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Additional Tags:	Dinosaurs , Crossovers & Fandom Fusions , Chaos Theory , because who doesn't want to see certain characters become a snack for a hungry t-rex? , Minor Character Death , basically a reimaging of the original plot of Jurassic Park but I think you'll like it
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Chaos Theory

by [petyrbaelish](#)

Summary

Robert Baratheon invites the Stark family to visit his mysterious new park. Your favorite tragic family, and a few more tagalongs, just might get eaten by the attractions...

Notes

Also lovingly referred to as Jurassic Stark because I like punsss. So um, yeah, I kind of decided to write a Game of Thrones/Jurassic Park crossover. Guess which character from Jurassic Park I relate to Petyr? :D This is set in the nineties, and all characters will be from Game of Thrones, not Jurassic Park.

Let me know what you think! I have no clue how often this will be updated, as my main focus is The Wolf Who Lived, which you should totally check out as well. But if the response is good, and the muses suit me, it shouldn't be too long between updates. We'll see. Still plotting this one out, but I probably will be quite lenient with this one and just write and see where it goes. Many nods to Jurassic Park canon to come!

Chapter 1

When the phone rang that morning, cutting through the noise of the Stark family at breakfast, Sansa Stark jumped to her feet, shoving Arya out of the way in her quest to answer it first. She snatched the phone off of the receiver, holding it just out of her younger sister's reach and dancing away, before holding it to her ear.

"Stark residence," she said, ignoring Arya, who was giving her the finger as she sat back down at the kitchen table.

The voice on the other end boomed jovially in her ear, the volume rattling her brain and creating the beginnings of a headache, pressure building up behind her eyes. Loud noises were always the bane of her existence so early in the morning, particularly after staying up so late the night before. "Ah, is this Lady Catelyn or one of Ned's girls?"

Sansa opened her mouth to reply, but was cut off when the man chuckled. "No matter, my girl. Might I speak with Ned?"

She frowned at the dismissal, pinching the bridge of her nose in an attempt to ward off the headache the man had so carelessly sparked, a rush of air leaving her lips in frustration. Not wanting to prolong their interaction, Sansa informed her father that someone wanted to talk to him, holding the phone aloft as he rose from his chair, circling around Rickon and Bran, who were bickering over whose turn it was to use the Gameboy.

Her father took the phone from her, cradling it between his shoulder and his ear, face brightening when he recognized the voice on the other line. "Robert!"

Sansa returned to her quickly chilling breakfast, noting when her father grew tired of trying to hear what was being said over the phone over the sounds of his children going about their morning, finally abandoning the kitchen in search of solitude. She vaguely wondered who this Robert person might have been before it was lost to the events of a typical summer day. It wasn't until a week later that she remembered the phone call at all, when her parents gathered the entire family in the living room after dinner, the promise of some big announcement hanging in the air.

Every Stark kid was present for once. Though Sansa, Robb, and Jon had all left the family home to attend college already, the summer had brought them all back again. Eddard and Catelyn Stark were quite well off (a paleontologist and a paleobotanist, respectively, both prominent in their fields), they insisted their children return home every summer until they graduated from school, and only paid for them to live in the dorms rather than allowing them to live off campus. Sansa didn't entirely mind, as it gave her a chance to reconnect with her old high school friends, like Jeyne Poole, but she missed her new friends, Margaery Tyrell in particular. In contrast, Robb rebelled, but that was to be expected considering he wanted time alone with his main squeeze. And Jon, well, Jon had only gone to the community college in town, too nervous to ask for anything more from his father and adopted mother. Since he had never even left town, he couldn't complain about losing time with friends or his girlfriend, Ygritte.

Sansa settled on the couch between Arya and Robb, Jon sitting off to the side in a rocking chair, and Bran and Rickon begrudgingly sitting on the floor. Their parents stood in front of them, sharing excited looks between them, until Arya broke the silence.

"Gods, the suspense is killing me. Would you just tell us already?"

Her father laughed ruefully. "Well, do you remember I got a phone call about a week ago? It was from an old friend of mine, Robert Baratheon. He called me to tell me of some exciting news. Apparently he has spent his vast family fortune developing some sort of mysterious theme park on an uninhabited island. The park is nearly ready for business, but he wants to give it a bit of a test drive first. He offered to fly us all out there for a week, free of charge."

Sansa heard her siblings erupt into chatter around her, but didn't feel nearly as excited as they did. Theme parks were all well and good, she supposed, but she felt she was getting a bit old at

nineteen for roller coasters and carnival games. But, hell, if it was free....

“When do we go?” Robb asked eagerly. “Can I bring Jeyne?”

Her parents exchanged another look before her mother spoke. “We leave in a week. And no, I’m afraid not. Robert invited our family to test out the park for him in exchange for a free vacation, all expenses paid. We couldn’t impose on his hospitality by asking if we could invite guests.”

Robb’s face fell, but he was mature enough not to protest the issue. The rest of the night, and the days that followed, were consumed with speculation as to the park’s attributes, the younger Stark children pestering their father for details at every opportunity. Sansa didn’t get swept up in the excitement as much as the rest of her siblings, but she figured an island likely meant sun, sand, and water. And possibly shopping to go along with it. If her father’s friend had bought an entire island to build a theme park, then it was likely enormous, boasting of more than just the typical offerings. Maybe there would even be a spa...

When the morning of their departure finally arrived, Sansa joined her family at the ungodly hour of four a.m. to drive to the airport and board the plane. To her pleasure, she discovered they were meant for first class, and despite the sleep clawing at her brain, took full advantage of the various amenities offered. By the time the plane landed, her spirits were still soaring, unbound by the constraints of the vehicle she had traveled in, and she eagerly joined her parents, brothers and sister as they made their way to another section of the airport. They filed into a private waiting area, where three men were already waiting, talking amongst themselves.

At her family’s rather noisy entrance, the men ceased their conversation, turning to look at the disturbance to the previously calm room. Bran and Rickon immediately ran to the window overlooking the airfield, pointing excitedly at the activity outside, while Arya flopped on an empty chair, concentrating on catching Pokemon rather than on her surroundings, and Jon drifted into the background, looking uncomfortable. Only Sansa and Robb stayed with their parents to greet the three men, conscious of propriety.

Her father shook hands with a stern faced looking man, his warm greeting making no impact on the man’s features, while a younger, better looking version stood waiting his turn. Robb hovered nearby, uncertain. But Sansa didn’t let her eyes linger long on them when she heard her mother cry out in delight:

“Petyr!”

Sansa watched with interest as her mother beamed at the third man, who chuckled at her greeting, “Cat! What a pleasant surprise. Robert didn’t inform me that you would be joining us.”

The man was slight of build, dark haired with grey temples, of nearly the same height as Sansa, and maybe in his late thirties. Despite his age, she stared in appreciation at the lines of his nose and cheekbones, the curve of his jaw, peppered with stubble that thickened into a goatee at his chin, a mustache rounding off the look nicely. She unconsciously drifted forward as her mother responded, feet acting of their own accord for reasons she couldn’t comprehend.

When she drew even with her mother, Cat put an arm around her shoulders proudly. “Sansa, my dear, this is Petyr Baelish. We grew up together. Petyr, this is my eldest daughter, Sansa.”

Sansa raised her eyes to meet his, brilliant blue locking with smoky green, smiling despite the jolt that shocked through her as their eyes met. His mouth lifted in a smirk as he held out a hand to shake hers, and she fought to keep her hand still as his fingers enveloped hers. She watched as his eyes glinted wickedly for a moment before he bent to kiss the back of her hand, the press of his lips against her bare skin sending shivers down her spine. Though she knew the act was brief, it felt as though seconds had suddenly stretched into hours before he rose again, releasing her hand, time resuming its normal pace. She lowered her hand to her side, all too aware of the loss of his touch, struck by how much the absence bothered her.

Mr. Baelish spoke as if he was completely unaffected by their interaction. “Nice to meet you, Sansa Stark. She looks much like you did at that age, Cat.”

Her mother turned to look at her, nodding in agreement. “A bit taller than I was at nineteen though, I think.”

Mr. Baelish studied her appraisingly, and Sansa fought to keep the heat from rising to her cheeks. “Perhaps.” He glanced around. “Are all of these children yours?”

“Yes,” Catelyn replied. “Save one.” She rattled off her children’s names, pointing them out as she did so, completely skipping over Jon.

Sansa frowned at her mother’s cold dismissal of her half brother. When she had been younger, she hadn’t given much thought to her mother’s treatment of the child her father had conceived with another woman, but over the years she had realized how unfair her mother was being. That her mother blamed the child born from her father’s infidelity rather than her father spoke badly of her mother’s character, of that Sansa was certain.

If Mr. Baelish noticed her mother’s failure to acknowledge Jon’s presence, he didn’t show it, listening amiably as she gushed over her children. Soon, her father, brother, and the other two men joined them, and introductions went around. The stern faced man turned out to be Stannis Baratheon, his younger and kinder faced shadow named Renly Baratheon. Both were Robert Baratheon’s brothers. Sansa watched as her father was introduced to Mr. Baelish, making note of his jaw tightening ever so slightly as he greeted the other man. She wondered what that was all about, eyes wandering back to Mr. Baelish as the group began to talk about their trip. To her surprise, he was watching her as well, lips quirking as their eyes met, and Sansa felt a familiar flutter in her stomach as she lost courage and dropped her gaze.

The chatter was interrupted by the arrival of two helicopter pilots, who ushered them outside, informing them that each copter only seated seven passengers, so they must divide themselves accordingly. Stannis and Renly Baratheon stepped into one, along with her father, Robb, Rickon and Bran. That left Sansa with Arya, Catelyn, Petyr Baelish, and Jon, until Rickon insisted that their mother join him in the other helicopter, and Catelyn was forced to switch. Arya and Jon climbed in first, settling in on one side, and Mr. Baelish gestured for Sansa to follow next. She slipped into the middle seat across from her siblings, trying to keep her breathing even as Mr. Baelish sat down next to her.

Arya was still focused on her game, even as the helicopter rose in the air, but Jon looked stoically out the window, absorbed in the view as they left the airport behind. Sansa shifted in her seat to get a better look out the window, stiffening when her bare leg brushed against Mr. Baelish’s. Perhaps she should have taken the window seat. They were close, far too close. And she wouldn’t be able to take full advantage of the views the helicopter ride afforded them. But it would look silly if she changed seats now... She would just have to make do with her current vantage point.

Civilization fell away into open water as the helicopter stopped its ascent and began to cover the miles to the island. Though the view of the sunlight glinting off of the crashing waves was quite spectacular to behold at first, in time her interest waned, helped along by the eye strain she was experiencing, and she settled back in her seat. No one spoke for awhile, the only sounds the steady beat of the helicopter blades and the beeping noises coming from Arya’s game. Sansa felt her nerves tightening at the close proximity to Mr. Baelish and the lack of conversation to fill the silence, until she finally broke and snapped at Arya. “You couldn’t put that on mute, at least? Or, you know, put down your game and take in the view?”

Arya glowered up at her. “No,” she said obstinately.

Jon turned away from the window. “You do realize you’re in a helicopter right? Stop playing your game and enjoy the moment.”

Arya lowered her game, regarding him thoughtfully. “True,” she agreed, shutting off the device and slipping it into her short’s pocket.

Typical. Arya would never listen to Sansa, but Jon could always nearly effortlessly influence his adoring little sister. Sansa shot Jon a grateful look, and he smiled sweetly back at her before urging Arya to look out the window at something. She dared to glance over at Mr. Baelish, who was

staring intently out his own window, seemingly oblivious to the others in the cabin with him. Though it was summer, he was wearing a dark, tailored suit, complete with tie and a shiny silver bird pin by his collar. She had to imagine he was boiling in so many layers. It was quite muggy in the helicopter, and she was getting overwarm in her shorts and tank top. She continued to study his profile, filtering out the conversation Jon and Arya were having across from her, until he suddenly looked away from the window and she whipped her head in the opposite direction, wrenching her neck.

“There’s a pod of whales over here, if you want to take a look,” he said, gesturing out his window.

Sansa felt her cheeks burning as she turned back to look at him. “What?”

Mr. Baelish smiled. “Come over closer, so you can see.” He patted the space on the seat next to him, urging her to scoot over.

She nodded, nerves spiking as she slid closer, stopping just short of touching him so that she could peer out the window. “Where?”

He pointed, and she squinted, trying to follow the path of his finger. “I don’t see them,” she said disappointedly.

Mr. Baelish shifted in his seat, putting an arm around her to guide her closer to the window, and her breath caught as she pressed against him, leaning over his lap, brushing his chest as she tried to get a better view outside. Heat was coiling inside of her, sparked by their contact, and she struggled to keep her body from trembling.

“What about now?” he asked.

Sansa flushed when she realized she hadn’t been looking for the whales anymore, too focused on the feel of his body against hers. She scanned the water quickly, a smile breaking out across her face as she finally found them, fins arcing out of the waves in sync as they swam together, perhaps on the hunt, or maybe it was simply in entertainment. “Yes,” she breathed, almost as enchanted by the sight as she was by the man beside her.

She remained where she was far longer than she knew she should have, just enjoying the view, and the close proximity to Mr. Baelish, until the whales dipped out of sight and she no longer had an excuse to stay. Reluctantly she pulled back, feeling slightly dejected as his arm released its hold on her. “Thanks for showing me,” she said shyly, unable to look him in the eye after enjoying their slightly inappropriate contact far more than she should have.

“I will be sure to let you know if I see anything else of interest,” he smirked at her, eyes dancing.

Sansa glanced at Jon and Arya, who thankfully remained completely oblivious across from them, arguing about whether there would be water sports at the theme park. Her relief was short lived however, when he spoke again.

“Nineteen, huh? So you’ve probably just finished your first year of college? Or your second?”

“Yes. My first,” she replied, staring down at her hands twisting in her lap. Why was this man affecting her so? He was likely twice her age. It wasn’t as if he was some famous celebrity or something, a career that easily erased age differences due to exceptional beauty, money, or both.

Mr. Baelish placed a hand over hers, calming their movements. “What’s your major?”

She stared down at his hand, biting her lip, fighting the urge to take it in her own, disappointment flooding through her when he removed it. “Undecided.”

He nodded sympathetically. “Haven’t found your passion yet?”

“Not really,” she sighed. “I’m really not sure I’m good enough at anything to pursue a career in it.”

“Oh, I highly doubt that. Perhaps you just haven’t had the right encouragement.”

Sansa frowned. She suspected he was right. Her parents were very supportive, but they had never done more than compliment her looks and manners, occasionally her art and sewing skills. Despite the fact that she had always done well in school, even taking honors courses. She just figured that with so many children, and many younger than her, their attention was often elsewhere.
“Perhaps.”

They lapsed into silence again for a time before she ventured to ask if he knew anything about where they were going.

Mr. Baelish shook his head. “I’m afraid not. Robert has been rather tight lipped about the whole thing. Not that I particularly care. The inner workings of theme parks don’t exactly captivate me. I only agreed to attend because he offered me what he assured was an incredible investment opportunity. And the fact that he is footing the bill didn’t hurt either.”

“Investment opportunity? To invest in a theme park, you must be quite well off, Mr. Baelish,” she mused.

He chuckled. “Yes. And please, call me Petyr.”

Sansa smiled. “Petyr,” she said agreeably. “What is it you do, then?”

Petyr’s smirk grew, his lips quirking up on one side. “Chaos.”

Her eyebrows knit. Was he putting her on? “What?”

“Chaos Theory, sweetling. Do you know of it?”

Her pulse stuttered at the endearment, clouding her normally adept mind. She shook her head, trying to clear it, searching for the definition that eluded her despite the fact that she was certain she had heard of Chaos Theory before.

“It’s an advanced branch of mathematics, focusing on nonlinear equations. Using Chaos Theory, mathematicians can explain phenomena that seems inexplicable, and find a way to predict what was previously assumed unpredictable.” Petyr explained, his eyes glinting mischievously.

“Like what?” Arya butted in obnoxiously, startling Sansa.

She had almost forgotten that she and Petyr weren’t alone. Sansa fought to regain her composure, waiting for his answer with bated breath.

“Everything.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Sansa and the others arrive at Isla Nublar, and Robert shows them his prized 'attractions.'

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sansa's sister snorted in response to Petyr's answer, rolling her eyes as she pulled her Gameboy from her pocket again, clearly in agony over having gone more than a few minutes without playing a game. Jon shot Petyr an apologetic look and turned back to the window, but Sansa remained focused on the man beside her.

"But you said you were a potential investor. Do you make enough money in mathematics to invest in a theme park?" she asked, brow furrowed.

Petyr seemed unbothered by her sister's rude behavior, only rewarding her with another patented smirk. "I am quite adept in my field. One might say I am the foremost Chaotician of this generation. But, my financial assets are not solely born from my career. I do have other means of generating income. Namely an unmatched skill in playing the stock market."

Sansa opened her mouth to ask another question, but was interrupted by the pilot calling out over the rush of the chopper blades. "Alright, folks. We are officially in sight of our destination. Isla Nublar is just ahead. You might want to hold on tight. The descent is quite fast, and more than a little rocky."

Arya put her Gameboy back in her pocket, straightening up with a gleeful look on her face. She leaned over Jon to get a look of the island, huffing in frustration when she saw the view was mostly obscured by a thick ring of clouds. Sansa stared past Petyr to gain her own look at Isla Nublar, avoiding his amused expression as she took care not to draw too close to him again. The pilot guided the helicopter into the clouds, before easing it down quickly. Arya crowed with delight, reveling in the thrill, though Jon looked much less content.

The winds buffeted the chopper harshly as they dropped, a particularly jarring bump knocking Sansa into Petyr, who caught her before she fell into his lap. Sansa gripped his shoulder and right forearm, knuckles turning white as they plummeted even faster towards the ground, narrowly avoiding the cliffs swiftly rising beside them. If she hadn't been so terrified, she knew her face would be bright red rather than pale with fright. As it was, her pulse was pounding, spiking nearly as rapidly as they shot downwards. Though she suspected it wasn't entirely due to the danger, as the throb had practically doubled when she had almost tumbled into his lap.

Through the window set into the floor of the helicopter, a landing pad marked with a white cross steadily loomed closer. Sansa refused to let go of Petyr, despite the fact that she knew she was going to be intensely embarrassed after they finally landed, taking comfort in the way his arms kept her grounded as the chopper sought similar reassurance. Arya whooped excitedly as an updraft suddenly tossed them skyward, jostling them in their seats, throwing Sansa even further into Petyr's embrace, before dropping again with startling speed, and landing with a bump that knocked the air from her lungs.

They all just sat there for a moment, attempting to regroup from the eventful landing. Arya, of course, was the first to recover, then Jon, and Petyr, who was slowly loosening his hold on Sansa, despite the fact that her grip was as fierce as ever. She didn't want to let go, still feeling as though she was hurtling through the air, and he was her only salvation.

It was his voice that shook her out of her somewhat shell-shocked state, his tone gentle and soothing. "It's okay, sweetling. We're on the ground now."

Sansa slowly let go, warring against every impulse she had that told her she should stay right where she was, and moved away, smiling sheepishly at Petyr as she fought to contain the blush rising to her cheeks. Arya was looking at her, bewildered, though Jon looked concerned.

"Are you alright?" Jon asked.

Sansa nodded, not meeting his eyes. "That was quite a landing, though."

"No kidding," Jon agreed.

The pilot got out and opened the doors for them, the blades spinning above them still whirring wickedly. Arya hopping out first without a care in the world, followed by Jon, and then Petyr, who helped Sansa step out onto slightly unsteady legs. Arya and Jon ran off to meet the rest of their party, Arya stopping briefly to say something to Catelyn. Sansa just stood there for a moment with Petyr, getting her bearings, and taking in the view around her. The helipad was surrounded by greenery, a waterfall cascading down from a towering cliff face, the bright sunlight weaving shimmery rainbows in the air around it.

Catelyn rushed towards them, looking anxiously at her daughter. "Sansa! Are you okay?"

"I'm alright," Sansa reassured her mother. "The ride was just pretty bumpy at the end is all. Mr. Baelish was kind enough to help me through it."

Her mother studied her for a moment, gaze searching, before accepting her response. "Thank you," she said gratefully to Petyr, before turning to Sansa again. "Come on then, love. Everyone's waiting in the Jeeps."

Catelyn looped her arm through Sansa's and they and Petyr set off towards a group of Jeeps, several already packed with her family, the Baratheon brothers, and uniformed drivers. Her father was seated in one, along with Rickon, talking animatedly to a heavy set man Sansa had never seen before. Stannis and Renly were in another, and Robb, Jon, and Bran were in a third, Arya all alone in a fourth. Petyr joined the Baratheon brothers (much to Sansa's disappointment), leaving Sansa and her mother to get into the fourth car with Arya. Once they were all settled in, the Jeeps roared to life, zooming away from the landing pad and up a steep hill.

The cars were open-topped, insides and passengers exposed to the air, which harshly whipped their hair back from their faces as they sped along. Sansa held tightly to the door frame, wishing she was holding onto something, or someone, else. The cars slowed down as they approached a fence, height reaching about thirty feet into the air, the structure built of steel beams and cables, with a gated space tunneling through it that allowed for the passage of vehicles. Red lights flashed in warning on the fence, accompanied by numerous signs.

"Electrified Fence. 10,000 Volts," Arya read. "What the hell?"

"Language, Arya," her mother scolded from the front seat.

"But why would they electrify a fence at a theme park?" Sansa asked, confused.

"To prevent people from sneaking in and enjoying the park without paying for a ticket," Arya suggested.

"At 10,000 volts? That seems a bit extreme..." Sansa said, gnawing on her lip.

"I'll say," Arya agreed.

Employees closed the gates on either side of the tunnel after the last Jeep had entered, securing them with extreme care, enormous electric deadlocks sliding into place. They trundled along, picking up speed, weaving down a path through the mountains, plantlife abundant around them. The path was then abandoned for open, rolling hills, dotted with trees, the Jeeps bumping along

for a bit before slowly coming to a stop. The chatter slowly died in every car, everyone from the oldest passenger, to the youngest, completely at a loss for words. The sight before them was almost indescribable, and simply breathtaking to behold. It was as if they had stepped back in time, before man had ever walked the earth, before civilization and mammals, and everything that seemed so normal in present day life.

Sansa's jaw dropped as her neck craned up, her eyes taking in the immense height of the creatures before her, each somehow living and breathing despite the sheer impossibility of it. Beside her, Arya scrambled to unbuckle her seatbelt, climbing up to stand on her seat to get a better look. Her mother only gasped, sitting frozen in her seat, unable to comprehend what she was seeing.

Every single person froze for a moment, bound by the incredible sight before them. And then the spell was broken, limbs and vocal cords springing to life. Car doors were opened, their passengers spilling out, awestruck. Sansa's brothers were crying out in delight, fingers pointing, voices ecstatic. Ned rushed over to their Jeep, eyes alight with excitement as he opened the car door and pulled his wife from her seat.

"Dinosaurs," Catelyn whispered, finally finding her voice.

"Dinosaurs! Brachiosaurus, in the flesh!" Ned cried, lifting his wife in his arms and spinning her around. He set her down again, eyes trained in astonishment on the extinct animals before him, face goofy with childlike wonder.

The herbivores were calling out to one another, a low keening completely unfamiliar to Sansa's ears. They moved with surprising agility despite their size, steps quick and sure, the ground quaking with each impact. As they watched, stunned, the brachiosaurus closest to them bellowed as it reared up on its hind legs, its impossibly long neck somehow still insufficient to reach the leaves it craved most. It tore a branch from the towering tree with a snap, forelegs falling back to the earth with a resounding crash, before lumbering away, chewing contentedly. The view beyond spoke of a glistening lake, waters parted by more sauropods wading through the shallows, and a group of duck-billed dinosaurs (or Hadrosaurs) quenching their thirst by the shore.

The heavyset man trotted over to Sansa's parents, beaming. "How do you like that, old friend?"

Ned shook his head, unable to contain a wide grin. "When you told me you were building a theme park... You bastard. This must have taken years! Why am I only now just learning of this?"

So the man must be Robert Baratheon, Sansa surmised. The park's owner. A man who had somehow brought dinosaurs back from extinction...

Robert chuckled good naturedly. "Forgive me, old friend. With an enterprise this revolutionary, secrecy was imperative. Especially in light of my divorce. Besides, had I asked you to come work on my little project, and spend years away from your family, I know what the answer would have been."

"I suppose better late than never," Ned said agreeably, never taking his eyes off of the dinosaurs lumbering around, using their long necks to snack on the topmost leaves of the trees in the area.

Sansa didn't blame him, her own gaze hadn't strayed far from the sauropods since she had first noticed them. Though, when Petyr Baelish ambled over to their Jeep, leaning casually against her car door, her eyes instantly snapped to him instead, the wondrous miracle of life before her somehow failing in comparison with her growing attraction to the man with silver temples. His own attention was seemingly fixed on the brachiosaurus closest to them, but when he spoke to her his words were at odds with the view before them, dismissing it entirely.

"Feeling better, sweetling?"

Sansa stared up at him, still perched on her seat in the Jeep. "Yes. Thank you for being so kind earlier. I didn't expect the ride to be quite so turbulent."

He chuckled, turning his head back to look at her, a smirk playing about his lips. "Happy to oblige."

Their eyes locked, and those grey-green forests somehow stole her breath away, their gaze easily affecting her far more than the resurrection of a previously extinct animal, a fact which was completely baffling to her. Sansa held Petyr's gaze for a moment before letting her eyes drift south, unconsciously licking her lips as her focus settled on his mouth, watching his smirk broaden, lips tugging upwards on one side. The sounds of the other people chatting excitedly around her faded away into nothing, the only noise reaching her ears the steady pounding of her own heart.

The moment was snatched away when Robert Baratheon noticed Petyr, treading heavy footsteps to his side and clapping him on the back. "Littlefinger! Glad you could make it. What do you think of our attractions?"

If Petyr was startled by the sudden interruption, he didn't show it, still leaning casually against the Jeep. "I think perhaps this is a most lucrative investment opportunity," he said smoothly, paying no mind to the unusual name.

"Indeed! So am I to assume I have you on board?"

"It's possible. I will, of course, want to see the rest of the park before I make a decision," Petyr replied.

"Naturally. I suppose you'll be applying that silly Chaotic Theory of yours to the park, as well? No need, I can assure you. This park is unprecedented. The vast earning potential is guaranteed," Robert insisted.

"Chaos Theory, actually. And yes, I will certainly do the math once I have the opportunity. I refuse to take a risk without considering all possible outcomes first."

Robert laughed, shaking his head. "If you must. But it will be a waste of time, considering I already know what your answer will be."

Ned and Catelyn wandered over, still looking positively gobsmacked over the turn of events. "How did you do this?" Ned asked, voice somewhat shaky.

"I'll show you," Robert promised. His gaze swept over the crowd of people still gawping up at the dinosaurs before he spoke again, his voice booming. "Alright, back in the Jeeps. Plenty more to see!"

The kids and adults all clambered back in their cars, Petyr winking cheekily at Sansa before he departed for his own. A twist of the keys in the ignition, and the engine purred, the wheels taking them forward after the other vehicles, leaving the exhilarating display of life behind.

Chapter End Notes

So, even though I have seen the movie a million times over the years, I bought it so I could watch it again and do this fic justice. So far, this is a lot harder to write than *The Wolf Who Lived*, probably because I am not used to keeping track of so many characters, and tbh, there's no story I know better than *Harry Potter* lol. I did remove a few characters from the tags, because they just didn't work in the story I have plotted out so far, so sorry about that.

Hopefully you like this chapter! Since the words don't flow very easily yet for this story, please let me know if you like it (if you want me to continue), as that will help give me inspiration.

Oh, also this hasn't gone through a beta, so forgive any mistakes. If you happen to see any spelling/tense errors, let me know so I can fix them!

Thanks for reading!

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Mr. DNA makes an appearance. Sansa and Petyr have a moment alone. And everyone, except Ned and Petyr, coos over a baby dinosaur.

Chapter Notes

So, not to be a whore for comments, but when I got such a great response on my last chapter, I was so excited and inspired that I wrote this chapter that same night. And I didn't have such a hard time writing as before, it all flowed so much easier, and I think it turned out pretty good. So thank you so much, and please keep them coming, because they truly are everything to me! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The Jeeps sped back through the valley, and into lush jungle, finding a manmade path once more, which turned from dirt, to gravel, and then to concrete, the trees thinning around them. Neither Sansa, nor her mother or sister spoke, all still in awe of what they had just seen. They reached manicured lawns and artificially drawn ponds, buildings rising up around them in various stages of completeness, construction crews hard at work.

Sansa frowned, leaning forward to speak to her mother. "I thought you said the park was nearly finished."

"That's what your father told me," Catelyn replied, sounding displeased.

The Jeeps pulled to a stop in front of a large building, all poured concrete and stone, save for its roof, which was reminiscent of an island hut, three peaks covered in strawlike material, each with two rings of open windows set into it. A fossil imprint of a carnivore was carved into the stone surrounding the front door, and it looked very much as if it was recently lifted from a dig site and brought specifically to the island to adorn the building. On either side of the steps leading to the front door, were fountains, cool water mimicking natural waterfalls in much smaller scale.

Sansa followed her family, the Baratheons, and Petyr out of the cars and into the cool shade of the building, grateful that the park hadn't spared expense when it came to air conditioning. Inside, the visitor's center was open and airy, a large banner draped from the ceiling with the words 'When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth' written on it in giant red letters lined with yellow. In the center of the room, replicas of dinosaur skeletons were strung up, including a Tyrannosaur and a Brachiosaur (now more than ever simply an echo of the giant that had once lived), the Tyrannosaur leaping to sink its jaws into the other (which really, was quite silly considering the Brachiosaur had no meat upon its bones, and the Tyrannosaur had no need for sustenance, being a skeleton, but Sansa supposed she must suspend disbelief). A staircase wound from the ground floor up to the second level, and Robert led the crowd up them, booming loudly about all of the park's attributes, which apparently included the heights of technology, along with their "simply astounding living biological attractions."

As they traipsed up the stairs, Catelyn turned to her husband. "So what do you think?"

"That we're out of a job," Ned replied, sounding delighted despite the prospect of losing his life's work.

"Don't you mean extinct?" Petyr quipped.

Sansa held back a laugh as her father threw Petyr a dark look before ignoring him entirely. She wondered why her father seemed to dislike Petyr so much. Her mother certainly didn't have the same animosity towards her childhood friend. Robert continued on until he reached a theater, ushering them all inside and gesturing for them to take a seat. Her younger brothers scrambled to take seats in the front row, squabbling over the middle seat until Robb came over and took it for himself, promptly putting an end to the fight. Bran and Rickon sat on either side of him, and Jon and Arya took the seats at either end. As there weren't any available seats left in the front row, Sansa hovered anxiously while Stannis and Renly filed into the second row, followed by her parents, leaving only one seat left, next to her mother.

"Come on, Sansa," Catelyn patted the seat next to her. "Petyr won't mind sitting by himself in the third row."

Sansa turned as Petyr brushed past her, giving her an easy smile as he took the seat just behind the one her mother had offered to her. "Of course not," he said, voice reassuring.

She nodded and sat down, all too aware of the fact that he was just behind her. This made it nearly impossible for her to relax, knowing that he was watching and listening and oh so close. Robert stood at the front of the room next to a large screen, emblazoned with an image that must be the park's logo: rough and jagged rock chipped away in the center to reveal a Tyrannosaurus fossil and the words 'Jurassic Park.' The room darkened and the video began, Robert doing a weird little bit where he talked to his onscreen counterpart and pretended to prick his finger, drawing blood so that he could create clones.

As the video screen filled with Roberts, Ned spoke, voice hushed. "Cloned from what? Loy extractions never create an intact DNA strand."

Petyr leaned forward, arms resting on the backs of Sansa's seat, ducking his head between Sansa and her mother to speak to Ned. "Not without massive sequence gaps."

Ned scowled, but Catelyn looked thoughtful. "Paleo-DNA. But from what source? Where do you get one hundred million year old dinosaur blood?"

Rickon turned in his seat, shushing them, and Sansa's parents shared looks of amusement before quieting. Petyr had withdrawn somewhat, but not completely, still sitting forward in his seat, both arms resting casually along the back of hers, almost touching her back. She shifted in her seat, almost against her will, and made contact, heart leaping into her throat as desire zinged through her. He didn't move. Instead, she felt a gentle tug on the end of her braid, a similar tug occurring nearly simultaneously much further south. Her eyes fluttered closed as she fought to keep her breathing steady, not wanting her mother, or anyone else to notice her unusual behavior. The video continued, unaware of her internal struggle, pulse skipping along a vibrant tattoo that spoke of nothing but *want*.

Some goofy cartoon characterization of a DNA strand, called Mr. DNA of all things, was prattling on about how DNA worked, on the screen. Sansa vaguely heard the video as it explained how the park had obtained dinosaur DNA, finding prehistoric mosquitoes trapped in fossilized hardened tree sap, or amber, that had once feasted on Tyrannosaurs, Raptors, Hadrosaurs, Pterodactyls, and the like. Once the blood was extracted from the mosquito, any gaps in the dinosaur DNA were filled with frog DNA. She heard it all and yet it was hardly absorbed, as Petyr continued to toy with her braid, the fingers of his other hand trailing lightly along her back, sending delicious shivers through her entire body.

It wasn't until bars slid towards her and onto her lap, and everyone else's, locking them in place, and the seats began to move, that Sansa opened her eyes again, startled. Petyr had left her, pushed back into his own seat by the lap bar, and she positively ached from the lack of his touch. The seats turned as a unit and glided along, giving them a view into a laboratory packed with people dressed in white lab jumpsuits, all busy working on computers and looking through microscopes. When they passed the lab, her father attempted to get up from his seat, grunting when the bar blocked him.

"But wait a minute! How do you interrupt the cellular mitosis?" he called, voice laced with

excitement, craning his neck to look for Robert.

“Can we see the unfertilized eggs?” Catelyn asked, sounding thrilled at the prospect.

Robert chuckled. “In time, old friend.”

Sansa turned towards his voice and spotted him in the third row, at the end, behind Stannis. Ned pushed ineffectively at the bars, eager to leave the constraints behind and explore the lab at his own leisure.

“Can’t you stop these things?” he asked, sounding intensely frustrated.

“It’s a ride, Dad,” Bran said, turning to look at his father in disbelief.

Ned didn’t pay his son any mind, too busy straining against the bars. “Help me, will you?” he asked his wife, and the Baratheon brothers. Together they shoved against the bars until they finally gave, releasing the entire second row.

Sansa’s parents rushed off, in search of the laboratory they had just left behind, forgetting entirely about their children. Rickon dissolved into giggles as his siblings lifted the bars from their own laps, and made to follow their parents, the Baratheon brothers not far behind. Sansa got up as well, rolling her eyes at her parents’ behavior as she lightly stretched her limbs. She had been sitting way too long today; first the car ride to the airport, then the plane, the helicopter, the Jeeps, and finally the theater. People weren’t meant to spend so long trapped in seats, and her muscles were beginning to cramp from the lack of movement. It was only when Petyr spoke that she realized she wasn’t alone.

“An interesting concept, if poorly executed,” he remarked.

“What?” she asked, turning around.

Petyr was still seated, though the lap bar was no longer keeping him in place. “The video. And perhaps the method that brought those creatures outside back from extinction.” His gaze swept over her, eyes thoughtful. “Shall we take a closer look at the science involved?”

Sansa put a knee on her chair, leaning forward and draping her arms along the back. “Honestly, I could use a break from my family. I’ve been packed into vehicles with the lot of them all day.

He smirked up at her, cocking an eyebrow. “Surely you’ll be missed?”

“Undoubtedly,” she agreed, sighing in resignation.

Petyr stood, and as he rose, her spine straightened until they were at eye level. He brushed a lock of hair that had strayed from her braid over her ear, hand lingering just a little bit too long, and yet somehow not nearly long enough. “Or perhaps not,” he murmured.

Sansa’s breath caught, her lips parting slightly, heartbeat stuttering. Her eyes flicked to his lips and back again to misted forest, and she felt an urge to wander through its depths and never come back. He was close, so close, only the chair parting them, that damned chair that she really should just climb over, straight into his waiting arms. Petyr’s mouth was lifted in a smirk, a quirk of the lips just begging to be tasted, could be tasted if she only just leaned a little bit closer. She wavered there, noting how the forest was quickly swallowed by darkness, noting how they were so incredibly close and yet somehow still not touching, noting how desperately she wanted him, until finally, finally she surrendered to the pull, and her mouth collided with his.

Her hands fisted in his shirt as his went to her waist, each of them tugging the other closer. Petyr tasted of mint, and Sansa doubted whether she had ever loved the taste more than in that moment. Their lips moved hungrily, desire spiking their need to devour one another as they pressed closer, the back of the chair digging slightly into her stomach. When he suddenly pulled away, she actually whimpered in complaint, the noise soft but unmistakable. She stared at him, confused for a moment, until she heard it.

“Sansa?” Her sister Arya was bellowing her name down the hall, and the sound of footsteps was growing steadily closer.

Sansa’s eyes widened, and she hurriedly backed away from Petyr, turning away from her sister’s approach and rummaging in her purse for a compact to check her reflection. Thankfully she didn’t look too bad, though still a bit flushed, which she could hopefully pass off as the heat of the day, if her sister asked. Petyr had sat back down in his chair, looking distinctly unruffled, and she wasn’t sure whether she was impressed that he could compose himself so easily, or disappointed that she hadn’t affected him all that much. Sansa quickly decided to sit down as well, pretending that she had never gotten up at all. She wasn’t given long to ruminate on the kiss, or Petyr’s reaction to it, however, as her sister soon barged into the room, glowering at her with her hands on her hips.

“There you are. Mom and Dad were looking for you.”

