

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/) at <http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/12525124>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Game of Thrones (TV), A Song of Ice and Fire - George R. R. Martin</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Petyr Baelish/Sansa Stark</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Sansa Stark, Petyr Baelish</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Fix-It, Alternate Universe - Canon, game of thrones season 7, lots of smut, vulnerable Petyr, vulnerable Sansa</a>
Stats:	Published: 2017-10-27 Words: 10482

## Everything They'd Ever Wanted

by [petyrbaelish](#)

### Summary

Based on a prompt on tumblr by @petyrslytherin asking for Sansa taking care of Petyr when he is sick, and forcing him to stop working.

Canon AU, set in season 7, just after Bran and Arya arrive. A kind of fix it fic for Sansa and Petyr's storyline. When Petyr suddenly is absent from her daily life, Sansa decides to check on him, for reasons she hasn't yet come quite to terms with.

### Notes

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

It had taken Sansa longer to notice Lord Baelish's strange and rather sudden absence from her life than she would have imagined. She supposed the fortuitous return of two of her siblings, long thought dead or lost to her forever, had taken over her thoughts to a great enough degree to push everything else to the side. That, and, coupled with the fact that Jon had left her in charge while he sought out the Dragon Queen, she was busier than she'd ever been previously in her short life.

In addition, ever since she'd sought out Lord Baelish's assistance, and he'd confessed his aspirations to her under the heart tree, she'd been torn. She wanted to hate him, actually did hate him whenever she remembered what Ramsay had done to her, but a part of her, a much bigger part that she didn't entirely want to acknowledge, didn't. Rather, a part of her was as far from hating him as one could possibly get.

Sansa was confused, and hurt, and she'd been through so much, and, despite everything Lord Baelish had done for her, she knew she shouldn't trust him. And so she pushed him away, as best she could, tried to show him that she didn't need him anymore, that he wasn't wanted. To protect

herself.

To test him.

He'd hurt her deeply, just when she'd begun to trust him, and though her heart yearned to turn to him again, her mind was smarter. It insisted that if he were to regain her trust, he must work for it. She couldn't make things easy for him. If he truly wanted her by his side, then he would find a way.

At first, when he stopped popping up to offer advice or relay information, Sansa assumed that he was simply busy, or, perhaps giving her space to be with her family. Two days passed, and she hardly gave it another thought, didn't in fact notice until the second day had neared its end. On the third day, she wondered if perhaps he had left, and not told her, and had almost resolved to seek him out before she reprimanded herself.

If she were to go to Lord Baelish, then that was hardly in keeping with her resolve to let him earn her trust. And anyway, he was a busy man, with much more to do than follow her about Winterfell, craving a word. Nothing was wrong. And if something *was* indeed wrong, it hardly mattered to her. She was enjoying the respite from his attentions, after all, whatever the cause for it.

At least, that was what she told herself. But though the words were never spoken aloud, they still tasted bad on her tongue.

On the fourth day, she cracked.

First, she ventured to ask passing men she knew to be Knights of the Vale, inquiring whether they had seen the Lord Protector as of late. None answered in the affirmative, but Sansa told herself that this proved nothing. Winterfell was positively packed with people at the moment, and it was easy to lose someone within its walls. Even someone as well known as Lord Baelish could escape the notice of passerby, if he had no particular dealings with them.

Sansa tried to find Lord Royce next, though, after her search piqued Arya's interest, halted her efforts. Arya was different than the girl Sansa had known, back before they were separated in King's Landing. It wasn't merely growing up that had changed Arya, nor the tragedy that had befallen their family, but something else, something sinister in her manner that Sansa couldn't quite place. And though they were family still, Sansa wasn't quite sure she could trust Arya, especially not with anything concerning Lord Baelish.

Finally, after losing Arya to a practice session with Brienne, Sansa took advantage of the rare lack of company and worked up her courage to end her worrying and curiosity once and for all, heading for the place she was certain Lord Baelish could be found. She'd never been to his room before, but she knew where it was, having chosen it herself, after they'd retaken Winterfell. It was a modest room, likely far from what he was used to, but then most of the rooms in Winterfell were of a similar taste.

The cold and harshness of the North left little room for frivolous extravagance.

Sansa paused outside Lord Baelish's door. It was closed, but she knew from her time with him at the Eyrie that he liked his privacy. He could still be within.

Heart pounding, she raised her hand, ready to knock. 'I'm just making sure of our standing with a valuable asset,' she told herself. 'I am the Queen Regent in Jon's stead. It's my duty to keep everyone happy, and that includes the Knights of the Vale. Communicating with the Lord Protector is necessary.'

Still, despite her reasoning, Sansa faltered, lowering her curled fist back to her side. Losing her nerve, she made to turn and leave, then stopped, brow furrowing.

A noise had just filtered through Lord Baelish's door. One that sounded startlingly like a cough.

She shook her head, thinking she must have imagined it, and took a step away from the door.

And there it was again.

But not a single cough this time. No, one cough came, and then another. And another still.

Alarmed, Sansa turned back to his door, and, before she'd realized what she was doing, she knocked.

The coughing stopped abruptly, and she heard the sound of a chair scraping across the floor, of footsteps treading towards her. Half caught between wanting to flee and wanting to stay, knowing she didn't have enough time to leave before the door was opened, even if she could will her feet to move, Sansa waited for Lord Baelish to answer. Her heart threatened to leap from her throat, and she swallowed nervously, wondering if perhaps its beat could be heard, its echo resounding along the corridor. It certainly seemed like it.

The door opened, revealing Lord Baelish, and for a moment they both just stared at each other in surprise. No doubt he was wondering why she had come to call upon him, while Sansa was too busy taking in his altered appearance. He was dressed much as he always did, adorned in the finest fabrics man could buy throughout the kingdom. Though they were inside, he was wearing his cloak, clearly still unused to the colder temperatures of the North.

But his hair was slightly mussed, and his skin was paler than usual, a state which only highlighted the dark circles under his eyes. In addition, his beard and moustache were fuller than she'd ever seen them, though still quite neat, and the stubble lining his cheeks had considerably thickened. His eyes, usually so calculating and quick, were red around the rims, and clouded, and for once they matched his expression perfectly, reflecting his exhaustion, and his surprise at seeing her.

Even the grey streaks at his temples appeared to have grown, though Sansa doubted that was truly possible in the space of a few days.

