind she opened it and found that he had already strangled his Frey wife. He looked at her and followed her out. It was obvious the Frey bitch knew what was planned. They freed all the prisoners before they made their way outside.

Grey Wind ran past her and toward his fallen master howling when she finally opened the doors. Soldiers vomitted to see Lady Stark standing outside drenched in the blood of her enemies. Everyone on the battlefield froze with the fear as a lightning storm gathered. She announced that she had killed their Lords and to lay down their weapons or die. A few bent the knee the rest were struck down by lightning with the help of her gift. She saw them light up and explode before her very eyes. She looked up in reliefe as Sandor rode up on the back of Stanger along with some urchin child. She thought she was dreaming but he called her little bird she fainted in his arms.

It took three days for her to wake. Victoria and Sandor never left her side. When she arose they had a proper burial for her family. All she had left was Arya and the two held each other tightly. The Twins had fortified themselves for a siege. Sansa calmly asked they bend the knee or die. A few spat at her through their windows and cursed her for killing their kin. She explained that Walder had broken guest right and the Gods had judged him justly. She then collapsed The Twins in on itself there were no survivors. The sound of the screaming Frey’s would live with for the rest of her life, it was like a lullaby.

To her surprise Sandor was not angry over her deception. He said she was the only woman he ever loved. She knew not what to make of Sandor Clegane but he proved himself to be brave, gentle and strong so she gave herself over to him completely. The two made love that very evening near the rubble of the Twins. They made plans to marry at Winterfell in secret later, only Victoria and Arya knew the truth. Sansa knew she could depend on the women. Men were unpredictable; Sandor was the only man she could trust.

Talisa was disturbed over what she had seen and the fact the people had crowned Sansa The Queen of The North over her. Even Grey Wind abandoned her as he bonded himself to Sansa. Her good sister agreed only to stay in Westeros until the baby came. Talisa would then leave and go to her home in Volantis leaving the child behind, she had no wish to have anything more to do with
savages. Sansa didn’t want anyone to call the Starks savages and only let Talisa live because of the unborn babe she carried and as a favor to her brother.

Sandor was right. Next to lemon cakes, killing is the sweetest thing there is.

Chapter End Notes

The next short will be based off of 28 Days Later!

(Wouldn't this have been cool to post that ON the 28th.... stupid wisdom teeth)

The first person to correctly guess the pairing wins a cameo :D

Hint: Abs
Sansa/Drogo

“I don’t want her to have to fucking cope.”

~Selena~

Day 1. EXPOSURE

Sansa always arrived at work to Tommy’s Shoes early. Today she was bringing in a big box of non-perishable foods. Well, Drogo was technically carrying it. Ever since she found out she was pregnant he had insisted on doing everything for her. She sighed dreamily about all the things he had done for her last night before snapping out of it. She wasn’t even showing yet. What would he do when she resembled a beached whale?

It was Kitty’s idea to host a canned food drive at work. Sansa thought the idea was ingenious and was eager to lend a hand. For every piece of non-perishable food people brought in they world receive a dollar off their purchase. Not only would they be helping restock the shelves of local food banks but also customers could enjoy some killer savings if they brought in a large box of food. As a bonus the store would receive positive exposure thus increasing sales. Kitty was exceedingly clever sometimes.

“Moon of My Life.” Drogo snuck up behind her and kissed the back of her neck as she set up a window display.

“My Sun and Stars.” Sansa sighed and leaned into the muscular body of her boyfriend.
“Get a room.” Kitty walked by and winked at them carrying her own box of food.

“Maybe we will.” Drogo said in a deep voice that always made Sansa weak in the knees. His hand snaked its way to her bust and squeezed a breast playfully.

“Drogo!” Sansa said playful slapping his hand away. “I have to set up the store, I’ll see you later.” She kissed her boyfriend passionately.

Kitty let out a catcall over their antics and Sansa blushed. Both women waved to Drogo as he left the store wearing his army fatigues. He worked in the recruitment office down the hall. She never could resist a man in uniform.

“Did you hear there was a break in at Lannister Labs this morning?” Kitty asked as she began turning on all the lights.

“No I hadn’t heard that.” Sansa mumbled uninterested. She was staring at a pair of baby booties. They had decided to wait until she was further along to tell anyone about the baby.

**Day 3. INFECTION**

The morning sickness was the worst. Sansa could handle an aching back and wild cravings that included eating lemon cake and pickles but she hated morning sickness. As she sat at her kitchen island drinking ginger tea she slipped through all the news stations. Every station seemed to show the same footage of people attacking each other in the streets. Sansa had to turn it off; the crime rate had really gotten out of hand.

Her doorbell rang and she answered it smiling brightly. Her neighbors Rosetta and Sassy had stopped by with a basket of muffins and a box of non-perishable food. She ushered them inside and offered them some tea. Rosetta was a gymnast and Sassy was a rock climber. All three women had met in kickboxing class and hit it off right away. They even began training in parkour. They all laughed about feeling sorry for anyone who tried to chase them down.

“Moon of My Life.” Drogo walked in the door without his shirt on. His muscles were slick with sweat and his tattoos practically glistening.
“My Sun and Stars.” Sansa giggled as he swung her around the kitchen and covered her faces with kisses.

“So, Drogo, any more like you at home?” Sassy casually asked while admiring his physic.

“Curious minds want to know.” Rosetta said cheekily also checking him out.

“Sorry ladies there is no one like me.” He flexed his muscles causing the women to blush. Sansa stuck her tongue out playfully at her friends as he swept her up in his arms before jogging up the stairs.

“Don’t worry we’ll show ourselves out!” Sassy hollered at the couple while Rosetta laughed.

“Thanks for stopping by!” Sansa shouted back she was relieved they couldn’t see how red her face was.

Drogo sat her down gently on the bed before he began to fill his duffle bag. Sansa pouted because she thought he had brought her up here for fun.

“I have to go out of town for a few days. The Army needs to train us on quarantine protocols.”

“You will come back for us won’t you?” She started tearing up and the thought of sleeping in their empty bed alone. Sansa knew it was silly but pregnancy made her do crazy things.

“I promise I will always come for you and our son.” He began stripping her out of her clothes.

She smirked at him; it would serve him right if she gave him a daughter. Her smirk left as soon as it came as he began kissing her sensitive breasts. She moaned and could feel herself getting wet. She slid on top of him so she could ride the stallion of her heart. If he was really leaving, she would give him a proper send off.

Day 8. EPIDEMIC

Ruthy wrapped up Sansa’s sprained wrist in silence while the shrieks of ragers echoed through the mall. The small group of female survivors huddled in silence behind the reinforced gates of Tommy’s Shoes. Thanks to the food drive they were well supplied and the store even had it’s own bathroom.
As long as they didn’t attract the attention of ragers there was hope they might actually survive.

Along with Sansa, Kitty, Rosetta and Sassy they had added Ruthy, a nurse and demolition expert Diana to their ranks. The women were too afraid to speak and draw attention to themselves and their location. Diana had taken it upon herself to instruct them all in Sign Language. With nothing to loose and needing a distraction the women had all taken to the silent communication.

“How are you feeling?” Ruthy signed to Sansa.

“Fine.” Sansa signed back. It was a lie and they all knew it.

“Drink this.” Diana signed, while giving Sansa a small smile.

“Thanks.” Sansa signed back taking a sip of the cool water.

“You need to keep your strength up for the baby.” Ruthy signed. The women all nodded in agreement.

“Have you thought of any names yet?” Diana signed innocently.

“No. I miss Drogo, I need my moon and stars.” Sansa signed while weeping silent tears.

All the women surrounded her in supportive loving arms. They were all scared, they were all tired and they were all grieving. But, at least they had each other. When Sansa announced she was pregnant is seemed to focus the group more. They all had something to live for.

