Summary

The King in the North is to marry his cousin, the Lady of Winterfell, but they must work through the demons of her past marriage and face enemies in their home as well.

Notes

This was the first fanfic I ever wrote...not first I've posted. Would wish for this in Season 7. Hope you like.

First three chapters are Jon's POV but Sansa will get her turn.
Jon's POV

Even as they called him ‘Your Grace’, he still felt like the bastard boy he had been sometimes, the Bastard of Winterfell. He still called her sister…half-sister, in his mind even though they’d not always been very close as children. But now, he was a king, she was his cousin and she would soon become his queen. Jon would be lying to himself if he didn’t admit he was grieved by the revelation of his parentage. He loved Ned Stark and he may have been called a bastard all his life but he was proud to call Eddard Stark his father. Now, Ned was his uncle and his Aunt Lyanna was his mother. At least, Uncle Benjen was still Uncle Benjen and that was something of a comfort. Robb, Arya, Bran & Rickon were his cousins…and Sansa, his pretty sister, was as well.

Sansa was his cousin now and that made all the difference in other matters and, while he grieved in a way for the changes in his identity, another part of him rejoiced. The way he felt for Sansa, the feelings that had grown between him and her since she came to him at Castle Black were no longer feelings he had to ignore and suppress and feel guilty about. To accept the truth that Bran had shared with him at Castle Black a few moons ago and Howland Reed had finally left the Neck to confirm was very difficult. He wasn’t his father’s…Ned’s bastard anymore. He was Rhaegar Targaryen’s bastard, part direwolf still but blood of the dragon as well. Within hours of his acceptance of this revelation though the notion that Sansa could finally be his took root and would not let go. He no longer had to feel shame when he looked at her too long, when he touched her face or hair in a way that might not be appropriate in a brother. He wondered if she felt the same. Sometimes he was sure of it, other times she seemed so distant that he could not be sure.

Davos immediately saw that Jon being Rhaegar’s son and not Stark’s would be a major obstacle to his reign in the North. It would be a very short-lived reign once the lords found out. They’d never follow a Targaryen, even a man that many seemed to admire so much. So, he had been the first to suggest the marriage as a convenient solution. Sansa was a Stark. A bastard marrying a highborn lady could take her name although it was a rare occurrence. Davos was visibly nervous making the suggestion to the Lady of Winterfell and feared an angry and possibly violent response from the King. But neither seemed remotely taken aback by the suggestion.

“If it pleases His Grace, I cannot object” Sansa had said.

She was the picture of queenly composure but Jon felt such hope surge in his breast at her response. He didn’t want to assume too much though. She’d already been through so much and perhaps being married off to men she wasn’t in love with was what she expected them to do with her anyway. Jon said nothing to Davos other than to thank him for his counsel and say he would think on it.

That night he came to her chambers to speak with her. Brienne eyed him suspiciously before letting him in and, king or no, didn’t seem inclined to honor his request to speak to Sansa alone until Sansa politely asked her to leave the room.
“Sansa…I cannot ask this of you. I don’t care about being a king near so much as I care about your happiness. I would never ask you to marry anyone again for other people’s gain and that includes myself.”

“But what if I want to marry you?” was her shy response. Jon’s puzzled look prompted her to confess more, “There is no man that I could imagine ever wanting to be wed to except you.”

It was the response he had wanted the most and the one he feared he would never hear. Not really thinking about what he was doing, he closed the space between them in two heartbeats. He took her gently in his arms and kissed her brow softly, then her cheek. He left a trail of kisses from her cheek to her lips but once he got there, the kiss changed. His arms enclosed around her waist and his mouth began to slowly devour her sweet lips, kissing and nipping gently. He had to taste her. He flicked his tongue gently between her lips begging for entrance. Sansa gasped and he took that as all the permission he needed. His tongue found her own and he tightened his grasp, moving one hand up her back and the other to her hip to pull her closer. Her thigh was pressed tightly to his groin and he groaned loudly in his throat to feel the pressure of her warm flesh against him even though they were still fully dressed. As he continued to deepen the kiss and enjoy the sweet torment to his cock, Sansa suddenly broke the kiss with a start and gently pushed at his chest. I must control myself. She’s never been with any man but that Bolton. He didn’t know what all Ramsey had done to her but he knew enough to know that none of it had been pleasing to Sansa.

“Sansa, I’m sorry,” he gasped. His breath was ragged and he felt like he could barely stand. Sansa was flushed, her lips were dark pink and wet from his attentions and her hair had become rather mussed. She’d never looked more beautiful. Jon had to suppress another groan.

“It’s alright, Jon. I was just a little surprised is all...” Sansa responded, looking at the floor.

He gently reached for her hand and smiled. “I shouldn’t have gotten carried away like that. I promise to be a good husband to you. I’ll never hurt you. I’ll never force you to do anything you don’t want to do. If you’ll have me...” he couldn’t help the pleading sound in his voice at the end.

“Thank you, Jon. I do trust you and I will gladly be your wife.”
Getting to Know You (Again)

Chapter Summary

Jon and Sansa play catch up and announce their intention to marry.

Jon’s POV

Word of the King’s true parentage was spread to the lord banner men of House Stark far more quickly than anticipated. *Littlefinger’s work without a doubt*, Jon thought. The man seemed to have informers everywhere. Jon had hated Lord Baelish from the moment he’d been reunited with Sansa and she’d given a brief account of her marriage to Ramsey Bolton and who had arranged the marriage in the first place. There had been very few quiet moments on their journey to different places in the North trying to gather men to their cause but, when they had the time and hadn’t spent the day quarreling, they’d spent time together in the evenings discussing their different experiences that had happened since they had parted from Winterfell and each other. He told her of his early experiences with the Night’s Watch, of meeting Grenn and Pyp and learning to make friends. He talked a good deal of Samwell Tarly and Lord Commander Mormont and Uncle Benjen going missing. He told her some about his time with the Wildlings but didn’t want to tell her about killing Quorin the Halfhand to join them and he didn’t speak of Ygritte either. He told her about Craster’s Keep and the Fist of the First Men. And Sam’s quick thinking to get Jon elected as Lord Commander after the battle with the Wildlings. He spoke of his betrayal but not too much. That pain was still too near. And he told her about the Dead, the White Walkers and Hardhome because she needed to know even though it pained him to give her something else to fear and worry over.

Being with her, getting to know her again (or who she was now compared to the dreamy but haughty little girl he’d known) was exquisitely sweet. Hearing about her experiences in Kings Landing was decidedly not. He often sat with clutched fists, feeling the anger reach up from within as he tried to sit still and listen. He often ended up pacing and then Sansa would get quiet. Joffrey, Queen Cersei, Ser Meryn Trant, Lord Tywin Lannister…schemes and threats, degradation and beatings. *How could anyone treat her so?* Not everyone raised his ire though. Sansa spoke with tenderness about Lord Tyrion and his kindness during their forced marriage. Jon was glad of it. He’d liked Tyrion Lannister when he’d come to know him at Castle Black and would’ve been strangely wounded if he’d learned that he had mistreated her. She spoke with much affection of Margaery Tyrell and her handmaid, Shae, and he was glad she’d had something like a friend there. She told him how terrible things had been between her and Arya from the time that Lady had been killed to before their father’s arrest and how miserable she’d made Father arguing with her sister constantly and being so blind about Joffrey. He only smiled. Things between the sisters had never been easy but he never doubted the love they shared for each other. He was shocked to hear her speak of Sandor Clegane with kindness as well. Jon had found him a fearsome man at Winterfell when he was Joffrey’s Sworn Shield but Sansa told Jon how the Hound had saved her from a mob of would-be rapers one day and how he may not have stopped Joffrey’s cruel games but he never laid an unkind hand on her either. “He was full of anger and the truths he spoke were painful to my ears. He was proud to not be a knight but there was pain in him as well. I soon learned that there was no such
thing as true knights anyway, not there at least.”

Sansa also told him of Lord Baelish’s whispers to her there. His confessed love of her mother, Lady Catelyn, and how he wanted to protect her and his desire to take her away from Joffrey. And when Sansa had told him about how she came to leave Kings Landing and the part she’d unknowingly played in Joffrey’s death, his hatred for Littlefinger only grew. For a man who acted like her savior, he certainly put her in a great deal of danger. What if she’d been taken by the queen before the pawn Littlefinger had sent got her safely away? She was noticeably quiet about her time in the Vale with her aunt and Baelish but Jon suspected he might not like to know all that had occurred there either. Jon supposed he owed his life to Littlefinger and the knights of the Vale but he knew that Littlefinger certainly didn’t care a whit for him and only came for Sansa. But only after he’d given her to a monster though.

The Valemen had installed themselves at Winterfell for the time being; Lord Baelish, Lord Royce and their knights and men were just something else to be accepted for now. But Jon saw the way Baelish haunted Sansa’s steps. He saw the lingering glances he threw at Sansa full of lust and schemes when Baelish thought he wasn’t being observed. Jon wasn’t sure he could stomach much more of Littlefinger’s presence. And now, he suspected what his game might be. If Jon were overthrown for being a Targaryen bastard, Sansa could be named Queen of the North or Wardeness at least. Lord Baelish was Lord Protector of the Vale, the protector of the weak boy, Lord Robin Arryn, and Lord of Harrenhal in his own right. If he took Sansa as his wife, he could bind the North to the Vale and a good part of the Riverlands. He would be an even mightier player in the game. How disappointed he’ll be to learn of our plans. Jon couldn’t help but smirk as he thought of Baelish learning what the King in the North and the Lady of Winterfell had agreed to do.

As soon as the ravens started arriving from the lord banner men elsewhere and the whispers and grumblings in the castle started to grow, Jon decided it was time to speak. He gathered the lords that had remained at Winterfell after his coronation along with the Vale lords and knights and announced his intention to marry Lady Stark. Sansa sat by his side smiling sweetly from time to time but also warily watching the lords’ reactions. He was profoundly grateful to Lord Manderly for standing up for him and proclaiming his endorsement of the marriage and his renewed fealty to the King in the North. Other lords soon joined the chorus and the shouts of “The King & Queen in the North” pleased Jon more than he could’ve imagined. Lord Royce was smiling and the Vale knights cheered as heartily as the Northmen. Tormund let out a great booming laugh and made a bawdy jest that Jon hoped Sansa didn’t hear. But then he found Baelish’s eyes on him. A small smirk was on his mouth but his eyes were full of hate. At least I know what to expect of him and I’ve tasted betrayal before. Jon asked Sansa and Ser Davos to help him compose letters to the other lords bannermen. He hoped Lady Mormont would be agreeable. She’d made him a king but she had not shown much respect to Sansa during their travels to Winterfell or afterwards. Between them and the maester the letters were soon sent off and the wedding date was set. Jon hoped the winter weather would be reasonable and the real storm that was coming for them all would hold off at least long enough for them to enjoy some time together.
Chapter 3-Traditions

Jon’s POV

As the wedding drew closer and the castle began to fill once more with visitors, Jon was becoming more and more concerned by Sansa’s behavior. They walked together with Ghost often on the battlements and in the godswood. They talked each morning when they broke their fast together in his solar or in the evening by the fire in her chambers. She often reached for his arm or his hand. He touched her hair or her face sometimes. They shared a few chaste kisses but he didn’t take her in his arms as he had that night when they’d agreed to marry. He thought of that night often and ached at the thought of holding her close to him again...of doing much more than pressing her close and kissing her sweet mouth. But she visibly stiffened if his kisses became ardent and he didn’t want to push. She looked like a frightened animal at times. He hated Ramsey Bolton for it. He wished she’d be more open with him about what was done to her. It was going to take time to establish a comfortable intimacy between them. She was worth waiting for but Jon wasn’t sure how much time they would have before the real war came and called him from her side.

One morning Jon decided to journey to the training yard earlier than usual. He normally had more kingly (and tedious) matters to attend to first thing but he had woke that morning from a rather vivid dream of Sansa flushed and panting in his arms with his cock hard and aching and he felt much more like battering someone until his blood cooled than listening to petitions or letters. *Too bad Lord Baelish never trained or fought*, he thought. Perhaps his man, Lothor Brune, would be there. That might be just as sweet. There were mostly Vale knights in the yard and they were laughing heartily. The sound of their laughter and steel ringing reminded Jon of all the mornings he’d spent in this very yard as a boy with Robb, Jory Cassell and Ser Rodrick and all the other good men that were gone forever. He thought of Father watching them when he had time, giving guidance and encouragement as they trained. How he’d craved that man’s smiles and approval. He’d give anything to have them all back again, even Theon if they could all be together again. Then, he thought of Bran and Rickon watching them as they grew older and his heart ached to think of them. Bran would never be the knight he’d dreamed of being and Rickon hadn't survived Ramsey. He had to control his sorrow. It would never do to let these Vale knights see him with tears in his eyes. He stepped aside into the stables long enough to regain his composure before they spotted him. He had to stay there much longer than he’d anticipated as he started to hear what the Vale knights were laughing about...

“What a lucky bastard he is! Some would think a crown was enough but then he gets her, too!” one knight with a hawk in flight sigil was saying to the rest. Their squires and men at arms were all smiling smugly as well.

“What a beauty she is!” replied another knight with a star and falcon sigil on his shield, “I look forward to the bedding ceremony. It’s only right to see our new queen safely tucked in to await her king.”

The others laughed and a squire spoke, the highborn son of a lord, “Seeing her naked will be an ample reward for our travels and troubles here. Too bad that’s all we’ll get.”

“I don’t know”, replied the first knight slowly, “I’ve attended many beddings in my day and
sometimes things can grow very exciting. Certain liberties might be taken there and what’s a lady to say? So long as no child comes from any man but the king, what’s the harm? It’s all part of the tradition after all.”

Jon couldn’t see straight he was so angry. Rage was coursing through him like wildfire, consuming him and then only growing as a fresh wave came to consume him again. They had not seen him and if they did they would surely have feared for their lives but someone did. Davos stepped up behind him and cleared his throat. He had been seeking the king for those tedious morning matters and found him here. He had heard everything, Jon was sure. Davos never seemed to miss much. Jon couldn’t turn and face him so Davos spoke to his back.

“It is tradition. Your Northmen will expect it as much as this lot though I doubt they’ll be too forward with the lady. You could always express a wish that only your lords bannermen participate since she is to be their queen. They will see her to your bed and stripped no doubt but they would never harm her.”

“Is that supposed to make me feel better, Davos?” Jon asked with much more venom than intended.

“I’m sure her ladyship knows what to expect, Your Grace. She’s been married twice already,” Davos replied evenly.