It took him longer than usual to compose himself, the mask he often wore slipping back into place. "My Lady?"

Sansa just stared at him for a minute, barely registering his words. His nose twitched, an unmistakable sign that he was holding back a sneeze, and her eyes caught the inflamed skin rimming his nostrils. Clearly, he was sick.

Lord Baelish frowned at her, still waiting for her response. "Did you wish to see me?"

She shook her head, trying to gather her thoughts, then noticed the confusion flash in his eyes, and struggled to find her tongue. "No, I wasn't..." she began, then faltered, shaking her head again. "I mean, yes. I did. I do."

He merely raised his eyebrows, waiting for her to continue. Sansa floundered for something else to say, feeling flustered. "Might I come in?"

Lord Baelish stared at her for a moment, then nodded, stepping back to allow her to come inside. Sansa let her gaze travel around his room, taking in the fire flickering in the hearth, the desk cluttered with signs of hard work, quill and ink, bits of parchment, half written correspondence. The rest of the room stood in stark contrast to the desk, everything tidy and in its place.

She heard the soft snap of the door closing, and redirected her attention to Lord Baelish, suddenly all too aware that they were alone together. In his room. Though he still looked tired, his eyes had retained some of their former spark as he quietly regarded her, waiting for her to give her reasons for this visit.

Try as she might, she could find none, none beyond the glaringly obvious. The truth. That she had noticed his absence. That she was worried about him.

That she missed him.

Sansa wrung her hands, training her gaze on the floor, suddenly unable to look at him. Her mouth felt dry, her tongue unwilling. The seconds crawled by, until finally, finally he spoke, taking pity on her when in fact she felt she should be doing so for him. For once. Whatever sickness had taken him, it had taken its toll. They'd been through so much together, and yet she'd never seen him so disheveled, so worn.

Which in truth, his appearance wasn't much altered, but with a man normally so immaculate in every respect, even the slightest detail amiss was glaringly obvious to her.

"I'd offer you a drink, but I'm afraid I've only the one cup at the moment," he said apologetically, nodding at his desk.

Sansa stared at her hands, willing them to halt their movements. They refused to obey. She swallowed, wishing that he hadn't mentioned refreshment. With her tongue so parched, her courage wilting, she would have benefited from a drink, perhaps of the Arbor Gold he always seemed so preferential to. Were she not certain he was sick, she might have brazenly asked to drink from his cup, regardless of propriety.

"Sansa?" Lord Baelish asked, sounding almost tentative.

It was this, coupled with the use of her given name, that finally gave her the strength to meet his gaze, to speak. "I have not seen you around for a few days."

The corner of his mouth twitched, a shadow of his former confidence and manner returning. "And now you require my counsel?"

Sansa shook her head, gaze returning to the floor as she took a step closer to him, feet moving unbidden. "No," she said. "When I realized your absence, I grew concerned," she confessed, the words tumbling from her lips before she could stop them.

He didn't say anything at first, and the silence felt interminably long as she waited. Finally, when she felt she could bear it no longer, he spoke. "I assure you, the Vale is well in hand. I've been busy managing the needs of our army, and those we left behind, as well as my own personal affairs. You've no need to be concerned."

She frowned. "That's not what I meant."

"No?"

Sansa shook her head, biting her lip as she raised her gaze to meet his. "You're unwell."

Lord Baelish chuckled, one side of his mouth lifting in a smirk in a valiant effort to prove her wrong. "And what gave you that idea?"

"I heard you coughing, before I knocked on your door," Sansa explained, moving closer with a

courage she wasn't quite sure she possessed. "And, forgive me my lord, but you look it."

He raised his eyebrows. "Which is another way of saying I look terrible, I presume." He chuckled again, though his eyes betrayed his lack of amusement. "I am simply tired, my lady. The North does not agree with me." He paused. "As for the coughing, I choked on a sip of wine. Nothing more."

"Is that so?" she asked, her own eyebrows raising to counter his. With a nerve that startled her, she drew closer still, and raised her hand to touch his brow.

His eyes widened slightly, though he did not step away. Against her palm, his forehead felt unnaturally warm, just as she'd expected. She'd seen sweat beading along his hairline, and she knew it wasn't from anxiety, nor from being overwarm, for he usually wore his cloak indoors here in Winterfell.

"You're burning up," she said softly, removing her hand from his brow slowly, and, if she was being honest with herself, rather reluctantly. "Have you been to see the Maester?"

Lord Baelish just shook his head, seemingly taken aback by the uncharacteristic gesture of affection towards him. Sansa stepped back, studying him with a practiced eye.

"You should be in bed," she told him. "If you don't get enough rest, you'll only worsen your condition. I'll send for the Maester." She paused. "You really should have sent for him days ago," she scolded.

A flicker of amusement passed through his features, before his eyes widened and he turned away, quickly retrieving his handkerchief as he began to cough. Sansa waited for the coughing to subside before she moved closer again, touching his shoulder.

"Rest," she ordered him. "I'll get the Maester."

He didn't say anything, so she took his silence as assent, and slipped quietly from the room. She hoped that he would heed her advice, but something told her that he wouldn't. So, after finding the Maester, she followed the man back to Lord Baelish's chamber's, resolved that if he had refused her wisdom, she'd stay to make sure he followed the Maester's instructions.

As she had expected, when Lord Baelish bid them come in, he wasn't abed, but at his desk, working. She bit back her frustration, staying out of the way as the Maester examined Lord Baelish, whose findings only confirmed what she had already known. Lord Baelish was sick.

The Maester advised bed rest, a hot tea brewed from herbs he left behind, cold compresses to reduce fever, or a cool bath, if the fever worsened. When the Maester left, Sansa stayed behind, determined to force Lord Baelish to comply if he didn't seem inclined.

He met her gaze unflinchingly, though she could see the effort it was taking him. "As much time as you spend at your desk, I'm certain you don't sleep there," Sansa said, fixing him with a stern look. "You should be resting, not working."

"Sweetling, I'm fine," he protested, looking more himself than he had since she'd first come to his room. Then he started coughing again, and when he'd finished, determinedly avoided her gaze.

"It certainly seems that way," she said drily.

Sansa huffed, then started across the room, stopping at his side, her hands on her hips. "Lord Baelish, you are *not* fine. The Maester confirmed it. Now you're going to follow his instructions to the letter, and get some rest."

