Jonsa 1950's AU

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Summary

Jon and Sansa are unrelated teens falling in love amidst a world of class systems and expectations in this 1950's era AU
Sansa’s eyes followed him around the room as he bussed and wiped down tables. She was in the local diner, where she and most of the teenagers in town hung out, with her two girlfriends Jeyne and Susan. The boy had caught her attention right away. He must have just started working here, or she would have surely noticed him before.

He wore a white t-shirt, which clung to his muscular back and arms tightly, faded Levi’s and scuffed motorcycle boots. His curly black hair was tied back at the nape of his neck in a short pony tail and she noticed a square faded line on the back pocket of his jeans where he normally kept a pack of cigarettes. He didn’t go to school with them and she assumed he was older since he had a scruffy beard and moustache.

He leaned far over to wipe the booth table which caused his shirt to ride up showing the skin of his lower back. The tip of Sansa’s tongue crept out to lick her upper lip as she wondered if that bare patch of skin felt as smooth as it looked.

“Sansa!” she was pulled from her thoughts by Jeyne’s voice “Hello??”

She tore her eyes away to look at her friend “Hmmmmm?” she asked distractedly

“I said who is taking you to the dance?” Jeyne pressed

“Oh” Sansa sighed deeply “A few boys have asked me already”

“Like who?” Jeyne pressed

“I don’t know” Sansa answered her eyes scanning the room having lost the object of her distraction. She finally spied him squatted down cleaning the front of the jukebox “Theon” she finished.

Jeyne and Susan exchanged a look “A Greyjoy?” Susan asked incredulously.

Sansa shrugged “He works for my father. Hey, do you guys want to hear some music?” she asked already scooting Susan out of the booth.

“Sure?” Susan answered

“Do you need a nickel” Jeyne offered digging in her purse

“No” Sansa waved her off with a smile as she walked away. The two friends looked after her with confusion on their faces but soon they were back to talking about the dance.

Her heart beating faster, she walked up behind him and cleared her throat. He glanced up at her and
she was struck by how handsome he was. In a rugged, greasy sort of way she thought. He mumbled something and stood up moving to the side of the jukebox to wait.

“Um… I was going to play a song but I don’t have a nickel. Do you?” she asked in a sweet voice giving him a side glance and doing everything but batting her eyelashes.

“No” he answered gruffly.

Her smile faltered but only for a second. She was always up for a challenge. Challenges excited her. There were things about her that even her best friend Jeyne did not know. She was good at keeping her secrets to herself.

“Oh? Well that IS too bad” she said looking him in the eyes boldly.

He studied this girl for a moment. She wore a pleated polka dot skirt and saddle shoes with white socks. Her long red hair was tied back in a ponytail with a pink ribbon but it was her tight sweater that caught his attention. He looked back at her friends wondering if this was some rich kid game they were playing on him.

“I don’t have a nickel” he answered “But I know how to play it for free”

Sansa’s eyebrows went up. She hadn’t missed the way his eyes had lingered over the front of her sweater. “Really?” she said pushing her chest out a bit more “But… won’t you get in trouble?”

Jon gave a smirk “Not if the old man doesn’t catch me” he said as he moved behind the machine and squatted down again. Sansa scooted over to conceal him with her poufy skirt and looked around for old man Gage but he was occupied behind the soda fountain.

“What did you want to hear?” Jon asked looking up at her.

Her voice stuck in her throat for a moment. He had such deep brown eyes. He was breathtaking “Oh, whatever you would like to play for me” she said softly expecting something romantic like Earth Angel or Love Me Tender.

Sansa was used to wrapping boys around her finger rather quickly with very little effort. But she had underestimated this one. Instead of some croony love song, the first riffs of Elvis Presley’s Hound Dog suddenly blared from the jukebox speakers.

“Hey!” they heard a yell from across the room. Jon quickly stood up and moved from behind the machine “Now see here young lady!” old man Gage said to Sansa wagging his finger at her as he approached “You should know better than to play something like that! What would your father say?”

Sansa’s face turned bright red as she noticed all eyes in the diner were on her.

“And I told YOU to take that filth off of here!” he yelled at Jon before unplugging the machine and walking back to the fountain bar mumbling under his breath about kids and their music and something about Ed Sullivan.

When Sansa turned back around Jon was gone. She heard laughter and looked just in time to see him disappear in the kitchen throwing a dishtowel over his shoulder and giving her a wink. She was completely smitten.
Chapter Summary

Sansa and Jon learn more about each other

Sansa sat quietly eating dinner in her family’s formal dining room. Her mother sat at one end of the table and her father at the other. Next to her was her brother Bran and seated next to her mother was her youngest brother Rickon. The seat next to her father was empty. Her father glanced at the empty seat

“Where did you say Arya was again?” he asked her mother.

Her mother swallowed her food before answering “She is at a friend’s house studying”

Sansa barely kept in a snort. The idea of Arya studying was laughable! She was probably running around town causing trouble somewhere. Bran looked over at her, his expression showing clearly that he was thinking the same thing.

“Oooh can I have her mashed potatoes??” Rickon asked.

“No dear, I have left a plate for her in the kitchen. Now you finish up yours” He made a disappointed face and began eating his own food again.

Her mother glanced at her and took a sip from her wine glass “Sansa, you are awfully quiet this evening. Are you excited about the dance?”

Somehow her mother seemed to bore into her very soul with just a simple question. It irritated her and was one reason they were at odds so much lately.

Her father’s head snapped up “Dance?”

“Oh Ned it’s just the school’s Spring Formal” her mother soothed putting her glass down.

“Oh yes, I think Theon may have mentioned it” Ned said glancing at his daughter. There was so much weight in that simple glance.

Sansa sighed “Well yes Theon has asked me, Daddy, but so have some other boys. I just haven’t decided yet”

“Well it won’t do to make the lad wait too long or the others as well. It is not becoming” he admonished.

Her parents cared so much about appearances and reputation. They were by far the richest family in Winterfell and they owned half the damned town. You would think that would afford them the chance to not care what people thought of them. Just like her older brother Robb wanting to go to a state school with some of his friends to play baseball. Her parents wouldn’t hear of it. It was Ivy League or nothing. Robb didn’t even want to BE a lawyer. But at least he was away and didn’t have to deal with it every day.
“May I be excused?” she asked. Her mother nodded. As she rose to take her plate to the kitchen she turned as if in after thought “Oh, um Jeyne wanted me to meet her at Gage’s after dinner”

Her Father’s brow furrowed “It’s late to be out isn’t it?”

“Well it’s just, Jeyne is so keyed up about this dance and she wanted to show me some fabric samples she ordered so I can help her pick one out for her dress” Sansa tried to sound put out by this but also convey an attitude of friends what can you do?

“Well” her father said chewing his food “I suppose. Just be home early”

“Thank you Daddy!” Sansa beamed. Catelyn watched her daughter bounce to the kitchen and frowned.

“Something wrong dear?” Ned asked.

She looked at him and gave a tight smile “No, of course not” and settled back into her dinner.

A few minutes later, Sansa was on the walk in front of the house, her sweater draped over her arm. She hadn’t been able to stop thinking of the boy who worked at the diner since the jukebox incident earlier in the week. She lay awake at night trying to figure out a way to talk to him. That is when she came up with this meeting Jeyne late idea. She planned to get there right at closing time in hope of catching him alone.

“BOO!!!!” Arya jumped out from behind the hedge.

Sansa screamed grabbing at her chest while her sister rolled in laughter. “You scared the life out of me!!” she screeched.

When Arya caught her breath, she asked “So where are you going so late?”

“None of your business!!” Sansa hissed

“Oh? Well maybe I will just follow you then” she threatened

“You’re such a germ Arya!”

Arya crossed her arms and raised her eyebrows.

Sansa sighed “I am just going to Gage’s to meet Jeyne, okay? And don’t follow me!” she yelled

“Don’t worry! I have no interest in what you and your dumb friend Jeyne Poole have to talk about anyway!” Arya answered in a mocking tone.

Sansa glared at her and walked away. She turned around to make sure she wasn’t followed just in time to see her sister go into the house.

Sansa quickened her step and breathed a sigh of relief as she rounded the corner to see the lights in the diner still on. A little bell tinkled overhead when she walked through the door

“We’re closed” called a gruff voice that set her heart to racing. He was still here! She looked around. The place was empty.

Jon looked up to see who had entered and stopped in his tracks when he saw her “You? What are you doing here? It’s after closing. Even the old man went home”
“I know” Sansa answered eyeing him openly.

Jon held her gaze for a moment “Come to watch me mop did you?” he asked sarcastically

“Maybe” she answered “I like mopping”

Jon snorted doubting this girl had ever even held a mop and walked around her to lock the door and pull the shade down. This simple act seemed so very intimate that it gave her a shiver.

He went back to his mopping without saying a word. She watched him for awhile admiring the way the muscles in his arm bunched up as he pressed the handle squeezing the mop dry. He was wearing pretty much the same clothes he had on the other day except his t-shirt was black. His hair was tied back again and a tendril came loose as he worked forming a perfect curl across his forehead.

“So, do you like working here?” she asked

“It’s a paycheck” he answered rolling the mop bucket to another location.

She walked around eyeing the tables “Shouldn’t something you spend so much time at be more than just a paycheck?” she asked mocking him.

He looked up at her “Well not everyone has it so good” he said a trace of bitterness in his voice. She knew he was talking about her. Or people like her, people with money who had families with important names. If only he knew that she hated it as much as he did.

“I am going to dump this water out back and have a smoke. You coming?” he looked at her expectantly before disappearing behind the kitchen door.

She followed and opened the back door just as he dumped the water out. It splashed loudly and some spray hit her shoes “Sorry about that” he said not sounding sorry at all

“It’s ok. I don’t melt” she answered.

He studied her a bit as he shook a cigarette out of the pack and into his mouth. She watched him light it, hand cupped against the breeze. He took a deep drag holding the smoke between his lips as he pushed his lighter back in his front pocket.

“May I have one?” she asked.

If he was surprised he didn’t show it. He shook another smoke out of the pack and handed it to her. She brought it to her lips and waited for him to pull out his lighter again. His hand was so warm and dry when he held it over hers. She inhaled deeply. She had smoked before although never in an alley surrounded by garbage and dirty mop water. He leaned against the building

“So what’s your name?” she asked him

“Jon Snow” he answered simply

“I’m Sansa” she offered even though he hadn’t asked. She refrained from giving him her last name. She didn’t want to scare him away until she got a chance to know him. “Have you always lived in Winterfell?”

“As far as I can remember” he answered lifting his leg to reroll the hem of his jeans “I was brought to the orphanage when I was a few weeks old”
Sansa took a sharp breath “You…you don’t have parents?”

“Nah, my mom died giving birth to me and my dad? Who knows?” he said flicking his ashes in a nearby puddle

“Oh, I’m sorry Jon” she meant it sincerely “That must have been a terrible way to grow up” She thought of her own childhood in the big house, summer’s in Europe, skiing in the mountains in winter and she actually felt guilty.

He shrugged “It is what it is” he offered before dropping his cigarette to the ground. “Hey hang on a sec” he said before disappearing inside. When he came back a few seconds later he held a wrinkled brown paper bag. He opened the bottle inside and took a swig before offering it to her.

She took the bag and a swig then coughed and sputtered as fiery liquid burned down her throat! “What is that?” she asked choking

“Whiskey” he answered before taking another drink

“I thought it was beer!!” Sansa cried wiping her mouth.

Jon chuckled. He found he was impressed by this girl. She was obviously well to do but she wasn’t stuck up like most of the girls around here. She smoked and drank and seemed honestly interested in him. There was also something fearless about her.

They talked and smoked. He told her he lived above Mikken’s garage and worked there on the weekends fixing cars and cleaning up. His best friend he grew up with at the orphanage, Grenn worked there too.

She didn’t offer much except that she attended Winterfell High and lived on the North side of town, all of which he pretty much suspected anyway. She told him of her dance woes and how her mother had ordered this hideous yellow silk for her dress

“Yellow? With red hair? She can’t be serious!” Sansa exclaimed.

The whiskey was taking effect and he began to notice how pretty she was. Jon didn’t know much about dances or dresses but he couldn’t imagine Sansa looking bad in anything.

She caught the way he was looking at her and wondered briefly what his lips felt like. She found herself swaying towards him when the town clock began to chime the hour “Oh my god! What time is it?” she cried.

He pulled a pocket watch, a gift from the old man so he would stop being late for work, out of his pocket “It’s 9”

Sansa’s heart stopped. Nine! Oh she was in so much trouble!! “Oh I am dead! I’m sorry Jon I have to go!” she felt so much like Cinderella leaving the ball.

“Wait!” he said grabbing her arm.

For a moment she thought he was going to kiss her but instead he handed her two sticks of gum. The pungent licorice smell was strong

“Ugh Black Jack?” she asked crinkling her nose

“Trust me, it is the only thing that will cover up the whiskey smell”
She decided he must know and took the sticks quickly risking pecking him on the cheek which took him by surprise. She smelled of roses and her lips were so soft. “Bye Jon” she said a bit breathlessly before disappearing around the corner.

Her father was waiting for her thunder on his face when she came in the door. Still he spoke quietly as the rest of the house were already in bed “Sansa Stark” he began “Do you have any idea what time it is?”

“Yes I am so sorry Daddy! I just lost track of time”

His nostrils flared. He truly was at a loss as to what to do about this. Sansa never broke the rules. For all he loved his eldest daughter she was still a bit foreign to him. Arya he understood, the boys too but Sansa?

He sighed “I will decide how to punish you tomorrow. I should keep you from that dance” For a moment Sansa felt relief

“But I won’t do that. Your mother has spent a lot of time planning this dress business and you have commitments to your date as well, whomever you choose” She barely stopped herself from rolling her eyes.

“Now off to bed. We will deal with this in the morning”.

She made her way up the stairs to her room to prepare for bed and daydream about what Jon Snow’s kisses would taste like.
Sansa makes a date with Jon

Sansa stormed into her room slamming the door on her mother’s voice coming from downstairs. “Ughhh!!!!” she growled in frustration.

“What’s got you going ape?” Ayra asked.

“I hate that expression!!” Sansa snapped at her. She plopped down on the bed “We just got back from the dress shop. Mom is still having my dress made yellow!! I saw the most amazing green fabric at the shop too!!”

Arya was laying on her bed looking at a comic book “So call them and change it” she said matter of factly

“I can’t do that”

“Why not? Just call them and pretend to be mom and change it”

Sansa looked at her sister like she had lost her mind

“Oh never mind. I will do it!” Arya said jumping up off the bed and opening the door

“Arya!!!” Sansa called after her in panic.

There was a small table in the hallway with a telephone on it. Arya picked it up and carried it into their room trailing the cord behind her and shutting the door as much as it would allow.

“What’s the number?” she asked.

Sansa still had the order ticket in her fist. She handed it to her sister and waited while she dialed the number. Her mouth fell open when Arya spoke in a perfect imitation of their mother’s voice

“Yes, hello, Janet? This is Catelyn Stark. I was just in the shop with my daughter? Well the thing is she really has her heart set on the green fabric she looked at….yes that is the one. I would like to change the order…mm hmmm yes I am willing to pay any extra charges. I just want to make my little girl happy” Arya winked at Sansa who covered her mouth giggling “Yes, oh thank you so much dear. Yes you too, Bye now” Arya hung up the phone and swept into a low bow before replacing it on the hall table.

When she walked back in the room Sansa nearly bowled her over with a hug “Oh my gosh! Arya that was so boss!” she squealed “How did you learn to do that?”

Arya shrugged “It comes in handy when you “accidentally” skip school” she said flopping back down on her bed.

Sansa sat next to her “Why did you do that for me?” she asked.
Arya looked up at her sister. “Because ever since Robb left you have been getting the short end by mom and dad”

Sansa sighed “I expect they will have me promised or at least their future son in law all picked out by grad”

“Don’t you want that though? The whole husband and kids thing?” Arya asked

“I mean I do but, I want to be in love too. Not just because he has a good name or something” Sansa answered glumly.

“Well mom and dad are in love” Arya said hopefully

“They are now. But they barely knew each other when they got married”

Arya thought about this a moment “Do you think mom is happy?” she asked.

“Well I don’t think she is UNhappy” Sansa answered “But I want more for my life than just being not unhappy”

They sat quietly for a few minutes. “What about you little sister? Marriage and kids?” Sansa asked elbowing her

“No way! I’m joining the Navy!” Arya declared.