Jon felt like he was being smothered. He suddenly realized he had no idea what Sansa’s other two wedding nights had been like other than the fact that Tyrion had left her a maid and Bolton certainly did not.

“Not Sansa,” he growled. “No man will touch my wife but me.”

Davos smiled at him like a child who didn’t want to accept a hard truth. Traditions were important, especially in the North. These men needed to believe he was still a Northman, too, despite his dragon blood.

“I’ll think of something.” Jon said.

Later that morning, Jon was nursing some considerable soreness in his arms and back from the beatings he’d delivered in the training yard that morning. How good it felt to batter them all, especially that prick with the hawk sigil! None of the Vale knights he’d sparred with could withstand him. They were aware of something different with the king this morning and, try as they might, many were unmanned by the fury in his eyes before they ever crossed blades. Jon was sitting alone in the great hall sipping some ale to help alleviate the soreness when Sansa entered the room. She was dressed in her dark blue dress with the direwolf embroidery she’d made at Castle Black and her lovely, fiery-red hair was loose except for two small braids at her temples to keep it out of her beautiful, blue eyes. She was being followed by the steward and two serving women discussing plans for the wedding feast and the accommodations of their guests when she noticed Jon. She finished her business and, having dismissed the servants, she came over to him and sat down.

“I saw you today in the yard,” she grinned. “Were you planning to kill all the knights of the Vale who came to our aid?”

“I didn’t know you were watching,” he said.

“I like watching you.”

He smiled in return but it didn’t reach his eyes and Sansa was not fooled. “What is it, Jon?”
He hated hearing the worry in her voice. She spent a good deal of time looking uncertain of late, so
different than the steely-spined woman who had helped him win back Winterfell, arguing stubbornly
with him every step of the way.

“Sansa, did you have a bedding ceremony when you were married before?”

She looked down at her lap but he caught the fear in her eyes and he was sure of what he’d
suspected for a while now. She was frightened of the bedding and their wedding night perhaps even
more.

“No,” she whispered, “Tyrion was drunk but not as drunk as I thought. He made a scene in front of
the Court and excused us from the feast. I was mortified by the scene at the time but Joffrey was
eager for our bedding and had made some comments to me alone earlier. I was grateful to avoid it.”

Tears were starting to sparkle in her eyes and Jon hated asking the next question. “And, your second
marriage?” he managed to say without stammering.

Suddenly, the vulnerable woman in front of him transformed into the she-wolf he’d not seen in
several days. “There was no bedding ceremony but there was a witness to all he did to me that
night,” she said coolly.

Before he could process what she had said Sansa swiftly rose to her feet, suddenly looking wild
again like a doe trying to flee a pack of hounds. He let her flee. He didn’t know what he could
possibly say to make things better and he felt too tired to try.

Jon couldn’t focus very well that day. Lords came to him with their troubles and concerns. He didn’t
know what to say. Thank the gods for Davos. He spoke good counsel while Jon tried not to stare too
blankly. But when Tormund came before him to ask his opinion about some issues with the
Wildlings settling in the Gift, Jon felt at ease for the first time all day. His honest face and blunt talk
was pleasing after dealing with the lords and highborn men all day. Once the business was discussed
though, Tormund seemed to have more to say.

“So, two days til you take your wife, King Crow?” he jested.

“I am a Crow no longer,” Jon replied.

“No, I guess not. Have you stolen her yet then?” Tormund said with a leer and a waggle of his
impressive eyebrows.

“I can’t steal a woman who’s already agreed to be my wife, can I?” Jon replied with a laugh.

“Why not?” Tormund said. “She’s not likely to claw your eyes out or stab you while you sleep at
least!”

The Free Folk and their ideas of marriage made Jon smile. He thought of the story Ygritte had told
him about the King Beyond the Wall from a thousand years ago that stole the beautiful, eldest Stark
daughter of one of the Kings of Winter. Suddenly, not all traditions sounded so bad. Perhaps there
were some worth borrowing.
Let Me Steal You

Chapter Summary

Sansa's POV and Jon makes his move.

Sansa sat in her chambers that night brushing her long, auburn hair out before plaiting it for bed. She wore only her night rail but the fire was warm and she hummed to herself thinking of running her fingers through Jon’s soft, dark curls two mornings ago when he’d last kissed her in the Godswood with only Ghost and the Old Gods looking on. She thought of his brown eyes darkening with passion as he kissed her lips and how much she’d wanted him to continue and deepen the kiss…until it was too much. She pulled back and he had stopped at once. She hated denying him. It wasn’t Jon’s fault that desire was so difficult for her. She thought the memories of Ramsey would’ve faded more by now. Watching him die had been satisfying in a way and yet it didn’t make her whole again the way she’d thought. Littlefinger’s whispers and poison had their effect on her nerves as well. Him and his schemes…he only wants to use you but you must play your part. I must be strong for Jon. I must keep him safe.

When she’d learned the truth of Jon’s parentage, she was sad to lose him as her brother despite failing to be much of a sister to him for so long. The moment he’d held her in his arms at Castle Black, she’d felt safe and loved and home again. It reminded her of how safe she’d always felt with Father or Robb at her side. The girl she had been hadn’t paid much attention to her bastard half-brother, Jon Snow, once she was old enough to understand what the word bastard meant anyway. Her mother had seen to that. Sansa had loved her mother dearly and wanted to please her. She’d ignored him at times, been insufferably haughty at others. But, sometimes she’d think of how a lady should always remember her courtesies and she’d be sweet to the quiet, kind boy with the solemn face. He always seemed a bit wary when she tried that though. Now, she wished that she’d been more like Arya and her brothers when it came to Jon and not worried so much about what Mother thought.

She couldn’t change how things had been though so she tried to make things better now that they were together again. But as they got to know each other again, she couldn’t help but notice how he’d grown into a man used to shouldering the burdens of command and the troubles of others. She couldn’t help but notice how handsome her half-brother was either and how noble and thoughtful he was as well. The men around him at Castle Black and the Wildlings seemed to be in awe of him. Sansa supposed coming back from the dead had a great deal to do with that but not all. He hadn’t become Lord Commander by coming back from the dead or forged an alliance with the Free Folk that way either. It was obvious he was born to lead. Father would’ve been so proud of him. The thought of his betrayal by his Brothers, the thought that she might have arrived at Castle Black only to be told, “Sorry, Lord Commander Snow has died” was horrifying. She didn’t understand how he could’ve returned from the dead but she was fully willing to accept the gift of having him by her side again. And then the guilt of almost losing him in the battle against Ramsey was overwhelming. She felt like a cold creature from some frightening tale of Old Nan’s as she tried to tell Jon to accept Rickon’s inevitable death before the battle. She’d never felt such shame as she did when he looked at
her then or the way he didn’t want to look at her when Rickon’s body was brought to them after the battle. *You taught me well, Petyr. You changed the stupid, little girl into a cold and calculating woman. How I wish I was worthy of Jon’s love and trust.*

After learning he was actually her cousin, she immediately saw the threat it posed to him and her both. *I’d do anything for him.* When Davos suggested a marriage between them, her heart had leapt at the thought and she’d spoken at once. She blushed a bit to remember how quickly she’d agreed. Soon he would be her husband. She smiled and was glad of it. For the first time, Sansa Stark would marry a man she actually wanted to marry. He was so brave and gentle and kind… just the sort of man Father had promised her all those years ago. She had grown to love him and hoped she could bring him some joy at least.

But once the announcement was made and a date was set, the nightmares got worse. She’d whimper and cry in her sleep just as she had when it was real and he had come to her every night. Ramsey pinching and biting her flesh, her breasts. Ramsey leaving dozens of bruises on her arms and legs and torso as he hit her with his hands or whipped her with his belt. Ramsey slowly drawing a small blade across her stomach, her thighs, her back, her bottom leaving bloody little trails...how excited he became when she bled, making her beg him to stop. Ramsey driving into her cunny or sometimes her arse like he was trying to stab her to death with his cock, smiling and calling her “sweet wife” with his cruel voice when she cried out. Ramsey telling her how he’d like to take her to the kennels and see his hounds mount her. *At least he never did that.* Making Theon watch that first night. Sometimes Ramsey would change in the dreams and it was Jon’s face she saw and Jon’s body she imagined hurting her. She’d wake shivering and weeping, knowing that would never be the way between them and yet being afraid all the same.

The wedding was approaching now though and she kept reminding herself that laying in Jon’s arms would be a good thing that could never be compared to being Ramsey’s plaything. But being reminded of the bedding ceremony today…she knew Jon didn’t mean to hurt her when he’d mentioned it earlier but it did. When she was a girl hearing about the traditional bedding ceremony, it had all sounded rather bawdy but exciting, too; the flirting by the maidens and married ladies with the groom as they undressed him, the blushing bride being stripped of her gown and being openly admired by the menfolk, gentle teasing of what was to come as the bride and groom were escorted or carried to their bed, the good-natured jesting towards the happy couple while the musicians played “The Queen Took Off Her Sandal, the King Took Off His Crown” until they were dumped into bed together and left to consummate their marriage, sometimes having to listen to drunken advice or facetious offers of help offered loudly through the door. Now, the thought of it just sickened her… all those men groping her, touching her, taking off her clothes. *Petyr will certainly be there hoping to help,* she thought with a shudder. She’d overheard some of the ladies and serving girls gossiping and giggling about seeing the King without his crown. Jon rarely wore his crown but she knew what they meant and didn’t like that either. Jon was the only man whose touch she really wanted. Even sweet Podrick made her nervous when he offered a hand or arm to assist her down a stair or through the courtyard. *How will I deal with this? Do I dare ask Jon to put a stop to it?* He would if she asked she was sure but how to ask?

Sansa was so lost in her thoughts she didn’t hear the sounds coming from her window right away. It
was a gentle tapping at first but was becoming steadily louder. When Sansa got up and crossed to the window, she almost screeched to see Jon on the other side. *What is he doing? He must be 30 feet off the ground at least!* She opened the window and stood there staring rather stupidly at him for at least a full minute.

“Seven hells, woman! Let me in!” he laughed as he pushed past her and fell to the floor at her feet.

“Jon, what are you doing?!?” she nearly shouted.

He got to his feet and shushed her with a kiss. Immediately, there was a knock at the door. “My Lady? Are you alright?” the guard outside her chamber was asking.

Jon looked at her with a silent plea in his eyes and she responded that she was fine. Jon closed the window and turned to face her again. He was dressed differently than normal. He was only wearing black breeches and boots, a simple grey tunic and a black leather jerkin. *He must’ve been freezing outside with no cloak.* His hair was unbound and hung in curls around his face. He had the cockiest grin on his face that Sansa had ever seen and she knew he’d never looked more handsome. She felt her belly give a little twist before she found her voice again.

“How did you manage that climb?” she giggled. Bran was the climber. She’d never known Jon to climb around the castle as a boy.

“I climbed the Wall. Getting to your window was not so difficult. Although, I am grateful no guards saw me and shot me with an arrow,” he replied wryly.

“You climbed the Wall?!” she said a bit loudly again and immediately dropped her voice to a whisper, “What are you doing here?”

“I’ve come to steal my bride,” he said. “Let me steal you, Sansa.”

Sansa smiled but didn’t quite understand until he scooped her up in his arms and carried her to the bed.

“Jon?” she gasped in confusion as the terror started rising up inside. He laid her gently on the bed and then stretched out next to her on his side, elbow crooked to hold up his head as he looked her in the eye, never touching her.

“I would never hurt you, Sansa. If you tell me to stop at any time tonight, I will. But please, let me try. Let me steal you.”

His voice had turned deep and husky with desire as he spoke and Sansa felt a warmth flooding from her belly downward. Sansa ached for him to touch her but he stayed still, just watching her. Finally, when Sansa wondered if this sweet torment of wanting to be touched and just being watched would ever end, he spoke.

“I don’t want a bedding ceremony. I cannot abide the thought of any other man touching you. I know some guests will be unhappy about us breaking tradition but I thought of another tradition we could follow.”

“Stealing?” Sansa prompted.

“Aye, the Free Folk have their own traditions and many of them will be attending our wedding and the feast. For a Free Man to take a wife, he must steal her. If a Free Woman doesn’t care for the man, she fights him and, if he can’t hold her, she’ll never have him. He’s likely to wake in the night full of holes.” Sansa cringed at that. “But,” Jon continued, “when a man holds the woman and makes her
his and she accepts him, they are considered married. Sometimes a woman might not even mind being stolen by the right man…” he trailed off.

Sansa smiled with understanding then. “Tormund and the other Free Folk may like that but I’m not sure the lords and knights will,” she said.

Jon smiled archly in return and said, “The lords will have to learn to swallow their disappointment then.” The cocky grin faltered and Jon spoke in a more bashful voice, “Sansa, will you let me try? Will you let me steal you?”

_He’s asking for your consent._ The plea in his voice and his sweet loving face were too much for her to resist any longer. She smiled sweetly and said, “Steal me then and make me yours.”
Chapter Summary

Sansa needs some coaxing but Jon's up to that challenge.

Sansa's POV

"Please tell me I don't have to climb out the window," Sansa said in jest.

"No climbing," he replied with a smile.

Jon reached for her then and turned her gently by the waist to face him. Sansa crooked her arm under her head and waited. Slowly, he leaned forward and then surprised her by kissing her quickly on the nose. Sansa giggled and smiled before he closed the distance once more and his lips pressed against her own. He put his hand on her cheek as he kissed her slowly and passionately. His lips were soft and his mouth was so sweet. *His lips were made for smiles and kisses*, she thought. He smelled good to her, like a man. He smelled of leather and the tall Sentinel trees in the Godswood and a little of sweat from his climb as well. His beard and moustache tickled slightly but she didn’t mind. His tongue dipped into her mouth languidly at first. When a small moan escaped her lips, he delved more deeply like he was trying to taste all of her mouth. Sansa tentatively moved her own tongue to meet his and she heard a low groan from him. *That sounded nice.* She felt a strange sensation pooling into her sex, making her feel warm throughout. She grew more curious and slowly worked her tongue further into his mouth, tasting him. He tasted good, a bit like ale. He groaned a little louder and she couldn’t bear it anymore.

“Touch me, Jon,” she managed to say.

His hand left her face and slid down to her shoulder and then slowly down her chest to cup a breast. His hand was warm through her night rail. She could feel her nipple hardening as he kissed her mouth and cupped her breast gently. Then, he worked his mouth down along her jaw, behind her ear and down her throat. *Such sweet agony.* She wanted something more from him but she wasn’t sure what exactly. The thought of him entering her still seemed frightening but this wasn't frightening. It was lovely.

“Do you want to keep that on?” he rasped out.