**Day 15 EVACUATION.**

The mall had been quiet for days and today they would be making their first food and supply run. Kitty had planned out a route to the health food store and expensive soap store next door to it. The plan was for Sassy to retrieve protein powder and power bars from the health food store while Rosetta raided the soap store next door. If the women wanted to survive they would need to live in sanitary conditions. That meant soap and shampoo.

Diana had made a bomb out of coffee creamer and would set it off to distract any possible ragers still lurking about so they could make the run with relative ease. Sansa wanted to help but the women all refused. This was a dangerous undertaking and Sansa had no idea if she would see any of her friends again. She supposed most societies collapsed under the strain but they had remained strong. They
were a cohesive unit of survivors who trusted one another.

“Are you ready?” Sansa signed to Sassy.

“I’ll be fine.” Sassy waved Sansa away while she adjusted the laces on her shoes.

“Rosetta?” Sansa signed to her friend.

“Don’t worry Red, we’ll be back.” She signed and gave Sansa a smile. Sansa tried not to think of Drogo and nodded.

“Just say a prayer to Old Gods and The New for us.” Diana signed.

Ruthy and Kitty held Sansa as she waved at her friends as they left. She collapsed and cried silently when she heard the bomb go off and the screams of ragers once again filled the mall. There sounded like there were hundreds outside. Sansa was filled with despair and passed out. She dreamed of Drogo.

Day 20. DEVASTATION.

They sat in the shoe store and celebrated Sassy’s birthday with a lone Twinkie. Sansa wrapped her arms around her friend, she was so happy everyone had come back from their mission safely. Diana’s eyebrows had almost grown back from the fireball she created. She should have known that ragers would be no match for her friends. They had even brought back two other female survivors. Pips a thief and her friend Snow a con artist.

Pips taught everyone how to pick locks using various tools lying around and Snow taught them all how to successfully pick pocket each other. They were certainly a diverse group of survivors. The girls eagerly picked up the Sign Language and soon they had formed a little community in the store. To starve off cabin fever they exercised on the roof and elected a new leader every day by drawing names out of a shoe. On Sansa’s day she had instructed everyone in proper etiquette and lady like behavior. Her name had been suspiciously absent from the drawings ever since.

“Do you think we’ll ever be rescued?” Pips signed to Sansa.

“Yes, we must never loose hope again.” Sansa signed back solemnly.
“We could always increase our chances.” Snow signed with a mischievous smile.

“How?” Sansa asked. It was nice to focus her mind on something other than Drogo.

“I say we use that roll of butcher paper in the back and make a sign.” Snow signed triumphantly.

“What happens if it rains?” Pips signed skeptically.

“Then we make another one.” Kitty signed before pulling out the paper.

Kitty calculated the odds of the sign being seen and they all made a plan to hang it up on the roof. Sansa loved being up on the roof, the store had no windows and she missed looking at the stars but nighttime was too dangerous. You might not see ragers in the dark. Everyone pitched in to create the colorful sign.

Day 28. RESCUE

Sansa was sunbathing on the roof topless with the other women when they heard the sound of tanks rolling through the streets. They jumped up and down to catch the tanks attention. Only Sansa bothered to slip her shirt back on. A bunch of screaming topless girls certainly caught the attention of the army and they were soundly rescued. Sansa insisted everyone dress; she didn’t care how long it had been since they had seen a man.

The women were brought to the Lannister Compound and Sansa wondered why that bothered her so much. Their host Joffrey Lannister was gracious, charming and handsome. He couldn’t hold a candle to Drogo though and Sansa didn’t like how ugly he turned when she politely declined the champagne. There was something about this whole situation seemed a bit off. Sansa didn’t have time to ponder because her friends all started passing out around her and then someone hit her on the back of the head.

“Sansa, wake up!” Sansa was dreaming of Drogo only he was turning into and angry Rosetta.

“What the fuck happened?” Sansa sat up groggily and held the back of her head. It felt like an Irish Step Class had taken up permanent residence in her skull.

“Sansa, shut up and listen!” Sansa looked at Rosetta and her eyes went wide. Her friend was dressed like Harley Quinn from the DC comics.
Sansa looked down and saw that she was wearing a crushed green velvet corset with her cleavage pushed too high for her liking. She was also wearing green ruffled panties with a matching green garter belt. She was wearing elbow length green silk gloves and matching green tights with bits of plastic ivy hot glued to them.

“What am I wearing and who changed me?” Sansa demanded angrily.

“I did, but that creep Joffrey watched.” Rosetta made a disgusted face and Sansa felt ill.

“Where are the others?” Sansa asked. She was still so confused about what had happened.

“They separated us. The sick fuck who rescued us is dressing us up for his men in honor of Halloween.” Rosetta looked pissed, Sansa could hardly blame her.

“Why?” Sansa was full of questions and it slowly dawned on her she was dressed like Poison Ivy.

“The little shit is commander of some fucking army. He is giving us to his men as a reward for their loyalty.” Rosetta looked ready to kill and even Sansa felt anger building within her.

“We have to get out of here.” Sansa signed, she wasn’t stupid they were probably being watched.

“Drogo is here.” Rosetta signed back. “He’s being held captive downstairs with what’s left of his platoon. Don’t worry we have a plan.”

Sansa’s eyes went wide. She had come to terms that her boyfriend was most likely dead. Rosetta saw her sadness and gave her a wicked smile. She filled Sansa in on the rest of the plan and Sansa eagerly listened.

Joffrey Lannister came and retrieved the girls. He poked Sansa’s lower stomach and told her she needed to loose weight because he didn’t like chubby girls. Sansa ignored the fact that he had called her beautiful, pregnant body fat. She simply laughed and leaned her head on his shoulder making sure to heave her cleavage in the process. While Joffrey was leering Rosetta snuck the keys from his pocket and deftly passed them to Kitty who was chained to a wall dressed like a sexy fairy.

Kitty picked the lock on her handcuff and used his keys to open a side door. She then retreated back to her handcuff and locked herself back up. She waited until Sansa and Rosetta were almost to the other door before she picked up a rock and threw it through a side window. Joffrey raced toward the window with a gun drawn. Sansa took the keys from Kitty and slipped them back into Joffrey’s pants without him ever being wiser.

He shoved both girls into a cage and told them to be quiet. He got on his radio and pulled out his keys tossing them up in the air and catching them. He ordered his men go outside and investigate the noise. While his back was turned Sansa and Rosetta had already unlocked the cage door using a key
they had slid off the chain. Sansa came up behind him and used one of her long green gloves to strangle him to death. She smiled when he turned purple and stopped breathing.

They shoved him into the small cage and opened the side door. Diana dressed like a Saloon girl and Snow who had been dressed up in a Snow White costume came rushing up the stairs followed by Drogo and a handful of men she had never seen. She threw her arms around him and kissed him harder then she had ever kissed anyone. The doors opened and Drogo pulled her behind him but they relaxed when they saw Victoria, Pips and Ruthy run threw the doors carrying guns.

Victoria was dressed like a sexy vampire, Pips was dressed like a Pirate Wench and Ruthy was wearing a naughty schoolteacher uniform. All three women looked pissed and were out for blood. If the men who took them assumed they were a bunch of weak willed women they had picked the wrong group.

“Moon of My Life.” Drogo whispered as he checked her for injuries.

“My Sun and Stars.” Sansa cried as she kissed him.

“Listen fuck face. Let my friends go or I release your pets.” Sansa looked around for Sassy and realized her voice was coming over the radio.

“Sassy?” Sansa picked up the radio and called out to her friend.

“Sansa? Did you already get rid of that bastard?” Sassy sounded angry.

“She strangled him with her own glove.” Kitty yelled over the radio. Drogo kissed her on her forehead.