“Petyr,” he corrected her, though he said it so softly she nearly missed it.

“What?”

“Call me Petyr, sweetling,” he said, turning to meet her gaze.

Her breath hitched, lips pulsing in remembrance of another time he’d said those words, of a kiss in the snow. She blinked, trying to collect her thoughts, to bring herself back into the moment. To remember what she’d been about to say.

“Petyr,” she said agreeably, unable to say anything more coherent. His gaze softened, and she noticed again the red coloring the whites of his eyes, and recalled her earlier agenda. “Please?” she added, her voice laced with concern, and a hint of desperation.

Petyr rose from his chair, gaze still locked with hers. He took her hands in his, rubbing his thumbs across her knuckles. “Well, since you asked so nicely,” he murmured.

Sansa’s eyes darted from where her hands held on to his and back up to his eyes. She smiled. “Thank you.”

Before she could talk herself out of it, she leaned in and kissed his cheek, then turned away before he could see the heat flaring in her cheeks. She went straight to the door, pausing before she opened it. “I’ll be back later to check that you’ve kept your promise. It’s important to me that you keep your word.”

Without waiting for a response, she left, cheeks still heated, heart pounding, lips still tingling from the touch of his skin.

---

She returned several hours later, bringing along a maid, who carried a tray with Petyr’s dinner. At her special request, the cooks had prepared a soup of chicken broth, potatoes, chicken and carrots. Sansa hoped that the hot soup might help clear the congestion from his lungs, nose, and throat. Having been struck with a similar illness many times before, she knew that drinking hot liquids always helped ease her discomfort.

To her pleasant surprise, she found that he had obeyed her wishes to get some rest. When he bid them entry, he was in bed, still fully dressed, though he had shed his cloak, doublet, and boots. He’d clearly not been sleeping, but he wasn’t working either. Instead, he had a book open in his lap, a sizable portion already consumed by his ever ready mind.

When he saw the maid bearing the tray with his meal for the evening, he set the book aside, making room for the tray on his lap. The maid asked if he wanted for anything else, and when he declined, curtsied and left. Sansa quietly moved his desk chair across the room and sat by his side, watching as he tasted the soup.

“You’re looking better,” she commented. “Resting has already done wonders for your constitution.” She paused. “Though you’d benefit far more if you slept.”

Petyr lowered his spoon, and chuckled. “You’ve already gotten me in bed, sweetling. You didn’t exactly specify *what* I was to do once in it.”

Sansa rolled her eyes. “Well, I’m specifying it now. Though I hardly think that should be necessary. There isn’t a whole lot else you can do abed, but sleep.”

Petyr smirked at her, raising his eyebrows, but refrained from commenting. Still, she guessed his meaning immediately, and flushed.

“You need to get some sleep,” she insisted, struggling to recover her former composure.

“As you wish.” He took a bite of the bread she’d asked to accompany the soup, then lowered it to the plate. “Have you eaten yet?”

Sansa nodded. “Before I came to visit you.” She paused. “What were you reading?”

“A book on tales from beyond the wall,” he replied, sifting his spoon through his soup, chasing an errant carrot.

She leaned forward, extending a hand in a silent gesture, towards the book that rested on the bed on his other side. He set down his spoon and retrieved the book for her, before returning to his soup. Sansa flipped through the pages, catching words here and there, of giants, and the Children of the Forest, greenseers, and wargs.

“And have you found it informative?” she inquired, curious.

Petyr finished his soup, wiping his mouth with another handkerchief. “As far as the King in the North’s tales, no. Otherwise, perhaps.”

“Do you believe him? Jon?”

He hesitated. “I do not know him as you do,” he said finally. “Nor the wildlings. And only their accounts give evidence to the White Walker’s existence. Though, your half brother’s persistence certainly gives credit to his assertions.”

“Then why stay?” She wasn’t sure why she was asking him this, but she pressed on regardless. “If you do not believe him, then there is little reason to keep an army here. And if you do, surely you’ll be far better protected in the Vale.”

“I should think my answer is obvious,” Petyr said, mouth lifting in a smirk, though she knew it held no mockery in its tilt.

Sansa dropped her gaze to the tray perched on his lap, now empty of food. Needing something to occupy her hands, and her mind, she stood and reached for the tray, careful not to touch the blankets underneath. She turned and moved to set the tray on the desk, now cleared of its former clutter, busying herself for a moment, arranging the cutlery just so, though she hardly knew why.

“And what is your interest in nursing me back to health, sweetling? For the army I hold at my command?” he asked softly.

Her hands stilled, her back stiffening. “Perhaps,” she conceded. Then, softly, so very softly- “Among other reasons.”

It was barely audibly said, and yet she knew he’d heard it. Still, he did not comment, and Sansa smoothed her hands down her skirt and turned, ducking her head as she headed for the door. “I should let you get some sleep.”

She was nearly at the door when he spoke. “Wait.”

Sansa paused, her hand hovering above the handle. “Yes?”

“Your company is wanted for awhile longer, if you can spare the time.”

She turned, regarding him thoughtfully. “You need to get some sleep,” she reminded him.

“And I will,” Petyr assured her. He smiled then, a true smile, one that reached his eyes. “Just not yet.”

Sansa assented, returning to sit in the chair she’d moved to his bedside. “Have you brewed any of the tea the Maester left for you?”

“Yes. Soon after you left,” he confirmed. “The tea, more than anything, helped assuage the cough.”

“And the fever?” As she asked the question, Sansa reached up to feel his forehead again. He was still warmer than he should have been, but he’d cooled considerably. “Better,” she murmured absently.

Her hand lingered far longer than was strictly necessary, and, rather than pull it back, she found herself running it through his hair, the short strands soft to the touch. She was ruining the way he kept it carefully combed, but he hardly seemed to mind, as she learned when her eyes drifted down to meet his.

Still, she pulled her hand back, suddenly shy, only stopping its retreat when he reached up, catching her hand in his. Petyr raised her hand to his lips, pressing a kiss to her knuckles. As he slowly lowered her hand, Sansa shifted forward in her chair, unconsciously licking her lips. Her pulse was roaring in her ears, ever increasing, and she tightened her grip on his hand as his own grip loosened, tugging gently at first, then with more urgency.