Sansa turned to her sister, scowling, an expression equal parts manufactured and genuine. “I hardly need looking after.”

Arya shrugged. “Apparently you do, as they sent me to get you. Come on, it’s actually pretty cool.”

Sansa sighed, getting up again. “Fine.” She trailed after her sister, vaguely aware that Petyr wasn’t far behind.

“What were you doing, anyway?” Arya asked.

“Nothing. Just resting. It’s kind of been a long day.”

Arya glanced back at Petyr, and lowered her voice. “That man is following us.”

Sansa laughed. “Well he is part of our group,” she replied, not bothering to keep her voice low.

Arya furrowed her brow. “Were you talking to him back there?”

“Yes. He was about to leave when I called him back to talk. I wanted to thank him for helping me earlier,” Sansa replied, the lie easily coming to her.

“You were a bit ridiculous at the time, you know. It wasn’t that bad,” Arya teased.

“Says the girl who is pretty much fearless. We can’t all be warriors, Arya.”

“Too true. Some of us are destined to be wimps,” Arya agreed.

Sansa shoved her sister into the wall, ignoring her cry of outrage and continuing on without her.

Arya quickly caught up, and grabbed her arm, tugging her towards a door. “This way, dummy,” she said, opening the glass door and walking into the lab.

Sansa followed her sister down a small flight of stairs, ducking around the lab employees as she made her way towards her family and the Baratheon brothers. They were all grouped around a nest, placed on a table about waist height, home to a group large mottled eggs nearly the size of a child’s skull. A mechanical arm was turning the eggs with precise regularity, as they warmed under the artificial light. No one was speaking, every eye fixed with rapt attention on one particular egg, which was twitching and rocking, a tiny form begging for release.

Arya, being Arya, strode confidently forward, and shoved Jon aside playfully so she could get a better look, but Sansa held back, always too polite to act like her younger sister did (at least in company, anyway). Petyr came up beside her, eyes trained with interest on the egg, which was slowly fracturing. She briefly felt his hand brush against her back before he stepped closer to the nest, edging in between Robb and Stannis, and gesturing for her to come forward into the gap he had made. Everyone watched with bated breath as the egg cracked, the tiny creature inside squeaking as it struggled to break free. The baby’s head finally breached through, squealing softly with a little bit of shell perched on its head.

Robert reached forward tenderly, removing the shell, and positively cooing over the infant. “I have been present for the birth of every little creature on this island. They imprint, you see, forming a bond with the very first life form they come into contact with.”

“Surely not every birth,” Petyr objected. “Unless you’ve restricted breeding to the laboratory.”

Robert glanced up at him even as he crooned over the baby dinosaur, helping it out of its shell. “That’s precisely what we’ve done. Population control is one of our security precautions. There is no unauthorized breeding in Jurassic Park.”

“And how do you manage that?” asked Catelyn curiously, reaching over to stroke the baby’s head with one gloved finger, a wide smile firmly in place.

“All of the dinosaurs are female,” Robert supplied.

Petyr shook his head, moving away as the others crowded around the infant dinosaur, jostling for a better look. “Robert, the kind of control you’re attempting is not possible. If there’s one thing the history of evolution has taught us, it’s that life will find a way.”

Renly snorted. “You’re implying that a group composed entirely of female animals will breed?”

Before Petyr could respond, Ned raised his head, expression suddenly grim as he cradled the infant in his hands. “What species is this?” His tone suggested that he already knew the answer, and was hoping desperately that he was wrong.

“You don’t know, Ned? What kind of paleontologist are you?” Robert chortled.

“You bred raptors?” Ned asked, tone disbelieving, exchanging alarmed looks with his wife.

“The proof is in your hands, old friend.” Robert clapped a hand on Stannis’ back. “Well, should we go have some lunch? I believe our chef has prepared quite a feast for us tonight!”

Chapter End Notes

I always try for a slow burn with these two, but they want it so bad, and somehow they always wind up making out (or more) far sooner than I originally intended. They made me let them do it, I swear.

Also, several lines of dialogue were lifted from the movie, so credits go to the film for those bits!

If you want, check out my tumblr for this ship: [petyrbaealish](#). I post links to my works there, as well as everything related to Petyr and Sansa.

What do you think?

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

The park visitors have lunch and discuss the park. Sansa ponders the kiss she shared with Petyr and hopes for more. Among other things :D

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Though it was nearly three in the afternoon, no one had yet had a chance to eat lunch, what with the travel and the excitement of the park, so when Robert Baratheon led them all into a large room with an enormous buffet lining one wall, everyone present positively dove for the food. Rickon, Bran, and Arya were first, the youngest of the group, and the least likely to care about proper manners, each grabbing a plate and piling it high (mostly avoiding the vegetables and instead making up for their lack with an abundance of sweets). Robb and Jon were next, too hungry to exercise much restraint, followed by Robert and Ned, both deep in conversation. Sansa joined the queue after her mother, holding back the blush that was fighting to color her cheeks as Petyr stepped in beside her, grabbing his own plate.

As she worked her way down the buffet line, picking what she wanted from the vast selection available, her mind whirred. She wasn't thinking about the park, or the baby Velociraptor she had just seen though. Oh no, she was thinking about the kiss, and the man beside her, all too aware of his movements as he took a bit of roast chicken, or salad, or grabbed cutlery and a napkin. A long table awaited the hungry park visitors, enough chairs available to seat them all, and everyone settled in quickly before digging in. The youngest children crowded on one end, and the adults on the other, and Sansa found herself straddling that line, seated between her father and Arya, and directly across from Petyr. She couldn't bring herself to meet his gaze though, feeling a bit embarrassed by her somewhat brazen behavior earlier, and focused on the food set before her instead.

Luckily, her silence and discomfort went completely unnoticed, as no one else spoke either, at least at first, the only sounds in the room that of chewing and the clink of cutlery against the plates. Eventually, conversation started up again, once hunger had been sated to a more comfortable level, and of course the topic in question was of the nature of the park.

"Now, I hope you won't mind, but the park is still very much a work in progress," Robert was saying. "We've got the basic tour mostly set, which you will take tomorrow, but other rides are in the works."

"It was my understanding, when you offered to bring us here, that the park was finished," Ned said, after receiving several significant looks from his wife, and what seemed to be a not entirely gentle kick from her under the table.

"Yes, I'm afraid that little deception was necessary. Sorry, old friend, but this wasn't entirely done out of the goodness of my heart," Robert replied, not looking very penitent, despite his words.

Stannis interjected. "You didn't tell them, Robert?"

Robert shot his brother a look. "They might not have come, otherwise." He turned back to Ned, expression troubled. "My park is in danger, Ned. My recent divorce has put its financial situation on rather shaky ground, investors pulling out right and left. Tywin's money might have been a big enough loss, but the man is using his influence to persuade the others to drop out as well, intent on revenge for staining his dear daughter's reputation. No matter that she was just as eager to break free of the marriage as I was, no matter that I am certain I wasn't the only one to commit adultery. But, there you have it."

“And what do you need us for?” Ned asked, jaw tight.

“The few investors Robert has left have expressed some concerns as to the safety of the park. We had a death not too long ago, a most unfortunate incident involving one of our staff. We have done our utmost to ensure the safety of everyone who enters the park, installing one of the most advanced security systems in the world and maintaining it with care. But the investors insist on the outside opinions of a few experts. We brought you, your wife, and Petyr here in order to placate them,” Stannis said, voice pragmatic.

Across from Sansa, Petyr was shaking his head. “I do not appreciate being lied to.”

“It wasn’t a lie. Not entirely. We still need you on board as an investor. As one of our experts, if you were to join us in this little enterprise, it would of course greatly help our cause. So we want you to sign a few extra documents in addition to lending us money. Surely it’s not so much to ask,” Robert said, sloshing more wine into his glass and taking a hearty sip.

“Seems to me, that if you needed my help so badly, you could have at least done me the courtesy of being straightforward,” Petyr said. “Such dishonesty is hardly helping your cause at the moment.”

Renly laughed. “As if you’ve got an honest bone in your body.”

Robert glared at his brother before turning back to Petyr. “My apologies. In truth, you kind of got caught in the crosshairs. I needed Ned and Catelyn to come, and they wouldn’t have agreed otherwise. It was best to wait and tell you all once you had already arrived.”

“You’re damn right we wouldn’t have agreed,” Catelyn snapped. “Your investors are pulling out due to safety concerns, and you expect me to willingly bring my children here? I’ve a mind to demand you provide us with a chopper back to Costa Rica.”

At that, Rickon, Bran, and Arya all let out cries of complaint, begging their mother to let them stay. Ned put his head in his hands for a moment before sitting up again, raising his voice to be heard over the din. “Quiet!”

The youngest Starks obeyed, glaring down at their empty plates. Sansa frowned down at her own. She hadn’t even wanted to come here, not really, but now that she was here, she didn’t want to leave. There were dinosaurs here, living and breathing, and growing and eating, and *real*. And, more importantly, Petyr was here. That kiss they’d shared. It couldn’t be their last interaction. It just couldn’t.

“Now, now, Catelyn. Surely that won’t be necessary,” Robert insisted. “I promise you, the park is perfectly safe. Our standards are of the highest quality. Nothing will happen to them.”

“Uh huh. I can’t help but notice that your own children aren’t here,” Sansa’s mother pointed out.

“Actually, they were all meant to visit this week as well, but their mother refused to let them. Joff’s still coming though. He’s old enough that he doesn’t require his mother’s approval. Should be here soon,” Robert replied airily.

Catelyn opened her mouth to give a furious retort, but Ned spoke instead. “We are already here. It’s a free trip. And a once in a lifetime opportunity. We might as well enjoy it.”

“And that’s more important than our children’s lives?” Catelyn demanded, eyes flashing.

“I will have Robert show me the security systems tonight. If everything seems in order, we will stay the week,” Ned promised his wife. “Come on, Cat. Think of what we have a chance to witness here.”

“Fine,” Catelyn said begrudgingly. “But I want to be there with you. You aren’t exactly known for your technological proficiency.”

At that Robert let out a booming laugh, pounding his fist on the table. “Too right. So tell me, what

are your thoughts so far? Give it to me straight. Stannis has the proper documentation all ready for your signature once you've made your decision."

"You're playing with fire, Robert," Petyr said at once. "You insist that you've considered all of the variables, and yet you think you have some measure of control over the park. You cannot guarantee the park's absolute safety. You cannot possibly know every likely outcome of what you've just done. Genetic power is the most awesome force ever seen on this planet. But you wield it like a kid who's found his dad's gun. You've acted without considering the repercussions. Nature selected dinosaurs for extinction long ago. To bring them back now could have untold consequences."

Catelyn nodded. "The question is, how much can you know about an extinct ecosystem, and how could you assume you could control it?"

Robert looked baffled by their words. "And you?" He asked Ned beseechingly.

Ned ran a hand through his hair. "I feel elated, and frightened and... Dinosaurs and man, two species separated by sixty-five million years of evolution, have just been suddenly thrown back into the mix together. How can we have the faintest idea of what to expect?"

"I don't believe it. None of you have anything positive to say?" Robert asked.

"I will still tour the park," Petyr offered. "I will not give a final answer until I've seen everything. But had you consulted me before you started, I would have advised you against it. Everything I have seen so far has gone against good sense."

Ned and Catelyn exchanged looks, a silent conversation slipping between them. "We will reserve judgement until we've seen more," Ned assured Robert.

"I suppose that's something," Robert grumbled. "Come, I suppose you'll want to see the security systems right away, then?"

"If you would," Ned said.

Robert led them all to another section of the visitor's center and into a gift shop, assuring the kids that they could have their pick of the merchandise while the adults conferred over the inner workings of the park. Ned and Catelyn, the Baratheon brothers, and Petyr all left them, the older kids in charge of the youngest, promising to return soon. Sansa and her siblings spent some time looking at all of the figurines, clothing, toys, and other souvenirs, many of which were marked with the park logo, bagging up anything they took a liking to. Once the possibilities for enjoyment were exhausted in the gift shop, they wandered out into the little museum connected to it, examining fossils and other dinosaur related relics, reading the little ID cards to learn more about the displays.

The adults were gone far longer than Sansa would have expected, but perhaps they were arguing. She suspected her mother would find the security insufficient and want to leave that night, and only her father's desire to see his obsession come to life would stop Catelyn from getting her way. Rickon and Bran quickly grew bored with museum's offerings, having grown up around fossils and dig sites, and soon were both absorbed in what they had swiped from the gift shop. Arya had long ago whipped out her Gameboy, planting herself on the floor to play Mario Kart, with Jon cheering her on, and Robb was staring glumly out the window, probably missing his girlfriend. Sansa continued wandering through the museum though, not really seeing anything, but enjoying stretching her legs.

Soon, she found herself alone again, in a section of the museum that was clearly hands on, a small, raised replica of a dig site, with signs encouraging visitors to try their hand at uncovering dinosaur bones. She sat down on the wooden bench surrounding it, trailing her fingers through the sand as she thought about the kiss, the way Petyr had tugged on her braid, gripped her waist, trailed fingers along her back. Why was she so infatuated with him? What was this hold he had on her? And why oh why had Arya interrupted them? Sansa wanted desperately to talk to him about it. And to kiss him again.

But had she kissed him? Or had he kissed her? She honestly couldn't remember. One minute they were staring at each other, inches apart, and the next her lips had met his. And it was glorious. Sansa had never been kissed like that. She had briefly dated a boy named Harry in High School, but though she'd liked him well enough, his kisses had always been somewhat wanting. There wasn't any spark to them. Harry had been everything she had thought she wanted, tall and strong, good looking, athletic, popular. But when it came right down to it, she hadn't wanted him. Not really.

Perhaps she didn't know what she really wanted. Petyr was on the shorter side, much older than her, and didn't strike her as someone who played football or other popular sports. His hair was already turning grey, he wasn't blessed with rock star good looks (though still handsome), and he likely wasn't sporting a six pack under his suit. And yet he was undeniably attractive. Sexy. The stubble marking the curve of his jaw, the timbre of his voice, even the grey marking his temples all combined into a most pleasing exterior, which was only heightened by his clear intelligence and wit. Sansa wanted him. And it seemed as though he wanted her too. He had kissed her after all. And he'd touched her hair during the film. He knew she wanted him. He must have. But would anything more come of it? She hoped so.

As she pondered their mutual attraction, and let her mind flit along on flights of fancy involving more alone time with Petyr, the man himself ambled into the room, footsteps sounding louder than usual against the tile in the abandoned room. Sansa smiled shyly up at him as he walked toward her, stopping beside where she sat, watching her fingers draw idle patterns in the sand.

"Find anything?" he asked, taking a seat next to her.

"Nah. I wasn't looking," she admitted.

Petyr smirked at her. "Sometimes that's exactly when you find something."

Sansa nodded. "Too true," she said carefully. "Were you looking for me?"

He raised an eyebrow at her. "Just now," she clarified. "Did my parents send you?"

"Nope. They're still with Robert. Things got kind of heated. I decided not to stick around."

She sighed. "I figured as much. She wants to leave, doesn't she."

Petyr nodded. "Your father seems to be wearing her down though. It helps that she is as enchanted by the park as he is."

Sansa laughed. "If it were anything but dinosaurs we would have left long ago." She paused. "Do you really think the park is a bad idea?"

"Is that really what you want to ask me right now?" he asked, eyes glinting mischievously.

"No," she said, dropping her gaze and instead focusing on drawing her name in the sand. She finished the 'a' and then drew a little heart around it, all too aware that he was watching her.

His hand reached out and took hers when she closed the heart, thumb running over her knuckles. Sansa looked up, eyes locking with his. "What do you want?" Petyr asked, gaze burning into her own.

She broke eye contact to focus on his lips again, unable to voice her wishes out loud, and he took the hint, tugging gently on her hand to bring her closer, before their mouths finally collided once more. Petyr's other hand went to her face, cupping her cheek as his lips moved against hers, and she sighed in relief as she fell into the kiss. As her lips parted, his tongue flicked forward to touch her own, and the resulting spark shocked through her, straight to her core. Sansa felt a moan escape her lungs, and felt her cheeks heat up in embarrassment briefly before his kiss swept her away again. His hand left her face, traveling to her hip to pull her closer, and she willingly acquiesced, letting go of his other hand and sliding her arms around his neck.

Though they had eaten lunch not too long ago, he still tasted of mint, and she hoped desperately

that her breath wasn't too bad in comparison. Petyr was still kissing her though, and it was growing more heated by the second, so she could only assume her after lunch breath at least wasn't enough to ward him off. Sansa's fingers wove into his short hair, giving her better leverage as the kiss deepened, and soon she was practically in his lap. She could have stayed in that moment forever, could have let him take her right there on the dig site replica, sand flying and getting in all sorts of unwanted places, but to her displeasure, he pulled away again, pupils blown wide as he stared at her.

"This isn't wise," he murmured.

"No?" she asked, breathless.

"Someone could come in any moment. I don't relish the idea of your father coming at me with that temper of his," Petyr said, moving away from her.

"We aren't doing anything wrong though," she reasoned, wanting his lips on hers again, consequences be damned.

He laughed. "I hardly think that will matter, sweetling."

Sansa couldn't help but pout. "So we are just going to pretend nothing happened?"

"I didn't say that. I'm just pointing out that discretion is advisable. We should go somewhere a bit more private."

She nodded, acknowledging the sense in his words. "Where?"

Petyr's mouth lifted in a smirk as he stood, and held out a hand to her. Sansa took it, not needing any help getting to her feet, but craving contact again, and let him lead her from the room. He kept walking, glancing around carefully as he guided her through the museum until he found a door marked 'Private,' and knocked, waiting for any response before he tested the handle. When he found it was locked, he took out his wallet and removed a Blockbuster customer card, using it to jimmy the manual lock before opening the door with a devilish look in his eyes. Sansa stepped inside, spotting cleaning supplies stacked on shelves and a small desk and chair situated in the back, and came to the conclusion that this must be the custodians office. The door clicked closed behind her and she turned around just in time to see him slide the deadbolt home.

"Did you know this was here?" she asked curiously.

"No," he replied, eyes darting around the room. "No security cameras in here," he mused.

Sansa stared at him, biting her lip, heart thumping almost painfully so. Petyr met her gaze with a lazy smile, and crooked his finger at her, beckoning for her to come closer. As though a string was attached to his finger, running straight to where it wound around her heart, she felt herself pulled forward until she was in his arms once more. The kiss was almost immediately frantic, and soon her hands were moving, almost of their own accord, tugging his jacket from his shoulders, loosening his tie. She had no idea why she was reacting so strongly, why she suddenly had lost all sense of restraint, but she had no plans of stopping now. No matter that she was still a virgin, and that this was a huge decision, and that she barely knew the man whose lips were moving against her own.

But when her hands moved to unbutton his shirt, he pulled away, halting her movements. Sansa stood there, staring at him uncertainly, breaths haggard, until Petyr kissed her again, hard, and as their lips locked he slowly backed her into the room, straight into the desk. She sat down on its surface, pulling him closer, wrapping her long legs around his waist as he trailed hot kisses down to her neck, sucking until shivers coursed through her. A low moan rolled off of her tongue as his mouth traveled lower, his attention now focused on the bit of cleavage her modest tank top left exposed.

Petyr nipped at the pale flesh, hands sliding up her sides to tug the neckline down and give him better access, and as he shifted, Sansa felt something vibrate against her thigh, tickling her. A giggle escaped her lips and he glanced up at her, eyebrows knit for a moment before his eyes

flashed in recognition. He straightened up, cursing under his breath, and reached into his pocket, pulling out a mobile phone.

“Baelish,” he said, answering it, somehow sounding completely composed despite what they had just been doing. Someone on the other end spoke, voice loud enough that Sansa could almost hear what they were saying, and Petyr winced at the assault. “Right, I’ll head there now. Yes, if I see her I will let her know.”

Sansa readjusted her tank top as Petyr backed away from her, hopping down from the desk. She hadn’t heard the caller’s words, but she could only guess it was Robert Baratheon, summoning Petyr to the next planned activity, and asking about her whereabouts.

Petyr hung up the phone, giving her an apologetic smirk. “I’m afraid our absence has been noticed. But, don’t think I’m done with you yet, Sansa Stark.”

“I hope not,” she replied, eyes gleaming wickedly.

Chapter End Notes

Because apparently I have no self control and neither do they...

A few more movie quotes were used, if you can spot them!

Eagerly awaits your reactions

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

The Starks meet Joffrey Baratheon, and get a glimpse of another dinosaur, before getting settled in at the hotel.

Chapter Notes

Trigger Warning: A whisper of violence below. Not too graphic, but just a heads up!

Also, my friend and loyal reader Lyra made an edit for this fic, if you want to check it out (you should, its good!):

https://68.media.tumblr.com/9b54987bd53de78fdc7426dc65bdde11/tumblr_inline_os3krbzcjd1v13rzp_540.jpg

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sansa watched as Petyr's smirk grew wider at her words, her heart still thumping rapidly as he retrieved his jacket and tie from the floor. He donned his jacket once more, after quickly knotting his tie, and walked to the door, listening carefully before he opened it a crack and glanced outside. Apparently the coast was clear, as he opened the door wider and slipped out, gesturing for her to follow. They walked in silence together, far enough apart that no one would suspect anything, until they reached the museum. Petyr kept walking with her until they reached the gift shop, where everyone was gathered, talking animatedly.

"There you are," her mother said, shooting Sansa a worried look. "We couldn't find you."

"I was trying to find the bathroom," Sansa lied easily. "I finally gave up and managed to find the museum again when I ran into Petyr, who told me you guys were waiting."

"I need to go too," Rickon chimed in.

"Right, we all should visit the restrooms," Catelyn agreed. "Robert, if you wouldn't mind?"

"Of course, my dear. Follow me," Robert said good naturedly.

After everyone made use of the facilities (Sansa was grateful for her lie, she actually really did have to go), Robert led them outside of the visitor's center, steps angled towards a large cage packed with greenery. As they walked, Sansa pulled Arya aside, anxious to find out what she missed while making out with Petyr in the custodial closet.

"What?" Arya grumbled.

"Are we staying then?" Sansa asked, getting right to the point.

"Sure seems like it," Arya replied. "Mom doesn't exactly look happy, but show her a few more dinosaurs and she'll probably cool off. We're going to see some right now."

"We are?"

Before Arya could respond, they reached the cage, and someone called out to them from their perch on the viewing deck. Sansa raised her gaze to see a boy around her age, blonde and handsome, dressed in designer jeans and a t-shirt, the price tag of both due more to the label rather than the quality of fabric. Next to him was an older man, who, while not much to look at in terms

of desirability, drew the eye far more than the boy next to him regardless. Half of his face was horribly disfigured, red and raw, flesh twisted. He looked as if he had fallen asleep beside a campfire, only to awake with half of his face ablaze. The image brought a smile unbidden to her lips, which she quickly squashed, feeling somewhat horrified at herself. Such an injury could only have brought incredible anguish, mentally and physically. To find amusement in the tragedy that had befallen him spoke poorly of her character, even if she hadn't meant to do so.

Robert led them up the stairs, pulling the blonde man in for a gruff and awkward hug. "Joffrey, my boy. Knew I'd find you here. Never miss a feeding when you visit, do you?"

Joffrey grinned back at his father. "Course not."

"And you've brought Clegane, I see," Robert said, nodding at the other man.

Joffrey pulled a face. "Mother insisted upon it. She has it in her head that I need a personal guard with me at all times. I don't really mind too much. The Hound certainly has his uses."

The man paid no mind to the unusual nickname, instead staring into the cage with a rather bored expression marking his features.

"Ah, well, I suppose he does. Come, meet the others. Ned, Catelyn, this is my oldest," Robert said.

Sansa's parents smiled and greeted Joffrey politely, before pointing out the rest of the Stark clan. When Joffrey's eyes settled on Sansa, she felt her skin crawl, and couldn't stop herself from backing away, bumping into the railing. Something was wrong with that boy... She wasn't sure what, exactly, but she couldn't shake the feeling.

Joffrey apparently already knew Stannis and Renly (which wasn't surprising, considering they were his uncles), exchanging hellos with them somewhat stiffly, and it seemed he knew Petyr as well, only sneering slightly when he saw him. Petyr seemed unaffected, only falling into conversation with Renly about something or other, Sansa was too far away to hear anything properly. She wanted to edge nearer to Petyr, but Joffrey was over there as well, and every instinct in her told her to stay as far away from Robert's son as possible.

When Sansa heard a cow mooing in distress, she thought for a moment that she was hallucinating, or that one of her brothers was playing around. But her ears hadn't betrayed her; the whir of a crane soon joined the animal's complaints, and she shaded her eyes with her hand to watch as a cow swung through the air, suspended in a harness from the crane's metal hook. Everyone around her stopped talking, necks craned upward as the cow drifted over an opening in the roof of the cage that had only just appeared. She suddenly felt uneasy, watching the helpless bovine as it was slowly lowered into the cage, disappearing among the abundant foliage.

Unable to see through the thicket of plants, Sansa trained her eyes on the others. Her brothers and Arya were trying desperately to see into the cage, while her parents both looked curious, though a bit wary. Petyr's expression was grim as the crane halted its movements, but Joffrey Baratheon looked positively delighted. Sansa's stomach turned as she focused once more on the cage, and when the noises started, she couldn't help but jump, even though she was less than surprised. Snarls rent through the air, and the arm of the crane jerked viciously. The cow's anxious calls were cut short, swallowed by the sounds of ripping flesh, the towering plants inside spasming from the violence occurring by their roots.

No one said a word as the carnage continued, no one save for Joffrey, who was showing his great appreciation with bellowed words of encouragement. Sansa backed away, turning quickly and covering her ears, trying to blot the horrible sounds from her mind. Despite her efforts, she could still hear the sounds of the poor cow being ravaged by whatever lived inside that cage, only eclipsed by the gleeful laughter of Robert's son. She lowered her hands from her ears and instead fought to keep the bile from rising in her throat, taking deep, steady breaths as she gripped the railing so tightly that her knuckles whitened.

When a hand brushed against her back, she briefly stiffened at the unexpected contact before relaxing again when she saw Petyr was next to her. His hand did not linger long, not with

everyone around, but he spoke to her, voice low. “Are you ok?”

Sansa realized she was shaking, and fought to still her uncooperative limbs. “No,” she whispered. She wasn’t sure what had bothered her more, the fate of that poor cow, or that Joffrey Baratheon had taken such joy in its demise. “That’s not normal,” she said.

Her words hadn’t exactly been entirely clear as to her meaning, but Petyr seemed to understand her regardless. “No, it’s not. You would do best to steer clear of that boy.”

Sansa nodded in agreement and turned around, just in time to see the crane’s arm rise again, the harness in tatters, barely intact as it swung limply from the hook. Joffrey roared his approval, pointing at the damage and punching his bodyguard on the arm, for lack of anyone else who could share in his enthusiasm. Clegane didn’t even flinch, though Sansa could see a flicker of disgust in his eyes. The rest of the Starks all looked slightly sick, and sweet Rickon was struggling to keep from showing how much the scene had bothered him; as the youngest he was always trying so hard to be as brave and strong as his brothers, attempting to act far older than his eleven years. But the façade was crumbling slightly. He, just like the rest of the Stark children, had grown up around everything to do with dinosaurs, had read books about them and seen movies, but to see a carnivore feed in fiction was one thing, and to hear it, to know its happening right before your eyes, to a real, living, breathing animal, was something else entirely. Even the eldest Stark brothers looked unsettled. Hell, their parents wore matching grimaces of distaste. Only Joffrey took any pleasure in what had just happened.

Finally, Ned broke the silence with a shaky laugh that was more due to nerves than any amusement at the situation. “Couldn’t see them, but I have no doubt those were Velociraptors.”

Catelyn put an arm around her youngest son’s shoulders. “You might have warned us that it was feeding time, Robert,” she scolded.

Robert glanced around at the shocked faces of the party, wide eyed. “I didn’t realize. After awhile you kind of become immune to it all, to be honest.” His eyes drifted briefly to his son, who was still openly showing his rapture, before returning to rest on Ned. “What do you say I show you all your accommodations for the night? You all can enjoy the game room, take a swim, have some dinner, before rising bright and early for the tour tomorrow!”

“That would be great,” Ned assured his friend.

They all returned to the visitor’s center again, piling into Jeeps that took the entire clan to a sumptuous looking hotel. Key cards were handed round, and Sansa followed her family, the Baratheons, and Petyr, through the hotel until they reached their rooms, all of which were along the same hall. Robert, Clegane, Stannis, Renly, Joffrey, and Petyr each had a room to themselves, and Ned and Catelyn had the room next to Petyr’s, then Robb and Jon in the next, Sansa and Arya after that, and Bran and Rickon last. Sansa wasn’t exactly happy to be sharing a room with her sister, considering the hotel was unoccupied save for them, but at least she had her own bed. The fact that Petyr had a room only a few doors down from her didn’t escape her notice, but considering his was next to her parents’, and she was sharing a room with Arya, she suspected it wouldn’t come to anything. Still, he had said he wasn’t done with her....

The hotel, at least, was completely finished, everything perfectly in place, tile and chrome gleaming, televisions hooked up to cable, a state of the art game room, indoor and outdoor pools and spas, another gift shop, and a fully stocked kitchen just waiting for requests for room service. Inside each of their rooms was an enormous gift basket, stuffed with park merchandise, toiletries, large containers of game room tokens (each marked with the park logo), snacks, park maps and guides (with detailed descriptions of all of the park’s attractions), and several items of clothing, all splashed with a vibrant park logo, in case they had somehow forgotten where they were and needed their clothes to remind them. Robert assured them all that they could order whatever they wished, help themselves to anything in the gift shop they wanted, order pay per view movies (with restrictions for the younger viewers), basically whatever they wanted. If they ran out of tokens, they only needed to ask the staff, and as long as they didn’t leave the boundaries of the hotel, they had the run of the place.

The Stark children all came to a mutual agreement that they would swim first, quickly changing into their suits before dashing off, their parents begging the elder children to keep watch over their younger siblings. Sansa hadn't entirely wanted to go swimming, still hoping to find another moment alone with Petyr, but it seemed she was expected to go with the other kids and leave the adults in peace (no matter that she and Robb and Jon were all over eighteen, to her parents they would always be kids, apparently). The Baratheons, Ned and Catelyn, and Petyr all stayed inside, gathered around the bar, drinking and talking, while the Starks splashed about in the outdoor pool.

Sansa quickly grew tired of her siblings' roughhousing, leaving the cool water to stretch out on a lounge chair with a book, ignoring their shrieks and splashes as they made use of the diving board and harassed each other. She was quite absorbed in her latest addiction, a tale of forbidden love in a war torn world alight with magic, with the appearance of a ferocious dragon or two, when a shadow passed over her and she glanced up, frowning.

"What's a pretty girl like you doing reading?" Joffrey asked, eyes trained on her somewhat scant bikini top.

"Pretty girls like to read," she retorted.

He laughed. "Not in my experience. Girls that look like you should be doing something much more worthwhile." As he spoke, he licked his lips, staring brazenly at her barely clad body, and she suddenly wished she hadn't chosen such a revealing swimsuit. It hadn't been for *his* benefit.

Sansa's mouth tightened at the implication of his words, but she decided not to reply, turning back to her book. He was the son of the man who had invited her family after all, the man who was such good friends with her father. It wouldn't do to upset him. And if she spoke, she might say something she'd regret.

But apparently this was a mistake, as he wrenched the book from her grasp, flipping through the pages with disdain, ignoring her cry of shock at the rudeness of his actions. Joffrey gave her a disbelieving look. "You'd rather read this shit than talk to me?"

Sansa had no clue what to say. Of course, the answer was yes, but she couldn't exactly say that. The gall of this boy, to take her book like that... "Can I have my book back please," she asked finally, reaching out calmly.

His mouth twisted cruelly. "Nah, I don't think so. If you don't have the book, then maybe you'll be more polite." Joffrey turned and tossed the book into the pool.

She rose from her seat, anger flaring. "I hardly think that was polite," she snapped, grabbing her things and storming off.

Joffrey laughed as she left, calling out after her, "Ooh, someone's got a temper. Goes with the red hair I guess. Wonder if the carpet matches the drapes?"

Sansa ignored his attempt to further bait her, not slowing her pace until she was inside again. She trailed her steps back to her room, wanting to change, maybe take a shower first. The chlorine of swimming pools was murder on the hair, but more than that, she felt unclean after being subjected to Joffrey's gaze and taunts. When she reached the hallway where everyone's rooms were situated, she was so absorbed in her rage and disgust over what had just happened that she almost ran into Petyr as he left his room.

"Sorry," she said, flustered that he had taken her off guard.

"No problem," he replied, eyes flicking down to take in her appearance, before coming back to her own, a smirk of approval shaping his lips. "Everything ok?"

Sansa scowled, shifting her towel and bag in her arms. "Not exactly. I just had a run in with Joffrey."

Petyr's gaze darkened at that, and his eyes swept over her once more, as if he was checking for injuries. "What happened?"

She was slightly startled by his reaction. Was he expecting something far worse than what had actually occurred? “He acted like a dick and threw my book in the pool when I wouldn’t return his advances,” she admitted, somewhat sheepishly. If Joffrey was capable of worse, then perhaps she should be grateful it had only been that.

Petyr shook his head. “Not surprising. Come,” he beckoned, retreating back to his door and opening it with a swipe of the entry card.

Sansa followed, curious. Was he planning on comforting her by picking up where they had left off before? He closed the door and walked to the bedside table, pulling out a notepad and pen and offering it to her. “Write down the name of the book. I will be happy to buy you another copy.”

Sansa smiled but waved off the writing implements. “Nah, it’s okay. I was really enjoying it, but it was just a paperback. Doesn’t cost much.”

He shrugged, returning the notepad and pen to the table. “If you’re sure. I would like to make it up to you though, in some way.” His eyes glinted wickedly as he said that, and this suggestive hint was more than welcome, whereas Joffrey’s hadn’t been.

She cocked her head slightly, smiling at him. “Oh? What did you have in mind?”

Petyr stepped closer, gaze heated, until they were mere inches apart. “Oh, I’ve got a few ideas,” he said, moving even closer, mouth just grazing hers as he spoke.

Sansa closed the distance, unable to stand the wait any longer, mouth colliding with his. Her towel and beach bag dropped to the floor with a thump as her arms wound around his neck. As they pressed against each other, she was suddenly aware of how little she was wearing, and how that was still way too much. Her still damp bathing suit was wetting the fabric of his dress shirt, the slide of the suit fabric rubbing deliciously across the sensitive skin of her breasts. Petyr’s tongue breached her lips, moving in tandem with hers, and she groaned into his mouth before pulling away, breathless.

“I had thought about taking a shower,” she said, as his lips found her neck. “You know, to wash the chlorine from my hair....” Sansa’s voice trailed off in a low moan as he found the most exquisite spot, sending lovely chills rushing down her spine and through every limb. She couldn’t believe how brazenly she was acting, but it was as if the man had sapped away every ounce of self control she had.

“Mmm, a lovely idea, sweetling,” he murmured against her neck, peppering kisses back up to steal her lips again.

Chapter End Notes

Ugh, I hate Joffrey, but its good to have someone to hate when the characters are in danger of getting eaten, no?

And at least the chapter started and ended with Sansa and Petyr together!

Thoughts?

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

A bit of smut, a bit of angst.

Chapter Notes

A song for this chapter: Despacito by Luis Fonsi

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sansa clung to Petyr as his mouth moved hungrily against her own, reveling in the contact until it suddenly wasn't enough anymore. She pulled away enough to blindly undo the knot of his tie, dropping it unceremoniously onto the floor before tugging his suit jacket from his shoulders. It simply wasn't fair or right that she was wearing so little and he was wearing so much, so she wanted to even things out a bit more. And she was absolutely desperate to feel his bare skin against hers. When his hands reached for the tie of her bathing suit top, she pulled away, shaking her head.

"Nope. You've seen far more of me already than I've seen of you. You want things to be fair, don't you?" she purred, slowly unbuttoning his shirt.

Petyr watched her work, eyes unfathomably black as pitch and burning with want. Sansa pulled the final button free and reached for the edges of the shirt, ready to slide it from his shoulders, until she noticed it. Stifling a gasp, she brushed aside the fabric to gain a better look. There, standing out starkly against smooth skin and a smattering of dark hair, was a long, jagged scar, one that seemed to just keep going and going, stretching all the way from navel to collarbone. She traced its path with a trembling finger before meeting his gaze.

"What happened to you?" Her voice wavered as she spoke, and she inwardly cursed herself for it. Whatever had happened to him, he likely wouldn't want her pity. Pity only led to vulnerability, and most men, in her experience, were loath to show such things. She remembered how he had stopped her from removing his shirt earlier, in the custodial closet. A wound such as this, could only speak of tragedy, of what likely was a near death experience, the events that caused it possibly still festering deep in his soul.

"It's a sad tale, sweetling. One I'm sure you'll regret hearing. But if you wish to know, I will tell you," he replied, avoiding meeting her eyes.

Sansa frowned. "I don't understand."

Petyr sighed and took her hand, leading her to the bed and taking a seat, tugging her down with him. "Your mother told you that she and I grew up together, yes? When you and I first met?"

She nodded, not entirely sure where he was going with this, but determined to hear the tale.

He stared resolutely at the ground for a moment before continuing hesitantly. "At one point, when we were young, I was very much in love with your mother. She was several years older than me, and never saw me as anything more than a friend, or a brother, but I was quite foolish back then. Foolish and blinded by my love for her. She was dating your father, had been for about a year, and one night they got in a fight during a party. Their argument was loud and ended with her slapping him and storming off angrily. Your father had been drinking, along with everyone else present, and I, unable to hold my liquor at the time, decided to pick a fight with him. I thought

their fight was evidence that she was unhappy, thought it was necessary to defend her, and I told him so, and, well, you know your father's temper. It can be even worse when he's drunk. And I kept goading him until he snapped. We wound up going through a plate glass window, one long shard slicing through my chest and nearly killing me."