“Well that’s a relief because I released his pet ragers on his men and now they’re all ragers too.”

“Are you crazy!” Sansa shouted as the sound of ragers began to fill the halls of the compound.

“Yes, now listen I have a truck out here ready to go so would you kindly get the fuck out of there. This stupid costume is chaffing my lady bits.” Sansa couldn’t stop the smile that spread on her face.

“What costume are you wearing?” Sansa asked as the group hurried to leave.

“They dressed me up like that chick from Star Wars. The one in the gold bikini.” Sansa and the girls snickered. Drogo took command of his men.


The survivors quickly piled into the truck and Sansa almost screamed out when a hand grabbed her leg. Sassy pointed a flashlight and Sansa wept tears of joy when she saw her brothers Robb and Jon badly wounded but still alive. They had clearly been tortured and Sansa almost vomited as she looked at their broken fingers. Ruthy began administering first aid while Sansa assisted. As the truck pulled away from the Lannister Compound, it exploded in blast that shook the truck. Diana sat back on the bench grinning like the cat that swallowed the canary.
Sansa didn’t know where they were headed but she supposed it didn’t really matter.

Chapter End Notes

The Next short will be based off of Psycho.

Whoever correctly guesses the pairing wins a cameo!

Hint: You only have 3 left.... who do you see opening that curtain?
Psycho

Chapter Notes

I do not own these characters. I own nothing Jon Snow.

Soooooo I may or may not have been watching a Mad Men marathon today. Such a delicious show.... why can't Sansa be just a little bit wicked hmmm ;)

Also Jenni of the Lynns would like to remind loyal readers that smoking kills. But, so do psycho killers who like to interrupt shower times.

Meh, It's the 60's what are you going to do.

*shrugs and wanders off*

Sansa/Stannis

“I think I must have one of those faces you can’t help believing.”

~Norman Bates~

Stannis Baratheon held open the door of his black Aston Martin DB4. He offered Sansa his hand and she readily accepted by placing her daintily gloved hand in his. She could feel electricity run through her body when their hands touched. She smiled and smoothed out her green dress and slid into the soft leather exterior of the car. He helped her tuck her skirt inside the car before he shut the door. His hands softly brushed against her stockings, his fingers lingering a bit too long before he jerked them away and shut the door.

As he stalked to the driver’s side, Sansa took a few moments to check that her lipstick wasn’t smudged and her pillbox hat was still in place. He sat next to her and Sansa admired the dark suit and slender tie he was wearing. Her boss was a handsome man with scruff on his cheeks and a fedora sitting snugly on his head. Stannis noticed she was staring at he was and looked at her before reaching over her lap. For a moment she thought they would kiss again but he only clasped her lap belt in place.

His hands brushed against her breast as he adjusted the belt and she couldn’t help arching her back.
slightly as memories of their office romp filled her mind. He was not a man who smiled but she saw his mouth twitch upwards and she saw from the erection forming in his pants that his thoughts were on that moment as well. Their relationship was completely inappropriate and she had no intention of ever stopping.

Sansa was a secretary at The Stag Advertising Agency. She was a woman in a sea of boys and longed to climb her way to the top. Her friend Tommy was currently sleeping with Tywin Lannister the old lion himself, the agency’s biggest client. For all her efforts in keeping the client happy Robert had made her a partner in the firm. Sansa wanted power like that and Tommy had taken her under her wing. She showed Sansa she could get whatever she wanted just by being clever, sashaying her hips and wearing a tight red dress every once in a while.

Stannis Baratheon was her boss. As a favor to her father he had hired the recent college graduate to be his personal secretary. Sansa was only twenty-two years old when she was hired and she knew her boss was nearing forty. It didn’t matter though; the minute Sansa laid eyes on him she knew she wanted him. He was stoic, serious and hard working. He exuded power with every breath and Sansa wanted nothing more than for him to take her on his desk repeatedly.

The only problem was that Stannis was a married man, a family man. He had a wife and child at home. Sansa had no intention of being a home wrecker but she had met his hag of a wife on numerous occasions. It was no wonder why Stannis preferred to be at office instead of being at home. At first she merely flirted as a way to pass the time. Now she wanted to see how far she could push him until he pushed back. They had been dancing around the forbidden for months now. She supposed other women have given up but she was a wolf, and wolves were known to eat stags.

Sansa decided to wear a beautiful green dress to the office today. It accentuated her curves and Tommy told her if this didn’t get Stannis’s attention nothing would. At the early morning meeting Sansa retrieved coffee for all the men excluding her boss. She knew that would irritate him, she also knew he wouldn’t speak about it unless they were in private. Sometime during the meeting Robert dropped his pen and Sansa bent down slowly to retrieve it. Knowing full well every set of eyes on that room was glued to her backside.

Robert had full view of her cleavage and Sansa knew that from the angel of Stannis’s chair it appeared that she was briefly servicing his brother. Stannis stood up and leaned over the table to get a clearer picture of what was going on, causing Sansa to smirk. Nothing stirred the blood of men like a potential rival. Especially when that rival came in the form of an incompetent older brother. Stannis was envious of Robert and Sansa would use that to her advantage.

The rest of the meeting wrapped up quickly and the men buzzed about her and Tommy more than usual. Her friend winked at her approvingly as they puffed away on their cigarettes. After the meeting Stannis had been locked away in his office much to Sansa’s annoyance. It was only when Robert stopped by her desk to chat and leer at her chest that Stannis appeared in the doorway and called Sansa over. She checked her lipstick and walked through her bosses door head held high.
“Miss Stark.” He said curtly, stepping aside.

“Mr. Baratheon.” She replied back politely, as he shut the door behind her and locked it.

Those were the only words exchanged before his lips were on hers. His lips were warm and tasted like cigarettes, scotch and power. His tongue explored every inch of her mouth and she felt as if she were being devoured alive. *Maybe Stags eat wolves after all.* He slid his hands up her dress pushing away her slip and made quick work of unclipping her girdle, freeing her stockings.

Stannis lifted her on his desk in a fluid motion. He hovered his mouth inches away from her legs as he slowly unrolled her stockings, he didn’t kiss her legs but she could feel his hot breath on her exposed skin. This excited her and caused her to squirm. Once her legs were bare his hands were then free to wander back up her girdle.

“Miss Stark, you are not wearing any small clothes.” He whispered in ear as he kissed her neck.

“Why, Mr. Baratheon, I never do.” She whispered back playfully. He moaned into her neck in response.

“What do you want of me woman?” He asked her in frustration.

“I want you Mr. Baratheon. Only you.” She told him flirtatiously while spreading her legs.

“By the Gods woman, you have me.” He slipped off his wedding band and tossed it out the window.

“Take me Stannis, take me hard and fast right here on your desk.” She purred.

“As my lady commands.” He growled back, his fingers sliding into her folds causing her to moan.

He bent her over her desk and Sansa smiled triumphantly as she heard his fly unzip. His hands caressed her folds and he stimulated her pearl causing her to moan his name as waves of ecstasy rolled down her body. She ground her ass into his erection and he took his member in hand and massaged her slick folds with it. She hovered in her entrance before he plunged into her deeply. Stannis felt bigger than she had imagined and she was pleased. Her muscles contacted around his penis in seeming gratitude causing him to moan her name in response. He began pounding into her hard and fast. The desk moved and his papers scattered about but still he did not stop. She loved the feel of him inside her; she loved being forced to grip his desk and the bruises she was incurring on her knees from being knocked into the desk repeatedly.

He was like a wild animal and Sansa cried out for more. He had endless energy and Sansa screamed after her second orgasm before he finally released. He shouted her name and Sansa swore she had never heard something so beautiful. She could feel the sticky substance dribbling down her legs before he turned her around and kissed her. She had wanted this for so long she couldn’t stop
smiling. He sat on his chair and pulled her onto his lap.