He leaned forward obligingly, though his expression was hesitant, and she knew instinctively that his resistance was nothing more than concern that he could pass what he had on to her. It was true, that if she didn’t want to catch his cough, she’d be better off restricting their contact. But in that moment, she didn’t care.

Sansa released his hand, reaching instead to cradle his face, and, before she could think of all the reasons she shouldn’t, she leaned in and kissed him, full on the lips.

Petyr’s reaction was instantaneous, his lips moving gently against hers. Memories of their previous kisses flooding through her, Sansa moved closer still, her hands drifting down to grip his shoulders. She felt one of his hands cup her cheek, before it slid back to thread through her hair, fingers tightening as he deepened the kiss.

Sansa let out a soft moan, the sound unintentional, and for a moment she felt embarrassed, before she felt Petyr’s tongue prod against her slightly parted lips. Sighing, she instinctively parted her lips further, her own tongue moving tentatively against his. Her lips pulsed, her heart stuttered, her mind spun, every aspect of her being in delirious chaos, and somehow she craved more.

This was like nothing she’d ever felt before. Far better than the brief stirrings she’d felt when he’d kissed her in the Eyrie, and again when he’d kissed her in the crypts at Winterfell. Where before had been embers, now was a roaring fire, and she wasn’t certain whether her goal should be to stoke the flames or temper them, but she yearned to know.

Was this what she should have felt, should have experienced, in her marriage to the Imp, and to Ramsay? Had Tyrion chosen to bed her, would she have felt thus? Had Ramsay treated her with more care, been the husband Petyr had thought he might be, rather than a monster, would she



have enjoyed herself like she was now?

Or was this feeling unique to this moment, to Petyr, and the feel of his lips against hers?

She wanted to know, and yet, a part of her, the part that had suffered Ramsay's torment for far too long, was too afraid to find out.

Fortunately, Petyr didn't seem intent on doing anything more than kissing her, and her fears calmed, content that she was free to explore this new feeling without the pressure of something more. Slowly, steadily, she became more confident, her tongue twining with his as her fingers dug into his shoulders. Though he'd just eaten, and was sick besides, she could still taste the mint that she remembered so clearly from the other times he'd kissed her.

She wondered idly if he was having trouble breathing, or what he might do if he had to cough, but she figured that he'd pull away if he needed to, to breathe or otherwise. Strangely, that thought did little to dissuade her, though she'd never imagined wanting to kiss someone who was sick before, nor that she wouldn't care if he had to pull away to cough. Perhaps that was a sign, that this was more than just a passing fancy, a notion that both thrilled and terrified her in equal parts.

Was she in love with him, as she suspected he was with her? He'd almost said as much, under the heart tree. And yet since then he hadn't elaborated beyond that admission.

But, perhaps now, that might change.

And if he said that he loved her? What then? Would she say it back? And if so, how would they proceed from there?

She thought maybe she might. Despite the better judgement of her mind. Her heart wanted him. And, try as she might, her heart had always won out, in the end.

It had never known what was best for it before. And likely still didn't. But there was always a chance. And that foolish little girl that still believed in songs wanted to take that chance.

Sansa felt dizzy when Petyr finally pulled away. Dizzy with the kisses that still tingled on her lips and tongue. Dizzy with the revelations they had brought. And dizzy with her elevated heart rate, and the newly awakened stirrings she felt, centered between her thighs.

His hand left her hair to cup her cheek again, his gaze one of reverence, rather than the regret or reassurance she'd seen after their other two kisses. Sansa felt his thumb trail down her cheek, moving to trace her swollen lips, and she couldn't help pursing her lips to kiss the pad of his thumb as he did so. He smiled again, another genuine smile that lit up his eyes, and she couldn't help mirroring his expression, before he leaned in and kissed her softly once more.

When he retreated, she let out a soft whimper of complaint, her eyes fluttering open. He looked regretful as he spoke, voice no louder than a whisper. "I'm afraid you were quite right to tell me to get some sleep, my love. My exhaustion has suddenly, rather inconveniently, caught up with me."

He truly looked it, and she wanted him to sleep, so she didn't protest. Sansa nodded, then stood, pushing back her chair. She was about to turn to leave, when two words suddenly leapt out at her. Two that she'd only heard once before.

My love.

Suddenly, she had no wish to leave.

Without speaking, she sat back down, bending to remove her boots. When she'd finished, she

straightened and stood, holding Petyr's gaze for a moment before she lifted the blankets and slipped into bed next to him. He moved aside to give her more room, shifting under the blankets until he was laying down on his side next to her. Sansa stayed on her side, moving as close as she could, snuggling further under the blankets as he dragged them around to cover her. Their breaths mingled as she stared into his eyes, and then she breached the distance and kissed him again, sighing against his mouth. Her fingers curled in his hair, tugging him closer, and the kiss deepened, before she remembered that she was supposed to be letting him sleep, and reluctantly broke away.

"Sorry," she whispered.

Petyr only smiled at her again, then leaned up to press a kiss to her brow, before lowering his head to the pillow once more. Sansa watched his eyelids slip closed, his breathing slowing to a steady rhythm, and then his arm curved around her waist, urging her closer until she was cradled against his chest. She felt his heart, beating through his tunic, against her cheek, and snuggled even closer. Though she was certain he was already asleep, she felt his arms instinctively tighten around her, pulling her closer still. Slowly, she drifted off too, dreams heady with stolen kisses in the snow, the feel of his lips against hers, and a sense of calm she hadn't felt in years.

When she woke, she knew exactly where she was, and who she was with, and why, and her heart warmed with the knowledge. She was still in Petyr's arms, her face tucked in the space between his neck and shoulder. Carefully, so as not to wake him, she turned her head, breathing in his scent as she gently nuzzled her nose along his neck. She felt his breath hitch, betraying his awakened state, and smiled, before pursing her lips and pressing a light kiss against his skin.

His embrace tightened further, and then he shifted, his lips finding her temple. Sansa turned her head from his neck, eyes closed, lips seeking his, and then his mouth had found hers, soft and pliant, and oh so inviting. This time the kiss quickly deepened, their tongues tangling almost at once. A low moan crawled up her throat, matching the groan she felt more than heard, rumbling through his chest.