Sansa shook her head and went to lie on her own bed to contemplate her future. But no matter what scenario she thought of Jon’s face was there.

Sansa’s punishment for being late had been a week’s grounding which meant no phone calls and she had to be home within an hour of school letting out. She spent the better part of that hour sitting in Gage’s watching Jon but with the place packed with teenagers she hadn’t the chance to talk to him.

On the third day she couldn’t stand it anymore. She waited for Jon to head out back and then slipped quietly out the front door.

He was leaning against the wall smoking when she came into the alley startling him “Sansa!” he cried

“I’m sorry Jon. I didn’t mean to scare you. I just couldn’t stand being in there unable to talk to you anymore”

He nodded “I know. So did you get in a lot of trouble the other night?” he asked her

“Yeah grounded for the week and I have to be home soon. Listen I wanted to ask you something”

He flipped his used butt in a puddle and walked up to her the last of the smoke blowing from his mouth and nose. “What is it?”

“Can you drive? I mean do you have a car?” she asked

He looked at her a little puzzled “Yeah I can drive. I don’t own a car but I can get to all the car
keys at the garage. Why?”

“Well, the big Spring Dance is this weekend and..”

“Sansa, Please tell me you aren’t asking me to go to some dance with you” he interrupted

“No, no I don’t want to go to that stupid dance. I was hoping…would you come and pick me up? Please?”

A part of him said this was not a good idea but the thought of spending an evening with her alone was too tempting. “Yeah ok” he agreed scratching at his beard “What time?”

“The dance starts at 6:30 so right after that?” she answered

He nodded “Ok”

A huge smile filled Sansa’s face “Oh thank you!” she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. He barely had time to register the feel of her body pressed against his before she pulled away. “I will see you Saturday! Don’t forget ok?”

“No I won’t, I promise” he said as he watched her run around the corner and out of sight.
Feelings begin to spark on Jon and Sansa's date

Sansa had been fretting all week about how to deal with the dress issue and her Mother. Lucky for her, her cousin Robin had taken ill suddenly and her mother had driven to Eyrie to help her sister. Sansa picked the dress up herself from the shop. It was the most beautiful shade of emerald green and she felt it complimented her very well.

She told each of the boys who had asked her to the dance that she was going with the other. It was a ruse they would all figure out once they arrived but she hoped to be gone with Jon by then. Her stomach did a flip each time she thought of being alone with him. Their brief kiss still lingered on her lips. He had tasted of cigarettes and mint gum. It was something she felt she could taste for the rest of her life and never get bored of.

Her father was waiting to see her off “You look very pretty” he offered as she kissed him on the cheek and ran lightly to the waiting car.

Jeyne’s date wasn’t old enough to drive yet so Mr. Poole gave them a ride to the dance “Are you gals excited?” he asked as he pulled away from the curb

“Yes sir” Sansa answered dutifully. She was fidgety watching the trees and houses pass by. Only a few more minutes and she would be with Jon.

Mr. Poole dropped them off in front of the school telling Jeyne he would be back right at 9:30. The girls walked up the steps into the front foyer. The sounds of music floated down the hall from the gym.

“Oh Jeyne you go ahead and find Mike, I need to fix this strap. I’ll be right in” Sansa told her leaning down to pretend to inspect her shoe

“Oh” Jeyne answered “Don’t be long”

“Oh I won’t” Sansa assured her with a smile.

As soon as Jeyne was out of sight, Sansa went through the front door descending the school steps. Again she was reminded of Cinderella but instead of running from her Prince Charming she was running to him.

While waiting outside, she heard the sound of a rough engine and looked up in time to see an older model car coming from the downtown direction. She knew it was Jon. She moved around the corner where she would be concealed by the retaining wall and hedge and waited as he pulled up to the curb. The car was a faded black and had spots where it had been sanded and primed. When he stepped out she was stunned. He had on the same faded jeans and old boots but was wearing a nice tan button down shirt with a collar. His hair was down and framed his face in dark ringlets. Her Prince had arrived indeed, she thought!

He caught her stare “What?” he asked as he moved around to open the door for her.
He smelled of some old time aftershave but it was pleasant on him. “Nothing” she said “You just look really nice Jon”

He smiled and looked down shyly lifting his eyes to peer at her under dark lashes. She felt like he didn’t believe her. He pulled on the door handle and it opened with a rusty screech

“Sorry, it’s not exactly a chariot I guess?” he offered. He had seen the nice cars driving into the school parking lot as he drove up and was slightly envious and embarrassed that he didn’t have something better to take her in.

She placed her hand on his arm “I love it” she said before climbing inside. He waited for her to situate her dress before closing the door her touch lingering on his arm.

He hopped in the driver side and put the car in gear

“So where are we going?” she asked.

He only smiled and pulled away from the curb. They drove through downtown and took a winding road out of town. The windows were down and she had her arm out the catching the wind in her hand. She looked at him and smiled and he returned her gaze tenderly. They topped the hill and arrived at their destination. She could see through the clearing in the trees the drive in movie screen. They must be directly above the theatre.

He got out and came around to her side opening the door and offering her his hand. She took it with a smile. She walked up to the edge to see that the movie screen was directly in front of them but the hill concealed them from the cars below. It was perfect she thought. He had retrieved a blanket from the trunk and spread it on the ground in front of the car. The sun was nearly down and on the screen were various commercials for the concessions. She sat down on the blanket and he took a place beside her.

“I hope all of this is ok Sansa” he said

“Oh it is wonderful Jon!” she gushed “Do you come up here a lot?” she asked and catching his sharp look quickly added “No, I mean….by yourself?”

He was sitting with his leg pulled up chin resting on his knee “Yeah, been coming up here since I was a kid. Only then I had to climb up this hill before any cars showed up”

She tried to imagine Jon as a child scrambling up that hill, knees scraped and dirty, just to see a movie for free.

“I like movies” he continued “For a little while you can be anyone and go anywhere” he said. Sansa reached over and took his hand gently. He turned his head to look at her. She was so beautiful.

It was full dark now and the movie was starting. It was a romance. She truly hadn’t known what to expect but was very touched

“I hope you like it” he said “I figured I owed you after what I did with the jukebox”

He had known she was expecting romance then which made what he did that much more funny and awful at the same time. A breeze rustled through the trees. It had been a warm day but was getting chilly. She scooted closer to him still holding his hand and laid her head on his shoulder. This was always her calculated move of the night on her other dates but this time if felt very natural.
He could smell her shampoo and her perfume. The combination was making his head swimmy. He concentrated on her hand slowly running his thumb along her first finger. She raised her thumb to meet his and they took turns brushing along each other’s skin. Her eyes were glued to the screen but her heart was racing. She had kissed boys and had boys kiss her back. She even let some of them go so far as to touch her above the waist through her layers of sweaters. But none of that had ever caused the heat coursing through her body that the simple touch of his hand did!

He could hear her breath increasing. Oh god what that was doing to him! He shifted to make his growing arousal more comfortable and she lifted her head to look at him. He gazed into her eyes and before he even realized what he was doing he took her face in his hands and brought their lips together. Reaching up to grip his arm she pulled herself closer to him. He traced his tongue along her upper lip before slipping it into her waiting mouth. Her answering moan made him lose all composure. He pushed her back on the blanket hooking a leg over her and kissed her until she couldn’t breathe before moving the fire of his lips down her chin to her neck. Oh she had never felt this before! She wound her fingers in his hair then ran them over his shoulders and down his back

“Mmmmm Sansa” he panted against her skin before rolling her over on top of him.

She gasped but didn’t stop him. They continued kissing as he ran his hands down her bare arms. Her legs rested between his and she felt his hardness through his jeans. She had never touched a boy below the waist before and she had no idea what possessed her to run her hand down his chest and torso and between his legs. His entire body jerked and he hissed between his teeth. She felt such a rush of power at having caused this reaction in him and pressing her palm flat moved her hand up and down. A strangled moan escaped his lips and he gripped her tightly.

She was watching his face when suddenly his eyes flew open. He shoved her hand away and jumped up quickly moving to stand by the car turned away from her. Fuck! That was close, he thought to himself. He braced his hand on the car trying to catch his breath and his composure.

Sansa sat and waited for him patiently. She had a good idea what caused him to jump up like that and the thought that she had done it had her questioning everything she knew about herself. For all her maddening teasing on her other dates she had never even considered going “all the way” with a boy. But now, with Jon, she wasn’t so sure anymore.

He finally came back to sit on the blanket next to her. He was embarrassed and ashamed of himself for getting so carried away. She was different and he didn’t want her to think he had brought her here just to get into her pants

”Sansa, I am really sorry for the way I acted tonight” he began “I didn’t bring you up here for… to…” he stammered unable to even talk to her about it

“It’s ok Jon, Look at me” He lifted his eyes to meet hers. “I should be apologizing to you for MY behavior. I don’t know what got into me and I am so sorry that I put you in that….compromising situation” she finished a blush creeping up her cheeks. She was so sweet and despite her behavior earlier obviously so innocent. He could not have wanted her more in that moment.

They both jumped at the sounds of the cars starting up down in the drive in. “Oh” Jon said “I better be getting you back”

Sansa nodded a little wide eyed and helped him shake out and fold the blanket. She got in the car while he replaced the blanket in the trunk. He jumped in and turned the engine over waiting to flip the lights on until they were on the road heading back down to town.

About 10 minutes later he pulled up to the side of the school where he had picked her up. They sat
for a few minutes neither sure of what to say or do.

“Sansa”

“Jon”

They spoke at the same time.

Sansa laughed “Thank you so much for doing this. I had such a wonderful time with you”

“I did too” he answered. Not knowing what else to do he leaned over and kissed her. When he pulled back she ran her thumb across his beautiful pouty lips

“I don’t think I will ever get tired of kissing you Jon Snow” She gave his hand a squeeze and got out of the car shutting the door behind her.

As she walked around the corner she heard him drive away. She smoothed her dress but had no time to worry what her hair might look like as kids were already coming out of the school doors. She pushed her way back inside and began looking for Jeyne.

“Sansa!” she heard Jeyne call. She grabbed Sansa by the hand and pulled her to the side “Where on earth have you been?”She whispered eyeing Sansa’s hair and missing lipstick

“I will explain later just please, you didn’t say anything to anyone did you?”

“Well once I realized you left I tried my best to cover for you. Boys kept coming up to ask if I had seen you and I told them you were in the bathroom!”

Sansa breathed a sigh of relief “Ok good thank you”

“You are just really lucky Theon never showed!”

Oh god Theon! She hadn’t even considered what he would have told her father about not seeing her all evening! Now that it was all over she realized what a huge risk she had taken sneaking off to see Jon tonight.

“Come on” Jeyne said pulling her along “My father will be waiting. But you PROMISE me you will explain everything later?”

Sansa wasn’t sure how much she wanted to confide in Jeyne. She was her best friend in the whole world but Jon was special and she didn’t want to share him just yet. She nodded before heading out the door to Jeyne’s waiting car.
Jon heard the sounds of laughter and a radio playing as he walked into the open door of the garage. He had just arrived after dropping Sansa off at the school.

“Hey! There he is!” Grenn called at seeing him walk in the door. He let out a low whistle at Jon’s appearance. “So where have you been looking so spiffy? Court?” he teased.

He and Pyp were seated around the fold out table; cards spread in front of them and cans of beer littering the floor. Clearly they had started early. Jon walked in and took a seat. Pyp reached over to the ice bucket and tossed him a beer which he caught one handed. Pyp watched Jon in a worshipful way as he opened the can and took a noisy drink. The three of them had grown up together at the orphanage until Pyp was adopted at the age of 10. Jon had always stuck up for him and being a couple of years younger, he had become a sort of mascot for the two older boys.

Jon popped a smoke in his mouth and lit it with a match he struck along the side of the table before shaking it out and letting it fall to the floor. Grenn looked at him. He knew his friend well and he rarely saw him this happy. To say Jon was brooding was an understatement. He also had a quick temper. He had spent his childhood being picked on and having to defend himself and then getting punished for fighting. Jon was the toughest guy he knew but underneath that he was kind and decent. It had been his idea to take Pyp under their protection to keep him from the relentless abuse of the other boys.

“Oh maybe” Grenn continued with a sly grin “You found those Redwyne twins again!”

Pyp erupted into a fit of laughter but Jon just shook his head. He shuffled the cards his cigarette hanging from his mouth, eyes squinted against the smoke. Johnny Cash’s “I Walk the Line” began to play on the radio. Jon liked Johnny Cash.

“Tell it! Tell it!” Pyp chanted. Although he had heard this story a hundred times or more he never grew tired of it.

“So” Grenn began “We were what 14, Jon?” Jon didn’t answer. They got younger each time this story was told. “Anyway” Grenn continued “We had snuck off to this bonfire the older kids were having with some of the St. Anne’s girls” he gave Pyp a meaningful look. The girls from St. Anne’s had a fast reputation. “And these twins took a shine to Johnny boy here” he said clapping Jon on the shoulder.

“Ha ha ha” Pyp chimed in. Jon just laughed and dealt the cards.

“God what was their names Jon?” Grenn asked “Holly and….”

“Honey” Jon answered.

“Ahhhh yes! How could I ever forget Honey Redwyne?” Grenn continued wiggling his eyebrows. “So they drag Jon out into the woods and he shows up again nearly 2 hours later, sticks in his hair...
looking dazed and confused!” Grenn laughed heartily sweeping his cards up in his hands.

Jon drained his beer, crushing the can and tossing it to the floor. Pyp got him another. The truth of that story, however, was very different. He had been 16 and the Redwyne twins HAD drug him out to the woods, kissing and groping him. But when they started trying to peel his pants off he got scared and ran away. He got lost and when he emerged later everyone assumed he had been with the girls the whole time. He didn’t tell anyone the truth and his reputation as a great ladies man was forever sealed. The Great Pretender by the Platters began to play from the radio behind them.

“So” Grenn asked Jon “Where were you tonight anyway?”

“I was on a date up at the drive in” Jon answered placing a card down on the table.

“Oh? Make out point huh?” he and Pyp exchanged a glance

Jon gave them a warning look “It wasn’t like that. She’s a nice girl” he said. He realized as he said it though, that it had nearly been exactly like that.

“Ok Ok” Grenn said his hands up in a defensive gesture. They were silent for a moment laying down and sweeping up cards. Jon inhaled deeply from his smoke and put it down on the edge of the table “Sooo what’s this good girl’s name?”Grenn asked” Where did you meet her?”

“Down at the diner” Jon sniffed blowing smoke in the air and studying the cards in his hand “She’s younger. Her name is Sansa”

Pyp had been sipping his beer and began to choke and cough “Sansa? Sansa Stark??” he asked. Jon looked at him puzzled “Long red hair” Pyp gestured with his hands “Really pretty? She goes to school with me” When Pyp had been taken in and adopted by the Lutheran minister and his wife he was of course pulled out of St. John’s. He was now a year behind Sansa at Winterfell High.

“Jon, the Starks are the richest family in Winterfell” Grenn said eyeing him

“Yes, I’m aware of that” Jon answered through gritted teeth

Grenn could see the dark clouds on his friend’s face but he felt protective so he pushed ahead anyway “Did she NOT tell you who she was?”

Jon threw his cards down on the table and jumped so fast his chair fell over “Jon!” Grenn called as he stormed out. He knew better than to try to go after him until he cooled off though “Aaarrggeeggg!!” Jon yelled shoving a tool box over with a crash on his way out the door.

Grenn turned his gaze to Pyp who was wide eyed “See what you did?”

“Me??” he squeaked

“Just deal” Grenn said with a shake of his head. He took a long drink of his beer letting out a loud belch and wiping his hand across his mouth. Damn, a Stark? he thought to himself wondering what Jon had got into.

Jon stormed into his room slamming the door behind him. He paced back and forth not knowing what to do about how he felt. A Stark? She was a goddamn Stark?? How could she have not told him something that important about herself? Probably because she feared you reacting just like this you idiot, a voice in his head piped up. This more than anything calmed him down. He sat on his bed with a sigh, head in his hands. He could still smell her on his shirt. What was he going to do now?
Grenn was picking up beer cans and tossing them in the trash barrel when Jon came back in the garage. “Pyp gone?” Jon asked as he squatted down to pick up the tools he knocked over earlier. “Yeah. You ok now?” Grenn asked him.