Sansa's vision blurred as she listened to him, her heart in her throat. She felt for him in that moment, how he had nearly died for someone he loved. But she also felt sick, so terribly sick that he had once loved her mother. How many people had told her that she was the spitting image of her mother when Catelyn was younger, still a Tully and not a Stark. Was that all Petyr saw when he looked at her? Was that why he was so drawn to her? Was that why he wanted her? He didn't want Sansa Stark, he wanted Catelyn Tully's echo. Of course he didn't want her. She had been so foolish. So incredibly foolish! And to think of what might have happened, had she not seen the scar, had he not told her this story. She would have given him everything. Her virginity. Her body. Her heart.

It was all too much. Sansa rose to her feet, blinking back tears as she snatched up her towel, desperate to cover herself. She was only in her bikini, and suddenly she felt as if she could be wearing a full hazmat suit and still not be wearing enough. The towel now securely wrapped around her form, she hefted her bag back onto her shoulder and chanced a look at Petyr. He was still sitting there, with his head in his hands, shoulders tense.

Sansa willed herself to speak, and when she finally managed it, her words were strained and hollow. "I should go."

Petyr didn't look up. "I understand," he said, speaking to his knees, the floor, maybe to her mother. Not to her.

She begged herself not to cry as she tried to make herself walk to the door, so anxious to leave and yet unwilling to do so. This was not what she had expected when she had come into his room. The promise of pleasure had been dashed away, replaced by unrelenting anguish that seemed to cling to her like slime, just as cold and unpleasant. So why was she having so much trouble leaving?

When several moments passed, and she made very little progress, Petyr finally raised his head to look at her. "I know what you're thinking," he said tonelessly, sounding as defeated and empty as she felt. "But you're wrong."

"Am I?" Sansa asked, a tiny flicker of hope sparking in her heart.

Petyr locked eyes with her, their expression pleading. "Yes. I may not know you very well, but I know that you are not your mother. Nor are you any sort of replacement for her. You are Sansa Stark, and I helped keep you calm during our descent in the helicopter. Your major is undecided as of yet, but you are exceptionally bright, and will certainly excel in whatever field you chose to make your own. You play the dutiful daughter, but the role is wearing thin. You crave more than what your family can give you. Power, wealth, excitement, intrigue. Danger. And you want me, for reasons I cannot quite comprehend. And I want you too. You, and no one else."

The flicker turned into a flame, fed by his words until it roared through her, singeing her skin with its heat. She wanted to fall into his arms again, to feel his lips against hers as he further kindled the blaze within her. But should she believe him? She wanted to. Oh, how she wanted to. She wanted it to be true. But was that clouding her judgement? That and lust and the inexplicable feelings that had blossomed for him in only a few hours. She barely knew this man, how could she trust him?

Sensing her turmoil, Petyr stood and walked tentatively towards her, one hand brushing her damp hair back from her face as he kissed her forehead. "You may go, if you wish," he whispered against her skin. "It's a lot to take in, I know."

Sansa tilted her chin back up so she could meet his eyes, sky searching forest for what wandered there in its green depths. That forest was no longer cloaked in darkness or shrouded in mist, but open and unguarded and so very inviting. She saw melancholy, concern, and a glimmer of hope, along with something else she thought might be tenderness. Her teeth worried at her lip as she

struggled with instinct and common sense, which were completely at odds with each other. Petyr's eyes dropped down to watch for a moment before settling on hers again, as though he simply couldn't help it. She couldn't blame him, though, as her own gaze slipped down to his lips soon after, and she didn't bother resisting the pull as he had.

As she watched, his lips quirked as he fought to contain a smile born from his knowledge of her focus. And Sansa couldn't help it, didn't want to fight it any longer, and leaned forward to press her lips to his, ever so softly. His nose brushed hers, and she remembered hearing once from Old Nan that those were eskimo kisses, and she smiled at the strange intimacy, and kissed him again, increasing the pressure just slightly until he slowly responded. Petyr reached up to cup her cheek with one hand as the other wound around her back, pulling her closer. The towel unraveled, and fell to the floor as she drew closer, the exposed skin of her stomach and upper chest met bits of his, the skin on skin contact absolutely delicious, prompting her to moan with contentment. The moan that parted her lips bade his tongue entrance, and the kiss deepened as their tongues tangled with increasing fervor.

Sansa fisted her hands in the back of his dress shirt, the bonfire inside of her crackling with renewed intensity, pulling until it was completely untucked and she could slip her hands underneath to explore the sinews of his back. When she couldn't take it any longer, she backed away from him just enough so that she could remove his shirt, lips still locked. That barrier gone, she melted into him, kisses grower far more urgent as skin slid against skin. This time, when Petyr reached for the ties of her top, she did not stop him, and his hands deftly worked until one bow was ruined, and then the next, and the offending garment fell to the floor.

She groaned out loud as he palmed her breast, his lips trailing a blazing path down her jaw, and down her neck, until finally, finally they found one pert nipple, which hardened further as he lavished attention on it. As Petyr continued his ministrations, Sansa wove her fingers through his dark hair with one hand, mussing it as the other hand worked as his belt. This was stupid, and reckless and yet oh so right, and she didn't care, she didn't want to stop, ever. The belt dropped to the floor, the buckle hitting something solid with a resounding clunk, but neither of them paid any notice.

Petyr's mouth was relentless against her breast, one hand ensuring the other was not left out, and he was driving her mad with need, the assault of the most exquisite torture. She wanted him to continue, and yet she wanted him to focus his attention elsewhere. Would that he had more hands, more mouths, so that she could kiss him and keep his mouth where it was, while directing another to the ache between her legs. Finally, she couldn't take it any longer, reaching for the hand that still lingered at her waist, and directing it lower.

He took the hint, teasing her through her swim bottoms, and she ground wantonly against his fingers, mouth falling open in a silent 'O' of rapture. Trembling and pulsing with need, Sansa undid his trousers and slid them from his slim hips, palming his growing erection through his snug boxers. Petyr halted his attentions for a moment so he could kick off his shoes and step out of the fabric pooling around his ankles, and though it only took a few seconds, she felt it was nearly an age before he reached for her again. This time, he trailed kisses down her stomach, going down, down, down, kissing her through the stretchy black material, right where she craved him most. His hands pulled free the little bows that held her suit together, and when he moved his mouth away for a moment, her bikini bottoms fell to the floor and she was suddenly bare before him.

Sansa bit her lip, staring down at him as he studied her, wishing she had been a bit more adventurous when she had gotten her bikini wax before the trip. Her red curls were trimmed but still very present, and she was a bit worried that he might find it offputting. But in truth, he didn't look bothered by it in the slightest, his eyes swallowed with lust and admiration when he glanced up at her, still kneeling before her. Petyr shot her a wicked grin and reached for her hips, pulling her closer and kissing her in a place she had never been kissed before.

A keening cry slipped from her lips as his tongue circled her clit, the sensation so much better than any she had ever experienced. She had heard how incredible it was to have a man go down you (that is, if the man knew what he was doing. Margaery always made sure to impress that particular point.) but she felt almost undone from the moment his mouth met her sex. Either Petyr was really good, or she was that turned on, or maybe it was both. Probably both. Sansa couldn't help but

slide her fingers into his short hair, tugging him closer. He chuckled against her swollen lips, and the vibrations made her twitch and call out his name, half a plea and half a cry of joy.

To her frustration, he moved away and stood up soon after, and before she could guess his intent, he picked her up and swung her onto the bed, climbing on after her. Sansa squealed in surprise, the sound quickly turning into a moan as his tongue found her clit again. She writhed underneath him, clawing at the sheets as he drove her mad with the mouth that was always so ready with a smirk or a wry remark, so good at both, and so good at *this*, oh *gods* he was good at this. Petyr continued to lick and suck at her sensitive flesh, stroking her waist and thighs as he did so, until he decided his mouth alone wasn't enough and he began to tease her entrance with his fingers. He slipped one inside, and soon after a second followed, and he found that spot inside of her that never ceased to bring her to the edge, curling his fingers and moving them just so, his mouth never faltering, and finally, finally she broke, gasping out his name.

Petyr carried her through the blinding ecstasy, sending further jolts of pleasure through her until she came back to herself, before moving to capture her mouth in a searing kiss. Sansa wrapped her arms and legs around him, not wanting even the tiniest amount of space separating the two of them, and he willingly settled into her embrace, kissing her harder. That lovely throb returned between her legs, and before she could change her mind, she reached between them and slipped her hand into his boxers. His length was hard and warm in her grip and she slowly stroked him, having little experience in the act but eager to learn. He lazily met her strokes with thrusts of his hips, until she pushed his boxers down and off, freeing him completely. She let him go, instead shifting her hips so his length slid against her sex, both of them groaning at the sensation.

Their kiss grew more heated by the moment as they ground against each other, until Petyr stopped and pulled away just enough to ask, "Do you want this? Are you..." He trailed off, hesitant to ask the question aloud, but Sansa knew what he left unsaid. Are you a virgin? Are you sure you're ready? That you want this, here and now, with me?

Sansa nodded, her nose brushing against his. "Yes. And yes. And oh, gods, yes."

Petyr kissed her again, and got up, rummaging through his luggage until he found a condom, before joining her once more. She watched, heart pounding, nerves spiking as he put it on, certain she wanted this, but still a bit scared, if she was honest with herself. It would hurt. It nearly always hurt for the woman the first time, she knew that much. But the pain wouldn't last. And she was sure he would help her through it.

Birth control now taken care of, they picked up where they had left off, rebuilding that desire that had somewhat dampened in the face of practicing safe sex. When Petyr positioned himself at her entrance, catching her eyes first for reassurance, she nodded emphatically, and he continued, slowly filling her. Sansa whimpered as he broke through that final barrier, tears slipping down her cheeks, their trails quickly and softly kissed away by the man above her, interspersed with words of encouragement. He filled her completely, before halting, giving her time to adjust, and though at first it was painful, and quite uncomfortable besides, the pain dulled nearly as quickly as it had come, and when he kissed her again and began to move, everything else faded away, replaced by a pulse pounding want.

The pace started out slow, but when Sansa began meeting his thrusts, Petyr gradually picked up the tempo, judging her reaction as he did so until he was barely holding back. She urged him on, her lust eclipsed eyes locked with his as she begged him for more, and he shifted their position, moving her legs above his shoulders and pounding into her with increasing roughness, finding that perfect spot inside her and teasing it relentlessly. That bliss was quickly approaching once more, she could feel it, she was spiraling out of control, spinning with reckless abandon out into utter chaos until she became one with it, shattering and disappearing in its depths, his name her only anchor. He followed soon after, her name hissing from his lips as he stilled and became one with the void, one with *her*.

Petyr shifted off of Sansa, dropping down on the bed beside her, breathing heavily. One arm snaked around her shoulders and pulled her close, and she curled against him, nose and lips nuzzling against the stubble lining his jaw, her own breathing rather ragged, heartbeat erratic. Once he caught his breath, he turned his head until their lips met, a gentle press that sent her heart

fluttering, but not with desire this time. Oh, she could fall for this man. Perhaps she already had.

Chapter End Notes

So, I lied a bit. This was almost pure smut, lol. But a bit of angst as well. Fits them though, I think :).

I really love this chapter. Only my third time writing smut (beyond foreplay) and I think it turned out really well :).

I hope you all liked it! Please, do let me know what you think. Comments make this writer happy, and a happy writer ends up writing far more :D. And I do love writing this!

Thanks for reading <3

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Petyr and Sansa hide what just happened from her parents when they come looking for her.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They lay there for awhile, tangled up in each other, not speaking, eyes closed, lips meeting occasionally. Sansa didn't want to break the peace of the moment, didn't feel the need to, and it seemed that Petyr felt the same way. There would be plenty of time to talk later about what had just happened, what it meant, the consequences, whether it would happen again, and so on. For now they just wanted to revel in the afterglow, enjoying the delicious feel of their bare skin against another's, and the clarity that comes with being so completely and wonderfully *satisfied*.

Unfortunately, that peace was soon torn from their grasp, as a thundering of feet sounded from the hallway, and the excited shouts of Sansa's brothers and sister ripped through the calm. Doors slammed, jerking Sansa and Petyr further from contentment, as her family continued to do what they did best: plowing through the most mundane of activities with far more force than necessary and clawing at Sansa's sanity. Only her mother was exempt from this, and considering she was outnumbered by four boys and a girl that could best the rest of them combined, this wasn't much of a blessing.

Sansa sat up, scowling at the noises she could still hear as her family thumped around in their rooms doing the gods knew what. Petyr chuckled softly, tugging on a loose curl. "Didn't you say you wanted a shower earlier?"

She glanced down at him, rancor forgotten. "I'd forgotten. I could still use one."

Petyr got up, holding out a hand for her to take. "We wouldn't want the chlorine to harm that beautiful hair of yours," he said with a smirk.

"No, we wouldn't," she agreed, slipping her hand in his and following him into the bathroom.

The shower proved to be enormous, more than enough room for two, and she vaguely wondered if Robert Baratheon had installed them with such activities in mind as Petyr turned on the tap to let the water heat to the right temperature. Before long, they were both under the hot spray, lazily washing each other in between bouts of kissing. He washed her hair for her, gently soaping her locks and massaging her scalp until every bit of tension that had still been clinging to her slowly slipped away, disappearing down the drain with the soap suds. When they were finished, they dried off, their used towels dropping to the floor forgotten when Sansa couldn't help but kiss him again.

The second time was even better than the first, with no pain or anxiety to mar the experience, their bodies moving in tandem to bring them both to a dizzying climax. They had barely caught their breaths when they heard voices outside once more, and Sansa froze in horror.

"Ned, Arya said she wasn't in their room," Catelyn's voice sounded strained.

"Well, I'm going to check again anyway," Ned insisted.

Sansa turned to Petyr in alarm. He held a finger to his lips, and she nodded, wincing as she heard her father knocking on the door to her room.

"Sansa?" Catelyn called. "Are you in there?"

Ned let out a growl of frustration. "So where is she?"

"Calm down, Ned. She probably just wanted some space. You know she isn't like the rest of our children. While they play sports and crave noise and excitement, she's refined and quiet. Maybe she went for a walk outside, or decided to explore the hotel," Catelyn said, trying to soothe her husband.

"I don't like it," Ned said finally. "No one has seen her since before Bran found her book floating in the pool and thought to ask where she was. Jon said he saw Joffrey talking to her at one point, and no one has seen him since then either."

"Well, Joffrey has apparently been here before. Maybe he offered to show her another part of the park," Catelyn said, tone betraying her lack of confidence in her words.

"Uh huh. Or maybe she's in his room."

Footsteps trod back in the other direction, replaced by more knocking. A door opened, and Sansa heard her father roar in anger, cut short by her mother's voice. "Ned! It's not her! It's not her, Ned!"

Sansa heard Joffrey laughing as he slammed his door again, her parents pacing in the hall. So Joffrey had found a more willing partner. Poor girl.

There was a thud, and Sansa was sure her father had just punched the wall. "Ned, calm down," Catelyn said. "We'll find her. As I said, she's probably taking a walk. Or she found a quiet place to read, if she brought another book. I bet she was upset that her book fell in the pool. One of the boys probably acted carelessly, and she left to cool off. She is nineteen you know. Old enough not to have to tell her parents where she is, every second of the day."

"The boys said they had no idea how her book wound up in the pool," Ned insisted.

"And they've never lied before, hmm?"

Sansa's father didn't answer, and Catelyn sighed. "Look, maybe Petyr's seen her. We could call him. He has a mobile phone. Robert called him before."

At this, Petyr quickly rose from the bed and grabbed his pants, pulling out his phone and turning off the ringer. Sansa watched as he pulled clean clothes from his suitcase and put them on, dressing more casually than before, in jeans and a white button down. She knew she should do the same, but all she had was her swimsuit and the old t-shirt she had used for a cover up, and she had just taken a shower and didn't want to put the clammy bathing suit back on.

The door to the room beside them opened and closed twice as Petyr dressed; once for her parents to go inside, presumably to call Petyr, and once for them to leave, arguing loudly as they did so.

Petyr walked over to where she was still sitting on his bed and gave her a kiss. "I'm going to leave the room, sweetling. I will tell your parents that I saw you earlier, reading in a lounge tucked away in the southeast corner, and offer to take them there. While I'm gone, go back to your room and get dressed, and stay there until we return. Say that you just came back to your room after reading for a bit, so that you could take a shower," he said, voice low.

Sansa nodded, and Petyr kissed her again before grabbing his wallet and phone, and slipping outside, careful not to reveal the room as he did so. She didn't move from the bed, listening carefully to the conversation outside her room.

"You rang?" Petyr asked casually.

Ned swore. "And you couldn't be bothered to answer."

"I had just gotten out of the shower. Forgive me for wanting to dry off and get dressed first before answering the phone," Petyr said sarcastically. "Besides, you only called a few minutes ago, and I'm here, aren't I?"

Ned started to speak again, but Catelyn cut him off. “Petyr, have you seen Sansa at all? We can’t seem to find her.”

“Actually, I have. I decided to check out the rest of the hotel earlier and I saw her holed up in one of the lounges, reading. She seemed a bit put out. Apparently her other book found its way into the pool,” Petyr replied loftily. Sansa could only imagine what his thoughts were as he lied effortlessly to her parents. She only hoped she could do the same.

Catelyn let out a sigh of relief. “Oh, thank the gods.”

“Can you show us?” Ned said, voice terse.

“Of course,” Petyr said. “It’s this way. Though I’m not sure I understand why you’re so concerned. The girl is old enough to take care of herself, no?”

“Just take us to her, Littlefinger,” Ned snapped.

Sansa narrowed her eyes as their footsteps faded. There was that name again. It seemed to be almost a taunt, the way her father had used it. And why wouldn’t it be. It was hardly flattering. Nor was it even accurate. She’d seen and felt proof of that herself. Making a mental note to ask him about it whenever she got the chance, she got out of bed and grabbed her beach bag. Her t-shirt cover up was balled up inside, and she shrugged it on, not bothering to put on her swimsuit. The shirt was oversized, long enough to reach halfway to her knees (it had once been Robb’s, or maybe even her father’s) and she only had to go a few doors down to reach her room.

She grabbed her key card and retrieved her swimsuit and towel and stuffed them in the bag, slinging it over her shoulder before heading to the door. Listening carefully first for signs of anyone lurking outside, Sansa opened the door and darted out, dashing straight to her room and slipping safely inside, heart pounding. Relieved that she had made it, she got dressed in a short black skirt and a lacy blue tank top that brought out her eyes, before wetting and brushing her hair again, just to keep up appearances that she had just showered. That done, she rummaged in her bag for the other book she had brought, and settled into a chair to read while she waited for Petyr and her parents to come back.

About fifteen minutes later, she heard them, Ned nearly shouting as he vented his worries to the others. Sansa quickly got up, tossing her book on the table, and ran to the door, yanking it open. “What’s going on?” she asked, schooling her features into a look of concern.

Her father stopped yelling, staring at her with his mouth open, expression thunderstruck. Catelyn gave him an exasperated look. “See, I told you she was fine.”

Ned gaped at her for a moment before finally gaining his bearings, Petyr standing a bit to the side, looking amused. “I…” Ned started, before trailing off weakly.

Sansa knit her eyebrows, glancing from Catelyn to Ned, and back again. “Were you guys looking for me?”

Ned gave a shaky laugh. “You could say that.” His relief was palpable, but it soon faded, turning into a frown. “Where were you?”

“I wanted some time alone, so I explored the hotel for a bit. When I grew bored of that, I read for awhile in one of the lounges, before coming back here to take a shower and clean up for dinner. Why?” Sansa asked, lacing her tone with confusion.

Ned started to speak, but her mother shook her head at him. “Nothing, sweetie, we just wanted to figure out dinner for everyone. When we found out no one had seen you for a few hours, we got a little worried.”

Sansa rolled her eyes. “A little worried huh? Sounded like it,” she teased.

Her father looked a bit ashamed at his behavior when she said this, staring at the ground, but then he met her gaze and smiled. “A bit,” he said ruefully. “You know we love you.”

She smiled back. "I love you too. What are we doing for dinner?"

"We haven't decided yet. Everyone is in the gameroom, so now that we've found you, I suppose we should head there. Arya was already complaining of starvation an hour ago," Catelyn said.

"Ok," Sansa agreed. "Just let me get my bag."

She ducked back into her room to grab her purse, checking her reflection in the mirror real quick before she left. Ideally, she would have liked to dry her hair first, but she had a feeling her parents, or at least her father, wouldn't want to let her out of their sight for awhile. Slipping on a pair of black flip flops, she opened the door again and stepped out, feeling slightly disappointed when only her parents were still waiting for her. But she supposed it was weird for Petyr to linger with them while she finished getting ready.

When they reached the gameroom, it took a bit to round all of her siblings up, and even longer for them to agree on what they wanted. Finally, they settled on everyone's favorite: pizza, and trooped into the dining area to get several pies, toppings varied so everyone could get what they wanted. Petyr and the Baratheon brothers (the man with the burned face sat alone at the other end of the room, and Joffrey was nowhere to be seen, thank the gods) were in the dining room as well, sitting together at a table and enjoying individual meals, Robert already deep into his cups, voice booming louder with each glass of alcohol he consumed.

Ned and Catelyn joined them, leaving their kids to squabble over the pizza, and as Arya started a straw paper fight, Sansa looked at the adult table longingly. Or, rather, she was mostly looking at Petyr that way. She had no desire to sit near Robert Baratheon, who was nearly reaching ear shattering decibels and telling raunchy jokes. But if she had to put up with him, and her ridiculously overprotective parents, to sit with Petyr, she'd do it. Sadly, there weren't any seats left available. And she suspected that while Petyr wouldn't mind if she sat in his lap, her parents certainly would. Still, it was a tempting prospect....

They finished their meals, and the Stark children all trooped back into the gameroom, Sansa reluctantly joining her siblings. To her relief, Joffrey still hadn't shown his face. Perhaps whoever had been in his room with him earlier was still keeping him occupied. She pitied the girl who had succumbed to his advances, but she was also quite grateful to her as well. Hopefully the poor girl would keep him busy and out of her hair, at least for the night. Sansa knew the respite wouldn't last too long though. Sooner than she would like, the boy would appear again, leering at her and doing his best to punish her for scorning his advances. She prayed that he wouldn't be staying the full week, but she had a sinking feeling that even if he hadn't planned on staying too long before, he would change his mind. Joffrey struck her as someone who didn't give up that easily. Chasing her would be sport for a guy like him. It wasn't vanity, but instead instinct that told her he wasn't done with her.

To her displeasure, Petyr stayed in the bar with her parents and the Baratheons, and she was stuck with her brothers and Arya as they played air hockey, skee ball, and a multitude of other games, including a racing game where you could actually ride raptors, using your body to guide the raptor on screen. Sansa joined in for a little bit, but quickly grew bored, finally retreating as her siblings grew steadily rowdier, shrieking in delight and racing around. She wandered back to the bar, knowing her parents weren't likely to let her stay there ("you're not twenty one yet," her father would insist) but figuring that if she didn't tell them she was going back to her room, they'd blow a gasket. Or, at least her father would.

But when she got there, only Petyr and Robert were still seated at the bar, Robert passed out next to a mug half full of beer, snores echoing in the almost empty room. Petyr was flicking through the channels of the tv hung behind the bar, his wineglass nearly untouched beside him. Sansa walked over to the bar and climbed up on the stool next to him, watching as he found a news channel and lowered the remote.

"Your parents left for the gameroom a few minutes ago," he said, still focused on the television.

"I must have just missed them, then," she mused. "Mind if I have a sip? I'm quite thirsty." She

didn't really expect him to say yes, but she wanted to test the waters anyway. Although, considering they had just had sex (not once, but twice) only hours ago, she supposed it would be silly for him to refuse her alcohol.

Petyr only shrugged, not saying anything, and she took that as consent and reached for his glass. The wine was quite good, she thought, though she honestly didn't have much to compare it to. It was far better than the boxes of wine she sometimes indulged in with Margaery, though, she knew that much. Sansa only took a large enough sip to quench her thirst (she hadn't been lying, she was parched) before setting the glass back down, turning her attention to the news. The weather was on, and it looked as though they might get hit with storms tomorrow. She wasn't sure what all the tour entailed, but she hoped that their fun wouldn't be derailed by uncooperative weather.

As they sat in silence, she suddenly felt very awkward, wondering why he wasn't saying anything, and if that were a hint in itself. Did he regret what they had done? She certainly didn't. Sansa stopped watching the news and stared down at the bar for a moment, biting her lip, anxiety flooding through her. Petyr shifted slightly beside her, and she raised her head in response, noticing the mirror along the back of the bar, his smirk as he stared at her reflection. She tried to scowl back at him, but failed, her lips turning upwards of their own accord as he gifted her with his attention once more.

He flicked his eyes over to where Robert was still slumped over the bar, and back to her, smirk broadening as he waggled his eyebrows suggestively. Sansa covered her mouth as she held back a laugh, elbowing him as she did so. Petyr leaned over and reached for the bowl of mixed nuts near Robert, picking up a peanut with a thoughtful look in his eyes. Before she could guess his intention, he lobbed it at Robert, where it sunk into his beard, a tiny treasure for Robert to discover later when he wasn't so completely plastered. Sansa's shoulders shook with her repressed laughter, and when he grabbed another peanut and tossed it into Robert's wild tangle of hair, she almost lost it, shoving her fist into her mouth in a feeble attempt to keep quiet.

When she had mastered some sense of self control again (his eyes danced with mirth but he never made a sound, and she simultaneously envied him and hated him for it), she grabbed for the bowl, selecting a cashew. Petyr cocked an eyebrow at her, waiting to see what she would do, but after a moment she popped it into her mouth, smiling at him. His eyes flashed back to the bowl, and then to Robert, and back to her, a silent dare, and she couldn't resist taking him up on it. Sansa found another peanut, and leaned over Petyr, taking careful aim before letting it fly. The peanut disappeared in the mass of brown curls below Robert's chin, and she nearly whooped with joy-her aim wasn't always so agreeable. She had had been more than prepared for the possibility that the nut would hit Robert, necessitating a quick exit, or miss him completely, rather than hitting the mark.

Petyr sifted through the bowl again, finding another bit of ammo and sending it flying, just as her father entered the room. The peanut burrowed into Robert's overgrown left sideburn, and Sansa dissolved into silent giggles again, too overcome with laughter to worry about her father's reaction. Ned stood there for a moment, watching as Petyr searched for more peanuts and his daughter tried to keep quiet, before taking a seat beside Sansa and grabbing the bowl. He selected a nut and threw it, the nut sailing through the air and skimming through Robert's hair before colliding with the wall. A soft grunt of dissatisfaction escaped her father and he reached for another nut, waiting until Petyr finished embedding another one in Robert's beard. Ned tossed another, and the nut bounced off of Robert's eyebrow.

They all froze, watching as Robert's eyes twitched under his eyelids, and he gave a loud snort. Sansa felt her sides might split from restraining the laughs that kept erupting through her. Beside her, Ned was making a valiant effort at keeping silent, but Petyr still maintained perfect control, the only signs of his amusement his wide smirk. They all relaxed when it seemed that they were in the clear, and Ned reached for another nut, taking aim.

"What are you guys doing?" Catelyn called, striding into the room, voice disapproving.

Robert jerked awake with a start, staring down in confusion as the movement dislodged several peanuts. "What the hell?"

“Were those supposed to be some sort of midnight snack, Robert?” Petyr asked, keeping a straight face.

Ned let out a bark of laughter and Sansa lost it as well. Robert frowned, pulled another peanut from his hair, and then shrugged before popping it into his mouth.

Chapter End Notes

OMG this chapter is ridiculous. A bit of lightheartedness for you before stuff gets rough, I guess LOL.

Hope you enjoyed it! Eager to hear what you think :)

If you're interested, I also have a Harry Potter crossover on here, and one chapter up of Frasier inspired modern AU :)

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

The tour begins!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next morning, Sansa awoke to her mother knocking on the door to her room. When she checked the alarm clock on the bedside table, she was surprised, but grateful. It was nearly 11 a.m., far earlier than she would have expected to be woken up. Her parents had clearly decided to let their children sleep in, after everyone had stayed up so late the night before, having too much fun to go to bed at a reasonable hour. Or, perhaps, since Robert Baratheon had drowned himself in drink yesterday evening, he had changed his mind about starting the tour bright and early. It was probably a mix of both. Sansa crawled out of bed and stumbled to the door and opened it, yawning widely.

“Rise and shine!” Catelyn said cheerily, looking every bit the morning person she was.

Behind Sansa, Arya groaned into her pillow, burrowing further under the covers. Catelyn reached over and flicked on the light, and Arya let out a cry of outrage at the sudden assault. Sansa blinked as her eyes adjusted, and stretched, offering her mother a good morning.

“Breakfast, or, I suppose, I should say lunch, in an hour,” Catelyn told her. “Make sure your sister gets up.”

Sansa nodded and closed the door, heading for the shower. There was no point in getting Arya up yet, she’d argue with her forever and then fall back asleep while Sansa got ready. After her shower, Sansa dressed in jean shorts and a black spaghetti strap tank top before blow-drying her hair (Arya moaned when she turned the hair dryer on, but the moans were soon drowned out by the drone of the appliance). Once she was finished, she grabbed one of Arya’s pillows and whacked her across the back with it. Arya jerked up, another pillow clutched in her fists and smacked Sansa back.

“Rude,” Arya insisted.

“It woke you up, didn’t it?” Sansa asked sweetly.

Arya threw her a dark look and stalked off to the bathroom to take her own shower. She didn’t have much time left, but she never lingered long in the shower. Sansa put on her makeup and grabbed one of her bigger purses, putting one of the park water bottles and some snacks inside, as well as the park maps and guides. Arya was ready by the time Sansa had finished putting on her shoes (she’d decided tennis shoes might be better for the tour, in case there might be some sort of petting zoo. She didn’t want to step in anything in flip flops), her sister foregoing drying her hair, as always, and the girls left the room and made their way to the dining hall.

A buffet lined one end, packed with enough food to feed a football team—which just might be enough to feed her family, Sansa thought wryly, taking a plate and helping herself to fluffy eggs, crisp bacon, and a plate of french toast topped with fresh fruit and whipped cream. Nearly everyone was already there, quietly working their way through breakfast. Petyr was seated next to Robert, who looked a bit worse for wear, with Stannis on his other side, and Renly, her mother, and her father. Clegane sat alone once more, calmly eating his way through a mountain of eggs. Sansa sat down next to Bran and Rickon, fighting back a smile as she remembered what had happened in the bar last night. She wondered if Robert still had any peanuts nestled in his curly brown hair.

Arya plopped down in the chair next to her, plate piled high with more food than you'd think a girl her size could eat. Sansa knew her sister though, she'd eat every last crumb and probably wind up going back to the buffet for seconds. Jon and Robb soon stumbled into the room, bleary eyed. Both were old enough to drink, and had brought beers into the gameroom, indulging nearly as much as Robert Baratheon as they dicked around, competing for air hockey champ. Sansa worked her way through her breakfast, wondering if she might be able to steal some time alone with Petyr again today. She had no idea what they had exactly, but she'd be damned if the week went by without at least one more repeat performance of yesterday afternoon.

Her good mood soured when Joffrey Baratheon swaggered in, his eyes practically groping her as he took in the room. He filled a plate, and took the last chair available at the Stark children's table, between Robb and Rickon. The easy camaraderie that had previously dominated their table slipped away, everyone shifting in their seats uncomfortably. Joffrey appeared not to notice, focusing on his breakfast for a bit before finally looking up.

"Read any good books lately?" he sneered at Sansa.

Sansa stared down at her plate, her fingers tightening around her fork. "Yes," she said finally, trying not to rise to his bait or invite further unpleasantness.

It didn't work. "Such a waste of time," Joffrey mused. "Perhaps it would be better if all of your books wound up in the pool." His tone was light, but it held a darker edge to it, one that only Sansa noticed.

She decided not reply, ignoring her siblings' confused looks and finishing her meal, despite the fact that the food had lost its appeal. When everyone had eaten their fill, the Stark children wandered off as the adults lingered in the dining hall, some still sluggish from drinking and jet lag, talking quietly about the park. Sansa stuck close to her older brothers, exploring the grounds around the hotel with them while the younger kids made a beeline for the gameroom. She hoped that by remaining close to Robb and Jon, she'd be spared of any further attentions from Joffrey, and to her relief, it worked.

It was nearly two in the afternoon before the adults decided it was time to leave, and it took awhile to round up everyone, scattered as they were around the hotel. Catelyn insisted that everyone make trips to the bathroom again, and afterwards they all piled into Jeeps, drivers speeding along to another section of the park. A long line of Jeeps stood along a track just outside an enormous gated arch, the words 'Jurassic Park' carved into the wood, flaming torches set here and there to further impress upon them of the park's grandeur. A large, covered patio stood next to the track, chains strung along at waist height to form those line guides always seen at amusement parks. They got out of the Jeeps and headed for the ones on the track at Robert's instructions, the Stark children squabbling among themselves over which car they would get into.

It took nearly forever before they finally sorted it out. The cars were driverless, able to seat four adults (or five children) at once, and Stannis and Renly immediately climbed into the first one. Ned initially headed to join them, but when Robert told him he would be staying behind to sort some things out with the park, he held back, talking with his friend while the others bickered over where they would sit. Robb and Jon climbed into the next car, followed by Arya and then Bran, and then Rickon, who insisted they make room. Sansa hovered by anxiously, avoiding Joffrey's gaze, and trying to catch Petyr's eye, silently begging him to help her not be forced to spend the tour with Joffrey. Petyr took the hint, and when Ned and Catelyn stepped into the third Jeep, he joined them, casting a significant look in her direction. Sansa dove after them, all too aware of Joffrey's scowl as she slipped into the backseat next to Petyr. She sighed in relief as Joffrey stomped over to the car housing his uncles, followed by his bodyguard.

Catelyn turned around in her seat and gave her a worried look. "Are you ok, Sansa? You look a bit odd. Did breakfast not agree with you?"

Ned turned around as well, giving her a searching look. Sansa bit her lip, unsure what she should tell her parents. Catelyn wouldn't cause a problem, but her father was a different story. "Just a bit of a headache, that's all," she lied.

“Oh, well I’ve got some Tylenol here in my purse, if you want some,” Catelyn offered.

Sansa shook her head. “It’s already going away. I think I just needed some fresh air.”

“Maybe roll the window down,” Petyr suggested helpfully, playing the part effortlessly. He knew it wasn’t a headache that troubled her.

She nodded and used the controls to lower it. “Good idea.”

“Feel better, baby,” her mother said, smiling at her. “I’ve got the Tylenol right here if you need it.”

“Thanks,” Sansa turned her face towards the window, closing her eyes as the sun warmed her skin. Though it was hot, the heat wasn’t oppressive, and she basked in the sun’s rays for a moment until the cars suddenly sprung to life.

“Here we go!” Ned called cheerfully, the cries of his other children sounding from the car ahead of them as the gates slowly opened.

Sansa sat up, knowing she didn’t really need to keep up the pretense any longer. Her parents would soon be far too occupied with the tour to remember that she was supposed to be suffering from a headache. She chanced a look at Petyr, who was staring straight ahead, a small quirk of his lips telling her that he knew she was looking at him. He looked particularly sexy today, she thought, dressed completely in black: black jeans, a black button down with the collar slightly open and the sleeves rolled up, and expensive looking sunglasses that made it even harder for her to tell what he was thinking. His dark attire brought out the grey in his hair, but this only heightened his appeal

Robert waved at them as they went by, the Jeeps slowly moving forward along the track, picking up speed slightly when they had all passed through the gate. As they trundled down the road surrounded by trees and tropical plants, Sansa couldn’t help but grin. She couldn’t believe her luck. Not only had she managed to avoid being stuck in a car with Joffrey, but she was in the same car with Petyr, sitting next to him even. Her pulse was pounding just being this close to him again, and as she remembered being even closer to him yesterday, she had to struggle to keep her breathing even and her cheeks from heating up. Never mind that it would be embarrassing if Petyr noticed her reaction. Her parents were also in the car, and they might wonder why she was acting oddly again. Breathing weird and flushing weren’t exactly symptoms you could pass off as a headache. More likely, they’d think she was getting a fever or something, and send her back to the hotel.

At the front of the vehicle, set into the dash, was a computer, with an interactive menu built right in where you could select options and learn about the park. Ned couldn’t seem to keep his hands off of it, but he wasn’t exceptionally good at anything technology related, and kept getting exasperated when the computer didn’t do what he wanted. Catelyn kept trying to help him, but he only waved her off, insisting that he was handling it, and soon they began to argue, only quieting down when they reached the first dinosaur enclosure. A voice began to speak, filling the car through the speakers, informing that the first dinosaur on the tour was called Dilophosaurus, and providing them with a few facts about the creature.

The Jeeps rolled to a stop, the narrator still waxing on about the habits and appearance of the Dilophosaurus, but Sansa didn’t pay much attention, and neither did the others. Her parents were highly learned in everything dinosaur related, and that knowledge had rubbed off on each of their children as well. The Dilophosaurus was a small carnivore that spit venom in order to incapacitate its victims, the poison causing both blindness and paralysis. A sign on the side of the road, as well as the tall, electrified fencing, told them that the dinosaur was to their right, on Sansa’s side, and Catelyn’s, and both she and her mother leaned out their open windows hoping for a better look. Ned leaned across his wife, but Petyr held back, to Sansa’s disappointment, keeping a respectful distance as he looked for the herd of dinosaurs the narrator had told them about. She supposed she shouldn’t be surprised, considering her parents were in the car. Her father would hardly fail to notice in such a small space if Petyr acted inappropriately with her.

