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Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Multi
Fandom:	Game of Thrones (TV)
Relationship:	Petyr Baelish/Sansa Stark
Character:	Sansa Stark , Petyr Baelish , Margaery Tyrell
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe , Costume Parties & Masquerades , Fluff and Angst , Eventual Smut
Stats:	Published: 2016-10-23 Completed: 2016-12-23 Chapters: 10/10 Words: 15117

Darkness of a Mockingbird

by [fandomofmany](#)

Summary

Sansa Stark is brought to a themed party by her best friend Margaery Tyrell. The theme is Gothic 18th Century Masquerade. Distracted by the costumes and grand decor Sansa has no idea of the surprise that awaits her. Little dose she know that the man who taunts her dreams is among the guest awaiting to pull her into his dark world.

Notes

So this is my second FanFic and I've very excited. This story was inspired by a group of friends of mine :)

anyways please enjoy :)

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

Mine



She moved down the dark, damp hallway slowly, holding her breath. All she could hear was the wind outside and her soft footsteps on the cold stone floor. The open windows sent a chill through her light silk nightgown. She didn't know where she was or how she got there, but all she knew was that she needed to get to the end of the hallway. As she scanned the cold stone walls around her, enclosing her deeper into the darkness, she couldn't help the fear that rose inside her. She kept moving. The only light she could see was the faint glow behind the door at the end of the hall, so she kept moving towards the door, making as little sound as possible. Her bare feet freezing and radiating through her body, but she didn't let that stop her. It was as if something was pulling her down the hallway into the room beyond the door. She had to go.

As she reached the door, she could hear soft music playing from the room. She reached out grabbing the metal handle and as she took another deep breath, she slowly turned the handle and

pushed the heavy wooden door open. Stepping through the door, she couldn't believe what she saw. The room was large and elegant; candles lit around the room everywhere. She stood above on a balcony attached to an old spiral staircase. She scanned the room taking in her surroundings. There was a large wooden table in the centre of the room and large long burgundy curtains covering the windows that were as tall as the wall itself. In the far right side of the room stood a large grand piano that sat in front of overflowing bookshelves; and to her left there was a large brick fireplace with a roaring fire providing most of the light in the room. There were two large lounge chairs just off to the side, and a sofa matching across from it. She decided she was in a castle. It was the only logical explanation, but she just wasn't sure why.

As she focused on the fireplace and chairs, she saw the figure of a man standing in front of the fire. She couldn't see him well in the flickering light; he was staring into the flames as he slowly rotated a large glass of wine in his hand. The wine looked odd to her. It was darker than she thought it should be, and it seemed thicker as he gently swirled it around in its glass. Before she knew it, she felt that deep pull again as she descended down the spiral staircase. Her feet took her towards the mysterious man by the fire, and with each step she took, her fear grew greater and greater. However, as afraid as she was, there was also something else. Excitement? Desire? Curiosity? She wasn't quite sure, but she wanted it. She wanted to be near him at all cost, and to be close. As she reached him, he finally turned around, allowing her to see him fully as he took a sip of his wine.

He was lean, yet not quite tall but also not short. He wore fine cloths in black and emerald shades with a mockingbird pin at his collar. His hair was black with grey painting his temples and not a hair was out of place, and his facial hair was trimmed precisely around his slim lips which formed a smile that didn't quite reach his grey-green eyes.

"I've been waiting a long time for you, sweetling," he spoke softly as he placed his wine down on the fireplace mantle. He gracefully moved towards her and she stood frozen in place, in awe of the man before her; unable to speak. He wrapped his hand around her waist, pulling her into himself and breathing her in. "A very long time." he continued as he started to sway with her in his arms to the soft music playing around them. His grip was firm, yet gentle at the same time, and as she leaned into him, she could smell the faint aroma of mint.

She didn't know why, but she let him pull her in and let him lead and take control. She couldn't pull herself away and every time she tried to speak, she simply couldn't find the words. It was as if the words kept getting stuck in her throat. So with words failing her, she just stared into his grey-green eyes that bore into her soul; eyes that felt as if he was drinking her in, and she thought for just a split second that he showed desire for her. As his eyes pierced into her ocean-blue eyes, she could feel a heat rise throughout her whole body.

He swayed her around the room taking pleasure in holding her tightly against his body. He let his hand slip down her lower back as he drew her even closer into him and his other hand held hers close to his chest. She let him. She felt as though she had absolutely no control over her actions and that was okay. There was something about him, familiar almost, like she knew him or that he was somehow important. As they danced across the room, he slightly dipped her revealing her neck; instantly his lips found her pulse point and started to kiss her feverishly, eliciting a slow moan from her.

His mouth found its way up to her ear as he brought her up close again and whispered, "Mine."

Sansa Stark shot upright in bed, breathless and startled by her illicit dream.

Anticipation

Chapter Notes

Here we go Chapter 2

Sorry it's a bit short, just setting things up before we get into the really good stuff ;)

enjoy!!

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



Sansa Stark woke with a start, sitting up breathless and desperately trying to catch her breath. Confusion began to set in over her illicit dream as her breathing slowed back down to normal.

“Just a dream. It’s just a dream.” Sansa told herself over and over again as she finally regained control over her breathing. It was the same dream she had been having for the last three weeks now. Always the same. She’s moving down the dark hallway, reaching the door. The elegance of everything and the man who was always there waiting and taking her in his arms as they danced. Sansa always felt so free in that moment just before waking.

Sansa fell back onto her bed, letting her head hit the pillows. Her dream was making her tired; she had had it ever since coming to Kings Landing. Sansa was spending the summer there with her best friend Margaery Tyrell who was about to marry Joffrey Baratheon, a young man Sansa simply could not stand, and who also happened to be her ex. He was vile and cruel, who unfortunately was also royalty. He was the air to the multi-billion dollar Lannister Corporation. They controlled all of Kings Landing, the second richest family in the city, and held the most

social capital in all of Kings Landing. This, of course, was the only reason Margaery was marrying the tyrant; money and social capital. No matter how far the world comes, it really only comes down to those two things, and if you have neither, than your nothing.

Sansa use to have both, coming from an old family, generations long lost now with only her left. Orphaned at the age of sixteen, Sansa was on her own till she made friends with Margaery, who took her in like a long lost sister.

Sansa had been in Kings Landing for three weeks now and each night she had her dream. The first night she dreamed of the castle and the mysterious man, she was flooded with fear and confusion, but over the weeks she found herself longing for sleep just to see him despite the fear that rises within her dream. Sansa looked over to the bedside clock checking the time. It read 8:05 in the morning. The sun was shining brightly into her room. Sansa was still impressed by how extravagant it was. Margaery and Sansa were being given the very best of everything, for Margaery's sake, of course; Joffrey's attempts of impressing her.

As Sansa righted herself up in bed, Margaery came bounding into her room, dressed and ready to go for the day. Margaery was beautiful with her thick, softly curling brown hair matching her large brown eyes, her unblemished skin and slender womanly figure made her very confident. She chose a simple red sundress that pushed her chest up revealing slightly more than needed with black flats. Sansa wished she could be as confident as her friend. As beautiful as she was with her high cheekbones, vivid ocean blue eyes and thick auburn hair, with soft fair skin and a tall shapely figure, somehow she felt to awkward in her own skin, afraid of the attentions of others.

"Morning, Sansa! Are you excited for today?" Margaery asked as she set herself down on the large four post-bed. Sansa whipped the sleep away from her eyes. Today they were going to Margaery and Joffrey's engagement party. Margaery was double excited for it because it's to be a themed Gothic 18th century masquerade, which meant fancy costumes and masks, and fine foods and expensive wines. A party fit for a queen.

"I can't wait to pick out our costumes for tonight! Have any ideas of what you'll go as? I'm dressing as a lion in honour of Joffrey of course. You know how much he loves them." Margaery was beaming in anticipation of the nights festivities.

"I'm not sure yet. Maybe a wolf? Who's hosting the party again? It's on that large estate just outside of Kings Landing, isn't it?"

"Oh, some Lord or Count something. I can never remember his name. He works for Joffrey, and I'm not sure what he does for him but Joffrey seems to find him very indispensable. Apparently he's the richest man from here to the north. He owns Harrenhal, one of the most beautiful castles around, though some say it's haunted. I've always wanted to see it, and I can't believe I'm finally getting too!" Margaery was daydreaming as she spoke to Sansa before realizing she was rambling. "Wait, did you say a wolf? Really? Oh, I'm sure we can come up with something much better than that. Anyways, get up and get dressed. I'll meet you downstairs for breakfast, and then we can spend the day getting ready for tonight." Margaery jumped off the bed with a large grin on her pretty face as she left Sansa to get ready.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you everyone for all your great comments for chapter one.
I'm hoping to post a chapter every Saturday.

Enchanted

Chapter Notes

Here we go another chapter. I think you are all going to like this one ;)



The day moved quickly for Sansa and Margaery as they went to every shop in Kings Landing. Margaery had Sansa try on every costume she saw and completely ignored what Sansa liked or disliked. In the end, Margaery found herself her lion costume; a large gold and red corseted gown that showed off more of her bosom than needed and her thin waist, and to top it off, a matching mask was added to the omsombal which showed off her large eyes. For Sansa, she had a harder time choosing her dress. As much as she loved the white wolf costume they came across, a more striking gown caught her eye.