“Yeah, that just took me by surprise ya know” The tools rang out with a clang each time he tossed one into the tool box. Grenn walked over, opened a can of beer and handed it to him. Jon took it sitting back on the floor and Grenn joined him.

“So what’s the story? You really like this Stark girl or what?” he asked him.

Jon took a long drink before answering. “I think….I think I might be in love with her” he finally answered.

“Ok but how is that going to work Jon?” Grenn asked “ Her family probably has some big shot all picked out for her already. You know? You really think they are going to let somebody like…..” he stopped mid sentence. Jon was suddenly angry again. He didn’t know at who. Not Grenn, not Sansa at the entire world maybe.

“You think I don’t know that?? That I have nothing to offer a girl like her!!” That I don’t even deserve a girl like her he thought

“Then there is only one thing to do, Jon” Grenn said quietly “You gotta end it man”

End it. The words echoed in his ears.
Another contender for Sansa’s attention is not happy with her and Jon.

It being a Saturday the diner was packed. Jon rushed around not only having to clean up but serve as well. Doris Day was crooning Que Sera Sera from the jukebox. Good wholesome music that set Jon’s nerves on edge. And on top of all this, there was Sansa seated at her usual booth talking and laughing and looking beautiful. Jon had decided Grenn was right. That he needed to end this but his resolve disappeared as soon as he saw her. She had on peddle pusher pants and a shirt tied at her waist. Her hair was down held back from her face by a wide band. Occasionally her eyes would find him and he looked away quickly pretending to be busy with a table or a dish.

Her eyes were not the only ones following him that day. Sansa had told Jeyne everything except the part where she had nearly caused him to dirty his pants. Jeyne watched Jon walk hurriedly by.

“He looks dangerous” she leaned over talking in a low voice.

“Oh but he isn’t. He is as sweet as a teddy bear” Sansa gushed.

“Well he certainly is handsome” Jeyne added.

Just then Jon walked up with two ice cream sodas in hand. “Here you go” he said as he set them down.

“Thank you very much” Sansa said placing her hand on his before he let go of the glass.

He had intended to drop the sodas off and leave as quickly as possible but looking into her upturned face he suddenly didn’t want to go at all. He brushed his knuckles along the back of her hand “You’re welcome” he said in a husky voice pulling his lower lip in between his teeth.

“Jon!” he heard the old man call. He walked away quickly giving her a backward glance leaving Sansa breathless and Jeyne’s mouth hanging wide open.

Theon witnessed this exchange with a growing sense of unhappiness. He was seated at the fountain bar. The chocolate ice cream played hell with his complexion but he came here mostly to stare at Sansa Stark. He had had a thing for her as long as he could remember. He had talked his way into working for her father, much against his own father’s wishes, in hopes of ingratiating himself. He knew he was not good enough for her or her family. His family had money, not near as much as the Starks, but his father had made such a show of turning up his nose at the more prominent families of Winterfell. The eldest Greyjoy was not well liked to say the least.

He had felt confident in asking Sansa to the dance after mentioning it to Ned Stark. So when she turned him down it stung. It more than stung really. He decided he would rather not go to the dance at all than see her on the gym floor, swaying closely with someone else. The funny thing was of the other boys whom he knew had asked her (Theon knew everything about Sansa) all of them said they had not even seen her that night.

And now he was beginning to understand why. It was evident by the look on her face that she
knew this bus boy more than casually. He had no idea how but he didn’t like it at all. Finishing his soda and wiping his mouth he shuffled over to her table.

“Hi Sansa” he said eagerly.

She looked up “Oh, hi Theon” she said politely.

She saw Jon out of the corner of her eye paused at the kitchen door waiting to catch her attention. When he did, he gave her a meaningful look and went through the door. “Oh, Jeyne, Theon would you please excuse me a moment” she said quickly sliding out of the booth and brushing past him.

“Ok, see ya” he stuttered as he watched her walk out the front door.

Jeyne gave him an uncomfortable look and he slunk away. Sansa had left her things at the table so he knew she wasn’t going home. He decided to follow her and headed out the front door just in time to see her disappear around the corner of the building.

When she reached the alley she saw Jon sitting on an overturned bucket his arms resting on his knees. “Jon?” When he looked over at her his face was tense and he didn’t smile “What’s the matter” She asked rushing to him.

“Sansa STARK” he began “Why didn’t you tell me?” Her face fell as realization dawned on her.

“Jon, I am so sorry. I was afraid if you knew who I was you wouldn’t give me a chance, that you wouldn’t want to be with me”

“Isn’t that supposed to be the other way around” he said a smirk on his face. He sighed.

She smiled and squatted in front of him taking his hands in hers “Jon, please, I don’t care about any of that. I just want you. I was going to tell you. I just didn’t know how”

This won’t work, his head screamed at him, she is just too young and naïve to realize it. Tell her it’s over. Tell her now!

“Ok” he said ignoring the voice of reason. Her smile lit up her face and he felt such a wave of desire for her. Not just physically but like his heart was going to explode right out of his chest “I need to see you. Can you get away somehow?”

She thought a moment “Yes, I will arrange with Jeyne to say I am at her house. She knows everything now” Sansa said sheepishly “But she is my best friend, Jon. I trust her”

“Ok. I will pick you up here then?” The diner was close enough for her to walk to but the garage was much farther.

She nodded and leaned in to kiss him.

Sansa had no way of knowing that the real threat would not come from Jeyne but someone else. Theon cringed at the obvious sounds of kissing. He had hid around the corner and heard everything. It was one thing to think of losing Sansa to someone better but to lose her to this poor Greaser was more than he could take. He stalked away deciding how best to deal with the situation.
Catelyn reached out to touch her hair. “You have such beautiful hair” her mother smiled “You and Robb look so much like my side of the family. Arya and Bran are all Stark. But you two have so much Tully in you”

Sansa waited not sure where this was going. Her mother sighed “You my dear are the crowning jewel of this family. Did you know that?”

“No” Sansa answered

“Well you are” Cat continued “I want to tell you a story. Something I think you are old enough to finally hear and understand. Did you know that I was meant to marry your Uncle Brandon?”

Sansa looked surprised

“Oh yes. We were engaged. But then as you know he was killed in the war” Sansa’s eyes found her uncle’s picture up on the mantle. He was in uniform. “I was young and in love. Or so I thought. Your uncle was very handsome but hot blooded which I think I mistook for passion”

She had never heard her mother talk this way before.

“He was…. quite popular with the other girls and I felt pride at having been the one he had asked to marry. When he died, I was devastated. He had volunteered for a mission that was very dangerous. I was upset that he would put himself at such risk when I was waiting for him. Your Father, so much the opposite of his brother, was there for me. I am sure he felt it the chivalrous thing to do” Cat thought of Ned, stoic even then. “I barely knew him when he proposed. Still he was kind and loyal and responsible and gave me 5 beautiful children. Would I have been so happy and cared for with Brandon? I don’t think I would have.”

She took Sansa’s hands in her own. “Darling, when we are young our hearts are like wild things. But wild things must eventually become tame if they are to survive and thrive. You must think of your future. What looks good today won’t serve you tomorrow”

Her mother’s eyes had become serious and suddenly everything clicked. Theon, the coffee cups,
her mother’s words. Sansa gasped and pulled her hands away “You know” she said quietly

“Yes, I do. Sansa, a boy like that has no place in our lives”

“It’s not YOUR life! It’s mine” she yelled jumping up suddenly from her chair

“That is where you are wrong. You are a Stark and that affects ALL of us”

“You can’t stop me. You can’t keep me from loving him” she cried

Catelyn scoffed “Love? Oh Sansa. Love is loyalty, and responsibility and duty. Love is your father and the way he takes care of us. What will you get with this boy? Hmmm? How will he care for you? Darling, boys like him are a dime a dozen with no true loyalty. He will ruin you and leave you for the next thing that catches his eye and someone else will have to pick up the pieces”

“NO! You’re wrong! You don’t know him!!”

“I know much more than you think I do” her mother answered a razor edge to her voice “You will not be permitted to leave this house until your Father returns”

“What!!! NO you can’t do that! You can’t!” Sansa yelled panic beating in her heart

“I can and I have. I don’t want to involve your father in this. He will be disappointed in you. But it is up to you Sansa to make the right choice here”

“No” Sansa repeated shaking her head and backing away.

She ran straight up to her room and threw herself on her bed crying hysterically. She was angry at her mother but more so at Theon. Why did he do this? She asked herself although she knew the answer well enough already. And Jon, Oh god he would be waiting for her tonight wondering why she didn’t come! This thought brought on a fresh wave of tears and she cried until she felt numb before falling asleep with her face in her arms.

It was dark when she woke. She jumped up grabbing for the clock holding it close to her face so she could see the hands. 8:30. She was late to see Jon. Would he be worried? Arya’s bed was empty. She decided to go downstairs to get something to eat and tiptoed past her mother’s closed door.

There was a covered plate in the icebox with a note: Sansa, your dinner. Bran and Rickon have gone to the Karstarks for the night. Be a dear and clean up. That was it. Be a dear and clean up. Be a good girl and do what you are told. Be a good girl and do what is expected of you. Suddenly her appetite was gone.

As she headed back up to her room she heard scraping and scuffling coming from behind the boy’s closed bedroom door. She knew they weren’t home and realized with a fright that her father wasn’t either. Her heart fluttering in her chest she opened the bedroom door in time to see her sister fall through the window to the floor with a thud, her foot tangled in the curtain.

“Dammit!” Arya muttered.

It was Arya’s turn to jump in fright when she saw Sansa in the door way “Oh my god you scared me!” she whispered and then flapped her hands to get her sister back in their own room.

Once there Arya sat on the bed to take off her shoes “Do you do that a lot?” Sansa asked.
“Pretty much” her sister answered “You can’t go out our window because of that stupid rose bush. Lucky for me all of you are heavy sleepers”

Sansa jumped up and went to her closet pulling out a suitcase. She dropped it on the bed and opened it.

Arya watched as she stuffed clothes in it “Whaaat are you doing?” she asked puzzled

“I’m leaving” Sansa answered as she worked

“Why?” Arya asked.

Sansa stopped and turned to her sister “Because I am in love with someone. Someone mom and dad won’t approve of because he is not rich or come from a good family. In fact he has no family at all and he needs me. And I don’t care where we have to go” she emphasized each word by throwing clothes into the suitcase “Or how we have to live. I am going to be with him”

Arya looked at her sister in surprise. Sansa never acted rashly or disobeyed the rules. She also had never talked about a boy this way. She always seemed quite bored with boys even when they bought her stuff and took to her to fancy places. “Well, who is he?” she asked “Does he go to school with you?”

Sansa shook her head “No, he is Robb’s age. He is an orphan and went to St. John’s. He lives above the garage at Mikken’s and I met him at the diner. He works there”

Arya’s face crumbled and she fell over in a fit of laughter

“It’s not funny!!!” Sansa cried.

“I’m sorry” Arya hiccupped holding her stomach “It’s just the first boy you fall in love works at a diner and lives over a garage” she finished wiping her eyes “Makes me believe there IS some justice in this world” As Arya got older she was well aware of the expectations of her pretty sister, expectations that never seemed to be put on her. She was glad for it but felt bad for Sansa at times.

Sansa just smiled at her sister “So will you help me then?”

Arya answered by grabbing the suitcase and heading quietly out the door to her brother’s empty room. She opened the window and held the curtain aside while Sansa climbed out onto landing. She dropped the suitcase letting it fall in the bushes to muffle the sound.

“Now, just grab hold of that trellis, it’s ok it will hold you, and climb down” Arya instructed her head hanging out the window.

Suddenly she stiffened “Shhhhh!!” she whispered loudly.

Sansa stopped moving her eyes wide with fear. Arya ducked her head back in and listened. She swore she had heard footsteps but now, silence. Still they were on borrowed time

“Ok it was nothing but you better hurry” she said after sticking her head back out the window. “Oh, hey!” Sansa stopped and looked up “You didn’t tell me his name”

Her face broke into a wide grin “It’s Jon” she whispered then finished climbing down jumping the last two feet to the ground. She retrieved her suitcase and waving at her sister ran across the lawn and out of sight.
Arya quietly closed the window and tiptoed back to their room. She was scared for Sansa but also proud of her.
Jon sat in the car, leg bouncing nervously, chewing on the pad of this thumb. Elvis’ Blue Suede Shoes played quietly from the crackling car radio. He was going to do it. He was going to be strong and tell her they couldn’t see each other anymore. Even as he thought it he didn’t’ think he could go through with it. With a sigh he laid his head back against the seat and closed his eyes. Her face filled his mind. He heard her voice like it was far away “Jon, I want you Jon, I am ready” He jumped with a gasp blinking rapidly. He had dozed off. It was passed the time she said she would meet him but the streets were empty. Maybe she couldn’t get away. He peered out the windows and ducked down when he saw a squad car roll by. He was parked off to the side of the building but he knew he couldn’t sit here any longer. Once the squad car was out of sight he started the engine and headed home.

Sansa ducked behind the building her heart hammering in her chest as the squad car drove slowly down the empty street. She had never been out this late before. Once the car was out of sight she hurried to the diner but he wasn’t there. She hadn’t really thought he would be but she still felt a pang of disappointment. The fog was now turning to drizzle. She had a choice. Either turn back and go home or keep going to the garage. With a sigh she switched her suitcase to her other hand and began walking.

Jon was lying on his bed wearing nothing but boxers when the yard dog began barking furiously. He heard a crash followed by footsteps on his stairs and jumped up grabbing the baseball bat he kept leaning against the wall. He jerked his door open wielding the bat to see Sansa standing there, soaked through and carrying a suitcase. He blinked at her slowly wondering if this was a dream when she dropped the suitcase and burst into tears throwing her arms around him. He dropped the bat and grabbed her suitcase. He pulled her inside kicking the door shut with his foot.

“Sansa?” he asked “What are you doing here?” He grabbed her upper arms pulling her back to look into her tear stained face.

“My…my mother…found out about us” she said her breath hitching “Theon…She said I couldn’t see you. That I couldn’t leave the house…that you were like Uncle Brandon…that I had a duty…as a Stark” that last thing brought on a fresh wave of tears and she buried her face in his shoulder.

Not much of what she said made sense to him except the part where they were found out. He had to think

“Look at me, look at me” he said “ We will work it out but you have to calm down first” She sniffed loudly and nodded her head.

She looked down at herself realizing she was dripping on his floor and grabbed her suitcase to rummage around for dry clothes. He turned his back while she changed. She was trying not to think about how her mother would react in the morning when she found her missing. Would Arya confess to helping her and lead them here? How much trouble would Jon get into? She finished dressing and turned around to see Jon standing his back to her, wearing nothing but his underwear.
“Ok. You can turn around now”.

“Feel better?” he asked as he started to cross the room to her. He stopped short when he realized he was still undressed “Oh shit, I’m sorry Sansa!” he said detouring to grab his shirt at least. She couldn’t help but giggle

He got the only chair he had and dumping the pile of clothes off of it, brought it to her. He settled himself on his bed and looked at her “So, now what?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t exactly think this through as I was climbing out my brother’s window” she explained

Jon looked at her in admiration “You really climbed out a window? For me?”

“Of course” she answered “I love you”

He was dumbstruck to hear her say it. Suddenly all thoughts of ending it, all worry about not being good enough were gone. Nobody had ever loved him before. He grew up in a world devoid of affection or even basic kindness. And here was this beautiful, funny, brave girl saying she loved him and risking all she had to be with him. Now he would risk all he had to be with her.

“Sansa? How old are you?” he asked her

“17” she answered

“When is your birthday?”

“May 16th. Why?” she asked.

He sighed getting up to pace the room “Because you have to be 18 to get married without your parent’s permission” he answered. He was so deep in thought he didn’t see her expression right away

“M…married?” she said softly her face full of wonder

He looked at her and smiled “Well, yeah. If we are going to be together that is the only way. Otherwise your parents can…well keep us apart”

She rushed into his arms “Oh Jon you really want to marry me??”

“Yes of course I do but we have to be careful” he added “We still have a couple of weeks before you turn 18”

“Ok” she nodded already thinking “Well, we will just have to pretend that’s all. Pretend we’re not together. Fool my parents and everyone else”

He nodded “And I will have to take you back” he said solemnly. They were silent for a moment.

“Well can you do that in the morning?” she asked looking into his eyes and pulling him closer with her arms around his waist. As he was wearing boxers he had no way to hide the immediate reaction this caused in him. She was backing them towards his bed and he had no choice but to follow.