They spent several minutes searching in vain for the dinosaur, but it seemed they would be

disappointed. Sansa could hear her siblings expressing their frustration in the car ahead of them, Rickon asking loudly if maybe they could do something to lure the Dilophosaurus out. Finally, the Jeeps started forward again, and they all settled back in their seats, resigned.

“Well, it’s only the first day. We’ll see it before the week’s out,” Ned said hopefully.

Catelyn murmured her assent, rubbing her husband’s back, before turning in her seat to look at Sansa. “Feeling any better yet? You should drink some water too. You might be dehydrated.”

“I’m ok,” Sansa assured her. “Really,” she added, when her mother didn’t look convinced.

“Alright,” Catelyn said, looking as if she was going to say something else, until Ned began to fiddle with the computer again and she swatted his hand away. “Honestly, leave it be.”

Ned poked at the screen again, a look of defiance on his face, and his wife threw up her hands. “Fine, but if you break it, I’m not helping you get back in Robert’s good graces.”

Petyr chuckled at that. “Why not? It’s not like it’s hard. Just get the man drunk, throw a pretty woman in his lap, and he’ll forgive you anything.”

Catelyn frowned. “Don’t encourage him. I still can’t believe you two got away with what you did last night. Which, if I might add, was incredibly juvenile.”

“You wound me,” Petyr replied loftily, clutching a hand to his chest. “Dear Cat, when did you grow up? Seems like just yesterday you were tricking me into eating mudpies.”

“I have children older than we were then,” Catelyn reminded him. “But I suppose men don’t mature as quickly as women.”

“Well, I am younger than you,” Petyr said. “But I’m afraid your husband doesn’t have the same excuse.”

Ned shushed them as they rode up to the next paddock, the narrator providing them with little factoids about Tyrannosaurus Rex. The enclosure was far larger than the one that housed the Dilophosaurus, the fence much higher, sturdy steel beams and electrified cable stretching higher and longer by far. Signs on the fence warned them of the danger, informing them that the fence was electrified at 10,000 volts, and lights flashed at the top. Once again, the enclosure was to the right, and everyone moved over to try and catch a glimpse of the formidable T-Rex. It shouldn’t be hard, considering its size, Sansa mused. But once again, the dinosaur seemed to be a no show.

Suddenly, the narrator was cut off, and Robert’s voiced boomed through the speakers. “I’ve been watching you through the security cameras. So sorry that the Dilophosaurus was uncooperative, but I think we might have a way to draw out the T-Rex. Just wait a moment.”

Sansa had a sinking feeling, suspecting she knew what they meant to use to entice the dinosaur out of hiding. Her suspicions proved right as a metal door slid open in the ground inside the paddock, and a platform rose, a goat tethered to a hook. As if sensing her foreboding, the sky darkened slightly, and rain began to spit, dotting the window built into the car’s ceiling. She pulled her arm back inside the car, from where it had been resting on the window frame, but didn’t roll her window back up just yet. Though she didn’t really want to see the poor goat become breakfast for the T-Rex, she did want to see the dinosaur, so she kept her eyes trained on the goat, waiting, just like everyone else.

“The T-Rex doesn’t want to be fed, he wants to hunt,” Ned argued softly, though he still didn’t tear his eyes away from the goat.

But it seemed the T-Rex wasn’t hungry after all. Or maybe she just didn’t like goats. Regardless, the dinosaur refused to make an appearance, and finally Robert gave up and ordered the tour to continue, apologizing profusely to Ned.

“Now, they eventually plan to have dinosaurs in Jurassic Park, right Robert?” Petyr asked, smirking as they left the T-Rex behind.

“Remind me why I invited you again?” Robert grumbled.

“Because you need me, ” Petyr offered. “I’m indispensable.”

“And not a single reason more,” Robert said irritably.

“And here I thought you wanted me around for my quick wit and irresistible personality.”

Sansa held back a smile as her father snorted and her mother shook her head. Robert didn’t deign to reply. They were apparently immune to Petyr’s charms, but she sure wasn’t. She was loving the way he kept getting under everyone’s skin, always quick with a joke, always letting any insult or dig against his character roll right off of him.

Petyr continued talking, apparently deciding to fill the disgruntled silence that had permeated the car. “You see, though? Why this park won’t work? The Tyrannosaurus doesn’t obey set patterns or park schedules. It’s the essence of Chaos.”

Ned snorted again but didn’t say anything. Catelyn frowned, and her expression showed she agreed with Petyr, if reluctantly.

The car descended into silence as they traveled to the next spot, until Petyr broke it again, seemingly unable to help himself. “So, say there *are* divinities, greater beings, that create everything. The gods create dinosaurs. The gods destroy dinosaurs. The gods create man. Man destroys the gods. Man creates dinosaurs.” As he spoke he ticked through the fingers of one hand.

Sansa turned to him, a wicked smile playing about her lips as she finished his train of thought, heedless of the other passengers in the car. “Dinosaurs eat man. Woman inherits the Earth.”

Petyr’s smirk broadened, and she was grateful that the sky had darkened, robbing them of enough sunlight that his sunglasses were unnecessary. She was certain something like pride lingered in those grey-greens. And something more, something darker that made her want to slide across the seat and climb into his lap. Sansa nearly might have done so had her father not decided to clear his throat, breaking the spell of the moment.

“Man hardly destroyed the gods. Some of us still hold to the faith,” Ned said, frowning. Next to him, Catelyn wasn’t paying the slightest bit of attention to the conversation, staring intently out the window as they passed a field.

“Even if that were the case, that was hardly the point, Stark,” Petyr replied, cocking an eyebrow.

Ned opened his mouth to say something, but whatever he was going to say was lost as Catelyn suddenly opened the door, hopping out of the moving vehicle. His eyes widened as he tore off his seatbelt and jumped out after her. “Catelyn? Where are you going?”

Sansa watched in amusement as her parents disappeared among the foliage. Robert cursed over the speakers and the Jeeps all stopped. Car doors swung open and the Stark children burst out into the open air, heedless of the rain, and followed their parents. Renly and Stannis followed, Stannis looking annoyed, though Renly seemed cheerful enough. Joffrey and his bodyguard stayed put, however. Sansa suspected that Joffrey was staying behind because she hadn’t left yet, and only the fact that Petyr was still in the car with her kept him from coming over to harass her. She decided to stay put, as long as Petyr had no inclination to leave the car; she felt no need to follow her parents for the moment, and here was her chance to be alone with him again. Of course she was going to seize it.

“So,” she said, locking eyes with him again, now that she could do so without prying eyes. “Tell me about Chaos Theory.”

“What do you want to know?” he asked, turning in his seat so he could see her better.

“Everything,” Sansa echoed his word from earlier, angling her body towards his as well.

Petyr noticed the reference, his beautiful mouth curving into yet another smirk. “Chaos,” he said,

voice low and gravelly, “deals with unpredictability in complex systems. The shorthand is the butterfly effect. A butterfly can flap its wings in Peking and Central Park gets rain instead of sunshine.”

“So it deals with cause and effect? The way even the smallest of actions can have untold consequences?” Sansa asked, chewing her lip as she thought the concept over.

“Exactly.”

“Show me,” she said, pulling her water bottle from her purse and taking a sip.

Petyr reached out a hand for the bottle as she lowered it from her mouth, and she passed it to him, expecting that he’d take a drink. Instead, he took her hand, pulling her closer. “Hold your hand out flat,” he said.

Sansa did as he asked, lifting her eyebrows as he raised the water bottle over her hand, tilting it.

“Watch the way the drop of water falls on your hand,” he instructed, tipping the bottle so a small drop fell onto her hand, rolling off. “Keep your hand still. Now, I’m going to do it again, in the exact same place. Which way will the drop roll?”

She stared at her hand, thinking it over. “The same as before?”

Petyr let another drop fall, and though it landed in the same spot, it didn’t follow the same path as the other drop. “It changed. Why?”

Sansa shook her head. “I don’t know.”

He took the bottle cap from her other hand and replaced it, setting the bottle aside before taking her hand in his. “Because- and here is the principle of tiny variations- the orientation of the hairs on your hand, the amount of blood distending in your vessels, imperfections in the skin-”

“Imperfections?” she asked in mock affrontation.

“Microscopic,” Petyr assured her. “Never repeat, and vastly affect the outcome. That’s what?”

“Unpredictability,” she said slowly, beginning to understand.

“And even if we haven’t seen it yet, I’m quite sure it’s going on in this park right now,” he finished.

Sansa stared down as his thumb stroked the back of her hand, pulse pounding, remembering yesterday afternoon, his mouth hot on hers, the slide of skin on skin, his thick length inside of her, filling her completely, driving her to that peak. Her eyes flicked up to his eyes, and then down to his mouth, and oh, how she wanted him to kiss her again. Petyr looked as if he might be thinking along the same lines, his eyes so very dark, their fathomless depths pulling her in, and she was just about to lean in when a loud rapping startled her into awareness.

She jolted away from him and turned around as Arya opened her door, looking equally annoyed and excited. If her sister noticed anything amiss about the scene she had just encountered, she didn’t show it, instead reaching inside and grabbing her arm, hauling her bodily from the car.

“Come on,” Arya said, tugging her away from the Jeep and into the field. “You’ve got to see this, Sansa!”

Chapter End Notes

Some canon lines from Jurassic Park were included in this chapter!

Hope you liked it :). After this chapter, there will be more POVs, now that the story is picking up.

I would love to know what you think!

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

A sick dinosaur and a glimpse into the park's inner workings, as well as a flashback.

Chapter Notes

another POV halfway through the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sansa followed Arya into the field, pulling her arm from her sister's grasp as they walked. "I'm coming, Arya. You don't need to manhandle me."

"Course I do," Arya said in a sing song voice, hopping over a rock.

Sansa rolled her eyes, silently thanking the gods that Arya was positively dense when it came to matters of romance. Her sister had no interest in such things, and generally avoided it all costs. This avoidance meant that it took her far longer than most to realize when people were dating, or attracted to each other. If it didn't fit her interests, Arya didn't care enough to notice it.

Petyr was close behind them as they stepped along the trampled path of grass her family had disappeared along. Soon, Sansa could see her family and the Baratheon brothers, as well as two people she didn't recognize, all gathered around something massive in size. As they drew closer, she stopped, suddenly realizing just what was laying on the ground. In retrospect, she really shouldn't have been so surprised, but she supposed years of thinking that all dinosaurs had died out ages ago gave her a bit of a reprieve. There, on the ground, was a fully grown Triceratops, stretched out on its side, breathing labored.

Catelyn was standing by an older woman, deep in conversation, Stannis Baratheon next to her, while Sansa's brothers all stood by, watching the Triceratops at a respectful distance. Ned was laying on his stomach across the dinosaur's own stomach, rising and falling with each breath, a joyous look on his face. Sansa thought about pointing out that the dinosaur was obviously having trouble breathing, and that even if her father wasn't causing it, he was hardly helping matters, but he didn't stay there long, moving away and stroking the animal's back reassuringly. Arya trooped over to her brothers, joining in their excited conversation, but Sansa wandered over to where her mother stood, Petyr not far behind.

"What are her symptoms?" Catelyn was asking.

Sansa stared down at the Triceratops, whose head was alarmingly close to where they were standing. As she watched, the animal breathed out, a gust that stirred the grass and blew a puff of dust into the air.

"Imbalance, disorientation, labored breathing. Seems to happen about every six weeks or so," the older woman answered. She was small of frame and grey haired, old enough to be Sansa's grandmother, but a clear intelligence and sharpness shone in her eyes.

"Wouldn't the tranquilizer constrict her pupils though," her mother asked, taking a flashlight and shining it into the dinosaur's eye. "Look, they're dilated."

"So they are," the older woman said, frowning.

“That’s pharmacological,” Catelyn insisted. “From local plant life.” She glanced around, brow furrowed in thought, before walking over to a plant. “This is West Indian Lilac-”

“Which is toxic,” the older woman finished for her. “Yes, we know. But the animals don’t eat it.”

“Are you sure?” Catelyn asked, skeptical.

“Pretty sure.”

“Only one way to find out. I need to see the dinosaur’s droppings,” Catelyn announced.

Sansa fought the urge to laugh as Stannis and Petyr both looked taken aback. Leave it to her mother to announce something like that so matter of factly, as if she spent every day digging through dung. The older woman looked surprised, but led Catelyn away to where the dinosaur had emptied its bowels, without complaint. Stannis followed, wrinkling his nose in disgust, clearly doing this against his better judgement. Rickon and Bran noticed where their mother was going, and raced after her, intent on seeing dinosaur droppings.

“Watch your step,” Petyr called cheerfully after them.

Sansa giggled at that, before crouching down to get a better look at the Triceratops. “You think she’ll be ok?”

“The dinosaur, or your mother?”

“The dinosaur, of course,” she said, smiling up at him, before reaching out a tentative hand to touch the rough skin of the Triceratops.

“Sounds like your mother’s intent on figuring it out, so probably,” he answered.

Sansa stroked the dinosaur’s cheek, hoping to bring the animal comfort. “I hope so.” She sighed and stood back up, glancing at the sky. “It’s getting darker.”

Petyr followed her gaze. “It is.”

Catelyn walked back over to them, flanked by Stannis and the older woman, breaking off when she saw Sansa. “There you are. Isn’t she just beautiful?” she asked, gesturing to the dinosaur.

“And who’s this?” the older woman asked. “Another one of yours?”

“Yes,” Catelyn replied. “This is Sansa. Sansa, this is Olenna, one of the park veterinarians.”

Sansa smiled. “Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you too,” Olenna said. “You’d be perfect for my grandson, if he wasn’t already hitting it off with Renly over there.” She pointed over to where a young man with long blonde curls was flirting with Renly Baratheon and snorted. “I say that as if he’s ever been interested in a girl in his life. Loras is a pillow biter through and through.”

Sansa held back a shocked laugh at her words as her father joined them. “You figure it out?” he asked Catelyn.

“Not yet,” her mother replied, frowning.

Robert’s voice suddenly boomed out from a walkie talkie at Olenna’s hip, mingling with a boom of thunder at nearly equal volume. “I’m sorry everybody, but we are going to have to cut the tour short today. The weather’s turned.”

The youngest Starks let out a cry of protest when they heard this, which was cut short by their father. “Alright, you heard him. Everybody back in the Jeeps,” Ned said, his tone expressing that this was not to be argued with.

Of all people, it was his wife who spoke up. “Actually, Ned, I think I’m going to stay. See if I can

help Olenna with the Trike.” she turned to Olenna. “If that’s okay with you?”

“Sure. Could use the help now that my grandson’s disappeared with Renly,” Olenna replied. “I can drop you back at your hotel when we’re done.”

“I want to stay too,” Rickon piped up.

Ned sighed, looking exasperatedly at his wife. Catelyn shrugged. “If you promise to do as I ask, you may stay. It would be a good learning opportunity for you.”

Rickon nodded and moved to stand by his mother. No one else wanted to stay behind, so they all made their way back to the Jeeps, sans Rickon, Catelyn, and Renly. The rain began to spit again as they walked, lightning forking across the sky as thunder rumbled again. To Sansa’s dismay, when they reached the cars, Stannis insisted that Petyr and Ned ride with him, so they could talk about the park and Robb immediately joined them, wanting to be included with the adults. Arya and Jon climbed into the second car, and Sansa was about to join them when she noticed that the third Jeep was empty. Thinking Joffrey and his bodyguard had decided to wander off on their own, she climbed into the third Jeep, followed by Bran, who seemed to be fighting with Arya over the fact that she wouldn’t let him play with her gameboy.

The Jeeps sprung to life again, but before they started to move, the door to their Jeep opened and Joffrey slid in next to her, a slimy grin stretching his lips. Sansa’s heart sunk, and she might have bolted into the other car, but they started to move before she could even reach for the door handle. She was trapped.

Ramsay Bolton:

Ramsay Bolton was seated in the control room of the visitor’s center, the hub of Jurassic Park where the park’s extensive security was monitored, as well as the systems controlling the tours through the park. He was at his desk, several monitors spread out over his workstation, as his boss, Robert Baratheon, and another employee oversaw the tour. Neither Robert nor Margaery Tyrell paid him much mind as they directed the guests Robert had invited through the park. This was a boon, considering what he needed to accomplish today.

The weather was steadily worsening, and in spite of himself, he began to worry. He glanced at his watch, noting that it was almost 4:30. Perhaps it would be best to leave a bit early. Ramsay quickly brought up the necessary programs and stood, clearing his throat loudly to get the attention of the others, who looked stressed as they cut the tour short and guided the vehicles back. He took a perverse pleasure that the first tour had failed so spectacularly. Two no shows and a sick Triceratops. And the fate of Robert Baratheon’s park would just get worse from there, if everything went to plan.

“I’m going to get something from the vending machines, take a small break,” Ramsay announced, when the others turned to face him.

Robert nodded at him in dismissal and turned back to the monitors. Ramsay grabbed his bag, and then turned around to go, before pausing, as if in afterthought. “Oh, I almost forgot. I finished debugging the phones, but the system’s compiling for about twenty minutes or so. Some minor systems may go on and off as it finishes, nothing to worry about.”

“Alright, alright,” Robert said distractedly, waving his hand at him without turning around.

Ramsay hit execute on the computer, and hit start on the timer of his watch. Showtime. Eighteen minutes, and the Boltons would have millions at their disposal.

Flashback:

When Ramsay arrived at the cafe in San Jose, Costa Rica, his father was already seated at a table, partway through his lunch. Roose Bolton didn't look up as his son joined him, nor did he acknowledge his presence until Ramsay decided to speak, tired of waiting for his father's approval. "Is it all set, then?"

Roose finished chewing a bite of his sandwich, and finally gifted his son with the attention he craved. "Yes." He reached down beside his chair and hefted his briefcase onto the table, opening it and retrieving a can of shaving cream from inside. "For the embryos. Be sure they're viable. They're no use to us if they don't survive."

Ramsay reached for the can, frowning. "How does it work?"

"You unscrew the bottom. It will keep the embryos cool and secure during transport. It works just like a real can of shaving cream, in case anyone bothers to check."

Ramsay opened the cap and pressed on the nozzle experimentally. A dollop of shaving cream sprouted from the tip onto his waiting hand. He grinned, and as a dessert tray wheeled by, he dropped the shaving cream on a piece of pie, the perfect nasty surprise for whoever chose that particular dessert. He hoped that someone would choose it soon, so that he might witness their displeasure. Perhaps he'd even stick around just to see it. He did have the rest of the day off, after all.

"There's enough coolant gas to last until you get the embryos to the drop off point tomorrow," Roose continued. "5 p.m. on the dot. The east dock."

"I remember," Ramsay replied, somewhat sullenly.

"You have worked out how you're going to do it, right? There's a lot of money on the line here. Tywin won't be happy if you screw this up," Roose said sternly, his tone impressing that there wasn't any room for error.

Ramsay scowled, waving away the waiter who came to take his order. "I've got an eighteen minute window. I'll say I'm debugging the systems and shut down security so I can get the embryos and drive through the park to make the drop off. I'm the only who knows what they're doing there. They won't suspect a thing."

"Good," Roose said, finishing his sandwich and standing up, throwing a few bills down to cover his meal. "I will see you soon. Don't disappoint me."

'Oh, I won't,' Ramsay thought, watching as his father left the cafe. 'You'll soon be dead, and the money will pass solely to me. It's only fair. I've done all the work, after all.'

He didn't have to wait long until the pie was served to its unwitting victim. A heavysset man took a sizable bite of the dessert, his expression turning sour before he spit it out again, retching. His wife began screaming at the waitstaff, demanding that they comp their meals, and Ramsay reveled in the upheaval. Too bad the man had noticed. With such a heavy frame, it was likely that the man just inhaled his food, barely tasting anything. The shaving cream wouldn't have been toxic enough to kill him, most likely, but at the very least there would have been digestive upset. Perhaps later, when Ramsay had his fortune, and no longer lingered under his father's shadow, he might force feed some whore a shaving cream pie, for curiosity's sake, of course.

Ugh, I know, Ramsay is detestable, but in this story there's a good chance of him getting eaten alive again, so I hope you'll forgive me for including him.

I am beyond excited for the new episode. I barely slept. I swear, this ship will be the death of me.

Anyway, hope you liked the chapter! Thoughts appreciated :)

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

The park systems start to shut down, stranding Sansa and the others on their way back.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sansa felt like panicking, like opening the door and jumping out of the Jeep, heedless of the fact that it was moving, that the rain outside was getting steadily worse. Only the fact that her younger brother Bran was in the front seat kept her from doing just that. She wasn't about to abandon him. Instead, she moved as far away from Joffrey Baratheon as she could, shrinking against the door, wishing she had sat up front with Bran.

"What's a matter?" Joffrey asked, sliding closer to her. "Scared of a little rain?"

"No," she muttered, pressing closer to the door.

Bran turned around, frowning at Joffrey. "Where's your bodyguard? That huge guy, with the scarred face?"

Joffrey let out an unpleasant laugh. "I sent him to sit in one of the other cars. The Hound does as he's told. He's a loyal dog."

Bran's frown deepened. "You shouldn't talk about him like that. He may work for you, but he's still a person."

"I didn't ask for your opinion, though, did I?" Joffrey asked, inching closer to Sansa. "Too bad the car started moving before I could kick you out. But, I suppose you're just going to have to watch as your sister and I get further 'acquainted'." He leered at her as he said that last word. She was surprised he even knew what it meant, let alone how to use it, but she supposed even parrots got lucky sometimes when repeating phrases they've learned.

Bran's eyes flashed in anger, before he turned to her, gauging her reaction. He clearly noticed her discomfort, and his mouth set into a scowl. She shook her head, almost imperceptibly so, warning him not to react. They would be back at the hotel soon, and they could be far away from Joffrey. Afterwards, they could have a talk with their parents, if they found it necessary. For now, it was better not to do anything to escalate the situation. Bran looked reluctant, but he didn't try to attack Joffrey, so that was something. Instead, he started to talk, trying to distract the leech that was trying to glom onto her like slime.

"How'd his face wind up like that? What happened to him?" Bran asked, as Joffrey sidled closer to where Sansa was practically trying to become one with the car door.

"What?" Joffrey asked, leering at the cleavage her tank top revealed.

"Your guard. What happened to his face?" Bran asked again.

Joffrey turned to him, looking incredulous. "How should I know? Do you think I care what happens to my servants?"

Bran looked unfazed as Joffrey glowered at him. "Bet there's an interesting story behind it."

"I don't care about stories," Joffrey scoffed, as the Jeeps suddenly stopped. He looked around, confused. "Why did we stop?"

They were back by the T-Rex paddock again. Sansa peered out the window, spotting the poor goat, still tethered in the same place as before, unsheltered from the foul weather. The sky had turned an unforgiving shade of black, the storm clouds blotting out the dying sun, as rain pelted the ground, and the wind whipped the leaves and branches of the trees. Bran crawled between the two front seats, trying to see any evidence that might tell them why they had stopped. In front of them, the other two Jeeps had halted as well, and Sansa could see Arya drawing on the fogged windows and making faces at them through the back windshield. What on earth was going on?

Margaery Tyrell, Jurassic Park Control Room:

Margaery Tyrell wasn't exactly enjoying her summer so far. She was grateful that her grandmother had gotten her and her brother Loras jobs at the park, but she was more than a little tired of all of the secrecy. She'd even had to sign contracts before she started working here, ones that spoke of dire consequences should she ever even think about spilling the park's secrets. Even to reveal the park's existence would get her in trouble.

The job wasn't too great either. Oh, sure, it paid well enough, and they were on a tropical island, not to mention around dinosaurs. But Margaery hated her boss, Robert Baratheon. He was a drunk, and a bit handsy besides. Not to mention his son Joffrey enjoyed stopping by just to hit on her. She might have finally deterred his advances though, thank the gods. Pepper spray was certainly a girl's best friend. She'd been a bit worried about losing her job after that incident, but Robert hadn't cared. Even if she had been fired, it would have been worth it. She was tired of pricks trying to take advantage of her.

And then there was Ramsay Bolton. That bastard was a whole other story. He hadn't paid much attention to her (thank the gods), but he gave her the creeps nonetheless. There was something wrong with him, she could see it in the glint of his eyes, the twist of his lips. If Joffrey was a creep, then Ramsay outranked him by miles. She only hoped he continued to keep his distance.

When she came into work today, though, and learned that the Starks were visiting, her spirits had immediately brightened. Margaery hadn't heard from Sansa since they parted for the summer, but they were planning on rooming together again at school next year. So, after she got off work, she planned on stopping by the hotel and surprising her friend. She was excited to see Sansa again, and finally reveal what she had been up to all summer.

That was the plan anyway, until everything started going wrong. Just her luck.

Margaery frowned at the monitor. "Robert," she called. "We might have a problem."

Robert rushed over to her, slightly out of breath, despite the fact that the bathrooms weren't all that far away. His overindulgences in alcohol and fried food had turned a once powerfully built man into one that struggled to make short distances quickly without huffing from the exertion. "What now?" he asked, voice strained.

"The Jeeps have stopped. And the fences are failing, all over the park," Margaery pointed to the monitors, and they watched in horror as those began to shut down too, their view of the park swallowed in blackness.

Robert cursed. "Where were they? When they stopped."

"The T-Rex paddock," she answered, dread flooding through her.

"And is that fence out as well?" he asked, sounding stricken.

Margaery nodded, and Robert swore again. "I'll find Ramsay. You go to his terminal and try to get it back online while I look."

She got up and made for Ramsay's work station as Robert headed for the door, stopping for a second when all of the video monitors in the room suddenly died. Margaery dashed to Ramsay's computer and began to work, as Robert heaved himself out the door, footsteps quicker than they had been in years. Her fingers flew across the keyboard as she tried to fix whatever had happened, but when she tried to access the main computer grid, the sound of a buzzer blared angrily at her, and a picture of Ramsay waving his finger appeared on the screen. "Ah, Ah, Ah," he taunted her, "You didn't say the magic word."

Margaery gaped at the screen, "What?" Seriously?" She smacked the terminal and reached for the phone, thinking about calling for help, but the phone was dead.

Robert returned, looking furious. "Can't find the bastard anywhere," he roared.

Ramsay Bolton:

It had been so easy, slipping into the room where the embryos were kept, inserting the tiny vials into the can of shaving cream, and walking out to where the park vehicles were kept. No one had noticed or suspected a thing. The rain was a bit of a nuisance, for sure, but Ramsay managed it regardless, driving a bit recklessly through the path he had mapped out days ago, through gates that very few people were allowed access to. His luck turned sour, however, when he lost control of the Jeep and took out one of the signs, the moveable arrow on the sign knocked askew.

Unfortunately, this mishap posed quite a problem. Cursing whoever had thought a loose arrow would be a good idea for directing people around the park, he threw the sign aside, kicking it for good measure, and got back in his car. He would make sure to pay that person a visit later, and thank them for the inconvenience.

Thinking of the best ways to get back at the poor soul who had designed the park's signage, he chose the path that he thought most likely to take him to the east dock. Ramsay continued on his way, driving with more care, but still careening along at considerable speed. He had to make it in time. The boat would not leave without that shaving cream can full of priceless dinosaur embryos. And he would get his payment for a job well done. Anything else was simply unacceptable.

Petyr:

Petyr watched as Ned Stark dashed between the cars, checking on his children, Stannis frowning deeply in the front seat. Of course, that was nothing new. He couldn't remember ever seeing Stannis do anything but frown. The man was perpetually disappointed, his mouth always turned downward, as though any other movement were impossible. Ned's son, Robb, was watching his father's progress, looking worried. They were silent as Ned ran through the rain, Robb too nervous to talk, Stannis not much for conversation, and Petyr finding it too much of a chore to talk to Stannis even when he did decide to speak.

The car door opened and Ned climbed back inside, clothes soaked through. "Their radios are out too. Everything's out." He turned around in the seat to stare beseechingly at Petyr. "Did you try your phone again?"

"No signal," Petyr replied.

"Are the others ok?" Stannis asked, probably more concerned at what their harm might do to the park than their actual well being. Robb looked as though he had wanted to ask that question, but was too nervous to do so, all too aware that he was the youngest in the car.

“Yes. A bit annoyed that I won’t let them leave the cars though. And Sansa and Bran looked especially upset. I don’t think they’re getting along too well with your nephew,” Ned said.

Petyr frowned. “Joffrey’s in their car?” That was unfortunate. He hoped, at least, that Joffrey wouldn’t try anything with Bran in the car. When Stannis insisted that Ned and Petyr join him for the ride back, Petyr had only agreed because it seemed as though Joffrey had found his own way back to the hotel. Ned might have been ignorant of the boy’s character, but Petyr wasn’t. And though he wasn’t exactly sure what was going on between him and Sansa Stark, he wasn’t about to let her fall into Joffrey’s clutches.

Ned nodded. “He must have returned just in time. And Clegane is with Arya and Jon.”

So, Sandor Clegane wasn’t even there to keep his charge in check. Even worse news. Petyr was tempted to make an excuse to leave and join Sansa. But, that was stupid and probably unnecessary. They would be back in the hotel soon. Even if the cars didn’t start up again, Robert would send Jeeps for them soon enough. It wouldn’t be long. Everything would be fine.

But, Chaos, Chaos had other ideas, as it nearly always did. Almost as soon as he’d convinced himself that everything would be fine, he heard it. A loud boom that shook the surrounding earth. Petyr stiffened in his seat. And so the attraction finally makes an appearance, he thought wryly. Just when it’s dark and stormy, and their tour Jeeps were broken down. Apparently T-Rex preferred to make an entrance....

Another boom, and another, and Petyr watched the glass of water that was perched on the dash, the ripples that formed. Ned shifted uneasily in his seat in front of him. “That isn’t what I think it is, is it?”

“Well, you wanted to see a dinosaur,” Petyr reminded him, turning to search for the goat that he’d seen in the enclosure only minutes ago.

It was gone.

Chapter End Notes

Dun dun dun....

Let me know what you think!

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

The T-Rex breaks free, and Sansa and the others are left at its mercy.

Chapter Notes

Warning for violence, slightly graphic

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

As the tremors continued, Sansa watched as the color slowly drained from Joffrey's face. Apparently, despite the fact that he had reveled in the violence yesterday at the raptor cage, he wasn't quite so brave when the tables had turned. Though she hardly thought they were in danger now. Robert Baratheon had assured them all that the park was safe, that they'd spared no expense. Her mother and father had gone to examine the park's security systems. They would be fine.

Though Sansa's logic told her this, her heart didn't quite agree, pounding rapidly under her ribcage as the sounds grew louder. The T-Rex must be approaching. Now, of all times. In the front of the Jeep, Bran rifled under his seat, pulling out a box. Inside, he found a flashlight, flicking it on. Joffrey grabbed it from him, clutching it like a lifeline, and Bran glared at him before pulling out the other one and turning it on.

Sansa was grateful for the extra light. It made her feel safer, somehow. The dark was always far scarier than the light, no matter the situation, because it hid most things from few. And most people were scared of what lurked in the shadows, of the unknown. They sat there in silence, the steady booms of the footfalls of the dinosaur the only noise, growing louder all the time, until suddenly, it stopped.

Bran opened his mouth to say something, perhaps about to ask if maybe the T-Rex had changed its mind, when something smacked against the Jeep's windshield. They all jerked backwards, screaming in shock, and Sansa stared in horror as she realized just what had hit the car. A leg. White and furry, blood spattering from the severed end. The goat had met its end. And the dinosaur was close enough to drop part of its meal onto their car.

Against her better judgement, Sansa glanced up through the window set in the car's ceiling, Joffrey and Bran following her gaze. They watched in terror as the T-Rex swallowed the rest of the poor goat, unable to tear their eyes away. Sansa trembled as she watched the enormous creature, repeating to herself that they were safe, that the dinosaur couldn't leave its enclosure, only looking away when she heard the sound of a door opening. Startled, she turned to see Joffrey sprinting away from the Jeep, flashlight in hand as he pelted towards a small outbuilding, disappearing in a bathroom stall.

Before Sansa could register what had happened, movement caught her eyes and she turned and gasped as she saw the fence bending, the electrified cables that separated the T-Rex from the rest of the world snapping. She turned wildly in her seat, searching for the lights that had previously flashed at the top of the fence. For the first time, she noticed that they had gone out, and her stomach dropped as she realized what that meant. The fence was no longer electrified. And the T-Rex was escaping.

Bran climbed between the front seats to join her in the back, looking pale. He slipped a hand into hers, and she took it gratefully, his grip comforting in her own. She wished Petyr was next to her, wished that they had already made it back to the hotel, that it was yesterday and she was still in

Petyr's arms, that they had skipped the tour today, that the weather had prevented them from leaving the hotel at all. But not that they hadn't come to Jurassic Park. Never that. Despite the danger that was now upon them, she could never wish that. If they hadn't come, she wouldn't have met Petyr Baelish, and that was something that she wouldn't ever give up.

They sat there, shaking, unsure what to do as the T-Rex ripped through the fence. But how could they know? No one had ever been in such a situation before. Dinosaurs were extinct. They were supposed to be extinct...

But Chaos reigned, and the T-Rex broke out of its paddock, stepping onto the road beside their cars. The rain continued slashing down, brutally pelting their exposed skin through the door Joffrey had left open. The Tyrannosaurus was just outside, closest to the Jeep where Sansa sat with Bran, and she could see it with more detail than she had ever wanted, through the open door beside her younger brother. Finally, Bran couldn't seem to take the rain's assault any longer, not with a much worse threat looming just outside, and he moved over and shut the door, perhaps hoping that it might give them more protection from the dinosaur closed than open. It was worth a shot, anyway.

The T-Rex heard the noise, but misjudged the direction from whence it had come, stalking towards the first Jeep, the one with her father and older brother, Stannis Baratheon, and Petyr. Sansa quickly turned in her seat to watch the dinosaur's progress, heart hammering, Bran beside her, clutching her hand tightly. 'Please,' she prayed, though in truth she hadn't sought out the gods in years. 'Please protect my family. And Petyr. And the others. Please.'

Petyr:

Well, they were fucked. Absolutely fucked. Petyr watched in a kind of trance as the Tyrannosaurus Rex, most feared of all the dinosaurs, escaped its enclosure and decided that, though unmoving, the three Jeeps waiting outside would make a tasty snack. At first, it looked as though the T-Rex might choose the third Jeep, the one with Sansa, and his heart stopped, but then it changed its mind and headed for Petyr's car, and really, that wasn't much better. Not that he wanted the dinosaur to choose the second Jeep. Some had called him heartless before, but even he wasn't going to hope that the Tyrannosaurus would eat the kids over him. Well, except for Joffrey Baratheon, who was currently hiding in a bathroom stall. Hopefully that fucker would get what was coming to him.

As the T-Rex moved towards them, lowering its head, Petyr heard Ned speak, his voice no more than a whisper. "Keep absolutely still. Its vision is based on movement."

"You sure?" Petyr asked.

Ned's pause betrayed his confidence in his words. "Relatively."

Petyr let out a low chuckle, which died in his throat as the Tyrannosaurus's head stopped just outside his window, its eye peering in through the window, yellow and enormous in size. It stared in at them, unblinkingly, and Petyr didn't dare move, in case Ned happened to be right. Then the T-Rex nudged the Jeep with its snout, rocking the car, and Petyr felt an odd flash of clarity as he waited for those gigantic jaws to open and tear into the car. If he had to die now, at least he'd spent yesterday afternoon defiling Ned Stark's daughter. Twice. He could die a happy man, having met Sansa Stark, having tasted her, having swallowed her moans, and driven her to ecstasy, her red hair a wild flame fanning out across the white linens. Oh, she was worth it. He only hoped she'd get away safely.

But that moment never came. The T-Rex rose, distracted, then, faster than he thought possible, it streaked towards the third Jeep. Back to Sansa. Ned let out a distressed cry, and Petyr moved forward in his seat, watching as the beam of a flashlight drew the Tyrannosaurus towards the only person he probably cared about more than himself. The light went out, but it was too late. The T-

Rex opened its maw and let out a harsh bellow that left Petyr's ears ringing. Before anyone could move, the dinosaur struck, smashing its snout through the plexiglas window set into the Jeep's ceiling.

Petyr could hear Sansa and her brother screaming, and he watched in horror as the T-Rex persisted, only a thin sheet of miraculously unbroken plexiglas separating Sansa and Bran from certain death. Ned was digging frantically under his seat, as Robb watched his siblings fight for their lives, frozen in shock. The Tyrannosaur gave up trying to breach the glass, instead rocking the Jeep, tipping it until it flipped over onto its back. Sansa's shrieks rent the air, her brother's yells mingling with them, a song more terrible than Petyr could ever have imagined.

Ned yanked a box out from under the seat and rifled through its contents, face white. Outside, the rain suddenly stopped, as the Tyrannosaur sent the Jeep spinning towards the barrier, Sansa and Bran still inside. Just when Petyr thought it couldn't possibly get any worse, the T-Rex stepped on the Jeep with one giant, clawed foot, crushing it as it tore at a wheel with its teeth, jerking its head back and forth viciously. Ned grabbed some flares from the box, cursing as he searched for matches, a lighter, anything. Petyr reached into his pocket and withdrew a book of matches he'd picked up in the hotel bar, tossing them to Ned, who whispered out a hoarse thanks as he got out of the car.

The frame of the Jeep began to buckle under the dinosaur's weight, and Petyr could barely see Sansa and Bran anymore as they slowly disappeared into the muck the rain had formed. Robb opened his door in hopes of joining his father outside, but Ned rushed around and firmly closed the door, stopping his son. He shook his head 'no' and lit a flare, moving away from the car before shouting at the T-Rex, waving the flare. The Tyrannosaur looked up and followed the movements, debating about whether or not to pursue him for a moment before finally taking the bait. Petyr assumed that Ned was going to attract the T-Rex's attention before tossing the flare away, letting the dinosaur chase the flame while he rescued his children. That's what he would have done anyway.