By seven that night, both Sansa and Margaery were dressed and ready for the masquerade. To add excitement to the evening, they were being escorted to Harrenhal in a large horse drawn carriage.

Sansa loved every second of it, and she felt like a princess out of all the old fairy tales. Tonight she didn't feel like the quiet awkward girl she normally felt like. No, tonight she felt beautiful, graceful, and all grown up. She was excited for the masquerade, for the people, and for the food and decorum.

As the carriage moved them closer and closer to Harrenhal, Margaery and Joffrey were busy whispering in each others ears as Sansa tried to ignore the 'cute couple' and imagined what the evening would hold for them all. Before long, the carriage started to slow and come to a full stop. The door was opened from the outside by a footman who offered Sansa his hand and escorted her from the carriage, followed by Margaery and Joffrey.

Sansa was taken aback from the grandness of Harrenhal. As she starred up at the large old estate, she got the strangest feeling of familiarity despite never being here before. Harrenhal was the largest estate Sansa had ever seen. Looking up, she determined it must have been at least four stories high and reached across six blocks. There were balconies, and open windows, and two large towers. Sansa got pulled back to reality by Margaery's voice calling for her to hurry up. Margaery and Joffrey had already walked up the steps to the large double doors. Hurrying along, Sansa lifted the hem of her grand gown just slightly, as not to trip, as she tried to catch up.

As Sansa walked through the large double doors, her breath was taken away. The inner structure had high painted ceilings with beautifully painted murals on them, the stone walls contained some of the most angelic paintings hanging off of them she had ever seen, and the windows had sketched glass that created beautiful coloured patterns across the marble floor. With each step Sansa took, the more she felt a familiar pull deep within her, as though she knew this old place. As new as her surroundings where to her, everything felt so familiar and soothing. Yet, as she moved deeper into the ancient home, Sansa could not stop her fear from rising.

Sansa followed Margaery and Joffrey through the main parlor and into the largest ballroom she had ever seen. The whole room was lit up with hundreds of candles giving a soft glow to the elegant décor. The room was full of people dancing to the music being played by the group of musicians in the far right corner that filled the room beautifully. No one was overly recognizable with all the different costumes.

As Margaery and Joffrey entered, the whole room paused to give a welcoming round of applause to the betrothed couple. They moved deeper into the crowd as the music picked up again and everyone went back to dancing and mingling amongst themselves. Sansa descended into the crowd soaking in everything around her. Some people she recognized right away and others their costumes were too elaborate for her to make an immediate identification. Sansa offered passing pleasantries to some and conversed with others she were better acquainted with. Every costume she saw was more divine than the last, from simple to rare animals, to some dressed in ancient house sigils in honor of the past; though none seemed to compare to hers, which Sansa was continuously being complemented on. Time didn't seem to matter as the party continued on well into the night. Sansa had lost sight of Margaery, but she had tabs on Cersei and her twin brother Jaime who stayed pinned to her side. They were standing off to the side eyeing everyone in the ballroom. Sansa figured Cersei was keeping close tabs on her son.

As Sansa continued to mingle and move through the crowd, she couldn't help but catch the gossip buzzing through the crowd, so she chose to seek out Margaery in hopes of confirming the news. Margaery wasn't hard to find as her laughter carried through the sound of the room

“Margaery! Margaery, is it true? Is our host really not here?”

“Oh, Sansa, I heard that too. I'm sure he's around here somewhere.”

Just as Margaery responded to Sansa and they began to scan the room for their mysterious host, the main doors opened as a man dressed fully in black with a silver mockingbird pinned to his

collar and a simple dark emerald mask, entered. The ballroom quieted as he moved across the room towards Cersei and Jaime. Joffrey grabbed Margaery's arm and pulled her through the crowd until they were standing next to his mother and uncle before the mysterious man had reached his destination. Sansa could not take her eyes off of him as he moved towards his goal. She shifted slightly in her spot, trying her very best to get a proper look at the man who sparked an unfamiliar sensation in her. There was something oddly familiar about him, yet she could not put her finger on why.

He kissed the back of Cersei's hand as he greeted her and shook Jaime's, before turning to Joffrey and Margaery greeting them in the same manner. After his greetings, he finally turned to the room addressing all his guest.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, thank you for coming to help celebrate this autists engagement of Joffrey and Margaery...."

The man continued to address the room, but Sansa couldn't hear a word of it. When he turned to everyone, his dark grey-green eyes immediately found Sansa's and did not move. The second she saw him she knew why he seemed so familiar and that terrified her. Sansa was frozen, completely unable to move or breathe; she dared no blink for fear she was dreaming. His voice resonated within her as her fear slowly began to be pushed aside for desire as she starred into the eyes of the unknown man of her ever faithful dreams.

Dance

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday Everyone!

Thanks so much for all the great comments so far and for pointing out some of my spelling mistakes :)

I think your all gonna really love this chapter, I know I do ;)

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



It wasn't until Margaery, Joffrey, and their host were standing directly in front of Sansa that she realized she had been holding her breath. Never taking her eyes off of this mysterious man, Sansa finally took a breath as Margaery introduced them.

“Sansa, this is Lord Baelish. He expressly asked to meet you.” Margaery beamed, overjoyed that someone was taking interest in her friend.

Lord Baelish reached out and took hold of one of Sansa's hands, brought it to his lips, and placed the softest of kisses on the back of it. His dark, grey-green eyes pierced her blue ones, never blinking as he made his gesture. There was something very unnerving about the way his gaze lingered in an almost unnatural way.

The second Sansa felt his hand in hers, it was as though the entire room faded away and they were the only two people in the entire ballroom. Sansa tried to focus on her breathing and desperately wished his lips were on hers instead of her hand. The deep need to be in his embrace was so overwhelming, and before Sansa knew it, the room came back into focus and full of people as she instantly felt the loss of his touch.

“Pleasure, Lord Baelish.” Sansa nearly whispered, still recovering from his touch.

“Oh, the pleasure is all mine, sweetling,” Lord Baelish took a step closer, breathing Sansa in as he gently took a loose strand of her deep auburn hair between his fingers. He leaned in even closer and completely ignored everyone’s glances towards the two of them.

“You, sweetling, are truly a beauty to behold. Might I have the honour of a dance?” Lord Baelish asked, but he didn’t wait for Sansa to respond before he took her hand and led her through the now staring crowd of guests onto the dance floor.

The music changed into a waltz as Sansa allowed Lord Baelish to take the lead. He spun and moved her in time to the music, holding her far closer than necessary, but Sansa didn’t care. Lord Baelish was hypnotizing, and all she wanted was to be as close as humanly possible to him. As the waltz continued, Lord Baelish took full advantage of having Sansa so close and dipped his head downward until his lips found her left ear.

“I have been waiting centuries for you, sweetling,” He whispered and placed a soft kiss just below her ear. “You feel it, don’t you? Your blood just rushing through your veins, waiting to explode?”

Sansa finally found the will to pull away from Lord Baelish’s grip. A look of shock and confusion flooded her flushed face. They had stopped dancing in the middle of the floor. Sansa was desperately trying to find her voice to respond, but it was impossible. Lord Baelish pulled Sansa back into his clutches.

“Soon, my love. Soon.” Lord Baelish kissed the base of her neck before releasing her from his grasp. Sansa stood frozen, locked in confusion, as she watched Lord Baelish nod his head to her and turn away. He easily disappeared into the crowd of people and began mingling with his guests.

After a few seconds, Sansa’s focus returned and she found the willpower to leave the dance area. She retreated back to Margaery. Margaery wasted no time in questioning Sansa on her encounter with Lord Baelish. Before long, Joffrey was pulling at Margaery’s arm again, leaving Sansa alone with her confused thoughts.

As Sansa wandered the room, she could feel Lord Baelish’s eyes follow her every step; his eye’s burning into her. Sansa couldn’t quite bring herself to look at him, because she was much too afraid of what she might find. She continued to wander and mingle with the guests, but that burning desire to be near Lord Baelish grew too strong. Before she realized it, Sansa was seeking him out. It didn’t take long for her to spot him across the room. He was sitting near one of the side doors.

Lord Baelish stood and stared across the room into Sansa’s sapphire eyes. He wore a smile that didn’t quite reach his ever darkening grey-green eyes as he slightly gestured for her to follow.

Chapter End Notes

I have a question for any one who can help me out.

How do you post pictures in here??

I see some with images and @his_wolf_her_mockingbird made some beautiful edits

for the next couple of chapters that I'd love to post and share but I don't know how :(

Reality

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday Everyone!!

Hope everyone is well and ready for our next chapter.

It's my personal favorite so far ;)



Sansa watched as Lord Baelish slipped through the door and vanished. She looked around the room, but no one seemed to have noticed his departure. Sansa's gaze shifted to Margaery and Joffrey, who were engrossed in conversation across the room.

As Sansa stood amongst the guests, she recognized that no one was paying her any attention, and she realized how easy it would be for her to simply slip away and follow Lord Baelish. Sansa took a deep breath as she slowly made her way through the crowd of guests towards the door Lord Baelish had disappeared into. Hand on the door, Sansa scanned the room one last time before pushing through and closing it behind her.