“Sansa” he said in warning

“It’s ok Jon” she answered kissing him “I am here now and we are going to be married anyway”
Her boldness surprised her but feeling him against her hip she just didn’t care about that anymore. The back of her knees hit the side of the bed and she fell back on it pulling him down on top of her.

“Jon” she whispered her hands running along his arms and his back.

She hooked a leg around him. Her skirt was sliding up. He raised his own knee to push her leg off of him even as he kissed along her jaw line breathing raggedly into her ear. He knew what she wanted. Since his ill fated Redwyne twin encounter he had had 2 lovers but this was different. SHE was different. She pulled herself to him and kissed his neck still trying to hook her legs around him. *Jesus*, he couldn’t fight this much longer.

“Stop!” he growled pinning her legs down with his own. He took a moment to catch his breath before he noticed the look of hurt on her face. “Sansa” he said quietly “I’m sorry. Oh you are so sweet” he leaned in and kissed her “So so sweet. I don’t want to spoil it. Please” he finished.

She knew he was right but oh the things he had ignited in her that she didn’t know what to do with “Ok Jon. You are right. I’m sorry”

“No don’t apologize” he looked at her and his resolve softened a little bit. Her face was flush, her eyes a bit wild and her chest still heaving. Placing his palms flat on the bed, he held himself up and slowly began to grind against her. She gasped, her eyes opening wide. She let her legs open a bit to accommodate him. He angled his body and continued sliding his hardened groin between her legs gently.

She gripped his back and let him move against her. Oh god. Each pass of his hips brought her such slow, agonizing pleasure. She looked into his brown eyes and watched the concentration on his face. Soon her breath began to hitch and her legs shake. “Oh Jon, Jon oh…ohh, ohhhh”

He felt her body start to tremble, her legs twitching around him. He gritted his teeth. Then she cried out before going silent, her face contorted, nails digging into his back and he let go with a grunt and a moan burying his face in her neck.

She felt his body stiffen, heard him moan and then wetness seeping through her skirt. She was beside herself and still panting from what he had just done to her. She had never known any feeling like that before.

After a few moments he kissed her softly before getting up to change. He brought her clean clothes only turning his head away this time. After she changed they both climbed into the bed. He wrapped her in his arms. She felt so warm and safe. They talked through the night making their plans and sometime before dawn she fell asleep. He lay awake listening to her breathing, feeling her warmth and deciding he would do anything for her.

Cat stood protectively in the doorway, after Sansa went in, appraising this boy before her. Jon looked down at his feet, anywhere to avoid the stare of this woman. *If looks could kill* he thought. “You are lucky I don’t have you arrested” she said icily. “You are also lucky my husband is away. I don’t know what he would do with you”

“Yes maam. I am sorry” he said risking meeting her eyes “I think Sansa mistook my friendliness at the diner for something else altogether. I truly didn’t mean for her to get the wrong idea”

Cat was not fooled by his words but she had received a postcard from Ned that morning with news
that would change everything. It was enough for her to be somewhat gracious now “Be that as it
may, I don’t want to see you ever again. You will stay far away from my daughter or your life in
this town will be over. Do you understand me?” she asked

“Yes maam” Jon nodded trying not to let his feelings of anger at her threat show on his face.

“Good” she finished curtly and went inside shutting the door on him.

As he walked away, he turned back to see Sansa watching him from her bedroom window. He
smiled and gave her a small wave. I must be crazy he thought.
Sansa marked off another day on the little calendar with The First Bank of Bravos Winterfell Branch printed along the top in bold letters. Her birthday was in two days! Two more days and she would be 18. Two more days and she and Jon would be able to get married.

She was forbidden to leave the house except for school but had kept Arya’s involvement to herself. Grateful, her sister agreed to become the go between for the young couple delivering notes back and forth from the house to the diner. Sansa slept with Jon’s notes under her pillow carefully slipping them between her mattresses every morning.

Not seeing Jon was torture enough but her mother having Theon drive her to and from school every day was worse. He gladly accepted the assignment from Mrs. Stark in hopes he could get Sansa to forgive him although he didn’t regret what he did. He was relieved she and this Jon Snow were kept apart.

Sansa sat in Theon’s car looking out the window at the passing houses. Perry Como’s Magic Moments played from the radio.

*God he even listens to the same music as my father!* She thought disdainfully.

She refused to talk to him but that didn’t stop him from chattering away at her every morning and afternoon. She learned more about the Greyjoy family than she ever wanted to know.

She had shown a little interest when he told her that his sister Yara had recently come home on leave from the Navy because she knew Arya wanted to join. Theon thought it was not very womanly to be called a Seaman but his father beamed with pride at every postcard he received from her. He had greeted her warmly admiring her uniform while asking Theon how it felt to be Ned Stark’s lackey. Yara’s smirk had driven him from the room.

After that he talked to Ned about renting the room above their office. His father raged and stormed that if Theon left he was never welcome back but having never felt welcome to start with he packed his bags anyway.

“So your father is coming home tonight?” he asked cheerfully “And I heard your mother say Robb was coming in for your birthday this weekend too” Theon continued grinning at her.
This got her attention and she turned to look at him a smile touching her lips. She had not seen Robb in months! She guessed this was to be a surprise. Leave it to Theon to ruin everything as always she thought turning back to the window. He sighed as he pulled up in front of the high school.

Her heart leapt into her throat when she noticed the tail end of a familiar faded black car parked to the side of the school. Thinking quickly she turned to Theon and put her hand on his arm

“Will you be coming to my birthday party Theon?” she asked him sweetly

He was too taken aback to be suspicious of her sudden change in behavior. A smile filled his face “Yes” he said eagerly “Your mom invited me. What would you like as a gift?”

The sappy look on his face filled her with guilt “Oh you don’t have to get me anything. Just being there would be enough” she smiled opening the car door and stepping out.

He usually waited until she got inside before he drove away but today he was too elated to care and pulled away quickly thinking of what he would get her.

Jon hadn’t dared mention their plans in the notes her little sister took to her. He knew they would not be able to stay in Winterfell once they married and talked to Mikken about helping him find a job in White Harbor. He drove over on his day off to meet the owner of the gas station and garage. Thanks mostly to his boss’s recommendation and Jon’s explanation that he would be bringing his new bride along he was offered the job. He shook the owners hand thanking him then drove around the city. He pulled in to inquire about a small apartment. Having few expenses he had built up a small savings and he hoped, as he paid the landlord the deposit, that Sansa would like it.

It was a big risk for him to wait for her here knowing that weasel that had squealed on them was taking her to school every day. But he had to talk to her in person. Sansa ran to the car and once inside threw her arms around Jon kissing him enthusiastically. He kissed her back relishing in the taste of her lips.

She pulled back smiling from ear to ear “I am SO happy to see you!!” she said breathlessly

“Me too. Let’s get out of here” he said putting the car in gear.

They spent the morning in his bed fully clothed kissing and touching each other while Johnny Cash crooned about Folsom Prison on the record player. When Jon slid his hand up her skirt and found her panties damp it took all he had to keep himself in check. Instead he massaged her through the thin material slowly until her body began to shudder and she dug her nails into his shoulder writhing beneath him.

Afterwards, she lay in his arms warm and happy running her fingers in circles on his chest while he stroked her hair

“White Harbor?” she asked when he told her about his new job and the apartment.

“Yes. I hope you will like the place. It’s small but it has little flower boxes in the windows” he said hopefully

The record player clicked as the next record dropped and Love Me Tender played softly.

Sansa turned to him “As long as you are there it will be perfect” she said running her fingers through his beard “My Jon. I still can’t believe that I will be Mrs. Snow in a few days”
His face turned suddenly serious as he got up to retrieve a small box from his desk. He stood with his back to her for a few moments trying to get up his nerve. It was important to him to do this right. He came to her and taking a deep breath lowered himself to one knee. “Sansa Stark” he began looking into her eyes “Would you do me the honor of becoming my wife?” he said trying to do it like they did in the movies. The box opened with a creak to reveal a small gold engagement ring. The diamond was barely a chip but it was what he could afford. He watched her face for signs of disappointment but she was beaming.

“Yes! Yes Jon Snow I will marry you!!” She squealed

He slid the ring on her finger and kissed her passionately pushing her back on the bed laying his body over hers.
Chapter Summary

Ned Stark comes home with news that will turn the Stark family's world upside down

Catelyn fussed over Rickon’s tie while he squirmed and complained “Awww mom why do we have to get all dressed up? It’s just daddy!” he whined

“Hush now and be still” she scolded him

The entire Stark clan, minus Robb, were sitting in the living room dressed in their finest waiting for Ned Stark’s arrival. Even Theon was there. He had given Sansa a brilliant smile when she came downstairs. She was dressed in a light blue dress that brought out the color of her eyes. She forced herself to return it wishing she was back in Jon’s room. Her engagement ring was stashed under her mattress beside Jon’s letters. She fiddled with her finger still feeling the weight of the ring as if it carried all of her and Jon’s love.

Soon they heard the sound of the car door. Catelyn stood up smoothing her skirt. Sansa didn’t understand why her mother was so nervous. The door opened and Ned Stark walked in carrying his bags. He set them down a huge smile on his face

“Hello family!” he said.

He was nearly bowled over by the boys rushing to hug him. Arya was next leaping into his arms. He groaned under her weight but laughed.

“Welcome home Daddy” Sansa said. Seeing him was bittersweet but she pushed that thought out of her mind and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

“I’ve missed you” Cat declared putting her arms around her husband. They shared a short kiss.

Someone behind him cleared their throat and Ned stepped to the side “Ah yes” he said beckoning

“Joffrey come and meet the family”

A boy Sansa’s age stepped into the room wearing the dark grey uniform of a military school cadet. The front was covered in various medals and he held his hat in his hands. He had golden blonde hair and light green eyes framed by blond lashes. He was handsome, Sansa thought, but a bit effeminate in features. He was shorter than she but carried himself with an air of arrogance.

“Everyone this is Joffrey Baratheon” Ned said “Robert Baratheon’s son”

“Governor Baratheon’s son?” Bran asked sounding more impressed than he meant to

“Yes” Ned smiled. “Joffrey was on break from school and wanted to come and see Winterfell”

Joffrey scanned the room clearly not impressed until his eyes fell on Sansa “Yes, I can see now the beauty of the North I hear so much about” he said with a predatory look.

Theon’s face flushed and his eyes found the floor. Ned and Cat exchanged a satisfied look. Sansa
met his gaze but quickly looked away.

“Bran and Rickon, why don’t you show Joffrey to Robb’s old room” Ned said

“Sure dad” Bran answered “Come on it’s this way”

Joffrey walked ahead leaving his bags for the boys to carry. They exchanged a glance and Rickon shrugged as each of them picked up a bag.

A few minutes later Bran and Rickon returned saying the Joffrey wanted to lie down and rest.

“Sit down boys” Ned said with a serious tone

Catelyn joined him on the sofa facing their family and took his hand

Ned cleared his throat. “Joffrey isn’t here just for a visit. Robert has asked me to come and work for him in King’s Landing and I have accepted”

“So you’re leaving again?” Bran asked

“No” Catelyn said “We will ALL be going to King’s Landing”

The noise rose immediately as the Stark children made their protests, All but one.

“But mom I have friends here. I can’t leave Winterfell! I don’t want to!” Bran cried

“Me either!!” Rickon piped in tears welling up in his eyes

“It’s not fair!” Arya yelled out

“Sansa?” her mother asked “You don’t have anything to say?”

She tried to look dismayed “I….” she began her mind working furiously “I will miss our house and my friends but maybe a new start is best…for everyone” she finished looking to see if her mother bought it. Arya looked at her not understanding why she was being so calm. Moving would mean leaving Jon behind.

“Do they have a Naval yard there?” Arya asked her father

“Yes” he answered “Theon, was your sister docked in King’s Landing?”

Theon’s knees had gone weak when Ned said the Starks were moving away. He did not know what this meant for him. He had left home and couldn’t go back now and beyond all that Sansa would be leaving. He knew why the smug Baratheon boy was here. It was obvious. But he felt like things were finally turning in his favor as far as she was concerned. She had been so nice to him.

“No” he answered “The last time she came home it was from White Harbor”

Sansa perked up at the mention of her future home. Her stomach turned to knots when she realized just how quickly she would have to say goodbye to her family.

Later as they lay in their room in the dark Arya asked her sister “Are you not upset at the thought
of leaving Winterfell?”

She could see Sansa’s shape in the dark but not her face “No Arya. I won’t be going to King’s Landing. I will be 18 tomorrow and can do what I want”

The bedside lamp switched on as Arya sat up “What does that mean?” she asked

Sansa had slipped her engagement ring on before going to bed. She held out her hand and Arya gasped

“You’re getting married? When?” she asked

“Sunday” Sansa answered “But you can’t tell a SOUL Arya! Promise me!”

Arya thought on this for a moment. She knew Jon was all Sansa wanted and she was happy for her but she quickly realized with Robb and Sansa both gone she would be the oldest child in the house.

“You know Dad brought Joffrey home to meet you” Arya said “I heard him and mom talking about it in the kitchen. They hope you will marry him when we get to King’s Landing. They said he is being groomed to be a senator”

“Well that is just too bad because I am marrying Jon. He already has a place for us in White Harbor and a job and everything” Sansa answered switching the lamp off and laying back down. She turned the ring on her finger feeling that Sunday could not come soon enough.
Sansa's Birthday Party

Chapter Summary

Sansa does well getting through her birthday party without Jon until her father makes a suggestion that makes her heart stop.

Catelyn went all out for Sansa’s birthday, hiring caterers and servers to handle the dinner. Sansa wasn’t sure it would have been such a grand affair if Joffrey had not been attending. She didn’t really care about any of it. She missed Jon so much. Her only consolation was that, after this one, he would never again miss her birthday for the rest of her life. This thought brought a smile to her face.

“There it is, finally” Joffrey said walking up to her letting his eyes travel across her chest like he did every time he looked at her “You haven’t smiled enough since I’ve been here. You should smile more often” something in his eyes and tone made this seem more like an order than an observation.

“Sansa” she heard her mother call from the other room “Phone for you dear”

Glad for a reason to get away, she rushed to the phone. A thought that it was Jon flitted across her mind but she knew that was silly. He didn’t have a phone and didn’t know her number. He would never have risked it if he did and he was working tonight anyway.

She picked up the receiver from the table “Hello?”

“I heard it was someone’s birthday” a soothing and familiar voice said on the other end

“Robb!” Sansa exclaimed

“I won’t be able to make it to dinner, honey” he said “I’m sorry. Getting a later start than I had planned but I will be there tonight. Ok?”

“Oh. That’s ok, I just can’t wait to see you” her heart felt like it was being squeezed. She wanted to just blurt out everything. As happy as she was she was still scared of making such a big step and of her parents reaction and Robb had always been the one she went to for advice. Now she had no one.

No that is not true, she thought, I have Jon.

“So dad brought Joffrey Baratheon home huh” Robb asked

“Oh god Robb he is just awful” Sansa whispered

He chuckled “Yeah I know. I met him when he was younger. I figured age did nothing to improve his personality” his voice was suddenly sad “Hang in there Sansa. In the end it’s still your choice no matter what mom and dad say”

She heard a voice call him “Ok ok I’m coming” he yelled “Sansa I have to go. I’ll see you tonight” he said and hung up.
She replaced the phone in the cradle thinking of mom and dad’s choices for Robb. If he really believed that why was he still where he was? She wondered.

“Mrs. Stark” a voice said from the dining room door “Dinner is ready ma’am”

Catelyn smiled tightly “Wonderful. Shall we all move into the dining room?” she said holding her arms out to guide them along.

Sansa was impressed as she entered the room. The sideboard had vases of white flowers. The table was covered with a cream table cloth. Candles were lit along the center in tall holders and in front of each chair sitting on the charger and plate were ceramic place card holders in the shape of birds. Debussy played quietly from her mother’s radio. It was all so beautiful!

Everyone found their places and began to sit down. Her parents were of course at each end of the table. Bran and Rickon were seated on either side of her mother. Theon had arrived while Sansa was talking to Robb and took his place between her and Ned. Much to her dislike, Arya was seated next to Joffrey who was directly across from Sansa where it would be hard to look at anything else. She knew this was by design and glanced briefly at her mother.

The first course was served and a person came around to fill the wine glasses. To Sansa's surprise the glass in front of her was filled with sparkling white wine as well.