Far apart from frightening her, the sound spurred her on, lips moving with increased urgency, her hands fisting in his tunic and hair. She found herself moving onto her back, pulling Petyr with her until he was on top of her, the length of his body covering hers. The blankets twisted around them with the movement, effectively trapping them together, but she didn't mind, enjoying their newfound closeness.

His chest brushed against hers, and, beneath her dress, she felt her nipples harden at the contact, something she'd never noticed happening but for the cold. And yet she wasn't cold, far from it in fact, her skin nearly scorching beneath her clothes, and the feel of chest against her breasts felt simply exquisite. Sansa had the sudden urge to yank off his clothes, and her own, with the heat between them so unbearably warm, and a desire to feel his skin, bare against hers.

Only the knowledge of what was sure to follow stayed her hands. She felt so good, in this moment. And she didn't want anything to ruin it.

Sansa had no idea if it was always meant to hurt, when a man lay with a woman, and if it did, she wondered why any woman put up with it, even to create a child. Though she thought she might know, for despite the possible prospect of pain, a part of her still wanted to.

But physical pain wasn't the only reason for her caution. No, she'd dealt with pain before, many times, and in many ways. What she feared more than anything, though, was the possibility that going any further might trigger memories of Ramsay. Memories she'd fought so hard to encase in a wall of ice, much like the one that separated the North from the lands beyond. It was a formidable wall, to be sure, but not impenetrable, and she was loathe to test its defenses.

In addition, Sansa was worried that she might see Petyr differently after. That if it hurt, and she unwillingly recalled the torture she'd suffered with Ramsay in vivid detail, she might equate Petyr with Ramsay, and be frightened of him. She didn't want that. Many people did in fact have much to fear from Petyr Baelish, but she knew she wasn't one of them. And she wanted to keep it that way, to be safe in the knowledge that he'd never intentionally hurt her.

For the same couldn't be truly said for many others. And, though she'd tried to deny it in the past, he was important to her. In so many ways, the list ever expanding as of late.

Above anyone else, even above Arya, Bran and Jon, she wanted to trust him.

His current actions were going a long way towards building that trust. Though she could feel the evidence of his arousal against her thigh, he didn't seem intent on pressing the situation, content to kiss her until she indicated she wanted otherwise. Even his hands hadn't strayed anywhere untoward, lingering instead at her waist or shoulder, cupping her cheek or running through her hair. He was on top of her, but she herself had initiated the position.

And, in fact, she'd been the one to kiss him first as well, yesterday, and this morning too.

Sansa knew that he'd wait for her to be ready, as long as it might take.

She broke the kiss, staring up at him as he stared down at her, his pupils blown wide. Slowly, she disentangled her arm from under his, reaching up to feel his brow, and then her own, for comparison. Petyr seemed no warmer than she was, and she suspected his fever had broken during the night. He was a bit flushed, but she assumed that that had little to do with being sick, just like her own current temperature.

"How are you feeling?" she asked softly, letting her hand drift up into his sleep mussed hair.

"Better," he replied, shifting his weight above her, elbows pressed into the mattress on either side of her body. Clearly he was being careful not to crush her under the force of his weight, even as slight as he was.

"Good."

Sansa smiled up at him, then threaded her fingers in his hair, tugging his lips back down to hers. The kiss picked up right where they'd previously left off, as if it had never been broken, and she felt a renewed throbbing between her legs, keeping in time with her erratic pulse. Tentatively, she reached for the ties of his tunic, fumbling blindly to release them as they continued to kiss. When she had finished, she parted the fabric, slowly peeling it back from his chest, over his shoulders, down his arms. Petyr transferred his weight fully onto his knees to aid her efforts, and she sat up with him, lips still locked with his, tossing aside the garment when she'd successfully pulled it free.

Blindly, her hands explored his naked chest and stomach, skin smooth and taut, but for a smattering of hair and something she'd only hitherto heard whispers of. His scar was infamous, for the story behind it as well as its length. Sansa had always wondered what it might look like, and as her fingers found its twisted ridges, she felt him flinch, almost imperceptibly, against her hand.

It was true then, that the scar was a source of vulnerability for him. She had thought it might be. Her own body, previously free of blemish, was now riddled with scars, and she knew she was more than a little self-conscious about anyone seeing them. Sansa broke the kiss again, letting her lips trail along the line of his jaw, down his neck, until she reached his collarbone. There she found the beginnings of his scar, and she kissed it too, pressing her lips to every inch in a way that she hoped might dispel his insecurities.

Down, down, down she went, bending lower and lower, until she reached the scar's end at his navel. With a final kiss to seal her meaning, she allowed her eyes to travel lower, following a light trail of hair that stretched from his navel to the tops of his breeches and beyond. Sansa could see now the bulge that had pressed against her leg before, straining against his breeches, but her courage failed her and instead she trained her eyes upward, taking in his scar in full before she met Petyr's gaze once more.

She saw a range of conflicting emotions reflected there, all, she was certain, centered around his scar, and the past that had wrought it. More than anyone, Sansa knew how little she really, truly knew him, the real him, hiding beneath the mask, and yet she was suddenly struck with how similar they were. They'd both fallen in love, and been terribly scarred for it, inside and out. For Ramsay Bolton wasn't the only man to have left his mark upon her body. Long before him, there had been Joffrey Baratheon, the boy who'd robbed her of her former identity and family alike.

Before Joffrey, she'd thought life would be a song. After him, she knew for certain it wasn't. And, judging by the stories, Sansa thought the same might be said for Petyr, but with her mother instead.

She found comfort in this knowledge, and thought Petyr might as well, so she reached for his hands, guiding them to the stays of her dress, intending to share her scars as well. With some hesitation, an uncertainty she wasn't used to seeing from him, he did as she encouraged, movements practiced, like he'd done the same so many times before. Perhaps he had. Sansa knew that he had several brothels in King's Landing. And he'd also been married to her aunt, for a time.

When he'd finished, she raised her arms, biting her lower lip to keep it from trembling, determined not to show how nervous she was. Again, he hesitated, but she met his gaze in silent beseechment and he complied, gently freeing her skirt from beneath her knees before lifting the dress up and off. Sansa kept her arms raised even after he'd set her dress aside, and Petyr instantly gathered her meaning and carefully removed her shift as well.

As his eyes traveled down her newly bared skin, lingering on her breasts, Sansa could not keep from trembling, her reaction born more from nerves than from the chill of the room. But for her smallclothes, she was naked before him, scars and all, and suddenly she was worried that he wouldn't find her beautiful, after seeing what lay beneath her clothes.