But apparently Ned had other ideas, and, acting both incredibly idiotic and incredibly brave, Ned ran off down the path, flare held high. The Tyrannosaur followed, rapidly closing the distance, and Robb groaned and grabbed for the flares, quickly lighting one before dashing after his father. Robb yelled and frantically waved the flare, and the T-Rex stopped, turning confusedly between the two men. Apparently it wasn't used to its prey offering itself up so willingly. Ned screamed at his son to run to safety, but it was too late, and the Tyrannosaur chose Robb instead, chasing after the eldest Stark child.

Stannis cursed and grabbed another flare, sparking it into life with another match. "Get the kids," he growled, before heading out to help Ned and Robb as they raced around the T-Rex like gnats pestering a lion.

Petyr didn't hesitate, bolting from the Jeep towards Sansa. As he passed the second Jeep, he could hear her younger sister, Arya, screaming, begging to be let out. He suspected the others in the car were restraining her with everything they had. The girl was small, but he could tell she could put up quite a fight. He barely paid any attention to the shouts and roars and thundering footsteps as Ned, Robb, and Stannis attempted to draw the Tyrannosaur away, instead skidding to a stop by the ruined Jeep, noticing how precariously close it was to the edge, a long drop to the enclosure below.

Dropping down to his hands and knees, the wet ground soaking through his pant legs, Petyr peered inside the car through the broken window. Almost immediately he saw a flash of red, Sansa grimacing as she wriggled towards him. She was covered in mud, and yet still so beautiful. Beside her, Bran was struggling to crawl forward, face red from the effort.

Sansa's blue eyes found his, and relief flooded her features. "Petyr," she gasped, reaching out a hand.

Petyr grabbed it, tugging as firmly as dared, helping her slide along the slick ground and through the empty window. Once through, she collapsed into his arms, hugging him fiercely for a moment before breaking away, her brother's name falling from her lips. They both bent down to try and

help Bran through, but it seemed he was stuck, his feet trapped between the seat and ground.

“Keep trying,” Petyr urged, extending a hand inside the car for Bran to take. Bran clutched at his hand as if it was a lifeline (and Petyr supposed it was. How strange), and took hold of Sansa’s as well.

But before they could tug him free, Petyr heard it. Again. He released Bran’s hand and turned around, freezing in place. Sansa sat up, frowning at him as she turned to follow his gaze, not realizing the warning in his eyes. There, just before them, was the Tyrannosaur, regarding them with cold, hungry eyes. Sansa screamed, a bloodcurdling cry that was quickly cut short as Petyr grabbed her, clapping a hand over her mouth.

“Don’t move,” he breathed, unable to move himself even if he wanted to.

The T-Rex bent down to sniff the Jeep, the air it expelled afterwards stirring Sansa’s fiery curls. Neither of them moved, and for a moment, it seemed as if it had worked. The Tyrannosaur raised its head and walked around the car. Petyr relaxed slightly, loosening his hold on Sansa, removing his hand from her mouth. But then the Jeep lurched as the T-Rex butted its head against it. Bran let out a howl of pain, but Petyr and Sansa couldn’t help him, diving out of the way as the car began to spin, driving them closer to the edge of the enclosure, and the drop off.

Sansa staggered slightly as they neared the edge, grabbing onto Petyr’s arm for support, and the Tyrannosaur kept nudging the car closer and closer. Petyr knew they didn’t have any choice. There was nowhere to go, but down. He dropped to his knees, tugging Sansa down with him, and grabbed one of the cables that had once made up the fence. Sansa’s eyes locked with his, huge and terrified as she realized what he meant for them to do. A steely resolve passed over her face and she nodded, reaching for another cable. Before they could lose their courage, they both went over the edge, clutching the cables in white knuckled fists, feet planted on the cement of the enclosure’s wall.

Above them, the Jeep scraped against the ground as the Tyrannosaur kept knocking into it. Bran was calling for help, and Petyr could see how much it hurt Sansa that she wasn’t able to help him. The car was now teetering on the edge, and though they were moving quickly down the cables, it wasn’t fast enough.

“We need to move over,” Petyr shouted, gesturing to another cable that would take them out of the path of the car as it fell over the edge. He quickly swung over and caught it, pulling himself onto the new one.

Sansa was closer to the car than he was, though, and struggling to make the distance. The Jeep was nearly halfway over the drop off, so dangerously close to plummeting. Desperate, Petyr swung in her direction as she drifted towards him, reaching out a hand. Her fingers closed around his, and he pushed off against the wall when his feet connected with it, the momentum carrying them both away just in time. The Jeep careened over the edge, taking Bran with it, colliding with a tree.

“Bran!” Sansa wailed, staring down at the wreckage in anguish.

“He’ll be fine,” he assured her, not believing his own words for a minute. “We need to get to the bottom first. Then we can help him, ok?”

She stared up at him, face tearstained, expression brittle. “Ok.” Her voice wavered, and he didn’t blame her. He had no family left, had never even had any siblings. But if he had? Something like this would probably wreck him.

They climbed down, palms rubbing raw against the cables as they went, until finally they touched solid earth once more. A large pipe was set into the gigantic cement wall, water rushing forth into a small stream, the runoff from the torrent of rain earlier. Petyr rinsed his hands, wincing as the water stung the tiny cuts and newly exposed skin. Sansa leaned against the wall, her arms wrapped around her thin frame, hugging herself in hopes that she could hold her mind together, along with her body. She looked so broken, shattered even, covered in mud and soaked to the skin, a small cut across her cheek.

Petyr went to her and pulled her into his arms, wanting to comfort her for a moment before he searched for her brother. She buried her face in his neck, a strangled sob escaping her lungs. When she spoke, her voice trembled, her body mimicking its unsteady tone. "My family....What about the rest of my family?"

He didn't want to tell her. She'd had enough heartache. Petyr didn't know exactly what had happened to Ned, and Robb. And Stannis. But the Tyrannosaur had returned. That didn't exactly bode well. He kissed her forehead and drew away. "I'm going to climb that tree. Check on your brother. You stay here, in case one of the others comes searching for us."

Sansa nodded, still in shock, hugging herself more tightly. Petyr kissed her cheek and gave her what he hoped was a reassuring smile, before walking to the tree. High up in its branches, the Jeep was perched, like some sort of bizarre Christmas ornament. He listened for a moment, hoping to hear Sansa's brother calling for help, but there was only silence. Sighing, and dreading what he might find at the top, he began to climb.

Chapter End Notes

And so the craziness begins!

Eager to hear what you think, as always! <3

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Ned, Robb, and Stannis try to lure the T-Rex away from the others. Bran's fate is revealed, and Petyr and Sansa try to figure out what to do.

Chapter Notes

More violence, slightly more graphic than the last chapter

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ned:

Ned was already regretting his decision. It had been stupid and reckless and against all of his better judgement for self preservation, to try and draw the Tyrannosaurus Rex away from Sansa and Bran. Armed only with a lit flare, he had bravely (and stupidly, let's not forget that) attracted the attention of the enormous carnivore, and, rather than tossing the flare aside, which would have been the smart option, he'd bolted, flare held high. It was a father's instinct, to protect his children. Sansa and Bran were in terrible danger, and Arya and Jon were in the next car. He'd been desperate.

But the dinosaur was fast, faster than he had ever imagined. And Ned was having trouble dodging away from the T-Rex's teeth. He'd thought he was done for, until someone came to his aid, and his heart stopped.

"Robb, no!" Ned screamed at his eldest son. "Get back in the car! Please!"

"I'm not leaving you to die," Robb insisted, waving the flare wildly.

The T-Rex stopped, gaze switching between them, until it decided it preferred Robb, and stalked after him. Robb raced off, bellowing at the T-Rex to follow him, hoping to spare his father. Ned refused to let his son sacrifice himself, however, and dashed after them both. He and Robb darted around the T-Rex, confusing it, no thought to their own safety, thinking only of drawing the T-Rex away from everyone else.

Stannis joined the fray, sending hope into Ned's heart as he helped them distract the T-Rex. Without meaning to, they brought the dinosaur to the little outbuilding with the bathrooms, and it plowed through it as if it were made of paper. The walls crumbled, revealing Joffrey, sitting on a toilet, clutching a lit flashlight and shaking in terror. Ned watched in horror as the Tyrannosaurus struck, jaws closing around the screaming boy, vicious jerks of its neck sending Joffrey's limbs flailing. The T-Rex devoured its prey, until nothing remained of Robert's son than the blood dripping from its mouth, coating its sharp teeth.

Stunned, Ned momentarily forgot their goal, standing frozen on the spot. Robb and Stannis were similarly petrified, only shaking themselves from their shock when they noticed the dinosaur had once again turned to Sansa and Bran's Jeep. Ned heard his daughter scream, saw as she and Petyr Baelish were driven to the edge of the Tyrannosaurus paddock, the car forcing their retreat. Too late, Ned, Stannis, and Robb ran forward, just as the Jeep disappeared over the edge.

Ned felt sick, as he scanned the area for a sign of Sansa. Of Bran. Even Baelish. But they were gone. He could hear Arya howling in the other Jeep, and his senses returned. His little girl was in danger. The others might be lost, or possibly they'd made it to safety, but it meant nothing if he

couldn't get the dinosaur away from them.

"Help me!" he begged Stannis, before yelling louder than he'd ever done in his life, rushing into the T-Rex's view.

Stannis followed, and so did Robb, and together they screamed and waved their flares until they were certain the T-Rex wanted them, then ran for their lives, the carnivore thundering after them.

Jon:

Arya was screaming next to Jon, fighting tooth and nail to break out of the car, to help Sansa and Bran, their father and Robb. Jon grunted as he tried to restrain her, knowing that his father would never forgive him if he let her go, wishing he could help the others. He'd watched as the Tyrannosaurus had attacked his siblings, had hunted his father and brother, had eaten Joffrey Baratheon, and sent Sansa and Bran, and Mr. Baelish, over the edge of the dropoff, and out of sight. He wasn't sure how much more he could watch.

It was like some bad movie. Or a dream. A nightmare. And yet it was terrifyingly real. Arya was shouting herself hoarse, kicking him, and driving her fists and elbows into every part of him she could reach, and still he didn't let go. Not until Ned, Robb, and Stannis disappeared down the road, the dinosaur hot on their heels. Arya slackened in his grip, breathing hard, and Jon seized his chance.

He turned to the other man in their car, Clegane. "Please," he begged.

Clegane was a sharp man, and he understood immediately. One strong arm shot out, and he grabbed Arya, hauling her into the front with him. She snarled and kicked at the man, even trying to bite him, but Clegane didn't seem fazed, pinning her in the seat next to him with very little visible effort.

"Keep her safe, in case I don't return," Jon said, grabbing a flashlight and turning it on. "I'm going to look for Sansa and Bran. See if they're alright."

"No!" Arya howled. "Jon, you can't! Let me go with you!"

Jon ignored her, and got out of the Jeep, firmly shutting the door. His sister continued to yell at him, limbs flying as she fought against Clegane, curses streaming from her lips. He glanced around, eyes and ears hyperaware, searching for any imminent danger. A roar reached his ears, but it sounded so far off, and he hoped it meant that his father and Robb were still okay. And Stannis too.

Certain the coast was clear, at least for the moment, Jon hurried to the edge of the T-Rex paddock, where the car had dropped off into the abyss. He peered over the edge, shining his flashlight through the trees. Suspended in one of them was the Jeep, chassis battered and streaked with mud, windows smashed. He couldn't see any signs of life, but he was resolved to investigate regardless.

Several of the cables that had previously made up the fence were dangling over the edge, long enough that they just might reach the bottom, or nearly. A quick glance up at the lights that had previously flashed at the top of the fence reassured Jon that the cables were no longer electrified. Still, he was cautious as he took hold of one, wanting to be absolutely certain that he wasn't about to get fried.

The descent was quick, but brutal on his hands, and when he finally dropped down onto the ground, he was gritting his teeth in pain. A large pipe gushed water into a stream nearby and he rinsed his hands before searching for clues that might alert him of Sansa or Bran. When Jon found the footprints, two sets leading away from the stream, he actually laughed in relief, before sobering slightly. Only two. And Mr. Baelish had been with Sansa before the car forced them over the

edge.

Jon quickly followed the footprints, moving faster when he caught a flash of red. “Sansa?” he called.

Sansa turned around, the relief on her face palpable. “Jon!” she cried. She was standing at the base of a large tree, but when she saw him she darted forwards and pulled him into a fierce hug.

Jon held her close for a moment, before drawing away. “Bran?” he asked anxiously.

Sansa wrung her hands, glancing up. Jon followed her gaze, spotting the crushed Jeep hovering overhead. He could see someone climbing, steadily making their way to the car. “He was still in the car when it went over the edge,” she explained, voice cracking. “Petyr went up to see...” She trailed off, not wanting to finish the thought, but Jon knew what she’d left unsaid. To see if Bran was still alive.

“I’m going up,” Jon announced. He handed Sansa the flashlight. “Here, take this.”

Sansa watched him haul himself into the tree. “What about everyone else?” she asked, sounding as if she dreaded the answer.

Jon paused in his ascent. “Arya’s fine. Dad and Robb used flares to lure the T-Rex away from you guys. They haven’t come back yet.”

“Oh,” Sansa said, staring down at the ground, blinking back tears.

“They’ll be fine,” Jon said, though even he didn’t believe his words. “I’ll be back soon. With Bran.”

Sansa nodded, and he resumed his climb, dreading what he might find when he reached the Jeep.

Petyr:

As Petyr made his way up the tree, weaving in through the branches, he thanked his younger self for his penchant for climbing. Even though it had been years since he’d last been in a tree, it still seemed second nature. Which was a blessing, considering his hands were still red and raw from his descent into the T-Rex paddock. At first, he had tried calling out as he’d climbed, hoping the boy would hear him and respond. But if Bran was okay, he was in too much shock to reply, and Petyr continued in silence, hoping for Sansa’s sake that the boy was still alive.

Petyr finally reached the Jeep, pausing to catch his breath for a moment before daring to glance inside. Below him, he could hear Sansa’s half brother working his way upwards, the tell tale signs of creaking branches and leaves rustling drifting upwards. He braced himself for the worst, and peered inside the broken window.

The boy was there, face pale and covered with muck and blood. Bran stared at him with wide eyes, shivering, clearly scared yet still looking defiant. Ever the Stark. The foul stench of vomit reached Petyr’s nostrils and he struggled not to retch, slowly shifting in the tree so that he could open the door.

“I’ve come to help,” Petyr told the boy, easing the door open. “Your sister’s waiting at the foot of the tree. And Jon is on his way up.”

Bran shook his head as Petyr extended a hand. Petyr frowned. “It’s alright. We’re a bit higher up than one might normally climb, but we’ll make it down ok.”

“It’s not that,” the boy finally spoke, his tone dull. “I’m used to climbing. Mother’s always yelling at me for running around on the roof.”

Petyr furrowed his brow. "Then what's the matter?"

Bran shifted, his expression pained. "I can't feel my legs," he said.

"Oh." It was all Peter could think to say. His heart sank. The kid might be paralyzed....

Jon was closing in on them. "Is he okay?" he called up to them, huffing from the exertion.

"He's alive," Petyr said, knowing okay wasn't the word for it. Not when the kid might never walk again.

Jon pulled up beside him, using another thick branch as his perch. "Bran?"

"Jon," Bran said, voice wavering. "Jon, I can't move."

"Are you stuck?" Jon asked.

Bran shook his head, and Petyr answered for him. "He said he can't feel his legs."

Jon paled, before his face settled in determination. "Let's just get you out of this tree, okay?" He turned to Petyr. "Will you help me?"

"Well, I'm already up here, so I might as well," Petyr said, trying to lighten the mood.

Jon ignored him, reaching in for his brother. Together, they hauled Bran out of the car, and the younger boy wrapped his arms around Jon's neck, legs dangling uselessly as they began to climb down. They moved around to the other side of the tree first, worried that the car might fall from its precarious perch before they reached the ground, Petyr staying close by to help direct Jon to the next branch when he needed it.

When they finally reached the bottom, Petyr helped Jon lower Bran to the ground, Sansa hovering anxiously nearby. "What's wrong?" she asked, as Jon began to prod the younger boy's legs, searching for something that might tell him why Bran couldn't walk.

"Nothing?" Jon asked.

Bran shook his head. "It's as though the entire lower half of my body has gone numb."

Sansa let out a small gasp, kneeling beside her brother. "Oh, Bran."

Petyr stood above them, feeling a bit helpless as Sansa and Jon worried over their younger brother. Finally, when they didn't seem to be getting anywhere, he spoke up. "We need to get moving. Who knows if the Tyrannosaurus might come back. Or if there's something else lurking about."

Jon nodded, face pale. "I don't think we can get back up the way we came though. Not.. Not with Bran."

"No, we couldn't have managed it even if Bran could walk," Petyr said. "I don't know about you, but I have doubts that I could haul myself up that great a distance. Even those with incredible upper arm strength would have difficulty. And our hands have already taken enough damage."

"So what do you suggest?" Sansa gazed at him with wide, blue eyes, her lower lip trembling.

Petyr remembered his mobile phone and pulled it out of his pocket. To his surprise, the wet and the muck hadn't harmed it. But there was still no signal. Mobile phones hadn't quite taken off yet, and they were off in the wilderness in a mostly uninhabited island, so he supposed he should have known better, but it was worth a shot. He sighed. "We'll have to find another way out."

"But how?" Bran asked miserably. "I can't even walk. And we have no idea how to get around the park."

Sansa suddenly brightened at that. "I have a map!" she cried, before her face fell again. "Oh, but it's in the car. In my bag." She glanced back up at the Jeep.

Jon nodded, looking determined. "Right, well I'll just go see if it's still in there then." Without waiting for anyone to reply, he hauled himself back into the tree and began to climb.

Sansa looked like she was going to cry. "But even with the map, what are we going to do about Bran?"

"You can leave me here," Bran told her, trying to look brave. "I'll be okay. The park's huge, and I doubt the T-Rex will willingly return to its cage. When you get back to the others, you can send help."

Sansa shook her head vehemently. "Absolutely not," she said firmly. "I'm not leaving you."

"You don't have a choice," Bran snapped. "You'll get back much faster without me."

"Jon can carry you," Sansa insisted. "We'll figure it out."

"No," Bran glared at her, face set. "I will just slow you down."

There was a rustling of leaves and Jon reappeared above them, carefully maneuvering among the branches until he dropped back down on the ground. "Found it," he said, handing the bag to Sansa.

She rummaged through the bag's contents and pulled out the map of the park, as well as a couple of the brochures. Jon took the map from her and began to study it, while Petyr looked over his shoulder. The way back would take far longer than Petyr would have liked, not taking into account how they would make their way through the barriers. If the electricity went back up before they left the T-Rex paddock, they'd be screwed.

Jon looked exhausted and kept blinking his eyes, trying to clear them, so Petyr took the map from him and traced his finger along the path he thought best. "I think this will be the quickest route. But I have no idea how we'll get past the fences, especially if they turn them back on."

"I suppose we'll have to climb them," Jon said dully.

"Then that's what you'll do," Bran said, a steely gaze in his eyes. "But you better get moving. The sooner you leave, the sooner you'll get back."

Jon frowned at him. "You act like we're leaving you behind."

"It's for the best," Bran said.

"No," Sansa said. "Stop Bran. We're not leaving you."

"Jon can't carry me, Sansa! Nor can you or Mr. Baelish. You look exhausted enough without lugging around extra weight. Please, just leave me and go. I will be fine. They'll send people out looking for me, and when you get back you can tell them exactly where I am." Bran looked determined.

"Ok," Jon said.

"What?" Sansa whirled on her half brother. "You're not serious."

"Bran's right, Sansa. It would be foolish to try and carry him through the park. We shouldn't even really be moving him, if he has a spinal cord injury, which I hope to the gods I'm wrong about." Sansa started to protest again but Jon held his hand up to stop her. "You and Mr. Baelish go on. Find your way back and get help. I will stay with Bran and keep him safe."

Bran opened his mouth with a furious retort, but Jon shook his head. "No. This is not up for discussion." Jon turned to Petyr. "Will you take care of her?"

Petyr nodded. "But we should get the two of you somewhere safe first. Perhaps you could take refuge in that water pipe, by the creek. The runoff should have calmed considerably by now. And you'll need to be close to a water source. Who knows how long you'll have to wait."

Jon nodded. "Good idea." He stooped and carefully picked up Bran, who still looked upset that his brother would be staying behind with him.

Petyr followed them back to the barrier wall, Sansa quiet beside him. He could tell she was still angry about the turn of events, but she obviously had decided it wouldn't do any good to argue. Once Bran and Jon were settled, the siblings shared a tearful goodbye, while Petyr stood awkwardly to the side.

"We'll see you again before you know it," Jon promised Sansa. "Who knows, they might even find us before you get back."

She nodded tearfully and embraced them both before walking back to Petyr's side. "Ok," she said shakily. "Let's go."

Chapter End Notes

I know, poor Bran :(He can't seem to catch a break in any AU. But hey, Petyr and Sansa are striking out on their own, and the possibilities are high for jungle sex, so there's that :).

Also, who expected Joffrey's end?? I didn't want to be too graphic but hopefully it was still satisfying.

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Ned and Cat make important decisions in hopes of keeping their children safe. Arya and Sandor Clegane argue. Petyr and Sansa decide to stop for the night and climb up into the safety of a tree.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Catelyn:

Catelyn was exhausted, soaked to the bone, and more than a little dirty when she, Olenna, and Rickon finally made it back to the hotel, but also completely thrilled. She'd just spent the afternoon caring for a sick Triceratops. And the poor thing was sure to recover now, since she'd discovered that the dinosaur had, in fact, ingested the berries of the West Indian Lilac, though not on purpose. The berries had only come along for the ride, when the Trike had swallowed rocks in order to aid its digestion. Olenna had promised to rid the area of the plant, and now that they knew what had poisoned the dinosaur, they could use medicine to treat her.

Rickon had been very sweet and helpful as well, doing everything he could to make the Trike feel better. He'd even expressed interest in becoming a veterinarian who specialized in dinosaur care, though she knew better than to think that idea would last. For one thing, it would be an incredibly difficult and rare field to break into, and for another, only a week ago he'd wanted to be an astronaut. And before that, a firefighter. Such was the way with kids. Life was so full of possibilities for them. Too bad that optimism rarely lasted.

Unfortunately, Catelyn's good mood didn't last. When they arrived at the hotel, its employees were streaming through the doors, dashing for the park's vehicles with strained looks on their faces. Renly Baratheon and Loras Tyrell were among them, and when they spotted Catelyn, Olenna and Rickon, they headed straight for their Jeep.

"What's going on?" Catelyn demanded.

"They're evacuating the park," Loras explained. "The storms are horrendous, and something's gone wrong with the power. It isn't safe to stay here."

The color drained from Catelyn's face. "Ned and the kids! Are they back?"

Renly shook his head. "No. The phone lines are out, but Robert sent people on foot to spread the news. The tour Jeeps shut down when the power went out."

Catelyn felt sick. "Where are they?"

"Robert didn't say. We're supposed to head for the Visitor's Center to figure out our next move," Renly replied.

Catelyn shook her head. "No," she said firmly. "No, here's what you're going to do. You and Loras are going to get Rickon off of this island. Get him to safety. And I will go to the Visitor's Center to find a way to bring the rest of my family back." Renly looked about ready to argue, but Catelyn cut him off. "Please, I beg of you. I need to know that at least one of my children is safe."

"They'll do it," Olenna assured her. "I'll take you to the Visitor's Center and meet up with my granddaughter so that we can head to the docks together."

Catelyn gave her son a fierce hug. "I love you."

Rickon stared up at her with wide eyes, unable to speak for the terror running through his mind. Her heart ached for her youngest, her baby boy, as he disappeared with Loras and Renly. She hated being separated from him, but she didn't see any other option. Not with Ned and their other children stranded somewhere in the park, their lives possibly hanging in the balance. She didn't want to think about what might have happened to them. But if she could keep at least Rickon safe, she would do it. And she'd try her damndest to get the rest of them back. Family, duty, honor. Those were the words. But family always came first. Always. They were everything to her. And she'd risk her life to get them back. To keep them safe.

Ned:

Everything was lost to Ned, all thoughts gone other than to keep running, and running, and running. To make sure Robb was next to him, feet splashing through the deep puddles as they raced down the path before veering into untamed jungle, hoping to lose the Tyrannosaurus Rex thundering after them. Stannis was there as well, and though their flares had long since gone out, the dinosaur was relentless in its pursuit. It could see them, three figures slipping through the trees, trees which soon crashed to the ground, no match for the enormous carnivore barreling through them.

He lost track of time, of distance, or everything but self preservation, of keeping Robb alive, and Stannis as well. None of them spoke, unable to spare any breath as they fled for their lives, pain spreading through their chests and limbs as they pushed themselves past the breaking point. Ned had no idea what to do, how to find a way out of this that wouldn't result in losing his life. His son's life. Their chances of survival at this point were slim to none.

Ned would willingly give his life for his children, and if he died tonight, and Sansa, Bran, Jon, Robb, and Arya were safe, if Catelyn and Rickon were okay wherever they were, then he'd die a happy man. But Sansa and Bran had disappeared into the T-Rex paddock, and Robb was here next to him, and at the moment everything felt utterly hopeless. He was tired, so very tired, and his brain was numb with shock from everything that had happened, and he couldn't find any way to protect his son, save willingly slowing his limbs and becoming a meal for the Tyrannosaurus pursuing them.

So that's what he did.

Arya:

Jon never came back. He'd said that he would, and yet he hadn't. She had kicked and screamed, sunk her teeth into the man holding her captive, and yet nothing she did seemed to matter. Clegane wouldn't let her go, didn't even seem to notice as she pummeled him continuously, drew blood, cast stinging slaps across his cheek. Either he was used to pain, or he was inhuman. She suspected it was option number three: Both.

After what felt like hours had passed, all the fight drained out of her and she slumped in her seat, exhausted in every imaginable way. Clegane still kept a tight grip on her arm, but she had no will to escape anymore. They were gone. All of them. Sansa and Bran. Robb. Her father. Jon. Only her mother and little Rickon might have been spared. She wanted to cry, and yet she couldn't. What was the point? Tears did nothing to help the dead. Or the living. They only made things worse, sucking the moisture from you until your mouth puckered and you wound up with an excruciating headache

When Clegane finally broke the silence, the sound of his voice seemed so foreign to her ears, so used to the terrified screams of her siblings echoing in her mind. “Don’t think anyone’s coming for us. Maybe we’d best head off on foot, before that thing comes back.”

Arya frowned at him. “You think it’ll come back?”

“Maybe. It’s used to getting food here,” he said, shrugging. Arya flinched at that, and he elaborated. “I meant the goat.”

“But we’ll be safer here in the car,” she said slowly.

“Like your sister and brother were?” he asked bluntly. “We’re sitting ducks here. It’s best we get moving. The entrance to the tour isn’t that far away, and there should still be some vehicles there. If we hurry, we won’t become that dinosaur’s midnight snack.”

Arya tried to strike him, but he blocked her blows. “No, I’m not leaving them,” she insisted.

“I’m not dying for you, little girl,” he snapped. “I promised your brother I’d keep you safe, but not at risk of my own life. If I have to, I’ll toss you over my shoulder and carry you.”

Arya thought about it for a moment, then hit him again when he’d let his guard down. “Fine,” she said, planning on ditching him the first chance she got.

Apparently he suspected as much, because after he hauled her from the car, she’d barely managed to gulp some of the cool night air into her sore lungs when he threw her bodily over his shoulder. Arya cried out in indignation, pounding on his back with her fists, and trying to kick him in the gut, but he just kept moving, the only sign of his discomfort an occasional grunt. She snarled and called him every name she could think of, including a few new ones she made up on the spot, but it wasn’t any use. He kept walking, and with every step she hated him more and more, until she’d decided she needed a hit list, with his name right at the top, at number one.

Sansa:

Sansa couldn’t stop shaking, as she followed Petyr through the dense forest. She couldn’t speak, she couldn’t think, she could barely move, even as she kept plodding along next to him, feeling as if she might collapse at any moment. He didn’t say anything, though he kept giving her sidelong looks in between checking the map and scanning their surroundings for potential threats. His expression was inscrutable, as usual, but she felt certain he wanted to comfort her and just didn’t know how. She didn’t blame him for not knowing what to do, being barely able to function now herself. Who could ever have expected what had just happened to them?

Even as they walked through the area that had once housed the dinosaur that had just torn apart her family (possibly literally. What a horrible thought that was...), her mind and body screamed for her to go back, back towards danger, and the only members of her family that she knew for sure were still alive. Bran might have permanently lost the use of his legs, but he was still with them, still living and breathing and persisting in this terribly cruel world. And Jon was fine, but for a few scratches and cuts, and raw rubbed hands from the descent into the enclosure. And the mental anguish, of course. She hadn’t wanted to leave them, had rebelled against it, but they had insisted.

Her only comfort was that if she had to part from them, if she had to leave them and carry on through unknown peril, at least it was with Petyr. In the face of paralyzing danger, he’d helped her, saved her, and tried to do the same for Bran. Sansa knew that without his help, she might have still been in the car with her younger brother as it sailed over the edge and into the tree. And if it that fall had paralyzed Bran from the waist down, she could only imagine what it might have done to her. Their family might have suffered another loss, in addition to the ones that might have happened earlier that night, when her father and Robb had bravely distracted the T-Rex from

further mauling the Jeep she and Bran were in.

Jon had told her that Arya was fine, as well, but without a way to climb back up, there was no telling what had happened since. Sansa prayed that Clegane had kept to his word and watched over her younger sister. They may have had their differences, but Sansa couldn't imagine going on without Arya. Or any of them. At least her mother and Rickon hadn't come back with them. Perhaps they were safe, still with the Triceratops, or maybe they were already back in the comfort of the hotel. Rickon was still so young, and she just couldn't bear it if anything happened to him. It was bad enough that Bran might never walk again.

Sansa lost track of how long they had been walking, all of her senses muted as every part of her shut down save for the muscles moving her legs. At some point, Petyr's hand had found hers, and she took comfort in it, the touch grounding her, keeping her steady when she stumbled or when her thoughts began to spiral out of control, wracked with grief. On and on they went, drops of water slipping from leaves and branches to fall on their skin, the sky darkening until they could barely see where they were going when the moon was blocked by the trees. They still didn't speak, the only sounds the crunching of twigs underfoot and their ragged breaths.

Finally, Petyr stopped, pulling her over into the shade of an enormous tree, much like the one Bran had just been stuck in. "It's getting too dark to keep going. We should try and get some rest, start again in the morning."

Hearing his voice after such a prolonged silence was slightly jarring, but she nodded. She was so very tired, her limbs shaking from exhaustion, from pent up emotions, from trying to hold herself together against everything that threatened to break her. He folded up the map and tucked it in his pocket, before turning to her again. "Can you climb? It might be best if we took refuge some place high up. I haven't seen anything, but that doesn't mean we are safe from predators."

Sansa knew what he'd left unsaid. There was always a chance that the Tyrannosaurus could come back, catch them unawares as they slept. She glanced up at the tree they stood under, studying it, the branches low enough for them to hoist themselves up, evenly spaced so they could easily climb up most of its length without much difficulty. High up, she could see a nook that looked big enough for them to comfortably rest for the night. Apparently he'd stopped here for a reason. "I haven't climbed a tree in years, but I think I can manage it," she said, giving him a weak smile.

He returned her smile, but it didn't reach his eyes, and they both hauled themselves up into the tree, carefully working their way up. Higher and higher they climbed, and Sansa's hands chafed against the bark, but she willed herself to keep moving. She tried not to look down at the ground, the drop more than a little alarming, even for someone who wasn't particularly afraid of heights. The descent into the T-Rex paddock had been far worse, she told herself. This was nothing in comparison.

Finally, just when she thought she couldn't climb any further, they reached the spot they had sought from the ground. Petyr had gotten there first, and he gave her a hand as she navigated the last few branches, pulling her to safety. Sansa collapsed against his chest, burying her face in his neck as his arms circled around her. She didn't cry, far beyond the point of shedding tears, instead just shaking, a huge lump forming in her throat. Again, he didn't say anything, instead just comforting her with touch, gently rubbing her back and smoothing her hair back from her face.

When she'd regained her composure, she noticed that the nook they had chosen to rest in was a fair amount larger than she'd previously thought. It wouldn't be like sleeping back in the hotel, but it would be comfortable enough, enough space for them to lay curled up without being crammed together, causing them to wake the next morning with stiff limbs. Still, she felt safe in his arms, and had no wish to part from him for the moment, even craving further closeness.

Sansa shifted, slipping into his lap, still leaning against his chest, both of them supported by one of the larger tree branches sprouting from the trunk. Petyr leaned his head back against the rough bark, eyes closing even as he spoke. "Gods, I could use a drink."

She laughed in spite of herself. "I'm afraid all we've got is water." Before they'd left Jon and Bran, they'd filled the two water bottles Sansa had thought to bring with her that day, taking

advantage of the creek. She would be forever grateful for that moment of foresight.

“That’ll do, I suppose,” he said dryly, dipping his hand into the purse still slung across her body and retrieving one of the bottles.

When he’d finished, he offered the bottle to her, and she drank gratefully, making sure, as he had done, to do so sparingly. Who knew when they’d find another water source. Thirst mostly sated, she returned the bottle to her bag and leaned her head against the trunk, next to Petyr’s, her nose nuzzling against his cheek. The corner of his mouth lifted at the contact, and he turned, his mouth brushing against hers in the whisper of a kiss. Sansa felt that familiar jolt of heat, the first thing she’d felt since before everything had gone terribly wrong, and leaned closer, pressing her lips more firmly against his. She’d felt so numb, that to feel something again felt so incredibly wonderful, and she wanted more, wanted to chase that feeling, find that little bit of bliss in the world again, even if it probably wasn’t the most advisable course of action.

He kissed her back, one hand cupping her cheek and she sighed, pulling comfort from every point of contact as his tongue breached the part in her lips to move against hers. The numbness was replaced by a slowly spreading warmth, and she moaned into his mouth, moving her hips to rub against the bulge forming underneath her. They shifted positions, lips still locked, until her back was to the tree branch, and he was on top, mouth hungry against her skin as he sucked and nipped at the shell of her ear, and down her neck, both hands palming her breasts. He teased her nipples through her shirt before tugging the collar down, tongue snaking down her collarbone as he pushed her bra aside.

Sansa gasped as his mouth found her breast, lips, tongue and teeth teasing the sensitive bud in its center before moving to the other. As his mouth worked, his hands continued south, undoing the zipper of her shorts and sliding them down her hips along with her underwear. She writhed underneath him as one hand found her sex, sliding against her slick folds and circling her nub, his mouth leaving her breasts to find a new home between her thighs. Her head fell back as he feasted on her pink flesh, tormented whimpers and pleas spilling from her lips until she cried out his name, her scream carried off into the wind rustling the leaves around them.

Petyr placed another kiss against her swollen folds before moving back up to capture her other lips. Sansa eagerly reciprocated, enjoying how her own taste mingled with his, her hands moving to his waist to free his cock. Though they had more room than she’d expected, up in the tree, they still had limited mobility, and there was still a chance that if they were careless, they might fall, tumbling through the branches to a certain death. While this made it more thrilling, it also meant they needed to be a bit more creative in their couplings.

In the end, she wrapped her arms around the trunk of one of the larger branches, as Petyr eased into her from behind, neither of them fully divested of their clothes. He started out slow, pace building as her moans grew more frantic. At this new angle, he was striking the most delicious spots within her, and she eagerly met his thrusts, spurring the tempo further. The slaps of their skin colliding echoed through the quiet, joined by her gasps, his groans. The bark grated against her skin, but the cool air soothed it, and she urged him to go harder, faster, to never stop. He drove into her relentlessly, and that release was steadily approaching, the torrent of sensation and emotion within her building to its peak.

Petyr was gripping her hips so tightly that she was certain she’d have bruises in the morning, but she didn’t care. Every bit of pain, every burst of pleasure, every wonderful, glorious sensation reminded her that she was alive, that in the face of everything she could still feel, still experience the good things that life had to offer. She could see the night sky up above, the stars piercing through the darkness, and as she finally broke, new ones emerged, brighter and clearer against the velvety black, almost blinding in their ethereal beauty. Their names mingled as they both screamed out into the night, voices raw, and she wondered if maybe their love had writ new constellations into the sky, when those new stars they had birthed didn’t seem to fade.

Afterwards, Petyr discarded the condom (apparently he’d tucked a few into his wallet this morning, on the off chance that they’d find another moment alone again) and they both drank more water before righting their clothes more. They returned to their earlier position, deciding that if he sat with his back to the largest branch, with her curled into his side, they would be the most

comfortable and the least likely to pitch to their deaths. Neither of them were able to keep their eyes open for long, having been exhausted even before they had exerted themselves in search of ecstasy.

Sansa had her head pillowed on his chest, the gentle rhythm of his breaths and heartbeat slowly lulling her to sleep. Before she drifted off, she prayed to the gods to keep her family safe, and thanked them for bringing Petyr into her life. She wasn't sure just yet what they meant to each other, but it felt far more important than anything she'd known before. Her heart told her that she'd fallen for him, that it had happened from the very first moment that they had met, and that she was dangerously close to acknowledging her feelings with the ultimate four letter word. But whether he felt the same still evaded her.

Perhaps, in the grander scheme of things, whether or not he returned her feelings should not have been her top priority at the moment. 'But, then again, maybe it should be', she thought. 'After all, in times of war and strife, love often blooms, helped along with the uncertainty that such times bred. When your life hung in the balance, it always seemed far easier to just go ahead and take the plunge, risk your heart, because what did you have to lose, really, when you could die the very next day. It was better to bear your soul than to cower and never know'.