They just held each other not saying a word when they heard a knock at the door. She quickly stood up and pulled her girdle back down. The knocking grew impatient. Sansa rolled up her stockings and clipped them in place. The knocking turned to pounding and she saw that Stannis had zipped himself back up and fixed his tie. There was now angry shouts and someone fiddling with the doorknob. Sansa ignored the sounds and checked her lipstick and dress in the mirror before she opened the door.

Selyse Baratheon was standing there with her arms crossed looking at Sansa angrily. She had always been jealous of Sansa’s young beautiful body. Selyse had a pinched gaunt face, boney body and mousey brown hair. Selyse was hardly a beauty and she was filled with bitterness and resentment because of it. The woman was always accusing Sansa of trying to steal away her husband. Well, she’s right about that.

“Why was this door locked?” Selyse snapped.

“It wasn’t locked Mrs. Baratheon. The handle just sticks sometimes.” Sansa smiled at the women and batted her false eyelashes.

“What are you talking about?” She demanded.

“Selyse what do you want?” Stannis said grumpily, ignoring her question.

“Is that lipstick on your collar?” She asked Stannis suspiciously.

Sansa hadn’t realized she’d left lipstick on him. She quietly excused herself and sashayed her way out of his office and back to her desk where Tommy walked up and the two gossiped shamelessly while they lit their cigarettes. It was on Tommy’s recommendation that they make Stannis’s office soundproof. However Sansa forget that the window was open. They watched as Selyse stormed out of her husband’s office in a rage slamming the door behind her. She marched up to Sansa’s desk.

“You whore!” Selyse shouted at her glaring. Everyone stopped to watch the showdown.
“Now, Mrs. Baratheon that’s not very nice. I’ve asked you to call me Sansa.” Sansa smirked at the
women and puffed on her cigarette before blowing the smoke at the woman’s face.

“You’re nothing more than a filthy whore!” Selyse screamed. Sansa smiled sweetly and crossed her
legs, she could still feel the stickiness.

Renly dragged away his crazy good-sister, soothing her with promises that Sansa was just a
secretary. Normally this would be shocking behavior for anyone to witness but Selyse did this at
least once a week. Sansa was rather bored by it she extinguished her cigarette and went back to
business as if nothing had happened.

Stannis left shortly after with his coat and hat. It was unusual for Stannis to leave early so Sansa
waited by her phone until she got a call from Stannis to come down stairs. She retrieved her things
and complained of a headache to Robert. He slapped her on her ass and told her to get some rest he
needed her at her best. She smiled and giggled at his antics even though she wanted to strangle him
with his tie. She hated when men slapped her ass. Plus she was tender from her earlier escapades.

Now here they were, driving to an unknown destination and Sansa sighed happily as she realized she
could get used to a life of being driven around in a beautiful car by a handsome man. A handsome
man who is well endowed.

“Stannis, where are we going?” Sansa asked softly.

“It’s a long weekend and Shireen is away at camp. I decided we needed a vacation.” He said gruffly.

“I don’t have anything packed.” She said slyly as she slid his fly open with her hand. He gripped the
steering wheel tighter.

“I don’t intend for you to be wearing much of anything this weekend.” He said with careful breaths
as she slid her hand into his underwear feeling his erection.

“Could we please stop at lingerie store? I’d like to pick up a few things.” She asked as she began
stroking his shaft

“Yes.” He said through clenched teeth. She used her hand to display her gratitude all the way to the
store.

After leaving Phoenix the two drove until nightfall. Stannis pulled his Aston Martin up to a sign that
read Bates Motel. It seemed abandoned until a man with a white hair and a pinched face ran up to the
car. He welcomed them into the motel by ushering them inside a small lobby. Sansa lit her cigarette
and looked around unimpressed. The man flitting about had violet eyes, a whiny voice and introduced himself as Viserys.

She asked Stannis to get their bags and she signed in the register as Mr. & Mrs. Mannis Stormsend. She smiled at how clever that really was. Viserys said he lived with his mother in the large house behind the motel. He said she was very demanding and he wouldn’t be able to stay for long because she might need him. Viserys leaned in close to her and demanded to know if she and Stannis were really married. He said she had the red hair of a sinner. Maybe I do.

Viserys explained that his mother wouldn’t tolerate any sinning under her roof. Sansa thought a sin now and then was good for the soul and told him so. She smiled at his shocked expression. She brushed his arm with her hand and leaned forward flashing him her cleavage. She told him how she and her husband were on their honeymoon. They hadn’t had time to buy rings yet but they would the next day. Viserys didn’t believe her but he was also drooling over her cleavage. She blew smoke into his face to draw his gaze back to her eyes.

He showed them to their room when Stannis returned. As soon as they were inside he ran back out so he could go check on his mother. What a strange little man. Stannis came back in the room and complained that the car had a flat and he would be changing it outside. Sansa kissed him and teased him that she was finally going to take a shower and he shouldn’t take too long. He ground his teeth and left muttering about her being a vixen. She laughed at him and began unpacking all the lingerie he bought her.

Sansa undressed for her shower. She hung up her dress carefully and slipped out of her long line bra and girdle. She unrolled her stockings and turned on the shower. She had a feeling she was being watched but she shrugged it off. She looked at her naked reflection in the mirror. She was a beautiful girl with a slender frame, porcelain skin and auburn hair. Her blue eyes were also fetching but it took more than beauty to survive in a man’s world. A girl needed to be smart.

The one thing Sansa appreciated the most about Stannis was that he never treated her like a stupid women. He sought her council and listened to her advice regarding certain accounts. He treated her fairly and she appreciated that more than she could say. She had been dreaming of going away with him for months. She smiled as she stepped into the shower. The hot water felt amazing on her skin. She unwrapped a bar of soap and began washing off her legs.

When the shower curtain opened she screamed as Viserys stood in front of her holding a knife. He was dressed in women’s clothing and wearing a crown. He lifted the knife up and stabbed her in the shoulder. She screamed and kneeled down tucking herself in a ball. She was trying desperately to shield herself from the mad man. Viserys stabbed her again in the arm and then once more in the back. She had never felt so much pain in all her life.

She was losing too much blood. She watched in horror as it washed down the drain. She couldn’t believe she was going to die naked in the shower. Selyse will be thrilled, she thought bitterly. Sansa heard Stannis calling her name but he sounded so far away. Sansa felt herself being lifted from the tub she looked up into Stannis’s eyes and he kissed her softly. He took off his shirt and wrapped it around her naked body. He ran her to the car and threw her inside before driving like a madman. He kept yelling at her to stay awake but she was so tired.
“I love you Stannis.” She whispered her teeth chattering then everything went black.

She woke up in the hospital days later. Stannis was asleep in an uncomfortable chair next to her, holding her hand. She squeezed his hand and he woke up with a start. He kissed her gently and said he had killed that freak Viserys with his own knife. He also told her she had lost a lot of blood in the attack and that she had been stabbed eight times. *I only felt three.* Sansa received twenty-three stitches that she was sure would turn into ugly scars.

After the attack the press had a field day over the scandal. A crazed killer had attacked a decorated war hero and his mistress. Selyse had immediately filed for divorce. She had been going about painting Sansa as the whore of Babylon to anyone who would listen. Shireen was confused about the whole affair but she had pleaded to stay with her father, her mother told her good riddance.

“Stannis?” There was a question she had longed to ask him.

“Yes, Sansa?” He looked at her with a tenderness she had never seen before.

“Do you think I’ll still be beautiful with my scars?” Even if Stannis was no longer interested in her she wondered if anyone else would be.

“I always think you’re beautiful.” He kissed her softly.