She knew he meant her night rail and small clothes and for a second, she started to say yes. Then, she reflected that he would see her naked eventually and now might as well be the time. She shook her head timidly and stood up.

Sansa stared at the floor for a minute or two while he patiently sat on the bed watching her.

“He hurt me. There are some marks still. Scars that have faded but won’t go away. I just wanted to warn you.”

She pulled her night rail over her head in one fluid movement and then slid her small clothes down and kicked them off. She was afraid he might be repulsed by her scars. She wasn’t sure what to
expect really. Jon drank her in with his eyes but then she saw the desire dwindle. Fury flared in his eyes and then pity took its place. She couldn’t bear that. She bit her lip and reached for her night rail again before any tears could fall. His hand darted out and grasped her wrist.

"Sansa, you are beautiful. Please don’t put that back on."

He rose and took off his jerkin and boots in swift and sure moves and sat back down on the bed. He put his hands on her hips and tugged her gently towards him.

“Lay back into me, sweet girl,” he said as he pulled her into his lap with her back up against his chest.

Sansa felt her eyes start with tears again as he kissed her shoulder and smelled her hair. He leaned around her shoulder next and started kissing a small scar on the side of her left breast where Ramsey had bit her hard and gnawed. *That happened to me before...he can’t hurt me anymore.* Jon's kisses were so soft and careful. His calloused hands were warm and gentle as he traced two long but thin scars on her belly. He leaned back from her and started kissing the marks from Ramsey’s blades and belt, starting near her shoulders and then shifting her forward slightly to work his way down her back. There were well over a dozen marks and some were quite light now but he kissed and licked every single one.

Once he was done with his ministrations to her back, he gripped her hips to turn her in his lap. She was soon straddling his hips as he sat on the edge of the bed and she blushed at the intimacy of it. He was still clothed but she was naked and felt vulnerable. He smiled at her blush and started kissing her again and whispering sweet words between their kisses. “My sweet girl…my beautiful wife…my darling, Sansa…” he said over and over until she was completely melted and no longer felt any shame or embarrassment in their position. He was stroking her back and arse and kissing her neck and chest. Next, he dipped his head down to capture a nipple in his mouth. Sansa couldn’t believe how good all this felt as he suckled at her. She'd always been afraid when Ramsey came near her breasts, his teeth were always cruel. She’d never known how pleasant this could be. She realized soon after that there was wetness between her thighs and hoped he wouldn’t notice. *Surely, this wasn’t right? Or is it? How would you know?* A voice from the past came to her then. A warm and friendly voice she had missed and nearly forgotten…Margaery.

“*We’re very complicated, you know. Pleasing us takes practice.*”

A giggle erupted from out of nowhere and Jon stopped suckling her breast to see what was so funny when she gasped and covered her mouth. She didn’t wish to leave him wondering what had come over her so she told him about the conversation she’d had with Margaery long ago.

"It was her friendly attempt to reconcile me with the notion of marrying and...bedding Tyrion. I didn't know anything at the time and I was terrified."

Then, she answered his knowing grin with a question.

“*You’ve done this before, haven’t you? With other girls?*”

He looked a bit sad for a moment and Sansa wished she hadn’t asked.

“*Only one other girl,*” he finally said. “*I broke my vows with her when I was with the Free Folk.*”

“*What happened to her?*” Sansa asked and was ashamed that she was trembling.
“She died,” he replied.

_Stupid girl! Why’d you have to ask? You’ve made him sad now and ruined everything._ But the sadness on his face was gone in the next moment. “Lay down on the bed, my beautiful wife. I want to taste you.”

Sansa slid off his lap and laid down on her back as he stood and then knelt at the edge of the bed. He leaned up to capture the other breast and started suckling it while his hand roamed down past her belly to her mound. He ran his fingers across the downy, red curls and then gently traced her slit with a finger. Up and down, up and down, he went slowly while his mouth gently tugged and sucked at her breast. Sansa let out an aching moan and she started moving her hips. He carefully entered her with a finger, slowly testing.

“Gods, Sansa. You are wet. Is this alright?” he asked with a ragged breath.

“Yes...Is that good? Being wet?” she asked, blushing furiously. _My face is probably as red as my hair_, she thought.

“Very good,” he mumbled out as he kissed his way downward from her breast to settle between her thighs. Just like with her back, he gently kissed the scars there first. Sansa felt something tightening up within her that wanted to be freed and she squirmed beneath him. He looked up from her thighs with a sly grin on his face.

“Is this alright, sweet girl? Can I taste you?” She propped herself up on her elbows to watch and nodded. He dipped his head down and she felt his tongue lick her folds. His hands came up to hold her hips and Sansa relaxed enough to allow her thighs to sag further apart. His eyes darted up to meet her own, so dark with passion they seemed black. His hungry look seared her but she wasn't afraid. Up and down his tongue played at her folds until she felt it enter her.

“Jon…” she whimpered. _Had anything ever felt this good?_

“Mmmm,” he said with that wicked grin, “you taste so very sweet.”

His tongue worked back up her slit until it found her nub and he began teasing and licking her there. It felt so wonderful but Sansa began to wonder if she could control herself from writhing and moaning under him like some whore. He must have read her mind because he said, "It's alright to enjoy this, you know."

_Right..._

One hand moved off her hip and a finger entered her cunny again and his tongue kept working her nub. Another finger soon joined the first. It stretched but didn’t hurt. Sansa felt like she was hurdling towards something. Her skin felt flushed and suddenly the sensations almost seemed like too much. She felt like she would shatter into pieces beneath him if he didn’t stop. “Uh...Jon?” she said again with another whimper and uncertainty in her voice as she tried to pull her thighs together. He stopped and looked up at her. His mouth and beard were wet from her and his eyes were on him filled with something primal. Then, his face cleared and he smiled again. That sweet smile would be the death of her, she was sure.

“Were you close?” he asked.

“Close?” she asked in small, confused voice.
His eyes darkened again but with anger this time and she was afraid she’d done something terribly wrong. He must’ve seen the fear in her eyes though because he said, “Your peak, Sansa. You’ve never had that before, have you?”

She shook her head with shame.

“No, sweet girl. Don’t look like that. There’s no shame in this. It’s supposed to feel good. What he did to you wasn’t right and is not your fault, my beauty. Let me take you there. I want to see you reach it.”

She laid back again and closed her eyes for a moment as he lowered his head back between her thighs once more. This time his mouth and fingers switched places. His fingers deftly worked at her nub as his tongue glided in and out of her. It sounded terribly wet and messy but somehow it didn’t embarrass her anymore. Jon reached up for a moment to slide her further down to the end of the bed so that her arse was right at the edge. Then, he swept her thighs up onto his shoulders as his tongue continued working her and his fingers resumed their attentions, keeping his eyes locked on hers the whole time. The hurdling sensation started building again, making it hard to think straight. She felt like she was spinning in place and a dizzy and delightful feeling was roiling through her entire body. Her head rolled back. She couldn’t keep quiet any longer and started moaning and calling his name over and over…”Jon, Jon, Jon…oh, gods! Yes, Jon!” Sansa was flying and she felt a pulsing sensation between her legs that was delightful as it rose and fell like waves. Jon moaned against her folds and it felt like he was humming into her very core.

Sansa felt disoriented for a few moments after as the sensation faded. But she also felt joy as she slowly caught her breath. So that’s what all the fuss is about. She found Jon’s eyes on her again as he rose from between her legs. He wiped off his beard and mouth with the back of his hand and leaned over to kiss her mouth once more. She could taste herself on him, tangy and strong but sweet in a way. Did he enjoy doing that to me? As he eased himself down onto the bed next to her, she could feel his cock pressed into her hip.

“Did that please you, my lady?” he asked coyly.

“More than I ever could’ve imagined, Your Grace,” she teasingly replied.

“I wasn’t sure I would be able to control myself,” he admitted. “When you were calling my name and moaning like that, I was sure I would spill in my breeches.” Sansa blushed again. “I love to see you blush, sweet girl.”

She grinned and happily lay there while he idly stroked her side.

“I love you, Sansa,” he said.

“I love you, too,” she said.

After a few more minutes of them lying there looking into each other’s eyes, Sansa quirked her brow and said “Jon?”

“Yes, Sansa?”

Will I ever be able to ask without blushing?
“I want to…are you going make me yours…in other ways?”

“Oh, yes, my beautiful wife. The hour of the wolf is not yet here and I’m not done stealing you.”
Chapter Summary

Sexual Healing-Part 2

I promise they'll get out of bed in the next chapter. Thanks for all the kudos and wonderful comments! They really help keep me inspired:-)

Jon's POV

Jon sat up and pulled off his tunic with his back facing Sansa. When he turned back towards her, he heard something between a gasp and a sob. *She's never seen the wounds.* She had seen his burnt hand. It was fine enough but the skin was a bit scarred and still reddish and angry looking compared to the rest of him. She had traced the small scar along his right brow and temple gently with her slender fingers the first night they had been reunited. But, she had never seen the proof of his betrayal, the scars left by knives in the dark that still stood out as testament to that night. They hadn’t healed like most wounds. They had finally closed but the scars were still red and angry looking even after all the moons that had passed. Sansa stared at the one above his heart…*Olly's killing blow.*

“How is this possible?” she asked. She stretched out a hand to touch him but quickly withdrew it.

“It shouldn’t be. I shouldn’t be here…but I am.”

“I’m glad even if it's hard to believe.”

Her eyes filled with tears and he felt ashamed. He didn’t want her to cry and feel bad for him.

“Do they hurt?”

“No, not anymore.” *Not since I died.*

“May I kiss them, Jon?” she asked tenderly.

Jon nodded and laid down again.

Sansa lean over him and hovered above his chest for a moment before she began chastely kissing every inch of every scar.

Jon thought he would lie there enjoying the view of her breasts bobbing above his chest. He liked seeing her long unbound hair swaying across him, tickling his stomach as she moved, and he felt her lips on his skin. But as she continued, he was surprised to feel tears pooling in his eyes. He’d never had a mother to kiss away his hurts as a child. He had envied Robb when they were little and Lady Catelyn would coo over him when Robb scraped his knee or busted his lip or had his feelings hurt. Then, she’d kiss wherever the hurt was and tell him that would make it all better. She never did that for Jon at any time. She’d never shown him any affection that he could remember. His wet nurse
had died of an illness not long after he’d been weaned and Old Nan had been kind to him but never truly acted like a mother. Some of the serving women followed Lady Stark’s example and were much more likely to scold him when he cried as a little boy and he soon learned to hide his tears from others. *Bastards grow up faster than other children.* He knew that for a fact.

Sansa finished kissing his scars and looked up at his face. He turned his head away. He didn’t want her to see him cry but she did of course. She laid across him and kissed him on the lips and then leaned up to kiss his tears away. He let out a choked sob but then chuckled at the preposterousness of it all. He was supposed to be stealing her, not crying like a boy in her arms. She must’ve sensed that he didn’t want to talk about his wounds or his tears because she smiled at him and said, “Are you planning to keep those breeches on all night?” He laughed more fully then. *Prim and proper Sansa Stark wants me out of my clothes.* The sadness fled at once.

He started to rise to pull them off but Sansa was determined to help. She untied his breech lacings and started tugging breeches and small clothes both down he lifted his hips to help. His cock sprang free and she stared at him. Her Tully blue eyes had darkened to the shade of sapphires. He felt his cheeks getting warm by the way Sansa was staring at every inch of him but more often coming back to his manhood.

“You’re perfect, you know,” she said.

Jon didn’t think his cheeks could get any redder.

“Can I touch you?”

He gulped and nodded but could only think, *If she touches me for long, I’ll spill all over her hands and that is not what I want.* Sansa sat back on her knees and gently stroked his chest and then ran her hands along his hips and down his thighs. Then, she tentatively reached out to grasp his cock.

“Sansa,” he groaned.

She gave a wicked little grin then and stroked him more confidently, wrapping her small hand around him. She seemed mesmerized. *This is something new to her,* he realized. *Ramsey would never have let her touch him in this way. He would never have been vulnerable for her. He was too busy inflicting pain.*

“It’s so hard and yet the skin is as soft as velvet,” she said with wonder.

*Oh, sweet girl. You’re going to have to stop. I can’t take much more of this.*

“Do you like me touching you like this?” she asked with a smirk.

“Very much,” he managed to grunt.

“Hmmm, will you like this then I wonder.” And then without warning, she leaned over and carefully ran her tongue from his balls to his tip.

*Oh, gods...*

She dipped her head down to kiss his hip and thighs and then back over to his cock while her hands roamed over his chest, his arms, his legs. He liked to think he was not a weak man but his restraint
had its limits.

“Enough!” he growled loudly when he felt his control slipping. Sansa bolted back in surprise.

_Fuck…I’ve frightened her._ “I’m sorry, Sansa,” he said sheepishly, “That was…um…very pleasing… too pleasing really. If you keep that up, I’m...a...going to…”

“Oh...I see,” she said with a smile.

Jon sat up and kissed her again. His cock was complaining but he ignored that to focus on her pleasure for the time being.

“Would you mind laying down on your stomach for a bit?” he asked.

Sansa nodded and stretched out on the furs but she looked uncertain. Her eyes were wide and her fear was palatable. Jon suspected Bolton liked taking her from behind, like an animal. The position could be pleasing, Jon knew, but certainly not for her with a beast like Ramsey. He didn’t want to do anything tonight that reminded her of him.

“I’m not going to hurt you. I promise,” he said. “Tell me to stop if you don’t like this.”

He began by kissing the few scars on her arse and then just nuzzling against her cheeks because he wanted to.

“Your beard tickles,” she laughed.

He worked his way up to her back. He could see her scars better than earlier now that her back was facing towards the fire. He felt anger coil in his stomach briefly once more and wished he could bring Ramsey back from the dead again just so he could finish beating him to death. But he had to remind himself that now was not the time for these thoughts. As he laid kisses upon her back working his way up to her neck, his hand reached down between her legs and started sliding along her fold again until he entered her with his finger. Sansa groaned into the bed. He smiled widely to himself and inserted another finger while his thumb played at her nub. He worked her up to peak again with just his hands, kissing her neck and nuzzling her ear.

Once she finally caught her breath again, she whined, “This is hardly fair. I can’t touch you or even see you really.”

Jon grinned at her grumbling. “Aye, you are right. What would you like, my beautiful wife?”

“I want to…Jon, lay down on your back. I want to love you. I want to be on top though.”

“Of course. Are you sure you want this tonight?”

“Yes.”

Jon stretched back on the bed and watched her climb on top of him. He leaned up to kiss her lips. Her weight was comfortable straddling his hips and he continued to ignore how much he wanted to be inside her. _Wait for her to be ready._
“It hurt when he would be in me. He wanted it to hurt and it always did. Will it be like that with us?” she asked.