“At toast” Joffrey said raising his glass and getting everyone’s attention “To the birthday girl and to Mr. and Mrs. Stark” he inclined his glass to each of her parents “For having me in their lovely home and showing me a bit of how the other half lives” he laughed as if this was funny and took a drink of his wine.

Everyone was quiet for a moment. Catelyn eyed him. What an ass this boy was she thought. But he was rich, he was important and most of all he wasn’t Jon Snow. “To Sansa” she said raising her glass.

“Here, here” was repeated around the table in unison as each person drank.

Time seemed to drag on and on as Joffrey bragged about his accomplishments at military school. He looked to Sansa for a reaction after each story. She tried to smile and look interested which was enough to placate him. Arya suspected he hadn’t really earned anything and was simply rising along because of his last name.

When dinner was cleared away, Cat went into the kitchen to supervise the cake. Theon took the opportunity to ask Ned about his plans for him. He was delighted to hear that his boss thought he was capable of running the Winterfell office on his own now. That had always been his plan for the future. But Sansa had also been a part of that plan and now she was leaving. He couldn’t believe her parents were trying to set her up with the Baratheon kid. He was pompous and arrogant and just plain sleazy. It hurt his heart to know that if they wanted this for her then he really was never in contention at all.

The lights were dimmed as the cake was brought out and sat in front of Sansa ablaze with 18 candles. Everyone sang Happy Birthday in unison. She fought back the tears that threatened to fall. Jon. All I want is Jon she thought. Sniffing she used her napkin to dry her eyes. Her father looked at her tenderly assuming she was overcome by the singing. Arya knew better and gave her sister a sympathetic smile.

When the cake was cut and served, Joffrey stood and leaning over the table dipped his fork into Sansa’s piece bringing the bite to her lips.
“Allow me” he said looking at her expectantly.

Theon glared at him not missing the implication of what he was doing. Sansa sat frozen and looked over at her mother who gave her an insistent look. Sansa opened her mouth and allowed Joffrey to feed her the cake. He sat back down satisfied licking frosting from his fingers. Everyone looked disgusted but Ned and Cat.

After cake everyone moved into the living room for coffee and gifts. Rickon sat at that piano playing Chopin’s Nocturne as Sansa’s gift. She was seated uncomfortably on the couch between Theon and Joffrey watching her littlest brother’s face screwed up in concentration so he didn’t make a mistake. It was so very sweet of him.

When he finished everyone clapped. He got up and went to hug her “Happy Birthday Sansa!”

“Thank you Rickon. That was lovely” she said hugging him back

“A lovely gift for a lovely girl” Joffrey said handing her an elaborately wrapped package “I brought it for you from King’s Landing” he declared

Sansa carefully unwrapped the gold foil paper and opened the box to reveal an ornate bracelet covered in jewels of all colors. She turned it over in her hands. It must have cost a fortune!

“Here” Joffrey said opening the hinge on the bangle and placing it on her wrist as if she couldn’t have figured it out herself. It was heavy and ugly and she hated it. She thought when she and Jon got to White Harbor she would sell it and buy him something wonderful.

Joffrey scoffed “I uh think Greyjoy has something for you too” he said looking at the small package in Theon’s lap with amusement.

Theon cleared his throat wishing he was anywhere else. Sansa thought a moment and taking him by the hand stood up

“Come on Theon. Come help me in the kitchen” she gave Joffrey a scathing look and led a shocked Theon out of the room. Joffrey pursed his lips his nostrils flaring in anger and looked back to watch her walk away.

“Bran dear why don’t you play us something” Catelyn said quickly to cover up the tension

Once in the kitchen, Sansa faced him “Ok, I’m ready for my gift now”

He looked down at the small package in his hands for a moment and handed it over. Sansa opened it to find a turtle shell hair comb in the shape of a butterfly

“Oh Theon it’s just beautiful” she whispered and pulled her hair back sliding the comb in “How does it look?” she asked turning to the side for him

He smiled at her “Beautiful” he answered and then frowned “I’m sorry Sansa”

“For what” she asked

“I’m sorry that he is here” he jerked his chin towards the door “And that I am here. That everyone but the one you want is here” he finished quietly swallowing hard

Sansa looked at him “Theon has there not been anyone else that you wanted to take out? I mean have you not dated at all?”
He shrugged “I went out with Alys Karstark once but I think it was just because she had red hair”

Just then her mother came into the kitchen “Sansa you are being very rude to our guest. He is here because of you after all. The least you could do is be civil” she scolded

Sansa gave Theon a small smile and grabbed the coffee pot. Her face was stone as she walked by her mother and back into the living room. She offered her father and Joffrey more coffee. Bran, the more experienced pianist in the family, was at the piano playing Claire de Lune his fingers moving along the keys as if by magic. He had picked up the piano quickly and effortlessly.

Ned looked over at Sansa. Theon had not come out of the kitchen. He knew how he felt about his daughter. He also knew it was not possible. He hoped once the family was gone Theon could move on and find someone more his – type. Still the tension in the room was palpable and Ned came up with an idea he hoped would diffuse the situation.

As the last notes of the piano died away he spoke “Sansa”. She looked up at him “Why don’t you take Joffrey to that diner you like to hang out in with your friends”

Arya’s mouth fell open her eyes wide as she turned to look at Sansa. All the color had drained from her face. She could hear her heart beating in her ears and her voice was frozen.

“Come on dad” Arya answered for her “Joffrey doesn’t want to see that dumb old place”

“On the contrary” Joffrey said “If you like to spend time there then I would like to see it” it was obvious to him that neither Sansa nor her sister wanted him there and this piqued his curiosity.

Sansa felt as if time were moving in slow motion as she rose from the sofa “Oh.....kay Daddy. Let me just go and get my sweater”

Once she reached her room she began to shake her mind racing on what to do, how to warn Jon. She pulled out a piece of paper intending to write him a note. She didn’t know how she would give it to him without Joff seeing but she didn’t know what else to do. Just then Arya ran into the room.

Sansa looked at her sister

“What do I do? Arya what am I going to do?” she cried

“I’ll go. I’ll run and tell him” Arya said already walking out the door to their brother’s room

Sansa followed her. Arya was opening the window

“Hurry Arya hurry” she said as her father called her from downstairs “Coming” she answered and grabbing her sweater left the room hoping Arya would get there in time.
He Is Just Here To Clean Up

Chapter Summary

Sansa is forced to take Joffrey to the diner where Jon is working starting a chain of events that unravels everything

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry it took so long to get this chapter out!

Joffrey had insisted she take his arm as they walked. When they got closer to the diner she could see it as it was when she came that night to see Jon. The way his face looked when she walked in – tired and annoyed at first and then amused and intrigued. How his arms and shoulders looked as he pushed the mop around the floor. The way his cigarette had bobbed up and down as he talked telling her about himself.

And now they were here walking through the door and she felt as if she might throw up at any moment. Her eyes scanned the room quickly and there he was by the kitchen door talking to Arya whose eyes widened when she saw them. She quickly slipped through the kitchen door to race home before she was missed.

Sansa had a moment to admire the curve of his shoulders and the larger curve of his backside in his jeans. Her heart swelled to know he was hers. Just then he turned to look at them and her heart stopped when he smiled.

Jon looked Joffrey up and down. Obvious rich kid by the clothes and shoes he wore. He even had on jewelry. There was something in his face and the way he held himself that Jon immediately disliked. Sansa looked terrified, her face was pale. It made Jon angry to know her parents were putting her through this. But none of that mattered. She was *his* and there was nothing they could do about it. He gave Sansa a small smile to reassure her.

Joffrey felt her hand tighten on his arm as they walked. When they got closer to the diner she could see it as it was when she came that night to see Jon. The way his face looked when she walked in – tired and annoyed at first and then amused and intrigued. How his arms and shoulders looked as he pushed the mop around the floor. The way his cigarette had bobbed up and down as he talked telling her about himself.

Joffrey felt her hand tighten on his arm and looked across the room following her gaze. He saw a boy, older than him, handsome really but obviously poor. It looked like he worked here. He saw the boy give Sansa a small smile and felt her hand relax. He had a sharp mind. He was very good at not only assessing situations but finding weaknesses in those around him. Most of his accolades at the academy had come from this ability. He was callous and ruthless and he liked it that way. He immediately understood. *This little slut* he thought. Hmm tonight might not be so boring after all. If she was willing to give it away to this boy then he would surely have no problems. Pulling the wings off of flies had been his favorite sport as a child. It was still only now the flies were bigger.

“Sansa” she heard someone call. She looked over to see Jeyne and another girl Ruth sitting at their
usual place. Jeyne was waving her over.

“Shall we?” Joffrey said leading her to the booth without waiting for an answer.

He introduced himself to the girls before sitting across from Sansa. He looked around the diner unimpressed.

“So this is all you gals have to do on a Friday night?” he said giving them a smile and leaning in slightly “You should come to King’s Landing sometime. See how to really have fun” his voice was dripping with double entendre and her friends giggled. Sansa rolled her eyes in disgust. Joffrey took this as a sign of jealousy and reached over and to take her hand across the table “But you would have to compete for my attention” he finished pompously.

Jeyne’s eyes went wide. She knew Sansa had been seeing the bus boy Jon but maybe that had ended? Anyway she thought Joffrey was much more charming and exciting. Jon acted like he barely knew how to talk or smile.

Jon’s intention had been to stay in the back as much as possible and avoid them but he couldn’t help looking up when he heard a series of giggles from the booth. He was relieved to see that Sansa was not having as much fun as her friends.

Old man Gage came to their table to take their order while Joffrey talked to the girls about King’s Landing and what it was like to live in the Governor’s mansion.

He was not happy that Sansa did not join in the adoration towards him. Her eyes wandering around the room following Jon had not escaped his attention. He stopped talking and very deliberately turned around in his seat to see what she was looking at and then back at her glaring. Her face flushed and she looked down at the ice cream soda in front of her.

He turned to Jeyne “Are there no waiters in this establishment?” he asked her

“Oh no” she said “We usually do the fetching ourselves if the old man is busy”

“Then what is he for” Joff asked jerking his head towards Jon

Jeyne followed his eyes “Oh, him. He is just here to clean up”

Sansa was shocked by her dismissive tone. Had she thought this way about Jon the whole time?

“I see” Joff answered. When Jeyne turned her attention back to her soda, Sansa saw him deliberately sweep his glass off the table. It landed on the floor with a splash and a crash of broken glass. Half melted ice cream splattering across the floor

Sansa looked at him in surprise. He was staring back with a cold, satisfied smirk.

Oh my god, she thought

“Jon!” the old man called “Gotta a mess at booth four!”

Jon sighed, Dammit, he thought as he grabbed a rag from the soapy water bucket and the dustpan before walking over to Sansa’s booth. He knelt down and began to put pieces of glass in the dustpan.

Joffrey kept his eyes on Sansa enjoying the tortured expression on her face.

She was horrified that Jon was knelt at their feet cleaning up a mess Joffrey made on purpose. She
could see the set of his jaw and the tension of his shoulders as he wiped up the ice cream with the rag. It hurt her so much. She had to get Joffrey out of here and only hoped Jon would understand what she was doing.

“Hey Joff” she said sweetly putting her hand on his arm “why don’t we get out of here and go for a walk in the park or something”

He looked at her with disdain “Oh, now, you want to pay attention to me?” he said

Jon stopped wiping. It suddenly occurred to him that Sansa could be in danger with this boy. The last thing he wanted was for her to be alone with him.

“You all don’t have to leave. I’m done here” he said standing up

Joffrey turned to him his lips a thin line “Oh?” he said sweeping Sansa’s glass off the table. It landed on its stem at Jon’s feet and ice cream flew into the air landing on him as high as his chest. Jeyne and Ruth giggled “Are you?” Joff asked

All talk in the diner stopped then. Even the old man was watching not sure what had happened and if he ought to intervene. Jon stood humiliated head down, fists clenched at his side. Tears filled Sansa’s eyes. She had to do something!

She jumped up grabbing Joffrey by the hand and pulling him up “Come on Joff, he’s not worth all this” she said brushing past Jon with her date in tow.

It hurt. Jon knew why she said it but it still hurt. All of it hurt, the unfairness of it all. He had dealt with it before although never this bad. It was mostly attitude, looks and the occasional snide remark from some kid. He glanced at Jeyne but she looked away in embarrassment. With a deep sigh he began to clean up the mess worried about Sansa.

Joffrey laughed as they left the diner “Well that was more fun than I expected!”

Sansa continued to walk pulling him along. She only wanted to get home. She was jerked back when Joffrey pulled up short.

“What?” she asked turning to him and then seeing the sign to the entrance of the city park

“You said at the diner you wanted to walk with me in the park” he told her

“Well..I ..think we should be getting back home Joffrey, my father will be worried” she stammered

He scoffed “Your father won’t worry about you as long as you are with me. That I can assure you” He pulled her by the hand and up the small set of steps that lead into the park.

It was quiet as they walked along. Joffrey spied a bench up ahead and walked towards it motioning for her to sit down. Sansa sat with her hands in her lap wondering when this nightmare of an evening was going to end when she felt his fingers brush along her arm. Her immediate reaction was one of revulsion.

“Joffrey” she said with a warning

“What?” he asked licking his lips. He dug his fingers into her arm and pulled her to him smashing his lips against hers while his other hand reached up and grabbed her breast.
She pushed him away “STOP!” she yelled

“Oh I see” he said “It’s good enough for the greasy bus boy but not for me is that it?” he sneered

Sansa’s hand came across his cheek with a crack before she even realized what she was doing

He looked at her in disbelief, her hand print outlined on his pale cheek. Then his eyes flooded with anger, more than anger, wrath.

He shoved her off the bench as hard as he could and she fell to the sidewalk hitting her head.

“You Northern bitch!” he screamed at her “How dare you put a hand to me. Do you know how many women prettier and richer than you I have had? Do you think you are special because your name is Stark?? Your father is not fit to wipe my father’s boots and you can be guaranteed I will make sure none of you ever see King’s Landing!” spit flew from his lips as he stood over her.

She could hear him despite the ringing in her ears from hitting her head. Fear like she had never known filled her. Would he beat her up now? Kill her? She didn’t know. She had never seen someone so enraged. Suddenly, she saw a white blur and he was gone. She tried to sit up wincing at the pain in her head. Her hand came away smeared with blood when she touched it. Instead she just rolled over to see Jon on top of Joffrey pummeling him without mercy.

After Jon cleaned up the mess Joffrey made he asked the old man if he could go home and change. Gage placed a sympathetic hand on his shoulder and told him just to take the rest of the night off and not to worry about coming back. He had never seen Jon treated that badly. He liked this kid. Despite appearances he was hard working and honest.

Jon left lighting a cigarette with shaky hands. He hoped Sansa had made it home already. Glancing across the street he saw the city park sign and remembered what she had said. But surely she wouldn’t have….taking a deep drag he crossed the street and headed for the park.

As he walked along he heard yelling and began to run. When he saw Sansa on the ground with Joffrey standing over her his mind filled with white hot rage. It was the rage that got him in trouble as a kid. The one that would find him coming to as he was being pulled off of some kid. The one he fought so hard to get control of as he grew older. Yet here it was again.

He remembered nothing he had done until he heard Sansa screaming at him to stop

“Jon!! Stop it! You are going to kill him! Stop!”

He was sitting on top of an unconscious and bleeding Joffrey. Fear leapt into his heart. Had he killed him? Just then Joff moaned. No not dead but shit what he had done?? He climbed off of him wiping his bloody hands across his t-shirt leaving red smears.

When he turned to look at her his eyes were wild like a trapped animal. She didn’t recognize him then and that scared her.

“Come on” he said grabbing her by the hand

She looked at him bewildered for a moment

“Sansa, we have to GO!” he said urgently pulling at her
She looked back at Joffrey lying on the ground and then turned and started running.
On The Run

Chapter Summary

After Jon beats up Joffrey in the park, he plans to take Sansa on the run

Chapter Notes

Fear not dear readers, this story DOES have a very happy ending!

Jon and Sansa left the park through the back. He found a dirt service road where maintenance men brought in mowing equipment and such and they followed it out. Sansa didn’t look good. Blood had run down her face and dried there and she seemed dazed. He pulled her by the hand most of the way until they finally arrived at the garage. It had taken longer than he would have liked to get back but they had to circle around to avoid town altogether. Grenn saw them through the grimy office window. When he stepped out of the doorway he was shocked. Jon’s girl had dried blood on her face and neck and Jon was wearing a shirt with bloody smears along the front. They both looked out of breath and scared shitless.