“So you still want to be with me? Even though I ruined your life?” Sansa was surprised.

“You didn’t ruin my life. You made it better.” Stannis kissed her again and filled her in on just how blessed he really was.

The press was relentless for anything tied to The Bates Motel Killings. That meant increased exposure for the agency and business at The Stag boomed. Robert had come to work intoxicated costing the company a valuable client and the board had unanimously voted Stannis as the new CEO. Sansa was happy for him but she wondered if he would still employ her or wish to keep her at his home like some boring housewife.
“Do you want me to come back to work?” She asked him using her softest kittenish voice.

“Of course I do.” He leaned forward and held both her hands.

“I’ll come back to work on a few conditions.” She looked at him determined.

“What’s that?” He asked with a raised his eyebrow.

“I don’t want to be a secretary anymore. I want to work as an agent like Tommy.” She looked at him and he could see she was serious.

“The board won’t like that. You’ll have to work twice as hard just to prove yourself.” He looked at her sternly and she knew she had him.

“I also want to choose your new secretary.” She said sweetly.

“Why?” His brows knitted together in confusion.

“Because, now I know you have a taste for them.” She told him slyly. His mouth twitched and she could tell he was trying hard not to smile.

“You are making a lot of demands Miss Stark. I have one of my own.” Now it was his turn to look serious.

“What would that be?” She asked calmly, she traced the veins on the back of his hands with her fingers.

“I expect office sex no less than three times a week. Unless you are having ladies days.” He said solemnly. Sansa would have laughed but she knew it would hurt too much.

“You have a deal.” They shook on it. and he kissed her lightly.

"I love you Sansa." He murmered in her ear, she smiled.

That night she dreamed she was running around a Victorian house with Stannis where everything was black and white. She was seperated from Stannis and Viserys chased her to a small room. Inside she found the body of a decomposing women in a chair. Sansa woke up screaming and a nurse had to give her a sedative. Stannis made sure she was never left alone at night after that.

Chapter End Notes

The next short I will be posting is based off of Rosemary's Baby.

I will be giving out some lovely cameos to the first three who can correctly guess the pairing :D

Hint: And then there were two.......
For Sansa it was love at first sight. She had always been a romantic and when she was introduced to Joffrey Lannister, she thought her heart would burst. He had green eyes, golden curls and a lovely smile. He was everything Sansa had always dreamed about. He came from a wealthy family and Sansa knew she would never have to work a day in her life. His mother was both kind and beautiful and Sansa hoped they would become great friends. She loved spending time with his Uncles; Tyrion made her laugh and Jaime made her blush whenever he complimented her beauty.

It was a whirlwind romance. They met and married within six months time. He proposed with the largest diamond ring she had ever seen. He was always giving her lavish gifts and Sansa had never been so happy. On her wedding day she wore her mothers wedding dress and was preceded down the isle by ten bridesmaids. Her parents cried tears of joy when they exchanged vows. They had large wedding cake that was decorated with real gold flakes. Their guests included everyone from the rich and famous to important dignitaries. They even spent their honeymoon on a private island; she was the envy of all her friends.

The first time he hit her they had just returned from their honeymoon. She caught him sexting her bridesmaid Margaery. When she yelled at him he slapped her and said she should mind her own
business. The violence only escalated after that. In one year she had been the recipient of two black eyes, a fractured wrist and three cracked ribs. She had tried to leave him twice. He and his mother tracked her down each time. The last time she had been beaten so badly she thought she would die.

Joffrey was fucking her best friend Margaery. She had her suspicions but when she found the girls signature rose lingerie in her bed she knew. Of course she had argued with her husband about it. He ended up pushing her down the stairs leaving her black and blue. The staff found her unconscious and told his mother. She never did learn what Cersei said to Joffrey, all she knew was everything changed after that. Her husband became the sweet attentive boy she used to know. He showered her with gifts and complimented her every waking minute. Cersei went out of her way to be kind to Sansa and which only increased her suspicion of the two. Never trust a Lannister.

The Anniversary Dinner

To celebrate their first anniversary Joffrey arranged them to spend the night out at sea on his grandfather’s yacht. They ate a lovely meal, drank champagne and danced under the stars. For a moment she could pretend that he still loved her. For a moment she could pretend that she loved him back. The moments was ruined the minute Joffrey opened his mouth. He told her the time had come for her to have a baby. He explained that it was her duty as his wife to carry his children and she should show more gratitude toward him.

She laughed at him, she would rather die then give birth to his demon spawn. Joffrey became so incensed he ended up pummeling her body with his angry fists. The crew separated them quickly and she was brought to the captain’s cabin for the night. She was exhausted, sore and numb inside. She prayed to anyone listening to give her a reason to live, because she didn’t know how much more she could take. It was only a matter of time before Joffrey finally snapped and killed her.

She was half asleep in the cabin when a strange man entered. She sat up and clicked on the light, her mouth hung open in surprise. The man looked like a monster from one of Old Nan’s stories. He was foreign, yet oddly familiar. His skin was blue and weathered looking. He had a crown of horns on his head and his bright blue eyes seemed to crackle with electricity. The man looked as if he were chiseled from ice. He had the look of some ancient being time forgot.

He walked toward her and she was unafraid. He sat next to her on the bed and Sansa put her hand on his cheek. He was cold to the touch and she knew in that moment he was the Night’s King, her Night’s King. She had seen him her dreams countless times. The fog in her mind was lifted and she was filled with the memories of a past life. She remembered a time when he looked like a man and she was the one made of ice. She placed his icy hand on her heart and wept tears of joy. They had once been torn apart but he had found her, just as the prophesy foretold.

They kissed and all the sorrow and despair from her year with Joffrey left her body. He undressed her and stared at her naked body lovingly. He traced every inch of the body he once worshipped with his tongue leaving a trail of frost behind. He trailed his cold fingers across her bruises and scars and hissed. Her skin rippled and her nipples hardened under his cool touch. She arched her back and beckoned him once again, to enter her. As he slid into her and spilled his seed they were both reborn.
No words were exchanged between the two of them. They did not need words for their souls and minds were connected. She read his memories and learned that Joffrey had made a deal with the Night’s King for fame and fortune. In exchange she would bare the Night’s King a child. Her loving husband thought his wife was in this cabin being raped by a demon king. Joffrey was as foolish as those stinking crows from long ago. Her King held her and placed his cold hand on her belly and they smiled.

**Month 1**

It was too early to tell if she was pregnant, but she had felt the seed take root in her body. She began taking vitamins and signed up for an expectant mothers class. She made friends with another expectant mother named Snow. Sansa had always loved winter and it made sense her closest friend would be tied to it as well. She hoped their children would become great friends. Joffrey was more unpleasant than usual, that was to be expected since she had hexed him with impotency. He moved into his own room and Sansa was glad it gave her time to soundproof her own. Every night when the house was still, her King would visit her. He would bring her lemon cakes and bread made from the ground up bones of ancient Septa’s. They would eat, drink and make animalistic love until morning. She had missed him so much.

**Month 2**

Joffrey was too afraid to hit her. He was terrified of endangering the Night’s King’s child. He still found other ways to make her life miserable; he invited his mother to move in. The bitch had already made a deal with the Night’s King when she was a young woman. Cersei craved beauty and adoration and sold her soul to achieve them. Sansa was limited in what she could do in retaliation. She smiled when she hexed Cersei with explosive diarrhea, only to occur at inopportune moments. If the woman insisted on making her life a living hell she would gladly return the favor. Her King still visited her every night with her snack. He would massage her tense body with the tears of innocents before they made gentle love. She loved her King.