Emboldened by this train of thought, Sansa said those three words, though they were whispered and muffled, her lips moving against his shirt. Petyr's arms tightened around her and he sighed, his reply thick with sleep and something else, something that assured her of the veracity of his words: "I love you too."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for a little longer wait than usual, but it's a longer chapter and has some smutty goodness so hopefully you don't mind!

This fic is officially done now, and will be 23 chapters long, with the last chapter as the epilogue. All I have to do is go through and edit it to my liking, and post it, of course :). Since I always have to push myself to edit (I'd rather be writing), it will still take a few days between updates.

Can't wait to hear what you think <3

Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

Ramsay has car trouble. Catelyn learns that her family is stranded by the T-Rex paddock, and she and Robert decide to get them. Robb watches in horror as his father makes a terrible decision. Arya thinks about what has happened to her family, and learns a bit more about Joffrey. Petyr comforts Sansa.

Chapter Notes

Warning for violence

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ramsay:

Ramsay had obviously made a wrong turn, and by the time he had realized it he was seeing red, anger and panic flooding through him and making him reckless. He crashed the Jeep through the jungle at breakneck speed, trying to find his way back onto the correct path, until suddenly the car jerked to a halt, throwing him forward in his seat. Furious, he stomped on the gas, but the wheels only squealed in protest.

The rain had stopped, though not before it had turned the ground into sludge, and when Ramsay got out of the car to see what was wrong, he slipped and face planted in the muck. He sat up, cursing and spitting mud out of his mouth, only to start and recoil backwards, his back hitting the side of the Jeep.

A dinosaur, not much taller than he was, was staring at him, head cocked curiously to the side. It made a weird little noise and grinned at him. Ramsay scowled at the stupid thing, and got to his feet, hoping to intimidate it, but it wouldn't back off, still peering at him as if he were the extinct animal and not the other way around.

Ramsay had no idea what type of dinosaur it was, but the fact that he was still alive probably meant that it wasn't a carnivore. It looked quite harmless, in any case, kind of like his hunting dogs before he trained them to crave the scent of blood and viscera. This thought gave him an idea, and he cautiously stooped down to grab a stick from the ground, before standing straight again and waving the branch in front of the dinosaur.

"Fetch? It's a stick, see? And you want it, don't you, you ugly brute," he said, taunting the dinosaur as its eyes followed the stick through the air.

When Ramsay was certain he'd caught the animal's attention, he threw the stick as hard as he could in the other direction, but the moronic thing didn't take the bait. "No wonder you're extinct," he snapped. "Can't even fetch a fucking stick."

The dinosaur snarled at him, a fan opening up around its ugly head, and then it actually spit at him, a viscous black tar like substance that burned his eyes and skin. Ramsay screamed and tried to wipe it away, his vision blurring as he stumbled away. Somehow, he managed to get back inside the car, slamming the door closed. For a moment, he breathed in relief, even as his vision continued to blackout, until he heard a noise and turned in his seat.

Another dinosaur had apparently found its way into the Jeep while Ramsay had been distracted with the first. It repeated the actions of its brother, spitting more goo into his eyes, before lunging.

Ramsay reeled back, but the dinosaur's jaws sunk into his shoulder and he felt his own blood seeping out over his clothes, warming his chilled skin. He was going numb, but not fast enough, and he screamed in pain as the dinosaur began to devour him alive, a thousand moments of watching his dogs do just that on his hunting trips flashing before his eyes.

Catelyn:

Catelyn rode to the Visitor's Center with Olenna, throat tight and hands clenched together in her lap as she silently prayed for the safety of her family. She told herself that she was just being silly, that Ned and the rest of their children were all perfectly fine. They were probably already on their way back, and more than a little disgruntled by the loss of power and the inconvenience of being stuck in those Jeeps until someone came to get them. She and Ned would whisk them away from the island for the night and then decide from there if it was worth staying. There was absolutely nothing to worry about.

She told herself this, repeating it like a mantra, but it didn't seem to do anything to quell the fear in her heart. Some instinct told her that something had gone terribly, horribly wrong. That Ned and the kids were in danger. A mother's instinct. A spouse's instinct. An instinct that drove her to leap from the car the moment Olenna had stopped it, rushing off towards where she remembered the park's control room to be.

It was dark outside, and it was dark inside, the power out and no natural light to stream through the windows. This made it more difficult to navigate, but Catelyn managed it nonetheless, bursting through the doors to find Robert and a young woman hovering over a computer screen, faces white. Apparently this room had been spared from the power outage, the lights almost blinding after finding her way through so much darkness.

"Where are they?" Catelyn demanded, chest heaving from running down flights of stairs.

Robert's face blanched further, turning slightly gray, and her heart sank. "Last we saw, they were stranded by the T-Rex paddock," he said, voice holding none of its usual boisterous quality.

The young woman spoke up. "We had to send most of the employees off of the island, for safety reasons, but we sent for Loras and Renly. They should be here soon, hopefully, and we'll send them to pick up the others."

"I met them at the hotel," Catelyn said. "When they told me what was going on, I had them take Rickon and join the others making their way off the island."

Robert groaned. "Well, there goes that plan then."

"I did what I had to in order to keep my child safe," Catelyn snapped. "And I am fully capable of driving out to collect them."

Robert sighed. "Very well. But I'll come with you. One Jeep isn't nearly enough to hold everyone. In truth we might need three, but I need Margaery to stay here and sort out the mess." He turned to the young woman. "We'll be back shortly. Do what you can in the meantime. And if you see Ramsay, keep him here."

Margaery nodded and Catelyn followed Robert out of the room, heart thumping painfully hard. "They're *fine*", she told herself. Over and over. So why didn't she believe it?"

Robb:

One moment Robb was running for his life, his father and Stannis right by his side. The next, his father had dropped back, no longer keeping pace with his strides, and Robb felt a sickening feeling in his gut. He kept running for a few paces before turning his head, hoping that Ned wasn't about to do what he feared. But, of course, he was.

His reckless, noble father had decided that in order to best protect him, he needed to sacrifice himself. Robb stopped, stumbling over a tree root as he turned completely, watching in sheer horror as Ned ran straight past the T-Rex, trying to divert its attention. The dinosaur whipped its head around and lunged, jaws snapping around Ned's leg.

"No!" Robb screamed, voice desperate, feet rooted to the ground as he watched his father's feet leave the ground.

The Tyrannosaurus swung Ned like a rag doll and released him, his body arching through the air before tumbling down a steep hill. Beside Robb, Stannis Baratheon swore, and darted off in the direction Ned had flown, only to change direction when the dinosaur focused on him instead. It bellowed out another terrible roar and charged, chasing Stannis through the trees. Robb just stood there for a moment, dazed, before shaking himself back into focus and running over to the steep hill where he'd last seen his father.

Slipping and sliding, he found his way down the hill, tracking muck all through his clothes and hair. His father wasn't at the bottom, but a quick glance told him where Ned had lain for a moment, only to crawl off. Robb followed the tracks, moving faster when he saw a slumped form by the edge of a large pond. He rushed forward, crouching next to Ned, almost crying in relief when he saw that his father was still alive.

Ned's face was taut with pain, his breaths coming out in short gasps, and Robb's heart dropped again when he took in the state of his father's leg. It was bloody and mangled, deep cuts ribboning through the flesh. Ned struggled to sit up, and Robb reached over to help steady him, despair flooding through him.

"Why?" he demanded.

Ned could only grimace at him, unable to talk through the pain. Robb groaned and tried to clear his mind. He needed a plan. A way to get them back to safety, if indeed there was any such place. But first, first he needed to tend to Ned's wound. He was steadily losing blood, and wouldn't last much longer if Robb didn't do something to stem the flow.

Robb tore the sleeves from his t-shirt and quickly rinsed the wound, before tying the cloth around Ned's leg. It wasn't enough, so he tore up his father's shirt as well, binding the wounds as best as he could. When he was finished, he stood, surveying the area around them, hoping to find somewhere they could hide, in case the dinosaur came back.

But this attempt at forethought came far too late. Robb heard the telltale signs of the Tyrannosaurus's approach, saw the ripples forming in the water from the incredible impact. Not knowing what else to do, he seized his father and made his way into the water, heading as deep as he dared, until only their heads were visible.

"We're going to go under, when it gets near, ok?" he whispered.

Ned only nodded, his teeth gritted. Robb kept his eyes trained on the surrounding forest, waiting, watching. When the dinosaur appeared once more, they both took in deep breaths, and sunk completely under the surface.

Arya:

Arya couldn't imagine feeling more miserable than she did at this moment. She hurt. Everywhere. Her throat was raw from screaming and yelling curses and insults at the man carrying her through the woods. And her limbs and fists ached from the physical assaults she'd been inflicting on Clegane, and Jon before that. Even her feet hurt.

But all of that pain couldn't begin to compare with the mental anguish she was currently experiencing. She had been separated from everyone. Her entire family scattered in the wake of the T-Rex's wrath. And she'd seen the Tyrannosaurus Rex eat someone. Thankfully it hadn't been anyone in her family, or anyone she really knew or cared about. But still. She couldn't shake the image out of her head. The way Joffrey had sat, huddled on a toilet, blinking up at the dinosaur with a flashlight clutched to his chest. The way the dinosaur had lunged and taken its meal.

She hadn't exactly liked the guy, but she was fairly certain he hadn't deserved such a death. Though, on second thought, Arya remembered how Joffrey had seemed to enjoy the massacre of that poor cow, yesterday at the cage containing the velociraptors. And she had a feeling Joffrey had done something to make Sansa uncomfortable too, the way Sansa seemed to be doing her best to avoid him. But still. She wasn't sure if anyone deserved to get eaten.

Of course, if Clegane continued on his merry way, she might change her mind. She didn't care that he was trying to help her, in his stupid misguided way. She didn't need his help. Or want it. Jon had begged the man to keep her safe, as if she needed protection. She was hardly a child. Her sixteen years begged to differ on that point. But he'd acted like she was. Like she was a little girl, or some ridiculous damsel in distress. She didn't need saving.

Unfortunately, Clegane was far bigger than her, and stronger too. Arya had years of karate lessons under her belt, but clearly he'd been fighting far longer than her, since nothing she tried seemed to work. Either that or the man couldn't feel pain. At that thought, she kicked her foot into his stomach, grinning in satisfaction when he let out a grunt.

"You keep that up and I'll take off your shoes," he warned.

"You can't keep carrying me," she snapped back. "You're going to get tired eventually."

"It's not that far."

Arya snorted. "Yeah, except you left the path. You probably got us lost."

"Nope."

"How do you know?" she demanded. "And why'd you leave the path anyway?"

"Because, if we kept walking out in the open, it would be pretty fucking easy for the dinosaur to spot us, don't you think? Better to find cover." His voice was a harsh growl, but she wasn't intimidated. He hadn't hurt her yet, even though she'd done more than enough damage to him.

Since she recognized the sense in his words, she chose not to fight him on that point any longer, though she wasn't about to let him know she agreed with him either. Instead, she decided to aggravate him further. "Guess you're out a job now."

"Guess so." He paused. "Can't say I mind."

Arya frowned. "That's a bit harsh."

Clegane barked out a laugh. "Not if you knew the kid like I did."

"What's he done then?" she asked curiously. Then, as a thought struck her, she continued. "Did he do that to your face?"

"No."

"Then what?" she pressed.

“Let’s just say, that your sister’s lucky Joffrey’s dead.”

“What’s Sansa got to do with anything?” Arya said, then felt stupid, because of course, she’d been thinking earlier that Joffrey had been bothering her.

Clegane huffed. “Joffrey doesn’t take lightly to rejection. He’d have cornered her, sooner or later. And then your fathers wouldn’t have been quite so friendly towards one another.”

She didn’t like the sound of that. That fucking prick deserved to get eaten off the toilet then, she decided. She was grateful that Sansa had been spared of that, at least. Though who knew what had happened to her since they’d all been separated. She hoped her sister was okay, wherever she was.

Sansa:

It was still dark when Sansa woke, and for a moment she was terribly disoriented, wondering what the hell she was doing sleeping in a tree. Then it all came back to her and she let out a strangled gasp, her hands fisting in Petyr’s shirt. He’d been asleep, but he woke with a start, pulling her closer as sobs wracked her body. No tears would come, but the tremors still shook through her, her breath drawing and releasing in painful spurts.

“Shh,” he whispered, his breath stirring the hair at her scalp, and, as if his voice held the cure to unbearable heartache, she immediately stilled in his arms, slumping against him.

Sansa squeezed her eyelids closed, trying to block out the pain that still whirled through her mind, unwilling to subside along with the physical manifestations of her grief. Petyr rubbed her arms and back, pressing kisses to the top of her head, murmuring soft words of comfort and she slid closer, nuzzling her head against his chest. The contact helped ground her, made her feel stronger, when it felt like she’d previously been a feather, caught in the wind, drifting along at its mercy. Life had turned so cruel today.

Petyr had been so right, earlier, when he’d talked to her about Chaos Theory. That conversation seemed like a lifetime ago now, just like anything else normal that she remembered, but she still recalled it with perfect clarity. “You were right,” she said, voice breaking as she voiced her thoughts.

“Hmm?”

“About the park. Chaos. Unpredictability. Robert Baratheon shouldn’t have attempted to do something like this without knowing all of the risks. And now it’s too late.” Her voice was bitter and brittle and at that moment she hated her father’s friend. If only he’d asked for Petyr’s opinion earlier...

“Oh, sweetling.” He sighed. “Don’t give up hope just yet. Unpredictability works in both ways. There’s still a chance. We might yet make it out alive. Along with everyone else.”

Sansa shivered, trying to cling to that thought, but it was difficult, in light of everything that had happened. “I don’t know how I’ll manage, if anything happened to them. It’s bad enough that Bran...” She couldn’t bring herself to say it.

“Don’t fret over it, my love. Right now, we need to rest. Build up our strength for tomorrow. We still have a long way to walk.” His voice was soft and laced with a tenderness that she’d only just begun to hear from him.

She knew he was right, but still, she couldn’t seem to quiet the turmoil in her mind, not enough to go back to sleep anyway. Biting her lip, she raised her head to look at him, moving close enough to brush her lips against his. “Make me forget,” she pleaded. “Just for a little while?”

Petyr didn't say anything, just kissed her back, helping flood her mind with something other than the agony of what Chaos had done to her family. She clung to him and lost herself, becoming one with the heavens above, to a place where neither worry nor strife existed. And when she came back to earth, she could finally sleep, his beating heart the sweetest lullaby she'd ever known.

Chapter End Notes

Were any of you worried about Ned? Also, a fitting end for Ramsay, no?

Love you all <333333

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

Robert and Catelyn learn that the T-Rex has escaped, and search for everyone. Arya and Clegane make a startling discovery. Petyr reflects on his feelings for Sansa.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Catelyn:

Robert led Catelyn directly to the parking lot where the employee Jeeps were kept, handing her the keys to one before climbing into another. The cars roared to life, and they were on their way, driving along the path with only moonlight and headlights to guide them. Robert went first, since he knew far better than her where they were going, though he'd given her a map and shown her the path before they'd left, just in case they got separated.

They drove through areas with employee only access, taking a far quicker route than the tour, and soon they were almost there. Catelyn could feel the dread building in her veins as they approached, and couldn't hold back a strangled sob as her eyes took in the scene. It was a massacre. Two of the Jeeps sat abandoned on the path, and the third was nowhere to be seen. The cables that made up the fencing surrounding the T-Rex paddock had snapped, granting an exit to something very tall and very large. Something that was almost certainly the Tyrannosaurus.

It was far worse than she could have ever imagined. There weren't any signs of life anywhere. No children were waiting for her, safely tucked in their cars. No husband smiling at her through the window, waiting for her with cheerful reassurances that everything was just fine. Instead, the outbuilding near the paddock had been smashed to bits, and there were horrible spatters of red coating the pavement.

They pulled to a stop and got out of their cars, each turning on heavy utility flashlights. Catelyn thought about calling for them, shouting out the names of the children and husband she'd left behind, but then thought better of it. Those she was searching for might very well hear her, but so would the enormous carnivore that was currently loose about the park. Instead, she aimed the beam of her flashlight through the darkness, searching for a flash of movement, for something, anything. Robert looked pale, following her lead and searching the area in silence, desperate for answers.

All they found were the splatters of blood dotting the wreckage of the bathrooms, bits of clothing and mangled flesh, and a shoe. Catelyn picked it up, and nearly vomited when she realized that the shoe's owner was still wearing it, in a way. She didn't recognize it, the knowledge flooding her with relief as she realized that it wasn't from any of her children, or Ned.

Robert spotted her holding the shoe and trotted closer, his face ashen as he took it from her. He stared down at it blankly for a moment, then looked up at her. "This... This is Joffrey's shoe," he said.

Suddenly she felt bad for feeling so relieved. "Are you sure?" she asked.

"This is Joffrey's shoe," he said again, still staring at it in disbelief.

Catelyn gently took the shoe from him, disengaging his firm grip and setting it aside. "There might still be hope," she began, then stopped as he violently shook his head.

"No. Not with that amount of blood." Robert stared off into the distance, eyes unfocused.

Catelyn had to admit that he was right. Joffrey was gone. As for the others.... She squared her shoulders, a fierce determination filling her. No matter what it took, she'd find Ned and her children and get them to safety. They were the only things that mattered.

Normally she might have comforted a man who had just lost his son, but with her family's lives hanging in the balance, and a vicious man-eating dinosaur on the loose, she had to focus her priorities elsewhere. Catelyn laid a comforting hand on Robert's arm, and gave it a soft squeeze before heading to the break in the fence. The third Jeep hadn't simply disappeared into thin air. She was certain that it would be lying somewhere in the paddock, though she hoped with all of her heart that nobody had been inside when it had gone over the edge.

Her suspicions were proven correct, and she spotted the Jeep tangled in the upper branches of an enormous tree. It looked as if it had gone through a demolition derby, its chassis battered and crunched inward. Sides streaked with mud, windows smashed. Catelyn turned and called Robert over, pointing down, and he followed her gaze mutely. "Is there a way to get down there?" she prompted him.

Robert nodded and walked away. She followed him to a door hidden in the foliage, down dark, steep staircases, gripping the rail tightly with one hand as she trained her flashlight through the black. All the while, she tried to steel herself for what she might find at the bottom. She only hoped that if she found anyone, they would be alive.

They reached the bottom of the steps, and Robert opened the door, footsteps heavily crunching through the fallen leaves and twigs. Catelyn followed close behind and soon she could see a small creek, water rushing along with a fiercer swiftness than normal, helped along by the torrential rain from earlier. Above it, a large pipe was fitted into the concrete wall, water flowing from its opening, rushing along something else that dangled, something that looked almost as if it were alive.

Catelyn heard voices, and suddenly realized it was a pair of legs. Her heart soared, and she rushed forward, calling out the names of her children. Of her husband. The figure leaped from the pipe, straightening up to greet her, and immediately her spirits sank. It was Jon. Her husband's bastard.

Jon's expression fell as he noticed that she was less than pleased to see him, and he returned to the pipe, reaching inside. Catelyn watched, stunned and heartbroken, bitter tears filling her eyes. Instead of easing her poor heart, the gods had only given her Jon. She wasn't cruel enough to wish harm on the boy, and she was grateful that he was ok, but she desperately needed to make sure that the others were ok, *her* children, her flesh and blood.

Jon stepped back from the pipe, and she noticed that someone was clinging to him. Her heart stopped as her eyes clapped onto Bran, who looked pale and soaked to the skin, but alive. Catelyn cried out and ran to meet them, stopping short when she realized something was wrong. Why was Jon carrying Bran?

"Mom!" Bran cried, looking relieved.

She reached out a tentative hand, sweeping the damp hair off of her son's brow. "What happened?"

Before Bran could answer, Jon spoke up. "It's a long story, but we'd best get moving. There's no telling when the T-Rex might come back, and Bran needs medical attention."

Catelyn nodded and pressed a kiss to Bran's forehead. "Of course. Come, we'll get you in the Jeep."

Robert led them back up the stairs, still unusually silent, Jon carrying Bran, and Catelyn bringing up the rear. As they ascended, she forced herself to ask questions, though she feared the answers the boys would give her. "And the others?"

Jon was quiet, focused on making it safely up the steps, so Bran answered instead. "Sansa's okay, last we saw. She and Mr. Baelish left to try and find their way back quite a while ago. We figured that if they made it back first, they could tell everyone where we were."

Catelyn wasn't sure she liked the sound of that. Her daughter, alone in the jungle with Petyr. She hadn't seen Petyr in years, and she had no idea of the man he'd grown up to be. But at least Sansa was alive, and she wasn't alone. She only hoped that the fear of the moment wouldn't drive them to do something stupid. If he touched her daughter, she wasn't about to hold Ned back from killing him, even if he'd helped her. If Ned was even still alive...

"And your father? Robb? Arya?" A lump was forming in her throat. She willed herself not to cry.

"Arya's not up there?" Jon asked, voice alarmed.

The beam of the flashlight went wild as Catelyn's hand shook. "No."

They reached the top, and made their way back to the service Jeeps. As they settled Bran into the car, Jon quickly explained what had happened. Catelyn was finding it harder and harder to hold herself together, but she kept going, for her children's sake. Robert finally broke his silence when he'd learned about how her husband and eldest son, along with Stannis, tempted the T-Rex away from the others. He told her that he would drive through the jungle, searching for them for as long as it took, Tyrannosaurus Rex be damned. Catelyn thanked him and got back into her Jeep. She decided it was best to bring Bran and Jon back to the Visitor's Center first, before heading back out to search for Arya, Robb, Sansa, and Ned.

She'd find them all. If she had to bring down Tyrannosaurus Rex herself, she would do it to save her family. Nothing compared to a mother's wrath. Not even the king of the dinosaurs.

Arya:

Clegane carried Arya the whole damn way to the Jeeps parked outside of the tour, and then shoved her into a seat and buckled her in. She snapped at him that she wasn't a child, but Clegane only glowered at her and began to hotwire the car. As he worked, she thought about getting out and running, but now she was so far away from the others that it was useless anyway. She'd never be able to find them, and only get lost in the process.

Instead she unsnapped her seat belt in an act of defiance and flung her legs up on the dash. He worked with surprising efficiency and soon the Jeep sparked to life, and they were off. Before long, they were driving through the half finished buildings of the park, all completely abandoned and eerily quiet. She spotted the raptor cage again, and as they neared it she withdrew her legs from the dash and sat up, mouth gaping.

"You look like a fucking trout," Clegane commented. "What the fuck are you gawping at?"

"That." Arya pointed at the hole torn into the cage's side. The perfect size for a Velociraptor to slip through.

Clegane swore and pressed his foot to the gas. "The hell was Robert thinking with this place? Who wants to go to a park only to get eaten?"

"Well, it's basically the same as a zoo if you think about it. Those have lions and bears and whatnot, all capable of killing humans, and families visit them all the time," Arya said reasonably.

Clegane glared at her and they screeched to a halt in front of the Visitor's Center. Before Arya could move, he snatched her out of her seat again and hauled her inside. She didn't see why he bothered, considering they were already there and even she knew it would be suicide to go back out there, but she kicked him in the stomach again for good measure anyway. He was still treating her like a child after all, and even if she was going willingly she wasn't about to make it easy for him.

Robert:

Robert couldn't seem to process what had happened. He drove through the jungle, searching intently for signs of his brother, for Ned and his kids, trying to follow the path of destruction he'd come across early on. Trees had been felled, knocked down in the wake of what had to be the T-Rex, and Robert crawled along, listening carefully for any sounds that might alert him of another's presence.

The image of Joffrey's shoe kept flashing in his mind, and he kept shaking his head to clear it, much like a dog shaking off water after a bath. His brain felt hazy, all fuzzy and clouded, and he was having trouble focusing on the task at hand. He kept staring without really seeing, driving on without really taking in his surroundings, and sooner or later he suspected he might wind up colliding with a tree.

So, when a figure careened in front of the car, his reflexes were more than a little lacking, and he nearly hit the man highlighted by the beam of the Jeep's headlights. Stannis jumped into the car, slamming the door after him, and Robert continued, mind clearing somewhat with the knowledge that his brother, at least, was safe. They'd never seen eye to eye, but all in all, the man was family.

Stannis told Robert what had happened, how he, Ned and Robb had baited the dinosaur into following him, how Ned had tried to sacrifice himself to protect his son, how the dinosaur had chosen to chase him instead. The T-Rex had cornered Stannis in a crevice of rock, trying for what seemed like hours to pull him out before stomping off. At Stannis' directions, they made their way back to the place where he'd last seen Ned and Robb, carefully driving down a steep hill and to a pond.

There, by the water's edge, was Ned, slumped against his son and looking utterly spent. When the men noticed the Jeep's approach, they both looked up and hope bloomed in their eyes. Robert's heart lightened at the sight, bringing far more joy than the knowledge of his brother's safety. Stannis might have been his blood, but Ned had become more of a brother to him than either Stannis or Renly, and Robert was more grateful that Ned was alive than he could possibly express.

Petyr:

Petyr was still awake long after Sansa had drifted back to sleep. She was curled up against him, legs swung over his lap, her head pillowed on his chest, fiery waves just under his chin. Even dirty and distressed, emotionally and physically drained, she looked beautiful. The moonlight picked up the golden strands in her hair, making them shimmer with an ethereal quality that stole his breath away.

She'd told him that she loved him earlier. And he'd said it back, without a second's hesitation. He'd even meant it, those three words far truer than any he'd ever spoken in his life. It was strange, the way the Chaos of life worked. Unpredictability at its finest. He'd only met Sansa yesterday, but from that moment he'd been captivated by her, snared by the net those gorgeous blue eyes had cast his way. And she'd wanted him too.

As if he were the moon, pulling the waves of her ocean eyes, she'd swayed into his embrace, crashing into him with a fierceness that both surprised and delighted him. It had been years since he'd entertained the idea of love. Not since Catelyn had he ever even broached the subject. But compared to what he felt now, his love for Catelyn seemed child's play. And he supposed it was. He'd been so young, at the time. So much had changed since then.

He wasn't certain how much Sansa's declaration came from stress and fear, and how much came from actual depth of feelings, though. She was still so young, only nineteen, and they'd met only yesterday. They barely knew each other, and while he had experience on his side, enough to know that his feelings weren't simply born out of the terror of the moment, the same couldn't be said for her. She was distraught, torn up with worry about her family, her grief and anguish coloring her thoughts. It wouldn't be surprising if she had only mistaken her feelings for love, when really they leaned instead towards intense attraction.

And, he had taken her virginity yesterday. That alone might have been enough to confuse the poor girl. Petyr really was in over his head here. Once again, lost in the thrall of an enchanting woman, his affections far outpacing hers. He regretted saying it back now, knowing that the revelation would only lead to heartbreak later on. If they made it out of this alive, she'd come to her senses sooner or later, and he'd be left alone, devastated once again by unrequited love.

He wouldn't take it back though. Sansa had been through enough, and he cared about her far too much to break her heart in hopes of sparing himself. It was masochistic, but he wouldn't be the first to put himself in harm's way for the one he loved. Nor was it the first time he had done something like that. She was worth it.

Petyr only hoped that he'd be able to get them both out of the park, off of Isla Nublar, alive. With all their limbs intact, and as many of her family members as he could manage. For her sake, more than anything, in that regard. He knew she'd be shattered if she lost any of them, and that in turn would shatter him. Even now his heart ached with the pain he knew she was already feeling, and that was only from Bran's paralysis and the uncertainty of the fates of the rest of her family. It would be far, far worse if any of them lost their lives.

Sansa shifted in his arms and sighed, the sound and movement bringing him out of his thoughts and back to the present. He needed to get some sleep. If he stayed up all night, he could hardly protect her from the terrors that lurked in the jungle below. Not that he could do much in a face off with a Tyrannosaurus Rex, but his wits hadn't failed him yet, so keeping his mind sharp was even more imperative than ever. Petyr kissed the top of her head and closed his eyes, letting the haze of sleep envelop him. He dreamed of Sansa, her eyes vibrant and full of love and mischief as she tempted him into the ocean, her hair flowing like fire in the cool blue water. When he dove into the depths after her, she pulled him close, filling his lungs with her breath as they kissed, each sustaining the other's lives beneath the waves.

Chapter End Notes

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Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Robert attempts to drive Stannis, Ned, and Robb back to safety. Arya is reunited with her family.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ned:

Ned was nearly delirious from the pain and blood loss when Robert and Stannis drove up in the Jeep, the headlights washing over him and his son like a beacon pulling them to salvation. He was soaked to the bone, and shivering despite the humidity still hanging in the air, the moisture so thick it felt like he'd been smothered by a wet blanket. Robb and the Baratheons hauled him into the car, carefully setting him into the back so as not to cause him further discomfort, and then climbed in themselves. The engine roared to life and they took off, moving far slower than he would have liked, hindered by the dense jungle surrounding them.

He still wasn't entirely sure he was really alive, in truth. Only the pain reminded him that he hadn't joined the gods. He'd been prepared to die earlier, to sacrifice himself in hopes of giving Robb time to escape. In the end, though, the T-Rex hadn't wanted him. Perhaps it wasn't hungry, or maybe it had wanted to play with its food first. Maybe it was tired of willing victims, tired of not being able to hunt as it was born to do, its captivity robbing it of satisfying its natural urges. Or, maybe the gods had heard his prayers, had seen how he'd willingly thrown himself into danger, and spared his life, along with Robb's.

Whatever the case, he was grateful. The pain was horrendous, and yet both he and Robb had survived, were on their way to safety. Ned only hoped that Catelyn and the rest of his kids were alright. As they drove through the jungle, he prayed to the old gods once more.

They finally broke free from the trees, turning onto an open path, picking up speed. Everyone was silent in the car, too shocked or consumed by pain to say anything, though Ned was desperate to hear whether Robert had any news of the others. He wished Robb would ask, but after what they'd just been through, his son probably couldn't summon the energy to speak for the moment. No matter. They'd be back soon, and he'd have proper medical care and be able to ask the questions himself. Or, Catelyn and the rest of the kids would be waiting there for him, all scared and worried but alive and unhurt. He and Robb would be safe soon.

Or so he thought.

Not a minute after they'd turned onto the path, Ned heard the sounds again. The ground shook, tree limbs waving, as steady, enormous footfalls made their approach. In the tremors, he heard echoes of earlier that night, remembered the terrified screams of his children, remembered how the dinosaur had devoured Joffrey, how it had nearly done the same to him. The treeline by the road shattered as the T-Rex burst through, branches and leaves exploding into the air and whipping against the frame of the Jeep.

Robert gave an angry bellow and stomped on the gas. The car shot forward as the Tyrannosaurus charged, and Ned weakly turned in his seat to watch, having no other options available other than to stare in horrified fascination as their doom chased after them. Beside him, Robb's face had drained of its color, and Ned wished that he had the strength to speak, to provide some kind of comfort. Though, in truth, he wouldn't have known what to say. He'd never been the best with words. Actions had always served him far better.

The Jeep careened along at incredible speed, but Tyrannosaurus Rex kept gaining on them, and Ned couldn't do more than watch, helpless, as it drew level with them and nudged the car with its head. The others were shouting, the sounds mingling with the dinosaur's roars, and his head spun, the pain and blood loss and mental anguish finally reaching its peak. He lost consciousness, the deafening noises piercing the air suddenly muted with an equally deafening silence, and slumped down in his seat. His last thoughts were of despair and shame, that he had failed to protect Robb, that the gods had forsaken him after all....

When Ned finally woke up again he was in a dimly lit room, stretched out on a table. And Catelyn was there. And Robb and Jon, and Arya too. He smiled weakly up at his family for a moment before passing out again. Whether they were simply a hallucination, or actually there, dead with him, or alive by his side, he didn't know. But he sure was happy to see them again.

Arya:

Clegane had brought Arya down into the basement of the Visitor's Center, and into something called the Control Room, before finally setting her down. She kicked at his boot and scowled at him as he began to talk to the two women waiting inside, then looked around the room in hopes of finding her family. Unfortunately, it seemed that no one was there, save for that vet she'd met earlier that day, the one tending the sick Triceratops, and a younger woman about Sansa's age.

The older woman gave her a quick once over and then nodded, mouth set in a firm line. "Catelyn will be relieved to hear you're safe," she said.

Arya stared at her, then broke into a smile. "You've seen my mother?"

The woman nodded. "I drove her and Rickon back to the hotel myself. When we found out what was going on, Catelyn sent Rickon off the island with my grandson and Renly Baratheon, before heading out with Robert to look for everyone."

Arya's face fell. "What? No! There's a T-Rex on the loose out there!"

The younger woman jerked away from the computer and stood up. "Is this true, Sandor?" she demanded.

Clegane (she supposed Sandor must be his first name. Weird) nodded. "Afraid that's not the worst of it either. We passed by the Raptor cage on the way. They've escaped as well."

The younger woman paled. "Oh, gods. What are we going to do?" She dropped into her seat, looking sick.

"The only thing we can do," the older woman said. "Keep trying to bring the power back online, Margaery dear." She turned to Clegane. "And you. You're well versed in firearms, I suppose?" Clegane nodded. "Good. I'll show you where Robert keeps the stash. If Raptors are running amok, we're going to need all the help we can get."

Arya watched them leave, feeling helpless once more. The other girl ignored her, tapping away at the computer, a look of furious concentration on her face. She was about to ask where the bathroom was when the room burst in a flurry of activity. Catelyn flung the door open, holding it ajar for Jon, who was carrying Bran in his arms. They all froze for a moment when they saw her, before Catelyn rushed forward and pulled her into a fierce hug.

"Thank the gods," her mother whispered. She drew away, holding her at arm's length so she could study her body for any injuries. "Are you alright?"

Arya nodded, turning to look at Bran. "Yes, but--"

She was interrupted by Clegane's return, the older woman close behind. Catelyn sighed in relief. "Oh, I'm so glad you haven't left. Olenna, my son..." She trailed off, gesturing helplessly in Bran's direction.

The next hour was a whirlwind of information and activity, as Olenna tended to Bran, and everyone relayed their version of what had happened that afternoon. Arya was so relieved to see Jon and her mother, to know that Bran was alive, and Sansa too, though her fear for the others' safety still gnawed in the pit of her stomach. It was a miracle that those who had made it back were ok, and she was certain that Robb and her father wouldn't be so lucky.

If you could really call Bran lucky, considering his current state. Her younger brother had been assessed by Olenna, and though she was hesitant to give them a diagnosis, lacking proper medical equipment and a degree specializing in human medical care, she finally told them that Bran had lost the use of his legs. Whether it was temporary or permanent remained to be seen, but it was still a harsh blow. Her brother might never walk again. Bran, who was always so adventurous, climbing all over everything from the moment he could move. Arya had to remind herself that it could be far worse. Bran was alive, at least. He'd been spared. And for that, she was grateful.

Just when things seemed to calm down again, Arya heard noise coming from the Control Room. She, her mother, Jon, and Bran had all retreated to what seemed to be a breakroom, with snack machines, a water cooler, tables and chairs, a couch, and even a fridge. But Olenna, Margaery and Clegane had all stayed in the Control Room, Margaery still hard at work trying to get the park systems back online, and the other two giving their family privacy. However, the voices drifting back to the breakroom sounded different, tones urgent, and Arya and Jon and her mother all jumped to their feet as the door banged open.

Stannis Baratheon backed into the room first, carrying someone in his arms, helped by Robb. Catelyn let out a cry of alarm and rushed forward as they placed Ned on the table previously occupied by Bran. Arya's mouth went dry at the sight, taking in her father's unconscious form, his leg bound and soaked with blood. She tried to go to him, but Jon held her back, and she sat back down, flanked by him and Bran on the old threadbare sofa.

Olenna followed them in, and set to work, Robb assisting her in caring for his father. Catelyn clutched Ned's limp hand, eyes red with unshed tears as Robb peeled back the fabric binding his wound, and cleaned the gash, while Olenna set up an IV. Apparently she'd stopped to get more medical supplies after caring for Bran, suspecting that they'd likely need them again before the night was over.

It seemed to take ages, but finally the wounds had been stitched and properly bandaged, and the color was coming back into her father's cheeks. He didn't wake until hours later, after they'd all had the chance to get cleaned up in the bathrooms, sponging off and changing into spare clothing that Olenna had pilfered from the laboratory locker rooms. Catelyn never left her husband's side, standing vigil the entire time, waving off food or drink, or promptings to use the restroom or wash up. Only when Ned briefly opened his eyes did she finally relax, shoulders drooping as the tension left her body.

Arya tried to sleep that night, but her rest was fitful at best. She could hear Robert and his brother arguing in the next room, debating about the best course of action. Margaery was still trying to get the phones back online, to restore the park's electric fences, her grandmother offering encouragement in between checking on Ned. Catelyn had finally eaten something after Ned woke up, and had talked for awhile with Robert and Stannis before returning to the breakroom once more, a cell phone clutched in her fist. Over and over she dialed the same number, looking more and more distraught with each failure to connect the call.

Bran, Robb, and Jon had long ago drifted off to sleep, too exhausted not to, all slumped together on the couch. Arya was still wedged in between Bran and Jon, but she wriggled out to go sit next to her mother at one of the tables. "Who are you trying to call?"

Catelyn looked up at her, bleary eyed. "Mr. Baelish. But I can't even get a signal to make the call in the first place."

Of course. She should have realized. Everyone had come back but Sansa. Her sister was still out there, all alone except for a man she barely knew. “There’s probably no signal out there either,” Arya said reasonably. “If his phone even still works.”

“I know,” her mother said dejectedly. “But I have to try.”

Arya reached out and took her mother’s free hand, giving it a squeeze. “She’ll be okay.”