“It shouldn’t be,” he replied.

She sat up and Jon watched with pleasure as she took his cock in her hand and slowly stroked the moist, swollen lips of her womanhood with it. Watching her like this is the most arousing thing I could ever imagine.

“Sansa,” he croaked, “do you like that?”

“Yes… I’m liking this quite a bit. But your cock is much larger than your fingers,” she said coyly, “How will it feel inside me, I wonder.”

Her bold words were betrayed by her blush but he couldn’t care less at the moment. She paused to position him and slid her hand out of the way before she slowly sank down on top of him. Jon groaned, grateful for the feel of her and praying to make this good for her. Once she was fully seated, he stayed still to allow her control of when they would move again. Finally, she began to move her hips slowly and Jon actually growled.

Sansa giggled, “Are you a wolf then?”

“Aye, a wolf with his she-wolf.”

“Perhaps I’ll make you howl then.”

Fuck! Where did that come from?

She started moving more steadily and Jon began to lift his hips to meet her, thrusting slowly at first but then faster and deeper.

"Sansa… look at me, love," he panted.

She was moaning with every thrust and, when her eyes met his, she cried out, “Jon…oh, Jon…I can’t…it’s so different…it’s good…”

Her eyes started to roll back and he pulled her down closer so he could take a nipple in his mouth, teasing and suckling until her moans grew louder and louder. He no longer cared if anyone heard them.

“Gods, Sansa. You’re so sweet and tight. Come for me, sweet girl. I want to see you peak again before I come.”

“Oh, yes… don’t stop! Ohhhhh!!” she moaned as he felt her silky wet walls throbbing around his cock.

He spilled soon after with a grunt. He was breathing as raggedly as she was when she collapsed into his chest and he laid a kiss on her brow.

“I love you, Jon,” she said quietly.

“I love you, too. I’m not ever letting you go.”

Sansa laughed softly, “You’d make a good wildling, Jon. You’ve stolen me completely.”
Where is She?

Chapter Summary

Jon faces new issues as king the morning after his night with Sansa and he recalls a childhood memory.

They had fallen into a deep, exhausted sleep a couple of hours before dawn after making love twice more that night. Sansa stirred in her sleep beside him and Jon woke with a smile on his face.

*How sweet it would be if I could wake next to her every morning after being with her every night. The rest of the world still exists outside this room though.*

One of her arms was outside of the furs and covered with gooseflesh when he touched it. He covered her back up and noticed how cold the room had become. The fire had died down considerably. Jon turned towards the window and noticed the weak winter sunshine trying to come through.

*I didn’t mean to stay all night but it’s not as though I could’ve managed the climb down from her window after last night.*

He had been on top the last time holding her to him as he thrust into her deep and slow, losing himself in her blue eyes as he kissed her lips. The memory of her flushed and saying, “Faster, Jon,” while he buried himself in her brought a very self-satisfied smile to his lips.

“What are you smiling about, Wolf?” she asked.

She had woken while he lay there smirking and was watching him.

“Just thinking of you. It’s dawn. I’m afraid by mid-day everyone in the castle will know I didn’t sleep in my chambers last night.”

“I don’t care,” Sansa said with a yawn. “We’ll be married tomorrow and now that you’ve stolen me I don’t want to ever sleep apart again. Let them gossip.”

Jon laughed and pulled her to him, busily running his hands over her and kissing her neck. He inhaled her scent and had no wish to do anything but stay here all day.

“Sansa Stark doesn’t care about gossip?” he said doubtingly. “I find that hard to believe. Show me. Let them hear you scream my name.”

Sansa laughed and playfully batted his busy hands away. “Enough, my king. My maids will be here soon and we’ve much to do today.”

He couldn’t resist pouting a bit. Sansa laughed and gently nipped at his lips. “You think that will work on me?” she teased.

“Aye, it might. I'm not above pouting to have more of you.”

“Steal me again tonight then. But this time, Jon...just use the door.”
“As my lady commands,” he said as he mockingly bowed his head before rising from bed to dress.

Sansa rose up to her knees still naked as her name day and watched him dress with a smirk. He caught her licking her lips as she continued watching.

“If you keep staring at me like that and don’t put your clothes on, I’m never going to be able to leave this room, sweet girl.”

She giggled and reached for her night rail.

No sooner than Jon had dressed there was a knock on the door. Despite her earlier statements, Sansa looked like she was ready to dive under her furs.

“Maybe you could hide,” she squeaked.

Jon only gave her a mischievous grin and said “Enter” loud and clear before she could stop him. Sansa gasped and shot him an aggrieved look as two maids entered with her washing water and a boy followed to tend the fire. All three of them froze as they noticed the king and Lady Stark’s state. They often broke their fast together but not in her sleeping chamber and it was far too early for that anyway. Jon knew they were not very presentable at the moment either. Her hair was a mess, her face was bright red, her lips were a bit swollen and she only wore her night rail. He was dressed but his clothes looked rather rumpled. The servants looked down quickly and started their tasks without a word, though the maids were obviously stifling giggles. The young guard on duty in the hallway for the morning peeked in and his eyes got big as saucers before he looked away. A castle rarely holds secrets for long. Sansa looked so unbearably sweet in her obvious embarrassment that Jon laughed aloud before he strode from the room after giving her a wink.

He passed the guard in the hall and headed to his own chambers with what he would’ve considered an unseemly swagger if he could’ve seen himself. Davos was waiting by his door when he arrived.

“Good morning, Ser Davos,” Jon said cheerfully. I’m not sure I’ve ever sounded so happy this early in the morning.

“Good morning, Your Grace,” Davos replied.

“I hate being called that, you know.”

“Of course, Your Grace. I trust you slept well,” he continued in more sobering tones.

Jon’s cockiness began to recede when he noticed how uneasy Davos looked.

“What is it?”

“Two ravens arrived in the night.”

Dark wings, dark words. Lady Catelyn was fond of that saying, Jon thought.

“The maester tried to bring you the news here but when he couldn’t find you, he sought me out. I didn’t wish to disturb your…uh, rest. So I’ve been waiting for you here.”

How sweet it would’ve been to stay in her bed all day and pretend nothing else mattered or even existed.
Jon washed quickly and dressed. He had asked Davos to gather the lords and councilors for a meeting. At least it was not Edd writing to say the Wall has fallen, he thought with a forced smile. It was still bad though. White Harbor had been attacked by the Iron Fleet. Lord Manderly’s grandson and heir had been killed. His younger brother, a boy of 13, was now in charge until his lord-grandfather could return. A majority of the ships in White Harbor had either been taken or burned which was the only real naval power the North possessed. The raven had said Euron Greyjoy, some uncle of Theon’s that Jon had never even heard of, had led the attack.

The second raven had come to Lord Baelish but he had left the letter with the maester for the king to read at once. The men from the Vale that Littlefinger had left in command at Moat Cailin said the Lannister army that had been gathering south of the Neck had disappeared two nights ago. Its whereabouts were unknown and no scouts they had sent looking for the missing Lannisters had returned yet. Jon knew Moat Cailin could throw back an army the size of the one the Lannisters had sent with a just hundred men to man it. The Neck was treacherous and almost impossible to cross from the South if the North held Moat Cailin. But Jon suddenly realized he’d been foolish to leave so many of Littlefinger’s men there to hold it while he rallied Northern houses to Winterfell. I should’ve sent Northmen to man the Neck as soon as I was crowned. If Baelish means to cross me, he could let the Lannister army enter the North uncontested.

He entered Winterfell’s Great Hall and sought out Lord Manderly at once to offer his condolences and support. The huge man looked like a shell of himself. He’d lost both of his sons in Robb’s war; one at the Whispering Woods and one at the Red Wedding. He now found himself with only a young boy to uphold his House and he was desperate to return home and take the burden from his grandson.

“I must beg leave to return home at once, Your Grace,” he said with anxiously.

Jon knew he could never be the kind of king who would refuse him despite how much he needed Manderly’s men.

“Of course, my lord. You and your men may depart as soon as you like. I could send some of my men here to help…”

Manderly didn’t let him finish, “No, Your Grace. You are very good but you need your men here. Once things are sorted at home, I am your man. White Harbor will not forsake you.”

You’ve never fought beside me. I’m just a bastard. Why would you put so much faith in me? Jon wondered. I’m not cut out for this, he thought uneasily.

He looked around the room for Sansa. She wasn’t there yet. He had told Davos to send word to her of the meeting and he could understand if she were slow to join them but he still wanted her there. I need her by my side. Her presence alone makes me feel stronger and more certain of what to do.

The meeting began soon after and Jon related all of the news to the lords and his councilors. He saw concern and uncertainty on all of the faces around him. Lords began making suggestions and the debating began. Some lords wanted to join Lord Manderly on his return to White Harbor and attack the Iron Fleet.
How are you going to attack a fleet of ships with no ships of your own, you fools?

Some other lords suggested sending more men to Moat Cailin but Jon didn’t want to do so blindly without hearing more from there. When he’d heard enough suggestions, most of them utterly useless, he spoke.

“Lord Manderly will be returning to White Harbor with his men alone. We will send a raven requesting an update from Moat Cailin and in the meantime, I will need to gather a small force to ride for the Neck.”

Jon hoped he didn’t sound like a complete idiot. Davos gave him a nod and a quick smile and the others present seemed pleased to hear the king’s decision.

*It’s so much easier to follow orders than to have to give them,* he thought.

More talk ensued but none of it was very productive and Jon’s mind wandered. Something was digging at the pit of his stomach and it wasn’t hunger.

*Where is she? Surely, she could’ve come by now. Was she cross with me for letting the servants in this morning? No, not really.*

He was worried about her. He wanted to go and find her but he was stuck here listening to pointless debates. A memory suddenly came to mind from his childhood. A time when Sansa had went missing.

The castle had been preparing for a hosting of the lords bannermen and too busy to take much notice of him and Robb. They had reached their 9th name day a few months earlier and Robb had decided they needed an adventure to escape the chaos of a castle getting ready to host a hundred guests. Theon had scoffed at their boyish ideas of adventure and left them to their own devices. But Jon thought it was a fine idea. Robb said they would leave early that morning and ride their ponies to the Wolfswood alone, like they were men marching off to war. They had their wooden swords and real daggers in their belts. They filched some food from the kitchens to take with them. They’d agreed to be back by mid-day. Surely, they wouldn’t be missed before then. Jon was looking forward to escaping the castle with Robb for half a day but then Sansa had found them out. She was barely six but could be quite bossy already.

“You can’t go alone! Father will be so angry! I’ll tell Mother,” she said and stamped her foot.

Robb was eagerly trying to talk her out of saying anything while Jon stood there looking uncomfortable and suddenly thinking this wasn’t a good idea after all.

“Don’t you dare say a word, Sansa,” Robb said in irritation when she was not swayed. “If you do, we’ll never play with you again.”

He was trying to sound threatening but Jon thought he sounded a bit pitiful. And Sansa started to cry of course.

*Wonderful,* Jon thought. *This will never work.*

But Robb was not ready to give up yet.
“If you’ll stop crying and promise not to be a pest, we’ll let you come along.”

What? Jon thought. That’s an even worse idea.

Sansa dried her tears at once though and grinned from ear to ear.

She rode behind Robb on his pony and chatted happily all the way to the Wolfswood. Robb shot Jon a few annoyed glances but Jon could only laugh at his brother’s predicament. He’d done it to himself anyway. They found a place fairly deep in the woods by a stream where Jory liked to bring the boys to fish. Robb suggested sparring once the three of them had consumed every bite of food they’d brought. Jon agreed and Sansa happily found a moss covered stone to sit on and watch them.

“Will the lady choose a champion to give her favor to?” Robb asked teasingly.

They both knew how much Sansa loved the idea of knights at tourney and ladies giving favors and all that.

“How can I choose between my brothers?” Sansa replied.

It had warmed Jon’s heart to hear that. He had been well aware of his status for years by then but Sansa was still too young to fully understand. The boys sparred and Sansa cheered them both in turn. After a while though Sansa became bored with the boys’ games.

“I want to pick flowers. I need to make a wreath for the champion to give me as the Queen of Love & Beauty.”

Robb had scoffed at that but told her not to wander far. They’d gotten tired from sparring and decided it would be fun to wrestle and see who ended up in the stream. They both ended up in the stream before long, laughing and enjoying their freedom when Jon noticed Sansa was still not there. He wanted her to laugh with them although she was just as likely to scold them for getting soaked.

“Where is she?” Jon asked.

“She can’t be far,” Robb replied but his voice was as full of concern as Jon’s heart was.

He’d never forgotten that feeling in the pit of his stomach from that moment. They started searching and calling her name, the anxiety building rapidly. Then, they heard a terrified scream further away than they would’ve imagined she’d roam. They ran towards the sound and found Sansa on the other side of a little hill with a handful of flowers clutched in her small hand and facing three wolves. Robb and Jon rushed in front of her at once with their wooden swords drawn.

“Stay behind us,” Jon shouted at her.

He glanced over at Robb who looked every bit as frightened as Jon felt. He thought they might be able to frighten the animals away with enough noise. Thankfully, they never had to test that idea. Jon heard a whoosh as an arrow took down the closest wolf. Hal Mollen was standing two dozen yards away with his bow still up. The other two yelped and ran off as Jory Cassell charged at them on his horse. Father had vaulted off his horse with his sword drawn running towards his children. He quickly dropped the sword though as Sansa ran sobbing to him. He scooped her up and held her close reassuring her that she was safe all the while.
On the ride back to Winterfell, he could hear Sansa innocently telling Father how brave he and Robb had been defending her from the wolves. But Jon couldn’t feel happy at being called brave. He knew they never should’ve gone out alone in the first place and certainly should not have taken her along. He and Robb rode silently behind their father knowing they’d both be whipped when they returned. The one glance Lord Eddard had directed at them on the return trip made that very clear. Neither of them felt any injustice about being punished though. Hal said that their absence had been noticed early and Theon had finally confessed what he knew of their plans to Lord Stark. The men had been searching for them most of the morning when they found them.

After they’d returned, Lady Catelyn had swept Sansa away. Robb broke down and cried, telling Father it was all his fault as it was his idea in the first place. But Father had told Jon that he was to blame as well for going along when he knew it wasn’t right. Jon cried every bit as hard as Robb had. Not because of the whipping he was certain he deserved but for the shame he felt at having endangered Sansa and disappointed Father. Later, Father had taken the boys to see Sansa. She was exhausted from her day and lay sleeping in her bed next to Arya, looking so sweet and small even with her little sister beside her. Father had laid a gentle hand on Jon’s shoulder and the other on Robb’s.