**Month 3**

Sansa was pregnant the doctor confirmed it. Everyone was so excited they threw her a party. Her parents wept tears of joy and everyone patted Joffrey on the back. He made crude jokes about her vagina that made all the men laugh. Sansa was not amused and hexed him with bad gas. Everyone began avoiding him after that, much to his annoyance and her enjoyment. Snow gave her a lovely gift; it was a Snow Cone Maker with lemon syrup. Sansa was so touched by the thoughtful gesture she chanted a protection spell over her friend and the unborn child she carried. At night her King would visit her with a snack and a prisoner. When she was full he would let her torture a prisoner until she became aroused, then they would make love passionately. It reminded her of their days at Castle Black.
Month 4

Snow and Sansa decided it was time to decorate the baby nursery. Sansa wanted a winter theme and Snow suggested they use antique snow globes as inspiration. It was a brilliant idea and she couldn’t help but smile at the end result. Cersei smirked that Sansa could still lose the baby and she needed to return the crap she purchased. Snow ripped the bitch a new one and Sansa again blessed her friend with financial security, something every mother needed. Sansa hexed her mother in law to hear a loud buzzing noise whenever she complained about something. Joffrey ignored her completely, which was a blessing. Her King continued his nightly visits and with him he brought snacks. He fed her bits of lemon cake, roasted crow and gave her sips of virginal blood in a golden chalice. He set up a swing in her room and they made love playfully.

Month 5

She was getting too fat to fit in her old clothes; it was time to go shopping for maternity wear. Joffrey insisted on going for some reason and she relented to avoid an argument. While she was busy picking out dresses her husband began drinking heavily from his flask and tried to fondle her swollen breasts. She swatted his hand away and he began berating her in public. He announced that his wife was so cold he arranged for her to be rapped on their anniversary. She hexed him with night terrors and bed wetting. Someone filmed his rant and released it online. Joffrey was famous but not in the way he hoped. She filed a restraining order against him and banished him and his mother from her home. Her King was able to stay with her full time now, as it was always meant to be. They made love all over her house, in every room, on every surface and in every way. He even plucked the eyes out of the prisoners he brought so they could have privacy.

Month 6

Her family offered to find her the finest divorce lawyer money could buy but she declined. The police offered to launch an investigation but she swore her husband had fabricated the whole thing. Snow wanted to kill him and said she ‘knew a guy’. Tywin was so appalled he disinherited his grandson. Margaery stopped by and offered her condolences on the end of her marriage. Sansa returned all the lingerie she found that belonged to her friend and watched as the color drained from Margaery’s face. Sansa hexed her oldest friend and bridesmaid to have uncontrollable sneezing fits whenever she became sexually aroused. Her King smiled and gave her a wolf as a gift. She named her wolf Lady the II. She laid down and moaned as her King worshipped her body by bathing her in the blood of their enemies. Afterward she drifted to sleep in his cold arms.

Month 7
She was having a boy and Snow was having a girl. Sansa hoped that the two would fall in love one day. When cold darkness claimed this world their children could rule it with iron fists inside a castle made of ice. It was very romantic to think about. She and Snow debated on baby names. Snow’s husband Sandor didn’t have much of an opinion and asking Joffrey was out of the question. She decided to name her baby Aquilo, after the North Wind. Snow decided to name her daughter Winter. Sansa thought it was a lovely name. They gossiped while they knit baby booties and snacked on lemon cakes. She did not offer her friend warm blood, that would have been awkward. Lady the II sat dutifully at her mistress’s feet. She always felt safe with the wolf around; she knew Joffrey was planning revenge it was just a matter of time before he struck. She was in her last trimester and her King had to be careful how he made love to her. The ritualistic sacrifices eased her discomfort some.

Month 8

Sansa did not think her body could stretch anymore. Her ankles were swollen, her breasts hurt and she had to pee all the time. Her King was too busy running the kingdom to be with her all the time but he gave her some helpful Wight’s to do her bidding. They helped her to bathe; dress and they even held her hair for her morning sickness. She kept them in the closet whenever Snow visited. Her friend would not understand the beauty of a Wight, not yet anyway. Every night her King would kiss her belly as she sang the songs of their past. She worried that her son hadn’t heard the voice of his father. Her King was clever though and began torturing people every night before bedtime. Their screams caused her son to kick actively. Her King smiled when she placed his cold hand on her belly to feel.

Month 9

The month was uneventful until Snow went into labor. Winter was born a beautiful, healthy baby. Sandor held the baby like she was made of glass causing Sansa to giggle. Snow smiled and instructed him how to properly hold the infant while Sansa took pictures. She was named godmother and as she held the precious bundle she could feel her son heartbeat quicken with love. He had chosen his future bride and she was so happy for them both that she cried. Sansa smiled and blessed Winter with gifts of ice. She had a terrible feeling something bad was coming so she said her goodbyes and went home to her Wight’s and Lady the II. She opened up the stomach of one of the prisoners and studied their intestines while they gasped for breath. She needed to gleam her future but it was difficult with her hormones as wild as they were. Every night she opened a new prisoner and every night the blood told the same story. The lions were coming. She cried into her King’s arms and he held her protectively.

Delivery

Sansa was almost a week late when she finally went into labor. It was a grueling fourteen hours before she gave birth to her beautiful son. She wished her King could be with her and she called for him as she pushed. Aquilo had chubby cheeks, his father’s striking eyes and her red hair. The doctors
took him away for tests but they were gone too long. When they came back they said her baby had suffered some complications and had passed away. Sansa screamed and hexed every doctor and nurse in the room with festering boils and stripped their vocal cords. She demanded to know where her son was. A sobbing nurse wrote on a chart that Cersei and Joffrey Lannister had paid them money so they could take the baby away. Sansa killed her quickly and the rest suffered. She inflicted every horror imagined on the hospital staff. As they slowly died she gained in strength. She turned them into Wight’s before she left to avoid suspicion. She instructed them to go North and prepare.

She went home to retrieve Lady the II, change and kill all the remaining prisoner. She feasted on their hearts and whispered her incantations as she prepared for battle. The Lannister Estate was heavily guarded but she killed every person who stood in her way and turned them into slaves. When she entered the foyer Cersei was standing above her on the upper balcony, holding her screaming son. Joffrey stood before her pointing a gun at her head. He said it was his duty as a Lannister to kill the abomination that she had carried. Sansa reminded him he was betraying The Night’s King. He laughed at her and cocked the hammer on the gun. She commanded her army of Wight’s to point their guns at Joffrey, which they did. Cersei panicked and threatened to drop her precious Aquilo over the balcony. A fall like that would kill the baby.

Her King stepped from the shadows. Cersei screamed in surprise and dropped Aquilo. Sansa collapsed to her knees unable to stop her. The Night’s King moved quickly and caught the infant before he hit the ground. No one said a word while he held his son and checked him for injury. Sansa watched through bleary eyes as her King kissed his sons red curls before placing him in her waiting arms. Sansa held her son who stopped crying and snuggled against her hot swollen breasts. In that moment nothing else mattered. She had him and he was safe. Sansa freed her breast and began breastfeeding her son. She flinched when she heard the gun go off.

Joffrey had tried to shoot her as she breastfed her son. Her King had stepped in front of her, as she knew he would. She fed her hungry son as he listened to Joffrey and Cersei beg for their lives. Cersei had tried to kill her son so the bitch was forced to watch as the Night’s King ate her sons face off. Joffrey screamed for a long time until he choked on his own blood and died. He was turned into a Wight and Sansa was made a happy widow. She commanded her dead husband to scalp his own mother’s lovely blonde hair. The screams from Cersei acted as a lullaby and her son drifted off to sleep. She allowed her former mother in law to live with the knowledge she brought this on herself. She killed Joffrey a second time with the snap of her fingers, his bloody body landing in his mothers lap.