Sansa stood in a shadowy hallway with a set of stairs leading up to the second level of the castle. The muffled sounds of the masquerade began to fade behind her as she slowly made her way up each step. When Sansa reached the top of the staircase and stepped through the door, her breath caught and she stopped dead in her tracks.

Desperate to steady herself, Sansa found herself staring down the same cold stone hallway of her dreams. It was exact in every way, down to the very last detail, and Sansa knew what awaited her on the other side. She considered going back to the party, to Margaery, but one voice in her head told her to run while another softer, quieter whisper of a voice told her to press on, edging her on further, closer to the unknown mystery of Lord Baelish.

In her moment of doubt and fear, Sansa made her choice. Pushing all of her fear aside, she listened to that whispering voice and started down the long hallway towards her deciding fate.

Sansa pushed open the heavy door and could hear the music from the ballroom playing softly through the stone built walls. She stood on the balcony and began looking down into the large room, willing herself to continue her journey. Slowly, and with hesitant steps, she descended down into the sunken room towards Lord Baelish. Like in her dream, Lord Baelish was standing in front of a roaring fire with a wine glass in his hand and his back to the room.

“I was beginning to worry that you had decided not to come.” Sansa could hear Lord Baelish comment as she came up to him.

“I almost didn’t.” Sansa replied coolly, trying to keep her voice steady as she spoke. In that moment, she was both excited and terrified. Sansa thought she could almost hear her blood pumping through her whole body as she faced Lord Baelish.

Lord Baelish smiled, yet Sansa noticed it did not quite reach his ever darkening eyes.

“And now that you are here, sweetling?” Lord Baelish inquired as he placed his glass down on the mantle and pulled Sansa into himself. Sansa closed her eyes as she fell into Lord Baelish’s grasp. They began to sway softly to the distant music, lost in each other.

Lifting a hand, he gently pushed aside Sansa's ginger locks, allowing his fingers to ghost over her slender neck before lowering his head. Sansa shivered at the contact.

“I have waited so long for you, my love.” Lord Baelish whispered into Sansa’s ear and then proceeded to lightly nip her earlobe before shifting lower and placing a lingering kiss at her neck. Sansa could feel his nostrils flaring as he took in her scent, and the idle hand he had placed on her lower back began to move, drawing small, caressing circles. His touch sent tingles down her spine, and she could feel the pit of her stomach grow warm with desire. She placed her hands on Lord Baelish’s chest, pushing him away slightly as she tried to regain some resemblance of control.

“Lord Baelish....” Sansa breathed before being cut off.

“Call me Petyr.” He rasped and before she realized it, Lord Baelish had pulled her back in, his lips finding hers instantly as he demanded she succumb to his advances. Sansa submitted, unable to fight her burning desire for her mysterious host.

As their kiss grew, Sansa parted her lips slightly for air. Lord Baelish took full advantage of her lungs needing breath and fully dominated her as he intensified the kiss. He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her in further as he spun her around, pressing her up against the side of the fireplace mantle. He raked his hands up and down her slim form as he relished in her surrender to him.

Minutes passed before Lord Baelish broke their kiss and guided Sansa over to the window, turning her around until her back was pressed against his body.

“Tell me, what do you see, love?” Lord Baelish asked as he kissed the nape of her neck. Sansa stared into her reflection, shocked at what she saw being cast back. She barely recognized herself.

Sansa stood in her grand dark emerald green gown with silver broadening, taking note of the long sparkling feathered wings that flowed down her arms. She could feel the satin lace of her corseted back pressing tightly against Lord Baelish’s silky black shirt. Glancing up at her face, she took in her matching dark emerald feathered mask that showcased her smoky sapphire blue eyes and butterscotch shaded lips. As she stared at her reflection in the glass, realization finally dawned on Sansa. Her gown unknowingly matched Lord Baelish’s mockingbird pin. She removed her mask as she took a deep shallow breath.

Lord Baelish inched closer, molding his body to her. Sansa was unsure just what he expected her to see, but luckily he seemed to sense her confusion.

“Do you know what I see?” He uttered softly as Sansa shook her head.

“I see a very lonely soul, and a lonely heart that is out of place. You don’t belong with them. You know that, sweetling. You belong right here with me.” Lord Baelish lightened his grip on Sansa as she turned back round to face him.

“Lord Baelish....” Sansa started.

“Petyr.” He interjected, quirking his lips up into a small smirk.

“Petyr, how...how do you...” Sansa struggled with her words, not knowing exactly how to voice her question.

“How do I know you feel lost and out of place?” Sansa could only nod as he finished her thought for her. “Because I know you. I feel you just as you feel me. You knew me well before tonight, didn’t you, Sansa?” His knowing gaze pierced through her as her eyes widened.

“It...it was just a dream.” Sansa breathed in confusion.

“Dreams, my love, simply tell us what our soul wants, and who we truly are. I can help you. I can show you what your life can be. All you have to do is say yes. Say yes.” Those last words were spoken almost as a command as Lord Baelish reached for Sansa once more, pulling her into his embrace with a force that stole her breath away.

She was suddenly surrounded by the familiar scent of mint, which she was beginning to associate with this complex man. The aroma was soothing, almost like a healing elixir. Sansa inhaled and exhaled long, deep breaths onto his skin as she tried to relax her wildly beating heart. Weighing his words with care, Sansa tried to decide if she wanted to follow Lord Baelish down this dark path he was offering, or if she should flee back to the party. He was right. She had always felt out of place, lost and alone, and the idea that she could actually belong, feel whole, was very tempting. A heartbeat later and she had her decision.

“Yes.” She whispered so quietly that had there been anyone else in the room with them, one would have had to strain their ear to hear her.

Lord Baelish dominated her again with his mouth, kissing her deeply before releasing her plump, red lips and began trailing wet kisses down her jawline to her neck. He quickly found her pulse point and suckled, pushing her blood to the surface. His skilled tongue lavished the spot. Sansa leaned into Lord Baelish even more and closed her eyes as she felt his lips on her, craving him more and more with each lick of his tongue. Lord Baelish smiled against her skin as he spurred a moan from her lips, enticing him to devour her completely.

Invitation

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday Everyone!!

Hope you all enjoy the new chapter :)



Sansa woke with a start, confused to find herself in her bed and unsure how she got there. Before Sansa even had time to sit up and wipe the sleep from her eyes, Margaery had bounced in and flung her curtains wide open, letting in the sunlight. Sansa cringed at the sudden brightness, clinging to her blanket desperately and trying to find the shadowy darkness she was craving.

"What an evening! I can not believe you are still in bed, Sansa! Come on, get up and tell me what happened last night. One minute you were there and the next you were just gone. Where did you go?" Margaery inquired, not able to keep the curiosity out of her voice as she turned towards Sansa in bed.

Sansa lowered the blanket off her head to look at Margaery as she tried to remember the events of the masquerade.

"Oh Sansa, are you feeling okay? You are very pale." Margaery said, her brows furrowing in concern.

In truth, Sansa felt drained, utterly and completely, as though there was nothing left in her. Her mind was foggy, and she barely had the strength to sit up. Sansa's body ached as she pushed herself up in her bed. Margaery approached and sat down beside her on the bed, lifting a hand and gently brushing a strand of stray hair off of her pale face. She peered into Sansa's eyes before taking one of her hands in her own and giving it a comforting squeeze.

“Yeah, Marg. I am okay. Just tired I guess. Long night and all.” Sansa gave Margaery a small smile in hopes of reassuring her.

“Hmmm, okay. Well, I will be downstairs when you are ready.” Margaery returned Sansa’s soft smile and left her room, leaving her to her thoughts.

Sansa groggily pulled herself out of bed and into the on-suite to bathe. She stood in the shower longer than needed, allowing the warm droplets to soothe her body. The heat helped with the faint feeling she was struggling to shake. As she let the water revive her, she started to remember bits of the masquerade, of the grandness of Harrenhal, the music, the costumes, and Lord Baelish. Sansa remembered how his dark eyes drew her in, how his minty breath clung to her, and how it brought shivers down her spine. The more Sansa remembered, the more flushed she felt. Lord Baelish had awoken something new within her, a craving she never thought possible.

Stepping out of the shower and wrapping a towel around her, Sansa wiped the condensation off the mirror and stared at herself. She remembered her likeness in the window, and of being in Lord Baelish’s arms. Inspecting her pale reflection, she noticed a small scratch on her neck. Taking a closer look, she realized it was actually puncture marks, and Sansa had no memory of receiving it.

As Sansa dressed in her faded blue jeans and a simple silky grey long sleeved shirt, she found a satin light green scarf that matched her outfit and began wrapping it around her neck to cover the puncture marks. She applied enough make-up to bring a bit of color back to her cheeks. Taking one final glance at herself in the mirror, she was satisfied with her overall appearance and decided it was time to venture down and begin her day.

Sansa found Margaery in the dining room with Joffrey. They were being served their breakfast. As she sat down, a plate full of delicious smelling biscuits was placed in front of her, along with a goblet filled with tea and an envelope. Ignoring the food, Sansa picked up her tea, having a sip before focusing on the parcel before her. Margaery, having noticed the slip of paper, put her fork down to address Sansa.

“What is that, Sansa?” She asked with deep intrigue.