“You boys must always protect your sisters. And you must never put either of them in danger again.”

*Where is she?* Jon thought again coming back to the present. He looked around the room for Davos and noticed another face that was missing. One that certainly should’ve been there…*Littlefinger.*

*Where is he? Why wouldn’t he be here for this meeting? He had provided the information regarding Moat Cailin to begin with and wouldn’t he love watching me squirm trying to decide what to do?*  

*Where is she?*  

*Where is he?*

The talk had stopped and men began filing out of the hall. Jon saw Ghost by the fire and called him to his side.

“Find her, boy. Help me find Sansa.”
Discoveries

Chapter Summary

A meeting, a misunderstanding...and make-up sex.

Sansa lay back in the water, grateful for its warmth. She loved her maids. They were sweet girls really but she loved them most for always managing to get her bath water to her chamber before it could cool. Once Sansa had got out of bed, she realized she was a bit sore from their active night despite how gentle he had been. The water was soothing and she closed her eyes and remembered his sweet words and loving touches.

_All that time I spent dreaming of knights and looking down on him for being a bastard...what a fool I was. He’s better than any knight and better than a thousand songs and stories._

One of her maids soon returned with something for her to eat and news that the king had called a meeting and Jon had sent word via Ser Davos for her to attend.

“Is it urgent?” Sansa asked but the maid did not know. “Help me get dry and dressed.”

But Sansa was moving slowly. The soreness had disappeared with the bath but she felt very tired from so little sleep. And she couldn’t keep her mind from running back through the night before; the look in his dark brown eyes as he pleasured her with his mouth, his body pressed up against hers and the feel of his warm skin and his soft hair in her hands as he moved within her, the loving way he watched her and the soft grunt he made as he spilled in her.

_Concentrate, Sansa. There’s more things to think of than the pleasures of the night._

Sansa pulled herself from her reflections and finished plaiting her hair.

Just as she was ready, there was a knock at the door and her guard brought in a small note.

_Perhaps it’s from Jon_, Sansa thought as she opened it.

It wasn’t. It was from Lord Baelish. ‘Meet me in the godswood at once. Come alone.’

Sansa felt her stomach drop. _What does he want now?_ She looked at the note again. ‘Come alone.’

Sansa didn’t want to be alone with him. Her first instinct was to go to Jon but she couldn’t bother him if he was holding a council meeting.

_Perhaps I should ask Brienne to come._ But Brienne usually attended council meetings as well. And he’d said to come alone.

_Play your part. He’s always scheming and perhaps you can discover his plans. He wasn’t pleased with the marriage announcement and he may be plotting something against Jon._

“Fetch my cloak, please,” she said to her maid.
He was by the Weirwood waiting when she arrived, dressed in his long black cloak with his Mockingbird pin at his throat. His expression was neutral but that didn’t mean anything. He could hide his feelings rather well when he wanted to.

“Lord Baelish,” she said to announce her presence.

“My lady,” he replied with his twisted smile, “You look exceptionally beautiful this morning. You almost seem to be glowing but your eyes are a bit tired looking.”

“I didn’t sleep much.”

“No? That’s too bad.”

His tone was cool but there was anger underneath.

_I should not have come alone_, Sansa thought with anxiety.

He came closer. Sansa stood her ground but her mind was racing to come up with an excuse to leave at once. He was very good at reading her though. He came closer still and talked to distract her.

“There’s been news from Moat Cailin and White Harbor. The King is holding a meeting.”

“Yes, I’m supposed to be at that meeting. You should be, too. Shall we go together?”

He reached out and touched her face. There was a time when she was younger and in his protection that she thought perhaps him touching her like this wasn’t so bad. She shuddered at the thought. Now she only wanted to run away. She tried to step back but he snaked his other arm around her waist and brought her up close…much too close.

“Did he hurt you, sweetling?” he asked in a slippery tone. “Or did you enjoy the king last night as much as he enjoyed you?”

Sansa gasped and stepped out of his embrace.

_He knows. Of course, he knows. Jon said the whole castle would know by mid-day and he’d know sooner than anyone._

Sansa put on as haughty an expression as she could muster and said “What business is that of yours? I’m to be his wife tomorrow. I’ll be in his bed as much as he likes soon enough.”

“His father was the same, you know. Stealing your Aunt Lyanna and doing what he liked with her. I wonder how the good lords will feel about another Targaryen, especially a bastard Targaryen, stealing a Stark girl,” he hissed into her ear.

Sansa felt a chill go down her spine at his use of the word ‘stealing’. _What if the lords thought that?_ The notion of Jon stealing her had been thrilling last night. _Would others be angry about it?_ Petyr took her silence for resignation and he grasped her by the shoulders this time.

_Sansa shook herself from her thoughts and said, “Why do you care what they think? They were pleased with our decision to marry anyway. If anyone seems displeased, it’s you. You arranged my marriage with Ramsey. You certainly knew I’d be sleeping with him even if you didn’t actually know the kind of man you’d sold me to…which I doubt.”_

“You know how terribly sorry I am about that. I never wanted for you to be harmed. I think this
match is a mistake. You know what I want. You could return to the Vale with me.”

“Winterfell is my home. I’m not leaving it.”

“You don’t have to marry him.”

“I want to marry him!”

Petyr’s mask slipped then and she saw the pain in his eyes but she was angry now and not finished.

“Is that the problem? You can’t stand that I have feelings for him. That I love him. And I’m not doing what you’re telling me to do anymore. That’s it, isn’t it? Sending me like a whore to a man of your choosing was fine but giving my favors freely to a man I choose…”

His grip on her shoulders tightened and he shook her for a moment. Sansa was afraid that he might strike her. But his eyes softened and he actually laughed and said, “You don’t mean those things.” Then, he leaned in to kiss her.

“Let go of me!” she shouted as she shoved her arms between their chests and pushed him forcefully away.

He looked up angrily then but stilled just as Sansa heard a rumbling growl growing louder behind her.

Ghost!

She turned and could see his red eyes glowing like embers and make out his huge outline in the snow. Jon was a few paces behind with a troubled expression plain on his face.

Does he think I came here to be with Petyr willingly? Does he suspect me of not being true to him?

Sansa couldn’t blame him if he did in a way but she rushed to Jon’s side at once. She was trembling when she clasped his arm and he could tell. His eyes quickly turned hard as he looked at Baelish.

“You both missed the council meeting,” he said in attempt at coolness. Sansa could sense the anger boiling up in him though.

Lord Baelish gave him a smug smile and bowed, “Your Grace, I was planning to escort Lady Stark to the meeting but we got wrapped up in other matters.”

“Council meetings are not held in the godswood. Why would you escort Lady Stark here?”

Petyr tried looking contrite. “Apologies, Your Grace. Sansa is like a daughter to me. I only wanted a few moments to speak with her about her well-being and her good name.”

Was that some sort of threat?

“I met a man north of the Wall named Craster that took a similar interest in his daughters. You’re very different than him and yet you remind me of him in that way, Lord Baelish,” was Jon’s reply.

“I’m sure he’s a fascinating man,” said Petyr “but if you’ll please excuse me, I’ve some other matters to attend to.”

With that, he slipped away giving Jon and Ghost a wide berth.
Sansa was still trembling when Jon rounded on her with a wounded look.

“What’s going on between you and him?”

“Nothing! I swear it,” she choked out. “He sent me a note asking me to meet him here and to come alone.”

“Why would you do that?!?” Jon roared in response.

_Gods, he is so angry and I’ve been a fool yet again._

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. Please…I’m afraid of him. I’m afraid for you. He’s already killed one king. He knows you spent the night with me. He said you were just like your father stealing Aunt Lyanna. You need the support of the Vale but he wants me…he’ll do anything to get what he wants.”

She reached out her hand towards him and he turned away.

“Please, Jon. Please, look at me.”

She could tell he was hurt and it was agony to know it was her fault. But he didn’t look as angry now as he looked back at her. She stumbled forward into his chest and sobbed. He stayed still for just a few agonizing moments before he wrapped his arms around her.

“Shush, my sweet girl. I’m sorry I yelled at you.”

“No, you were right to be angry and doubt me. I’ve kept things from you before but I swear I’m not keeping anything from you now or ever again.”

_‘We need to trust each other,’ he had told her._

“There are other things I’ve not told you before about him but I will tell you now.”

She took a shuddering breath and began.

Jon was plainly shocked by the time she was finished. She felt her cheeks burning to admit how she’d let Littlefinger manipulate her and use her and how he’d shaped her to be like him. Jon wanted to tell Lord Royce about him killing Lysa Arryn but he wouldn’t because he knew what others would think about Sansa lying to help him cover it up. And when she admitted to the other meeting she’d had with him in the godswood where he’d revealed his grand plan of attaining the Iron Throne with Sansa at his side, Jon looked hollow and his eyes were cold.

“Is that what you want, Sansa? To be queen? Is that why you agreed to marry me?”

“No! It’s not why. I want to be your wife. I don’t care if I’m a queen.”

“I stole your place though. Isn’t that what you think?”

“No, Jon, we’ve been through this. I don’t resent you for being crowned. He wants to drive a wedge between us. Please believe me when I say that I love you and I only want to be your wife.”

Jon looked away again and Sansa thought her heart would break if he walked away from her now. It seemed an eternity before he nodded to himself and looked at her intently.

“Don’t ever agree to meet him alone again. Avoid him as much as possible.”
It was a warning. His voice was low and raspy. He was being very clear and she knew that if she did not obey he might not ever trust her again.

She nodded. “Never again.”

And in the next moment, he crushed her up against him and kissed her hard, almost painfully. She did not resist. He angled his head to possess her and she willingly opened her lips to him. He devoured her mouth and his eyes were still angry but full of passion, too. He pressed her up against the Heart Tree but one hand braced the back of her head and the other held her fast against him. Sansa bared her throat to him as he made his way from her mouth to her jaw. He was biting and kissing every inch of her neck he could reach before her cloak got in the way.

“Don’t ever betray me, Sansa,” he growled.

His voice sounded gruff but she could hear the pain in it as well.

Of course. He’s been betrayed so foully. How could I not realize how vulnerable it makes him feel?

“Never, Jon. I promise.”

Some of the anger seemed to leave him then but she could feel his desire pressed against her belly.

“Jon…” she moaned with longing.

He understood her at once. He roughly tugged her skirts up to her hips and ripped her small clothes off with one hand. He was still kissing her mouth as his finger entered her. She was already wet.

“Gods, Sansa…” he groaned.

The question was plainly there…once more before there was no turning back. The air was cold on her exposed flesh but she wouldn’t deny him now. She didn’t want to deny him anyway.

“Yes, Jon.”

She reached down to help him with his lacings as he shoved his cloak off. He pressed her up against the tree more firmly and looped an arm under one of her legs and brought it around his waist. He kissed her fiercely again as he entered her in one powerful thrust. Sansa gasped and clutched his hair. His hips began thrusting rapidly and Sansa soon was moaning with pleasure. He said filthy and possessive things in her ear but they did not frighten her. They excited her. His blood was up from their quarrel but she was not afraid of him. She knew he loved her as she loved him. He reached down between them to circle her nub.

“Sansa…I want you to come, too.”

She moaned louder and felt the sensation overwhelming her once more as he touched her and kept up a relentless pace. She cried out and his thrusts became unsteady. He groaned loudly in her ear when he came.

He still had her pinned to the tree as he came back to himself and began kissing her more softly, whispering the sweeter words she’d heard the previous night.

“My sweet girl, I love you. I’m sorry if I hurt you.”

“Don’t be sorry. You didn’t hurt me. I love you.”
"I'm no better than him," he said sadly.

She knew exactly who he meant. She would've laughed at him for comparing himself to Ramsey Bolton if his pain wasn't so obvious.

"No, Jon. You are nothing like him. Please don't say that. I wanted you, too."

He laced up his breeches as she adjusted her skirts and tucked her ruined small clothes away in a pocket. He spread his cloak upon the large stone by the Heart Tree for them to sit upon as he held her to him. She could tell he was still torturing himself in his mind for what he’d done and she asked him about the meeting to distract him from such a useless activity. He told her the news the ravens had brought and the outcome of the council meeting.“

"The Iron Fleet? Why would they attack White Harbor and the North again?" she asked.

“I don’t know,” Jon replied. “All this endless quarreling in the North and South, between this House and that House, when we should be uniting to face the real enemy.”

No one else here except the Free Folk understands that as well as you, Jon.

They continued sitting there together and talking until Ghost gave a warning rumble. Tormund came stomping into view and laughed when he spotted them.

“Har! I’ve found you two at last. What have you been doing with that pretty girl, I wonder?”

Sansa was sure she was quite disheveled and ducked behind Jon as he stood.

“There’s been trouble at the castle while you’ve been out here ruffling your feathers, Crow.”
He was trying hard not to think about what he’d done as they sat there together on his cloak that was getting cold and damp from the snow the longer they stayed.

*I took her against a tree…*the Heart Tree*…like a whore.*

Jon wondered if the old gods could see them through the face carved in the weirwood. Jon knew he had a temper. He always had but it usually did not get the best of him like that. But seeing her with Baelish with the lust apparent in his eyes...trying to make sense of what he had seen before they were aware of him had his blood boiling. Baelish laughing and leaning in to kiss her…it was enough to drive him mad. She had shoved him away but he feared perhaps she’d been aware of his presence then and was trying to cover up what she was truly feeling. But then she’d ran to him and he could tell how frightened she was. His heart had ached at the possibility that she didn’t really love him, that he had been fooled the night before into believing a lie. But Sansa wasn’t lying. She did love him and it was no lie.

She was just sitting there now next to him, holding his hand, laying her head upon his shoulder and talking as if what he did was nothing.

*She doesn’t seem afraid of me. She doesn’t seem angry about what happened. I really don’t deserve her. I must keep him away from her. He wants her. She’s refused him. He’s too dangerous to trust so near us.*

Jon pulled her closer.

“There’s nothing I wouldn’t do to keep you safe.”

She smiled up at him and answered, “I know.”

Ghost gave a low growl and Tormund came into view. Sansa was embarrassed by his jesting and Jon wanted nothing more than to escort her away from Tormund’s laugh and take her back to her chambers so he could make love to her again but much more tenderly this time.

“What trouble?” he asked instead.

“Fighting between some of those pricks from the Vale and some of your kneelers. A couple of men
have been killed.”

Jon leapt up at once and helped Sansa to her feet.

“Take her inside, Tormund, and then find me.”

“Alright,” the big man replied with a bit of a grin. “Perhaps we’ll find Lady Brienne.”

“I want to stay with you, Jon,” Sansa pleaded.