She only hoped she was right.

Chapter End Notes

No Petyr or Sansa in this chapter, sorry, but the next chapter is all them! And I will be posting it in the next few days :).

Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Petyr and Sansa make a startling discovery as they make their way through the park.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sansa:

Sansa awoke the next morning with sunlight warming her skin, its rays softly filtering through the leaves of the trees and dappling her skin with light. A gentle breeze stirred her hair, and she could feel Petyr's heartbeat, a steady thump that had kept her sane throughout the long night. She could hear snatches of birdsong drifting along the wind, and for a moment she felt completely at peace.

Unfortunately, that fragile veil of serenity soon lifted, as she remembered everything that had happened. She was stranded, out in the middle of the jungle, with man-eating dinosaurs galavanting about. It didn't seem real. This kind of thing only happened in the movies. And yet here she was.

At least she wasn't alone. The one thing holding her together, amidst all of the chaos and grief, was the man currently holding her, his arms bringing more security than anything she'd ever known. Sansa had met Petyr only two days ago, and yet things had progressed so quickly between them that she couldn't imagine anyone else she'd rather be stranded with, the threat of imminent danger so palpable. She loved him. It was strange and terrifying, completely at odds with common sense, and yet she knew it with more certainty than anything in her life. She hadn't meant to tell him, but the words had slipped out, drawn from her lips in the wake of tragedy and the unsurpassable bliss they had found in the safety of the tree last night.

And he'd said it back. His words were genuine, she knew it in her heart, though it still didn't quite seem real. Nothing seemed real lately though. This whole trip had been part beautiful dream, and part twisted nightmare, filled with death and gore, love and lust, excitement and joy, loss and pain. Every imaginable aspect of life had been crammed into these last two days, and the adventure seemed far from over.

Sansa wondered if they would make it through this with their minds intact. Even if they escaped with their lives, any normal human being would be completely traumatized by the horrors they'd just experienced. Would they ever be able to recover? What would happen afterwards? Would she head back home, hopefully with her entire family, only to be parted forever from Petyr? Or would they find a way to be together?

In light of everything, she probably shouldn't have been so focused on her romantic entanglements, but if she was going to worry about something, and her mind was dead set on that course, she wanted to worry about something that normal people worried about. Something that had hope, had promise, a possible future. She didn't want to worry about her parents, or siblings, because thinking about them would only break her. And right now, she needed to be strong. Strong enough to trek through the jungle and make it back to civilization alive.

These thoughts spun around in her mind as they climbed back down from the tree, and began picking their way through the densely packed foliage. They'd shared one of the granola bars she'd stuffed in her purse yesterday morning (a moment of foresight she thanked her past self for) as they walked, chasing it down with water from the bottles they'd filled yesterday. Petyr held her hand as they wove through the trees, stopping occasionally to consult the map. Sansa was grateful for the contact, each caress of his thumb across her skin helping to ground her, keep her steady when everything else threatened to overwhelm her.

They reached the other side of the T-Rex paddock, and stopped, staring up at the lines of cables with matching grimaces. The lights that normally flashed red in warning were dark, a sign that the power was still out, and that the cables were no longer electrified. Sense told her that it would be safe to climb, but still she held back, eyeing the cables warily.

Petyr picked up a stick and tossed it at the fence, and nothing happened, no spark or sizzle as the wood struck. He shrugged, then stepped forward and took hold of the cable with both hands. For a moment she thought everything was fine, and then he began to twitch. Sansa screamed, rushing forward, frantic, until suddenly he stopped and turned to her with a smirk, eyes dancing with mirth. She screamed again, this time in outrage, picked up a stick and whacked him with it.

“You prick,” she snarled, ignoring his laughter as she kept hitting him with the stick. “Why would you do that?”

He backed up against the fence, holding his hands up in surrender. “I’m sorry, sweetling. It was just a joke. A very poor one, obviously.”

In the back of her mind, she knew he’d never been in any danger, that he’d showed her first that the fence wasn’t electrified, and yet she was still furious. She was terrified of losing anyone she loved at the moment, and a little prank like that certainly wasn’t helping matters. Sansa hit him with the stick again before collapsing into his arms. “Don’t you dare do that again,” she said, voice muffled against his neck.

“I won’t,” he promised.

Sansa raised her head and kissed him, her hand sliding over his heart, craving further reassurance that he was still okay. When she broke away, she gave him a sheepish smile, and shrugged her shoulders. “Any other time that really would have been funny,” she admitted.

Petyr chuckled and kissed her again, then turned to the fence once more. This time, when he took hold of the fence, he didn’t shake, instead hauling himself up, movements sure and steady. Sansa followed him, wobbling slightly as the cables shifted, swaying and bending as they supported the weight of two people. Navigating over the top was the worst part, but she managed it well enough, and soon they were both on the ground, on the opposite side of the paddock.

Rather than dense forest, they now found themselves on open terrain, rolling hills spreading far out into the distance. They had worked their way along the towering concrete wall that lined one side of the T-Rex paddock until they reached the fence. Now, on the other side, they stuck close to that wall, hoping that sooner or later the terrain would rise, and they could make a right, back towards the Visitor’s Center.

According to the map, they were in the great open area that housed the majority of the dinosaur herds, all peaceful herbivores, the space curving expansively in all directions (save one), one of which would take them back to safety. Or at least they hoped. Considering the fact that the T-Rex was on the loose, and the fences were no longer electrified, there really wasn’t anywhere safe, in truth. But if they could at least make it back to the others, they might have a chance.

As they walked, they began to talk, first about mundane things such as the weather or how hungry they were, but then about far more interesting and intimate topics. Sansa peppered Petyr with questions, always turning the focus back to him whenever he asked about her own life. She didn’t want to talk about herself at the moment. Not with everything she’d ever known so fragile. It hurt too much. Instead she needed distraction, to lose herself in the details of his life, what made him tick. Her heart ached to know, anyway, and the information kept her mind from turning numb and frozen, stagnant as it failed to process the pain.

At first Petyr was reluctant, unused to revealing himself to anyone, years of shutting himself away from everything and everyone not a habit easily broken. But he seemed to know how much it helped her, to open up, and that made it easier to answer her questions. Sansa learned how he had come to study mathematics, how he had risen up in the world, surviving and thriving on wits and talent. How he had made his fortune, how he’d spent years studying on his own, working multiple dead end jobs just to get by until he’d made a key discovery, shooting to popularity seemingly

overnight in the mathematical community. He'd popularized on that fame to increase his assets, playing the stock market with self taught knowledge, all the while making incredible strides in his research, revolutionizing the very fabric of what had previously been known of Chaos Theory.

Petyr hadn't ever married, throwing himself into his work instead, though he'd had the occasional fling. Never anything serious. No one had really ever caught his interest, and he had long ago soured on love anyway. Though somehow that had changed in the last two days, he'd said, bringing a smile to Sansa's lips that hadn't faltered for quite some time. She believed him, and ached for him, for the years of loneliness he must have had.

Sansa learned other things as well, a thousand little details concerning likes and dislikes, personal preferences, views on important issues, hobbies, and the like. She'd already known he had a fondness for mint, but his skills in knife throwing completely blindsided her. Unfortunately, though she'd begged him for a demonstration, he only had a pocket knife on hand, which wasn't exactly suitable for such purposes. Petyr promised to show her sometime, once they made it off Isla Nublar of course, and she teased him and insinuated that he was probably just winding her up, since he wouldn't show her.

For awhile, Sansa almost forgot where they were and why, until Petyr stopped short by a tree, looking grave. They'd reached forestation once more, though it was only a small pocket of trees, a few minutes to walk through the grouping at best. She followed his gaze and gasped. They were standing next to a nest, abandoned and broken eggshells scattered around, tiny footprints leading away, temporarily preserved in the soft earth.

Petyr crouched down and picked up a shell, nearly intact save for a gash on one end, where the infant had broken free. "Only females in Jurassic Park, huh?" He put it back and stood up, reaching for her hand. "Come on."

"How can they be breeding?" she asked, hastening her steps as he moved far more quickly through the trees than before.

He shook his head and sighed, not slowing down. "Either Robert lied, or life found a way."

"But how?" she pressed.

Petyr didn't answer for awhile, the silence so long that she thought maybe he wasn't going to. She glanced over at him quickly, unable to do more than that without stumbling over tree roots. He looked deep in thought, and she marveled at how he seemed to be so wrapped up in his thoughts and yet didn't lead them straight into a tree in his distraction.

They left the trees again, the unforgiving sun once more beating against their skin. His pace slowed when they left the shade, and she knew it was because they had a limited water supply, and it was better not to overexert themselves in the heat. Sansa didn't say anything, not wanting to interrupt his train of thought, though she hoped he would say something soon, as the absence of his voice was leaving room for the darker musings of her mind to rear their ugly heads.

Finally, when she was almost at the point of not being able to bear the silence a second longer, he spoke. "Do you remember the video we watched the day before yesterday, sweetling?"

Sansa frowned. That day seemed so long ago, a distant happy dream of lust and want, happiness and amusement. She did remember the video, though not with as much clarity as the feeling that had flooded through her when he'd toyed with her braid as they watched it. "Not really," she confessed. "It seemed a bit goofy, and someone was being a bit distracting at the time, anyway."

A ghost of a smirk quirked his lips. "You enjoyed every minute of it, I'm sure."

"I did." Sansa grinned at him. "But, you were saying?"

"Well, as obnoxious as the video was, there were still some key bits of information, hidden as they were by the ridiculous presentation. They mentioned extracting the DNA from mosquitoes trapped in amber, and then filling in the sequence gaps. With frog DNA."

She wasn't sure what was so significant about that. "And?"

"And certain types of frogs have been known to bypass threats to their survival, namely the lack of diversity in their population, with a feat few species can manage. When the number of females far outnumber the males, or vice versa, they change sexes spontaneously, evening out the population better for breeding purposes," Petyr supplied, looking quite pleased with himself.

Sansa gaped at him. "So the frog DNA they used... The dinosaurs can change sex?"

He nodded. "If it weren't for the danger this posed, I'd sure love to gloat to Robert about that particular lack of foresight. Of course, I might do that anyway, if we ever get off this godforsaken island."

She smiled in spite of herself. "That's the spirit. Take joy in the little things," she said cheekily.

That beautiful smirk came back. "I knew there was a reason I liked you."

Sansa stopped walking, tugging on Petyr's hand to make him stop. She kissed him fiercely, pressing close, losing herself for just a moment. When she pulled back, they were both a bit breathless. "If I have to be here, stranded, I'm glad it's with you," she said.

Petyr gave her a lopsided smile and brushed her hair behind her ear, the locks fighting with the wind. "Me too, my love."

Chapter End Notes

Those pesky dinosaurs, finding a way to breed when there's already enough Chaos for everyone to deal with...

LOL

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Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Ned finally wakes up, and learns that Sansa is stranded in the jungle with Petyr. Sansa and Petyr continue to make their way back to the Visitor's Center, and have a talk about their future.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Catelyn:

By the time morning came, the kids were getting squirrely. Catelyn couldn't blame them. They'd been through so much in just a few short hours, and now they were all cramped together in the breakroom, without much in the way of food or drink, and without entertainment. None of them had been able to get much sleep last night, though that wasn't entirely due to the lack of comfort. She could see the toll that grief had taken on them, see how worried they were that Sansa hadn't returned yet, and that Ned was still passed out, heavily medicated.

Catelyn was grateful that at least Rickon had been taken to safety, though she wished that she had some way to talk to her youngest, to make sure he was handling everything okay, and reassure him that they'd see each other soon. Not that she could guarantee that, but at the moment, words were all she had. But the phone lines were still down, along with most of the park's electricity. Robert's cell phone didn't have service either, though she frequently kept dialing Petyr's number on it regardless, hoping for a miracle.

She stayed with her children, and by Ned's side, in the breakroom through most of the night, occasionally checking in with Robert and the others in hopes of hearing about Sansa, or about any progress they'd made in restoring the power. Though Margaery and Stannis were trying their best, it seemed that whatever their top security aide had done to cause the shutdown yesterday was beyond their scope. Catelyn wished she could help them, but computers had never been her forte. She knew Sansa had some talent in that area, and wished again that her daughter was by her side, and not only because her skills were needed at the moment. The thought that she might never see her oldest daughter again was like a vice gripping her heart, and in her prayers she cried out for relief.

Eventually Olenna remembered that the kitchens in the Visitor's Center were still fully stocked, the food spoiling now that the electricity there had failed. She brought up cartons of ice cream for the kids as a treat, and all of them brightened at the sight, gorging themselves on chocolate, vanilla, and other random varieties. Catelyn normally wouldn't have allowed them such an indulgence, but in light of everything, she decided that she could be lax just this once. The food brought brief smiles back to their faces, a temporary salve against gaping wounds, but a welcome one nonetheless.

When Ned finally awoke around ten that morning, this time for more than a few seconds, and with a far clearer head, Catelyn and her children, and Jon, crowded around him. They scooted the couch where Bran lay close to Ned, and they all stood together for a time, tears silently tracing their cheeks. After awhile, Ned spoke, voice shaking and cracked from disuse. "But where's Rickon? And Sansa?" he croaked, trying to sit up so he could better look for his two missing children.

Catelyn took his hand. "Rickon's safe. I sent him off of the island, with Renly, and Loras Tyrell. They left with all of the other park employees, on a boat to Costa Rica. Renly promised to keep him safe."

Ned visibly relaxed for a second, before realizing what she'd left out. "And Sansa?"

"We don't know," Catelyn said, and her voice shook, along with the hand she'd slipped into his. She fought to compose herself, knowing that she needed to be strong for her children right now.

Bran spoke up then, explaining what had happened, his voice so steady that she knew he was overcompensating for the loss he had sustained last night, trying to show them that he hadn't yet been broken in spirit along with his body. When Ned heard that Sansa was out in the jungle, alone with Petyr, he'd paled and tried to sit up again. Catelyn firmly forced him back against the cushions they'd propped under him.

"But we have to do something," Ned insisted. "Our little girl is out there, all alone except for a man she barely knows, surrounded by countless dangers."

Catelyn bit her lip, willing herself not to cry. "I know, but we can't risk it, Ned. You cannot go out searching for her, and I won't allow any of the kids to either. It's too dangerous. We just need to trust that Petyr will bring her back to us.

Ned stared up at her in disbelief. "Trust Littlefinger? You've got to be kidding me. Gods Cat, I'd trust the dinosaurs over that man."

"I know you two have had your differences, but Petyr was once like a brother to me. He wouldn't put her in harm's way. Please, don't make this any worse than it already is," she pleaded. "I have to have faith that he'll keep her safe."

Her husband glowered for a moment, and Catelyn felt despair sink into her veins, pulling her under. She didn't want to fight with Ned. Not now. Not over Petyr and the past that had long ago passed them by. They were all quiet for a few minutes, the kids not knowing what was going on, and Catelyn fighting a silent battle of wills with her husband.

Finally, Bran broke the silence. "He saved her," he said quietly. "He pulled her from the Jeep, and tried to help me as well. But the dinosaur came back, and..." He trailed off for a moment then continued, voice determined. "I was stuck in the tree, and I couldn't move. I didn't know what had happened to Petyr and Sansa, or to any of you. I thought I was going to die there, all alone.

"But Mr. Baelish climbed the tree, came to check on me. When he found out that I couldn't move, he looked genuinely upset. And then Jon joined us, and they both helped get me out of the tree. We weren't going to separate, but I insisted that it would be too difficult for them to carry me. I wouldn't leave. And then Jon said he'd stay behind with me, that Sansa and Mr. Baelish should try to find their way back, to send people to help once they arrived. They had a map, they plotted out a route and everything." Bran turned to Jon. "Mr. Baelish promised us that he'd get her back safely, remember? And he suggested that we wait in the pipe."

Jon nodded. "I think he'll do what he can to bring Sansa back," he said carefully.

Catelyn knew from his tone that Jon had realized what Bran had failed to comprehend, in his youth. Ned was worried about Sansa being alone with Petyr for an entirely different reason than whether or not Petyr cared for her safety. So was she, if she was being honest with herself. She'd noticed the way her daughter kept gravitating towards Petyr since they'd met. But she'd hoped that Petyr still had some sense of morality, enough to keep away from her daughter.

She hadn't seen him for years, not since the night he'd nearly died at Ned's hands, during that foolish fight. The boy she'd known wouldn't have dreamed of romancing some nineteen year old he'd only just met, but perhaps that boy had changed in the years that had passed. Regardless, she knew the temptations that fear could bring, and she had to admit that Ned had a reason to be worried. She wasn't about to tell him that though. No need to escalate things. Not with everything that had happened. That still *could* happen.

Of course, Bran's words did little to quiet Ned's concerns, but her husband realized that he was fighting a losing battle in any case, and slumped resignedly back against the cushions. "What's the plan, then?" he asked wearily.

Sansa:

By midday, they were out of water, but they'd spotted a lake stretching off in the distance, and decided it would be a worthy detour. Petyr had consulted the map, and based on how far they'd come, he estimated that it would be at least another couple of hours before they were back. Since it was hot, the sun relentless, and the shade intermittent, they needed to keep hydrated. Especially since they were running on almost no food.

When they reached the lake, stopping by the shallows on the end that wasn't overcrowded with dinosaurs, Sansa eagerly drank her fill before rinsing some of the dust and dirt from her skin and hair. She knew she probably looked dreadful, covered in grime and blood and mud, hair wild and uncombed. Petyr sat beside her at the lake's edge while she tried to clean up, combing her fingers through her damp hair before tying it in a loose braid with a spare hair tie she'd found in her bag. He'd cleaned up as well, though he hadn't been nearly as bedraggled as she was, and she thought it was quite unfair that he still managed to look incredibly sexy with his hair mussed and clothes rumpled. Even more so, actually, with more stubble lining his jaw than before, just begging to rub against the sensitive skin of her thighs.

They decided to take a small break after they'd filled the water bottles, climbing up into another tree for safety reasons, nestling high up in the crook of enormous branches. This tree afforded far less movement than the one they'd slept in last night, but they still found a way to give into their lust. Sansa straddled his lap, bare from the waist down, riding him as she gripped a tree branch just behind his head. Petyr kept one hand on her hips, the other on the tree, planting his feet against the bark and bucking up into her as she came down, and the terror of falling to their deaths mingled with the pleasure coiling within, sparking a furious heat in their movements. The branches creaked as they undulated against each other, the bark rubbing against their skin, bare and through clothes, yet none of it seemed to matter as long as they kept up their pace.

Their mouths kept meeting, kisses bruising, and neither of them held back their moans, releasing their ecstasies unashamedly into the world beyond, cries and shouts echoing without restraint. When Sansa came, she screamed his name louder than she'd ever screamed anything before, the pleasure of being so free combining with her release so exquisitely that she convulsed again, one orgasm chasing the other. She collapsed against his chest, sweaty and spent, and he held her close as their breaths slowed.

When they could move again, she slipped her shorts back on (with a fair amount of difficulty, being up in the tree) and returned to his lap. They both drifted off for awhile, halfway between sleep and wakefulness, the air heady and thick and spurring on their drowsiness. Despite everything, Sansa almost felt as if she never wanted to leave the tree, never wanted to break the spell of what she had with Petyr. Once they made it back to the Visitor's Center, there would be safety for sure, but they'd also be separated. There wouldn't be any chances to be together once she'd reunited with her family, and, as much as she was desperate to see them again, she didn't want to lose that. She didn't want to be torn from him. Not with having already lost so much.

Not to mention, who knew what awaited her when she came back. The fates of her father, mother, and siblings all hung in the balance. Here with Petyr, in the jungle, she could still hold out the hope that they were all okay, could drive away the worry with ferocious jungle sex, high up the trees. But once she had come back, that last bit of hope would be ripped away. She would likely learn with absolute certainty what had happened to everyone. And she dreaded it.

As Sansa hovered on the brink of sleep, she heard the crackle of branches nearby, and her sleepy musings were cut painfully short. She sat up, eyes snapping open and turned towards the sound, freezing when she realized what it was. Petyr's arms tightened around her waist, and they both stared in shock as the head of a Brachiosaurus loomed nearby, placidly munching on the leaves it had just pulled from their tree. It didn't seem to notice them, or if it did, it just didn't care, calmly stripping off more leaves for its midday meal.

They waited for what seemed like an eternity before the dinosaur finally left them, footfalls shaking the earth as it wandered back towards the lake. Petyr decided they'd better get out of the tree before another took its place, and Sansa heartily agreed, quickly following him back to the ground.

As they walked, she held his hand, lost in thought for awhile before finally gaining the nerve to speak, craving reassurance. "When we get back, what will happen?"

"What do you mean, sweetling?" Petyr asked. "With the park?"

She shook her head. "No. With us." Her voice was so quiet, laced with uncertainty, and her heart braced itself for a crushing blow.

Petyr stopped walking, and turned to face her, his gaze searching. He looked conflicted, and Sansa looked away from him, tears brimming in her eyes. "I don't know," he said softly, raising a hand to cup her cheek and gently turning her face back towards his. "But we'll work it out. Whatever it is that you want, I'll make it happen."

Sansa had closed her eyes when he'd turned her face, unable to look at him, but she opened them again, gaze hopeful. "Really?"

"Yes. If we make it off of this island, and you still want this, we'll find a way to be together."

She frowned. "If I still want this?"

Petyr sighed. "You've been through so much, my love. It would be foolish of me to presume that your heart is set on its course. I'm prepared for that eventuality."

"Don't be. I'm not changing my mind," Sansa promised, stepping into his arms and kissing him again. When she pulled away, she whispered against his lips, "I fell for you long before the Tyrannosaurus Rex broke free. Before we'd had sex, before we'd even kissed. One look, that was all it took. It's illogical, and unpredictable, but sometimes life finds a way. *Love* finds a way."

Petyr smiled at that, and kissed her again, and Sansa knew that as long as he was by her side, she'd be okay. Chaos might have brought terrible things in its wake, but it had also brought another force along with it. One far stronger and far more unpredictable, two ancient, indescribable entities battling for dominance. And somehow she knew which would prevail.

Chapter End Notes

LOL Petyr and Sansa, sitting in a tree, K I S S I N G

Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Catelyn, Sandor, Robert, and Stannis all work to bring the power back online. Sansa and Petyr finally reach the perimeter fence.

trigger warning: violence

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Catelyn:

Now that Ned was awake, he'd insisted on talking with Robert, and Catelyn had dragged the two remaining Baratheons into the room so they could all talk. Robert and Stannis had been fighting all night, at odds over what to do, and when Ned intervened, with Catelyn's help, they finally decided on a course of action. It seemed that someone named Ramsay had basically designed the park's security and electrical systems, all automated from his computer, and though Margaery was smart, she couldn't make any headway on whatever had happened.

Ramsay himself had disappeared sometime before everything had gone wrong, and no one could find him, so they were left with only two options: Either they wait for him to return, or they try and reboot the whole system, hoping that whatever had malfunctioned would reset when it came back on. Unfortunately, the system had never fully been rebooted before, and the chances were slim that it would come back on again, let alone that it would suddenly be in full, working order.

Robert was all for giving it a shot, but Stannis kept warning him that it was all just conjecture. If they were wrong, they might lose what little power they had, and be far worse off than before. Anything still running could shut down, and then they'd have far more difficulties than they'd already been dealing with. More dinosaurs would make their escape, wreaking even more havoc. They already had the T-Rex barreling around, along with the raptors. It just seemed too big a risk.

But Ned sided with Robert, and Catelyn agreed. She figured that Ramsay must have split with the rest of the employees yesterday evening. They didn't have any other options. At least they could try. For Sansa's sake. For the hope of getting off this island without losing anyone else.

So, they attempted to reboot the system, holding their breaths as they waited. The rooms went dark, and then failed to lighten again. Catelyn's heart sank and she slumped into a chair, holding her head in her hands. She was nearly on the point of breaking when Margaery called out that it had worked, voice excited as she pointed at the computer screen.

"What do you mean it worked?" Robert demanded. "The lights are still out."

"The circuits must have been tripped, that's all. All we need to do is send someone to manually bring the power back on, and then everything should be back up and running," Margaery explained.

Catelyn sat up, listening intently. She was in the breakroom with her family, having no way to help the others in the control room, but she could hear them all the same. Beside her, Ned looked hopeful, and so did their kids.

"I'll take care of it," Stannis said. "Give me three minutes, and we'll be back in business."

They all released a collective sigh of relief. Stannis left, and they waited. Waited for the lights to come back on. Waited for him to return. But he never did.

Robert:

After an hour, they had realized that Stannis wasn't coming back. Something had gone wrong. Robert knew that they still needed someone to go get the power running. And that task unfortunately fell to him.

He was the only uninjured adult left, save for Clegane, who really had no reason to risk his life for everyone. Ned was unable to even stand, Renly had left them, Petyr was off running around in the jungle with Ned's gorgeous daughter. Ned had two sons that had reached adulthood, but he wouldn't let them out of his sight. That left Catelyn, and Margaery and Olenna, but Robert would be damned if he let a woman go out there when he was fully capable.

And it was his park, after all. It was only fitting that he should save it. But in truth, he was terrified. The T-Rex had devoured his first born, leaving behind only fragments. And the Raptors were loose. But he had to try. For Ned. And Catelyn. And their kids.

Robert had little left to live for, anyway. He had parted from his hateful wife, his children held no love for him, save Joffrey, who had already been ripped from his grasp. Though he honestly held little affection for any of them, having never taken the time to bond with them. But he felt his son's loss all the same. And Stannis was likely dead, and Renly had never wanted him around. He could do this, even if it meant losing his life. The only ones to mourn him would be those he'd saved.

So, he volunteered, only to be shot down. 'They needed him', Ned insisted. He was the head of Jurassic Park, the one that knew it best, and if he were to die, they'd be floundering around in the dark. Robert heard the sense in their words, and yet he'd never felt so useless. His life's work was failing, and he was being kept on the sidelines, helpless, a man of action robbed.

Sandor Clegane:

You would have thought that by now, he'd be used to being surrounded by people he didn't know, didn't care about, but he wasn't. Maybe it was the fact that in all likelihood he was about to die, but the knowledge that he was the odd man out once again, grated more than usual. Sandor listened to the others fret about those that were missing, noting that no one seemed to give a damn whether or not Littlefinger returned, only worrying about the pretty little bird he was supposedly stranded with. He kept quiet, and to himself, having little knowledge about the park, and no one to comfort over their woes.

His reason for even being here, Joffrey 'Almighty Cunt' Baratheon, was dead, snatched off the toilet and into the jaws of the T-Rex. A better death than the prick had deserved, though Sandor dreaded the wrath of the boy's mother. If he even made it out of this alive. Which he doubted. Regardless, he was here, friendless as usual, and wondering how he'd manage to get out of this clusterfuck.

When Stannis didn't return, Robert had stood up, hoping to play the hero in the mess he'd created, only to be talked out of it. Sandor listened as the Stark family squabbled amongst themselves, trying to find a better solution, his head pounding from all of the noise. He really needed a stiff drink.

"You're not going," snapped Ned.

The oldest Stark child looked furious. "Well you can't, and you won't let Mr. Baratheon go, so

logically-”

“Logically, the task would fall to me,” Catelyn finished, interrupting her son.

Both men stared at her. Probably the rest of the family as well, but Sandor couldn’t see them all through the open door.

“Absolutely not,” Ned said.

“We don’t have a choice, Ned. I won’t let Robb go, not with Sansa still out there. I can’t lose another child.”

“And I can’t lose you,” Ned insisted.

Sandor sighed. He might as well volunteer. Anything to stop the bickering and get things moving along. “I’ll do it.”

Everyone stared at him, looking for all the world like they’d forgotten he was even there. They probably had. Catelyn lifted her chin, looking determined, and said, “We’ll both go. Best not to go alone, considering the circumstances.”

Another torrent of arguing ensued, but eventually it was decided. Sandor struck out into danger with the redheaded Stark matriarch by his side, armed with a handgun, flashlights, walkie talkies, and a map. They didn’t speak, silently making their way across the compound in one of the company Jeeps, towards the utility shed. When they pulled up to the gate, it was left ajar, and they shared a look of unease as they got out of the car.

The building was set back, hidden by forest behind the gate, and they picked their way through, glancing warily about for any sign of dinosaurs. Sandor kept his gun ready, the safety already off, sweat sheening on his forehead from more than just the stifling heat. He saw the shed through the trees, and thought maybe they’d be in the clear, before movement caught the corner of his eye.

“Fuck,” he breathed, stopping short and holding out an arm to halt Catelyn’s steps. She froze beside him.

He saw it again, and knew they were fucked. “Run!” he hissed, whirling around to take aim.

Catelyn didn’t hesitate, bolting for the door, leaving him alone. Sandor fired off several rounds as the dinosaur charged, nearly emptying the chamber into the scaly beast. It flopped to the ground, eyes lifeless, and he breathed a sigh of relief before his sight blurred, and he was knocked sideways, a second Raptor lunging out of his blindspot. Clever girl...

The dinosaur tore at his flesh. He knew he wouldn’t make it, knew he hadn’t the slightest chance. But he’d be damned if he’d let the fucker eat him alive. Sandor gripped the gun with his hand and put it against his temple. He fired the final bullet, and everything went completely, blissfully black.

Sansa:

Sansa was so tired, so hungry, so overcome with worry and grief and fear. And yet all of it seemed like nothing in comparison with her joy. She wondered if something was wrong with her, that she could be so happy at a time like this. But she’d fallen in love, had felt it return, and Petyr had just promised that they would not be separated once they left Isla Nublar.

It hadn’t even occurred to her before that he might doubt her feelings for him. She’d been so wrapped up in whether he’d wanted her, that she hadn’t even considered the notion that he’d been fighting with similar anxieties. Petyr hadn’t shown any signs of doubting her regard before, all cool confidence and nonchalance, packaged with that signature smirk, barely a hint showing of

what was truly going on beneath the surface. Sansa only hoped that he'd believed her, when she'd promised that her love wasn't in danger of fading. She knew his fears were not unwarranted, considering their situation. All common sense told her this, that she wasn't thinking clearly, that she was mistaken. But love wasn't bound by common sense. And she knew without a sliver of a doubt that she'd always love him.

They'd stood there awhile, mouths moving hungrily, heedless of the fact that they were standing out in the open, easy pickings for any hungry dinosaur that might come along. Petyr finally broke away, looking a bit dazed, and took her hand, pulling her after him as he began to walk again. "Plenty of time for that later," he said, tossing her another smirk.

Sansa's body certainly had other ideas, and her mind too, but she complied nonetheless, threading her fingers through his. "I'm counting on it."

He flashed her another wicked grin, and it shot straight to her core. She shook her head, trying to clear it, thoughts heady with lust. Damn him. A mere look and she practically found release on the spot. Normally she might think that a blessing, but not when it put her life at risk. She was just lucky he seemed to have a better control over his urges. If it were up to her, they'd be rolling around in the grass this very moment, collecting green stains on their already worn clothes.

They were probably a half an hour's walk from the perimeter fence when it happened. Sansa heard a steady thundering, felt the ground shudder under the impact of dozens of feet. They both stopped, gazes searching for the source, a flicker of fear building along with intense curiosity. As they watched, a large herd of small dinosaurs raced across the meadow, darting around in synchronized movements. The dinosaurs were only slightly taller than the average human, built similarly to a Velociraptor, or a kangaroo, and years of growing up with her parents allowed her to identify them as Gallimimus.

Sansa relaxed, finding comfort in the knowledge that they were herbivores, until Petyr spoke, sounding tense. "The way they're moving... It's like they're evading a predator."

No sooner had he said the words, when Tyrannosaurus Rex made another most unwelcome appearance, bursting through the nearby cluster of trees. Petyr pulled her behind an enormous felled tree, and they crouched in its shadow, watching in horror as the carnivore hunted the other dinosaurs, finally snatching one with razor sharp teeth. Sansa felt almost frozen with fear, watching the T-Rex feed, and it was with some difficulty that Petyr managed to tug her away. They ran, bent low to the ground in hopes that the T-Rex wouldn't see their flight, hands still clasped as though they might be safer somehow by maintaining that connection.

When they finally slowed, her lungs were burning, and the fence lining the park's perimeter was looming just ahead. They stopped pelting across the grass, but kept moving, salvation just ahead, so close they could taste it. Blood roared in her ears, and her thoughts grew singular, shutting out everything but making it to the fence and finding her way over the top.

And finally, finally they were there. The lights were still off, the warning signs against touching the fence made liars once the power had faltered, and Petyr tossed another stick to test it, before they both began to climb. Before Sansa knew it, they were on the other side, and she fell into his embrace, laughing and spilling tears of relief as he kissed her. They'd actually made it.

She'd never felt so happy, so alive, there in his arms, as they lost their restraint once more and tumbled in the grass. The sun's white hot glare blurred in her vision, blending with the flare her release had sparked, and she felt one with the stars, a supernova burning up, overcome with the heat inside her, light bleeding from her in a blinding ferocity. She knew now that love and Chaos were intertwined, that one could not rule without the other, that in a way they were almost the same entity. Unpredictable, overarching, able to change everything in a single moment, a single nearly infinitesimal action dictating the futures of all else. She felt that she and Petyr were those very same forces, the Chaos of his soul colliding with the Love in hers, each drawn to their likeness, their similarities pulling them together. Together they could rule the world, if only she wished it. And she did.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhh, I'm sorry. I know some of you are not going to like the death in this chapter but it had to happen :(The dinos were hungry (ahem, sorry. This is no time to joke, scolds self).

For the record, I do feel bad about the Hound (Stannis isn't confirmed to be dead...).

Hope you enjoyed it regardless <333

Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Catelyn gets a few nasty surprises, inside the maintenance shed, and outside of it. Arya and Jon go to the kitchens in search of more ice cream. Sansa and Petyr look forward to the comforts of returning to the Visitor's Center.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Catelyn:

Catelyn slammed the door closed and leaned against it, breathing heavily. Outside, she could hear gunfire, and she hoped that Sandor Clegane would make it safely inside, hoped that his aim would strike home, though a part of her knew it was already too late. She knew Velociraptors, had studied them along with Ned for years, and they always hunted in packs. If there was one Raptor in sight, another would be close by, and another, and another. She hadn't thought to ask Robert how many Raptors were in the park, that day they'd stood beside their cage. It hadn't seemed important at the time.

The gunshots stopped as suddenly as they had begun, and she waited, listening for footfalls, but they never came. Instead she heard the snarls of a dinosaur, and her heart sank. One more gunshot pierced through the air, the sound terrifyingly final, and somehow she knew that the bullet had not been for the Raptor. Catelyn said a quick prayer for the man that had given his life, for her, and for her family, and then switched on her flashlight and walkie talkie. The sooner she got the power back on, the less death they would have to endure.

"I'm in," she said, aiming the beam of the flashlight down the narrow flight of stairs, hoping to see Stannis. Maybe she would meet him down there, halfway finished already in bringing the power back online. A foolish hope, she knew, but she would cling to it all the same.

Catelyn slowly made her way down the stairs, following Robert's directions, taking turns here and there. She tried calling out for Stannis, but only her echoes replied. Finally, after make a few wrong turns, Robert cursing as he failed to properly read the schematic, she reached a gray box with the words 'High Voltage' on its surface. She opened the door and studied the array of breakers and switches inside, wondering what on earth she was supposed to do. Never had she seen anything quite so complicated, and she wished again that she'd paid more attention to the advancement of technology over the years.

"Alright, talk me through this Robert," she said, hoping that he at least knew what he was doing.

"First, you're going to need to find the primer handle. Its large, flat and gray..." Robert's voice was far quieter than she was used to, slightly distorted through the walkie talkie, and Catelyn had to strain to hear what he was saying. She found the handle, then pumped it to build up a charge, as per Robert's instructions.

"Next, look under the words 'contact position.' There should be a green button with the words 'push to close.' Push it."

Catelyn found the button and pressed it, and on the control panel a column of lights lit up, twelve in all, each corresponding to a different section of the park. Robert told her to hit the red buttons next to each of the sections, and she complied, working her way down the line until everything was on. She glanced up and watched as the fluorescent lights began to flick on along the darkened hallway, and for the first time in what felt like forever, she grinned. Laughter bubbled out of her, fueled by her relief, and she cheered along with her children, whose voices could be heard

through the walkie talkie.

Her euphoria was quickly cut short as she turned to leave and spotted a Raptor poking its head through a metal screen next to the control panel. Catelyn screamed and fled, slamming another metal screen closed behind her and securing it. The Velociraptor broke free and slammed itself into the mesh door, and she backed away against the opposite wall, too terrified to do anything else as it clawed at the screen. Then a hand clapped on her shoulder, startling her from her temporary paralysis, and she practically wept with relief.

“Oh, Stannis, thank the gods...” She turned, expecting to see Robert’s brother standing behind her, only to see a severed arm thump to the ground.

Catelyn screamed again, recoiling away from the bloody stump, and accidentally backed into the door keeping the Raptor at bay. The dinosaur snapped at her as it tore through the screen with its teeth, and she stumbled away from it once more, breaking into a run. She had long ago dropped both the flashlight and the walkie talkie, but it didn’t matter now. Neither would save her from the carnivore, nothing would in truth. Save for providence.

She tore through the building, hardly knowing where she was going, and yet somehow she made it back outside. Sobs were choking her, but still she ran, hurtling back through the forest and to the Jeep. Luckily they’d left the keys dangling in the ignition, suspecting they might need a quick getaway, and she quickly started the car and stomped on the gas.

Catelyn was just grateful that Raptors didn’t know how to open doors. They must have crept in when Stannis (oh gods, Stannis...) had come. At least that was her fervent wish. The other possibility was too horrible to imagine. She held on instead to the hope that at least one was trapped now, alone in the maintenance shed. One less threat to her and her family...