She needn't have worried.

One hand finding her waist, the other snaking around her back, Petyr pulled her close, his mouth finding hers in a kiss that sent away nearly every doubt she'd previously been drowning in. And then he pulled away, his expression rapturous, his words filled with reverence as he spoke, and the rest of her fears melted away.

"You're beautiful, my love."

Sansa couldn't restrain the smile that tugged at her lips, and he kissed her again, and repeated his words, murmuring them into her hair as he cradled her to his chest. She clutched him back, enjoying the way his bared skin felt against hers, her fingers tracing the contours of his back. This felt so right, so wonderful, that she hardly believed it was happening. Life had been so fraught with tragedy in the last few years, that it took her a moment to realize that she was happy, truly happy, and that indeed good things still could happen.

And then his lips found hers again, and she sank back against the sheets, pulling him down with her. This time, for the first time, his hands wandered, tracing the curves of her stomach and then her breasts. Sansa gasped against his mouth as one of his hands palmed her breast, prompting him

to jerk his hand away in a misinterpretation of her reaction. She made a noise of discontent and blindly groped for his hand, returning it firmly to its previous home. Petyr squeezed gently, flicking her nipple with his thumb, and she found herself moaning at the sensation, arching her back to push into his hand.

He continued to toy with her breasts, paying attention to each in turn, his mouth leaving hers to find a spot on her neck that send shivers flooding down her spine. Sansa squirmed underneath him, feeling a rush of wetness between her thighs, hips bucking in search of something she couldn't fathom. Knowing just what she needed, Petyr parted her legs with a free hand and moved his knee to her center. Instinctively, she ground against it, reveling in how glorious it felt to do so.

She felt wanton and free, wonderfully so, and she craved more. Petyr's lips left her neck to take in a nipple instead, and she suddenly felt wild with need, and incredibly brave. Before she could lose her courage, she reached down between them, palming the bulge tenting his breeches. Startled, he released her breast with a soft 'pop,' then latched on again, groaning as she gently stroked him through the fabric.

Encouraged by his reaction, Sansa moved instead to untie his breeches, pushing them down his narrow hips and freeing his erection. Tentatively, she wrapped her fingers around his length, marveling in the feel and weight of him, hot and heavy in her palm. Petyr transferred to her other breast as she experimented, and, when he began to move against her hand, she felt a rush of pride, knowing she was doing it right.

She kept stroking his length until his lips left her breast, trailing hot, open mouthed kisses down her stomach. As he retreated, she was forced to let him go, but she didn't mind, too curious as to his intent as he rained kisses down her inner thighs. His fingers found the edges of her smallclothes, and slowly, pausing to make sure she had no qualms, he slid the fabric off of her hips, down her thighs and off. Sansa instinctively drew her legs together, cheeks flushing in embarrassment, but Petyr gently parted them again. He settled between her thighs, eyes locked with hers as he slowly lowered his head until his breath whispered against her sex.

Intrigued, she watched him, holding his gaze until, to her surprise, suddenly his tongue darted out, running the length of her slit. Her hips bucked in response, and their eye contact severed as her head fell back against the mattress, mouth parting to release a murmured "Ohhhh..."

Petyr didn't stop there, lips and tongue working in tandem against her sex in the most delicious manner, hands helping to keep her thighs apart as she struggled against the instinct to clap them closed, ensuring he wouldn't stop. Sansa felt something building within her, something as wonderful as it was foreign, and then her back arched and she cried out, a wave unlike anything she'd ever experienced coursing through her. Body trembling, she felt Petyr place one last kiss to her swollen folds before he moved up the mattress to face her again, hovering above her with concern writ across his features.

She met his gaze and laughed, the sound pure with delight and newfound relief and his expression shifted to adoration. Smiling, she curved her hand around his neck, bringing his mouth down to meet hers as her other hand slipped around his torso, urging him closer. Slowly, with a tentativeness she knew was solely for her benefit, Petyr lowered his body to hers. Sansa felt his length brush against her sex and briefly startled, before relaxing again. After what she'd just experienced, she was sure she'd have nothing to fear.

Her legs soon wrapped around his waist, seemingly of their own accord, and she discovered she liked the feel of him, hot against her center. Bravely, she started moving her hips, rubbing against him, and soon he was moving too, following her lead to build up a rhythm. Before she knew it, she was shattering again, groaning against his mouth, her words incoherent. Even as she stilled, overcome with pleasure, he kept rocking against her, though his pace had slowed considerably.

Only when she'd recovered and begun to move again, craving more, did he resume their former tempo.

Still, as lovely as it felt, she knew there was more, and so far, everything had been so amazing, so perhaps, she thought, the rest might be as well. Sansa trailed her hand down his back, finding his waist before she slipped it between their bodies. Petyr stilled above her, ensuring her hand wouldn't be crushed, and waited as she found his length and positioned the tip at her entrance. His lips broke from hers, eyes reflecting a silent question, and she bit her lip, considering once more, before nodding her assent.

Reaching between them with his own hand, he took control, and slowly, gently began to push inside of her. Sansa stiffened instantly, throat clenching as fear and nerves suddenly got the best of her, and he stopped, looking worried. She began to tremble, and, looking torn, he started to withdraw, halting as she determinedly wrapped her legs around his waist, shaking his head.

"My love, you don't have to--" Petyr began, his voice raw.

She shook her head again. "No," she said firmly. "I want to." She paused. "It's just...hard. To repress the instinct to be afraid." She paused again, noting his increased reluctance, then continued. "Please. I want this."

He nodded, then leaned up and kissed her forehead, then the tip of her nose, both cheeks, and finally her lips. "Alright. But we'll go slow," he promised. "And if at any moment you want to stop, I will. I swear it."

"I know," she told him, then kissed him again, tightening her legs around his waist in a silent plea for him to continue.

As he slid inside, Sansa felt not pain, which had been glaringly present every other time, but only slight discomfort, mingled with something that felt rather pleasant. When Petyr stopped, she knew he'd filled her completely, and nodded her head, her lips still latched onto his. He began to move, oh so slowly at first, then, as she found her hips rising to meet his, quickened his thrusts. Soon, she felt only pleasure from their movements, each thrust heightening the intensity, and she moved her hips with increasingly urgency, spurring him on.