“Jon? What the hell happened?” he asked

Jon peeled off his blood stained t-shirt revealing sweat slick skin underneath and threw it into the burning trash barrel.

“It’s a long story. I can’t tell you right now. Grenn, I need a car. Not the black one. Something I haven’t driven before” he told his friend

Grenn eyed him and then looked at Sansa “This is because of her isn’t it?” he asked his tone angry.

Sansa felt sick in the pit of her stomach at the way he was looking at her. She swayed slightly and Jon grabbed her to steady her.

“Grenn! We don’t have much time we have to leave. Will you help us or not?” Jon asked not sure what he would do next if his friend turned his back on him now.

“Of course I will Jon” he said in surprise “I will always help you. You used to know that” Still glaring at Sansa he went back inside the office to find keys

Jon led Sansa upstairs to his room. She was pale. He pushed her to sit down in the chair while he inspected her head.

“Here let me see that” he said

She winced when he touched the spot. Her hair was matted with dried blood and he didn’t want to mess with it too much in case it started bleeding again.
“You’ll be ok” he told her not having any idea if that was true or not but he felt like he had to say something reassuring. He grabbed a duffel bag from the floor and began to stuff clothes into it.  

“We’ll get it looked at when we get where we are going” he told her.  

“Where are we going?” she asked quietly.  

He looked over at her “We can’t go to White Harbor. Not now. Everyone knows that is where I was headed. Mikken, Gage, my friends” he stopped for a second to think “We can..we can go south” But then he thought of Joffrey “No, no East. It will have to be East” he said chewing on the pad of his thumb. He knelt down and pushed up his mattress grabbing a coffee can. He pried off the lid and began stuffing the wads of bills inside in his bag.  

“I’m sorry you can’t get any of your things Sansa” he said turning to her “We’ll just have to buy new stuff and we……..” He stopped talking when he saw the look on her face “What?”  

“I can’t go with you Jon” she said quietly.  

“What?” he asked his face puzzled and hurt.  

Her head was starting to clear a bit and her only thoughts now were how to protect HIM. “If we both disappear, they will know it was you” she continued crossing the room to him “I have to go back. I can say…” she thought for a second “I’ll say we were attacked in the park by a thief who wanted to rob us. That he tried to take my bracelet and Joffrey’s watch. The bracelet broke when I fell anyway. I think I can make my father believe that. I don’t’ know how this will affect him. Joffrey said he was going to make sure my family never saw King’s Landing. But at least nobody will suspect you. I’ll say I don’t remember anything after I hit my head”  

Jon half sat half fell on his bed. He knew she was right but oh god to leave her behind. How could he do that?  

“Sansa” he whispered his voice thick with emotion “I..I can’t..”  

She went to sit beside him placing her hand on his thigh “Go to White Harbor anyway. Do everything you had planned to do. It will look less suspicious. When all of this is over then I will find you and we will get married and everything will continue just like we planned”  

“What if he remembers?” he croaked looking over at her “Worse what if he dies?”  

She didn’t have an answer for that. She knew it was an awful thing to think but it would be much better for them if Joffrey was dead. Guilt filled her. How could she even for a second wish Jon a murderer!  

“We just have to hope he doesn’t do either of those things” she told him.  

A few minutes later they made their way back down to the garage. Jon was wearing a fresh shirt and carrying his bag which he tossed into the open passenger window of the black car. It would soon be his. He had been making payments on it to the old man. Grenn beckoned Jon into the office.  

“Look if I am going to help you I think I deserve to know what is going on?” he told him  

Jon nodded “Ok, you’re right. Sansa’s parents were trying to set her up with some douchbag rich
kid from King’s Landing. She brought him to the diner and when they left I followed them into the park. “He” Jon gritted his teeth “he was attacking her. So I beat the hell out of him but he was alive when we ran here”

Grenn’s eyes were wide “Was alive?” Jon gave him a helpless look and shook his head.

“I am going to go ahead and leave for White Harbor tonight. Please don’t tell anyone about Sansa being here or my shirt or anything. I need you to cover for me if you will. Tell anyone who asks that I came here around 6:30. I had ice cream on my shirt and I changed and packed and left. Say that I said I had enough of this bullshit town. Also” he continued taking a deep breath “I need to you to drive Sansa to the park. But take the back way in around Town road 30. There is a service road into the park. Nobody can see you. She’s going to say they were robbed. Can you do all that?”

Grenn’s face was stone when he glanced at Sansa standing by the car but he nodded

“Thank you” Jon said embracing him. They hugged for a moment patting each other hard. Both of them coming away with wet eyes.

Jon walked back to the car and Sansa. He grabbed her and held her as tight as he could burying his face in her hair inhaling. She began to weep, her tears wetting his shirt.

“Shhh” he soothed fighting the lump that was in his throat “We will be together again soon. I promise you” he pulled back to look in her eyes “Do you hear me?”

She nodded. He kissed her fiercely before pulling away and climbing into the car. She watched him turn the engine and back out of the garage. He gave her one last look before driving away.

She wanted to fall to the floor then. Curl up into a ball and never leave but she knew she had work to do if she was to protect him, to protect them.

She and Grenn drove in silence. She knew he was angry with her but she felt she needed to say something “Thank you for doing this I…”

He cut her off “I’m not doing this for you” he said “I’m doing it for Jon. He had a good life here. A good life. Until he met you”

“Do you think I wanted any of this to happen??” she said turning to him “It wasn’t my fault!”

Wasn’t it though? A voice in her head piped in How many times tonight could you have said no? How many times in the past few weeks? To your mother, your father, Joffrey? A lifetime of being the yes girl has finally come home to roost deary.

Tears stung her eyes “You are right” she said quietly “It is all my fault. But I swear I am going to fix it”

He followed the back roads as Jon had instructed and found the park service entrance right as the sun slipped behind the trees. He put the car in park and killed the lights.

Turning to her he said “You do that. You fix it and then stay the hell away from him. That would be the best thing you can do for him”

Sansa looked at him in defiance “That is one thing I can’t do” she said before getting out of the car
slamming the door behind her.

About a mile out of Winterfell Jon began to shake as shock and adrenaline were replaced by fear and grief. He pulled over and hugged the steering wheel while sobs wracked his body. It was all so unfair! When his tears subsided he checked his reflection in the rear view and wiped his face. He pulled back onto the road driving on to an uncertain future.
Sansa's Story

Chapter Summary

Sansa must give the performance of a lifetime to throw any suspicion off of Jon

She had no idea where she was going until she heard shouting and saw the arc of many flashlights. They must be looking for her. Again she was flooded with guilt. How did it all come to this? She was always the good one even though underneath she wasn’t really. Still it had never been this bad. It seemed to her all her siblings were this way. Perfect in appearances and at never getting caught. Robb was forever getting drunk at parties and even told her he smoked grass one time and Arya sneaking out all the time hanging with her group of friends vandalizing property, stealing. Even Rickon was always getting into scuffles at school and telling his teachers off. The only truly good one was Bran. He was a straight A student, honor society, all the clubs at school, piano lessons anything mom and dad asked of him. He seemed to be the only one with any kind of peace like he already knew the outcome of his life.

But for all her teenage subterfuge and all the lies she had told since she met Jon, this was to be her greatest performance yet. She had to get it right. She had to protect him at all costs! As she got closer to the flashlights she slowed her steps and let herself stagger a bit. She unfocused her eyes and did her best to appear confused.

When she stepped out of the shadows she looked like a ghost to the man holding the flashlight. He very nearly screamed when he saw this pale girl with dried blood on her face. He began to shout “She’s here! Mr. Stark!! Robb! Over here!!”

When Sansa saw her father walk into the light there was no acting this time. The world blurred and she felt all the strength leave her as she fell into his arms.

Robb sat with her on the hospital bed holding her hand while they cleaned up and bandaged her head. Once the nurse had gone he could see their father talking to a policeman in the hallway. Robb knew the police were waiting to speak with her and so was he. Arya was hysterical when he had arrived at the house and told him everything about Jon, their engagement and how father had made her take Joffrey to the diner. She showed him the ring and the notes Sansa had stashed under her mattress. As he read them his first thought was this boy’s handwriting was atrocious. His second was that he obviously loved her and cared for her very much. He was quite positive this boy had beaten Joffrey as was Arya. They were also sure that Joffrey deserved it somehow but Robb waited to see what Sansa remembered and what she would say.

Ned walked into the room “Sansa” he began “This officer would like to ask you some questions about what happened tonight”

Robb could feel her heartbeat jump up through the hand he was holding. He gave it a squeeze and
she gave him a small grateful smile. She was glad he was here. He was her rock and she needed all the strength she could get now. She forced herself to slow her breathing and reminding herself to only answer exactly what was asked and not add too much or try to make the story bigger. She had snuck some of her mom’s true crime magazines last summer and that is always what the criminals did. *Was she a criminal?* she thought, yes she guessed she was. But so be it as long as she kept all of this away from Jon.

The officer offered her a curt smile before asking her to describe to him in detail the events of the night starting when they left the house.

She took a deep breath and began “Well we, Joffrey and I walked down to Gage’s diner. That is where my friends and I like to hang out” *don’t add details* she scolded herself! “We went inside and had an ice cream soda. Then we left and went for a walk in the park”

“Were you and this Joffrey on a date?” he asked

1….2….3….she counted to herself before answering “Yes we were”

The officer waited for her to say more but she didn’t “Go on” he said

“We were sitting on a bench talking. I heard a sound behind me…”

“What kind of sound” the officer interrupted

1…2…3.”Like a rustling of leaves” she answered “Joffrey turned and looked behind me and then I felt someone push me. I fell and hit my head on the sidewalk”

“You are sure it was on the sidewalk? You weren’t hit?” he asked

1…2…3 “No I fell to the sidewalk and hit my head. Someone took my bracelet. The one Joff got me for my birthday and I heard Joffrey yelling”

“Yes we found the bracelet nearby. He must have fought them to keep them from taking it” Sansa smiled internally at this assumption. Yes that was good. Yes.

“What was he saying. Joffrey?”The officer asked her

“I don’t know. I had a loud ringing in my ears. I don’t remember anything else” she finished

The officer pursed his lips and studied her face. She counted her breaths and made herself meet his eyes without blushing or looking away.

The officer looked down to his notepad “What did this person look like? Did you get a good look at them?”

“No not a good look but he was dirty and wearing what looked like a coat. A dark green coat” she didn’t dare give any more details than that.

The officer finished writing in his notebook and then flipped it shut “Ok thank you Ms. Stark. I will be in touch if I have any more questions for you” he stopped and studied her face for a second before nodding his head to her father and leaving the room.

She wanted to shake and fall apart then but she wasn’t finished with her performance yet. She turned to her father “How is Joffrey, Daddy?”

“He was beaten pretty badly Sansa” he answered “He hasn’t woken up yet. His mother is raising
all hell with the hospital staff to have him transferred to King’s Landing but they don’t feel he is well enough to travel just yet”

“Have you heard from the Governor at all” she asked

Ned’s face tensed and his nostrils flared. He gave her a short smile “Yes but that is nothing you need to be worrying yourself about sweet girl. Robb, I need to get home to your mother”

“It’s ok Dad I’ll drive Sansa home when they say she can go. You go on” Robb said

Ned squeezed his shoulder “Thank you. I’m grateful you’re here son” he declared before leaving the room.

Once their father was out of sight Robb turned to Sansa “Now tell me the truth of it. Just between us was it this boy you have been sneaking around seeing that did this?”

Sansa’s face lost all color “How did…? Arya!” she concluded

“Don’t be mad at her. She told me everything. Was it him?” he asked

Sansa nodded tears began to spill down her cheeks “It was awful. Dad made me take Joffrey to the diner and he spilled ice cream all over Jon and laughed about it! Joff made me go into the park with him and then he grabbed me and started kissing me and touching me. I slapped him and he shoved me. I hit my head on the sidewalk”

Robb’s face filled with anger. Damn that little bastard! He suddenly wasn’t sorry at all he was lying unconscious in a hospital bed.

Her lip quivered and she fought to talk through the pain in her throat at having to say these words “I guess Jon had followed us but he jumped on him and hit him. After that we ran to where he lives and I was going to run away with him but I knew if I did he would get caught” she clutched at his arm “Please Robb please help me protect him from all this. It wasn’t his fault!”

“We’ll do everything we can Sansa. Your story was good. Really good” he leaned down to look into her eyes his eyes full of sympathy “You two were going to get married Arya said”

“To…tomorrow!” she wailed and completely broke down burying herself in his arms crying into his shirt. Oh Jon. Oh my Jon! She cried in her head.

Robb held her and rocked her.

Arya was sitting on her bed hands in her lap just staring into space. She was worried about Sansa and worried about Jon. She waited for someone to get home with any news.

Just then he mother came bursting into the room. She went straight to Sansa’s dresser. She opened her jewelry box and rummaged through the contents then started on the drawers pushing aside the clothes inside each one.

“What are you doing?” Arya asked

Her mother just gave her a stern look and continued searching. Arya looked over at Sansa’s bed and her heart jumped in her throat. As casually and quickly as she could she moved to sit on it determined to keep her mother from being able to look under the mattress.
Cat slammed the top drawer shut after searching through it hard enough to rattle the attached mirror. Her hands gripped the edge of the dresser. She closed her eyes and her chin began to quiver.

“Mom” Arya asked in concern when she realized her mother was crying

“It’s all over” Cat said with a shaky voice

“What is?” Arya asked

“Everything. All your father’s hard work. All the time spent apart. It was all for nothing” she continued “There is no way Robert will have him or any of us in King’s Landing now”

“Why is that so important” Arya asked “None of us wanted to go anyway”

Cat pushed off the dresser and gave her daughter a look she couldn’t quite interpret before she headed out of the room

“Mom? What were you looking for” she asked

Cat stopped and not looking at her daughter answered “Nothing” before walking out.
Cat lay in her bed listening to Ned’s steady breathing. It was raining outside. She could hear it hitting the roof and the occasional muffled sound of thunder. She rolled over towards the window. Her face was puffy from crying and the rain on the window made running shadows down her cheeks. When Ned came home from the hospital he told her what Sansa told the policemen. She had been sure that Jon Snow was involved in the attack on Joffrey. Possibly out of jealousy. Which is why she went looking for evidence in the girl’s room. Something to prove that he and Sansa were still seeing each other. But she had found nothing. Once Ned told her Robert had rescinded his job offer she knew it didn’t matter whether a roaming Winterfell thief had attacked Joffrey or Sansa’s questionable love interest. It all amounted to the same thing. They were not going to King’s Landing. She sighed and thought of her daughter and this boy. Cat’s own family wanted nothing to do with the Starks when she became engaged to Brandon. They expressed actual relief when he died saying it was for the best. She wondered if this was the reason she married Ned? Over the years however she had grown to love him more deeply than she thought she ever could have his brother. Still the need to prove his worth to her family remained. She wasn’t even fully aware of this until Arya’s question forced her to really think about it. Now she didn’t know where to go from here.

Robb couldn’t sleep. The rain outside had his room stuffy and humid. He got up shirtless in his pajama bottoms and opened the window sitting on the sill pulling up his knee and resting his chin on it. If he had a cigarette he would have smoked it although his parents would freak if they smelled it. One of many things he would give them to freak out about soon. He was completely failing at University and on academic suspension. He decided when he received the letter that he wouldn’t be going back. He would have to tell his parents soon. The thought filled him with dread.

Sansa slowly twirled her engagement ring on her finger with her thumb. She had always loved the sound of rain but tonight it offered her no comfort. She glanced over to see Arya’s bed was empty. Robb brought her home once the hospital released her and she had come straight to her room. He had overheard their father’s phone conversation with Robert Baratheon. It seemed Ned Stark would not be working for the Governor after all. The chilling news was Cersei, Joffrey’s mother, had insisted on hiring a private investigator citing her lack of confidence in the police from a town mainly run by the family of the girl she held responsible. Her head ached, her heart ached worse.
She wondered if Jon was ok and if he was thinking of her.

Jon tossed and turned unable to get comfortable in this new bed. He glanced at his bruised and scabbing knuckles wondering for the hundredth time if the boy had lived. He was sure it would be in the newspaper if he didn’t. He would go out and buy one tomorrow. Fear and worry twisted in his belly at the thought of Sansa dealing with all of this on her own. It wasn’t right. He shouldn’t have run. Either way he wasn’t with her so what did it matter? He felt like a coward. Indecision paralyzed him though. Should he go back and turn himself in? Or sit here and wait for the police to show up and arrest him? Should he keep running far away and let Sansa go? No. He couldn’t do that. The thought of never seeing her again was unbearable. He would do what she said – wait and see.