As they left the Lannister Estate she turned and explained to a sobbing Cersei that her hair would never grow back but she would still be beautiful regardless. She smirked and advised Cersei to invest in some wigs though. She also reminded the bitch that she owned her soul and looked forward to the day when she would collect it. She and the Night’s King walked out the door holding hands, their new recruits following dutifully behind.

Winter had come and they wouldn't fail again.

Chapter End Notes
The next short i will be posting is based off of Halloween

Yes that's right I saved Gregor for the end. Why? Hold onto your broomsticks and I'll tell you.

It's going to be Jason vs Michael or as I like to call it Sandor vs Gregor

That's right witches its going to be a Halloween themed Clegane Bowl. So pop some popcorn and get comfortable.
Halloween

Chapter Notes

I do not own these characters. I own nothing Jon Snow

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Gregor/Sansa/Sandor

“It’s Halloween, everyone’s entitled to one good scare.”

~Sheriff Leigh Brackett~

You wake up to the smell of freshly baked lemon scones. Your little bird is singing her pretty songs while she bakes in the kitchen. You watch her place the tray of warm scones to cool in the windowsill. You sneak up behind her and kiss her neck. She is so surprised she drops the sack of flour she is holding. The flour makes a billowing cloud before settling on everything. You frown and tense up at your stupidity. Your little bird does not like a messy nest. You relax when you see her laugh but then you frown again when you see tears in her eyes. You don’t like it when she cries; she is supposed to be your happy little bird.

Your cherished bird.

The Mountain takes photos of the Hound through the window. The Mountain does not understand this life. The Hound has a beautiful bitch that he does not keep in a kennel. The bitch is not even wearing a dog collar. The Mountain will build The Hound proper kennels for his current and future bitch. It was Clegane tradition.

FAMILY, FAMILY, FAMILY
You stare at little bird and cock your head. She kisses you softly and tells you her tears are called happy tears. Little birds are confusing creatures. You brush flour off her nose and kiss her gently. She smiles at you and hands you a broom. You sigh and sweep up the mess you caused while the little bird pours you a cup of coffee. When you finish you sit on the couch while she reads and massage her feet. She moans in that special way and you go hard. You try to remember that sometimes the little bird just likes to be fussed over so you don’t unzip your pants.

Your contented bird.

The Mountain takes another photo of The Hound. The Mountain does not understand why his brother is acting like a servant to his bitch. A bitch should serve her master. The Mountain is unhappy that The Hound has been tamed. The Mountain will have to punish the bitch in front of The Hound. Clegane’s are not servants.

NO, NO, NO

You will be gone for two weeks on a hunting trip. You want to go for three weeks but you know you will miss your little bird too much. You will miss the feel of her naked body pressed against you while she sleeps. You will miss the taste of her wet pussy in your mouth. You will miss the way she scratches your back with her talons when you fuck her in the shower. You don’t want to leave your little bird but you are feeling restless, you need to kill. You don’t want to leave her alone but you must. She says she will miss you too and hugs you tightly.

Your lonely little bird.
The Mountain is pleased to see The Hound leaving his bitch. The bitch sits on the furniture and eats at the table. The Hound has forgotten all he was taught as a child. The Hound needs to rape and kill a lot of people to clear his head. The Mountain will follow The Hound to see if he remembers how to be a good Clegane. The Mountain feels hopeful.

HOPE, HOPE, HOPE

You are all packed for your trip when your little bird asks you to sit down for your farewell gift. She slides on your goalie mask and black lingerie and performs a sultry strip tease. Your cock hardens as her beautiful body grinds against you. She tears your pants off before she climbs on top of you naked and rides you like a wild horse. You stare in wonder at your little bird’s boobs bouncing up and down in your face as she fucks you and screams your name. She has never been more beautiful. You ask her to rub her pussy all over the mask so it will smell like her. She blushes and complies but also rubs lemon oil on it as well. You slip on the mask and inhale the scent of sex and lemons.

Your perfect little bird.

The Mountain takes photos of The Hounds bitch in heat. The Mountain watches the Hound fucking his bitch. The Mountain pleasures himself outside the window while he watches. The Mountain wants to fuck the red headed bitch until she is bloody. The Mountain will make The Hound watch him fuck his bitch. It is the Clegane way.

FUCK, FUCK, FUCK

You had a successful hunt. You killed ten individuals that no one would miss and stuffed their bodies into the ravine. You even followed your little bird’s request and killed bad men. At least you thought they were bad men, sometimes it was hard to tell. You should feel relief after a successful hunt but your heart is heavy without the little bird. You couldn’t stop thinking about her while you were gone. You frown and hope she missed you too. You will ask her when you see her, but only after you give her a gift. You had a diamond ring made for her. You cut the diamond out of a dead
smuggler. You hope she will be in the mood to fuck when she sees it. If she is not, you will wait.

*Your lovebird.*

The Mountain does not take photos of The Hound’s hunt. The Hound kills many people but does not rape. The Mountain wonders what type of person The Hound enjoys raping. The Mountain will rape the bitch in front of The Hound so he knows how to do it. The Mountain left the hunt early. The Mountain has plans. Clegane’s are always busy.

**RAPE, RAPE, RAPE**

You miss the smile on the little bird’s face when you make her bunny shaped pancakes in the morning. You miss dancing with her in the rain. You miss her soft kisses on your twisted flesh. You pull up your truck to your dark cabin and grumble when you see other cars parked in front. The little birds annoying friends agreed to stay with her while you were gone. You will go inside and tell them to leave your nest isn’t big enough for everyone. You remember to knock the mud off your boots before entering. Your little bird hops around angrily when you forget. The cabin is dark when you enter and you trip over a chair. You switch on the light and see your home has been ransacked. You call out for your little bird but she doesn’t chirp back.

*Your missing bird.*

The Mountain waits until the bitch is alone. He sneaks into the cabin and kidnaps the bitch while the bitch is reading. The bitch fights The Mountain and tries to escape. The Mountain slaps the bitch and breaks the bitch’s nose. The Mountain will teach the bitch to heel for The Hound. The bitch is an embarrassment. Clegane’s always have well trained bitches.

**WORK, WORK, WORK**
You roar in frustration and tear through the cabin looking for clues. You stop in the bathroom. There is a Polaroid tapped to the mirror. It is a picture of your little bird is naked and there is blood running down her face and chest. Her eyes look terrified and her beak is broken. You stare at the little bird’s bloody face and your blood runs cold. She is duck taped to one of the camps metal chair. A large man is standing behind her wearing a rubber mask. He is holding a knife against her throat. You know who the man is; you would know your brother anywhere. Your brother isn’t a bad man he’s an evil man.

*Your hurt bird*

The Mountain duck tapes the bitch to the metal chair naked. The Mountain takes an excellent photo of them both. The Mountain throws the bitch in his van. The bitch cries out in pain when the bitch's arm breaks. The Mountain kicks the bitch to quiet down. The bitch cries harder. The Mountain nods in approval. Clegane’s always enjoy hurting bitches.

*PAIN, PAIN, PAIN*

You want your little bird back. You know what your brother does to women. You were lucky he only burned half your face off; your sister screamed for a long time before she died. You hold the picture of your little bird and your hands shake. Your little bird is frightened, hurt and with a maniac. You are so angry you rip the bathroom mirror off the wall. You throw it into the shower and watch as it shatters in a million pieces, just like your heart. You read the note on the back of the photo that says to meet at the camp at midnight. You destroy what is left of your cabin and walk outside. You don’t believe in the Gods but if they let your little bird die you will burn the world down.

*Your scared bird.*
The Mountain knows The Hound is coming. The Mountain has prepared for this. The Mountain has brought the best men money can buy. The Mountain puts the bitch in the middle of the campground. The Mountain guts Chiswyck when he stares too long at the bitch and unzips his pants. Clegane’s don’t share their bitches with non-Clegane’s.