Their kiss broke, and Petyr shifted upright on his knees, gripping her thighs as he pounded into her. Sansa stared up at him, admiring the way his brow was furrowed in concentration, her hands absently plucking at her breasts as she felt the euphoria building again. He lifted one of her legs, pressing his lips to her ankle as he continued snapping his hips.

"Fuck, sweetling," he groaned, voice muffled against her skin. "I love you so much."

"I love you too," she gasped, surprising herself. But as she'd said the words aloud, she knew she had spoken the truth.

She loved him. So much.

Petyr let out a strangled groan and released her leg, dropping down to capture her lips with his. She kissed him back with everything she had, her arms slipping around his neck as his arms slipped under her back. He flipped them both over so that she was on top, straddling his lap, and, still inside of her, he sat up, moving backwards on the bed until his back was supported by the headboard. Lips still locked, his hands found her waist, guiding her movements as he planted his feet, using the bed for leverage to thrust up inside of her.

Sansa felt the rush coming again, so close, and then her back arched and she tore her lips away

from his, crying out his name. Petyr buried his head in her neck and kept thrusting, until suddenly, as she came down from her high, she felt his pulse inside of her. She heard him groaning her name, his lips moving against her neck, and then he stilled, only his chest heaving.

Winding her arms tighter around him, she held him close, feeling his heart slowly return to normal from where her chest was pressed against his. And then he carefully lowered them both back onto the mattress, turning their bodies so that they were side by side. Sansa curled against Petyr as he pulled her close, tucking her head into the crook of his neck, leisurely dotting his skin with kisses as the urge struck her.

It felt like this closeness had existed forever between them, so comfortable was she in his embrace, and yet she knew it hadn't yet been a full day. Still, she hoped that every day that followed might be like this one. Whatever else might happen, with the Night King and the Dragon Queen, and the Lannisters in King's Landing, surely she deserved at least this happiness.

When Petyr pulled away, Sansa resisted at first, but soon realized he only wanted to see her face. In his eyes she could see a spark of hope, mingling with wonder, and pure, unadulterated adoration. She knew the question in them, and didn't blame him for his doubt. Innocent though she was, of matters of the bedroom, she knew that sometimes words one did not mean could be spoken in times of passion. A tendency not restricted to sex, but also anger, and fear. But she also knew that Petyr had meant what he'd said, just as she had meant what she'd said.

"Say it again, and find out," she prompted, willing to reassure him, but not wanting to make it too easy.

His mouth twitched, a smirk from her teasing repressed by the self doubt plaguing him. Eyes dipping closed briefly, he met her gaze again, looking far more fragile in that moment than she'd ever seen him. "I love you."

Sansa smiled, her heart warming at the words she'd longed to hear from someone in return, not just from him, but anyone. Her life had been too absent of love, despite two marriages and an engagement. "I love you too," she assured him, then leaned in to kiss him again, craving the feel of his lips against hers.

---

Eventually, they were forced to rise for the day. Far apart from certain bodily needs, she was the Queen Regent of the North, and would be missed. Already, she knew, some might have questioned her absence. She hoped though, that no one had noticed that she hadn't returned to her room last night.

Sansa left Petyr with a kiss and a promise to see him later, when they both found a spare moment. He seemed in fairly good health again, only an occasional cough disrupting a visage of perfect health. The girl she'd once been toyed with the fancy that their newfound happiness and love for one another had rejuvenated him, but she pushed that notion aside. She suspected that he'd already been on the mend when she'd discovered he was sick yesterday, the worst of the illness behind him. Still, she was glad to have been given the opportunity to care for him, and not just because doing so had awakened her courage to open her heart again and let him in.

Days passed, and tensions increased with Arya (in particular when Sansa finally learned just how much her sister had changed, from a girl to one of the Faceless), but with Petyr's counsel Arya was placated. At least until Petyr asked for Sansa's hand, and Arya came across the response Jon

had sent back for the letter they'd sent, requesting his blessing. Jon hadn't been pleased, but as Sansa herself had written most of the letter, and he respected her enough and what she'd been through to let her make her own decisions (not to mention, knew the benefits of a marriage alliance with the Lord Protector of the Vale), he'd allowed the match to continue. Arya had thrown a fit, and pulled her aside, revealing that she and Bran knew quite a lot about Petyr's past dealings with their family.

Sansa was unsurprised to hear any of it. She had, in fact, been complicit in covering up Lysa's demise, and far from hating Petyr for killing her aunt, was grateful. As for the knowledge that he'd betrayed her father to the Lannisters in King's Landing, she'd known that too. The rumors about the traitorous Hand of the King Ned Stark had run like wildfire throughout the Red Keep, and nearly everyone knew pretty much every detail about what had happened.

Though she'd been angry upon first learning it, after Petyr spirited her away from King's Landing, and she'd come to know him better, she'd forgiven him for it as best she could. Whispers about the Vale had told her of Petyr's past with both her Uncle Brandon and with her mother and her Aunt Lysa. There was no love between Petyr and her father, and she knew Petyr had only helped her father out of love for her mother. But when her father tried to crown Stannis over Joffrey (for reasons she'd been uncertain of for quite some time until Petyr himself had told her, that Joffrey wasn't a Baratheon at all, but in fact pure Lannister), Petyr had betrayed him, knowing it would be futile to try. Either with Petyr's help or without it, her father would have failed, and Sansa knew that.

She didn't like what had happened. Far from it. But she understood why it had. And she couldn't blame Petyr for choosing to save his own life, rather than remain loyal to her father. For she knew that her father would have persisted in his claim out of honor, no matter what Petyr had done. And any way she stacked the odds, in whatever scenario her mind could concoct, her father always ended up dead. There was nothing else to it. Ned Stark was honorable to a fault, and it had gotten him killed.

In addition, despite Petyr's betrayal, her father's death was not on his hands. No, that fault lay squarely on Joffrey's shoulders. Sansa had known it the moment Joffrey had called for his head, despite previous assertions that Ned would be joining the Night's Watch (which was the sensible fate that everyone else, including Petyr, had imagined for Ned). Everyone, from Petyr, to Cersei and Tywin, had been shocked, but helpless to go against the King's word in front of the crowd assembled there. To do so would be to undermine the King's authority, and would have resulted in further deaths that day, as well as a possible uprising of the common folk.