“I have no idea.” Sansa replied as she examined the envelope in her hands. Her name was elegantly written on the front. As she turned it over, she saw it was sealed with a mockingbird sigil embedded in the ruby shaded wax. Sansa carefully peeled away the seal and pulled out a small piece of parchment. Opening it at its fold, she read:

My sweetest Sansa,

It would be my deepest pleasure if you would be my guest tonight.

My driver will be at your residence at eight o'clock sharp to escort you to Harrenhal.

I await seeing you again, sweetling, and conversing with you once more.

Your ever faithful servant,

Petyr

Sansa took a deep breath as she read and re-read Lord Baelish's invitation. Margaery, who was too impatient to wait for Sansa to share the contents of the letter, left her chair and immediately took the note from Sansa's hands, reading it with excitement.

"Petyr? Well, don't you move fast!" Margaery started teasing Sansa and continued to speak. "What happened between the two of you last night?" She questioned, trying to pry.

Sansa sat in silence, unable to answer her friend. She did not take Margaery's teasing too seriously, knowing she meant well.

"You are going, right? I mean, you have to. Look at all the trouble he is going through just to see you!" Margaery was waving the note before Sansa.

"What will you wear? Oh, lets go shopping and find you the perfect dress!" She said excitedly, a huge grin on her face. Margaery continued to prattle on as Sansa simply nodded in agreement and drank her tea.

As she drank and nibbled on a biscuit, she found the drink slightly off-putting, along with the one or two bits she managed of her breakfast. Sansa's stomach was in knots and she felt ill. Her appetite was long gone.

By mid-afternoon, Sansa was starting to feel like herself again and even began to enjoy trying on dress after dress with Margaery at the shops. She had found herself a tight-fitting black dress that sat half way up her thighs with a princess cut neckline and three finger width straps. It was perfect and hugged her in all the right places.

Once the dress and black heeled pumps were found, Sansa started perusing the jewelry selection as Margaery added more items to her large pile of new clothes. Sansa found a Gothic black choker with a silver pendent in the centre that she really liked. Removing her green scarf, Sansa placed

the choker on. It was beautiful, and she knew it would complement her new little black dress.

Sansa was a little ball of nerves. Anxious, excited, and scared all at the same time as she sat in the car taking her to Harrenhal. She still could not remember everything that had happened between Lord Baelish and herself, and she could not help but wonder if he had given her the small puncture marks her choker was concealing.

Before long, Sansa was able to make out the fine lines of a familiar looking castle in the distance as she took in her surroundings and enjoyed the scenery she had not noticed during her first visit. Harrenhal was as beautiful as she remembered.

The car door was opened for her as she stepped out and headed up towards the castle. Sansa kept quietly telling herself to breath as she stepped through the grand doors, and followed the butler to where Lord Baelish was waiting for her.

“Sweetling, I'm so glad you could join me this evening.” Lord Baelish drawled, his lips forming into a smile which did not quite reach his infinite grey-green eyes. This smile unsettled Sansa and left her with a feeling of dread in the pit of her stomach.

Cravings

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday Everyone!!

So everything starts heating up real soon....have fun reading ;)



Unable to keep his intense gaze, Sansa cast her eyes downward as she nervously inched her way closer and closer to Lord Baelish, hoping the uneasy feeling she felt would quickly begin to dissipate. With each step she took, she reminded herself to breathe. *Breathe in. Breathe out.*

When she stood before the man who now filled her every thought, she still could not bring herself to meet his eyes, too afraid to see the terrifying darkness within their depths.

“Thank you for inviting me, Lord Baelish.” Sansa said politely, bowing her head and curtsying like a proper lady. In her earlier years, she had been taught the ways to formally greet those of higher stature, as not to embarrass herself or her acquaintances.

“Petyr.” He rasped darkly, reminding her of his earlier invitation to call him by his given name. Sansa could pick out a slight hint of annoyance in his voice, but it was his tone that startled her, making her glance up at him with wide eyes. What she saw in his expression did not match what she had heard. *Had she been mistaken?* There was no hint of anger or displeasure she had been sure she'd encounter, but instead was met with an eerie calmness that made her feel uncomfortable under his penetrating stare. She bit her lip and began fidgeting with her hands.

“P-Petyr.” Sansa corrected, feeling heat rising to her face and knowing her cheeks had taken on a rosy hue at having made such a silly error. A smirk arose on Lord Baelish's face as he looked down at her, seeming to enjoy her shy reactions to him.

"That wasn't so hard, was it, *Sansa*?" He enunciated each syllable of her name in a teasing fashion, making her blush even more. She shook her head in answer.

"Good. I do not like repeating myself. Should it happen again, next time, there will be consequences." His voice lingered on the word 'consequences' as it rolled off his tongue seductively. Sansa shivered at the easy threat, but she was not the least bit afraid. In fact, she felt a warmth begin to coil in the pit of her belly in anxious anticipation. Lord Baelish winked in her direction and let out a small chuckle, clearly amused.

"Now, let me take a look at you, sweetling." He stated softly, placing his hands behind his back.

Desperately trying to keep her emotions in check, Sansa watched as Lord Baelish took a small step back, adding some distance between them. She noticed his gaze shift lower as he finally gave her his undivided attention. Silently, he instructed her to slowly spin around for him, giving him the perfect opportunity to take in her full appearance.

Sansa's breath caught in her throat when she realized he was openly staring at her backside, and she couldn't help the girlish grin she spread across her face. He seemed to be admiring her tight little black dress, *a lot*. She watched as his tongue peeked out to wet his lips, while he drank in her beauty, and that simple act had her remembering the heated kiss they had shared not so long ago.

Lord Baelish's grey-green eyes continued to wander over her entire body, devouring her hungrily, before they landed on the choker she had purchased earlier that day. Extending his arm, he allowed one long, slender finger to lightly trace the skin around the piece of jewelry gracing her neck.

“Hmmm, very pretty, my love. However, it is hiding my mark.” Lord Baelish growled playfully as he wrapped his hands around the back of Sansa's neck, unclasping the choker. The necklace fell to the floor with a soft thud, forgotten. He was smirking from ear to ear in triumph.

“*Your* mark? So you did...” Sansa began, her chest tightening in painful realization. She took a step back from Lord Baelish, fear looming in her sapphire orbs.

“Oh yes, *my* mark. The evidence of my claim on you. And just as I imagined, sweetling, you really are something sweet.” Lord Baelish cut in, ignoring her fearful look and taking a step forward to invade her space. He reached out and brushed his fingertips over his mark possessively. His touch sent a shiver down Sansa’s spine.

“You really have no idea how special you are, do you?” He questioned, not really expecting her to understand his inquiry.

“I am nothing special.” Sansa replied in a voice barely above a whisper. There had never been a time in her life where she had felt anything but ordinary. She was like every other woman she had ever encountered, and she was puzzled by what Lord Baelish found so unique about her.

“Oh, but you are, sweetling.” Lord Baelish said matter of factly. “I have waited centuries for you, my dear.” He pulled Sansa in closer to himself, breathing in her scent as he took a lock of her hair in hand and let the strands run along his fingers. His eyes fluttered shut for the briefest of seconds. “You’re more beautiful than she ever was” Lord Baelish murmured softly.

“I...Ummm...Centuries. You have said that before, but... I... I don’t understand.” Sansa sighed, her brows furrowing in confusion. She did not know why he kept referring to that term. He appeared just shy of thirty, perhaps early thirties, but no older.

“No,” Lord Baelish began, letting out a light chuckle and pulling his head back slightly to look deeply into her eyes, before he continued, “I suppose you would not. Could you, I wonder? Are you ready? Perhaps I can entrust in you a tale from long, long ago.” He was speaking more to himself than to Sansa as he gazed into her sparkling, bewildered baby blues.

A moment later, Lord Baelish grabbed Sansa's hand and lead her to a large dining table, pulling out a chair and offering it to her. Sansa sat down, never taking her confused eyes off of her host as he took the seat next to her.

“Tell me. Please.” Sansa almost begged, her curiosity winning out over her fear. She yearned to know the mystery behind this man.

“Shall I tell you a story then, sweetling?” Lord Baelish asked, resting his back into his chair and getting comfortable as he readied himself to bring Sansa the clarity she sought. “Very well. Once upon a time, a long, long time ago, a time when the land was full of Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses. I was nothing. I had nothing. In a world of war and power, I wanted what everyone else seemed to have. Power. So I made myself valuable. I found that

knowledge was power, true power, so that's what I attained. I worked my way up the ladder, gaining power and having influence over others, while taking out everyone and everything that stood in my way to the throne. That was, until I met *her*. Catelyn Tully was my demise." Lord Baelish looked away, pausing for a moment in remembrance of a love lost so long ago. After collecting his thoughts, he glanced up and looked at Sansa again.

"You, sweetling, are the spitting image of her. I loved her and was willing to risk everything for her. Cat and I grew very close during our time together, and I truly thought she loved me too. So when she told me of her engagement to Brandon Stark, a burly man from an old house, I was furious. So, like a fool in love, I challenged Cat's betrothal for her hand. He beat me of course, in the end. Cut me open from navel to collarbone, and I would have died had Cat not pleaded for my life. She had convinced Brandon Stark to spare my life." It was here that he seemed to hesitate, lost in thought, or perhaps reliving the tragedy the memory inflicted. Shaking his head and bringing himself back to the present, he continued his tale.