“I’ll come to you shortly,” he said.

He raced ahead of them to the castle where Davos seemed to be on the watch for him. They went to the training yard where two dozen men were standing about. Two dead men lay on the ground; a young man-at-arms that belonged to Lord Glover and a squire from the Vale.

“What’s all this about?” Jon shouted.

“It was the squire, Your Grace,” one of the household guards said. “Him and this one,” the man continued as he pointed to another lad, “started insulting the Glover man and they started brawling.”

Jon went over to the young man. “Tell me why. Tell me why before I take your head.”

The squire trembled before him and said, “We were told to cause some trouble with the Northerners. Ser Maeken told us to make a disturbance. Said he’d reward us.”

Jon didn’t recognize the name and looked to Davos.

“One of the knights from the Vale, Your Grace. His sigil is a hawk in flight.”

Jon remembered him well from the morning he’d heard the men jesting about the bedding. He was the one suggesting how far things might be taken with Sansa. That was before Jon had beat him bloody in the yard later that morning.

“That man? Why?” Jon turned back to the boy. “Why were you told to make a disturbance?”

“I don’t know, Your Grace. Please…I was only doing as I was told. It wasn’t meant to turn bloody.”

“Take him to the dungeon and burn the bodies,” Jon barked.

Tormund appeared and Jon went to him.

“Where did you leave Sansa?”

“In the castle as you said.”

“With Brienne?”

“No, couldn’t find her. Your lady said she’d be fine and to go find you.”

Jon did not like this, not one bit. Why would a knight from the Vale ask his squires to cause a disturbance? Was he after something?

“Davos, come with me. I need to find Sansa.”
They were nearly to her chambers when they heard her scream. Swords were clashing inside her chambers and Jon’s heart nearly stopped. He crashed into the room with Davos and found Brienne fighting Ser Maeken as Sansa was pressed against the far wall. In the doorway, Sansa’s guard from the morning, Arlen, lay on the floor with his throat cut open. He was probably a year or two younger than Sansa. Very young to serve as a guard but they’d had to make do with the men available and Brienne could not always stand watch over her. Their entrance had distracted the knight and, as Jon drew his sword, Brienne ran him through. Jon rushed to Sansa.

“Are you hurt?” he asked anxiously.

“No,” she said shakily. Sansa couldn’t seem to look away from the dead men. “Thank you, Brienne,” she muttered at last.

“Of course, my lady.”

Jon looked to Brienne for answers as he held Sansa close to him.

“I was coming to relieve Arlen when I heard Lady Sansa scream. I found him,” she said as she pointed with her sword, “attempting to abduct her.”

Sansa went over and knelt next to Arlen’s body and began to cry.

“Why?” she asked the room.

*I told her I’d do anything to keep her safe…what if I fail? I don’t want to live if that day ever comes.*

He looked around her chambers and saw Littlefinger’s note from that morning to Sansa on her desk. He picked it up and held it out to her.

“Do you think he was involved, Sansa?” he asked.

Sansa dried her tears and seemed to be steeling herself to deal with the issue at hand.

“Possibly. I don’t know. We don’t have any proof.”

“I’m not sure I care about having proof. I’d rather just take his head and be done with him.”

“You can’t do that. They’d call it murder without any proof or a witness. Tell me about the trouble, the dead men.”

“It was a diversion that turned deadly. This man set his two squires to cause it. He meant to take you away by force while we were distracted I believe. Either this was Ser Maeken’s idea alone or someone asked him to do it. We both know who that likely was.”

“But it’s such a clumsy attempt. Even killing the guard, how could he hope to drag me through the castle and outside the walls undetected? Did he think I’d go silently?”

“I don’t know. Perhaps he planned to silence you in some way. I suspect this was Ser Maeken’s plan even if Littlefinger put him up to it. Perhaps he put too much faith in Ser Maeken’s abilities. Regardless, when you’re not with me, keep Brienne or Ghost by your side.”

Jon left Sansa with Brienne and her maids and he and Davos talked about the murder. Jon was becoming more convinced that Littlefinger had set it in motion. Just as he had sent a pawn for Sansa in Kings Landing, he had somehow convinced Ser Maeken to abduct Sansa from Winterfell.
What did he say this morning to me about her well-being and good name? Was that a warning to me or a threat to her if she refused him?

Davos agreed with Sansa though that without proof it was best to just be on the watch. Jon felt a bit disappointed. He had hoped Davos would agree with his plans to just kill Baelish and deal with the outcry afterwards but he knew Davos was right. Tormund joined them. He wasn’t that bothered by a few dead men. The Free Folk were apt to quarrel and Jon had personally watched Tormund beat the Lord of Bones to death over an insult.

*He at least wouldn’t complain if I took Littlefinger’s head without warning.*

“Are we to proceed with the feast tonight, Your Grace?”

“Yes, Davos. I suppose we shall. We will watch and see if Baelish makes any moves.”

“That Littlefucker is always up to something, Jon Snow. Watch him closely,” Tormund added.

The night’s feast was to celebrate the arrival of the lords for the wedding tomorrow. Sansa had planned to keep it modest considering winter’s arrival but there would be plenty to drink and some music. There would be a larger feast after the wedding the next day. Jon didn’t see the point of two feasts in two days but Sansa assured him that lords liked to feel well entertained by their host so it was necessary. Jon certainly didn’t find it necessary though. He was tired from his lack of sleep the night before and all that had happened during the day. He had a headache and merely attempted to not look too put out by their guests as he sat down in the Great Hall after speaking the expected words of welcome. His only wish was to pass through the next couple of hours until he could take Sansa to bed.

Lord Manderly had excused himself from the feast to mourn and prepare for his journey the next day. Lady Mormont had arrived that afternoon though and Jon was pleased to see her and Sansa speaking very cordially together, as they both smiled at him from a distance. Lord Cerwyn had returned to Winterfell for the wedding the day before and Jon was not so pleased to see him. The young lord’s eyes kept darting towards Sansa, following her about and roving over her body in her fitted dove-gray gown.

*Stop looking at my bride like that…*

“You look cheery,” Sansa smirked as she came to resume her place next to him.

“I’m not good company for a feast tonight.”

“I know. But we have to keep this up a bit longer. Try and not look so grim,” she said as he gave him a mocking sour face.

He smiled at her and leaned over to kiss her cheek. “Your wolf is hungry, my lady,” he teasingly breathed in her ear.

“Would you like some of this lamb, my King?” Sansa asked with an innocent expression, pushing a platter towards him.

“Wolves do like lambs but I’m hungry for something else,” Jon rasped quietly. “It’s hiding under those skirts but I can still remember how very sweet it tastes.”
Sansa blushed from her ears to her throat but then she placed a small hand on his knee. “I was thinking of another treat…” she said as she slowly moved her hand up his thigh before giving his cock a squeeze.

“Sansa,” he gasped with surprise.

“Feast first, my king. Dessert later,” she replied archly.

Jon’s cheeks were hot and suddenly his breeches felt uncomfortably tight. He looked around to see if anyone was watching them. Most everyone was busy enjoying the food and drink and company but Jon caught one set of eyes on them.

Littlefinger looks like he might be choking on his own bile.

Jon flashed him a saucy grin and tried to keep his fears at bay when he thought of the danger Sansa could be in from that man. Littlefinger got up and left the hall.

As the feasting started to wind down, kegs of wine from the Arbor were brought out to go along with the ale and toasts were made by several lords present. A small cask was presented to Jon and Sansa at the high table said to be from Lord Royce’s personal stock.

“Personally chosen by Lord Royce for you, Your Grace and My Lady. It’s supposed to be very fine,” the servant said that poured for them.

They must really want to see me good and drunk, Jon thought as he raised the goblet to his mouth and pretended to drink.

He preferred ale to wine from all his time with the Watch. And with his head already pounding, he didn’t want to drink anymore tonight.

I want to enjoy the night with her. I don’t want to spend it feeling too drunk and ill to do anything but sleep.

“It’s bitter,” Sansa commented to him as she tried it. “Arbor Gold is usually sweeter,” she continued as she took another sip.

“The ale’s good if you want some. Much better than what I gave you at the Wall,” he said with a laugh.

Sansa gave him a slap on the arm for that. She had choked and spluttered with one taste of that vile brew and Jon had laughed then, too.

The tables and benches were being moved against the wall so that there could be dancing. Jon groaned and thought this might be an excellent time to leave. But Sansa was smiling. She loved dancing and Jon would stay near her even if he preferred not to dance. Lord Cerwyn came up and asked her as soon as the musicians had finished warming up their instruments.

You bold, little cocksucker, Jon thought with annoyance.

He shot the king a nervous glance when he saw his scowl but Sansa stood and let him lead her to the floor. She was so graceful and Jon could not help but smile watching her. Jon remembered the few
times he had partnered with her when they were younger. She could make any partner seem like a better dancer than he really was. Jon noticed Littlefinger had returned and was watching her keenly. Lord Glover took young Cerwyn’s place and then Davos. Sansa seemed a bit pale by the time she’d finished with Davos and he was escorting her back to Jon at the high table when Lord Baelish stepped up to her. Jon felt an overwhelming sense of relief when he saw Sansa grip Davos a bit tighter and politely shake her head at Baelish. He looked angry and stalked out of the hall once more. Jon was pleased that she’d refused him but when she got closer though, Jon didn’t like the way she looked.

“You’re unwell?”

Sansa smiled at him and said, “I think I’m just tired.”

“Come on then,” Jon stood and took her hand from Davos.

“But I wanted to dance with you.”

“Tomorrow, my love. I promise to dance with you at our wedding feast if you promise not to laugh at me too much.”

Sansa said she wanted a bit of fresh air and they exited the castle briefly to the courtyard where Tormund was visiting with some of the other Free Folk who had come to witness these “Southern” wedding traditions.

“What’s this bedding ceremony Tormund’s talking about, Snow?” one of the men who had fought next to Jon against the Boltons asked.

“It doesn’t matter,” Jon replied. “We won’t be having a bedding ceremony.”

Sansa gave him a bright smile at that.

“No need for that,” Tormund laughed. “He’s already stolen this pretty girl. More than once, I’d guess.”

The other Free Folk, men and women both, laughed heartily at that and Jon was afraid Sansa would feel embarrassed again but she laughed as well.

“Aye, stealing her is the most fun I’ve ever had!” Jon agreed and hoisted Sansa up over his shoulder.

“Jon!” she shrieked as Tormund and the rest cheered. He carried her that way back to the castle as she laughed.

“Put me down!” Sansa shouted once they were back inside though she was still laughing.

“No,” he said as he teasingly smacked her arse, “You promised me dessert.”

His chambers were closer and he didn’t think he could wait much longer to have her. Jon opened the door and put Sansa on her feet. The fire was low and he could not see her clearly but she looked very unsteady and a bit ill by what little light there was.

“Sansa, are you alright?”
“Jon…” she whispered, “I feel strange.”

“Come and sit then,” he said trying to convince himself that the warning bells inside his head were not real.

Sansa walked towards the fire but then collapsed to the floor. As he knelt beside her she started retching on the floor.

“Sansa!”

He turned her towards him. She was pale beyond words and her eyes looked glassy. Her face was covered in a sickly sweat as vomit dribbled down her cheek. He placed his hand over her chest and could feel her heart was racing as though it was trying to pound its way out of her chest. She moaned and rolled to the side being sick once more. Jon rubbed her back and tried to console her.

“Sansa, I'll get the maester. You'll be alright.”

“Jon…” she murmured, “I think…the wine…”

No! he mind screamed in denial. Surely not…not her!

She had stopped being sick and lay in his arms.

“Jon…” She closed her eyes and would not answer him any longer. He let out a roar of anguish and screamed for help. He shouted and cursed for what seemed like an age before some of the guards appeared followed by Davos.

“Jon?” Davos questioned as he saw Jon kneeling over Sansa. But Jon did not hear Davos. He could only hear the voice in his head.

“You boys must always protect your sisters and never put them in danger again…” Father had said.

Jon wept and begged forgiveness from Sansa and the dead and clutched her to his chest.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys like this chapter alright. Trying to make drama, plotting and suspense believable.

Would love to hear what you think and thanks for all your kind comments and kudos!
The summer storm was fierce. Sansa was sure she’d never heard thunder so loud and the lightning streaked through the shutters every other heartbeat. She tried to hide deeper in her covers and think of pleasant things but it was no good. She was hoping Arya would come join her in her bed like she used to do when they were smaller. But Arya didn’t seem frightened of storms anymore. She’d just laugh at the thunder and beg to go running out in the rain. Sansa felt foolish.

I’m nearly 9 now. I shouldn’t be afraid of storms.

She thought of going to Robb’s room like she’d done when she was smaller. He always made her feel safe. But lately, Robb had not had much patience with Sansa. He had just reached his twelfth name day and was always saying she was a pest or a brat. He didn’t like the way she’d started calling Jon “our half-brother” either. Sansa didn’t know why that made Robb angry. It was only the truth. Jon was their half-brother and baseborn as well.

Hmm, Jon…

When they were younger, Robb and Jon had shared a room and, if Arya claimed Robb first, Jon would always let Sansa lay next to him.

Sansa felt bold and reckless sneaking out of her chambers.

I’ve never gone to his room since he and Robb stopped sharing.

It was further away than the rest of her siblings’ rooms. She passed Bran’s room and considered going in there.

I can’t do that. He’s only four. If he’s sleeping, I’ll only wake him and make him afraid of the storm as well.

Rickon was just a babe and still shared Mother’s bed so she couldn’t go there either. She reached his room.

Should I knock? Someone might hear. Better to just go in.

Sansa’s tummy was tied in knots.

What if he says no? I’ve not been very nice to him lately.

She opened the door and entered. The fire was low but with the frequent flashes of lightning she
could make out the room well enough. It seemed so small. He was laying in the bed and as she approached she squeaked like a mouse when a lightning flash showed his dark eyes were open and he was watching her.

“What are you doing here, Sansa?” he asked.

He doesn’t sound too annoyed, she thought.

“I’m afraid of the storm,” she whispered.

“Alright…but why are you in my room?” he asked with his serious face.

Sansa just stood there with the lightning lighting up the room around her as bright as day. Her heart felt heavy and ached and she was sure she’d start to cry soon.

“I’m sorry. I can go.”

As she turned though, Jon grasped her wrist and said, “Come on then. Just this once.”

He raised his covers and she jumped in and snuggled up against him at once.

He chuckled, “Your feet are freezing.”

He was so warm and his arms felt so strong.

“You must be gone before everyone wakes. Your mother would be angry at you and me both if she found you here,” he said in a very knowing tone for a boy not quite twelve.