And, in a way, Petyr had gotten justice for her father's death, though she knew that wasn't his original intent. He'd helped plan Joffrey's murder, had ensured that Joffrey would die, and that she would escape from the Lannister's clutches.

Sansa explained all of this to Bran and Arya, and while Bran saw the sense in her logic (and probably saw the proof as he somehow reviewed the past), Arya refused to see reason. She wanted Petyr's head, and Sansa's as well, for what she deemed as a betrayal to their family, in accepting his hand while she had knowledge of what he'd done. Sansa was forced to call on Brienne's assistance (she'd kept Brienne close just in case Arya's reaction was as she'd feared), and Arya found herself contained (a difficult feat, but she had countless men watching her every move, who reported to Brienne) while Sansa fretted about what to do.

Having threatened the Queen Regent of the North's life, Arya had committed treason, and it would be well within Sansa's rights to have her executed. But, as much as she and her sister refused to see eye to eye, Sansa wasn't sure she could do such a thing.

Fortunately, she was saved from having to make such a terrible decision, as Jon finally returned



from his negotiations with the Dragon Queen. It seemed he had been quite busy, convincing Daenerys to help with the Night King, and Cersei as well, all while falling in love. The North dissolved into uproar as he announced that he'd not only bent the knee and sacrificed the North's independence, but was consorting with the Dragon Queen. Sansa and Petyr quickly took stock of the chaos and decided that perhaps their happiness lay elsewhere than in the North. Leaving a letter behind explaining their decision, and Arya's predicament, which Sansa had hitherto failed to mention to Jon, they departed for the Vale, taking their army with them.

Petyr still had aspirations, and she did too, and she was loathe to leave the home they'd only just recovered, but they'd both quickly realized they were out of their depth. A war was coming, of epic proportions, with forces they couldn't even begin to understand. Neither of them were meant for battle, nor did they have any wish to tangle with dragons or the undead. And Petyr seemed certain (and she agreed) that Cersei's pledge to help was nothing more than false pretense.

Knowing Arya's talents from her time with the Faceless, they kept a full guard about them at all times, including Brienne, who remained ever faithful to Sansa. But when they reached the Vale, a letter waiting for them made them realize that their worries had been unfounded. While Arya had refused to listen to Sansa, she'd heeded Jon's wishes. Jon was furious that Petyr had once betrayed their father, but he was also equally furious that Arya had threatened Sansa. And while he'd inherited their father's temper, he was also wiser than him. He held on to honor, but knew when to make allowances. If he accused Petyr, he would also be incriminating Sansa, since she'd determined to side with Petyr, and Jon had no wish to lose any more family than he already had.

In addition, Sansa and Petyr had promised to return part of their army for the war against the Night King, if things were resolved in their favor. Ever mindful of the need for help in the fight against the Long Night, and willing to do what was necessary to secure their success, Jon had reluctantly agreed. As for Arya's fate, she was more susceptible to Jon's demands, having idolized him for years, and when he'd ordered that she leave the matter be, and stay at his side for the coming war, she'd done as he asked.

Sansa had married Petyr soon after, in the courtyard where they'd first kissed, above another snow castle replica of Winterfell they'd built together. Robin had grown stronger as he'd aged, but was still rather weak minded, and when he was old enough that a Lord Protector was no longer deemed necessary, Petyr was asked to stay on as his advisor. The boy was infatuated with Sansa, and was loathe for her to leave, and he had relied on Petyr's counsel too heavily before to even begin to know how to rule on his own. That, and he was terrified of the prospect of dragons and white walkers at his door.

The wars raged throughout Westeros, but left the Vale untouched, and Sansa and Petyr lived quite comfortably in the Eyrie, manipulating things to their advantage when they could, biding their time until everything had been resolved. Cersei did indeed betray her promise, though her actions grew increasingly erratic and desperate after her brother Jaime deserted her. Eventually, with nothing left to lose, Cersei repeated her former devastation, and set the entirety of King's Landing ablaze with wildfire, killing everyone and everything in the city limits, including herself. Later, the remains of her crown were found atop the remnants of the iron throne, chips of bone mingled with twisted bits of iron, steel and ash.

Wildfire, and dragon fire, were also instrumental in defeating the Night King and his army. Arya died in the war, along with countless others, though her death occurred while protecting Jon, the one person she loved more than anything. When the war was finished, Daenerys took the throne, with Jon by her side as her king, newly revealed as the son of Rhaegar Targaryen (and not Ned Stark, as they'd always believed) and Lyanna Stark (Bran being the source of this information, of course, though Sansa wondered why he waited so long to tell anyone). Sansa felt slightly queasy when she realized that Daenerys was in fact Jon's aunt, but, as they'd fallen in love before they'd

realized their familial connections, and this meant that they could peaceably co rule Westeros, it seemed it couldn't be helped.

Rather than King's Landing, which was little more than rubble, they ruled from Dragonstone, which was deemed the new seat of power. Bran joined them, as a new Master of Whispers (a fitting job for an all knowing seer), Varys having perished in the war.

Winterfell was left to Sansa, and, when it had been rebuilt, she and Petyr returned to rule the North, bringing their children with them. The summer was long, and quite warm, even for Winterfell, the snows all but vanished. Petyr, of course, was more than pleased by this development in the weather. Under their direction, Winterfell became an amalgam of the old and the new, both in appearance and in manner, in deference to their own preferences towards living life. Their wealth unparalleled, their home was bedecked in luxury that rivaled even Dragonstone's. And their power had fingers stretching all across Westeros and beyond.

Petyr had also retained his seat at Harrenhall (by the consent of Daenerys and Jon), and, once it had been restored to their satisfaction, they split their time between the two accordingly, though winters were spent predominantly in Harrenhall. The time they spent in the years that followed were blissfully free from tragedy, filled with laughter, love, and devotion, and through it all, Sansa never regretted her decision to be with him. They were happy, and in love, and though that pretty picture had never fully come to fruition, the most important aspect had. For if you have loved, and been loved in return as they had, then you have everything. And that was all either of them had wanted, in the end.

## End Notes

This might be a bit sappy, but idk I clearly still have feels about what happened so forgive me the indulgence :)

Hopefully all of the stuff at the end makes sense, and if not, oh well lol. I wanted them to have a happy ending :P

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