"I learnt something very important that day. I learnt that I'd never win, at least not their way." Lord Baelish halted again, making sure Sansa was keeping up with his story. When she simply nodded, he carried on.

"I was rushed to a small hospital in a nearby village where my life-threatening injury was being tended to. However, the doctors all believed my wound to be too extensive and that I would die. So I was left for dead in a miniscule hospital bed surrounded by the sick and dying. I truly believed that I was at the end of my life, until a doctor came and sat by my side. He examined my gash, shaking his head and saying how bad it looked. I was deathly pale and so close to death that I could almost taste it. It was then that the strange doctor leaned in close and began whispering in my ear."

"Are you ready for death, my friend?" He questioned.

"No." I breathed out.

"Tell me, what would you do if you survived?" Yet another question.

"R-r-revenge." I managed to croak out.

Seeming satisfied with my answer, he replied, "Then you shall have it."

"Everything went dark after that, but when I awoke, I felt more alive than ever. I was fully healed, with the exception of a thin scar from my wound. I noticed a new sensation within me, a deep, craving hunger I had never known before. The strange doctor was gone, leaving nothing but a note explaining what he had done to me. He had made me like him. Vampyr. A gift of destiny. To walk the earth forever, and giving me the opportunity to exact my revenge. And that's just what I did. I took pleasure in taking Brandon Stark's life. Once my revenge was fulfilled, I sought out Catelyn Tully once more. My plan was to make her like me, so we could walk this earth together, forever. Unfortunately, when I found her, it was months too late. She had married Brandon Stark's brother, Eddard and had passed away in child birth, destroying all of my plans.

So I carried on, doing what I do best. I influenced those in power and manipulated them into doing my bidding. All from the shadows. Wandering alone.” His narrative had ended.

Lord Baelish sat in silence as he watched Sansa take in his tale. He was curious to see how she would react to what he truly was, the dark monster he allowed himself to become.

Sansa took a sharp breath as she leaned towards Lord Baelish, taking his smooth hand in her own and gently squeezing it.

“And you never loved again? You have just been alone all this time?” He could hear the sadness in her voice as she spoke. Her voice cracked slightly. She was fighting back tears.

“Yes, love. Until you.” He squeezed her hand, returning the kind gesture. A moment later, he lifted his hand, the one she had been holding, and grasped hers, pulling it up and bringing it up to his lips. Lord Baelish lightly kissed each knuckle and then turned over her hand, placing a tender kiss in the palm.

Sansa was resolved. This man of mystery was revealed, and she no longer felt afraid. She wanted to soothe the lost soul before her. Finally letting all her walls, her fears, and her doubts down completely, Sansa took the initiative. Leaning in, she placed a soft kiss on Lord Baelish’s lips. She didn’t want to think of the past or future. She only wanted the here and now.

Before she could pull away from his lips, Lord Baelish deepened their kiss, fully pulling Sansa off her chair and onto his lap. Her tight dress rode up her thighs, revealing her long legs as she settled on Lord Baelish’s lap, while he dominated Sansa’s mouth with his own.

The heat continued to rise as both took pleasure in their ever growing kiss. Lord Baelish relished in the ever pleasurable moan that escaped Sansa’s lips. His fingers trailed up her bare legs and under the fabric of her short dress. Sansa could not help but wiggle as his smooth, skilled fingers continued to climb higher between her legs, finding her sweet spot.

Desires

Chapter Notes

Happy Saturday Everyone,

Here's the chapter I know you've all been waiting for ;)

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



Desire drove both of them as Lord Baelish's fingers found Sansa's sex. Pushing past her soaked black laced panties, he slowly circled her clit, making her release another moan. He could feel Sansa coming closer and closer to her release as he skillfully moved his fingers within, working her over. Sansa's breathing became heavy as Lord Baelish quickened his pace. Lord Baelish was completely unraveling Sansa, dominating her mouth with his as his fingers toyed with her pink button. She was more than ready for him, he knew, but he couldn't help but enjoy playing with her.

Just as Sansa thought she could take no more, Lord Baelish suddenly removed his hand, leaving her frustrated and wanton. Lord Baelish grabbed Sansa's waist and lifted her off his lap and up onto the large wooden dining table. Sansa was caught off guard by the sudden movements. She watched as he sat forward in his chair while he pressed her down on her back.

Lord Baelish guided Sansa's legs further apart as he trailed his fingers back up under her short dress and pulled her lacy black panties down, letting them drop to the floor. Sansa pushed herself up onto her forearms as her breathing started to settle. Gazing into his lust filled grey-green eyes, she noticed his smirk as he dropped his head under her dress and between her legs. Before she knew it, he was once again bringing her to the brink of orgasm. Her moans grew louder and

louder as he proved that his tongue was just as skillful as his fingers.

Lord Baelish continued his defilement of Sansa, relishing every moan and incoherent mumbled word that fell from her lips. Sansa finally let go and fell into her orgasm. It was like nothing she had ever experienced before. She had never felt so high and free than in that moment. Lord Baelish gently kissed her inner thigh as he rose from his chair, towering over Sansa. Leaning into her on the table, he kissed her now trembling lips. She could taste herself on him as he deepened their kiss and his grip on Sansa's waist tightened as he leaned further into her.

Sansa moved her hands to Lord Baelish's collar as their kiss continued. She slowly pushed his black blazer down his firm shoulders, letting it drop to the floor before working on each button of his shirt. Her hands trembled as she undid button after button. Lord Baelish didn't stop her, letting her continue until his shirt fell from him and dropped to the floor with the rest of the cloths. He relinquished their sultry kiss as his lips began their descent down her chin and onto her neck, running his tongue over his mark in exult over what he had done.

Sansa couldn't help but release another moan as Lord Baelish suckled the plus point on her neck. Roughly, Lord Baelish pulled Sansa upright so she was sitting on the edge of the table as he pulled his face back and gazed down into her now darkened eyes. He knew she was more than ready for him. The scent of her arousal filled the air around them.

Shifting slightly, Lord Baelish lowered his hands and continued undressing. Sansa took in the sight of his bare chest as he teasingly undid the top button of his trousers. Sansa's eyes lingered over the know faint scar that traveled from navel to collarbone. This was the injury he had told her about in his long ago tale. Sansa leaned into Lord Baelish, placing a kiss at the top of his scar and following it all the way down to his navel.

She thought of what Lord Baelish had done to her, the pleasure he had obliged her with and wondered if she could entice the same pleasure out of him? Instinctively, Sansa took charge, placing a firm hand on Lord Baelish's chest and pushed him back down into the chair as she hopped off the table. Keeping her hand on his chest, she leaned as close as she could into him, pulling him into a long and heated kiss. Taking a short step back, Sansa placed a smirk on her pretty face.

“Don't move.” She told him in the most seductive tone she could muster.

Lord Baelish sat back in the chair as he watched Sansa shed her dress and lacy black bra. She then proceeded to slip off her black pumps and stood inches from his reach, naked as the day she was born.

“Breathtaking, sweetling.” Lord Baelish breathed softly as his grey-green eyes lingered over her flawless skin.

Giving Lord Baelish a final mischievous smirk, Sansa leaned into him once more, giving him a lingering kiss before trailing it down his chest. Sansa slowly dropped to her knees without taking her sapphire eyes off his grey-green ones and continued to kiss down his chest as her hands shuffled his trousers off him, leaving him as bare as she was. Taking him in hand, she began to slowly stroke his impressive length, watching him quickly take a sharp breath. With a growing desire to coax more noise from him, Sansa leaned in, placing a soft kiss on the top of his member. She savored the hissing sound Lord Baelish made as she kissed him. Slowly, she eased his length into her mouth, guiding her tongue over him. Lord Baelish couldn't help but groan loudly as Sansa increased her pace.

“Gods, Sansa.” Lord Baelish finally breathed out, unable to contain himself. He could feel himself coming closer and closer to his peak. Sansa could sense that he was close, and she quickly retreated, pushing herself up on her heels and deeply kissed him once more.

Lord Baelish, having had enough, pulled her up and onto his lap. Sansa straddled him in the chair as he lined his member with her dripping wet sex and slowly eased himself into her. Sansa gripped Lord Baelish's shoulders as he entered her, forcing yet another moan from her lips. Lord Baelish gripped her waist and lowered his hands until they reached around her perfect ass as he guided her up and down his member. The pace was slow at first but increased with each powerful thrust. Intoxicated by each other, Lord Baelish pushed himself deeper and deeper into Sansa, both panting in time with their movements. Lord Baelish wrapped his arms tightly around Sansa, lifting her as he stood from his chair and laid her back down onto the table before them. Climbing a top her, he trailed kisses all over her body as he continued to thrust within her. Lord Baelish's mouth trailed her body until they found her hardening nipples. He took a bud into his mouth and sucked hard and could feel Sansa's whole body tense the closer she came to her climax.

“Lo...lord...Bae...” Sansa muttered between moans. Hearing what she was attempting to utter, Lord Baelish bit down on her nipple, causing her to cry out in pain.

“Petyr!” Sansa yelled as she felt his teeth against her already sensitive nipple.