Tears were blurring her vision, but she drove on, guided by her need to get back to her children. Back to Ned. Catelyn barely thought about where she was going, finding her way across the compound with only instinct. Sandor had put the map in his pocket once they’d arrived, so she sped around, searching frantically for anything familiar, frustration building as the minutes crawled by and she couldn’t gain her bearings. She careened around regardless, foot pressed down hard on the gas pedal until suddenly she slammed on the breaks.

The car jerked to a halt, and she stared for a moment, spotting two figures walking in the distance. One with long red hair, twisted into a haphazard braid, the other with dark hair and grey temples. It was Sansa and Petyr. And they were holding hands.

Arya:

Once the power was back on, they’d all cheered, her brothers looking happier than Arya had seen them since before all hell had broken loose (literally. She’d decided that dinosaurs had to be creatures of the damned). Margaery Tyrell had set to work restoring all of the park systems, starting with the phone lines, and Arya had finally gotten her father to agree to let her go get some more ice cream from the kitchens. She’d been starving, and sick of chip packets from the vending machines, but Ned had insisted they all stay together while Catelyn went to get the power back on. Arya had, of course, wanted to stay and make sure her mother was alright, but she didn’t think it would take that long to grab a gallon from the freezer and come back. Her father still refused, only relenting when the power came back on. And even then, he wouldn’t let her go without Jon.

Arya grumbled to her half brother on the way, about how everyone, him included, treated her like a child and she’d had enough of it.

Jon shook his head as they stepped into the kitchens, looking exasperated. “You do realize that we are all in incredible danger right now, right? No one should be going around alone.”

“It’s not just this trip and you know it,” Arya snapped. “Me and Sansa both get a raw deal, haven’t you noticed? Though Sansa has it far worse. They’re way too overprotective at times. Like we can’t take care of ourselves.”

Jon sighed, then froze, holding out a hand to stop her. “Did you hear that?” he whispered.

They both turned around, and then she saw it. A small, circular window was set into the kitchen door, and something was looking in, breath puffing out and fogging up the glass. Arya could hear it breathing, soft snarls escaping its jaws, and for a moment her heart slammed to a stop, before starting up again, beats erratic. Jon pulled her to the ground, down behind one of the low rows of chrome appliances and cupboards.

“That’s a Raptor,” Arya said, somewhat stupidly. Jon only nodded. “How did it get inside though?” she asked, keeping her voice low.

“Dunno. But we’re not safe here.”

Arya rolled her eyes. “The understatement of the year.”

Jon ignored her and started towards the opposite end of the kitchen, crawling on hands and knees. Arya followed him, pausing when she passed by a wicked set of knives. She snatched several and continued on her way, careful not to cut herself.

They were only halfway across the room when she heard it. A turn of a handle, sounds of something butting against the door, the click click click of sharp toenails on the tiled floor. Jon moved faster, and Arya scrambled after him, almost running into him when he suddenly stopped. There was a crash, and then another, and Arya was certain that the dinosaur had leapt onto one of the rows of gleaming chrome, before hopping to another. Another crash, and pots clanged to the floor, the sound deafening. It was getting closer.

Jon turned to her, pointing to the door to the walk in freezer. Arya nodded to show that she understood, and they both shot to their feet, hurtling towards safety. The Raptor let out a call when it saw them, tensing its legs to spring. They reached the door and Jon yanked it open, pulling her inside. But before he could close it, Arya took aim and flung one of the knives at the beast, the blade spiraling through the air before sinking into the dinosaur’s neck.

Arya’s mouth fell open as the Raptor gagged, blood spurting from its wound and mouth. Then it toppled out of sight, falling to the floor with a sickening thud. Jon looked impressed for a moment, before he grabbed her hand and tugged her back out of the freezer. They raced out of the kitchen, not bothering to see if she’d actually killed the Velociraptor or merely wounded it. Arya felt pride stirring in her veins, and hoped that she had. No one was going to die on her watch. Save for the dinosaurs. She kept one of the knives she’d nicked, just in case. You never knew when it might come in handy in again.

Sansa:

They were nearly there. Hours of walking, and they had almost finished their journey. Sansa had wanted to go back to the hotel, desperate for a shower and clean clothes, but Petyr had insisted they go to the Visitor’s Center instead. He seemed certain that everyone left in the park would be gathered there, trying to sort out what had gone wrong. She knew he was right, but that didn’t stop her from wanting to go to the hotel anyway. She’d never felt so disgusting. Though Petyr hadn’t seemed to mind, having ravished her several times since they’d been stranded.

Sansa felt practically giddy with their return to civilization. She knew they were likely still in danger, even here, but she figured that at least here in the compound she’d have the comfort of being indoors. And food. Gods, she was starving.

As she thought about her hunger, her stomach growled in response, and Petyr chuckled, flashing her a smirk. “Hopefully all of the food hasn’t spoiled already.”

“I think I’d risk it regardless,” she said, mind full of her favorite foods. “Though they probably have some non perishable items. Desserts, bread, frozen stuff that hasn’t thawed yet...”

“True.” He tugged on her hand. “Quite the dreamy expression you’re sporting there. Thinking of food, or something else entirely?”

Sansa stopped walking and flashed him a wicked grin. “Sorry to disappoint, but I wasn’t thinking about you.”

Petyr raised his eyebrows. “No?”

“No,” she confirmed. “I was hoping they might have lemon cakes.”

His mouth quirked. “I see how it goes. Second to a dessert.”

She laughed and drew closer, winding her arms around his neck. “Only when I’m hungry,” she murmured, brushing her lips against his.

Petyr kissed her back, pulling her flush against him. When he drew away, she was breathless, stars dancing in her vision. “Still thinking about lemon cakes?” he asked, voice huskier than normal.

Sansa smiled and ran her fingers through his hair. “Yes, now that you mentioned them again.”

Triumph flashed in his eyes regardless, and he leaned in to kiss her again. She sighed against his mouth, and melted into his arms, whimpering when he suddenly broke away. Petyr pulled away from her completely, the color draining from his face. Dread settled in the pit of her stomach as she followed his gaze, expecting to see the Tyrannosaurus Rex stalking towards them. Instead, Sansa saw her mother, glaring at the pair of them from behind the steering wheel of one of the park Jeeps. And somehow, that was so much worse.

Chapter End Notes

So sorry about the death in this chapter :(Hopefully the promise of Petyr and Sansa dealing with her parents finding out will make up for it <3.

Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Sansa is reunited with her family. Robert is unable to deal with the loss of his park.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sansa:

Sansa stared at her mother, dumbstruck. In all her musings about her future with Petyr, she'd never once thought about how her parents would find out. Though, all the mental preparation in the world couldn't have prepared her for this. Catelyn stared back at her in disbelief, and Sansa shrunk back under her mother's gaze, looking helplessly at Petyr, begging him to do or say something. Anything.

He looked like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar, like he knew he'd fucked up and hadn't the slightest clue how to worm out of it. Sansa sensed that he wasn't used to feeling so powerless, so completely at a loss for what to do, and she felt for him, even as she despaired at her own predicament. What would her mother say? Would she accuse Petyr of forcing himself on her? Would she tell Sansa's father? And would Ned attack Petyr again, actually killing him this time, lost in a rage, or would he simply leave him to be eaten by the dinosaurs still roaming about. The thought made her sick. She wouldn't allow it.

Sansa found her reserves of courage and lifted her chin determinedly, looking straight into Catelyn's eyes as she reached out and took Petyr's hand again. He didn't resist, though she couldn't see the expression on his face, too intent on watching Catelyn. Her mother's frown deepened, then she sighed, and spoke, finally breaking the silence. "Get in."

They didn't hesitate, climbing into the back seat together. Catelyn shifted the car back into gear and drove off. Silence settled over them again, and Sansa could see her mother seething in the front seat, icy waves of venom pouring off of her. Petyr kept hold of her hand, thumb drawing soothing circles over her skin, and tracing her knuckles. She drew comfort from his touch, and when she realized her mother had somehow wound up driving away from the Visitor's Center, she ventured to break the silence again. "Where are we going?"

"The Visitor's Center," Catelyn snapped.

"Then you should probably turn back around," Petyr said, sighing and drawing the map from his pocket. He sat forward and held it out to Catelyn over the back of the seat. Her mother snatched it away with a scowl and slammed on the breaks, studying the map for a few seconds before wheeling the car around.

"How is everyone?" Sansa didn't really want to provoke her mother by speaking out of turn, but she was desperate to know if the rest of her family was okay. "Did you find Bran and Jon?"

"Yes." Catelyn's voice had softened somewhat. "Everyone is back at the Visitor's Center, except for Rickon, who I sent off the island with Renly yesterday. Your father was badly wounded, but he'll be alright as long as we can get off of this godforsaken island. Robb and Arya are fine. And Bran is doing as well as can be expected. We won't know more until he can get proper medical care."

"And Jon?" Sansa knew Jon was a sore subject with her mother, but she cared about her half brother, even if her mother didn't.

"He's fine." Catelyn's tone had an edge to it now.

Sansa stared down at her lap, and felt Petyr give her hand a squeeze. She smiled at him gratefully. "I'm fine too," she said softly.

Catelyn stiffened for a moment, then her shoulders slumped. "I see that. I really was so worried about you. We all were," she said gently.

"I'm sorry." Sansa could feel tears pricking her eyelids and she fought to keep her voice steady.

"Oh, baby. You have nothing to apologize for. You didn't ask for this."

Sansa wasn't sure whether her mom meant the whole mess with the park, or the fact that she had clearly grown attached to Petyr. She didn't really want to know, but she figured she'd best be brave and confront the situation head on. "Are you going to tell Dad?"

Catelyn's knuckles whitened as she gripped the steering wheel. "Not yet. We'll deal with this after we are all safe and off the island."

Sansa exchanged a look with Petyr. Somehow she knew he would agree with her when she thought she'd rather go up against the T-Rex again rather than reveal their relationship to her father. "Thank you."

Her mother huffed from the front seat, then put the car into park. They had arrived. Sansa reluctantly let go of Petyr's hand and climbed out of the car, following Catelyn inside. Though she couldn't hold his hand without arousing suspicion, she kept close beside him, shoulders brushing as they walked down the stairs and into the basement. The cool air soothed her skin, and she'd never thought she'd be so thrilled to see artificial light, beaming as she savored the comforts of modern technology. She'd never willingly spend a night outdoors again. Camping was far from her style. Even if she had enjoyed her exploits with Petyr up in the trees.

When they reached the control room, there was a flurry of activity inside. Arya and Jon were standing at the center of attention, relaying something to the rest, who all gazed at them in rapt attention. Ned was lying propped up on a table in the middle of the room, and Bran was beside him, huddled on a chair with his legs propped up, though the rest were standing, save for a girl seated in front of a computer. Sansa's jaw dropped as she recognized the girl, and she couldn't restrain herself from asking, "Margaery?"

Every head whipped in her direction, Margaery's included, and gasps reverberated throughout the room. Ned's face lit up with joy and he cried out Sansa's name and held out his arms, beckoning her in for a hug. She went to him, hugging him gingerly even as he gripped her back fiercely, and her siblings enveloped them. Catelyn slipped in to hug her as well, and for a moment she was cocooned by her family's love, their reunion complete save for her youngest baby brother, who had apparently already been taken to safety long ago.

Tears leaked down her cheeks, though from joy rather than from grief, as she had expected. Sansa didn't know how or why they had all been spared their lives, but she thanked the gods, over and over, and over again.

When they'd finally separated, Sansa drew her arm across her face to dry her tears, and the stories began. Catelyn revealed what had happened to Clegane and Stannis, and they all stood there for a few minutes, shocked. Robert seemed at a loss for words, numbly shaking off any attempts the others made at comforting him.

Eventually, Ned broke the silence, entreating Jon and Arya to finish telling the others about the encounter they'd just had with a Raptor in the kitchens (Sansa couldn't believe her sister had actually pretty much stabbed a dinosaur. She bet Arya was totally stoked about it too. Her sister was weird like that) and that sent Robert into a frenzy, shaking him free from the shock that had paralyzed him after he'd heard about Stannis. He kept barking orders at Margaery, who Sansa guessed had somehow found a job at the park for the summer, though she hadn't said anything about it before.

After her sister had finished gloating about killing a dinosaur, Sansa asked after her father and

Bran's health, and then had to improvise when they asked for the story of what had happened to her since she'd last seen them. She couldn't very well tell them everything, but she kept as truthful as she could, heavily including how Petyr had helped her every step of the way, in hopes of building him up in her parents' esteem. Catelyn's eyes narrowed every time Sansa said Petyr's name, and Ned seemed to flinch slightly too, but neither said anything. Petyr hung back, only corroborating her tale when she looked to him for assistance.

When she'd finished, her father turned his gaze to Petyr, giving him a long, searching look. Petyr held up to his scrutiny with raised eyebrows, the rest of his expression giving absolutely nothing away, and Ned finally nodded. "Thank you," he muttered, sounding as if the words tasted bad on his tongue. "For bringing Sansa back safely."

"It was my pleasure," Petyr replied smoothly. Sansa wanted to smack him for that (even as another part found amusement in it), especially as she noticed her mother flinching, the color rising in her father's cheeks. She'd make sure to do so later, if they ever found a moment alone together again.

Before anyone could say anything more, Robert's voice boomed across the room. "Well, it's all settled. The phones are up and running and the choppers are on their way. Should be here in half an hour's time."

"And not a moment too soon," Ned said, sighing. "I can't wait to leave this blasted park behind."

Robert's gaze darkened. "Yes, well the turn of events certainly has been regrettable. But setbacks are to be expected. All major theme parks have delays. When Disneyland opened in 1956, nothing worked at first. Nothing!"

"Yes, but when Pirates of the Caribbean malfunctions, the pirates don't eat the tourists," Petyr said sarcastically, just as Ned said, "Setbacks? Robert, your son is dead! Stannis is dead! Sandor Clegane is dead!"

Sansa's mind was still reeling from this new information as Robert just shook his head, clearly in denial. "No no no no. This is not the end. We will do better next time. Trusting Ramsay was a mistake, having so much automation was a mistake, but we can fix it. Next time we will have better control over everything in the park."

"That control is an illusion, Robert," Petyr snapped, losing his cool for a moment, a rare crack in the mask he nearly always wore. "People have died because you've failed to realize the scope of your actions. There won't be a next time. You cannot possibly plan for every contingency in a situation such as this. There are too many unknown variables. Do you know what we found out there, walking through your park? Dinosaur eggs."

There was a collective gasp as the weight of his words sunk in. Petyr continued, hammering his point home in the silence his news had instilled. "They're breeding, Robert. You mixed ancient DNA with that of a frog's, and wound up with dinosaurs that can spontaneously change sex in a single sex environment. Life found a way, as it nearly always does, and that's only a fraction of the Chaos running rampant at the moment. This park is doomed. Accept it, and move on."

Robert looked pale. "But how?" he asked weakly, still not fully comprehending Petyr's words in his shock. He stared at the ground for a moment, then glanced back up at them, a broken man. "My life's work. Gone to pieces. My son... And Stannis. I've got nothing left." He sounded so shattered that Sansa's heart went out to him, despite all of the horror's his life's work had caused.

No one said anything, at a loss to find a way to comfort him. Finally, the woman Sansa had seen yesterday, tending to the Triceratops, (Olenna she thought, though she wasn't sure) spoke. "You'd all best get ready. We've still got Raptors wandering about, and according to them," (here, she indicated Jon and Arya), "they can open doors. We need to hightail it out to the Jeeps and get to the choppers. Unless you'd rather stick around and become feed for the carnivores."

At that they set to work, gathering up everything and preparing Ned and Bran for travel. No one noticed Robert slip outside.

Robert:

Robert felt as if he were in a daze, mind muddled, but not from drink for once. He'd been devastated to learn about what had happened to Joffrey. And he'd felt a punch to the gut when Catelyn had told him about Stannis. He even mourned for Sandor Clegane. His son's faithful (if reluctantly so) bodyguard.

But the news that his park was beyond help had broken him like nothing else had. Endless sleepless nights, tirelessly working to bring his dream to life. And in two days it had all come crashing down. Petyr was right. The park was past saving. And now he had nothing.

He slipped outside, trailing his steps away from the compound. The sun was brightly shining, heedless of the grief he felt, but that was nothing new. The weather never seemed to cooperate with one's state of mind. The most tragic of days always seemed to be beautiful, as if nature wanted to mock your pain.

Robert didn't care if he got lost, didn't care if the others left without him, didn't care if the Velociraptors found him. Or the T-Rex. He didn't care. He kept walking until he couldn't anymore, collapsing to the ground and lying along the grass, staring up at the sunlight filtering through the trees. Around him he could hear birds chittering, the pitter patter of little feet. And yet he didn't move.

He saw them, the tiny Chomposaurus dinosaurs flitting around his prone body, curiously inspecting him with sniffs and nudges. But Robert didn't care. He was tired, so very tired. And he just wanted to sleep.

The Compies swarmed over and around his body, and Robert let them. 'A fittingly pathetic end for a pathetic man', he thought. He deserved no less. As their curiosity turned to gluttony, he felt no pain. He was far too numb to fall prey to earthly pain anymore. Robert closed his eyes, and accepted his fate. To die with Jurassic Park.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the slight wait, I meant to be quicker about posting this chapter. Just one left to go, with the much anticipated confrontation, then the epilogue :).

Thanks so much for all of your support throughout this story <333

Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Sansa, Petyr, and the rest of the Starks finally make it off of Isla Nublar. Ned finds out about their relationship.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They'd made it out of the Visitor's Center and into the Jeeps with little hassle, and no one noticed that Robert Baratheon was missing until they'd made it to the helicopter pad. Sansa watched as her father begged for them to return, to search for his old friend, but she knew somehow that Robert had no wish to be found. She'd seen it in his eyes earlier, his gaze so haunted. Her mother had seen it too, she could tell, but she'd told Ned that Robert still had access to phones and Jeeps, and he'd be able to make it off the island alright.

Still, Ned had insisted they wait. They all piled into the helicopters, ready to take off at a moment's notice in case of danger. But Robert never showed up.

Only when they heard the telltale roar of the approaching T-Rex did her father finally relent. The helicopters rose into the air, and Sansa watched along with the others as the enormous carnivore stalked into view. Tyrannosaurus Rex bellowed at them as they retreated, watching them almost mournfully as they flew away, as if it had come to say goodbye and was disappointed that they hadn't offered it the same courtesy. Or perhaps it was just hungry...

She'd managed to slip into the same chopper as Petyr, though her mother had shoved her way in as well, dragging Arya after her. Sansa didn't care what her mother thought, and snuggled into his side regardless, needing the comfort his touch brought after everything they had just been through. Catelyn glared at Petyr as Sansa curled under his arm, and Arya looked more than a little gobsmacked, but neither said anything. It was a very awkward helicopter ride.

They flew straight to a hospital in Costa Rica, where both Bran and her father were admitted, and the rest of them were checked over, in case they'd wound up more hurt than they'd realized. The doctors had informed them that Bran was, in fact, paralyzed, and the prognosis for ever regaining the use of his legs again was slim to none. Ned had his wound cleaned and redressed, though the doctors had been most impressed with Olenna's care, and had little else to do other than prescribe him pain medication and advise him to seek physical therapy once he returned home.

When visiting hours were over, Catelyn checked them all into the hotel where Rickon had been staying with Renly and Loras, and Petyr found a room there as well. Rickon had been very angry over being sent away, but he got over it quickly enough when he learned what had happened. In contrast, Renly had been more than a little distraught when Catelyn broke the news to him about his brothers and his nephew, and hadn't been seen since, tasked with informing Robert's ex wife, and Stannis' family.

Sansa hadn't had a chance alone with Margaery yet, though she accompanied them to the hotel, along with Olenna, and Sansa learned that Loras was, in fact Margaery's brother, and Olenna was their grandmother. When Sansa and her family returned from the hospital, they all got cleaned up and then joined Margaery, Loras, Olenna, and Petyr for dinner in the hotel restaurant. Sansa sat next to Petyr, avoiding the curious and furious (in Catelyn's case) looks her family kept giving them.

Before they all turned in for the night, Margaery took her aside and hugged her, apologizing for everything that happened, and for not telling her about working for Jurassic Park over the summer. Sansa assured her friend that she had nothing to worry about, that she understood the need for

secrecy, and gave Margaery a hug. They parted with promises to keep in touch, especially over the latest developments of her relationship with Petyr, which Margaery hadn't failed to notice. Margaery insisted on copious details once Sansa had returned home, and Sansa only shrugged coyly and gave her a soft maybe, knowing she was likely to spill almost everything to her friend at some point. She needed someone to talk about Petyr with, someone to gush over every detail, and she knew Margaery wouldn't disappoint in that department. Margaery loved talking about boys, and she agreed that Petyr was quite a dish.

Once again, Sansa was sharing a room with Arya, but this time she didn't care about what her family thought, and headed to Petyr's room instead. No one stopped her, Arya only raising her eyebrows as Sansa headed out the door to their room, and Catelyn and the rest were all shut inside their own rooms. Sansa knew she was pushing her luck, but she didn't want to spend the night without him, and they had barely had any time together since she'd been reunited with her family.

A few knocks later and he'd opened his door, and Sansa fell into his arms gratefully. Petyr held her close, burying his nose in her freshly washed hair, before pulling her inside and closing his door. Immediately their mouths found each other, lips locking as they tore off their clothes. Both of them were wearing ill fitting and cheaply made garments purchased from the hotel gift shop, having left all of their luggage behind at Isla Nublar. She vaguely wondered if they might ever be able to retrieve their belongings again, before her mind became too muddled with lust.

They collapsed on the bed, tongues twined, mouths never parting as their hands roamed. Petyr kneaded one of her breasts with one hand while the other toyed with her clit, and Sansa couldn't hold back her moans as he brought her to orgasm, though she knew her family could probably hear them through the paper thin walls. When his length slid into her, she suddenly felt whole again, her shattered psyche reforming once more as they connected in the most intimate of ways.

He set a pace, slow and unhurried, taking the time to gradually stoke the fire building in her veins. The flames licked along her body, a white hot heat that kept spawning new embers, until she was consumed. Sansa curled her body around his, never breaking the kiss as their hips met, over and over, a synchronized dance that they'd been made for. Slowly, slowly they moved, each touch a caress, a promise, every movement with purpose, a show of love and devotion, of comfort and tenderness.

Petyr swiveled his hips as he moved within her, every stroke fanning the flames until she finally reached her climax, a rush of water dousing the flames and providing the sweetest relief. He followed soon after, and Sansa swallowed his groans, tasting her name on his tongue. She continued kissing him as he carefully lowered his weight down, covering her body completely, and for long moments afterwards all she knew was the gentle press of his lips and the feel of his skin, warm and smooth against hers.

Sansa fell asleep in his arms, with a contentedness that outpaced that which she'd felt in the jungle. They had made it off of the island, and her family was still intact, if shaken, and physically handicapped, in Bran's case. And here she was, lying in the arms of the man she loved, safe and secure, and finally back in a bed, as well. She'd never felt so happy.

The next morning, she woke to the feel of Petyr's lips against hers, and smiled, feeling his lips mirror their movement.

"Good morning," she said, nuzzling her nose against his without opening her eyes.

"More like good afternoon," he corrected.

Sansa opened her eyes at that. He was fully dressed, and not in hotel dregs either. Somehow he'd managed to find black dress pants and a dark green silk button down. "What?"

Petyr chuckled. "Don't worry, sweetling. It's only noon, and from what I can tell only your mother has stirred from her room. The rest of your siblings still seem to be comatose."

"And where did you get those clothes?" she asked, frowning at him.

"I called down to the front desk last night and asked to be connected to the nearest men's clothing

shop. Told them what I wanted, and they sent everything over this morning.” He toyed with a curl of her hair for a moment before continuing. “I also had another shop send over some things for you, if you want something other than hotel rags.”

She smiled. “Thank you. Though everyone will wonder where I got them, don’t you think?”

Petyr cocked an eyebrow. “I think nearly everyone already knows about us, my love. Except for your father, and the youngest of your brothers. At least, I imagine Ned doesn’t know yet. Though Cat might have told him, once she realized you spent the night in my room.”

“She knows I spent the night here?” Sansa sat up, horrified. It had been one thing to say she didn’t care if her mother found out, and quite another to realize that Catelyn had, indeed, found out.

“Yes. I heard her check on Arya earlier, and your sister told her that you hadn’t slept there last night.” He reached out and rubbed her arm soothingly. “And we weren’t exactly quiet,” he added, rather unhelpfully.

Sansa groaned and rubbed the sleep from her eyes. “She’s going to kill me.”

“No, she’s going to kill *me*,” he corrected. “Or rather, I imagine it’s your dad who will do the honors.”

She bit her lip, exhaling a puff of air from her nose in frustration. “What are we going to do?”

“The only thing we can do, I suppose. Come clean. Hopefully before your mother tells him. At least your father won’t be mobile for quite some time. Shouldn’t be too hard to fend him off.”

Sansa put her head in her hands and groaned again. “Ha ha.”

“I’m being serious, sweetling. Now is probably the best time to tell him. He won’t be able to do much damage with that leg of his, and by the time it’s healed, hopefully his rage will have quieted enough to spare me. I’ve already nearly died once at your father’s hand, and I’m not eager to do it again.” He paused, then added, “Of course, you’d be worth it if it came to that.”

In spite of herself, she felt a flash of warmth towards him at his words. She lowered her hands and kissed him, before sighing in resignation. “I guess you’re right. Best not to put it off.”

“Unless of course you’ve changed your mind?” he said, throwing the words out casually, though she could detect a hint of vulnerability lingering in his words.

“Nope.” Sansa smirked at him. “You’re stuck with me.”

Petyr smirked back, before the smile turned more genuine. “Good.” He stood and took her hand, pulling her to her feet. “Let’s get you dressed and get to the hospital. Best do this before the rest of your family wakes up.”

Surprisingly, the clothes Petyr had purchased for her fit beautifully, and he’d picked up more clothing than was strictly necessary, a generous assortment of shorts, pants, skirts, dresses, tops, and underthings. He’d even bought her a few pairs of shoes. Sansa slipped on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt with a very modest neckline, not wanting to provoke her father by dressing too provocatively while she announced that she’d fallen in love with a man twice her age.

When they reached the hospital, only Catelyn was there, sitting in the room where they’d put father and son together. Bran was asleep, but Ned was awake, eating the hospital’s idea of lunch and complaining that the chicken was tasteless and rubbery. Ned looked up as Sansa entered alone, face brightening as he saw her. On the way over, they’d decided that Petyr should wait in the hall for a bit first, so Sansa could feel out whether or not her mother had revealed their secret. Apparently Catelyn hadn’t said anything yet.

“Sansa! Come, sit.” Ned gestured enthusiastically at one of the uncomfortable plastic and vinyl armchairs situated next to his bed.

“Hi, Dad,” she said, settling into the chair. The fabric protested obnoxiously under her weight, the

synthetic fibers never one to be subtle. “How are you feeling.”

Ned grimaced. “Could be better. The food’s terrible here, and all of the channels are in Spanish.”

Sansa laughed. “Not surprising, considering we’re in Costa Rica.”

“Still.” He poked at his food.

Catelyn was frowning at her, and Sansa shifted uncomfortably under her mother’s gaze. “Where did you get those clothes?”

And here we go... Sansa twisted her hands in her lap and stared at the floor. “Petyr.”

Her mother gave a sharp intake of breath and her father’s fork clattered to the floor. “What? Why?” Ned demanded.

Sansa bit her lip and raised her eyes to meet her father’s. She needed to be brave. Stand up for what she wanted. “Because he wanted to help me.” She paused for a few seconds, then continued. “We’ve grown very close over the last two days.”

The moveable table rattled as Ned’s fist slammed down on its surface. “Did he touch you?” He asked, the words coming out through gritted teeth.

Sansa sighed. “If he has, it’s not really any of your business.”

“Like hell it’s not!” her father exclaimed. He turned to Catelyn. “Can you believe this? I told you we couldn’t trust that bastard!”

Catelyn’s hands shook with repressed anger. “I know, I’m sorry. When I saw them yesterday I-”

“What?” Ned exploded, shoving the tray table away. It spun towards the opposite wall and crashed. On the other side of the room, Bran jerked awake and stared at them, wild eyed. “You already knew?”

Catelyn stood up and ran her fingers through her hair. “Ned, please. Calm down. Yes, I suspected something, but with everything going on, I felt it was better to wait. Our lives were at risk, you were delirious with pain, Robert disappeared...”

Ned turned to Sansa. “Whatever happened between you and Littlefinger ends now,” he spat.

Sansa got to her feet, shoving the chair back. It squealed angrily against the tile, reflecting her feelings quite perfectly, but she ignored it. “That is not your call. I’m nineteen, past the age of consent, and legally an adult.” Her voice held a steely edge to it and she glared at her father as she crossed her arms defiantly.

“Sansa, you don’t even know this man,” Catelyn said exasperatedly. “You just met him, and besides the fact that he’s clearly been preying on your vulnerabilities in a difficult situation, his past with our family is no laughing matter.”

“You mean how dad once nearly killed him at a party because you two got in a fight, and Petyr tried to defend you?” Sansa asked, raising her eyebrows.

“It was an accident,” Ned sputtered, face red. “Besides, if he’s told you that, then you know he used to be in love with your mother! He’s just using you, Sansa!”

“No, I’m not.”

Petyr’s voice was soft but sure, and it instantly calmed Sansa. She turned to smile at him gratefully as her parents glared at him in disbelief.

“Right,” scoffed Ned. “You may have fooled my daughter, but hell will freeze over before I trust anything you say.”

“I figured as much. But just because you don’t trust me doesn’t mean I’m not telling you the truth. Your perception is skewed by our past. I did love Catelyn once. Very much. But I haven’t felt that way for quite some time. I don’t see Catelyn when I look at Sansa. All I see is Sansa Stark, the woman I just spent hours walking through the jungle with. Funny, how you can get to know someone so well when you’re fighting for survival.” Petyr stared down at Ned as he spoke, voice filled with warmth and confidence as he tried to tame the wolf baring its teeth at him from a hospital bed.

Catelyn just stared at Petyr, looking equally furious and gobsmacked. Ned clenched the sheets of his bed in blotchy fists. For a moment, no one said anything. Then her father lifted his chin, breaths huffing from his restrained anger. “Stay. Away. From. My. Daughter.”

“No.”

Ned’s face turned purple and he struggled to get out of the bed, dragging his injured leg. Catelyn started forward and pushed him back down (“Ned, No! Your leg!”) as Sansa whirled to face him. “Dad, stop!” she snapped. “We didn’t plan for this, it just happened. And it’s going to continue regardless of your wishes.”

Her father struggled for a moment longer then slumped back against the bed, exhausted. “So this is your choice then?” he asked, voice tinged with resignation.

“Yes,” Sansa said confidently. She turned and walked to Petyr’s side, firmly and deliberately slipping her hand into his. “I hope that one day soon you’ll make peace with my decision. Until then, I suppose you’ll know where to find me.”

“Sansa, don’t...” Ned pleaded. “Please.”

Her mother just stared at her, looking far more devastated than Sansa had ever seen before. Still, she was resolved. If that’s what it took, then so be it. She deserved to be happy, with the man she loved.

Sansa shook her head. “I’m sorry. I love all of you. Very much. And this isn’t goodbye. But I won’t sacrifice my happiness just because you don’t like Petyr. When you are ready to accept my relationship with him, then we can talk. But for now, I want to go back to the hotel and rest. We’ve decided to stay somewhere else, but Petyr’s cell still works if you need to reach me.”

With that, Sansa turned and left, her hand still clasped in Petyr’s.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the confrontation! One more chapter to go, and it's the epilogue. It probably wasn't very realistic to spare all of the Starks, but I felt that at least in one story with death and destruction, they should all make it out alive :).

Epilogue

Chapter Summary

A glimpse into the lives of the Starks, and Sansa and Petyr, after everything that happened in Jurassic Park.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

4 years later...

Sansa shifted in her seat, feeling nervous. Beside her, Petyr was tapping away at his laptop, always hard at work when he could find a moment, even on a plane. They were traveling back to her parent's home, in what would likely prove Sansa's most disastrous trip back ever. She sighed and he glanced up, eyes seeing straight behind the mask of composure she wore, to the deeper worries spinning through her mind. He always seemed to see through her, stripping away her walls and seeing the turmoil she hid perfectly from the rest of the world. And she loved him for it.

Petyr closed the laptop and set it aside, taking her hand instead. "It won't be as bad as you're thinking," he said, voice soothing.

"No, it will probably be worse."

He chuckled. "I doubt your father is going to do anything on your brother's wedding day."

"No, but Robb's not getting married until tomorrow," she reminded him. "It's just the rehearsal dinner tonight."

"I don't have to go with you," Petyr said gently.

"No, you do," Sansa insisted. "You're my husband. You should be there with me. You should be in the wedding party too, but..." she trailed off, fuming as she remembered how her family had urged Robb's fiancée Jeyne not to include Petyr, though she'd originally wanted to.

"I don't mind, sweetling," he assured her. "I can just stay behind at the hotel, get some work done."

"No, I want you to come. I need you to come. I'm just worried, that's all. Every time I've seen my family since we told Dad that we were together, I've been on my own. But you're a part of my life too, and they need to accept that. It's bad enough that they didn't come to our wedding."

"We hardly gave them the option to do so, considering we eloped." Petyr rubbed his thumb across her knuckles and raised their joined hands so he could drop a kiss against her skin.

"We only eloped because we knew they wouldn't come," Sansa said. "Regardless, it's time that they start including you. We've been happily married for over three years, any fool could see that if they only looked at the press coverage, and my parents are just going to have to learn to accept it."

She settled back into her seat, newly determined. Petyr kissed her cheek before resuming his work, and Sansa stared out the window of their private plane for awhile, ruminating over everything that had happened since they'd escaped from Jurassic Park. They'd spent a few more days in Costa Rica, before Bran and Ned were officially released from the hospital, and then they all flew back home. Sansa had gone back with her family, to spend the rest of the summer with them before she left home for good.

Her father had made a full recovery from his wounds, though Bran never regained the use of his legs. He struggled at first, hating being confined to a wheelchair, but in time he managed to make the most of his situation. These days Bran zipped around in a top of the line specially designed chair that allowed for incredible maneuverability, and nothing seemed to stop him from doing whatever he wished.

After the summer ended, Sansa moved in with Petyr, and continued her schooling, obtaining a degree in mathematics. They'd married soon after she moved in, eloping to Paris, and though none of her family was present, it was one of the happiest moments of her life. She wound up specializing in Chaos Theory, just as Petyr had, her interest having been caught during their time together in Jurassic Park. Together, they used what they had learned in their time at the park to expound on the theory, making groundbreaking strides in the field, and soon she was nearly as well known and respected as Petyr, a fact even more astounding when you considered her youth.

Though her family had shied away from the relentless media attention their experience at the park had brought, Sansa and Petyr capitalized on their fame, using their influence to further their agendas in everything from mathematics and politics, to social topics and entertainment. It wasn't long before they were positively swimming in excess wealth, and as a couple they were the darlings of the media. Everyone wanted to know more about the couple that had braved terrors together in the jungle only to fall in love along the way. Petyr's history with her family only made their relationship more newsworthy, as the media and the public thrived on such scandal.

The only flaw in an otherwise perfect life had been the distance Sansa had felt from her family ever since she'd chosen to be with Petyr. But now she was determined to change that. Things would always be awkward, and a bit tense, but she wanted her parents to at least try to get along with Petyr, to let him come to family events without fear of nasty arguments or bodily injury. They had to accept that she loved him, that she had chosen him, that he made her happier than she ever could have dreamed.

The plane landed and Sansa stood up, taking a deep breath as Petyr took her hand. "Here we go," she said, smiling hesitantly at him as they headed for the steps descending from the plane.

Outside she could see them, her entire family gathered on the pavement, waiting for her. They all looked happy to see her, her mother and father smiling, Bran, Rickon and Arya waving cheerfully. Robb and Jeyne were standing arm in arm next to Jon and Ygritte, whose belly was swelled with her third trimester. Sansa walked towards her family, still gripping Petyr's hand. They'd survived a Tyrannosaurus Rex, Velociraptors, a night stranded in the jungle, and more. Surely they could make it through a wedding in one piece. But you never knew what might happen, where Chaos was concerned.

Chapter End Notes

And there we are! This fic is officially finished :D. I hope you enjoyed the ride, and I want to thank everyone who has read, commented, and/or left kudos, especially those that have been so supportive throughout this journey. I would give a shoutout to a few people individually but I don't want to leave anyone out, and I imagine you know who you are anyway <3333333.

If you liked this fic, I would love for you to check out my other fics on here. I have 2 other WIPs, a modern fluffy Frasier inspired AU called Heart and Soul, and a Harry Potter crossover that is going to be a ridiculous amount of work (but it's Harry Potter, so I don't mind lol). I also have several one shots, including a canon fic set just after season 6 called River of Tears, and 3 modern AU fics inspired by prompts from Tumblr followers. Another canon inspired one shot is on its way as well, set in the Eyrie, so keep your eyes out for that!

You can find me on tumblr as @petyrbaelish (I follow back as @phoenixfaelicis, my Harry Potter blog), and this Saturday I will be celebrating 400 followers by

offering the chance for four people to have Halloween inspired one shots written for them. I welcome asks :)

Finally, keep your eye out for a new fic by me, a Pirates of the Caribbean crossover called The Curse of the Mockingbird's Song. Like this fic, it will heavily follow the plot of the movie, but I will still be including a few twists of my own so I think you'll enjoy it regardless :).

Thanks again for all of your love and support! I have been overwhelmed by the response I've gotten for this story, and you've all really boosted my confidence in my writing. Some day, I hope to get back to my original works, but until then, I just love writing pxs for you all <3333333

(haha my note is almost longer than the chapter... Oh well)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!