**KILL, KILL, KILL**

You slip on your goalie mask and breath in her scent. It is faint but it still lingers. You take off your shirt and strap on your bulletproof vest. You check your guns and ammunition carefully; you will not be caught unprepared. You look up and see your little birds annoying friends dragging a body up the path. You point your gun at them. They beg and plead with you not to kill them and point to the dead body. The man they killed is called Shitmouth. You ask them what happened and they say they were coming back from the store when they saw the little bird being taken. They say they only went to the store because your little bird had pregnancy cravings. Your little bird is going to lay an egg.

*Your expectant bird.*

The Mountain circles the bitch and barks. The bitch cries out in fear. The Mountain buries his face in the bitches long red hair and breathes in her scent. The bitch smells like fear and The Mountain gets excited. The Hound is not here yet and The Mountain smacks the bitch in anger. The bitch whimpers. Clegane’s love scared bitches.

**FEAR, FEAR, FEAR**

You stare at the annoying girls. Your mind whirls with the pregnancy information. They say your little bird has strong cravings for pepperoni-covered donuts. They say the man who kidnapped the little bird was wearing a mask and had at least six men with him but he killed one. They say they
killed another when they were trying to locate the little bird. You ask where the little bird is being
held and they tell you she is in the center of camp. They also remind you she is naked and they don’t
like how the men were looking at her. They say each man is well armed then you watch as they beg
you to let them help. Your odds are better with them so you take them to your hidden bunker for
supplies.

*Your guarded little bird.*

The Mountain unzips his pants and pees on the bitch. The Mountain successfully marks his
territory. The Mountain and his men laugh at the bitch's terrified face. The Mountain tells the
bitch that the bitch will be raped by brothers. The Mountain tells the bitch it is a privilege and
an honor. The bitch sobs. Bitches never understand a Clegane’s right of passage.

**CRY, CRY, CRY**

You tell the blonde to dress in Shitmouth’s clothes. She can fool your brother’s men from far away
but as she comes closer they will be able to tell she’s a fake. You tell her to get as close as she can
before she fires her rocket launcher. You cover the annoying brunette in camouflage paint and tell
her to dress all in black. She runs in the cabin and emerges wearing your little bird’s clothes. You
stare at the clothes and your heart feels like an invisible hand is squeezing it. You yell in frustration
and kick your truck, denting it. You hand the brunette some sniper rifles and a pair of night vision
goggles. You are going to get your little bird back.

*Your cherished little bird.*

The Mountain sends Shitmouth out to check out the perimeter and remain hidden. The
Mountain tells The Tickler and Polliver to guard the bitch. The Mountain tells Raff The
Sweetling to climb up on a roof of a cabin and provide cover. The Mountain tells Sarsfield
Squire to hide in an abandoned cabin and wait. Clegane’s are commanders of men.
You watch as the blond walk through camp. You see a man step out of a cabin and wave to her. You see another jump onto the same roof and wave at her as well. The bond points the rocket launcher at them and fires. The blonde is knocked back on her ass from the force. You duck as a human head on fire sales past you. You see two other men run over and watch as they fall down dead. You don’t see her but the brunette is one hell of a shot. You walk through the camp and step over corpses and flaming pieces of wood. You see your little bird sitting naked and covered in blood, but she’s alive. You call out for your brother and you watch as he slowly appears with a knife in his hand.

*Your living bird.*

The Mountain watches as a stranger blows up his men. The Mountain watches as two more of his men fall dead before him. The Mountain does not care. The Mountain walks toward The Hound so they can be brothers once again. The Hound does not submit to The Mountain. Clegane brothers do not kill each other. The Mountain waits.

*WAIT, WAIT, WAIT*

You raise your machete as you stare at the monster before you. Your brother mirrors you and raises his knife. You growl and charge him, your brother braces for impact. You slam into your brother you both crash into the abandoned cabin behind him. You both land on the floor and your machete is knocked away. You curse when he sinks his knife into your back. You pound on his ribs and can feel them breaking under your blows. Your brother punches you in the throat and fall back choking. Your brother takes out another knife and tries to stab you in the chest but you grab for the knife and you can feel as it slices you to the bone. You are howling in pain when you hear your little bird screaming for you not to give up. You gain strength from her and head butt your brother knocking the knife out of his hand.
Your encouraging bird.

The Mountain crashes through a wood door when The Hound attacks and falls to the floor. The Mountain will kill The Hound. The Mountain stabs The Hound in the back. The Mountain is unsure if the lung is punctured. The Mountain hopes it is. The Mountain wants The Hound to suffer. The Hound tries to take The Mountains knife. The Hound is a bad Clegane.

BAD, BAD, BAD

You punch your brother in the face with your good hand. Your brother grabs another knife and stabs you in the thigh. You kick him the kneecap with your spiked, steel-toed boots. You hear the crack as his kneecap protrudes out the back of his knee. Your brother screams in pain. You lunge for his head and dig your massive thumbs into his eye sockets. You squeeze his eyes so hard they pop out of his skull dangling. You rip them all the way out and throw them across the room. He grabs for you and you grab your machete and begin hacking at his torso until he stops moving. You are loosing a lot of blood from your leg but you hear your little bird calling for you. You crawl toward the only thing that ever mattered.

Your little bird.


COLD, COLD, COLD
You wake up listening to your little bird’s sweet songs. Everything is so bright and your little bird is wearing white. You are both dead and for the first time in a long time your cry. You should have protected her and kept her safe. Now you are in heaven and you know you are only here because your little bird asked. Who could ever turn down such a lovely bird? Your little bird kisses you and you groan in pain. You didn’t think the dead could feel pain. Your little bird looks worried and soon you are being poked by a hoard of angry demons. You’re not in heaven you’ve been sent to the seven hells where you belong. You try to fight the demons because your little bird shouldn’t be around monsters. You damned the little bird’s soul to hell when you took her virtue. She offered it freely but you should have turned her down. You always ruin everything you touch. You feel the fires of hell lick your skin and you tell your little bird to run before you black out.

*Your damned bird.*

You wake up to hushed whispers and you see your little bird. She is smiling at you and crying. You wonder why she is shedding happy tears in the seven hells. You squint and look around. You’re not in hell at all you’re in a hospital. It’s a different kind of hell. You listen to the nurse come in and explain that you are recovering from surgery. You look at your little bird and she looks like an angel in her white sundress, she is wearing the ring you had made for her and holding her stomach with her good arm. She kisses you and tells you that the baby bird is doing just fine. You look at her broken wing, nose and black eyes. You feel a surge of anger but she pats your hand and your anger is cooled. You ask her if your brother is truly dead. She smiles and says she decapitated him with your machete. You have never heard her say something so sexy.

*Your amazing bird.*

You can’t go back to the cabin. Your little birds annoying friends burned it down. Your little bird wants to go somewhere tropical so you bring her to a non-extradition country with beaches. You don’t know if you will like living on a beach. You buy a lovely secluded home on a private beach with some diamonds. You still have plenty left over. You make sure you are close to a good therapist for your little bird. She has been sleeping much better lately. You are grumbling about the weather being too humid in the morning when your little bird walks by you in a tiny bikini. You forget to breath when she takes off her top and begins splashing around the shallow water. Her belly is rounding nicely and the pregnancy has made her breasts swell. You rip your clothes off as fast as you can and charge after her in the surf. She slips off her bottoms and you kneel in front of her. You love the taste of pussy in the morning.

*You love your little bird.*
Jenni of the Lynns is very happy about her Wild, Crazy, Unpredictable Halloween Ride! I hope you all enjoyed these as much as I did :D

If you have the time I would love to hear what stories you loved the most!

I owe you one final chapter regarding Freddy VS The Coven Pt 2

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