The following week was the longest of Sansa’s life. Every time the phone rang her heart leapt into her throat. Jeyne came by to check on her and talk about graduation but after the way she had laughed at Jon, Sansa refused to see her. She left in tears.

On Saturday morning the family, minus Bran and Rickon who had gone camping with the Karstarks, were having breakfast in the dining room when there was a knock at the door. Robb, Sansa and Arya all looked at each other with wide eyes while Ned answered it. Everyone was silent as they listened.

“Mr. Stark? I’m Martin Bennett the private investigator for the Baratheon family” a voice said

“Yes, yes won’t you come in” Ned offered. He motioned towards the open dining room “My family” he said with a sweep of his hand

The man nodded briefly and his eyes settled on Sansa’s for a second before turning back to Ned and clearing his throat

“Is there someplace we can talk in private Mr. Stark” he asked

Sansa could have passed out at that very moment. Arya reached under the table and took her hand tightly.

Ned led the man into his study and closed the door. Robb immediately dropped his napkin on the table and got up quietly moving to listen at the door

“Robb” Cat admonished in a whisper but he ignored her

The minutes ticked by agonizingly slow as they listened to the muffled voices from behind the door. Robb quickly found his seat when he heard the knob being turned. The two men shook hands before the Ned saw him out. Everyone’s eyes were on his unreadable face when he walked back into the dining room. Arya’s grip on her sister’s hand tightened.

“What did he say, dad?” Robb asked

“Well it seems that Robert has decided to drop the investigation into what happened to Joffrey” Ned answered

Sansa let out the breath she didn’t realize she had been holding

“What? Why?” Robb asked
Ned took his seat “Apparently there was an incident last year at the KingsGuard military academy. A boy nearly lost his life, thanks to Joffrey”

Sansa and Arya exchanged a look.

“Robert paid handsomely to the school and the family to have it covered up. It was the advice of the private investigator that he might not want the police looking to deeply into Joffrey’s past.”

“So that’s it?” Sansa asked “It’s over?”

“Well there is one more thing” Ned said drawing something from his pocket and handing it to her

It was a check made out to her. Her mouth dropped open when she saw the amount.

Robb’s face clouded in anger “So they are paying Sansa off too is that it?”

Ned turned to his daughter “Just as insurance that you don’t talk about it anymore even if you do at some point remember what happened. You don’t have to take it. You can tear it up if you want to” he finished

“Are you crazy!” Arya cried “Sansa, just think of what you could use this money for” she emphasized each word and gave her sister a meaningful look.

Sansa looked at her sister and at Robb unable to contain her first smile in days! It was over! And she had money for a wedding and to start her life with Jon!

Cat didn’t miss the exchange between her daughters but decided for once to stay out of it.
A Time To Grow Up

Chapter Summary

Sansa decides she is done hiding from her parents but how will they react?

Chapter Notes

I wrote this chapter listening to the extended version of The Rains of Castamere. I don't know why it just seemed to fuel my creativity! This story is getting very close to the end. One more chapter I think.

Sansa knocked lightly on Robb’s open door “Hey” she said “Can I talk to you for a minute?”

He was laying in his bed reading. “Sure” he said putting his book down “What’s up?”

She came and sat down on the bed beside him “When are going to tell mom and dad about school?”

He sighed deeply “I guess tomorrow night” he answered

Sansa looked down at her hands “I’ve been doing some thinking” she began

“Uh oh that’s never a good thing” her brother teased

She gave him a disparaging look “I’m serious Robb. I’ve been thinking about what it means to be a grown up and I think not running from your parents is a big part of it”

He nodded “I agree”

She took a deep breath “I’m going to tell mom and dad that Jon and I are getting married. I have my own money now so I can have a wedding even if they don’t pay for it. I just always had an idea of it in my head you know and sneaking off in the night was not it”

Robb propped himself up on his elbow “I think that is a very brave thing to do”

“How do you think they will react?” she asked

“I really don’t know Sansa. They can’t stop you so they will hopefully just accept it” he answered

“Yes. It’s time they started accepting all of us for who we really are and not what they want us to be” she said “there is one more thing and I will need your help for this part. I want Jon to be here too. I want them to meet him and get to know him”

Robb’s eyebrows went up “Wow”
“I have to go to Eyrie with mom tomorrow. Aunt Lysa is getting married again and we are supposed to help her plan some stuff. I need you to go to White Harbor and get him. He works at a garage called Eddie’s it’s on Leeds Street but that is all I know”

Robb ran his hands across his face thinking “Ok. I’ll do it on one condition. You have to drop your bomb first so mine doesn’t sound so bad?”

She playfully punched him

“Aunt Lysa is getting married again already?” he asked “To who?”

Sansa shrugged ”I don’t know somebody she and mom grew up with. Mom says he is too young for her” She put her hand on his arm “Thank you. For doing this and for everything”

He patted her hand and smiled before she got up and went back to her own room.

When Robb entered the garage the smell of oil and gas was strong in the air. He saw someone leaning under the hood of a red mustang

“You Jon Snow?” he asked.

Jon turned his head to see who had entered his heart rate kicking up at this stranger knowing his name “I know you?” he asked as he looked this man over. He looked too young to be a cop. He stepped out from under the hood wiping his hands on a grease stained rag, deciding if he should run or fight or what.

Robb stepped forward extending his hand “I’m Robb Stark, Sansa’s older brother”

“Is she here?” Jon asked looking out the open doors of the garage bay ignoring Robb’s hand in his excitement

“No” Robb answered delighted to see Jon’s reaction “I’m sorry she couldn’t come with me today but she sent me to find you”

Jon sat down on a high stool and shook a cigarette out of his pack then offered Robb one. He gladly took it sitting on the opposite stool and lighting it with a match from the book Jon tossed him.

“That little blond shit live?” Jon asked

“Yeah. He was pretty messed up for awhile but yeah he lived” Robb answered

“Fuckin shame. Didn’t deserve too” Jon answered taking another drag.

Robb chuckled “I couldn’t agree more. Sansa told me everything. Thank you for being there”

Jon just nodded

Looking Jon over he realized he had seen him before. “You played for St. John’s? I remember you now. Well playing against you. In the..”

“Fall Massacre” they both said at the same time
It was a tradition for Winterfell high, the richest school in town to play against St. John’s, the poorest as a sort of symbolic blooding for the upcoming season.

Robb flicked his ashes in an overflowing tray on the wooden table beside him “Now that I think back on it that was just so wrong for the school to do that. But you guys were all heart. The year you and I played each other you almost pulled it off, I remember”

Jon scoffed “Yeah, almost. Still it wasn’t all that bad. You really haven’t lived until you had to share a helmet with five other sweaty guys”

“Ewww” Robb said making a disgusted face and they both laughed

Jon became serious again “Why are you here?” he asked

“Sansa wants to tell our parents about you two and she wants you there when she does it. Joffrey’s parents dropped the investigation completely. He messed up some kid at school and they didn’t want all that coming out. They even paid her off”

Jon’s eyebrows went up

“So you guys have something to start with but I think she just wants to do it all the right way you know” Robb finished

Jon smirked “Then what? Your parents are going to welcome with me open arms?”

“I don’t know, maybe” Robb answered

Jon looked at him like he was full of shit

He sighed “Do you love her?”

“Yes” was Jon’s quiet reply “Not a day has gone by, not a minute really, that I haven’t thought about her”

“Then that is all that matters. The rest will sort itself out”

Robb took Jon to the apartment so he could bathe and change and then called Sansa from a payphone once they got to Winterfell.

She went upstairs and slipped her engagement ring on her finger. Her stomach was in knots as she made her way downstairs to the living room where her parents sat reading. In just a few minutes she would see Jon again. It had only been a little over a week but it felt like forever.

Arya came bursting in the doorway as Sansa made her way down hall ”Did I miss it?” she asked breathlessly

“Shhhhh” Sansa told her “They are on their way” she whispered

Arya was bouncing with anticipation. Both girls went into the living room to wait. Sansa took care to keep her ring covered for now. Cat eyed them from over her book. They were both sitting on the loveseat looking fidgety and nervous. She opened her mouth to ask what they were up to when the front door opened again

“Mom, Dad?” Robb called out
Ned looked up from his book, his glasses had slid down his nose “In here son” he answered

Robb appeared in the doorway of the living room catching Sansa’s eye “Um there is someone we want you to meet” he declared

Jon stepped around him. Cat turned and her face froze. Her heart felt like an ice block in her chest. Her hands gripped her book until the knuckles turned white.

He was dressed nicely in a light blue button up shirt. It must be new Sansa thought. His hair was down and he had trimmed his beard. The sight of him was like having air for the first time in a week.

He had never been inside a house this nice before. He felt out of place and frankly terrified then his eyes found hers along with every reason for why he was here. He steeled himself for whatever was to come.

Sansa was shaking when she got up and walked over to him taking him by the hand “Dad, Mom” her mother’s face made her stomach drop “I would like to introduce you to Jon Snow….my…my fiancé”

Ned Stark laid his book on his lap and took of his glasses “Fiancé?” he asked

Sansa held out her hand to show her dad the ring Jon had bought for her.

Arya eyes were bright as she took in the scene going on in front of her. Robb made his way to sit on the arm of the loveseat next to her.

Ned rubbed his hand across his face taking in this new information. He looked over at his wife. Her face was murderous “Cat? Did you know about this?” he asked her

Her mouth was a thin line as she answered quietly “No”

Ned thought for a moment before getting up to retrieve his pipe and tobacco pouch from his desk “Well” he said turning to Jon “Shall you and I go out onto the porch and have ourselves a talk?” nothing in his face or voice gave indication of his feelings.

Sansa squeezed his hand and nodded. He took a deep breath and followed Ned out the front door.

As soon as Ned was out of sight, Catelyn threw her book down and stormed out of the room. Sansa looked at her siblings her eyes filling with tears. With a shake of his head Robb followed his mother, his jaw set in determination.

He found her in the kitchen wiping down the spotless countertop with frantic strokes.

“What is wrong with you?” Robb asked her

“Watch your tone young man” Cat warned

Robb softened his voice “Don’t you want her to be happy?”

Cat gave him a sideways glance her face tense and continued her scrubbing

“Mom” Robb stepped forward and put his hand on her arm to stop her and get her attention. She looked up at him “They were going to sneak off but Sansa wanted to tell you and dad because she wants you to be involved” his blue eyes bore into hers imploring her to understand “Don’t you want to do the whole mother daughter wedding thing? I mean do you really think Arya is going to
go for the white dress and veil bit?”

Cat smiled just a tiny bit “Yes of course I wanted to do all that with her”

“Then what? Is it Jon? He came here tonight knowing full well he wasn’t welcome just to make Sansa happy. He loves her mom. I think he would stand against ravenous wolves if he had to. Joffrey was…” Robb stopped shaking his head not able to think of anything without using language his mother would not appreciate “Please mom, she needs you now, please give them a chance”

Catelyn looked into her son’s face and with a sigh nodded slightly. It was as close to admitting she had been wrong as she would get but Robb would take it.

Ned and Jon sat out on the front porch. Jon watched silently as Ned filled his pipe with tobacco and lit it taking puffs until the smoke curled around his face thick and fragrant. He shook out the match and turned to look at this boy his daughter had brought home.

“So tell me, Jon was it?” he asked his eyebrows raised

“Yes sir” Jon replied politely

“What is it you do for living? Do you have a trade?” Ned finished

“Yes sir” Jon answered “I work on cars. Right now I work at a garage in White Harbor but before that I worked for Mikken’s”

Ned nodded. Mikken was an honest man who did fair business. It said a lot that he trusted this boy. “Mechanic is a good trade. People always need work done on their cars. And how did you meet Sansa?” Ned asked

“At Gage’s diner. I worked there as a bus boy” Jon said

“Two jobs?” Ned said obviously impressed

“Yes sir, I was buying my car from Mikken” Jon replied

“And you grew up here?” Ned continued his line of questions

“Yes, at St. John’s orphanage” Jon replied

Ned thought on this a moment. Boy had no family. But he seemed hard working. He had a job and a car. He had bought Sansa a ring and braved coming here to ask him for her hand.

“What are you intentions then son” he finally cut to the chase

Jon swallowed and looked Ned straight in the eye “I want to marry your daughter sir. I love her with all my heart. She is brave and fearless and giving” Jon said

“And…” Ned began gritting his teeth slightly “You have been honorable?”

Jon was glad for the darkness to hide the redness that has crept up his face when he realized what Ned Stark meant “Oh yes sir! I would never. I mean..I have .. but not with Sansa. She’s different. I mean..” Jon stumbled along until Ned put a hand on his arm
“It’s ok son. I get it” he said with a trace of amusement in his voice “So St. John’s you are Catholic then?”

“Well, I mean the Church baptized me as a baby but I don’t know that I really follow anything” Jon answered

“So you have no issue with having the ceremony at the Lutheran church?” Ned asked

Jon’s heart began to pound and a smile filled his face “Does this mean. Do you…”

Ned laughed “Yes son. I give you my blessing to marry my daughter. Now could you kindly go back inside and send her out here to talk to me?”

Jon jumped up nodding and quickly made his way into the house. He met Sansa in the doorway to the living room a grin on his face

“Did he say yes?” she asked

Jon nodded and they threw their arms around each other laughing. Just then Jon caught Cat standing in the hallway. He quickly pulled back looking down at his feet “Umm your dad wants to talk to you outside “he told Sansa.

She gave him a big grin and walked out the door to the porch.

Jon was greeted in the living room with hugs and smiles from Robb and Arya. Cat watched this exchange and realized no matter how she felt she was defeated and out voted. She tried very hard to not see it as something lost but something gained. She hoped in time she would come to believe it.
Chapter Summary

After all they have been through together, Jon and Sansa’s wedding has finally arrived. But they are more eager for their wedding night.

Chapter Notes

This is it dear readers - the final chapter. It is a long one. Thank you for sticking with me for 16 sexless chapters!! I hope I did the pay off justice for you all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Catelyn Stark fussed over her two youngest boys straightening their hair and ties “Now you two sit here and don’t get dirty or wrinkled” she warned with her best or else voice “My uncle will be here soon with your cousin Robin. He is staying with us this week while your Aunt Lysa and your new Uncle Peter are on their honeymoon”

Bran and Rickon both groaned and made faces

“Mom he is so mean and spoiled and always, always wants his way!” Bran protested

“Yeah” Rickon chimed in “And he is goddamned mama’s boy!”

The shock on his face when he realized what he said was nothing compared to that of his mother

“RICKON STARK!!!” she yelled “You are very lucky it is your sister’s wedding day or you mister would be upstairs right now eating soap!”

Bran snickered but his face went serious when his mother looked at him sharply.

Sansa stood before the mirror in her room. She was wearing her mother’s wedding dress. She wore white gloves and a little white hat with a small mesh veil attached to the front. She thought back to how far she and Jon had come since that night in front of the jukebox. Now he was hers forever and tonight…her thoughts broke off at that and her stomach fluttered with nerves and excitement.

Just then Arya came in the room. Her bride’s maid dress was powder blue with a tulle skirt and matching shoes. She looked at Sansa and smiled

“You look beautiful” she said then more urgently “Now you have to help me!’
As she approached, Sansa saw the round purplish bruise on her neck “Arya!! If mom sees that she is going to flip out!!” she cried

“I know!!” Arya whispered looking back at the open door “That is why I need your help! Cover it up with some of your make-up or something!”

Sansa grabbed her pink compact and opened it. She dabbed it on Arya’s neck “And who did this?” she asked as she worked

Arya blushed “A boy in shop class. His name is Gendry Waters”

Arya was the first girl in Winterfell High history to attend a shop class. Father had to fight the school board to get her in. In the end they got a brand new lathe and Arya was admitted to class.

“Oh really?” Sansa said eyeing her

“It’s no big deal” Arya said “I don’t have time for a boyfriend. I don’t even want one”

“Yeah I can see that” her sister answered sarcastically “Arya this isn’t working. Here” she pulled a silk scarf out of her drawer and clumsily wrapped it around her sisters neck

“How does it look?” Arya asked.