“I warned you, sweetling.” Lord Baelish smirked after he lightly licked her now red nipple and moved up to place a smug kiss on her lips once more.

Lord Baelish quickened his pace as he moved within Sansa. He could tell she was close, and he knew he wasn't much further behind her. Just as Sansa was about to come, Lord Baelish found his mark once more on her neck and bit down hard, re-opening her vein for him to feast upon.

Sansa experienced everything at once. The rising pleasure from her orgasm, and the intense pain from Lord Baelish's bite. Sansa couldn't help but yell out incoherently as she rode out her orgasm and pain, and at the same time having never experienced anything like this before. She could feel Lord Baelish follow soon after as he continued to suckle at her throat. His hot seed spilled inside of her as her warm blood trailed down her neck. Sansa found herself overcome by the intensity of everything.

Lord Baelish lavished the warm blood flowing from Sansa's neck as he finally found his release, spilling himself inside her. He gave a few final thrusts before slowing his pace and lying atop her. Both were panting heavily from their excerpts. Lord Baelish ran his tongue over Sansa's throat, licking the remaining blood from her. When he finished, he wrapped his arms tightly around Sansa's waist once more and rolled onto his back, shifting Sansa to straddle him.

Sansa giggled as she found herself on top. She noticed a smear of her blood on the corner of his mouth. Curious, she leaned down to kiss him, tasting the metallic tang of her blood on his lips.

"Sweetling?" Lord Baelish questioned softly.

"Hmmm?" Sansa murmured contently.

"How would you like to experience something sensational?" He asked as he lifted his hand and ran a finger lightly across her plump lips.

"Funny, I thought I just did!" Sansa replied playfully.

"Oh, now that was sensational to say the least, my love. However, I have something else in mind." Lord Baelish smiled, but Sansa noticed that his grey-green eyes did not smile with his mouth.

As Sansa stared into Lord Baelish's lust filled eyes, she could feel him growing hard again beneath her. Encouraged, she positioned herself atop him as she slowly started to rock herself back and forth. Lord Baelish lost his train of thought as Sansa moved against him, closing his eyes and following her lead. He moved in time with her every motion.

"You were saying?" Sansa asked in a teasing manner with a growing smirk on her lips, rocking her hips at a faster pace and already feeling the pressure rising within her.

“Something sensational.” Lord Baelish moaned as his hands gripped Sansa’s hips and began pushing himself deeper into her.

Sansa watched as he removed his right hand from her waist. With his middle finger, he ran his nail down his chest, creating a small cut. Sansa licked her lips as she saw his blood surface on his chest, beginning to pool slightly.

“Drink, sweetling.” Lord Baelish tempted her.

“Will I...” She began, but was interrupted when Lord Baelish suddenly thrust himself harder into her, forcing a loud moan from her and leaving her question unfinished.

“No, sweetling. Just drink.” Lord Baelish answered her unasked question as he continued to thrust deeper and harder into her.

Feeling herself once again on the brink of another orgasm, Sansa leaned down as Lord Baelish continued his assault on her. She licked her lips once more as she placed them over his bleeding wound and licked the pool of blood around it before drinking from his chest.

“It is only a taste, my love.” Lord Baelish promised.

Chapter End Notes

Just wanted to thank all of you for staying with me through this story, for all the kudos and comments!

You are all great thanks so much for the love :)

Taste

Chapter Notes

Happy Thursday Everyone!

So due to Christmas coming up I am forced to post chapter 9 early, so you're all just gonna have to bare a new chapter early....so sorry lol

We are coming close to the end of this story and I will hopefully post our finale chapter before Christmas!

Enjoy the early chapter and thanks again to EVERYONE for reading and loving the story :)



Sansa could still taste Lord Baelish's blood on her tongue when she awoke the next morning. To her disappointment, she found herself quite alone in Lord Baelish's king size four post bed. Her arms reached across to where he was last night, remembering every move and heated moment. Sansa's mood perked up when her hand grazed a piece of parchment lying on the pillow next to her. Wiping the sleep from her eyes and feeling that deep ache in her muscles with each movement she made, Sansa held the piece of parchment above her head to read:

Sweetling,

My deepest apologies for not being there, holding you in my arms when you woke. I, unfortunately, had business to attend to this morning, keeping me from your sweet embrace. I will return late tonight, but I hope to find you in my bed when I return. The house is yours. I have left a car for you so you go wherever you please.

Until I return, my love.

Petyr

Sansa held his note close, and she grazed her fingertips across his elegant handwriting, saddened by his absence. Sansa couldn't help but notice how the parchment seemed to smell of him as she inhaled deeply. Mint.

Sansa laid lazily in the large king size bed, taking in all of her surroundings. The bed was lined with silver satin sheets and matching pillows which were the same hue as Lord Baelish's mockingbird pin. Sansa brought the sheets close to her nose, taking in his musty minty scent and longing for night to return and for *his* return.

Looking around the room, the sunlight outside dimly shone through the heavy dark green curtains that covered the large windows. Sansa noted how there was no clutter anywhere in the large bedroom. The desk sat neat and clear, the walls were draped in expensive art, and she could not help but notice the complete lack of personal chic.

Finally deciding to get up for the day, Sansa slipped on her bra and little black dress that had been conveniently placed beside the bed for her. As she dressed, she searched for her black laced panties, wondering where they disappeared to. After searching the entire room, Sansa resolved herself on them being lost and gave up. She knew she had them when Petyr had gathered all their cloths and herself, carrying her to his bedroom where he took pleasure in defiling her once more before surrendering to sleep.

As Sansa roamed Harrenhal, moving from room to room, she noticed everything far clearer than ever. Every color seemed brighter and focused. She examined some of the paintings hanging on the walls, discerning every stroke the painter had made.

As the morning dwindled towards the afternoon, Sansa couldn't help but perceive her complete lack of appetite, finding how food held no interest or appeal today.

After wandering most of Harrenhal, Sansa decided she should check in with Margaery and change her dress. Finding one of the servants, Sansa was driven back to her hotel. Standing outside the hotel in the bright autumn day, Sansa found the sharp light of day and the crisp air painful, and she found her surroundings were loud and causing her a headache. Confused and unsure what was happening, she hurried inside and up to her room away from the bright, light, and loud world.

Sansa closed all of the curtains in her room when she entered. She felt as though she was having a

panic attack.

“What is happening?” She questioned herself aloud, rubbing her temple with her fingers and hoping it would calm her now racing mind.

After a moment, Sansa went and started to fill the tub with hot, bubbly water and hoping against hope it would sooth her. When the tub was nearly filled, she stripped down and climbed in, relishing the heat as she lowered her aching body into the tub.

The hot water immediately started to sooth and calm Sansa. Finally taking a deep breath, she started to reflect on everything that had transpired in the last two days. The masquerade ball, her dream, Lord Baelish, and her becoming completely consumed by him. How could she let him take over her entire world so quickly?

Over time the bubbles were starting to dissolve as the hot water turned cold. Sansa climbed out of the tub, wrapping a towel around her as she stood in front of the mirror. Lord Baelish’s puncture marks were larger this time, and Sansa couldn’t help but notice the slight bruising forming around the marks.

Moving to the closet, Sansa chose her red lacy bra and panties. After putting on her undergarments, Sansa then slipped on her little, dark green, tight dress that stopped half way up her thighs and showed just the right amount of cleavage. Placing her choker on to hide her bruising puncture marks, she noticed the piece of jewelry did very little to cover up the purplish-blue skin and decided to put on just a touch of make-up. This also helped to hide her ever paling reflection as a finishing touch. She had an undying urge to look her best for Lord Baelish when he returned.

Just as Sansa finished getting ready, Margaery came dashing in just shy of hysterical.

“Sansa! Oh my God, where have you been? Have you been with him this whole time?” Margaery finally took a breath, her eyes questioning.

“Sorry, Marg. I guess I just lost track of time last night. I never meant to worry you.” Sansa replied and was thrown slightly off by Margaery’s sudden outburst of concern for her. She always knew that Margaery cared, always encouraging Sansa in so many ways, but she had never seen Margaery so fretful before.

“You were will him all night?” Margaery asked with interest as she sat down on the bed,

her earlier concern fading as her curiosity rose.

“Umm, yes.” Sansa wasn’t sure how much she wanted to tell Margaery about her lust-filled night with Lord Baelish. As she sat down next to Margaery on the bed, Sansa couldn’t shake the feeling she was hearing something. Trying to pull her focus back from the distracting sound, Sansa willed herself to pay attention to Margaery again.

“So, tell me. How was he?” Margaery jumped right to the point as usual.

That distracting sound returned, and Sansa thought she was going insane, looking around the room trying to find it.

“Sansa, tell me. How was it? You clearly slept with him.” Margaery spoke a little louder to get Sansa’s full attention again.

Sansa was just about to respond to Margaery when she finally located the mysterious sound. Margaery’s heartbeat. She could see her pulse beating in time with her heart. It was all Sansa could focus on as she lightly licked her lips at the very thought of Margaery’s blood pumping through her veins. Panic set in as Sansa realized she was thinking of her best friend’s blood.

“I...umm...sorry, Marg. I have to go. I’ll... I’ll fill you in later. Promise.” Sansa rushed her apologies to Margaery as she grabbed her coat and hastened from the room and out of the hotel.