It hurt to hear him say it but she knew it was true.

“I will be. I promise,” she had said with a yawn as her eyes were already drifting closed.

He cannot stop the storm but he can hold me and keep me safe.

It was dark, so very dark all around. Her heart raced and her limbs felt leaden. The room was spinning and she could hear voices but they were dulled. Sometimes it seemed as though she was listening to an argument through a door.

“You cannot trust her!” one voice was shouting.

“Do you have a better suggestion, Davos? What choice do I have?”

That sounded like Jon, Sansa thought.

She tried to open her eyes but everything looked fuzzy, like someone had a put cobwebs over her eyes. She could tell she was lying in a bed.

Whose bed?

Someone was lifting her up by her shoulders, cradling her body against his chest.

Jon…I’d know the feel of his arms and the smell of his skin anywhere.

“Sansa, can you hear me? Open your mouth, my love. There’s a draught here to make you better.”
Sansa opened her mouth and felt a small amount of liquid touch her parched tongue and then the
darkness came back again.

Her dreams were strange and troubled at times. Other times, she felt and thought nothing like she
was drifting through a fog. At one point though, she opened her eyes and very clearly saw Jon
dozing in a chair by the bed. His face was drawn with worry even as he slept.

*His bed, I’m in his chambers.*

She fell back to sleep. She dreamt of Father and that day on the steps of Baelor when all her dreams
turned into nightmares. She could see Joffrey’s cruel and mocking smirk and could feel the blows.
She could smell the mob closing in on her and felt them stab her belly as a vicious dog tore out their
throats. She felt fingers on her back, telling her where to stand, who to watch…the shadow giant
looming behind her always, whispering in her ear. She heard Ramsey’s laughter as she screamed.
She saw the Wall and heard Old Nan talk of the Cold Dead Things from the Long Night.

Then, someone was opening one of her eyes and was too close to her face. His breath was sour and
she turned her head away.

“My lady? Are you waking?”

Sansa opened both eyes and the maester was in front of her.

“Are you in any pain? Would you like some dreamwine or milk of the poppy?”

Sansa had no voice. Her throat was so dry and she couldn’t find the strength to even shake her head.

“Not now,” Jon said behind the maester. “I will sit with her. Come back in an hour if I have not
called you first.”

“Yes, Your Grace,” and the gray man drifted out of the room.

“Jon…” she tried to say.

No sound came out. He lifted her up with one arm and reached for a cup by the bed.

“It’s just water. It will help your throat.”

Sansa drank deeply. No wine had ever tasted so fine. She sank back down on the pillow.

“How long…” she asked with a raspy voice.

“Two days.”

He looked horrible. His eyes were red, his face was paler than it should be and he seemed like he’d
lost half a stone.

“I missed our wedding,” she said sadly.

“That doesn’t matter, Sansa. We’ll marry when you are well again.”

“Tell me all that has happened.”

Jon shook his head, “Not now. You need to rest.”
“Tell me, Jon,” she said a bit more forcefully with a steely look in her eye.

He would not refuse her and they were still talking when the maester returned an hour later.

Petyr had tried to kill them both. The keg of wine on the dais with them was poisoned, just as Sansa had thought. The wine was not from Lord Royce. The servant had been told to tell them that it was but Baelish had sent the poisoned cask to them. Jon had not drunk it but she had.

_all these years of being so careful to get what he wants...why make such a reckless play?_

Apparently, Petyr had indeed sent the knight, Ser Maeken, to abduct Sansa. When that had failed, he had decided upon another course. In the uproar of Sansa falling ill, Baelish had fled in the night with his personal guards. Word had gotten out that the king was well but Lady Stark was dying. He’d left a note for Jon behind in his guest chambers.

‘If I cannot have her, neither will you, bastard.’

Lord Royce had sworn the Vale’s fealty to Jon once more and wrote to Robin Arryn immediately proclaiming Baelish a traitor and insisting he must be captured to face justice if he tried to return to the Eyrie. Several of the Northern lords had sent men out hunting for Littlefinger and his men.

“How am I alive?” Sansa asked.

“A raven arrived not an hour after the poison took effect.”

“A raven?” Sansa said curiously. “How could a raven help me?”

Jon got up and walked over to his desk and brought back a note written in a strange script.

_The antidote enclosed with this will work for most poisons. I saw your death in my flames, Jon Snow, but you are the Prince that was Promised. You must live to fight the Dead and the Long Night or Light will leave and the World will end._

Melisandre had seen his death and sent him protection even after he had banished her. For all the evil she had done, she still believed in her prophecies and that only Jon could save them all.

“But you weren’t dying,” Sansa said.

“I would’ve,” Jon replied. “I don’t want to live without you. I told Davos as much that night when the letter and the antidote arrived.”

Sansa took his hand with her own and pulled it to her chest and touched his face with the other hand and stroked his cheek.

“I’m alright now. I’m not going anywhere.”

He stared at her intently before his face crumbled and he began to cry.

“I’m supposed to keep you safe,” he said bitterly between his sobs.

“You do keep me safe. But some dangers are hard to foresee. The shadows mock our desires to protect our loved ones sometimes. But I am here. You have not lost me.”

He wrapped his arms around her firmly and held her close while his body shook with remorse. Sansa
whispered sweet words of love in his ear and ran her fingers gently through his hair.

After Jon had recovered enough for them to continue talking, the maester returned and looked her over.

“Are you hungry, my lady?”

Sansa suddenly felt like her stomach was clinging to her backbone.

“I’m starving.”

“Very good. I’ll have something sent up. It will help you recover your strength.”

As the maester opened the door to leave, Brienne was standing there poised to knock.

“Come in, Brienne,” Sansa said as brightly as she could manage.

Brienne looked almost as worried and sick as Jon.

“Lady Sansa, I have been so worried,” she said. She glanced over at Jon and continued, “We all have.”

“Thank you but I am feeling much better now.”

Brienne looked troubled for a moment and said, “I feel like I have failed you, my lady.”

“Brienne, no one is to blame for the poison except Littlefinger. Everyone here must try and remember that and not blame themselves,” Sansa replied as she shot Jon a look.

“Yes, my lady. I’ll be right outside the door if you have need of me.”

One of Sansa’s maids brought a tray and Sansa ate all the broth and bread they had sent and looked wistfully around for something more to eat.

“It’s best not to overdo after not eating for so long,” Jon said.

“You’re right,” she grumbled. “Jon, come lay down with me.”

Jon looked uneasy and said, “I’m not sure that’s wise, Sansa.”

“Hush, I only want us both to rest for now. Lay with me.”

Jon laid down on top of the covers, still fully dressed.

“Jon, take your clothes off and get under the covers with me. I’ll be warmer with you by my side. Are you afraid of lying next to me, Wolf?”

Jon smiled and stripped off his garments save his smallclothes and crawled under the covers next to her.

*His skin is so warm and his arms are so strong.*

They both drifted off to a deep sleep.
Okay, hope that all made sense. I wanted to include crazy old Mel in a way so I thought she could help in this way. Thanks for reading!
Jon felt more rested than he had in ages. They had slept in each other’s arms from mid-afternoon until dawn. The maester had come in once during the evening to check on Sansa as they slept but Jon woke long enough to wave him away. He didn’t want her to be disturbed. He soon fell back asleep as well.

He had reached a drowsy, half-waking stage that morning and felt well and happy as consciousness slowly returned. His eyes flew open as he realized his cock was hard and someone was down under the covers giving it attention. He pulled back the furs enough only to see familiar red head kissing and licking him. She had somehow managed to work his smallclothes down without waking him.

“Sansa!” he gasped. “What are you doing?”

“I would think that was obvious,” she said while she continued to run her tongue along his length.

“You should stop,” he said without much conviction.

“Why? I never got my dessert the other night.”

“You’re still recovering,” he groaned.

“I woke and you were like this though,” she said with a smirk.

“I wake like that quite a bit, sweet girl. Most men do.”

“Oh…I didn’t know. He never stayed…after…”

Jon covered his eyes and stifled another groan. Ramsey…death was better than you deserved.

“Well, I suppose there’s still plenty for us to learn about one another then,” he said kindly.

Sansa crawled back up to him and began kissing his mouth.

“I need a bath,” she said self-consciously after a moment.

“No, you’re perfect. I’m sure I need one though,” he said as he returned her kiss.

He let her lead their kiss. Her tongue shyly darting in his mouth, her teeth lightly nipping at his lips. She pressed her hands against his chest and let out a sweet moan when he slid his tongue in her mouth. But when he felt her hand sliding down to grasp his still aching cock, he tried once more to put her recovery ahead of his baser desires.

“Sansa,” he said weakly, “We shouldn’t.”
“We should and you shouldn’t deny your wife.”

He tried a more teasing approach. “It’s treason to refuse your king’s command, you know.”

“How will my king punish me?”

*In the most delightful ways I can come up with, sweet girl.*

He sat up and rolled her onto her back so swiftly he heard her breath leave with a ‘whoosh.’

“Like this…” he said.

He pulled her night rail up to her hips and went down between her thighs and licked her cunt before shooting her a wicked grin.

“As sweet as I remember.”

He continued kissing and licking her as she moaned and grasped his hair. Her breaths became more labored but she didn’t let him take her over the edge.

“Jon,” she whimpered with such need in her voice, “please…” she said as she tugged at his arms.

He moved up her body and nestled his cock against her warm center.

“Are you certain?” he asked.

“Oh, yes,” she purred.

He entered her slowly and pulled back out and then repeated that move again because he liked hearing her little disappointed huff when he pulled out. After the third time, Sansa had had enough of that.

“Jon Snow, stop teasing me!” she scolded.

He smiled as he entered her fully then and groaned with pleasure as she smiled back. She made little noises in the back of her throat. It sounded like she was humming to herself. Jon closed his eyes to focus on the sensation of Sansa closed around him so tight and warm and wet. He started moving his hips slowly at first. Sansa became impatient though and urged him to go faster as she bucked her hips into him seeking her pleasure. She began softly chanting his name, his name interspersed with moans and sweet little mewing sounds, and it was driving him closer to his own completion. When she shuddered with her climax, she made a sound that very much resembled a growl. That was all he could stand. His last few thrusts were hard and erratic before he spilled with a very loud and unmistakable growl.

“My wolf,” Sansa said as she stroked his beard and cheek.

*“Your wolf, my beauty, always.”*

A knock at the door followed soon after and servants brought food for them both and water for washing and tended the fire. No one seemed at all surprised to see them in bed together this time.

*At least everyone is getting used to the idea of this even if I haven’t officially made her my wife yet.*

They laid together under the furs, smiling shyly at each other, while everything was attended to and
then Jon dismissed the servants.

“We do both need a bath,” he said with a grin.

Jon’s tub was not very large but they both managed to fit in it together and helped each other wash. They soon busied themselves in other ways there but, as the water cooled, Sansa’s stomach gave a loud rumble. They both laughed and got out to dry off and eat. He was hungry as well but kept putting more food on her plate whenever she wasn’t looking.

Another knock on the door brought the maester. He came to check on Sansa and nodded with approval after he was finished. He also brought the latest news and letters.

“My lady, I still advise another day or two abed to rest.”

Sansa thanked the man and he departed. They sat together discussing the news the ravens had brought and then turned to rescheduling the wedding.

“The lords are all here. Perhaps tomorrow?” Sansa asked.

“Perhaps if you feel up to it.”

“I’d marry you today if you want. Even if they had to drag me to the godswood.”

Jon laughed and kissed her once more. He started thinking how nice it might be to get back in the bed with her when there was another knock.

Seven hells! I spent years in this castle with no one ever seeking me out and now it’s nearly impossible to get any peace.

“Enter,” Jon said and Davos came in the room.

“Your Grace, My Lady, they’ve found him.”

Word had reached Winterfell from Moat Cailin. Littlefinger had rode there at breakneck speed after his departure three nights ago. He was trying to rally the Vale Knights still there to join his cause and let him ride south to join Queen Cersei once more. What he had not counted on was the fact that many of the knights there were more loyal to Lord Royce than a man they still viewed as a meddlesome outsider. The knights loyal to him and his guards had been killed in a small battle with the other Vale knights and the Northmen that Jon had sent there a few days earlier. Littlefinger had been captured and was awaiting justice. The Northmen there had argued that their king should have the final say on what became him.

Our way is the old way, isn’t it, Father?

The next morning, Jon was crossing the courtyard to mount his horse and ride south. He had tried to say his good-byes in her chambers but she had followed him of course. She had asked to go with him but he had refused.

“I’m sorry, my love, but you are still recovering and I want to make good time. And, as much as you have been harmed by this man, witnessing his execution will not really bring you any comfort, will
it?"

She had shook her head though he could see the tears gathering in her eyes.

"Besides, you are the Stark in Winterfell. You must remain to rule and serve our house and our people."

"Yes, that is true."

Jon would be taking a large party there. Many would remain there to help man Moat Cailin and defend the North. As he turned to her once more, her tears had retumed again and she was looking down at her feet.

"No one who rode south with me all those years ago ever returned, including Father and Arya. And then, Robb and Mother rode south after and never returned either. I could not bear to lose you."

He tipped her chin up to look him in the eye, "You came back. I’m coming back, too. Besides, I have to marry you and soon. I would never forgive myself if I left you with a bastard in your belly to raise alone."

Sansa looked pained and said firmly, "Don’t say that! If I am with child, it will be our son or daughter and I would never call our child that word." Then with a smile she said, "As far as Tormund is concerned, I’m already your wife."

"Aye, that you are, sweet girl. I hope to be back in less than a fortnight," he said and sealed his pledge with a kiss.

Jon had asked Davos to remain at Winterfell to help Sansa but made it clear to everyone from the remaining lords and knights to the servants that Sansa was the Lady of Winterfell and in charge until his return. It went unspoken that she was also his heir should anything ill befall him on the Kings Road. He asked Brienne to remain by her side as well.

"Keep her safe while I am away, my lady."

"I am honored by your trust, Your Grace."

And he didn’t say so to Brienne but that is why he left Ghost there as well.

"Watch over Sansa, boy."

He asked Tormund to ride with him as well as Lord Glover and Lord Cerwyn. Lord Glover because Jon had grown to like and esteem the man and Lord Cerwyn because he really didn’t relish leaving him alone at Winterfell with Sansa even though he knew he was being a fool about that.

They reached Moat Cailin in five days which was fairly good for such a large party. Jon asked to see Baelish at once. He was led to the small cell that he was kept in. The sly, smirking man was not apparent at first. He looked decidedly wretched, old and weak but as soon as he opened his mouth, Jon remembered how much he hated him.