Sansa shrugged and made a face

Catelyn walked in the room eyeing Arya’s neck and the scarf with a frown. Arya raised her head defiantly and walked away with a little smile.

Shaking her head Cat turned to her eldest daughter and took in the sight of her with pride.

“What a beautiful bride you are” she said” It’s time to go dear”

Sansa nodded and took her mother’s arm.

They arrived at the church a few minutes later and climbed the steps to the foyer. Her father and little brothers were waiting there for her. They all looked so handsome in their suits. The inner doors to the church were closed still.

Ned smiled and gave her a kiss on the cheek. “Are you ready?” he asked before linking his arm with hers.

Jon’s friend Pyp had greeted guests having them sign the registry. Now he stuck his head in the door to give his father and mother the thumbs up that the bride had arrived. The first notes of the wedding march began to play from the organ and Pyp and Bran opened the doors.

Bran went first escorting his mother to the front pew where her Uncle Brynden and her brother Edmure were seated along with her nephew Robin. Behind them was Theon and Sansa’s uncle Benjen. The next row was filled with Jeyne Poole and her father and Sansa’s two other friends from school Susan and Ruth. Jon’s side of the church was smaller. Old man Gage and his daughter as well as Mikken and his family were all seated on the second row.

Arya went up the aisle next and took her place at the right side of the altar. Rickon, the ring bearer, carried his little pillow and stood one step down from her.
The tempo of the music changed and everyone stood. Ned Stark led his daughter forward. Jon, Robb and Gren all turned in her direction as well. Sansa gasped a little. Jon had cut his hair and shaved his beard! He looked so young and so handsome!

When Jon turned to the back of the church and saw his bride, he couldn’t contain the grin that filled his face. She was so beautiful, like an angel gliding towards him. His angel, forever.

Pyp had closed the doors and quietly and quickly made his way to sit in the front row on Jon’s side. When they reached the front, the minister said “You may be seated” and turning to Ned “Who gives this woman to this man?”

“I do” Ned said his voice cracking a bit with emotion. He then unlinked his arm from Sansa’s and offered it to Jon and took his seat next to Catelyn. She grabbed and squeezed his hand as he blinked away the tears forming in his eyes.

Sansa and Jon climbed up the steps and turned to face the minister arms linked.

He waited a moment to make sure he had everyone’s attention before speaking “Marriage. Marriage is what brings us together today. Marriage. That blessed arrangement that dream within a dream. And love, true love, will follow you forever. So treasure your love. Have you the rings?”

Rickon stepped forward and Jon removed the rings from their little ribbon ties. After turning and handing her bouquet to Arya, Sansa and Jon faced each other.

“Do you, Jon Snow take Sansa Stark to be your wedded wife” the minister continued “Do you promise to love her, comfort her, honor her and keep her for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health forsaking all others and be faithful only to her for as long as you both shall live?”

“I do” Jon answered with a smile. His hands shook a bit as he slid the ring on her finger

“Do you, Sansa Stark take Jon Snow to be your wedded husband? Do you promise to love him, comfort him, honor him and keep him for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health forsaking all others and be faithful only to him for as long as you both shall live?”

“I do” she answered sliding the ring onto his finger

“Then by the power vested in me I now pronounce you man and wife. What God hath brought together may no man break apart. You may kiss your bride”

Jon lifted Sansa’s small veil and placing his hands on her face looked into her eyes for a moment before bringing their lips together softly. The organ began to play and the guests erupted in applause. Jon shook the minister’s hand while Robb and Grenn clapped him on the back in congratulations. Arya handed Sansa back her bouquet with a hug and she and Jon turned to face their family and friends as husband and wife.

The couple stood to the side of the reception hall and greeted the guests as they filed in. Most were meeting Jon for the first time but everyone seemed pleased and happy. Sansa hugged her uncles and shook her cousin’s hand

“My mom and uncle Peter are on their honeymoon” Robin declared “that means I might get a little brother!”
Sansa’s gave him a wide eyed grin and shushed him along the line. When all of the guests had been greeted and thanked it was time to cut the cake. Catelyn watched as her daughter and new son in law cut the first piece together, both hands on the knife, to applause and then fed each other a piece laughing and kissing away frosting from each others lips. She had never seen Sansa so happy. She thought of her own wedding day, so subdued compared to this. She saw Arya talking to a boy in the corner. She didn’t recognize him and was sure he hadn’t been invited to the wedding. What was that girl up to now, she thought.

After everyone had cake, Sansa lined up the single ladies and Jon the single men. Instead of tossing the bouquet and garter, they turned right around and threw it at Arya and Theon respectively. Arya was shocked and catching Gendry’s shit eating grin her face turned beet red. She could have killed Sansa for doing that! Everyone hooted and hollered and clapped Theon on the back. Jon gave him a warm smile which Theon returned.

The afternoon drug on into early evening as people ate and drank and talked. Jon and Sansa were getting restless. They were both anticipating and fearing the night ahead.

Catching their expressions, Brynden Tully’s voice boomed out over the noise “Alright you lot! It’s time we let these two love birds get on to what they got married for!”

“Uncle!” Cat admonished blushing. Ned looked away uncomfortably but Brynden just laughed a hearty laugh and raised his glass to Jon and Sansa with a wink. Sansa blushed but Jon could have kissed the man right then!

They made their way outside where the guests were lined up to throw rice as they passed. Robb, Gren and Pyp had tied cans to the back of Jon’s car and written Just Married in white shoe polish on the windows. Jon helped Sansa in the car and waited while she pulled her dress in before shutting the door. He gave everyone a final wave before getting in, turning the engine over and pulling away from the curb.

It was dark by the time they got to their little place in White Harbor. Jon was nervous as he unlocked the door not knowing how Sansa would react to it. He pushed the door open and then swept her up in his arms carrying her over the threshold before setting her down gently and turning the lights on. He went back out to the car to get her suitcases.

She looked around. It was just the one room and a bathroom. To the right was the living area with a small sofa, a floor lamp and a coffee table. To her left in the corner was the kitchen. On the opposite wall stood a bed with an iron headboard and a chest of drawers beside it.

“Hey” Jon said as he walked in with her suitcases kicking the door shut “I hope you like it. I’m sure it could use a woman’s touch”

She turned to him and grinned “It’s perfectly fine Jon. Thank you for getting it for us” He stood looking at her hands in his pockets. He was so handsome and so wonderful and this was their night. Her mouth was suddenly very dry and she moved to the kitchen to get a drink of water.

Jon went across the room to put on the record player. Something soft and melodic began to play. He met Sansa in the middle of the room and pulled her into his arms “May I have this dance Mrs. Snow” he said grinning.

She giggled “Why of course Mr. Snow” she answered
He put his arm around her waist and took his other hand in his. They began to sway to the music slowly. He leaned in and nuzzled her cheek up to her ear which caused goose bumps to break out on her arms. His soft lips kissed down her cheek to her neck. He let go of her and continued kissing around to the back of her neck moving her hair to the side. She let her head fall forward giving him access a shiver running through her. His fingers worked at unbuttoning her wedding dress as he kissed her neck and shoulders. Pushing the dress down off of her arms he helped her step out of it before draping it across the chair behind him. He ran his hands up her arms kissing her upper back as he unhooked her bra. She wriggled out of it letting it fall to the floor. He lay his face against her back for a moment before sliding her panties down her legs lifting each foot gently to remove them.

Her heart was pounding as he stood in front of her his eyes taking in the sight of her body. She forced herself to be still and fight the urge to cover up. She met his eyes and he had the tenderest gaze. Taking her by the hand he led her to the bed and lay her down before stepping back to undress. She watched as his body was revealed to her completely. His skin was smooth; his body muscled in intricate patterns. Her eyes were drawn lower to the dark patch of hair and what lay there standing now at full attention. A small coil of fear twisted in her belly at this sight but she took a deep breath and reached for his hand pulling him to her.

The bed creaked as he climbed in it and lay down beside her. The feel of her warm soft skin against his was sweeter than anything he had ever felt. He ran his fingers through her hair and kissed her slowly parting her lips with the tip of his tongue. She answered his kiss with a sigh sliding her tongue against his. His kisses trailed down her chin to her neck grazing along her collarbones and down between her breasts. He rubbed his face along the curve of her brushing his lips across her nipple causing her to gasp. Her nipple began to harden as he blew hot breath across it before swirling his tongue around it. “Oh!” she cried out. He moved across to the other side and experimented with his tongue seeing what caused the most reaction.

Jon was enjoying this exploration and determined to learn every part of her. He raised himself up supporting his head in his hand. Her blue eyes met his and her body was taut with anticipation of what he would do next. Reaching out he rubbed his thumb across her saliva slick nipple. She closed her eyes and moaned.

“Do you like this?” he asked his voice barely above a whisper

“Yes” she managed to croak out arching herself closer to him

“I want to learn everything you like Sansa” he said “And then I want to keep doing it until it is perfect for you” he leaned down and sucked her nipple into his warm mouth

“Oh my god Jon!” she moaned “I don’t even know what I like yet but we can learn together” they were certainly off to a good start

He raised his head “So you mean you never…touched yourself?” he asked

Sansa blushed “Oh…only once through my clothes. The night after you took me to the drive in”

He considered this for a moment “And” he said raising her fingers to his mouth. He kissed them before slipping them inside licking and sucking them “What did you think about?” he asked huskily as he moved her fingers, wet from his mouth, between her legs.

She jumped at the contact but let her legs fall open as he used his own hand to move hers in slow circles “I…I thought of you” she gasped “The look on your face when I was touching you…ohhhh…the way you felt under my hand” her hips moved against their hands.
He was panting now watching and listening to her. He pulled her hand away continuing the movement with just his own and brought her slick fingers to his mouth. He closed his eyes and moaned at the spicy sweet taste of her.

She whined in protest when he moved his hand away but her eyes opened wide when she saw what he meant to replace it with. Jon moved himself down between her open legs. His mouth actually watered at the sight and smell of her. He had never done this before but he shook with anticipation and desire.

“Jon?” she questioned raising her head to look at him but laid it back again with a cry when she felt his warm tongue on her.

He licked her slowly from top to bottom pushing her swollen lips apart with his mouth. When his tongue reached the tip of her sensitive bud she yelped and jumped back a little. He experimented moving his tongue along the sides and underneath avoiding that spot until she was writhing beneath him her hands tangled in his hair.

“Oh god Jon!” she cried “Ohhhh oh please oh yes!”

She tossed her head back and forth on the pillow completely lost in each pass of his tongue and the feel of his face pressed up against her. Her legs began to shake and her body trembled. Her first reaction was to move away from him. The feeling was so overwhelming! He wrapped his arms around her thighs to hold her still and with a moan buried his face deeper lapping and sucking. She arched her back raising her hips against him gripping his wrists tightly as the dam of pleasure broke and flooded over her.

“JON! JON! JON! JON! JON….Jon….oh jon…jon” her screams became moans and then small whimpers. Her hips lowered and her body went slack.

He raised his head to look at her panting and still. He knew it was time. His nerves kicked in again as he lifted himself up. She opened her eyes when she felt his move his body over hers. His mouth was open, curls hanging down, his eyes never left her face as he slowly entered her.

She felt so good. So warm and soft and strong. He stopped, biting his lower lip when he felt resistance. She wrapped her legs around him and used her feet to push him forward. Her hands gripped his back and she threw her head back and gasped loudly. The sensation of being filled was more powerful than the sharp sting she felt.

“Oh my Sansa. My sweet beauty” he moaned. Gently he moved. He felt her stiffen and kept his strokes short rotating his hips grinding himself against her. She mewled and moaned. Her hands roamed along his arms shoulders and back. He leaned in kissing her as his breathe beginning to hitch. His arms that were holding him up started to shake and a moan built up in his throat “mmmmmm…mmmmmm…ahhhhh….ahhhh” He was reaching the edge and with one final thrust of his hips his face contorted and a white hot explosion of pleasure tore through him “Ahhhh SANSA!!” he cried.

After his release he collapsed against her burying his face in her neck. She held onto his back slick with sweat now feeling the heaving of his breathing and the pounding of his heart against her chest.Coming to his senses a bit he realized he must be heavy and lifted himself off of her. He saw her grimace.

“Are you ok? He asked concerned as he moved to lie down beside her

She nodded “More than ok. I am wonderful” she answered then she giggled
“What?” he asked an amused smile on his face

“Oh nothing. Just that we get to do THAT for the rest of our lives” she said

He laughed out loud “Oh I love you Sansa! And yes we do” he replied and wrapping her in his arms kissing her forehead “For the rest of our lives”

Epilogue

Sansa stood at the counter in her small kitchen kneading bread dough. Her mother had written that she would be coming to visit for the first time. Sansa was full of energy. After Jon left for work she cleaned every inch of the apartment and now she took her nervousness out on the dough.

Hearing a knock at the door she covered the lump and wiping her hands on her apron quickly removed it. Cat greeted her daughter with a warm smile and a hug. As she entered her eyes scanned the room. There was a sofa and coffee table with various car and fashion magazines spread out in a fan just the way she always did it at home. She didn’t let her eyes linger too long on the bed in the corner and instead commented on the bright yellow kitchen.

“It’s very cheerful. I like the curtains” she said. They were white with yellow lemons, some whole, some sliced.

“Thank you. Jon bought me a sewing machine and I made them myself” Sansa said motioning for her mother to sit at the little formica table, which was also yellow, while she went to get the tray with coffee and cookies.

“Well that was very thoughtful of him” Cat said as she sat. It was the closest she had ever come to offering him a compliment.

Sansa set the coffee in front of her mother and sat down to pour them both a cup “So tell me all the news from home. I miss everyone so much”

“Well Robb has been accepted to State as a walk on. He is finally a Winterfell State Direwolf” Cat said with a chuckle adding sugar to her cup

Sansa smiled ‘It was what he always wanted”

“It is nice to have him home. He looks very handsome in his uniform. He is teaching Rickon to play. He thinks it might help with some of his discipline issues. He is such an angry little boy” she said taking a sip of her coffee “Brandon’s music teacher says he is prodigy and we should consider sending him to this exclusive and expensive music school. But I just don’t know if I can handle having him so far away at his age”

Sansa smiled at her mother “and Arya?” she asked

Cat face became amused “Arya has settled down immensely. I suspect it has something to do with this boy, Gendry. He is a good influence”

Sansa wondered if this was true or if Gendry was as good at hiding and sneaking around as Arya was.

“And the biggest news” Cat continued “Theon is getting married?”
“What? To who?” Sansa asked delighted

“Some mousy thing from Pyke” Cat answered

“Mom! But still from Pyke. That should at least make his father happy” Sansa said

“You would think so. Yet it is your father and I who are financing this wedding and helping them find a house” Cat finished curtly.

“Does…she have red hair?” Sansa asked with trepidation

Cat smiled at her daughter “No” Cat took her daughters hands in her own” Sansa I owe you an apology. I never should have pushed Joffrey on you or tried to come between you and Jon. I thought I knew what I wanted for you. For all of you. But you showed me that I need to trust what you all want for yourselves.”

Sansa was speechless. Her mother had never admitted to being wrong before nor could she remember her ever apologizing to her.

“Is he good to you? Are you happy here?” Catelyn asked

“Yes mom he is the best. Hardworking and he loves me so much. He is looking into going to a trade school to learn more about working on cars. He wants to open his own shop one day” Sansa answered

“That’s good dear. And you really don't mind living like this?” she asked

"No mom" Sansa answered firmly

"Ok ok" Cat said hands up in defense“You two must come up for the 4th of July. Promise”

“Ok mom we will” Sansa replied overjoyed by her mother’s invitation.

“Good. Well I need to be getting back before the boys get home from school” Cat said rising and walking to the door.

Sansa hugged her mother and saw her out. She leaned on the door after she closed it and looked around the room. Jon would be home soon smelling of oil and grease and the scent that was just him. Like water puddles drying in the sun. He would head straight for the bathtub and she would wash his back. She loved the way his curls stuck to his neck when his hair was wet. Her eyes fell on the bed where they made love every night the bed springs singing in time with Jon’s rhythms. He had always been slow and gentle with her but lately as their knowledge of each other grew that had changed into something more urgent and hungry. This suited her just fine. And now they had her family’s full acceptance. She smiled and went back to her bread dough in her sunny little kitchen humming as she worked.

Chapter End Notes

You may recognize the minister's ceremony lol!! I could't resist it because no matter what as I wrote the vows all I could here in my head was "Mawage"
1. reference: The Princess Bride (film) 1987 20th Century Fox

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