All of Sansa’s senses were on fire, heightened, and in overload. She felt as though she was having a heart attack as her pulse continued to race, and she struggled to shut everything out. Sansa, having rushed out of the hotel, stood on the sidewalk and realized she had no way of contacting the car to go back to Harrenhal. Recognizing her rising need to return to Harrenhal, Sansa hailed a cab, feeling desperate to be inside the tranquillity of Lord Baelish’s manor.

The cab ride to Harrenhal was painful. The longer Sansa was surrounded by the outside world, the worse she felt. Everything was spinning, and Sansa was finding herself losing control. The cab driver’s heartbeat was overwhelming in Sansa’s ears, and she couldn’t help but crave the blood she heard pulsing. The drive seemed to take forever, and it took all of Sansa’s strength to sit silently. Her foot constantly tapped the sticky floor of the cab.

When the cab finally pulled up in front of Harrenhal and the cab door was opened for her, she had never moved more quickly than in that moment. Throwing money at the cab driver, Sansa hurried inside and away from all the deafening sounds and temptations.

All of the servants ignored Sansa as she steeled herself away in Lord Baelish's room. Finally taking a long deep breath, Sansa felt like she could finally breathe and relax in the silence. Kicking off her black pumps and crawling on top of the freshly made king size bed, Sansa shut her eyes and willed the world away and prayed for Lord Baelish's fast return, longing to be en-wrapped by him. As she drifted off, she couldn't help but hear Lord Baelish's words in her head from the night before.

"Just a taste, my love."

Eternity

Chapter Notes

Here we go the final chapter everyone!!

Thank you everyone for reading and following along with the story :)

Happy Holidays Everyone!!



Sansa dozed in and out with Lord Baelish's words filling her mind.

'Just a taste, my love.' Repeated over and over again in her head. She had tried for hours to understand the meaning behind his words, but sleep finally took her.

Unsure of how long she had slept, Sansa stirred as she felt two large arms wrap around her from behind, pulling her into a warm embrace. Soft lips kissed just below her earlobe.

“Mmmm.” Lord Baelish hummed in Sansa's ear as he continued to kiss his way down her neck. Sansa shifted in Lord Baelish's arms, turning to face him and placed a soft kiss on his welcoming lips. Tasting the mint on Lord Baelish's lips, the stressful events of her day quickly began to slip away as she pressed herself closer to his body. Being in his arms somehow made Sansa feel whole and complete.

Lord Baelish deepened their kiss, craving Sansa with every fiber of his being. Rolling Sansa onto her back, he moved on top of her, straddling her body. Sitting up, his darkening eyes gazed over her body, taking in the sight of her. Sansa's dress has shifted down revealing the top of her lacy red bra, and Lord Baelish licked his lips at the sight.

Reaching behind her neck, he once again unclasped her choker and tossed it onto the bedside table. He ran his fingers over the bruising marks before leaning down to kiss his mark. Lord Baelish sat up straight again as he slowly undid the top two buttons of his shirt. He then shifted and lifted himself off of Sansa.

“Don’t move.” Lord Baelish told Sansa in a seductively wicked way as he moved across the room. Her stomach fluttered nervously when she also detected a hint of a warning in his tone.

Confused, Sansa leaned up onto her elbows and watched as Lord Baelish strode across the room to his dresser. As he opened one of the drawers, she noticed him take a silver scarf out before closing the drawer and returning back to Sansa on the bed.

“Now, I did tell you not to move.” Lord Baelish said playfully as he moved in closer and gently took Sansa’s wrists into his hands, pulling them above her head and forcing her to lie back down. Lord Baelish took the silver, satin scarf and bound Sansa’s wrists to the wooden headboard. Her pulse quickened as she realized she was completely at his mercy, but she did not struggle. In fact, she began to feel deep ache in her core.

Admiring Sansa’s helpless state, Lord Baelish gave her his charming smirk before devouring her mouth with his again. He nipped roughly at her lips, his sharp teeth tearing open a slit in the delicate skin and drawing blood. Sansa whimpered as she felt the painful sting of his bite. Mint and copper were all that she could taste as their tongues dueled. She felt dizzy in her arousal and knew her panties were soaking wet. Gods, he made her feel such wonderful things. She wanted more. She needed more.

Sansa pulled against the silk bounds, craving to touch Lord Baelish as their kiss deepened further. Tongues clashed as they continued their mating dance for dominance. Lord Baelish’s hands did not remain static as they roamed over Sansa’s bound body. He broke their kiss, pulling his head back and looked at his handiwork. Sansa’s cheeks were flushed, her eyes were nearly black with need, and her lips were swollen from his passionate kisses. She looked absolutely delectable, and he was hungry for her.

As he stared at her lips, a bead of blood began to pool at the cut he had made and slowly began to spill over the rim and down her chin. The sight of her blood was too hard to resist. He *needed* to taste her again. Lowering his head, he allowed his tongue to dart out and catch the scarlet droplet before it dripped onto her neck. Wanting to taste more, he licked upward until his appendage grazed over her lips. The red trail was no more. Sansa let out a long, loud moan of pleasure, which was music to his ears.

Lord Baelish then began kissing down her neck to her collarbone. He could hear Sansa pant for breath as he continued to explore her form. She arched her back when he lightly nipped her breast,

fabric and all.

"Yesss." Sansa hissed out through clenched teeth and heard a low chuckle coming from the man she desired most in the world.

"Do you like that, sweetling? A bit of pain mixed with pleasure?" Lord Baelish whispered darkly, enjoying the fact that his little mockingbird was open to some sexual experimentation.

Not wanting to leave the other breast feeling neglected, he found her nipple through the thin material and bit down, hard. Sansa yelped in pain and nodded her answer as she fought against the restraints.

"Yes, of course you do, my love. Deep down, you are a lascivious little creature who needs a teacher to break her out of her cage. I will be your master, and you my zealous student. There is so much I can teach you. But are you willing to take the *time* to learn, I wonder?" He said this more to himself than to her. His teeth lightly grazed his lips as he bit down, lost in thought. Shaking his head, he gave her another one of his infamous smirks.

Deciding it was high past time that he remove her clothing, he reached around and behind Sansa, finding the zipper of her dress. Skillfully, Lord Baelish shed Sansa's dress, leaving her in nothing but her undergarments. Sansa shivered, but it was not due to the cold she suddenly felt against her flesh. No, it was from the heated and intense gaze Lord Baelish gave her.

Lord Baelish took in the delightful sight before him, memorized by the shade of crimson against her fair skin. Wanting to continue his little game, he teased Sansa even more as he hovered above her and slowly began to unbuttoned his shirt, leaving his chest exposed. Sansa's eyes widened in heavenly anticipation, knowing the pleasure she was about to experience. Arching up, she tried to feel more of Lord Baelish, but it was all for naught. Sansa growled in frustration when her binds would not budge even an inch. She could not get her body closer enough to him, and it was driving her mad with need.

"Well, aren't we eager tonight?" Lord Baelish cooed as he placed a hungry kiss at the nape of her neck before slowly trailing more open mouthed kisses down her body. Sansa continued to pull against the scarf, causing it to tighten painfully against her wrists. The beginnings of two bruises were visible on her tender flesh, but she did not mind. She felt Lord Baelish's lips travel down her entire body, inching closer and closer to her wanton sex.

He smiled against Sansa's skin at each and every soft moan that escaped from her lips. Once he reached the spot he most desired to touch, he powerfully tugged at her lacy panties, ripping them

in his haste to rid her of her under things. He leaned in closer, and he could smell *her*. Sansa's arousal was quite evident. His mouth began to water, and he wet his lips before lightly nipping a spot on her hip just above her womanhood. He then proceeded to pepper kisses along her hip to one of her thighs and used his hands to spread her legs apart.

"Please." Sansa ground out in a moan. She had had enough of his teasing.

"Please what, sweetling? Tell me what you want." He looked up from between her patchy bush and gave her a devilish smirk. Lord Baelish blow lightly against her pink lips as he stared into her ocean blue eyes.

"I-I...want..." Sansa stumbled over her words, blushing shyly as the heat from her cheeks spread down to her chest, leaving her body in a healthy hue. His smirk only grew wider, enjoying her uncomfortable state.

"Perhaps *this* is what you want?" He took pity on her and dipped his head, using his fingers to open her up to him and licked along the crevice, from bottom to top, until his tongue swiped along her jewel. Sansa jumped at the contact, moaning her approval.

"Petyr." Sansa breathed silently, begging him to continue. Needing no further encouragement, Baelish lapped at her clit vigorously with his tongue, pulling her quickly to her climax. Her moans grew louder and louder as she found her release, all the while pulling against the satin scarf, desperate to be rid of it.

Sitting up on his knees, Baelish shed his shirt and tie, shifting enough to remove his trousers before removing Sansa's bra. Tossing all the clothes onto the floor, he lined his hard member up against Sansa's wet and ready sex. His intense stare met her own.

"You are mine." He growled before slowly pushing himself into her awaiting warmth. The contact forced a grunting moan from both of them as Baelish pulled himself from her quickly only to thrust roughly back into her. His lips found Sansa's lips again. She could taste herself on his tongue and that only intensified her need as bolts of electricity shot to her core.