"I took her from you. I decided many moons ago that if I couldn’t have Catelyn, no other man would. What do you think of that, Lord Stark?"
He’s gone completely mad. He thinks she is Lady Catelyn and I am Lord Stark or his brother, Brandon.

“Sansa was saved. She is safe in Winterfell and I have only come here for your head.”

Littlefinger shook his head, “You lie!”

Jon’s voice was low but clear, “I do not lie. Ask any of the men with me if you like and they will tell you the same.”

Jon left him there and met with some of the men charged with the defense of Moat Cailin and thanked the loyal Valemen for their support. The execution would be held later that day.

Littlefinger stumbled along to the front of the crowd of men. He would stop ever so often as if he had a choice as to whether or not he would make this journey until the guards would shove him forwards again. Jon stood next to a serviceable stump and waited.

When he finally stood before him, he said, “If you have any last words, my lord, now is the time.”

Jon drew Longclaw from his scabbard, rested his hands upon the pommel and waited. Baelish began babbling about schemes and plans, he mumbled out some incoherent words that obviously referred to people long dead, not him and Sansa. He then told Jon how he had betrayed Ned Stark in the Throne Room at the Red Keep.

“I put my blade to his throat and betrayed the trusting fool.”

He called Jon a trusting fool as well and told him he could never hope to keep her safe forever.

Perhaps not but I will spend the rest of my life trying, Jon thought.

He finished with threats, “Cersei will kill you both! Or the Dragon Queen will burn your castle to the ground!”

And Jon decided he had heard enough of his words to last a lifetime.

“I, Jon Snow, of House Stark and House Targaryen, Lord of Winterfell and the King in the North, do hereby sentence you to die.”

Longclaw swished through the air in one sure move.
Many Details to Consider

Chapter Summary

Jon's return to Winterfell is delayed.

Jon's POV

After Littlefinger was executed, there were many issues to be attended to around Moat Cailin. The damage done by the Ironborn was still being repaired and everyone seemed to have something to address with the king. It pained Jon to have to stay longer than intended but his duty to the North and its people had to come before his own desires. He sent a raven to Sansa the morning after he had executed Littlefinger.

My Dearest Sansa,

It is done. He will never trouble us again. There is much for me to do here at present and I am sorry to say that I will be delayed in my return. Please know that if it were entirely up to me, I would be by your side again at once. Please stay well. I want to marry you as soon as I return but I must ask you to wait a bit longer for me.

All of my love, Jon

There was so much to be done to heal the North, not just Moat Cailin. The Ironborn had caused much destruction. The Boltons had caused much division and strife afterwards. The North had to be united to face the threat from beyond the Wall.

How much time will we have to prepare for the storm?

Jon wrote to Edd at Castle Black and asked of Bran and the Wall. Edd had written back that Bran and Meera Reed, his companion, had left Castle Black to journey to Winterfell at last.

Sansa will be so happy, Jon thought.

Howland Reed had left Greywater Watch for the second time in a year after nearly 20 years of never leaving it to meet with Jon at Moat Cailin. He wanted to see his daughter and meet Bran and he asked to join Jon’s party when they returned to Winterfell. Jon spent a long time talking to the diminutive, older man. He could see why Father had respected him so highly. He had been a true friend to both Ned and Lyanna and had helped keep Jon safe from Robert Baratheon’s wrath for so many years.

There was fresh news from the South as well. Daenerys Targaryen had arrived at Dragonstone and landed with an unbelievably large army from Essos with the support of the Tyrells, the Martells and supposedly two wayward Greyjoys and their ships. But the most unbelievable part of it was that she
had also landed with three large dragons and one dwarf for her Hand, Tyrion Lannister. Cersei had joined forces with another Greyjoy, Euron with the Iron Fleet, and had recalled all the Lannister forces to Kings Landing to deal with the invasion. But it was rumored that she was at odds with her brother, the Kingslayer. There were also whispers that she may resort to the use Wildfire once more to hold on to her power.

*I suppose Daenerys is my aunt even though we are so close in age,* Jon thought.

It seemed strange to think of discovering another family member. At the moment though, the South with its struggle between two queens didn’t seem as important to Jon as the North and Winterfell and what lay beyond the Wall.

Finally, at the moon’s turn, Jon and Tormund headed North again towards home. Their journey back took much longer than the trip south. Jon was constantly being asked to stop and visit a castle or village. He kept his impatience to himself as much as possible. A king belonged to his people. But they’d made the journey to Moat Cailin in five days and this was taking over three times as long.

It was night again and they should’ve made it home that day. In his haste to finally be with Sansa again, Jon had rode his horse too hard and the animal had been injured. He could’ve switched to a different mount and rode on but he felt guilty over his horse. They stopped at a village where the animal could be seen to and were forced to stay the night. He sat brooding by the fire, seeing red hair in the flames.

“Not long now, Jon Snow,” Tormund said as he came to join him.

Jon looked up at the big man standing on the other side of the fire watching him.

“I know,” Jon said with a bit of impatience.

“Good thing you brought that Cerwyn cunt with us. He might’ve tried to steal her with you being gone so long!” Tormund laughed.

Jon eyed him with pure loathing for a moment but then laughed along with him.

“Tomorrow then, Jon. If you don’t lame another horse.”

Jon winced at the reminder. “Aye,” said Jon, “we should be there tomorrow before nightfall.”

“Good. Lady Brienne is probably missing me by now.”

Jon laughed so hard at that he had tears in his eyes.

The castle was coming into view and Jon kicked his mount to a canter.

“I promise you’ll be well rewarded when you reach the stables,” he told the horse.

Winterfell had been on the watch for them. The torches blazed merrily reflecting off the snow and the courtyard was full of the castle’s people. He spotted Davos and nodded to him as he continued to sweep his eyes over everyone looking for her unmistakable auburn locks. When their eyes met, he felt his breath catch and his heart seemed to still for a moment.
How can she look even more beautiful?

He jumped off the horse and ran to her, lifting her in his arms for a tight embrace. She giggled and urged him to set her back down. He gave her an ardent kiss that had her blushing in his arms for all the castle was watching of course. He wanted to take in every detail of her and talk with her alone.

*Not just yet though,* he thought with a sigh.

He still had to acknowledge the others there waiting for their king.

A couple of hours later they were sitting by the fire in her chambers. She was embroidering something that looked like a dress while he relaxed, exhausted from his journey, and sipped his ale after having demolished the supper she’d had brought up for him. They’d been chatting companionably about things that had been going on while they were apart.

“When is the wedding? Tomorrow?” he asked hopefully.

She laughed at his eagerness but then bit her lip and looked serious.

“Please, Jon. I want to wait for Bran to be here.”

“Of course, my love. We’ve waited this long. We can wait for Bran.”

He was disappointed in a way but he agreed with her decision.

“I’ve been working on this for you while you were away. It’s funny that I’ve finished now that you return,” Sansa said, handing him the cloth from her lap.

It was a cloak, a groom’s cloak for him to wear at their wedding and cloak her with at the end of the ceremony.

“I know it’s more of a Southern tradition but I thought it might be alright for us.”

It was black wool and very soft. On the back she had embroidered a white direwolf with red eyes on a gray field, the reverse of the Stark colors. Bastards sometimes wore their family’s sigils with the colors reversed but Jon never did. Sansa was watching him nervously.

“I know what that might seem like but I was thinking of Ghost and thought it might suit you.”

There were small, three-headed, red dragons stitched into each corner of the sigil as well.

“Sansa…” he breathed, not trusting himself to speak for a moment.

She was still watching and her eyes clearly wide with apprehension.

“It’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever owned,” he said.

Sansa visibly relaxed and let go of the breath she’d been holding. He looked back at the cloak again. Her talent was amazing and her love showed in every detail.

“Wait,” she said, “I had the smith make something to go with it.”

She went over to a drawer and pulled something small out.
“I thought it was appropriate.”

It was a silver clasp shaped like a crow. He pulled her down into his lap and kissed her deeply, trying to express all of his love and gratitude he felt in having her in that single kiss.

“Jon…are you ready for bed?” Sansa said after the kiss.

“Yes, my lady,” he said with a smile, “especially if I get to share your bed.”

Sansa stood and took his hand, leading him. She started helping him from his clothes and he soon returned the favor. They stood there kissing for a long while with not of stitch of clothing between them.

“I am very tired from riding all day,” Jon said heavily after breaking their kiss.

“Oh? We don’t have to do anything but sleep if you prefer,” Sansa said but her disappointed expression pleased him.

She looked up and saw his wry grin as he continued, “I didn’t mean that, my love. I was just hoping that tonight you might want to do the riding.”

Sansa blushed just liked he’d hoped she would and then pushed him down on the bed with a grin as he laughed and she climbed on top of him.
Sansa-

Bran and Meera Reed arrived at Winterfell a sennight after Jon had returned and Sansa arranged for the wedding to take place three days later. The weather had been difficult for them to travel through and Bran being crippled made the going slower. Sansa had wept over her brother when he arrived and Jon had been delighted to have him home. It seemed impossible to have another Stark back home again. Sansa hoped that Arya might return in time as well if she were alive out there. Jon had confessed to Sansa that he felt wretched to see people treating Bran like a guest when he was the rightful Lord of Winterfell. Bran soon diminished Jon’s guilt though.

“I cannot stay here long, Jon. I will never be Lord of Winterfell. That burden must fall on you and Sansa. I have another part to play in the war to come.”

So much of what Bran said didn’t make sense to either of them but he seemed perfectly convinced of everything he had told them. He’d been right about Jon’s parentage and that had meant they could be together without shame. That alone kept them from arguing with Bran’s decisions.

“Perhaps there will be another wedding before long,” Jon said as they watched Meera and Bran holding hands by the fire together.

“Perhaps so. Weddings are supposed to be happy occasions. It will be true for us. Let us hope for their happiness, too.”

The ceremony in the Godswood looked very similar to her marriage to Ramsey but the people present here made all the difference in the world. It was snowing lightly and very cold but she felt warm inside. She wasn’t a terrified virgin this time going to a strange man she barely knew but already loathed. She wasn’t here because someone else had convinced her or forced her to marry either. She was a woman going to the man she loved in front of people she care about and trusted. She wore her hair down this time because that was how Jon preferred it.

Since Bran could not walk her to the Godswood, Sansa had asked Ser Davos to do so. The older man had been touched and proudly held her on his arm as they made their way from the castle to the godswood. A chair had been placed for Bran by the Heart tree so that he could give his sister away.

“Who comes to claim this woman in marriage?” Bran asked.

Jon stepped forward in the cloak she had made him, looking impossibly handsome and a bit nervous.

“I, Jon Snow, of House Stark and House Targaryen, come to claim this woman,” Jon said and then asked “Who gives this woman to be wed?”

“I, Brandon, of House Stark, give my sister, Sansa, to be wed.”

“Do you take this man?” Bran asked Sansa.

“I take this man,” Sansa said with such happiness in her heart.
Jon took Sansa’s cloak with the grey direwolf on the ice white field off and handed it to Bran and then removed his cloak and placed it over her shoulders. He kissed her sweetly before the Heart tree as the guests applauded.

Jon-

The feast had been going on for entirely too long in Jon’s opinion. He couldn’t keep his eyes off of his bride. Her blue eyes were bright and full of laughter and she seemed to glow from within. She’d looked so lovely standing in the Godswood but it was terribly cold that night and he was glad to bring her in by the fire. He was just wondering if he could convince her to sneak out of the feast with him when men started moving tables to clear the floor for dancing. Jon gave an audible groan of frustration and Sansa bit back a laugh.

“You promised me a dance.”

“I did,” he said like a sulky boy being sent to take a bath, “and you promised not to laugh too much.”

Sansa smiled and took his hand, “Come dance with me, Jon. Just one dance. I’m feeling a bit tired so I’m afraid I won’t be able to dance with anyone else.”

He took her to the floor and the other dancers made a wide space for the king and his queen.

*She’s such a good dancer. I almost don’t feel like a complete fool out here…almost.*

Sansa was smiling so warmly and with such love in her eyes at him.

*Perhaps I will dance with her more often when there are less eyes around to watch,* Jon decided.

As the song ended, a couple of men seemed like they wanted to ask for a turn with the Queen. Jon wasn’t about to let her go to any other man’s arms tonight so he kept on dancing with her. They danced to three more songs and both the men and the maids there finally had to give up all hope of dancing with the King or Queen.

“I don’t think I can dance anymore after this song. I feel so tired,” Sansa said.

Jon looked at her closely with concern. She seemed well but he could see the tiredness in her eyes.

“Are you feeling unwell?” he thought with panic remembering the last feast.

“I’m perfectly fine, Jon. It’s just the babe making me tired.”

Jon started to nod at her response and then he whipped his head back up to look at her as his eyes got very wide.

“Sansa?” he whispered.

She hummed to herself with the music and then leaned into his ear, “It’s been two moons since I bled. The maester agrees that I’m probably carrying a little prince or princess inside of me, my king.”
Jon let out a startled laugh and kissed her passionately on the dance floor even as he felt overwhelmed with another level of love for this woman.

“It must be time for the bedding!” Lord Cerwyn shouted having seen their kiss.

“Yes,” Jon said loud and clear. “Time for the bedding at last! I’ve had enough feasting for tonight but please continue to enjoy yourselves.”

And with that he scooped Sansa up in his arms and strode from the hall before anyone could think to lay a hand on either of them.

Sansa tucked her head under his chin and whispered a “Thank you.”

“Thank you, my beauty. You make me so very happy.”

As he arrived outside the lord’s chambers that they would share from now on, he couldn’t believe how fortunate he was to have started out as the Bastard of Winterfell and now to be a king with Sansa as his queen. They had both lost and suffered so much and there was still the chilling thought of what they faced when the Walkers finally came but in this moment they were happy and in love and that was all that mattered. Ghost had silently followed them and Jon told him to stay at the door. Then, he told the guard he was relieved for the night and to send word to Ser Davos that he didn’t want to be disturbed until mid-day at the very earliest tomorrow. He carried Sansa into the chamber and kicked the door closed with his boot. As he put her down, her eyes started to darken with desire and he was sure his were doing the same.

He pulled her into his arms and said, “Now, my darling wife, let them hear you scream my name and perhaps I will howl for you.”

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to all of you who have stuck with this story. And thanks for all the wonderful comments and kudos. I’d never even really heard of fanfic until three months ago and this was my first story I decided to write a couple of weeks later. Jonsa has kind of taken over my spare time since then...

Hope you enjoyed the conclusion.

End Notes

Okay, I didn't really get into details on how R+L=J was confirmed. Let's just say Jon met with Bran and Howland Reed came for a visit later. We'll just go with that. Thanks.

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