He was intoxicated by every aspect of her. Placing his hands over her bound ones, he quickened his hard thrusts as the gratifying pressure continued to build within them. Sansa matched Baelish's quick pace as she felt herself coming closer to her second orgasm of the night. Baelish's tight grip resonated an enjoyable pain within Sansa and increased the pleasure she was feeling.

Baelish could feel Sansa nearing her peak, and he knew neither of them would last much longer. Finally releasing Sansa from her satin bounds, she wrapped her arms around him and dug her nails into his back as he continued his assault on her.

"Say it" He demanded possessively, his grip tightening even more, and she knew there would be bruises when all was said and done. Sansa knew exactly what he wanted and gave into him.

"I am yours." She managed to grunt out in between breaths. His rough thrusts only drove them both deeper into ecstasy, making them completely lose themselves in each other. Pressing harder and harder, and keeping his fast pace, Sansa quickly fell into oblivion and called out his name in incoherent moans.

Moments later, he found his own sweet release and spilled his warm seed deep within her, whispering her name like a prayer.

Sansa could feel some of his essence leak out and onto her inner thighs as his manhood softened and he withdrew. She couldn't suppress the sad whimper that escaped her plump lips at the loss of contact, immediately missing the full feeling of him being inside of her.

Falling to Sansa's side, Lord Baelish wrapped her in his arms as they both struggled to catch their breath. Breathing in Sansa's sweet scent, he placed a tender kiss on her lips. Her unique aroma was so enticing, ensnaring him like the spider who caught the fly.

"So how was your day, sweetling?" He asked in between kisses. Baelish watched as Sansa's facial expression changed from glowing glee to confused fear. Sansa shifted out of Baelish's warm embrace, climbing out of bed, and grabbing her cloths to re-dress.

After zipping up her dress, Sansa began to pace as Lord Baelish sat up in bed and watched her circle around the room.

"Sweetling?" He questioned with growing concern in his voice. Sansa continued to pace as she began to wring her hands nervously. Not being able to meet Lord Baelish's worried eyes, she cast her gaze downward and stared at the floor. Lord Baelish donned on his trousers and shirt, only buttoning up the bottom four buttons, and continued to watch Sansa.

"I--E--Everything..." Sansa stopped pacing, gaining her courage back and looking back up at Lord Baelish. Fear was a feeling she did not enjoy, nor did she enjoy seeming weak in front of

others. Her cheeks reddened in embarrassment and her eyes began to water. Seeing her distress, Baelish quickly moved to her side and engulfed her into his arms, pulling her in close to his body and trying his best to calm and comfort her. She snuggled her head deeper into his chest, enjoying the feel of his strong arms enveloping her thin form. The smell of mint surrounded her like a cocoon, and Sansa felt a deep sense of security, as though nothing could, or would, harm her as long as he held onto her.

Lord Baelish cradled her in his arms and before long, Sansa's breathing settled, and she lifted her head up to speak. Her eyes were bloodshot and her cheeks were blotchy and tear stained, yet to Lord Baelish, she looked beautiful. He loosened his grip and lifted a hand to one cheek, wiping the wet trail he found there with his thumb.

"Tell me." He whispered and leaned forward, planting a kiss on the bridge of her nose. Sansa gave him a small, sweet smile before replacing it with a frown as she gathered her thoughts.

"Everything hurt, Petyr. Everything was so loud and bright. I could not tune anything out, and I could hear everything and...and..." She spoke in such a rush but had trouble completing her thought when it came to speaking about her friend Margaery and being drawn to the pulsing vein in her neck.

"I know, love. I know." He soothed Sansa as she pressed herself closer to him again.

After a moment, Sansa broke away from Baelish's grasp. Wiping her own eyes, she finally managed to compose herself.

"Is this what it's like for you?" Sansa asked in hushed tones.

"Yes, love. Only it is more heightened. It takes time to control your senses, but it does get better. It does get easier." Baelish placed a soft kiss on Sansa's forehead before sitting on the edge of the bed.

"Intense." Sansa spoke out loud but mostly to herself as she resumed her pacing.

Lord Baelish once again watched Sansa as she walked from one side of the room to the other. He patiently waited for her to process the events of the day before continuing on with their conversation. There was more to be said and more questions needing to be answered. She was

almost ready. He had a plan, and she was right on schedule for him. He knew what her day would be like, and how hard it would be when all of her senses were on fire. Sansa would be unable to control anything.

When she calmed down, he would ask, but not until she was ready. Lord Baelish knew she would have questions, and he knew she would be worried and unsure of what was to come. He had waited long enough and was not about to lose her; he had come too far and searched far too long to scare her away now. Lord Baelish had every intention of having Sansa for eternity, but it had to be her choice.

It took some time before Sansa finally slowed her movements. Her senses had normalized, and she was beginning to feel like herself again. Sansa noticed how Lord Baelish sat silently, patiently waiting for her to come to terms with everything he had thrown at her.

Taking a deep breath, Sansa finally turned to Lord Baelish.

“What do you want?” She asked quietly, knowing full well what he wanted but needing to hear his confirmation.

“You know what I want, sweetling.” Lord Baelish replied softly.

“Why?” Sansa barely whispered. Lord Baelish heard her, in spite of her quietness.

“You know that you belong here, with me, Sansa. Tell me you don’t feel whole with me.” Lord Baelish moved off the bed to stand in front of Sansa as he continued.

“The people out there, Sansa, they don’t see you, and they don’t understand you the way I do. They are not for the likes of you and me. We need more. We crave more, and you, my love, deserve the world. Sansa, the world is exactly what I can give you. Just imagine, love. You would never die, and you would never grow old. You would remain young and beautiful forever.” He paused to let Sansa absorb what he was giving her. It was a dark gift that should not be taken lightly.

Sansa listened to everything Lord Baelish was telling her, and she knew he was right. She did not fit in with the people around her, and she never felt herself until Lord Baelish came along. Sansa felt as though she had been asleep, aimlessly wandering in a bad dream she couldn’t wake from, until Lord Baelish shook her wide awake. He changed her in ways she didn’t even realize needed to change. He awoke a burning fire within her quiet soul which was now desperate for more.

More excitement, more life and love, and more passion. Everything her life had been missing, Lord Baelish provided her in a number of days. Sansa could only imagine what he could accomplish with eternity.

Sansa knew exactly what he wanted, but she was afraid. *Death. Dying.* It was a terrifying thing, and most people spent their whole lives trying to hide from it. But then, isn't death just another stage of life? Whether it is to heaven or hell? Believing in a higher being, it is all just another journey, an adventure of not truly knowing where you will end up. Following Lord Baelish's path, Sansa knew the outcome. It would mean walking the earth for all of time, having adventure after adventure and doing as she pleased without consequences. She would have the freedom of being whomever she wanted. Lord Baelish wouldn't hold her back. He would only push her further and urge her on to greater risks and higher stakes.

The idea of never aging and of being young and beautiful forever, intrigued her, but then the experience of growing old and having a family, were these not things someone should experience? Sansa's mind raced with thoughts and questions. Could she really give up her life? Margaery? Could she handle the heightened senses and constant cravings? Sansa thought of how much she struggled today alone and that was 'just a taste' as Lord Baelish stated. Could she really handle it?

Sansa thought of Lord Baelish himself. The great, mysterious man who turned her entire world upside down in a matter of days. Did he love her, or did he merely love the image of her? A constant reminder of the woman he loved and lost? Did she really want to be in the shadow of a ghost?

Sansa continued to stare into Lord Baelish's grey-green eyes as she pondered over everything.

"Do you love me, Petyr?" she asked before being able to stop herself.

"Yes, sweetling. More than anything. I thought I made that clear. I love you." Lord Baelish gently brushed his hand against her cheek, patiently waiting for what he knew was to come.

"Do I love you?" Sansa said her question aloud, unintentionally. She had never stopped to consider her own feelings. Being so consumed by Lord Baelish himself, she never reflected on her own heart. She watched as Lord Baelish took a light step back with a hurt look on his face.

"Only you can answer that, my love." Lord Baelish said it quietly, sadly, before sitting back down on the bed.

Sansa watched him closely as he sat, truly wondering if he was it? If he was what she had spent her life searching for? Thinking over the last few days, she smiled at herself for being so naive.

Sansa, finally making up her mind and deciding her heart and her fate, moved towards Lord Baelish and stopped just in front of where he sat.

“I love you.” She whispered as she leaned in to kiss him.

“How?” Sansa asked after breaking their kiss.

Lord Baelish pulled Sansa onto his lap, knowing what she was asking.

“It will be like falling asleep, sweetling, and when you wake, the whole world will be yours for the taking.” Lord Baelish placed a swift kiss over his mark on her neck, waiting for her permission.

There were no more words, just a look of absolution and willingness of what was to come. Sansa gently nodded her head and closed her eyes as she felt Lord Baelish break her skin, taking what was left of her life. Sansa knew that when she woke, she'd be ready for eternity.

End Notes

I'm not 100% sure where I will be taking this story but I do have a good start!
A big thanks to my friend @his_wolf_her_mockingbird for being my awesome beta reader <3

Please feel free to leave comments and suggestions. what you like, what you hate I'm good with all types of feedback.

P.S. I'm going to TRY to post at least one chapter a week.

Thanks for reading <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!